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### The Gadfly

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# THE GADFLY



WHY WE ARE

—Cochran

A RACE IS ENDED

—Simpson

MIASMA

CHAPEL

—Clark

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April Issue 1929

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# THE GADFLY

*Litterae et Res Critica ex Uno Fonte*

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## WHY WE ARE

Five students were gathered together on an evening. The smoke-filled air was rent asunder suddenly and straightway a voice cried, "I must write an article or articles, and alas, I have no place to print it or them." The smoke filtered back as the noise slowly died in the west toward Kilbuck. A quiet remark, "Let's get a place where we all can write and talk"—and **The Gadfly** that moment came into existence. There remained the few details of flipping coins to determine the Chairman of the Editorial Board and adjusting the business policy, and all was ready.

Having demonstrated so conclusively that **The Voice** had absolutely no basis for sufferance, and that to allow it further would be a crime against intelligence and self-respect, one approaches the problem of justifying another paper with a qualm or two. Taking courage, however, from the remarkable continuation of **The Voice**, I propose that the new organ be permitted publication for the same reason now animating that decrepit structure, though the expression of the cause must be vested in one more talented than I.

Socrates, being one day in a facetious mood, characterized himself as the "Gadfly of Athens" because of his propensity for seeking out and lighting upon things needing correction. We have adopted his name as ours and the fly, therefore, will buzz busily here and there on the campus, picking out juicy morsels to serve up to you in its pages. If the little insect becomes annoying by reason of persistence, or succeeds in occasioning discomfort to any individuals or groups, it may be deemed the "nature of the beast", and should be treated in the customary fashion—by swatting.

**The Gadfly** is just another result of the powerful urge for self-expression; it claims no special favors, guarantees no special results, and claims for its sole right to attention, the privilege which every man cherishes for an expression of his opinions.

This is not a "radical" paper. We cannot feel that we are setting out with the avowed purpose of delineating the evils of the modern generation nor of the Wooster generation in particular. We cannot, on the other hand, restrict ourselves in the choice of subject matter, for when institutions reach a stage of self-satisfaction it is possible that a little criticism will awake them from the stagnation.

Even with such a delightful expression of purpose we cannot feel entitled to more than passing consideration. We are young, and if of undeniable genius (I speak for my colleagues) still it is an adolescent genius chiefly remarkable for ability to pick flaws now in those parts of our college life which will later be cheerful memories.

If the readers tend to gullibility they must read with a careful consideration anything within these covers ever mindful of the fact that we, like them, are immature; though perhaps unlike them, we pride ourselves upon our open-mindedness—an ailment almost as deadly as bigotry.

Youth in general is a very unfortunate period. New fields constantly demand attention from the youth, fields of whose existence he was only vaguely aware. His store of knowledge, formerly so satisfying and complete, recedes into insignificance before the immensity of his capabilities. A little cloud is sufficient to blot out the light of hope, and even the most cheerful occasion is dimmed by some little shade of anxiety, while the deepest glooms are lightened by amusement occasioned by the very depth of the difficulty.

Realizing, therefore, an unfitness for the task of disseminating truths of any value, but convinced that self-expression is necessary for the satisfaction of their egos, and hoping to occasion for the reader the same fun in reading that they have in writing, the editors present for your consideration and approval

THE GADFLY

## A RACE IS ENDED

### *An Apology*

The present writer is the editor of the Unicorn. Under his management the magazine became involved in certain difficulties with the administrative officers of the College, who objected to his work now on the ground of style, calling his article on *The Voice* too Menckenic to be tolerated, no matter how true, and now on the ground of content, calling *Preachments* 3 and 4 unprintable by a Wooster student, no matter how restrained and dignified his language. Financial misfortune was added to the disesteem of the administration, and under this double handicap the Unicorn has temporarily suspended publication. It is the hope of the present writer to publish the sixth issue of volume two of the Unicorn after his graduation, when he has raised enough money to meet the expenses of publication and when he will be in the comparative heaven of what Mr. McKee refers to as "alumnihood"—"where moth and rust do not corrupt" and administrative officers do not break through and expel.

In the meantime, he is glad to assist in starting the Gadfly, for whose staff he wishes more tolerance at the hands of the College than he himself received. To those acquainted with his views on undergraduate writing he wishes to apologize for this article—which is the result of his attempting to steer between the Scylla of his conscience and the Charybdis of his timidities. He hopes on the one hand that he has not played entirely false to his own convictions, and on the other that he has not offended any by his opinions or by his mode of expressing them.

two miles gone now god I'm tired but it was worse last time much worse I tried to keep up with those Wesleyan men I wonder what oil their trainer rubbed on their chests it smelled like peppermint and how fast they started like a sprint someone called from the Lodge yea Simpson because I was the only Wooster man with them and by the god I stayed with them till the top of the second hill and then I was done John and Harold passed me Frank passed me Carroll passed me the last Wesleyan man passed me how dead I was running on my heels up on my toes now but I wish I had bigger lungs I need air and then Jakie Miller passed me and went ahead and ahead and on that second mile I thought I should die there is a Muskingum man behind me now and another one ahead and then Carroll and then the others perhaps I can beat the one ahead they gathered round and put their hands together Aramis Porthos Athos fashion and prayed yes prayed to Yahveh I suppose they have the same god our Bible

department has I hope we beat the stuffs out of the praying-mantises or is it mantes the devil praying like the rover boys the wind was cool on my legs but colder at Oberlin boys are you going to let one of those fellows beat you was what Munson said when he saw that one of the Oberlin team was a mulatto a sprint start at Oberlin and we were bunched behind them in the stadium poor old Wooster shouted a little boy from the grandstand but you'll be poor old Oberlin when we're through and so they were no thanks to me the first mile we passed most of them and the second mile I began to drop back from Carroll how nervous we had both been shook hands trembling and grinned at each other shakily it's my first meet too said Carroll nice chap he is wonder why in hell we're both such fools as to come out go to bed at nine o'clock said Munson you'll need the sleep and at ten o'clock I was in bed and turned and tossed till after twelve all nervous what if my heart should fail I thought he never had

the doctor look us over he said something about it but never did anything my grandfather died of heart-failure and in the try-outs when Paul dropped back holding his side and swearing and said good luck boy and I felt stronger because he'd dropped out and set out to pass Stearns just as last time when I finally caught up to Miller and he put on speed but I stretched out my long legs up straight out down though I thought I was dead for fair up straight out down and my lungs burning and Miller dogged as Stearns how dogged Stearns didn't even look around when I caught up to him in the try-outs god I'm dead I gasped let's walk and would he even answer me not much just plugged on and I stuck with him my lungs burning my throat parched and too weak to spit clear of my face and the saliva like a white crust on my lips and my head splitting with pain flecks dancing before my eyes oh god I can't keep it up and dropped to a walk for seconds and my eyes cleared and there was that damn Stearns ahead and my long legs up straight out down on my toes run damn it run and I ran and caught him again and again the spurt had been too much and my head was bursting the skin of my face and arms and chest was blazing prickling stinging smarting my feet felt raw raw and they were as far as that was concerned and again I sobbed let's walk and Stearns never turned and again I did walk a second till my eyes were clear and I had a breath of air and there was Stearns ahead Dave Dickason and Mary Hildner walking up Beall laughing at me only one ahead Tommy yelled Dave then I reached Wayne avenue and sprinted and didn't know I had it in me to make a sprint like that what savage delight to see those stocky legs unable to keep ahead I'm coming I'm coming but I need air and I hear a man behind me but I sprint what gorgeous legs I have stretch damn you stretch I'm dead Cunningham is taking names is he no that was the first time I just have to

make the cinder track stretch legs damn you and I've made it and Frank is not even winded good work he says Stearns I see is way behind me but my feet are raw and I'm dead what shall it profit a man now I've run two and half miles and Carroll is closer in the Oberlin meet he was ever farther and farther away and the nigger passed me I passed him he passed me I passed him he passed me and went ahead and crowning shame the fat boy with spectacles crept even with me old tub of beef I'll beat you but I didn't he fell back once and came up again I stretched out my legs and he fell back a second time he came up again dogged does it he passed me I felt the heart go out of me when he passed me and god what a pain I had in my side and I was the last man twelve men ran Simpson came twelfth but was I going to do even that oh my side oh my god oh my side oh god god keep me going legs I can't feel you any more only my side aching dully stabbing suddenly sharply oh my god my side let me lie down by the road and rest no I can never get up and somehow I finished that race and I shall never know how and the shame of being last with my friends in the grandstand to see me finish last so you made the team said Dotty McCuskey well well I'll cheer for you and here I came in last but as luck would have it I wasn't last after all two Oberlin men behind me that I didn't even know about so I was tenth and that news and a hot shower made me feel much better but I was the last Wooster man which I bettered in the Wesleyan meet oh the fierce keen joy of knowing I was going to pass Miller and then to pass him stride by stride my long white legs stride by stride to his drawing me ahead of him and then I passed a Wesleyan man came in tenth again fifth of the Wooster men which I would never have done had Rolf been running but he had been in the local gaol on the day of try-outs for talking back to some damn policeman law and order

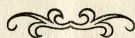
must be preserved gentlemen and so to the lock-up with Earl Rolf who wouldn't let the damn constable bulldoze him hurrah for Earl and hurrah for the constable too because I beat Jake Miller and would never have beat Rolf and now I have run some more and Carroll is closer the Burbank road is ahead my god Harold is walking and the Muskingum man is passing him is he sick is Harold sick poor devil ah he is running again he passes the Muskingum man but the man ahead of me passes Carroll too well I'll get you on the sprint big boy I have long legs if only my wind holds out and my side my wind my side how tired I was at the end of all the meets good god I tried to commit suicide after the last was so tired and then to get into an argument that way and what did it matter anyway what does anything matter good god when you're dead anyway why stay around and be in the way but I hope I never get into another argument when I'm all tired the damn blade might go deeper than it did that time and oh hell I get morbid even on a cross country run well I'll shake that come on I'll catch Carroll run legs run what the hell are you for stretch damn it stretch and the Burbank road under foot and then the dirt again my god I'm tired I need air more air than my lungs hold but the running is not as bad as the nervousness before running every time and my hands sweat and my mouth dries and my breath comes shorter and every night before the meet I toss and imagine all sorts of calamities but the running is a positive relief even now when my breath is laboured and my feet are aching soon come the street car tracks and there is a slight down grade there where I let my legs out and get closer to Carroll in the try-outs I never feel so nervous not since the first and I come in close to the Morleys and Biebel fine chap Frank I wonder why he's out for this cursed torture he plays the violin plays it damn well and what a handsome fellow too a fine sensitive artist's face he

has and delicate fingers why the hell does he run and the Morleys too or for that matter why do I run is it because people said sour grapes when I criticized athletes or because they said what do I care what people say anyway I know why yes you know why you ran it isn't that and it isn't anything but a command you got go run it will keep you out of mischief now the Unicorn is dead oho but is it dead have patience my dear and watch the beast get out its dying gasp and such a gasp hello the car tracks and here's the grade stretch legs slim white legs but not too slim and muscled well but not well enough I'm afraid come on damn it up out down on your toes head up shoulders back chest out on toes breathe through your mouth air air stretch legs thud thud thud thud thud a little longer paces legs that's the stuff now you're closer now you're closer hello Harold's man's past him and so Carroll will have to run like hell if he's to pass his and I'll have to run too if I'm to beat Carroll and here I'm up to him words come between gasps for breath: **Hello Carroll, how goes it?** And he: **My side!** So we run together for a way and turn together on to the brick and up the grade and I: **My God Harold's down** and so he was lying in the gravel by the side of the road the dying Gaul good lord if he were seriously out he looks bad the Muskingum man's past him he looks up thank god he's alive what an imagination I have of course he wouldn't be dead but what a fright I had and Carroll is saying: **Once before the Burbank Road he fell but went on** that was when I saw him walking what guts he has but what a fool he is I remember John was pacing him at the start he had said something about his stomach why did he run why did he run Munson oughtn't to let him run what the hell he's up again and I: **He certainly has guts** and Carroll grunts assent and we run on together and Harold gaining on the Muskingum man passes the bend and we run on together god how tired I am but Carroll is prob-

ably just as tired my lungs my side yes my side again well I shall grit my teeth there was Harold up and running and heaven knows what pain he's suffering so I shall not let my side beat me but oh the pain of it oh my side my side and all of a mile more to run or perhaps not quite and I must beat Carroll just to keep up to fifth place on the team and he suddenly gasps in pain: **Go ahead** yes yes go ahead he thinks I'm slowing down I would go ahead if I could **I can't keep up, my side**...and all the time I have been suffering he has too what fools we both are **you can do it boy!** and so I must go ahead whether I can or not and I wish he hadn't said I could do it because now I'll have to do something so I stretch my legs: **Tough luck** I gasp in my turn and go on drawing slowly away from him and soon I round the bend run damn it run dead as you are run your lungs and head bursting run your side killing you run your heart pumping madly run your eyes smarting and your whole face run damn you run run run more air more air more air oh run run run a hail from Carroll: **O Tom** good lord is Carroll sick he wouldn't shout unless he were I turn he waves his hand and there is a Muskingum man just past Carroll and I had forgotten him so that is why Carroll yelled thank heaven he isn't hurt and I turn back and run on and on and on and on I am keeping even with Harold perhaps gaining on him a very little Good God in Heaven Harold is down again oh god oh god how still he lies oh god don't let him be dead don't please don't let him be dead there are so many to die and he is so young he can't be dead but Paul Destler is dead oh Paul ("Now Destler will make the fifteen ball," he said laughing, and poised his

cue. "Destler scratched! Go on, Acton." He had been with us and now he was dead. And he too had run.) oh Paul don't let Harold die and Harold moved crawled up by the side of the road oh what a blessed relief and then all the pains that my terror had made me forget came back my side my lungs my legs my feet my hands my head but I ran Harold was propped up against a telephone pole how white he was even his lips were white white as a ghost and his face all drawn with pain I turned off toward him: **Go on**, he said, **run** and so I: **I'll send someone** and I run run run run run run run run run run run run run the tail of my eyes sees the Muskingum man closing in I run run run oh my god how long is this race I am still ahead at Wayne avenue can I sprint the rest of the way I cannot I try and he is closer closer slowly he is going to pass stretch legs out legs down legs on your toes come on sprint damn you sprint and I keep ahead but he draws up again he passes me I stretch out and run as I did not think I could I keep the distance between us equal but at least Rolf will beat him then he draws ahead and I, as Carroll had done, cry: **Rolf** but it's too late he is going to pass Rolf they sweep together through the gate my legs are going going going he has passed Rolf can I I am through the gate and at the brow of the hill and somehow down without falling perhaps a sprint will beat Rolf the Muskingum man is on the home stretch I sprint but Rolf has enough in him still to keep ahead and I cross the finish behind him dead dead dead. . . **Send someone back for Harold by the road!**

—Thomas Will Simpson



Recipe for a sermon: Three parts sophistry, two parts sob, mix well, garnish with inaccuracies and misrepresentations, serve sanctimoniously.

Signed

A Contemporary Bunkshooter

## MIASMA

### Upon the Importance of Mankind

I have been assured by scientific authorities that man is a thoroughly insignificant creature, in an endlessly extensive universe. He and his living are affairs of minimum purport. There would be a certain modicum of truth in this statement if the universe were, like a bond salesman, endowed with a definite dimensional standard of values. Happily, or unhappily, as the case may be, the universe, being as thoroughly dead to its own stupendous magnitude as to the infinitesimal proportions of mankind, can know nothing of values. How, I ask of the gentry who are accustomed to deal with facts alone, are we to seem insignificant to a thing which has itself no more idea of significance than a Hottentot of the fourth dimension? I am very much afraid that this doctrine is like to that of the boy who hides shivering under the bed-clothes because the thunder made such a loud noise.

### Constructive Criticism

Peculiarly commendable has been the change effected in the attire of those upon whom devolves the responsibility for our matutinal intercourse with Omnipotence. That sacerdotal robing has been of much value in subduing the student body is, perhaps, questionable; but in truth it is a device which may be exploited more fully and effectively. For certainly a uniform may command more respect than its wearer, and who should care to deny the faculty full liberty of raiment? Certain considerations, however, impel me to offer a few suggestions for the more tasteful outfitting of chapel speakers. The present system of gowning is thoroughly appropriate and acceptable when the service is of a purely devotional character. There are times, however, when mundane matters intrude and dominate the

exercises. And it is just then that the present system comes a cropper. For an expression of communal yearning toward things supernal the wearing of holy vestments may be right enough, but for a discussion of the political situation in Czecho-Slovakia it is wrong—grievously wrong. To remedy this unfortunate situation I make the following proposal: That as costumes tending to produce a religious atmosphere are worn while divine subjects are in hand, similarly appropriate habiliments be utilized for other subjects. In the first place, the office of Tailor to Chapel-Speakers should be instituted. This person should be a gentleman of impeccable taste and thoroughgoing capability. It shall be his duty to give assurance that no speaker shall ever appear before a college audience incongruously garbed. True, there are certain difficulties raised by this plan. To be always in character a number of changes of dress will be necessary in one chapel service. I suggest that the choir loft be curtained off as dressing rooms to which the chapel-speakers may retire for appropriate changes. The faculty should emulate the skill of the recent mime who presented assorted selections from the great dramatists of all time, from Aeschylus to Du Maurier. To accommodate the faculty dressing-rooms in the choir loft, all students who have received a grade of D or lower in Bible should be debarred from chapel attendance.

### Episode Three

The following is a brief transcript of the fifth chapter of Bouchard's "Commentaries Diurnales". It purports to be a conversation in Hell between Bouchard, the author, and Charon. Sundry phenomena are described.

\* \* \* \* \*

I: Good Sir, if you may pardon my importunity, I should be greatly obliged

to hear somewhat of your daily business. I have wondered always at your stately grim task; and mightily gratifying it will be to me, Sir, to hear of its nature from your own lips.

Charon: And a sorry task in truth it is, my fine stripling. A good, honorable profession it used to be in old time, with kings and proud-eyed heroes, to speak not of a rout of fair-born ladies, all standing stern and wordless on the shore when I rowed back again. I remember well one squat, ugly old fellow—there seemed to be something ailing his legs, but that passed away before we reached the other side—who insisted that I and all my doings were but myths engendered by vested authority for the fostering of moral virtues in the young. A preposterous old fellow he was, but for all his mad notions a pleasant enough companion.

I: You seem to think, then, that there has been a distinct falling off in the quality of applicants?

Charon: Indeed yes, time and again have I protested to the authorities on the other side of the river to institute a more rigid system of entrance requirements, but the whole pack of them were off testing some new device for dealing justly with infidels and would hear nothing of my plan. Why, it was not more than thirty years ago that I was forced to bring out of Hell a crowd of fleeing young fellows that had been making Tartarus unbearable for old Pluto. It seems that they had been guilty of all manner of criticism of the place of their confinement—extraneous, destructive criticism—to say nothing of very nearly causing rebellion among some of the minor fiends by their heavenly quenching ideas.

I: What may be the fate of those who may find no peace in earth or heaven or hell?

Charon: Well, my friend, they were for a time more than a little perplexing to the administration. Finally, however, it was suggested by that pagan upstart, St. Thomas, that an out of the way spiral nebula be dedicated to

their special use and pleasure.

I: In all conscience I can see no gain or profit in such a scheme.

Charon: But hold a moment and you will see how Omnipotence may deal with destructive critics: In this spiral nebula—the name of which I do not quite recollect—these gibing varlets were given complete control and sway. But, plainly, given all power, they could criticize nothing but themselves, for all was of their own creation. Hence for a time there was peace. And then one of their number decided that the nebula was being conducted upon scandalously iniquitous lines—as in all truth it was—and thus blithely he set up a magazine in which he denounced fiercely and in commendable literary style his companions. Unfortunate was his fate; for in a trice his aforetime companions concocted a new and more pestilential hell into which they cast him with execrations. He, they reported to their Semitic Yahveh, was undermining the spirit of their dominions and could no more be tolerated.

But there's a crew of these damn new-dead all trying to get in the boat at a jump, and I must be gone before they swamp it.

I: And I shall return again to hear more from you of those mischancy doings.

### Springtime

A spring morning is an offspring of Beelzebub, conceived to the frustration of human critical faculty. That a mere change of meteorology may subvert the tenets and actions of men utterly is food for meek meditation. How incomprehensible are the characteristics of the higher vertebrates! Is there any logic or reason to be found in a species which may be reconciled to an iniquitous and unmannerly system by a draught of warm moist air? What dignity attaches to creatures rendered intellectually impotent by the nonsensical chatterings of birds?

## CHAPEL

It may be that there is nothing more to be said on the subject of chapel, the last word having already been spoken; but certainly there is something yet to be done. We have been told that our chapel is better than that in most of the colleges; this is consoling but it is hardly sufficient to make us satisfied. Some one on the faculty hasn't been entirely consoled either, or else the chapel wouldn't have been changed as it was at the first of the semester; whether the change was effective or not, the act nevertheless demonstrates that the heart is in the right place. Most of the students were dumfounded to find that there was to be a change made, and although they were rather disappointed at the nature of the innovation yet they were glad to find that chapel was subject to change, and that there was yet hope.

As long as Wooster insists upon having chapel, and there are no indications other than that this is going to be for a long time, there are going to be many chapel problems: for chapel is of such a nature that it can hardly be both interesting and instructive, and interesting it must be to appease the students, and instructive it must be to please the faculty. That the present chapel does not do these two things is evident from the disorder there. We need to revise the present chapel program to make it more interesting without destroying the cultural value that the faculty demands. Force can never remedy chapel disorder: force might improve it but it is not after all the disorder that is the trouble with chapel. The disorder morely shows us that there is a deeper and more basic error that needs correcting, and we are foolish to ignore the fact.

To reconcile the students to compulsory chapel is the task of the faculty, for optional chapel is impractical. This places a great burden on them, for compulsory chapel is irreconcilable to the

students; the best thing is to make it as pleasant as possible for only in such a way may the students be appeased. At this school one is too much harassed by discipline: women, even recognized by law as of age, are put to bed at hours beseeeming two-year-olds, we have rules against automobiles such as one might expect of those god-fearing, witch-hating, custom-loving forefathers of ours who lived when the demon monsters were first let loose upon the streets. However, chapel is the institution on the campus which has discipline in its most disagreeable form. History tells that some generations accept discipline quite readily, but that others kick, and kick until they have broken through the slats of their cradle. Taking a chapel cut really affords a great pleasure and managing to get out of chapel without taking the cut supplies material for conversation for several days. Student opinion has it that chapel is a thing to get out of, if possible, rather than a thing that is beneficial and which should not be missed. Most students consider chapel a "necessary annoyance," a thing that must be taken not exactly like a dose of castor oil, but more like a bitter pill, one every hour. They are quite of the opinion that chapel is not worthwhile, and don't see any good reason why they should go, or pay any attention after they get there. The spirit is one of toleration; it is like having a stone in your shoe that cannot be gotten rid of without removing the shoe, which in this case is analogous to leaving school.

Most students will say that chapel should not be done away with, but when questioned further they usually admit that they like it because it is a good place to meet people, make dates, have mail delivered, or that it serves as a needed intermission between the second and third hour classes. Our chapel has become quite a social institution; the faculty has recognized this, and

realizing its value and also harmlessness has included it as one of the primary purposes of chapel. The changes that were made in the form of the service not long ago did not please most students, for they did not correct what the students consider wrong, and also deprived them of the only thoroughly pleasant occupation chapel afforded, that of joking about the faculty as they sat in their more or less disadvantageous position up front. It almost seems that the faculty was conscious of the fact that the students amused themselves during chapel by cracking wise about them, for there seems to be no other good reason why the change should have been made unless it should be that they might cut oftener for the faculty attendance has fallen off considerably. The attention of the students is now concentrated upon an unlucky few; their entrance has been theatrically labelled: "The March to the Gallows;" the ritual and process is the execution, of course, for it is then that the unworthy pass out of the minds of the students; it can't be decided whether this is followed by an assent or descent.

As for the chapel speeches most students do not take them seriously, meaning by that that they do not try conscientiously to find anything of value or interest in them. The speeches are taken casually. If one happens to be interesting a fellow listens, otherwise not. Few speeches get anything across to the students—you may lead a horse to water . . . ! A student will say that there are about a half-dozen faculty members whom he is always glad to hear, some of the out-of-college speakers he appreciates too, but generally the speeches are useless, irrelevant, and boring;—certainly not worth the half-hour. There are too many speeches; the poor ones (about three-fourths) should be discarded. At the present one must listen to too many speeches to get so few good ones. Students seldom consider the substance of a speech, but they always discuss it to

the extent of deciding whether it was a good speech or not. The student opinion is very well set upon which faculty members make good speeches; every one of them is a marked man, and nothing less than a miracle could redeem those stamped with disapproval.

The religious element of chapel goes quite unrecognized by most students; they hardly realize that it is supposed to be a devotional service. Devotionals in chapel are of as much importance as grace at Kenarden. Students speak of chapel as religious and devotional, but when there they don't seem to realize just what is the proper attitude. There is no spirit of reverence during the hymn, very little during the Scripture reading, and why anyone gets quiet or bows his head during the prayer is yet an unsolved mystery. At nearly every service fellows sitting beside me who have been repeating some gossip or telling a supposedly new story during the Scripture have abruptly stopped at the words "Let us pray" to bow their heads, only to raise them at the "amen" and continue with the next word in the sentence they were speaking—truly an artificial religion inspired by discipline, if so it may be inspired. These people have evidently come to this school with a feeling of reverence and respect for things sacred to the Christian religion, and it is just as evident that in our chapel the only thing they recognize that is of this nature is the prayer, for which they are even losing respect. The student is sent to a service every morning which his elders call religious, and which he has learned to call religious, yet for which he has no genuine love; his feeling is probably one of duty, or he may have developed an attitude of cynicism or indifference, usually it will be of distaste, the distaste for the insipid; this same service is supposed to be his place of worship, the center of his religious life. Can a youth who does not fortify himself by saying every morning as he enters chapel, "This is not my religion, but merely a daily reminder that even

those parts of my existence which I consider most vital may be rendered insignificant by association," graduate from this school without perverted ideas about religion? The modern ideal of religion is the individual spiritual life; discipline is for infants and ancients, and chapel seems to be for college students. The theory of chapel must be that college students are still infants; quite possible, but if a person hasn't begun to think by the time he graduates from college he is then passing into second childhood without any intermediary stages; and the unfortunate thing is that these mental infants are considered the citizens of the country, which are valued man for man; we will have a race with warped souls. For a thinking human religion and discipline cannot be harmoniously related. yet chapel eagerly proceeds to do this. A hate for religion can be the only result:

"And your officious doings bring  
disgrace  
On the plain steeples of our Eng-  
lish church,  
Whose worship, 'mid remotest vil-  
lage trees,  
Suffers for this."

Wordsworth wrote these lines when he attended Cambridge. Our question is, "Why must chapel be religious?" "Why must this crime be committed in the name of religion?" Chapel achieves no religious purpose anyway; we could ordain as its basic purpose something in the nature of geography,—now no one cares anything about what anyone thinks of geography; let the students develop their hatred in an inconsequential direction. At least, divorce such an important thing as religion from chapel.

"All religious organizations like all secular organizations, are approximate endeavors to meet changing human needs; and one of the best things about them is that in spite of themselves, they cannot remain as they are." These words of Henry Emerson Fos-

dick apply perfectly to the present chapel situation. Chapel was originated for a religious purpose for which it is no longer useful, but a justifiable reason for its existence has developed, that is to give social unity to the college. The new use of chapel has been recognized, for Prexy has said, ". . . and what is of even greater importance, it has enormous social value in the daily massing of our student body," but the outworn use of chapel has not been recognized as dead. Wooster might easily anticipate, and avoid the trouble that is to come about compulsory religion, but being a church school and such as it is, I expect to find Wooster one of the last to make chapel non-religious.

If a vote were taken among the students to see if they would keep chapel or abolish it, the vote although probably close would be for the continuance of chapel. But a "yes" or "no" vote would not be fair. The students should be permitted to check a third question, "Do you favor a revision of the present chapel system?" They would all answer "yes", and probably offer a few suggestions.

Chapel should meet less often, or else we should be allowed to take more cuts. This would relieve much of the pressure of discipline, and would not thwart any purpose that chapel now has. The speeches in chapel should be fewer and better. Over half the speeches never get past the pulpit, and there is little reason for bringing them that far. As for getting better speeches, the students would be quite pleased with just the best of those we now have, but Professor Evans has suggested a very sensible plan in an article of his in the Education magazine. The suggestion is to take five dollars from the tuition fee of each student, and apply it to a chapel fund, this would give the college about four thousand dollars to spend for chapel speakers, twenty speakers at an average of two hundred dollars apiece. At the present time we have two or three speeches a week, one is

quite sufficient, and about all that the college is capable of supplying even with the addition of these twenty speakers. The faculty would then have to supply sixteen speeches a year, which they could do adequately. Speeches in chapel would then be infrequent enough to be anticipated with pleasure, and the faculty speeches would hold a particular delight. Two or three days a week of compulsory chapel would be sufficient. I understand that the details of any such part time system are hard to work out, if this is the case the faculty should publish a statement and explanation of the fact, so that the students may see that the faculty is at least willing, as we are sure they are. Under any such system, and under the present one, the faculty should make every effort to publish the chapel programs in advance merely to please the students.

I don't believe that a part time compulsory chapel would impair the social purpose of our chapel. Prexy said, "It has an enormous value in the daily massing of the student body." The only word in the sentence one may take exception to is the word, "daily." Chapel could accomplish this purpose just as thoroughly by convening on three days of the week as on five. We have chapel daily, so the word was put in the sentence, but it need not be there.

Chapel should be reorganized from the religious viewpoint, meaning that the religious element should be removed. Chapel would no longer be chapel, of course, but it would then be in theory what it is now in practice—a convocation. Chapel should be no

more religious than it should be literary, scientific, artistic, or philosophical; not because chapel is not the place for religion, but because it no longer can accomplish a religious purpose, and in trying to is actually dangerous to the religious life of the individual. However, if we are to continue to have a religious chapel I have one more suggestion to make. Professor Evans in his article says that the students are not satisfied with a compulsory chapel that brings them no college credit, and that the stamp of approval should be put upon college chapel by the giving of credit for attendance. We suggest that this system of giving credit for attendance instead of deducting them for absence be instituted here, giving however for a semester's attendance a credit in Bible. Thus one might work off his Bible credits, and be pleased even though the requirements for graduation would be raised to one-hundred thirty-two credits.

As has been said chapel is going to become less satisfactory to the students each succeeding year. At the present the students would be reluctant to abandon chapel for they realize that chapel plays a vital part in the campus life, but I fear the reluctance is slowly vanishing. At present chapel is a problem with most colleges. Yale caused a great deal of talk a year or so ago when they abandoned compulsory chapel. Harvard has a two million dollar chapel, and a million dollar endowment for services. The best thing we seem to be able to do is to argue the matter, but that's something.

—Thad Clark.

This article was written before the Senate-Faculty Meeting Monday evening, and therefore previous to the discussion in Chapel Thursday. Having received considerable attention of the student body it has been deemed better to publish it exactly as written originally than to change it in any particular. The students will understand, however, that these views may have received considerable attention had the article not gone to press before Prexy, in compliance with the request Monday evening, given the Faculty viewpoint of chapel and chapel observance on Thursday.—Editor.

## THE FALLEN ANGELS

(or Why the Faculty is in the Transept)

Long robes of black conceal the speakers now  
Who preach to us in chapel every day,  
And gowns add dignity, we must allow—  
To those self-conscious ones whom they array.  
The priestly habit seems in many a way  
To cover deadly sins. One only sees  
A sex-less being who can speak and pray  
In garments always ordered as you please.  
For robes do not show dirt nor bag out at the knees!

But there is danger that the solemn robe  
May bring the vengeance of the A. P. A.  
Upon the college, for these bigots probe  
All semblances of popery and they,  
Along with remnants of the K. K. K.,  
Cannot afford to disregard this bold  
Denial of the Reformation's sway.  
And Wise Crack Richards surely will be told  
Of this new proof that Wooster's in the devil's hold!

Withal some benefit is realized  
From this changed form of service, for we see  
But three professors (and these well disguised)  
Behind the pulpit. Such a change must be  
Alone a cause for thankful worship, free  
From the distracting sights that once were there—  
Th' eccentric folk that make a faculty.  
And in their transept seats we little care  
If they come late or look so bored throughout the prayer!

—Marvin Peter Verhulst

## THE LAW AND THE FROSH

There is a peculiar irony in reading Sections 12417 and 12418 of the General Code of Ohio where one finds:

Whoever, being a student or person in attendance at a public, private, parochial, or military school, college, or other educational institution, conspires to, or engages in hazing, or committing an act that injures, frightens, degrades, disgraces, or tends to injure, frighten, degrade, or disgrace a fellow student or person attending such institution shall be fined not more than \$200.00 or imprisoned in the county jail not more than six months, or both, and in case of fine the sentence shall be that the defendant be imprisoned until such fine is paid.

and:

Whoever, being a teacher, superintendent, commandant, or other person in charge of a public, private, parochial or military school, college, or other educational institution knowingly permits an act of hazing or attempting to haze, injure, frighten, degrade or disgrace a person attending such institution shall be fined not more than one hundred dollars.

We are told by members of the Administration that "the mild form of Hazing tolerated here is suffered because the conditions are so much better than they had been that it was deemed inadvisable to curtail the innocent diversions of the student body in view of the violent objections which would be immediately forthcoming." That is to say, the Frosh are subjected to the indignities, not to mention the violence, of the "Rock" ceremony in deference to the wishes of the minority of the Sophomore class which feels that the Freshman should "be taken down a peg". That the purpose of the rite is not accomplished is self-evident to anyone who has been the victim of a rushing Freshman in his mad career through the halls or at Kauke doors. On the other hand, what justification can there possibly be for a continuation of the antedeluvian customs of going over the rock, and being "initiated"?

It has been rumored that the Administration has definitely forbidden, and given the Senate assurance of the cessation of the rock ceremony. If this is true it is a mark of real progress on the part of whatever officials had a part in the enterprise. If the report is unfounded, we would recommend to the Faculty Committee on Discipline an

early consideration of this move.

We are proposing that the Freshmen be received as members of the student body without the long probationary period during which they are periodically haled forth to be elevated in the only way desired and favored by the Sophomoric-minded of the upper classes,—at the end of the broom—aiding and abetting the flight over the rock. That obsolete and idiotic custom of pouring molasses over, and sticking fly-paper to, the exposed portions of the Frosh anatomy before it is led forth to follow the historic trail over the old athletic field, to gamble in the grass at Holden and in the Quad, should be dispensed with at the same time.

These are not unusual proposals, and probably have occurred to many members of the Student Body long since. The customs have already gone in many colleges, and Freshman discipline is a thing of the past. We hear it said that the disciplinary result is achieved by the fraternity initiation in other schools, to which we reply that the general class of students in some institutions, as well as the greater size of such colleges necessitates some such plan.

We maintain that the institution or custom of beating down the Freshmen has outlived its usefulness, that the majority of the students feel that no good is to result from its continuation, that the members of the Faculty prefer to see it done away immediately, that the Senate feels itself impotent in attempting to enforce Freshman rules, and that the discipline court is a farce. If our suppositions as recorded are correct, then a very few students are, by their influence, maintaining a custom obnoxious to the majority. Under these conditions it is for the silent objectors to become articulate and to bring to a stop this silly expression of the worn out dogma that the Freshman "must be squelched."

# *In the Spring*

a young man's

## FANCY

lightly turns to thoughts of Nancy, and —what is it?—some half dozen, more or less, others. And when not so occupied may we suggest some of the latest spring fiction from our circulating library? And—pardon, please,—just because it is published in the spring does not mean it is all wet. If the perusal of this worthy periodical has whetted your appetite for something, ah—a bit more mature, glance over the following list, and numerous others on our shelves:

Dynasty--Clarence B. Kelland	Farthing Hall--Hugh Walpole
The Father--Katherine H. Brown	The Mother--Deledda
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You Can't Print That--Seldes	Generally Speaking--C. K. Chesterton
Footprints--Cleaver Strahan	Mamba's Daughters--DuBoise Heywood
The True Heart--Sylvia Warner	Lily Christine--Michael Arlen
The Village Doctor--Kaye Smith	Accident--Bennett
My 1st Two Thousand Years--Vierick	
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And mystery stories beyond computation and common--sense. As most of you know, the rate is 5c per day for non-members; 3c per day for members; permanent membership \$1.00.

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