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Kenyon Collegian - November 12, 1954

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port or cause to be transported, or aid or assist in obtaining transportation for, or in transporting, in interstate or foreign commerce . . . any woman or girl for the purpose of . . . debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose, or with the intent and purpose to induce, entice, or compel such woman or girl to . . . give herself up to debauchery, or to engage in any other immoral practice; or who shall knowingly procure or obtain, or cause to be procured or obtained, or aid or assist in procuring or obtaining any ticket or tickets, or any form of transportation . . . to be used by any woman or girl in interstate or foreign commerce, or in any Territory or the District of Columbia, in going to any place for the purpose of . . . debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose, or with the intent or purpose on the part of such person to induce, entice or compel her to give herself up to . . . debauchery or any other immoral practice, whereby any such woman or girl shall be transported . . . shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or by imprisonment of not more than five years, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

Section 399. Same; inducing transportation for immoral purposes.

Any person who shall knowingly persuade, induce, entice, or coerce, or cause to be persuaded, induced, enticed, or coerced, or aid or assist in persuading, inducing, enticing, or coercing any woman or girl to go from one place to another in interstate . . . commerce . . . for the purpose of . . . debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose, or with the intent and purpose on the part of such person that such woman or girl shall engage in the practice of . . . debauchery, or any other immoral practice, whether with or without her consent, and who shall thereby knowingly cause or aid or



BY THE WAY, MISS, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

The replacement announced for the Gormanaires who were to play at the informal dance Saturday night, will be Samuel Noah Kramer, the "King of the Summerians," and his "Chaldean Five."

The College Shop will be open both nights serving coffee, donuts, pretzels, cider, beer, and colored balloons.

Lets go out and make this a great affair so our girls can go home impressed by what Gentlemen we have at Kenyon (or at least "impressed").

assist in causing such woman or girl to go and be carried or transported as a passenger upon the line or route of any common carrier or carriers in interstate . . . commerce . . . shall be deemed guilty of a felony and on conviction thereof (shall be in like manner as provided in Sect. 398).

Although there was a rumor reported to the effect that the Campus Owls of Miami University will provide the music for the Friday night of Dance Weekend which is said to be reported to the effect that it will start at 11:00 P.M. and last til 3:00 a.m., it has been confirmed that Art Toscanini is coming out of retirement to stage a comeback.

The old gentleman said he will bring the Philharmonic with him and expressed enthusiasm for this return to his ever-loving public. With the new arrangements the dance will begin at 7:30 p.m. and end at 8:00. Of course freshmen will have to leave at 7:45.



INFIRMARY—where Mrs. Lester is the hostess. She is the nurse there too. MIDDLE PATH—(concept borrowed from Aristotle) that central route avoided by Real Runyon Men—as travellers upon it assume the ignominious responsibility of greeting all nudescripts who pass by.

DEAN BAILEY—If any young lady is in a boys room at 4:10 a.m. she will have the exclusive privilege of meeting the Dean in person: the one most responsible for converting Gambier into New-Hanover-on-Kokosing.

KENYON COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM—that squad with the highest academic rating of any football team in the state of Ohio or the state of Disillusionment.

ASCENSION HALL—the Light of the World; that building where all minor (non-scientific) instruction is carried on; however, its not "dirty-Humanities" as some think; there's Math on the third floor and astronomy in the Tower;—where Men are not necessarily Men, all propositions being debatable.

MATHER HALL—concerned with the epiphenomenal and otherwise significant branches of knowledge; where the facts to be conned are as numerous as the sands of the sea or the stars in the firmament—and as relevant; served as the model for D. Alighieri when he composed his *Inferno*.

THE LIBERAL EDUCATION—a sure means of avoiding ultimate responsibilities: if you're basically impractical you can't be blamed for failing to accomplish anything.

THIS SUNDAY MORNING—largely late Saturday night; eventually, hymns à la hangover.

BIRD-DOGGING—a sport especially popular at Kenyon, because lack of depth does not preclude victory.

AERIAL VIEW OF KENYON COLLEGE—the most certain and convenient way to tell the forest from the trees.

DELTS (Middle L.)—Men are men and books are books and never the twain shall meet. The Delts are one big jolly family. They share all. They do their exercises together.

PSI U'S (North L.)—Just a bit of Harvard (psuedo) or Yale (sort of) or Princeton, (rah?) or pick-what-you-will-in-the-Ivy-League away from home. This group, immortalized in ballad, founded and maintains an orphanage. They drink sloppy.

NOTE: All of Hanna Hall has recently been fire-proofed for safety. The stairs especially. The stairs are now given three minutes.

PHI KAP'S (North Hanna)—They have a television set in their lounge which is on the third floor. They also have punch.

ARCHONS (South H.)—They have food at their party. They have books. Sometimes they have a date. Sometimes it is a girl.

KENYON COLLEGIAN—It sometimes says a lot. Dance weekend the editors get very drunk and consequently it says more than usual. It is a College Journal. It is not, was not, has not been, and never ever will be (world sans end) sponsored by the A.D.A. In fact, we sponsor them.

DELTA PHI'S (Middle H.)—Tank Meyer has a big orange drink. They have a long low lounge in the basement. It is a nice lounge. They drink beer. They play records. They drink bourbon and gin. They have a nice time.

KOKOSING RIVER—when the Democrats come back into power it will be the source of a huge in-state power project known as KVA.

BEXLEY HALL—the Mystical half of our faith-reason dichotomy; painted ghastly-beige to frighten away all but the most fanatical or insensitive of the aspirants.

LIBRARY—more books disappear from here than from any other building on the Hill.

KENYON COLLEGIAN

A Journal of Student Opinion

Vol. LXXXI

November 12, 1954

No. 5

REAFFIRMS OLD LAW

(Because of the nature of the events taking place this weekend we feel that the following information may be of some interest. We print only those excerpts which are pertinent to Kenyon students. We have taken this law from the UNITED STATES CODE, 1946 edition prepared and published under authority of Title 1, U. S. Code, Section 52 (d) by the Committee on Revision of the Laws and the Committee on the Judiciary of the House of Representatives; United States Government Printing Office, Washington: 1947. These excerpts are taken from Volume Two, Title 18—Criminal Code and Criminal Procedure, Sections 397-404, White Slave Traffic Act. (Ed. Note: June 25, 1910, ch. 395, Section 8, 36 Stat. 837.)

Section 398. Same; transportation for immoral purposes.

Any person who shall knowingly trans-

On Friday, November 12, there will meet at Gambier the National Episcopalian convocation. From all over the United States, Bishops and parish priests will come to Kenyon to celebrate the crucifixion of P.B.R. (When informed of the honor, Phil wryly remarked "This may well be the Second Coming.")

In the speech auditorium on Friday evening, Rev. H. L. Lerner will speak on "Temperance and Holiness," while on Saturday, Rev. T. H. More will speak on "Asceticism and its Heavenly Reward."

Lets go all out and make this a great weekend so our Fathers can go home with a true picture of what Kenyon looks like.

After the ball is over, the net pops up again.

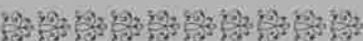
MOTHERS HONORED

Dick Evans, president of the Kenyon Klan, announced today that, since Fathers' Day was such a success, the Klan has invited privily the Mothers of Kenyon students to come up to Gambier for the weekend.

"To make this a successful weekend," Mr. Evans continued, "the boys will have to surrender their rooms for sleeping accommodations."

On Friday, November 12, there will be a reception in Peirce Hall lounge, following on Saturday evening by a tea party.

Lets go all out and make this a great affair and let our mothers go home with a true picture of what Kenyon looks like (or at least a picture).

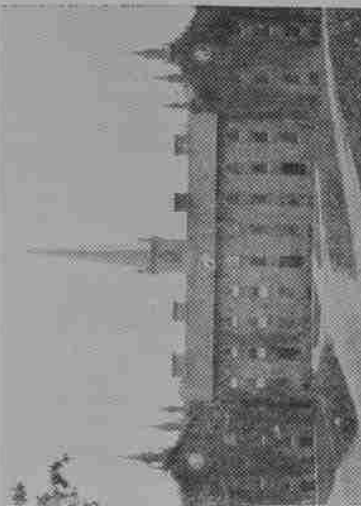


PEIRCE HALL COMMONS—In this building food is served. The food is cooked and prepared by two persons who earn their living at it. They are commonly known as the Bobseys. The food is inexpensive and inedible. If the tea is weak on Friday and Saturday it is because tea bags are changed on Sunday. Friday night Kokosing carp is served. Other nights one might find Jelled Breast of Maiden, Enigmatic Meat, vegetables (never eaten), and, as a young playwright, Wm. Shakespeare, said "Fillet of a fenny snake . . . eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog, adders fork and blind-worm's sting, Lizard's leg and howlet's wing."

VILLAGE INN—After one or two meals at the Commons most dates are escorted to the Village Inn. The VI is ready when the Commons falls through.

Pictures of an Institution

GENE'S—After one or two meals at the VI dates are escorted to Gene's, the only place where food is. Also atmosphere.



(For the benefit of the visitors on campus this week-end we have planned this handy little guide to the Kenyon campus. Wise visitors will cut it out.)

NORTON AND LEWIS HALLS—the freshman dormitories. No fun is to be had here from these overgrown high schoolers gone college. Also known as Bailey Prep, or New Dartmouth.

DKE (West Wing)—the oldest fraternity on the Hill. Well preserved in alcohol. Mr. Peacock remarked of these youngsters, "Not drunk is he who from the floor can rise alone, and still drink more; but drunk is he who prostates lies without the power to drink or rise." Girls are floored by the reception given them here. RAH.

INDEPENDENTS (Middle Kenyon)—they would like to be known as living in Independence Hall. They are rough. They are tough.

SIGMA PF'S (PEEPS) (East Division)—They have good loud fun. They have their own private combo. To the Peeps has Kingsley wrote, "Young blood must have its course, lad, and every dog his day. . . ."

ALPHA DELTS (East Wing)—All roads lead to the AD lounge. It is a big lounge with a piano and the parties here are good. Here lurking in every sofa is that animal, out of his twice-yearly exercise: The Half-stewed Bird-dog.

BETAS (South Leonard)—A "good" bunch of guys, all around guys. All can expect to have an all around time, sometimes a good time; even, maybe, a drunken time.



Glimpses

Fulton thought it would be appropriate to interview at random members of the student body and find out what they intend doing over this week-end. The following are complete and unbridged.

How about you, sir, do you have a date?

No. Ha ha.

No?

No. Ha ha.

You don't have one, yet you appear to be quite happy. How is this?

Take a look at this card. See what it says?

"National Bird-dog Society of America." They're organized now?

Certainly. Our motto is, Bird-dogs of the World unite, there are bitches enough for all of us. We even have initiations and all that.

Initiations?

Yeah, They're really rugged. For mine I had to go up to the captain of the football team during a dance and say, "Beat it, Butcher boy, I'm gonna break this broncho myself."

What happened?

He bashed the hell out of me.

What was the use of all that.

While he was bashing the hell out of me, one of our regular members came up to his girl, talked to her for five minutes and then took her up to his room to look at his collection of goldfish.

How nice. What's your greatest difficulty in following your sport?

Well, the people that give us the most trouble are the shacker-uppers. If you can bird-dog a shacker-upper, you've reached the top of our profession. Sometimes we have to blast them out.

I see. Well, this talk has proved informative, indeed. How about you sir? Are you going to play any games or do anything exciting over this coming week-end.

I'm gonna get smashed!

Please, this newspaper is received in respectable homes.

Boy, am I gonna get bailed!

I told you! We have a responsible attitude to uphold.

Wow, am I gonna get lubricated!

My dear sir, this paper is read by ladies and gentlemen and mothers. Any mention of dissipation.

Jeeze, am I gonna get greased!

This paper, sir is read by Alfred Starratt.

Sounds, am I gonna get plowed!

O Hell with you.

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In the arms of Venus
Be Pure
Be Sure
To wash your hands.*

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Kenyon Collegian



"DAMN IT! I TOLD YOU TO QUIT BIRD-DOGGING ME!"

PRELEWD • MIDLEWD • POSTLEWD

The hand crept stealthily into every corner. Cleveland, New York, Chicago, San Francisco heard the wild call; their pulses throbbed with the beat. Telegram, phone, brother, and friend gave life to the circulation. The grip was closing now. Pulled by unknown forces, she came. North, South, East, and West. Dogsled, ferryboat, jet, and train. The migration swelled, rose over the "Hill" and now rules in wild majesty. For two days and nights the Olympian Mount will bear the human avalanche. And then — it will be gone.

Only the trampled bodies, on the cold wind-swept ground, will reveal the grim truth. Occasionally a lone straggler might stumble across the barren wastes. The rumbling in the distant hills give portent of past destruction.

After this, there will no longer be human life; only vague shadows will move silently through the gloomy halls. And perhaps a lone light will flicker and try to pierce the fumes and vapors; but in vain. Dance Weekend is What Is.

puffy, prickling, pondering, probing pain, and with the poet Estinophines, the ascetic, aesthetic, eventual, turmoiled, fermenting, searching Estinophines; the tortured tempted, timorous, tough, turgid, timed tyro must scream with scorching, screeching, scorbic throat "intra muros facilis est descensus Averni, fens et orige in esse, et ita dum vivimus, vivamus" and add as the Saarlan Gounoud did "ohne arriere-pensee."



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Prose Ode to Bacchanalian Festival

purely pick our rounded eyes and our bones, our whitened bones, while our hungry hound, our harrowed hawk, and our lustful lady-love fly, flee, elsewhere. And in the castle we face the trial. And in the castle at the trial we must seek, must fight, must find our own way. And the Gnostics judge. And after long silence doom is dark, and the darkness is that noon again, it is the hurried life. And the "couple-color" as a "brinded cow" or all things counter to the point and again to the counter-point and again again again again the blooming bass note of a Bach fugue which burst the blue vein, vain with red, and the drops splash and the "light in the dust lies dead", is gone. And the sound and the fury, the summer and smoke, the troubled air is gone. And in the cool tombs the leaden-eyed sing a hymn to earth and yearn, burn; they will be done. And say what you will the hollow men, the hunted men, march molten still, and this is the garden for those, this garden, this growing, grasping, gasping garden where the sick rose means a dirge, a dirge without music, a dirge evermore, nevermore. And music, when soft voices die means green a hymn to intellectual beauty, the beauty on the far side of paradise. And the passing strange seafarer is not what it spasmodically seems, but a dream within a dream, a golden dream, a dream on a rocking horse, a daring, drooping, dying, decaying dream, a dream of romance. And on the beach, the baleful, bleak beach, the last invocation is sung, sung sighing, dying. (flying, crying to a promise of peace.) And the haunted sing of an age in prospect, but We, we ex-patriates from a deadly past, shunned by Above, kept from To Be, we expatriates here (with Brett and the chaps, Gatsby, old sport) now far from the troubled air of After brag loudly and long that we are not the Hollow Men. Be we are. So "like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, so do our minutes hasten to their end . . ." And wrehe, wishfully, where is our End, or Finality, our Reality? It too, high and ethereal, is gone. So no more, no mores, no no no no no. The Men is dead. But now I have told, have preached pantingly, parched, pompless to my stone phalanx. So now my task is smoothly done, done free from pain,

Another Dance Weekend. Full of parties and merriment and all that sort of here-we-go-round-the-Gin-bottle, and nary a thought to the tragic tomorrow. But in the meeting at night we know the sun also rises. And instead of preparation we say a fond, fast farewell to arms, and climb, clamber, madly aboard the wayward bus, the belching, burping wayward bus. At our desperate destination we sobbing seek the wine, the bitter wine stomped by the feet of dead souls, the bitter wine which spurted and dripped from the grapes of wrath to the blood-lips of the white virgin, the grapes we have plucked and tasted. And we drink the bitter wine, we drink with "beaded bubbles winking at the brim and purple stained month." And from the bread and wine which has satiated our spongy being, we rush when the cold, the coming coughing cold, is there, we rush to a sanctuary, a sanctuary which, we clearly cry (with flushed flags waving full) must be conceived in liberty. And yet what is this liberty we chastely choose to lose ourselves in? For when the liberty blossoms forth, frothy, foamy forth, it is only waiting to snap us up like the Venus flytrap snaps the buzzy, busy blue-dull-white, oozing fear, we find ourselves in this liberty we have conceived from the womb of Reason, the womb we have pregnated with the sperm of fear, the dullwhite, oozing fear, we find ourselves an intruder in the dust (this dust of liberty), an intruder on this side of paradise (in our folly), an invisible man without existant being. . . And because we cringing know of the darkness at noon, the bright noon, the bright baring Blanche's face noon, the dismal bright, blazing bloom of noon, because we nodding know this the gnomon has bared: we live for this moment, but still, stark, static, standardized still, we numbly know there is No Exit, No Exit but only this moment, this masochistic moment, this moody moment, and in this moment of wild, whirling drunkenness We count ourselves away, counting, cursing One - TWO - THREE . . . Infinity. And now the metamorphosis is over. We have stamped the dust of snow and spoken with the three ravens, ravens who croak hoarsely, crassly. Croak and

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