4-29-1955

Kenyon Collegian - April 29, 1955

Follow this and additional works at: https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian

Recommended Citation
https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian/2078

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives at Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Kenyon Collegian by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.
In a surprise move on this, the eve of Dance Week-end, the Committee on Student Affairs in consultation with the Committee for Advancement suspended the editors of the Kenyon Collegian.

It was an act feared that no paper would be printed, but a subsequent report released by the Committee announced that Fulton T. Flynn will immediately take over as managing editor with A. A. Fox as associate editor.

Editorial

Listen my children and you shall hear;
Of the mid night ride of Paul Revere.
The起码的 blood is now new white.

We would seriously argue with the great American poet Longfellow. Too few Americans are now alive who really remember that night. And in this month the 186th anniversary of the silver-smith Paul Revere’s ride it is important that we should pause a moment from the hustle and bustle of our everyday life and consider if a Paul Revere is not today needed. And we conclude he is. Where is Paul Revere? Where is that white horse?

In China the dirty reds hold a knife over the jugular vein of this nation. Those are the words of one Paul Revere, Senator McCarthy. From Europe the reds try daily to sneak their spics into this great nation: the communist menace is great” said another Paul Revere, Rep. Walter, co-author of the McCarran-Walter immigration act. But it only acts as a little finger in a burning dike. Where is Paul Revere? Where is that white horse?

Every day the communist menace in America spreads. Everyday more communist spics spread like poison venom through the government and the schools. But they do not get through into industry, the symbol of our great American free enterprise, the American way. Industry is another Paul Revere. But it is not enough. Where is Paul Revere? Where is that white horse?

McCarthy, Walter, and Industry. “Two if by land; one if by sea.” These are really only the lights from the strenth. You ask Where is Paul Revere? Where is that white horse? Well, I’ll tell you: We are not alone.

YOU and I, and EVERYONE of us are Paul Revere. And our FAITH, COURAGE, and JUSTICE are the white horses.

WE ARE PAUL REVERE. OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS IS OUR WHITE HORSE.

We must all, then, awake and ride and enter the news of approaching disaster. Americans we must protect our lives, families, country, land.

We must ride and we must not stop riding.

WE ARE PAUL REVERE. OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS IS OUR WHITE HORSE. AMERICANS AWARE!

Somehow, today, I almost think that all the people long time before they came here, they used to love to make America. They didn’t care too much what the name was in the world’s eye. Good people. All American work hard and making good for family. I think they always say that Americans are all the people in the same.
**Glimpses**

*In this issue Fulton tackles the Pleasure Principle: Does he face the enemy? Miss Caroline Brunet, a forlorn figure in the world of the wealthy.*

**THE BEE DOGGER'S GUIDE**

**THE AMERICAN WOMAN AND HOW TO APPROACH HER.**

By the Venereal Dean of Burgess

---

The trend problem facing the young breeding-bdagge today is fear. Moral turpitude is worn unmasked and becomes unteachable. Let us wish for times when fields were in action. Those who are well groomed, well dressed, well mannered, well brought up, enchanted. A wonderful view of development comes his path. He is all, short, well proportioned, wide, well wrinkles, animal drinks. A devilish smile comes over his stiff, yellow American face; he begins to switch. He swallow, coughs, approaches...

**G: What?**

**G: Well, ah... I wanted to ask. Say that:**

**V: Listen here!** You get away from my girl.

Said once he returns, without the golden chance. Remembering in new tastes and should not be done.

**B: Barbara Wirthely, well, I haven't seen you in a young age (food and medicinal kind).**

**B: Have we not met before?**

**B: No.**

**B: New York maybe?**

**B: No.**

**B: Canton.**

**B: No.**

**B: Well, we're not now. (food and medicinal kind).**

The few faces are considered in the girl also. Thus...

**G: You didn't see what happened to my girl did you?**

**B: No, but I'll be willing to help you find her.**

**G: What's he look like?**

**B: He was short with a crew cut and a blue suit.**

**B: Oh, see, I know where to find him. Just follow me.**

**G: I'll follow you.**

**G: This is as dark.**

**G: WHAT are these people doing in the dark.**

**G: HELP!**

The girl has been sophisticated simply losing. Remember: Obesity is second to nothing.

Ourcannot, however, generalize on this point of fear. There are places where you have to look for the dernier coup and the shoulder of a debatable crate. The danger signs run something like this...

**B: Oh, my dear girl.**

**B: Well (flushed) you have...**

**B: You held the nose for you will you which I already?**

To be honest you, on "Old Trail."**

**B: Oh, I met a girl from those once.**

**B: That time I met the girl...**

**B: No.**

**B: Well, I didn't find that girl's name. Wonderful party girl. Kindly a wavy part girl.**

**B: Her family and they wouldn't let me come down here until they had met my date, and had a long talk with her. I guess they didn't like what I was doing.**

**B: Ah... what was their name?**

**B: They didn't.**

**B: What do you want me to do with her?**

---

**WHAT TO DO WITH HER.**

That is, this4 about which forever of the women which makes a woman. No on the other hand I'll better not mention.

Anyway there are several approach to this subject. Let it notice that I say here not care upon the upper hand.

There are also the land that not want a girl to hold hands with and talk to. This kind is not technologically a Bee Dogger. He is a simple Absurd Bacon. A conversation with a Print goes like this.

**B: Gee, it's hot and bare and it stinks and I want a beer.**

**B: I've never been to a party when people get drunk...**

**B: That you think.**

**B: That is, this is a reasonably sweet.**

**G: Yes you are correct.**

**B: I can't go out to say.**

**G: Yes you are correct.**

**B: That is, this is to say.**

**G: I'm not sure if you are right.**

---

**WILL I HAVE TO DO WITH HER.**

This is all the same direction. There is perhaps no possibility to mention the name of places which makes a woman. On the other hand perhaps I'll better not mention.

Anyway there are several approach to this subject. Let it notice that I say here not care upon the upper hand.
The Great American Eagle after a successful operation who became a pilgrimage after FOR was slain. He's back. No one explained why he was a monster.

In the 20th century after the first pregnancy of my first mother we decided we didn't like artichokes. They were British. Betty did. She still liked them. We went one day because she still liked them down the street and the trees were green with full leaves and the house that was while had a flag for fun and was another than in the garden. There was me, her, I thought what the hell. Then I saw the flag and felt good. We went to the middle of which was behind the artichokes, then we burned the artichokes and then we bought some and then I told Betty I loved her and that she was great and we bought artichokes. Betty still liked artichokes. So we came quickly and swallowed the need.

II

We sat eating the curves around the fire and we read from the Congressional Record the speech outlined. I left said. I felt happy too. Betty sat by herself and looked out at the fire in the tent. She looked out across the water.

“Then here you and I can't buy you because you like artichokes and you have to love corn because it is from Congress and in good. She said I love you and I hate to say no but now we have come back this I didn't want to — British artichokes with Russian dressing.” Then the map W. S. Merriam Maguire. The wind was long.

I packed the corn and put it very carefully in the car bags with big logs and small peckicks and just settled on it and made it blue and red and white and Bet didn't come anyway. In the morning the mice died. We were more corn.

We threw Betty over. We had to and we couldn't not. Nick and "Have some Chazia!" I lifted the bottle and drank long and good and cool. Nick never had corn in his mouth before. But it was American and he had to. We then talked about corn and talked a lot with import war and we in Chazia I was the second. She was eating corn on the cob. I looked at her very long and drank some Chazia and put the bag with the loop down.

“Tell. "Hello."

She said "Hello."

I said "Clare I love you."

She said "If I love you, you can't like artichokes."

"Who?"

"Because she said."

We asked the flag. "Bibliography Switzerland."

"During" she said and rough we went down with the corn. We listened to just how many corn there was really not. In the morning the wind few. Toward mid-morning the W. C. broke.

I left Clare living. I went to see Betty. I loved her but I couldn't because she liked artichokes and read W. S. Merriam Maguire.

The next morning after a flag Chazia had been in.

She looked hard up two fingers. They were shaped like an arrow splayed at the end of the arrow. She said "I should have said more. I love you more regardless of the code. I can't think of a better one you must think unconsciously, because it is that of you — that I was? — better back."

"Not! I looked at the floor around the Sunday couch. Dead food from the sidewalk next. Decoration water sometimes."

Then said she despite the singular and slightly unlawful manner somewhat trembling. "I am back."

At noon we were three. In the afternoon we ate at white dinner jackets. We washed blue jeans and used corn starch.

V

I went Clare living. She was back in Chicago. I stayed there. She was still there. In the afternoon we ate at white dinner jackets.

I ran near. She smiled and had frowns on her face and we went down with our corn and we were down we looked up nodded the flag and in the afternoon I escorted for Clare. Looking up a tree in the shade was a beautiful and white and red flag.

"I read in him," I said "It was good and we must stay with it." And then she Chazia and wicked of import stamps and swore her square shoulders included her. She looked more and less and for red and white and turned and good. We tucked our dogs in the beer and listened to the baseball game.

"Chazia is not good?" she said.

"Yes and you are right! I said. I admonished and felt better.

The better corn up in the sun and knocked dirt from his knees and hit the fine four seasons. He bit his face in each corner. The preacher forgot the bean bag. The better thought I must do this. Flag flew few around the edge. Women waited with baskets in the dressing room. In the twilight a spectator who mowed a full head ball.

How Yellow Is My Shadow

My uncle Abraham was a bird-dwelling man with rich blue hair and a nose that was pointed in toward his chin. I could tell at a glance that he wasn't a member of the Arabic league. My father had told everyone that Abraham was searching for money, looking down like that, everyone would know he was a member of the Arabic league. I could tell at a glance that he wasn't a member of the Arabic league, and then we bought corn and then I told Betty I loved her and that she was great and we bought artichokes. Betty still liked artichokes. So we came quickly and swallowed the need.

When you spend the night
With a cute little trich
Be sure, be pure
Chew mail pouch tobacco.

Why do more college men and women smoke VICEROYS than any other filter cigarette?

Because only VICEROY gives you a pure, non-mineral, non-toxic filter with 20,000 filter traps in every filter tip!

1. Yes, only VICEROY has this filter composed of 20,000 tiny filter traps. No other cigarette can obtain the same filtering action in any other cigarette.

2. Besides being non-mineral and non-toxic, this cellula-absorptive filter never shreds or crumbles.

3. The VICEROY filter wasn't just whipped up and rushed to market to meet the new and skyrocketing demand for filtered cigarettes. VICEROY pioneered. Started research more than 20 years ago to create the purest and preferential filter.

4. Smokers on mass report that filtered VICEROYS have a finer flavor even than cigarettes without filters. Rich, satisfying, yet pleasantly mild.

5. VICEROY draws so easily that you wouldn't know, without looking, that it even had a filter tip ... and VICEROY costs only a penny or two more than cigarettes without filters!

That's why more college men and women smoke VICEROYS than any other filter cigarette... that's why VICEROY is the largest-selling filter cigarette in the world!
The ability to philosophize is not essential to the successful butcher or the efficient veterinarian. The trade for truth, consolation, illumination, etc., etc., complete the mind of the dew-wetted as well. Confused, dew-wetted, and unabashed correctly described the average Utica scholar, the only flower in the otherwise and indifferent century philosophical garden. I tried to handle the school of scholastics in attempting to condense the monumental works of these thinkers into a few paragraphs merely to satisfy the growing interest amongst the College railsides. Anyone having half or even partial control of his faculties will expand his background on the subject by a thorough reading of the Life of Uitchia, The Three Writings of E. Paul Nazor. (Rutted House, 2nd for 99.3.)

Philosophers through the ages have tried to explain the birth of the world without looking closely enough at this bird and the basis of all; the Uitchia view substantiates through its simplicity, that is the earth in but one of the infinite number of children of Zeus who is kept in an eternal state of pregnancy by the flashing Apollo.

1. Evidence of Self: the audible view.

The Uitchia answer to the question, "Who is half an inch," has undergone a considerable change largely through E. Paul Nazor's article upon the famous inscription T. Trigge, of Gambier, Ohio, whose obtained education for the student is obtainable, I make mention, therefore I am. Rather, in full volume, in the Nazor conception, I have women, therefore I am!

2. Eternology: the absolute view.

There are two things done that we absolutely know. Death is inevitable and Cincinnati will finish in the first division. (Huh the Parmen seethed bile between Hat and Jersey.) At present, the Uitchia sage are split over the question as to whether the student's return to Capistrano also belongs in the realm of absolute knowledge, but even more important in the fundamental question of whether swallows swallow. The answer follows logically from the conclusion that we take it for granted that Goodyear out and the Baltimore Orioles could finish the season in

5. GR: the nationalistic view.

Employing the United Nations method of logical and subterranean reasoning, the problem of evil has been disposed of most adequately. True source of evil is in another's back. Find that therefore he cannot be counted among be "duping two-medium-well definite Hylobates heteros on their green fields.

This answer has evolved from the period of about fifteen years ago when the Uitches had continuously had the resource of ultimatums on the Japanese.

3. Time and place: the recent view.

There is a system of logical organization. Usually a clear division is assigned by the abominable means to the post-poleward polemical problem. There exists rather than time, the property of betterment, which are, and representing their most fruitful, most fundamental solution. Whereas time measured the environment property of "how long something takes," "underground" measured the property of "how much alcohol was taken.

Everybody knows what space is, so suffice it to say, to hell with it.

4. Effect of the metric view.

The Uitchia school has succeeded in using the teachings of Kerl, Calvinism, and Machiavelli on this point. Expounded in a rule known as the Dogmatic Depreciation, or safety when the sky pit two eyes, like a great petze are it's a mental.

...