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Vol. 77, No. 7

Kenyon College, Oxhead University

November 17, 1950

EYES OF SOCIAL WORLD ON DANCE HOLIDAY



The socially elite from the entire Kingdom shall gather at Historic old Kenyon College of Oxhead University this weekend to celebrate the famed Dance Holiday with a great deal of mirth, joviality, and general good fellowship. Among those of prominence anxiously awaiting commence-

ment of the festivities is Lady Ruth Huffington, photographed above in the spacious library of her country home, Chard Manor, Kimballshire.

The young ladies and gentlemen in attendance will be whirled through a weekend of balls, parties and receptions. Scores of

suitors from bleak and desolate Kenyon College will bring a bit of warmth and cheer into the hearts of young debutantes. The Dance Holiday, highlight of the social year, will enable many old friends to renew acquaintanceships over a spot of some gaily spiked beverage.

A Kenyon Man, Sir, Is A Perfect Gentleman

There's a bit of spirit in the air, and just a touch of light in the eye of every lass and lad. 'Tis the eve of that sprightly ball of balls, Dance Holiday weekend. Maidens fair and swathed in gayest habits skip a jolly pace down the middle path. Students hand in hand dance a merry step and hum the old school songs in every hall. There's a blush on every youthful cheek and an uncommon hint of spunk in every soul. I say romping, old boy, the campi's just too romping.

What a fair sight, the Kenyon lord and lady! A stately gent, that Kenyon lad, whose breeding marks him as a gentleman above all else. A demure and modest maid his lady, who would not breathe but what the air be proper. Here's a pair with morals and some manners well worth watching by the vulgar eye. Mark this Kenyon gentleman how he guides with wary eye his fair damsel as they stroll about the Mall. His one hand (gloved of course) is on her arm, his other's on her — gently guarding her from any trip or misstep. Note the perfect manners of this Kenyon lad as he sits at tea. Note the grace with which he balances his cup upon his knee, his maid upon his other knee. And even with what perfect tact and air of *savoir faire* he spill both tea and maid upon the floor. By the by, what dastardly rogue saw fit to boil some bourbon in the tea? 'Tis with little wonder that everybody (everybody who is anybody) is romping, I say, romping.

But 'tis within some shady parlor where we'll really test our lad. It's all a proper gent can do to keep his morals in such a blast, let alone his mate. You know, there's just a hint of something not so nice. This noble Kenyon youth does wonder if each sleepy-looking couple here is really set for contact bridge or a bit of footie-footie. But no matter, he has his pocket etchings, and he'll entertain his lass, above the table,

sir! But ho, some devil with T. N. E. engraved upon his chest has fallen neath the couch. The poor boy must be blind, and from the giggles neath that couch, I say, he's not alone. My dear, won't you have some lemonade, your mother will never hear. But yes, of course, I should have guessed, it's frightfully close to Sunday. This is a gay one, but isn't singing "Flow Gently Sweet Kokosing" just too romping?

And too, this Kenyon lad knows his way upon the floor. He glides about in stately ways though the band plays "Twelfth Street Rag." And you'll note without an eyebrow raised that his maid's a foot away. Of course, and here's a bit of fun, if they were dancing closer, her stays would run him through. And mark the stature of this comely gent and lady as they swing about the room. They do not land upon each other like limp rhubarb. Nor are they panting after every set as if from too much exercise. "I wish they'd play 'God Save the King' for I'd show you a new step. My dear, that would be romping.

But now we clearly see that this Kenyon man is a perfect gent. His manners are quite proper as we can obviously note, for he actually used his knife and fork while at the dining table and he did not spear his peas with vicious strokes. You mothers can have minds at peace when your daughters are on the Hill. We'd hate to think there's any careless hand among us. The sober Kenyon gentleman will have her snug in bed before the curfew rings; perhaps we'd safer say she'll surely be in bad. And haven't we had a jolly time just chatting for three days? Not one thing has happened that you wouldn't tell at home. You know that lad found in the Ladies Room was just a quaint mistake. I'd hate to think that anyone was just beside himself at romping. We did miss hearing David Copperfield.

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CAREER OPPORTUNITY — Hydraulic engineers, ionic chemists, and atomic physcists needed for diamond mine excavation and wildlife study in southern Tanganyika and the Gold Coast. Prior consideration given candidates holding advanced digress. Appear Office of Colonial Affairs, Mather Building, 11:30 P.M., Saturday, Nov. 18.

TODAY'S FORECAST

The weather gentleman says that that beastly fog will descend over Gambiershire again this weekend. Not only that, he reports, but it will be deucedly hot at the same time, with temperatures ranging from -10 degrees to 130.

There was no pressure report. "Bloody barometer's been devaluated," said the gentleman, when interviewed in his flat in Threadneedle Street.

He was asked about wind conditions. "Haruumph! Might be in for a bit of a blow."

Terpsichorean Holiday guests are hereby warned.

Ray English, Typical Yank

— Earl of Johns —

I should like to point out that in our very splendid esoteric Community we have a splendid American chap, a certain Raymond English and his perfectly charming wife, Mrs. English. Both are splendid people. The best sort, you know.

Mr. English's little Americanisms are a constant source of joy and amusement to all of us. The other day, when it rained most vigorously, Mr. English was heard to remark, in ringing American tones, "Oh, Hell," which brought peals of delighted laughter from all those present.

Mr. English, whose original home was in the sovereign state of Kansas, maintains he has never been a gangster or a cowboy. However, he has been acquainted with both and has consented to deliver of splendid lectures for the Primitive Culture and Rudyard Kipling Club on The American Way of Life, the Cowboy, the Gangster, the Sex Crime, and baseball.

Mr. English is not unknown to the literary world for even though he comes from across, he is a student of *belles-lettres*. He is the foremost authority on America's most splendid author, Zane Grey, and he has written several splendid volumes of critical essays on the erudite Mr. Grey. Mr. English, must be pointed out, has a handsome reputation for being a deep sea fisherman and authority on aquatic life. He has written a splendid book on one aspect of sea life entitled, *The Pursuit of Porpoises*.

At a recent shareholders meeting the managing director declared the reason why production was not increasing was because there was too much "ave-some-tea-ism" in the factory.

— PUNCH

Socialist Plot Exposed

Turmoil reigns throughout the BBC today. The operation of WKCG, key link in the radio network spans our country, has been indefinitely suspended, while its staff is at present held incommunicado. Informed sources intimate that other stations may be similarly treated within the next twenty-four hours. The charge is "participation in a conspiracy to overthrow the present socialist form of government."

The conspiracy was first suspected by an alert Scotland Yard Inspector who tuned in to WKCG at nine o'clock on the evening of November ninth. He distinctly heard an announcer's voice saying "This is **your** campus radio station, etc." Thereupon he immediately informed his superiors.

It was evident to them that, since BBC stations are neither **yours** nor **mine**, but **ours**, WKCG had compounded a heresy of the first order. With its customary audacity and craftiness, Scotland Yard moved in.

Inspectors converged upon the huge building which houses WKCG's studios and offices. On the door leading to Studio Twelve, they found a notice which corroborated their suspicions. According to it only studio personnel would be permitted to enter. In a recent press release, Scotland Yard described this as "clear evidence of the station's antisocial leanings."

A perusal of the program schedule convinced the Inspectors that they had uncovered a dastardly plot. Every evening W K C G broadcasts a program called "Down by the Station." According to high government sources, the function of this program is to disseminate propaganda unfavorable to socialization of the railroads. Another nightly program, "Curtain Time," is considered to represent the expiration of socialism and the collapse of our own dear governmental system. "Music for Moderns" is forever dropping the sly hint that our system is old and outmoded.

In the words of Inspector Stanislaus Smith, "Perhaps this will show the subversive elements in our country that they cannot pursue their grisly ends by working through the very systems which our benevolent government sets up for the mutual benefit of the people of our glorious land unaccustomed as I am to public speaking."

Scholar Anticipates Jolly Dance Holiday



In the best of holiday attire and in exceeding high spirits, the President of Kenyon College, Oxhead University, the august and learned Dr. G. Keith Chalmers, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., L.H.D., cycles past Cromwell Castle. By the merrie twinkle in his eye, we may assume that he is eagerly anticipating the forthcoming advent of Dance Holiday. Dr. Chalmers is seen here carrying the relic so dear to the hearts of all Kenyon Scholars, the Lord Kenyon Umbrella.

We had the exceeding good fortune to exchange a few pleasantries with this grand patron of learning and the arts. He was at once, witty and profound, having a rapier-like reply to each of our queries.

Q. Dr. Chalmers, you are doubtless overjoyed that Dance Holiday has arrived?

A. Oh, quite, quite. "**Bruder, lasst uns lustig sein.**"¹ As Shakespeare said, "O joy too high for my low style to show! O bliss fit for a nobler state than me!" Or to quote the Vulgate, "**Calix meus uberrimus est.**"²

Q. Now I understand that Dance Holiday is usually rather — Baccanalian.

A. Oh, quite so. But after all,

"**Nach des Tages Schweiss Den kühlen Trank ich preis!**"³ And then, of course, "**Gutes Bier und junge Weiber, Sind die beste Zeitvertreiber.**"⁴

Q. One more thing sir, if you please. Is there anything you like to say to the entire student body of Kenyon College, any bit of Philosophic thought you'd like to impart?

A. Will this do? "**Qui bene bibit, Bene Dormit. Qui bene dormit, Non Peccat. Qu non peccat, In Paradisumsti. Ergo, bibamus In Paradisum iremus.**"⁵

Note: Translation of Dr. Chalmers's Remarks.

1. Brothers, let us joyful be.
2. My cup runneth over.
3. After the day's sweat I prize the cool drink.
4. Good beer and Young women Are the best drivers-away of time.
5. Who drinks well Sleeps well. Who sleeps well Doesn't sin. Who doesn't sin Goes to Paradise Therefore, let us drink To be able to go to Paradise.

OBSERVATIONS

During this glorious season of festivities, many distinguished visitors will appear in the picturesque hamlet of Gambier. In order that you, our honorable readers, will be able to converse with these distinguished visitors, I humbly beg to tell you a few things of import about these men and women.

* * * *

First and most distinguished is Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister of Great Britain. Some people tell me that he is no longer Prime Minister. To them I say bash! Who in America ever heard of dear old England without a Tory prime minister?

* * * *

A frequent visitor to the social capital of the world will again honor us with his presence at the Weekend's dances, festivities, parties, balls, etc. This frequent visitor is Bob Taft, from far off America. (Dear Reader: Please excuse the familiarity, but the Provinces have not quite recuperated from the recent elections. My press dispatches are still referring to the Honorable Senator from Ohio, U. S. A., Robert Alphonso Taft, as "Bob Taft".) The distinguished Senator has insisted that he be quartered at the President's House. Since the Lords feel "It's Stu McGoo in 52", we think Bob Taft should be more considerate of the prevailing opinion in these parts.

* * * *

As a sign of the times we will have one well-known military visitor, General of the Armies Lewis B. Hershey. His Honor the General will be looking over those Lords who desire to study (?) abroad.

General Hershey is a firm believer in peace (even if it's an **armed peace**) and his recruiting slogan is entitled: "A Peace For All."

Modesty

because . . .



It's The Usual Thing

Okay, gents, this your daunce Holiday ? Weekend. It's one of the finest and oldest of party institutions in the country, so let's keep it that way. Everyone will be expected to turn out in the gayest of duds for the Friday formal and throw a coat and tie on for Saturday nite romp.

The parties will be the cherriest damn things you will ever see. We all wassil and sing the usual pornographic favorites. Toast the fair young maidens ? with a beer rinse and a hearty pinch. All in all, however, it can never be denied that we didn't have a good time — and certainly no one can deny that a Kenyon man isn't a gentleman. — How in hell did I get into this —

LORD KEEGO

Arrow of Progress

We are highly please to see, on the back of the water closet in the Library, a little arrow indicating which way to push the handle to flush. We should like to think that this arrow represents a step, however small, toward some ordering of the confusing environment in which Man finds himself these days. Whoever put the little arrow there, we are convinced, did so in a gleam of insight; for a moment, he was given the power to see the train of human existence in its stark reality, with Illusion and Convention brushed aside. He recognized Man for what he is, a pitiful insect reaching blindly for comfort and freedom from the gross mandates of the body, and set up what we hope will be the first of an ever-lengthening series of guideposts to ease his passage. What is Man, essentially, but a dull Consciousness, groping in the dark for some divine Toilet Handle, trying to control a little the material universe in which he is abandoned, as conveyed to him by his sense in fleeting muddled images?

Nearly all new cars will have sunshine roofs, we are told. Manufacturers have a naive confidence in the meteorological future of this country.

— PUNCH

* * *

A forthcoming film based on the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. Sticklers for his-

torical accuracy should regard any U. S. accents as intelligent anticipation.

— PUNCH

* * *

"I never saw such a fish," says a Coventry angler, said to have hooked a ten pound pike. Cynical members of his club are inclined to agree.

— PUNCH

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Lords Trounce Hiram to Clinch First Perfect Season Since '89

— A. M. GRIGGS —

The fighting 1950 Lord football squad, one of the finest and most spirited in the college's history, bowled over Hiram 14-7 last Saturday at Hiram before some 2000 fans to end the first peacetime undefeated season in Kenyon's sixty-one years of intercollegiate football. A completely victorious season was marred only by a 13-13 tie with the Wooster Scots in the season's opener, but each and every opponent after this game was decisively defeated by the Hendersonmen, who rolled up 120 points to a mere 46 for the opposition during the course of the six game schedule.

The season's finale, not clinched until late in the final quarter, marked the last appearance in purple and white uniforms of seven graduating seniors, all letter winners, leaving 36 members of the squad for duty next year with twenty of these holding down varsity letters from this season.

After a scoreless initial period, Hiram took to the air, and, due to the accurate right arm of passer Wallace Kosinski, was able to enjoy a short-lived 7-0 lead. Kosinski tossed a twenty-eight yard aerial to the halfback, Harry Smith, placing the ball on the Lord five yard marker, from where moments later he hit lanky

Walter Light in the end zone for Hiram's lone tally of the afternoon. Schaffer made good on the conversion attempt.

Dom Cabriele, dead-eye Lord quarterback, teamed up with Don Marsh for Kenyon's initial score late in the first half. Marsh grabbed off a 35-yard Cabriele pass and raced to the four. Two plays later the same combination clicked, as Marsh shagged his fifth paydirt aerial of the season. Soon after Bob Eggert kicked the conversion, the half came to an end, and the determined Lords found themselves in the midst of a 7-7 deadlock.

It was not until late in the fourth and final period that the Lord machine really got rolling, but once it did, there was no stopping it. On two occasions early in this frame the visitors drove deep into Hiram territory, both times within the ten-yard line, only to be denied by the stubborn Hiram defenses. Refusing to take "no" for an answer, however, the Lord eleven went all the way late in the period. Kenyon, taking advantage of a poor Hiram punt, gained possession on the home team's thirty-five. After consistent gains, Stan Jackson sprinted around right end from the 6-yard line for what appeared to be a touchdown, but a penalty nullified the score. The very same play was run two downs later, and

once again speedy Stan outlegged the Hiram defenders to give the Purple and White their margin of victory and insure this game squad a hard-earned undefeated season, the first since 1889. Bob Eggert once again accurately kicked the pigskin between the uprights to give the Lords their sixth straight without defeat, this one of a 14-7 success over a strong Hiram contingent.

The fine coaching of Dave Henderson, Bill Stiles, and Bob Parmelee, coupled with the outstanding spirit and ability of those on their victorious squad, has landed the most sought-after gridiron honor here in the memories of all; namely, an undefeated season.

The line-ups:

KENYON

ENDS: Vernooy, Marsh, Mio, Bogle, Giddings.
TACKLES: Eggert, Ballard, Glaser, Nichol.
GUARDS: Ranney, Simonds, Hurd, Crawford.
CENTERS: Kuhn, Warmeling.
BACKS: Cabriele, Durbin, Haskell, Murphy, McGowan, Fraley, Coffey.

HIRAM

ENDS: Light, Stofan, Stiggers, Schaffer, Sechrist.
TACKLES: Coombs, Nunnelle, Lafferty, Underwood.
GUARDS: Di Orto, Rusynyk, Alexander, Miller.
CENTERS: Harpley, Keller.
BACKS: Kosinski, Kingzett, Smith, Gordon, Gertz, Rightmire, Fauls, Dutcher.

KENYON	0	7	0	7-14
HIRAM	0	7	0	0-7

SCORING

KENYON — TDS: Jackson, Marsh (from Cabriele). Conversions: Eggert (2).
HIRAM — ED: Light (from Kosinski). Conversion: Schaffer.

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The Kenyon Film Society presents its first film of the season, **Cabinet of Dr. Caligari**, with Conrad Veidt, on Sunday evening, Nov. 26. Tickets for the entire series of five outstanding movies (no individual admissions will be sold) cost two dollars and may be secured by charging them on book shop accounts, at the door, or by check or money order sent to: Kenyon Film Society, Box 214, Gambier.

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News from the Royal Societies

KNIGHTS OF DKE

"Chiv'ar'y, Temperance, Chastity"

Sir Michael Goriansky has planned a rousing good time for the distinguished knighthood. A jovial cocktail party promptly at five o'clock, Greenwich time, shall precede the festivities on Friday eve. Following at seven o'clock will be an exquisitely catered supper, at which the gentlemen will be attired in their traditional cut-aways and toppers, the ladies in their most expensive finery. A reception for the faculty will be held from nine-thirty until the formal dance commences.

Saturday afternoon shall see a cheery party in the formal parlors. Saturday evening there shall be parties immediately preceding and succeeding the activities in the ballroom.

Many of the Kingdom's most sophisticated debutantes will be escorted by suave members of the socially extinguished knighthood.

THE ROYAL ORDER OF FORGOTTEN FATHERS

We are looking forward to a decidedly cheery Dance Week here at the Iota of Psi Upsilon. First, it is indeed necessary to mention that Sir J. Phillip Jayme, Ex-Lord President of this mighty paternal organization has already chartered his return. Then too, the notorious Lady Suzy will be here, escorted by Viscount Buttercrunch Bold-Goody, together with another northern lady for Mr. D. Briggs. Numerous members of the fashionable Denison society of Granville will also make their weekend residence in Gambier-on-Kokosing, to be chaperoned by the finest of Iota Nobility. Our weekend schedule reads as follows: Friday Afternoon: Libation for those who care to purchase such potables.

Friday Evening: An open party at which imported Duquesne Beer will be served, in the Campbell-Meeker Room.

Saturday Afternoon: The Iota in coordination with Beta Theta Pi and Alpha Delta Phi at the Beta Combonation Party in the Beta Parlor Rooms.

Saturday Evening: More of Duquesne's fine imported brew.

ORDER OF BOUNDERS BETA THETA PI

Beginning Friday evening at 8 P.M. the Beta's, as they are commonly known, will begin the dance festivities with a bourbon and soda get together. The gentlemen of the society expect a rousing good time.

On Saturday afternoon at just

two P.M. the gentlemen will gather in the parlour of the Beta domicile for their traditional Combonation Partie. Lady Hester and her "bopish cohorts" look forward to seeing a large gathering.

Saturday evening there will be a large ale partie before the dance. Whereupon the gentlemen of Beta Theta Pi will give a rousing cheer for all the participants of the Dance Holiday at exactly 4 A.M.

DELTA A. C.

Hup Hup Hoorah!! Dance Holiday is once again descending with all its gay parties, tete a tete dancing, and unrequited love making and returning old grads to the Halls of Delta Tau, which have been a veritable beehive of activity for the past several days. Our social committee headed by Caleb Smith has planned several parties. Our pledges who have been working at full tilt to get all rooms immaculate for the big week-end will be able to attend the parties, since it was voted at the last meeting that pledge study hall usually held in the parlor, be suspended during this time. Scholarship chairman Chig Cooke abstained from voting.

The party Friday night will feature high-balls from 8 to 11 before the dance. We expect no excess of liquor, since our football and soccer teams are through training. This party should be a bit of all right! Most of us will have dates. After spending all day Saturday recuperating from the effects of the party and school dance we are throwing (literally another party in the parlor from 8 to 10. Anyone who isn't previously out cold will undoubtedly be after this one. We are ending our week-end festivities with a tapering off "Kiss the girls good bye and thank God they're gone" party on Sunday afternoon.

In conclusion, we only wish there were 4 dance week-ends a month!!

THE FRATERNAL ORDER OF SIGMA PI

The gentlemen of Sigma Pi are ready, as usual, for a rousing Daunce Holiday. The festivities will commence with our traditional shrimp-cocktail get-together. The last shrimp will be partaken of at just 11:00 P.M.

Our final organized party will be at our lodge in Bexley Wood; beer and dauncing will be the attraction.

We will end our 'rounders' with (pardon the political implications) a Moscow Mule party Saturday

evening for the gentlemen of the Fraternity and their guests. The Members of Sigma Pi wish to extend a cordial, and enjoyable weekend to all.

ROYAL ORDER OF PHI KAPPA SIGMA

Well chappies, it seems as though the blighters from North Hanna are all astir with thoughts of the bully Fall Dance Holiday. That good fellow Arthur B. Johnson II and his Social Committee have laboured many torturous weeks in order to make this the best Dance Holiday on the Hill. The festivities will commence with a French 75 party before the Friday night ball. Sometime in the wee hours of the morning the jolly group will betake themselves to Mazza's for an early breakfast. The usual spot of tea with crumpets will be in order Saturday afternoon. A party will be held in the North Hanna parlour Saturday before and after the dance at which time mixed drinks will be served. Sunday will find the chaps still in a rather jovial mood. To keep this up there will be a tapering off party at which everything will be drunk down (in order not to waste any, you understand). After this is over, the women will be taken to the trams in order that they might return to their various institutions of higher learning. All in all, the rounders of Phi Kappa Sigma are bloody well looking forward to quite a bully Dance Holiday.

DELTIC ORDER OF DELTA PHI Parties for Dance Weekend

Friday Afternoon — Old Fashion Cocktail Party.

Friday Evening — Open House.

Saturday Afternoon —

2:30 — "Hawaiian Beach-combers' Party or "Baili Hanna"

Saturday night — 2 A.M. - 4 A.M. Open House.

ARCHON SOCIETY

Parties for Dance Weekend

Friday, Nov. 17, 1950 (Closed) Cocktail Party

3-5 P. M.

Friday, Nov. 17, 1950 Pre-dance Formal

Punch Party

9-12 P.M.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1950, afternoon Beer Party

3-5 P.M.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1950, Pre-dance Mixed Drinks

8:30 - 11 P.M.

Saturday, Nov. 18, 1950, After-dance

Mixed Drinks

2-4 A.M.

Dean's Pub

Not as unsuitable to all propensities of current temperament as to less ficklely engendered phenomena, exists in strange sort — in short — improperly propounded through useless sport, maleficious proclivities of present, deteriorated from imperfect past, properties (not congenitally inherent, but decidedly degrading, which, by reducing desirable properties of our present pub), of our present pub, concedes us but the narrowest margin of pleasant defiance of the lords of sobriety. Less explicitly, we might conceivably caress this less than not uncasual conclusion; the mictoral mottoes of our penal palace preserve by no whit the placid poingancy once which in purple prose enchantingly embellished the delightful domicile of under-elemented dignitary redoubtables. More than this, the gelid post-gurgitations of our ennobled compatriots, so from their explicit and applied attention to own mutual ends, embreaws not the true essence due of more savory of Bacchi's mutations. Considering this, we must assume to place the unfortunate result to some less fortunate cause, due to some undoubtedly morbid omission, which, upon further consideration, is made obvious to be the chain-end-linked-result of caused mourned unfinding of persisting consistencies, which, to regain, to which, we must incline, with decorum and circumspection, our endeavor.

New table dishes are made of clear glass. We understand that at one London restaurant diners can see the darns through the soup.

— PUNCH

* * *

It is announced that next year Edenbridge, Kent will switch over from gas street lighting to electricity to mark the Festival of Britain. There is an obstinate local belief that the Festival of Britain is being arranged to mark next year's switch-over in Edenbridge from gas street lighting to electricity.

— PUNCH

* * *

A rat recently shot near Colchester is said to have weighed fifteen pounds. It sounds like rather a tall story.

— PUNCH

Kenyon getting an Air ROTC. Now we can really get high.

Tea Time at the Conservative Club



The above photograph was taken during a meeting of the Faculty Club for the Suppression of Dangerous Democratic Ideas. Seen from left to right, enjoying the good fellowship and excellent tea of their daily hour at the Club are Sir Jonathan Fairless Ford Chalmers, Sir Stuart Chamberlain Hyphen McGowan, and Sir Charles Bottomly-Coffin.

Sir Jonathan, as we all know, has amassed a goodly fortune through his extensive Peanut Butter Empire. He has just completed a pamphlet to be published in a fortnight entitled, "The Value of Slums in Preserving Tradition." Sir Jonathan is the foremost exponent of the theory that the slum is a prime factor in making people work. "After all," he pointed out, "those commoners who live in Houndsditch and Whitechapel have never, I'll wager, done an honest day's labour in their whole wretched lives. If those chapel people are really interested in improving their conditions, they should get out and work. It is a simple undisputed fact that empty bellies make people work."

Sir Stuart has recently been in the foreground as a member of the Royal Commission on the Suppression of Labour Movements. "A man's house is his castle," he asserted, "and likewise is his manufactory. He does a number of bloody beggars a favor by giving them employment. Then to reward his benevolence, they bicker about conditions. It is confounded radicals like that W. Ray Ashford who want to tear the existing social order up by the roots that are causing all this labour nonsense. And Across, it's that ultra-liberal Taft. Why can't they leave well enough alone?"

Sir Charles has recently returned from the innermost provinces of India, where, as a member of the British Humanitarian and Culture Society, he has been teaching the natives the rudiments of English Rhetoric and Composition. "You've no idea what a job I had," Sir Charles moaned. "It was beastly, simply beastly. The native is incredibly stupid. One poor chap kept splitting infinitives. A strong handsome fellow. Had to have him shot, though, to teach those natives a lesson."

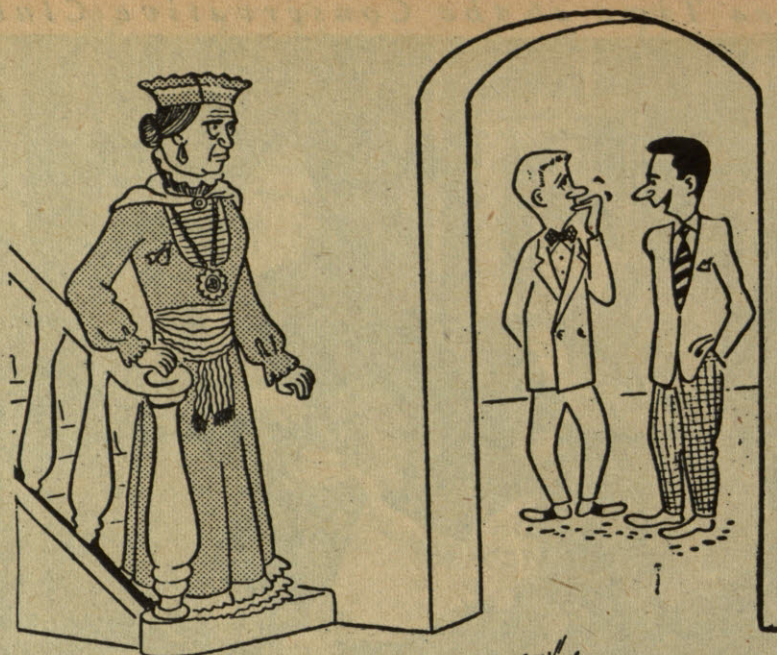
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FOR AUCTION — One black cape and one orange-brown tweed suit, neatly pressed — Tenants N. Crumb and F. Letemp, Old Kenyon Manor. Auctioneers: Initiation Committee of the Kenyon Society of Oddfellows. Arrangement: Peirce Hall Commons, 6:00 P.M., Saturday, Nov. 18.

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Golden Boy

The Dramatic Club of Kenyon College will present Clifford Odet's **Golden Boy** from November 29th, through December 2nd. The cast has already been chosen, and rehearsal and production work are well underway. The cast which contains many welcome old faces, plus some interesting new ones, is as follows:

Tom Moody, manager .. Jim Rice
Lorna Moon Bettie Cropper
Joe Bonaparte, prize fighter
..... Edgar Doctorow
Tokio, trainer John Workman
Dr. Carp Morton Segal
Siggie, brother-in-law
..... Fenton Goldberg
Mr. Bonaparte, father .. Lee Meier
Anna Florence Pasini
Frank Bonaparte, brother
..... Ronald Petti
Roxy Gottlieb, fight promoter
..... George Porterfield
Eddie Fuseli, gambler Bob Miller
Pepper White Bill Lee
Mickey James Hoyle
Call-Boy Everett Carter
Sam Robert Forsyth
Lewis Charlie Docter
Drake Bud Morgan
Driscoll Jack Oechslin
Barker Lorrie Bright
And: Boxers, Seconds, and assorted other sundry characters.

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Lord Fesnois Comments On Great American Jazz

In an exclusive interview with the Lord, His Lordship Sir Fesnois, Oxhead, '18, patron of the musical arts, and Earl of Thresped-Webster, commented, "The greatest contribution of the modern American music forms to the realm of art has been the invention and promotion of the cactus needle." Sir Fesnois refused to enlarge on this opinion, but he compared our dance bands favorably with those of Picadilly Circus. "But then again we've had to devalue the pound, you know."

When asked to relate his observations of musical taste in Gambier, he puffed, "From my experience with Kenyon students' taste in music I have reached this conclusion: Americans seek a contrast in their music—a contrast to the life and things about them. Here at Kenyon with its old buildings and traditional Normanesque architecture I've heard little else but jazz and progressive styles, or as you say, bop the bee. What did you say, sirrah? Oh, yes, of course, bee bops. . . . While in England, of course we seek harmony of style and surroundings."

His Lordship became more expansive. He settled back in his chair and offered the reporter a "cheroot," which was gratefully accepted and carefully stowed away behind the reporter's ear. "Made in the Bahamas. My good friend Windsor sent them to me. He often visits my estate. Too bad he couldn't hold on to his native sense of harmony! But I'm staying from our subject, am I not. Well, now, Louis Elbowtangle, no . . . Writer . . . I have it — Armstrong, Benny Goodman, yes . . . and the Dorsey men are all fine musicians, and much may be said for their creative talents in disguising the banality of a typical ballad. But I might add as a jest that much of the much has already been said. Haw-haw, haw. . . . haw."

"What? You want to know what I think of George Shearing. Well, strictly 'on the sly,' as you Americans say, I personally voted four thousand times in the Melody Maker magazine contests from 1937-47. George won six times. If the Royal Academy only guessed. . . . ho, ho-ho-ho, ho ho. . . . ho."

"There are only two types of American music for which I have a liking. They are the hillbilly, mountaineer style and bogie-wugey. The former reminds me of the highland tales of native Scotland. The hillbobbies are just as intriguingly ragged, but they

are nowhere near bloody. The latter, bogie-wugey, is liked the world over. The Royal Academy should know about this, too. If you have heard one Raymond McKinley's "Cane Bottom Chair" "Lonesomest Whistle" — have you? — the reporter admitted he had, "Well, I like it, anyway." Sir Fesnois slowly played the black needle of his cheroot round the circle of his mouth.

The Earl noted that the most appealing recording he heard while visiting the Kenyon Campus was "that thing by a young woman with a name like an Oxford cram book . . . er, you know Pat Page! that's it. Patti Page? Well no matter, her rendition of "Back in Your Own Backyard" and "The Right Kind of Love" pleased me immensely Are you sure what I'm telling you will never be circulated outside the Kenyon College campi? The Royal Academy sometimes acts as if it had no sense of humor, don't you know?" He laughed nervously and played his mouth again.

"My favorite American compositions are "Muskrat Saunter," "How High the Lunar Body," "Can Anyone Elucidate" and the Notre Dame University alma mater song, "Guinness, Guinness, Guinness." As for the future of American popular music, I submit to you that your true hope resides in the immediate increase and indefinite continuance of the Marshall Plan Aid to Great Britain."

Sir Fesnois was becoming increasingly fuzzy, probably from playing the Windsor cheroot too long. Your reporter, accordingly, gave his Lordship his most profuse thanks and made a rush back to fresh air and good old American colloquial grammar. But not before the surprisingly agile Sir Fesnois had tried to sell me a couple dozen pressings of the 'English hit on the London label,' "Strangers"/"Anna From Havana" by the West End songbird, Lorry Raine. His words as I hurried from his rooms were, "But my dear old chap, I really must sell these to make my dollar credits. I really don't think you're playing cricket, you know." He was heard to mutter disconsolately as he watched your reporter's retreating figure, "A rather strange kind of a country, this. . . . quite unnatural, quite."

Old Bailey

A sight that fills the hearts of Kenyon Scholars with horror is that of Old Bailey. Old Bailey, is by no means a new institution. In *A Tale of Two Cities*, Charles Dickens had quite a bit to say about Old Bailey.

"You know the Old Bailey well, no doubt?" said one of the older clerks to Jerry, the messenger.

"Ye-es, sir," returned Jerry, in something of a dogged manner. "I do know the Old Bailey." . . .

For the rest, the Old Bailey was famous . . . for the pillory, a wise old institution, that inflicted a punishment of which no one could foresee the extent; also for the whipping post another dear old institution, very humanising and softening to behold in action; also for excessive transactions in blood-money another fragment of ancestral wisdom, systematically leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven. Altogether, . . . Old Bailey, . . . was a choice illustration of the percent, **'What-ever is, is right:'** an aphorism that would be as final as it is lazy, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was, was wrong.

After some delay and demur, the door grudgingly opened on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

"What's on?" he asked in a whisper. . . .

"The Treason case."

"The quartering one, eh?"

"Ah," returned the man with a relish; he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and then his insides will be taken out and burnt while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut in quarters. That's the sentence."

During a rugby match in a fog, the ball was lost. The players were informed of this at the end of the game.

— PUNCH

Authority Speaks On Suppertable Etiquette

by Revefel Knarf, Ph.D.
(Doctor of Phood)

During the greater part of my life, I have devoted much of my time to the study of Nutrition. During the past year and a half, I have given especial attention to the theory and practice of dining in Kenyon College. Confronted with the necessity of economy in my research, and with the statisticians desire for the maximum possible sampling of the material under study, I chose the Commons, Peirce Hall, as my main workshop. Certain conditions present there required the development of corresponding techniques to insure an uninterrupted flow of research material. The development and practice of same is a story in itself, as is the nutritive aspect of the matter; however, in this article I shall be concerned mainly with the Sociological problems involved.

The Etiquette of Eating is a valid field of Etiquette, (in fact, a primary one, from the very Etymology of the word) and one may question only the importance of it. I quote from Bronislaw Malinowski's *"The Sexual Life of Savages in North-Western Melanesia"*: "Thus do the natives account for the difference in rank. The partaking of unclean food — the most important criterion of social inferiority — caused the downfall of the Lubuka, and the rise of the Malasi." One must be cautious in accepting this concept unquestioningly, however, for elsewhere they show a less keen grasp of the field. (Page 441, same source: "Eating is not regarded as indispensable to life, nor is the value of food as a utility recognized and formulated by the natives.") For our purposes, though, we may choose to regard this as that happy culture in which social understanding has not been outstripped by scientific progress.

In regard to treatment of the subject, I might mention that important as it is, it need not be presented too soberly. In Mary D. Chambers' *Table Etiquette*, we find: "To quote a witty contemporary: 'Only battle, murder, sudden death, a temperature of 104°, sanctions the withdrawal of an acceptance of the dinner invitation.'" Apparently, one may be as droll as one wishes on this subject.

For my own part, I refer you to my previously listed qualifications and add only that I have sought, while in the midst of practical research, to behave as a model dinner guest, taking my cue from Miss Chambers: "In one of the best of our current novels, an interesting character is described as 'behaving like a model dinner guest, unflinchingly eating everything straight through from beginning to end with a gratifying appearance of relish.'" I might amend this somewhat, to say that I found the appearance of dessert

even more gratifying. In any case, I feel that such unflinching service qualifies me for comments on the Commons, and will proceed without further apology.

First, a few general rules might be mentioned: Emily Post says: "Elbows are **never** put on the table when one is eating." While such a stance guards one's plate from misfortune, it deprives one of the grace and mobility so essential in the company of refined, skillful food-snatchers. Napkins should be placed nowhere but on the lap, loosely (but safely) secured to one's belt. One must not look upon this as a meaningless convention, but as a tried and true method for the reception, concealment, and transportation of various goodies available to diners who do not depend upon their elbows.

Again, Emily Post, in *Etiquette*: "Bread should always be broken into small pieces with the fingers before being eaten." Despite the apparent toughness of Commons bread, it will be found that a few simple maneuvers will suffice to break it into very small pieces. Care must be taken, however, if one wishes his bread buttered; breaking the butter into very small pieces is not always satisfactory, as the assembly problem becomes acute here.

Another reference to Miss Chambers: "If firm in consistency and served with a hard sauce, puddings are eaten with a fork. Plum pudding and cottage pudding are examples of the fork kind. Soft pudding like rice and tapioca are eaten with the dessert spoon if served in saucers, with a teaspoon if in cups." Unfortunately, this offers vague, if any, suggestions on what to do with that frequent Kenyon delight, "le Morte Jaune." Let us hope that Kenyon Men have "savoir-faire" sufficient to decide what to do with it.

Olives may be eaten with the fingers, but are much better alone.

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