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THE WOLF IS DEAD; DING DONG

European Fronts
Provide Episodes
For Comments;
Foreign Capitals
Report Newest
War Headlines

Berlin:—Tonight the German populace rejoiced in the streets in celebration of a successful Nazi air raid on London. The controlled press claimed the raiders sank four battleships, three merchantmen, two punts, and a small dory, in a midnight bombardment of the British capital. Hitler is quoted as saying "Heil!"

London:—British War Ministry officials issued a special bulletin this evening which commended the Air Raid protection force on the splendid work in the midnight German air raid attempt. The English report states that the Empire forces lost only one small Viking galley of 32,000 tons, while anti-aircraft fire downed three bombers, 16 pursuit ships, and five ducks which happened to be migrating.

Amsterdam:—Dutch papers today reported that Queen Wilhemena had a bad cold and the dykes were being opened.

Moscow:—The Russian government center is still reverberating from the effects of Tovarich Stalin's world-electrifying speech this afternoon, in which he said, "Omsk Tomsk, Brest-Litovsk, Oshkosh Bygorsch, kamchatkaokholtovsk, etc., etc., etc."

Paris:—Mid threats of air raids and long range shelling Paris night life went on as usual. While defense planes droned overhead, and the streets were dark, a small bald man in the front row at the Lebran Follies was heard to say, "Ooo La La!"

(Continued on page three)

In Memoriam

Today is a day of sadness. We shed a solemn tear. Blowebeer Wolf is dead.

He won't be back today. He won't be back tomorrow. He won't be back next week, or next month, or next year. He's gone. Blowebeer Wolf is dead.

He died sadly, but in a manner befitting the gallant character and adventurous life of a man. As near as can be made out (the stories are quite conflicting) he was ambushed while on his way to buy a bottle of hair tonic. Sixteen huge women, hidden behind rocks and shrubs and other convenient concealments on lower Wiggins Street, leaped upon him as he passed. It was later discovered that they had been seeking the great man's autograph.

According to the eye-witness account of the sad catastrophe, by Thomas Whoof, who happened to be passing the spot at the time, also on his way to Mount Vernon to purchase a bottle of hair tonic, and who saw the terrible struggle with his own eyes, "It was terrible."

"Them women," he went on, "jumped on the poor guy from every side. It like to make me sick, the way they was on every side, each one of the messy creatures scratchin' and clawin' to be the first to get his audiograph. Then, suddenly, he went down. A hat pin from a female's hat had stuck him right through the heart."

"Ay, Jeez, it was terrible," he concluded. "I had to turn me eyes away. I just couldn't stand it no longer. It upset me fer the whole day."

All dance weekend will be under the dark shadow of this sad event. But let us meet this afternoon with courage and accept the will of the Almighty as we read the mediocre rounds of the... (Continued on page four)
KENYON COLLEGIAN

Phound Drowned (It's a wet sheet!)

College is an open door! Minds have the respectable habit of seeping to their own level, while doors have few levels and many hinges. On doors — functional closing, opening, slamming, opening doors — hangs the responsibility of the weekend.

To close or not to close — that is the question. Centuries pass, oh pass. Modernity throws a shield over immorality (conveniently), but still that old old question of doors creeps back to haunt beating like angry trip-hammers us, filling our consciences and at our brains. Shall they hang open? Shall they be shut?

Mark Antony shaped the destiny of the Roman Empire behind a closed door; China wrought a swamp into a bustling modern nation with its doors swung wide. Each won its own victory — and its own destruction. Each cancels the other in our equation. The answer to the question then, shall not come from history.

And now the revolving door arrives, to confuse us all the more.

Let us turn from seeking an answer to the question, and work rather to build a synthesis of the both: A rush and then a lode. A kiss and then a word about the weather. The beauty of the solution lies in its interesting angles.

Hark Ye Dancers To The Knell

In accord with its recently adopted policy of Public Service and Winning Friends and Influencing Neckes, the College presents carefully detailed instructions to dancers. This paragraph is of particular interest to ladies who are making their debuts at Kenyon. That is, ladies who are at Kenyon for the first time. (God knows, no one else has to make a debut at Kenyon!) Merely follow these instructions, refer with attention to the article elsewhere in this paper on "How to Recognize a Faculty Member," and walk circumspectly in the eyes of the Lord.

1. Keep your eyes OPEN. Who knows? There might be something worth seeing.

2. Young ladies will not be allowed on the dance floor without escorts; ladies are ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN to dance together.

3. All persons attending the dance will be required to register with Mr. MacGowen in the basement of North Ascension between the hours of 10 and 2:45 A.M. Saturday. If anyone does not comply with this rule, there will be the devil to pay. ($250 a couple.)

4. Saturday classes will be suspended for all students, EXCEPT students who received two or more downs during the last down period, excluding freshmen who have been at Kenyon more than three weeks but not more than two years, but including all seniors who have missed more than three class periods in any class up to and including the date of this publication. However, this rule becomes invalid if the student owns either a blue slip which may be obtained from the treasurer's office, but not after 3 A.M. Saturday, or a pink slip which may be obtained from the Ohio Liquor Commission Store in Mount Vernon with the purchase of not less than 3 cents worth of any bonded liquor.

5. At twelve o'clock a bell will ring. This is the signal for all ladies to take off their masks. No shirking, now. We see you.

6. At 8:00 A.M. Saturday, all ladies will be expected to change partners, no matter what they are doing at the time. DROP EVERYTHING and change partners. This is important. It will promote a spirit of good will and friendliness that cannot be overvalued. Who would, anyway.

7. Dr. Chalmers will give tea to all ladies and their escorts at 5:15 A.M. at the Airport Barbecue. The ladies will be welcomed by the Kenyon College Bachelor's Club, who will be assembled complete with predatory girls waiting to pounce. The escorts will NOT be welcome.

8. A roller-skating contest, with lower expense prices, will be held in the nave of the chapel immediately following early worship Sunday morning. Guests must bring their own roller skates.

Hell No, Pango

Quite unsuspectingly I come upon little Pango. He is standing stock still in an extended pose. Gosh, he exclaims upon spying me, I'm morally... ah... mortally undone. I don't say, I comment blandly, you don't really say. I can't dance, explains Pango, letting one gasping sob escape his cherubic lips, and I want to go to the dance. Pango starts jumping madly up and down waving his arms through the smoke laden air. Don't take it so hard, I counsel him, you've got more than one string to your bow, haven't you?

I really never thought of that, says Pango regaining his self esteem, perhaps I do. Of course you do, I assure him grandly, what do you care even if you can't dance. I'm having a girl to the dance, chants Pango, and I want to dance. Why, I ask coldly.

Well after all, says Pango, it won't look at all well if I invite a girl to a dance and then admit that I can't dance. What kind of a... no, I say changing my attack, it wouldn't look at all well. What must I do, pleads Pango. Why don't you break your leg, I suggest. It isn't worth all that, says Pango. Then just sprain your ankle, I say, that would be enough. That isn't very clever, says Pango, and it isn't much fun either.

Why don't you learn to dance then, I ask, it is very simple. I did get a book with directions, Pango confesses, but every time I try one I fall. When do you try your way. I can teach you enough in ten minutes, I boast, to get you through any dance. You can, Pango shouts gleefully, goody. Sure, I say, you just pretend I'm your date. I can't do that, says Pango, but I could pretend you were a girl, any girl. In fact, there is a girl back home whom you look a lot like.

Okay, I say, so pretend I'm any girl back home. All right, agrees Pango, I'll pretend you're Mable. Anything so as you're happy, I say, now let's go. What do you do, asks Pango. Put your right arm around my waist, I direct him, and take my right hand in your left. This is just like the movies, says Pango, isn't it. Sure, I say, and you're Robert Taylor and I'm Hedy Lamarr. You know, Pango confides to me, this is fun.

(Continued on page four)
Famous Philosopher Paints Pessimistic Picture

Untimely Interview Sounds Opinions of Authority

This week the Collegian takes interest in bringing to its readers (all three) a special highly unusual untimely interview with Dr. Leo Putang, that amazing authority on fast women, slow horses, and good whiskies. There follow a group of questions put candidly to Dr. Lin, and answered candidly, even boldly, by him.

“Did you know that there is a baby born in New York every minute?”

“Don’t look at me; I live in Pittsburgh.”

“Why do you make so much noise when you walk?”

“Because I have my heavy undergarment on.”

“Were the Pythagoreans?”

“A dolichocephalic people dwelling in Ethiopia who had a square on their hypotenuse equal to the sum on the squares on their other two sides.”

“Won’t you join me in a cup of coffee?”

“Sure — you get in first, and I’ll see if there’s room.”

FILIBUSTERS FOR FRIGHTENED FISHES

Are you tired? Do you have that logey feeling? Are you thinking to yourself, “Oh hell, I’ve done this so many times!”

Well, if you are, then:
Buck up, old man! Pull yourself together! Stiff Upper Lip! YOU are the MASTER of your FATE — YOU are the CAPTAIN of your SOUL! Aren’t you surprised?

News Flashes (Continued from page one)

WASHINGTON: — The White House was thrown into scrambling confusion this afternoon when President Roosevelt’s fireside was shattered by a terrific explosion. Government officials blame communist sabotage for the blast. The President, however, continued calm in the face of the limited emergency. “The people are still my friends,” he cried amiably.

Doggerel for Doggy Dates or Innocents Abroad

When He asked you up to Kenyon For the weekend of the dance, And he said he thought you’d like it, And you went into a trance, Cause you’d always had a feeling That if you could come up here There’d be a lot of sophomores You’d set upon an ear; And you wrote and said you’d love to;

He replied and said “How swell!” And your mother said she’d much prefer. That you went straight to hell. But of course, you won her over— You nearly always do — And after lots of begging, Your father said, “Yes,” too. It really must have done you good.

To write to Bill or Jack That everything was fine, and you Could hardly wait to pack . . .

BUT

Now you’re really with us, And you’d better get this straight, This doesn’t happen often, SO You’ll damn well be up late.

Faculty Members And Students Differentiated

Collegian Reveals Startling Phacts Concerning Vital Delineation

For the benefit of ladies, dancers and otherwise, The Collegian Board has compiled a group of rules to distinguish students from the more cultivated faculty members.

IF
He can’t read or write . . .
He can’t see . . .
He has no pants on . . .
He has no hair . . .
He has a beard . . .
He looks abnormally confused, He might be either one, but, IF
He looks intelligent, well groomed, and a touch on the handsome side, he is on the faculty and his name is Gretzer.

— SURPRISE —

Kenyon is a College for men. The College devotes itself entirely to a liberal education.

.around the town . . .

Spoils of Interest No. 3: The Coffee Shop on Dance Weekend. No more festive a hideout will be found on Friday and Saturday night at Peirce Hall's Coffee Shop. Tables and woodwork shining, amiable “Steve” and genial “Jimmy Durante” Harold will be at their best to serve Berghoff and other beverages. It is rumored that “Mel” out in the kitchen will have a poor trade whilst the brew flows. At the north end of the Shop stands the gayly colored phonograph, and on it the hit of the weekend, none other than “She went and Lost it at the Astor.” The title of the song is misleading — yes, but if the listener is alert, and who won’t be at four in the morning, they will catch that bit subtly tucked away in that recording. The record plays! The Jitterbugs swing out. They will all be at it in an atmosphere of gaiety and joviality. And so this week to those great entreprenuers of the Coffee Shop, Harold, Steve, and Mel we present the weekly “Around the Town Empty Four Roses Bottle Award.”

Society: Mr. Richard Follansbee, affiliated with Psi Upsilon, will have Miss Mary Jane Phillips as his guest in Gambier this weekend. Mr. William Settle also of the same fraternity will entertain Miss Nova Duffy.

Alpha Psi Tau’s Robinson is escorting Miss Margaret Barry of Saint Paul tonight. Miss Barry will spend the weekend at “The Pines.”

Norman Smith, well known in this column, will have Sissy Green as his guest. Mr. Smith is driving that smart-looking Buick on the Hill this weekend. He says: “My father doesn’t sell cars, he sells snow.”

DKE’s McNary again escorts “Merry” Arnold to another Kenyon function this weekend.

Miss Barbara Bodwell again comes to Gambier as the guest of Mr. James Graham Trainer.

Phi Kappa Sigma’s Griffin will escort Miss Dorothy Kopf to the dances. Miss Kopf is Mr. Kenyon Kopf’s sister.

Town Marshall Mac Fry today warned young maidens and their escorts of the ever prevalent “Wolf” situation prevailing in Gambier this weekend. Mr. Fry hesitated to add what penalties would be inflicted.
In Memoriam
(Continued from page one)

festivities.
The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon, in the Church of the Holy Spirit. Only members of the family and close friends will attend. However, the procession to the cemetery will be attended by the Kenyon College Bachelor's Club. Honorary pall bearers will be:

Tom Huff
Al Harris
Bill Liebman
Bud Mast
George Devoe
Marty Shaw
Dick Hammeister
Don May
Ed Whitcher

Mr. Wolf has been famous in the past for his extensive activities in the neighborhood of Gambier. His fame on dance weekends and at other parties has spread far and wide, till almost no figure was so well known on the Hill as his. He was an adventurous, bold fellow, whose exploits in his chosen field of cooperation were discussed with fear and trembling.

Blewbeard, although he had no marital ties, is survived by 213 male descendents, whose presence will still be felt on the Hill this weekend.

Once again, we shed a solemn tear. Blewbeard wolf is dead.

New Pornography
(Continued from page two)

shoved in a very unmannerly fashion. Mr. Ferguson became so extraordinarily occupied with marking library attendance he was unable to force his own way in to see the books.

One student, whose opinion seems to be fairly representative of that of the whole student body, was heard to say, "I think this is a good thing. I hadn't been to the library all year, but now I plan to make regular journeys there." He did not say why.

The immediate popularity of the new bookshelf has caused certain members of the faculty and administration to consider adding a permanent department of pornography to the Humanities division of the college. The department would be tentatively placed under the direction of Wilson Powell, whose knowledge and ability in this field is second only to his broad experience with the subject.

Did you know the earth is an oblate spheroid, which means that it is slightly flattened at the poles so the Equineaux can keep their footing on slippery surface.

Hell No, Pango
(Continued from page one)

Well, I say, don't hold me so tight and start dancing. Do I have to, asks Pango sadly. Of course you do, I answer. Okeh, Pango beams suddenly, what do I do now. Just walk toward me, I say. Is that dancing, asks Pango amazed. Walk, I command. You keep walking away from me, says Pango disappointed. That's right, I say, now take a step to one side, so, now a step backwards, now to the other side, now walk toward me again. Well what do you know, Pango exclaims, so this is how people dance.

What's the matter with it, I ask. Nothing, says Pango, I love it, if you only were Hedy Lamarr. Cut that stuff, I say. Hay, asks Pango, do I have to keep time with music. Of course, I say. I knew there was a catch to it, says Pango, how should I conduct myself when a fast piece comes along. Like a gentleman, I say. And dance, asks Pango. And dance, I say, they do it in the best of society.

On Sunday all students and their guests are urged, nay, even exhorted, to attend the Church of the Holy Spirit. So that no one is disappointed, there will positively be two services, each featuring Dr. Berrett, king of five. Who can gain the wonderful effect of a Sunday morning well spent? . . . —adv.

Jess Hawkins Welcomes
All Kenyon Students and Their Escorts
TO THE

SUNSET CLUB

Headquarters For Kenyon's Tea Dance
Saturday From Two Until Five
Dinner Orders Must Be Made By Noon
SATURDAY
Dinner Reservations Include
Evening Floor Show and Dance Band
Loads of Fun and Entertainment
Phone 2063-B For Reservations

! NOW !