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## Kenyon Collegian - May 13, 1939

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# AUDIENCE ROUTS DUELISTS

## Unidentified Body Seen Floating in Kokosing

### "Murder Will Out" Avers Inebriate

Causing a minor panic late this afternoon, a small drunken man staggered into Pierce Hall and announced he had seen a large corpse in formal attire floating in the Kokosing River.

"Murder will out," he declared, sadly shaking his head and wagging a scrawny forefinger at nothing in particular, "that's always what happens in the end!"

He went on to tell how, while strolling near the east bank of the river, he had been attracted by the barking of a mammoth walrus. Astonished, he moved nearer to investigate, and saw, to his horror, a dark body floating face down in the tortuous waters of the stream. He fled in terror, not without noting, however, that the corpse was dressed in a summer formal, and had black hair and a swarthy skin.

Upon his startling announcement, onlookers screamed and fainted. Some of the stouter-hearted men soon formed a searching party.

The posse found no trace of the body, however, and returned to discover that the small drunk was missing as well.

## THE TIP OFF

By JIMMY THE HAT

The Casa Loma Boys had fun watching the intercollegiate at work in the C-shop. The cocktail parties around the Hill were swell—saw Norm Smith at most of them. Trigger Prosser of the stag line looked yearningly for a songstress and found there wasn't one. The lighting effects at the dance were swell—it helped JoJo Davis round up his herd of pink elephants. The Kenyon boys are sissys I expected Mrs. Barnes to get all kinds of attention. Crutenden's Jean Short had fun getting off some brand new jokes. Phil Porter seemed interested in the blonde the Flower King McNary was dragging around. Saw MacLeish dancing without a pipe—will miracles ever cease. Among the faculty Dr. Cahall shows a snappy waltz. Jim Trainer had that this is heaven look as he triped the light fantastic. I don't think the kids you saw at the D. E. could tell you what they ate Saturday morning. Right now I wish I had taken those Milk of Magnesia tablets that Maxie cures his hangovers with.

### Dancers — Beware this Man!



Snooper Mac Fry

Mac Fry Sheriff of Gambier, seen above in one of his quieter moods, is reported to be on the march this week-end, searching out unsuspecting innocents and accusing them of foulest crimes. Steer clear of him for your own good. Not only is he an officer of the local law—he is a veritable demon when aroused. Rumor has it that he has been known to shoot young women on sight, and his jail is always crowded. (Often with himself.) So be on the alert if you wish to escape this invincible minion of the law. Don't forget, he shoots to kill, and he always gets his beer!

### Two National Records Fall In Furious Week

Last week two very famous and indisputable records were broken. They were both personal records resulting from a certain indefatigable something much too seldom found in the human species. Briefly; Lou Gehrig failed to make an appearance with the Yankees for the first time in fourteen years; Dr. W. Ray Ashford was incredibly but undoubtedly absent from the Coffee Shop one entire evening. It is alleged that an early readjustment is expected in both instances.

## CAVENDER, KOHLER BATTLE FIERCELY; OUTSIDE ATTACK ENDS GRUDGE FIGHT



Artist's conception of Phineas retiring from the dueling ground in McGugan's hollow.

### Large Crowd Sees Duel Neither Dueler Wounded

By PHINEAS PHEEP

The much publicised duel between Art Kohler and John Cavender came off slightly before schedule this morning. The large crowd consisting of three skunks and a night crawler seemed much disappointed in the tameness of the affair, and after one of the skunks decided to liven things up a bit the contestants along with your scribe retired in confusion.

Up till the time of the forced postponement seven volleys had been fired and, though each man seemed well versed in the use of shootin irons, no damage was done. (That is no damage to the contestants, the toll of live stock and poultry was terrific.) Though the rules of Count Thweet were strictly adhered to the volleys were accompanied by shouts of "Highyo Silver" and "Go for your hawg legs boys" from the referee who was from West Canton.

On the first volley Cavender narrowly escaped injury when Kohler's shot hit the tree above him dislodging a youth in a white summer formal. His name has not been disclosed. For the remaining volleys they were content to pepper the cans in McGugans Hollow. Neither contestant had any apparent advantage though Cavender became quite accurate with a rebound shot.

The clothes of the contestants which were expected to be the latest from Bond Street in sport clothes were also a disappointment. Both showed unmistakable signs of having attended a dance but even the cause of the duel was a bit in doubt as neither man had a tie and both were barefoot from wading in the Kokosing.

What the ultimate result of this untimely postponement will be only time can tell, but when last seen they were standing arm in arm singing the new favorite "God save America" with an "out this world" expression on their faces. It is safe to say that there will be no immediate renewal of hostilities.

### Facts

There are approximately 5,280 feet in one mile, not to mention 1,760 yards, which is pretty remarkable in itself. There are also 2 pints in one quart, as you all know to d...n well.

Did you know that there are 14,543 new stop-lights in New York City? Well, there are. Read the *Collegian* and keep abreast of the *Times*.

### CAUTION Fire Drill

Do not be alarmed if you hear fire engines about 12:00 p. m. this evening. Fire Chief W. Blaze Buhrnes is planning a short drill for the Mt. Vernon volunteer fire brigade.

## WHY YES, PANGO

It is late afternoon of the third day when I hazard a peek at the world outside, and open my eyes. The whirling feeling has gone, but there is a throbbing of the temples, a stiffness of the neck which takes its place. As I cautiously hang my head over the side of the bed, and open my eyes I see little Pango playing leap-frog with a squashy looking toad.

Auooo, I exclaim shutting my eyes, get your little playmate out of here before I have a relapse. Okeh, says Pango casually, he's out of sight. What have you done with it, I ask suspicious of foul play. In my pocket, says Pango. Auooo, I render again. Okeh, says Pango, I'll throw him out the window. Whoosh, there it goes. Bye-bye Joe, he says.

Boy what a party, I say reopening my eyes, I scarcely remember what happened. Well, begins Pango more like a severe father than a personal biographer, Friday night about three-thirty you. . . . No, I say, did I do THAT. That's just the beginning, says Pango, at five o'clock you waded up to your neck in the Kokosing. Wow, I say, I don't remember that. And, continues Pango, at. . . . and at. . . .

ay, I say, I certainly had a swell time. Boy oh boy, what a swell. . . . Auooo, I can't move my head yet, I inform Pango. And I conclude with saying, what a party, what a party, as I slip back under the covers. What a head, what a head.