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In This Issue:

Giant Professors Made Me Study!
Is Mickey Mouse A Sadist?
Sin Town U. S. A.
ARRRGH!

One of the most unprecedented successes on the American magazine market today has been scored by virile, tough and sensational men's magazines. The consumption of such literary efforts has been amazing if not appalling. In its search for truth in journalistic art, The Collegian this dance weekend salutes the field of masculine magazines. All characters, places, situations, advertising (with the exception of our loyal local advertisers) bear no similarity to reality, be it Cartesian, Platonic, Hegelian, Leibnitzian, or otherwise . . .

Kenyon students are reminded that during the coming weekend they are expected to conduct themselves as gentlemen at all times. Ignorance of the parietal rules and other college regulations is no excuse . . . The staff of The Collegian wishes everyone a fun-packed, "Fierce Hero" type of weekend.
From Our Readers ....

Editor,
More girls . . . what?
O. Wilde.
Reading, Pa.

Dear Editor,
Your magazine has been inspirational for the children in the ward lately, especially your fine article "Live without Legs and Like it."

Head Nurse Krip
Los Angeles, Cal.

To Fierce Hero:
Keep up the good work on your hunting and fishing section. I loved "How To Dress The All Day Sucker".

Izacc Walton
Farmingdale, N. J.

Fierce Hero:
Always a leader in the good old masculine, tough, blood and guts, expose, sex field, Fierce Hero in this issue presents another star-studded line up of thrillers: I was a visitor in one of America's hottest sin towns. By Percy Q. Mason — page 3.

I was bait for a Devil Dog. By James Thumber — page 4.

Roman Senators led sizzling life in B.C. (A Fierce Hero Historical special by J. B. Wellch) — page 5.

I lead my men to Hell! (A Fierce Hero blood and guts exclusive by Bucky Beaver) — page 6.

And many others —

BARNCORD Shoe Repair
37 Public Square
Mount Vernon, Ohio

LEMASTERS
Mount Vernon’s College Shop

Lewd Comic Booklets. The kind nobody likes. Don’t send

Fierce Hero:
We boys down at the post thought we’d write to ask for some tales with emphasis on the armed services, we feel that the men in service should get a fair shake. More girls, too!

Pitg Farley Rangoon
Camp Collins, Va.

Editors,
What do you mean trying to get people to believe that diseases are caused by “germs,” you can’t fool America! More girls, too!

P. D. Quick,
South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sirs,
WOW!

Unsigned

Dear Sirs,
How about sending me some of those cheap comic books, I’m a kid, the kind the men like.

(name withheld on request)

Editor,
I think your fine magazine should concentrate on the sad, rotten, dirty, disgusting American teenagers. How about more stories on teenage motorcycle races, rumble, rock ‘n roll rites, etc.

Prudence Chase
Boston, Mass.

“Personal”

Dear Harry,
Please come home. All is forgiven. And don’t forget to bring those cheap comic books. The kind I like.

Sarah

Nifty-Swifty Speedy Kit
Is your broken down family bugging tired? Do you feel at home at every stop-light? Do your friends hate you? Why not pep up the old heap with our handy-dandy, high speed, loud noise, ready made speedy kit. Takes only minutes to install. Amaze your friends; be the hero of the road; make all drivers fear you!

Kit includes —
4 Mud flaps (white, with red stems)
High compression hubcaps
Auxiliary bug deflector (keeps bugs off bug deflector)
Dual overhead throwout bearings
Highlift Hodoks
Ball bearing pistons.

(Write to Ace Auto, Ft. Myers, Ga.)
I WAS A VISITOR IN ONE OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST SIN TOWNS!

By Percy Q. Mason

A lonely figure slides along a dark path overgrown with maple trees. A garish clock clangs the hour. A harsh wind sends scraps of paper and old beer cans skittering across the road. The streets and houses look dark, foreboding. But this isn't the story.

Inside, behind the sun shining in a sort of life goes on in this place that would put Cal City, Phoenix City, Newport, Galveston, Granville, Juarez, Painesville and Tijuana in a class with the Eastern Star. Home. This quiet little town behind all its fake front is the sin city of the world.

It is corrupt, dirty, filthy, and rotten. Its appeal is to the most degraded of men. It's a hot spot, well covered by the rackets, the big-time boys. Its story has never been told.

My name is Lambut Nairbster. I'm an agent for the forces of truth and right, the American Racket Squadron. Our efforts to pull in the lid on this sizzling hot spot have failed. But I have to tell my story.

As I walked down the main street, I saw a store window advertising model airplanes. That's a filthy, vile lie. The man behind the counter wore a bullet proof vest and a pair of sneakers. I asked him about the hot spots. He gave me a wily grin, looked over my cool pin-striped threads, and said, "What you mean, buddy?"

I hit him hard. My fist felt good as it smashed his jaw. He fell. I ground my heel into his nose. What a stinking, dirty, rotten mess this town was and I had to get to the bottom of it.

I dropped around the local barber shop. Maybe the barber'd talk, maybe he wouldn't. I slipped him a sawbuck. He talked, I took the sawbuck back.

I was getting somewhere. I was getting into the blazing red-hot, corrupt core of the place.

At night, the little town seems to pull in its sidewalks, but from what I'd learned so far; I knew that behind this All-American front there was a rotten, corrupt core. A center of sin. I'd find it. I was getting to like this job.

That night, I went into the local bar and grill. A gorgeous blonde with unbelievable measurements slunk up to me.

The broad wouldn't say much, but after I'd bought her a few liverwurst sandwiches she became more agreeable. I got a couple of addresses and phone numbers. I started on my way. The waitress screamed when I smashed her across the face with the broken beer bottle.

I got a line on one of the hottest establishments in town. One of the old farmers on the outskirts of this sin city told me he wasn't sure it was in operation, but that he'd seen a lot of young punks going in there lately. The big boss, however, had been on the lamb in Europe for a while. I dropped into the place. A tall, sexy broad slid up to me, I could hardly control myself. "Sorry, can't promise you anything before next week," she said.

I hit the girl a couple of times, hard, sure, with the back of my pistol. She made a sharp, quick cry and collapsed. Her beautiful body lay there. I took a quick look outside. No one had been attracted. I ducked back in and carried her beautiful body back to another room.

Articles of clothing were strewn wildly around the room. My quick, thinking brain concluded this laundry was only a front for the big place. I had to find it. I thought I knew now where the heart of this rotten, dirty, stinking town was.

It looked like an old house. That's what tipped me off. A lot of them look like that. It was obviously a front.

(PAGE 4, PLEASE)
I'd always liked dogs — especially big ones. Now, whenever I see one, I get somewhat irritated and even spit. I think of Lucia — and that night —

It was a big weekend for me. I'd been working for a long time and now I was set to have a big blowout. I had lots of bucks, lots of boozes and, best of all, lots of Lucia. Lucia was that kind of girl — you know what I mean — big where it counts. Real big! I'd waited a long time for this weekend and I was ready to enjoy it.

By Saturday night, Lucia and me was hitting it off real swell. She had on some damn perfume that kept me breathing hard all the time. Her big, watery eyes kept looking right through me. She knew what I wanted. She wanted it too. She was that kind of girl.

Finally, I couldn't stomach the party any longer. I had to get her alone. Pressing against her real hard, I whispered "Let's you and me ditch this place, baby." She giggled and led me outside. It was a clear night. The stars were shining — especially Sirius, the Dog Star! (Ed Note: Notice the way the author has cleverly and subtly worked this one into the story.) I don't know how long we walked together, but finally we found ourselves by the river. It was the perfect spot for ac-

tation, except the river was bloody red because some cruddy sergeant had been killing soldiers upstream. That didn't stop Lucia. She grabbed me and pressed her warm body against mine. Lucia was that kind of girl.

"GRRRRRRR." Suddenly, I heard it. Our embrace was interrupted by a long, low growl coming from the bushes. We backed away and turned in that direction. In a moment, it appeared.

How can I describe the hideous thing that approached us — how can I tell of the horrible, ugly monster that came from the bushes? To be truthful, I can't. I ran so damn fast I didn't get a good look at it. And besides, it was quite dark. All I knew was that the thing chasing us had glowing red eyes, long, white teeth set in a foaming red mouth and a long mangy tail. (Gulp!) It was a huge dog — a Devil Dog possibly. Yes, I guess it was a Devil Dog. Certainly, it must have been.

As we ran, I could hear it coming closer — its low growl sounding of Death (somewhat). I was sick. I blew a lunch on the run. Looking back, I saw the Dog hungrily eating the warm food from the ground. I urged Lucia to arch one. She couldn't. She could really hold it, that of Lucia.

The dog had finished and was fast approaching us once again. I saw the situation now. One of us would have to sacrifice himself for the sake of the other. Only one could escape! Choked with passion, I turned to Lucia as we ran and said simply, "Aargh!" Then I tripped her and ran like hell! She would have wanted that way. She was that kind of girl.

"Aaahh!" I heard her agonized scream as the Dog ripped her warm flesh and I turned in time to see its pointed fangs bury themselves in her jugular vein. She was quiet now, although her body quivered convulsively as life passed before her eyes at the moment of death. I watched as the fiend methodically began tearing at her beautiful face. Those sensual blue eyes, that confident nose and those blood red lips — I would never kiss them again.

I turned in disgust from the morbid sight and blow another lunch. I couldn't help it. It really looked like Lucia. She was a good date. It would be tough finding another one like her. She was that kind of girl.

I walked in. A beautiful redhead in a tight skirt came up to me. She was a sizzler. A couple of funny-looking college kids with scared looks on their faces cleared out. They knew that big trouble was in the wind.

I looked at the beautiful, lusty girl. I gave the password. "My professor sent me. I want to go to the back room." "Come with me," she said with a knowing glint in her eye.

When we got to the back room, I said, "All right, honey, tell me what you have to offer." The girl with full, red lips and sensual look didn't tell me. She showed me.

Here it was. My suspicions about this pleasure city were confirmed. Everywhere, on chairs, on walls, on the floor — Books. Thousands of books. The whole place was rotten to the core.

I tried to grab a copy of "The Liberal Imagination," then "Gulliver's Travels," then "The Chosen Peoples." I tried to take pictures. They stopped me. The next thing I knew I was tossed out of a car somewhere near Columbus.

But the memory of that dirty, rotten town is still with me. And the town is still going, but as sinful as ever. Every night, any night. If you're looking for a few filthy kicks, take the short cut...
Be A Successful Lover!

No one likes to be left out of the fun of life. Success in Romance can be had by everyone. No need to be shunned by girls just because you aren't up on the latest social graces, just because you don't have "A Way With Women."

Compiled for the first time and available to all you would-be Lotharios, are the secrets of success in love, compiled by that noted authority on love, Lord Winfred Harvey.

KISS AND CRY NO MORE—Women will seek you out. They will come tearing down your doors. They won't let you go. In this confidential little book, you'll find ancient love magic and modern techniques. From Don Juan to the Man About Town.

Lay your fears, doubts to rest. Get straightened out and "cued up" with the best selling love information on the market.

Such informative chapters as "How to Write Love Letters," by Alfred Eisen, "How to make love" by Rene Descartes, "How to persuade her," by John Donne, and many, many others that will make you a tiger-man about town, a real HE-MAN with women.

Lead comic booklets. The kind women like. Send to Obverse, Miss.

FAMOUS AUTHORITY REVEALS LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT DECADENT ANCIENTS

adds up to one thing— even in the old days, certain people did certain things.

A Favorite Trap

It seems the worst offenders were the senators in small cities. It was here, more than any place else, that vice and corruption fed on the local peasantry. The senatorial tyrants existed on heavy fines for petty or nonexistent violations. To put up a show of legality to the fining, the senate made traps. The favorite trap was the law that said that it was illegal to enter certain buildings at times designated by the senate. When the unsuspecting Plebeians entered one of these buildings, they were immediately fined. However, the people learned to avoid these traps by staying home altogether.

Under these circumstances the senate was in danger of going broke. They got around this, out of desperation, by making it illegal to enter your own home. Ignorance of the fact that your home was "off-limits" was not considered an excuse. Luckily, many of these laws were brought to an end in an ironic way. The head of the senate investigating committee inadvertently declared his own house off limits. Needless to say, he was arrested and removed from the senate despite a well-planned red-herring that he dragged across the case.

And what he was removed from? Wow! All the rotten, dirty graft and fines went toward one certain thing— debauchery. Not being blind to the charms of the red and flaxen-haired beauties that were always in abundance, mild sin parties were the rule rather than the exception. We'll let the reader's imagination take it from there. Wow! So you see we're not so bad when compared to the sin-senators of old Rome.
By Bucky Beaver

It seems like only yesterday that I took those boys on tour. Those dirty, filthy scum. Scum. All of them, scum.

I was going to show the little kids what is to march. Stupid kids, that's what they are.

Through the Kokosing down to Mount Vernon, that's what I told them, double time. None of these college boys ever knew what it is to march. Stupid kids, that's what they are.

Their stomachs flew right out their backsides, in a big lump, see? and they screamed. Arrgh, like that and fell in the water like scum. With the hole in their guts, their necks kinda caved in lopsided like, and the eyes fell out in the mud. I picked up the blue eyes and threw them at those other fresh little twerps. I never throw brown eyes, I hate brown. Only one of the three had blue; the others I stomped into the mud, my heel, and I got eyelashes all over my leather that I'd just cleaned, the little punks. It was beautiful seeing those gooey blobs floatin' around the bend. It really scared the other yellers fellas! but I'd shape 'em up.

One of the little punks came up and clapped me one in the face, and the blood ran from my nose down my lip, and I sneezed it all over the guy's face. When he tried to wipe it off, I spat in his mouth and kicked him one right in the groin and kneed him one in the stomach. Then, when he leaned over, I pumped some shots right up his throat. He splashed all over my uniform, that I just cleaned.

That made me mad, and I laughed anyway, as he sank into the mud dribbling teeth and oozy blood. It made the water pretty, like pink lemonade. I took my knife and slashed at another guy. I really shaped him up, boy.

I had to run after the other boys now, they were splashing around and yelling "murder!" but I don't mind. They wouldn't obey me, either, when I told them to halt and stand at attention, so I pulled out my grenades -- yes, I had grenades -- and threw it smack in the middle of the whole rotten crew, and boy, what a noise.

I wanted to kill 'em all, so I threw another, and then started to wade out. I tripped over an arm and fell, with my face landing in a pool of blood. Just for the hell of it I kept somebody's arm for a while in my carpet, but it stunk up my ribbons, so I had to throw it away and keep just the watch. It's a cheap watch, too, and runs five minutes slow every damn day. I guess I should have the blood cleaned out of it, 'cause it clogs every once in a while.

Dealy Pitchers. De kind you likes. Send to Dealy Pitchers, Bronx, N. Y.
NON-TECHNICAL "YOU" CAN PROFIT FROM AMERICA'S GIGANTIC TV BOOM! 

Earn Spare-Time Cash, Security, Esteem, In A Few Short Days


Get smart. Mac. Start yourself on the road to success. Make money! Be Happy! Earn the respect of all. Amaze your friends. Be a real, red-blooded he-man. All it takes is simple know-how and a good old American ambition.

SUCCESS AND SECURITY WILL BE YOURS AND YOURS ALONE FOR LIFE!

With now-ready cash, get that backyard barbecue you've always hoped for. Health and security. Charcoal broiled steaks. Personal achievement will give you the key to a happy joyous existence. Mostly, get money, money, money! Meet new friends. Influence people. Don't hang around with the bums on the street corner. Be your own boss. Millions have found a new life. So can YOU!

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Here's your chance to get in on the biggest boom in the history of America, TV, radio, hi-fi repair. People look up to, worship the TV repair technician more than ever before. Just think of the happy faces of the family as you fix their TV set and bring them back to the fast-paced, ever-changing world we live in. You can make fabulous salaries.

And you can learn at home. In your spare time, the fascinating, mystifying business of television, radio, record player repair. AND WITHOUT ANY TECHNICAL BACKGROUND WHATSOEVER.

Wilbert Marconi Teaches You!

Learn In Days

WILBERT MARCONI'S new, easy, simple, ready-made course in electronics can make you a full-fledged electronics wizard in days. Learn in your spare time, Wilbert says. "Just give me 15 minutes a day and pretty soon you'll know all there is to know about ohms, volts, resistors, watts, ergs, dynes, centimeters, ruddle suppressors, hokes, commuting across over super combative mugwumps, and all the other basic skills of radio and TV."

Many Have Made A Success

Hear what satisfied students of the Wilbert Marconi method have to say about this fabulous course.

"Thanks to Wilbert's course, I operated a successful magazine store. Then I got a job with WRBQ, then with WPBQ, then with WHZD, then with WZET. Now I have a keen job as an engineer with the B&O." - Walt Dixey, Whistle Stop, Cal.

"Who me care?" - Alfred E. Marconi, Mother Hall, O.

"Pfft. bleep, zap, crick, azzazz, arrrrgggh!" - Anonymus.

"Boy am I happy. Now I can watch TV all the time. Boy I like TV." - Spoke Wipple, Rat River, N. J.

"It sho be shololin; messin' wid a' dem tubes, and sistors, and all dem electronical things." - Dred Scott, Potluck, Ala.

"Wow." - Charles A. Lindbergh, Mechanicsburg, O.

"Boy do I make money. Wow am I rich. Now I can send my son to a snooty, sophisticated, high-class mid-western college." - W. B. Thompson, Pablo Beach, Fl.

"We've never had it so good," Harry Trueman.

Training plus OPPORTUNITY is your key to SUCCESS. Hurry, now, send us your wife's name and we will send her instruction booklets, equipment and practice kits. All she needs to become a REAL electronics expert. Your success, security, and wealth will be assured. - ADV.

Lewd comic booklets. The kind kids like! Send to Flippo the Clown, Menweather Fairyland, Fostoria, O.

RUPTURED? - Tough!

$50,000 Secret Exercise


Lewd comic booklets. The kind men like. Send to Licentious, Pa. (Sent in plain envelope).

Hot Off The Anvil

Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing. Useful instructions fresh from the anvil. Written by a successful, working blacksmith — not a school teacher! — Here is the everyday how-to-do-it information you need on shop, equipment, tools, methods of horseshoeing. Wagon wheels and axle repair! Plow shares! Cyclotrons! Space saucers. Techniques of hardening, painting, sharpening, setting! Boiler work. Hoist hooks. Horse diseases and treatments. See yourself, gleaming with sweat, standing under a spreading chestnut tree. The envy of your neighbors! Added special booklet, "You and your bellows"...

George A.

Smithy Shows You How!

Good clear, helpful illustrations. 10,000 satisfied blacksmiths. Write Village Smithy, New Albany, Ind.

The Stork Don't Bring Kids!

Explained in clear, plain, simple, dirty, filthy, smelly, four-letter words. Written by well-known sexologist, Halfcrooked Elvis... PLUS, added bonus. Hundreds of crudely drawn diagrams.

Lewd Comic booklets. The kind you like! Send to EZ-QUICK DRAWING COURSE, Racine, Wisconsin.
Wheelbarrows

Now, for the first time, for the cancer-ridden, TB-plagued, cigarette-loving American public, a new cigarette. WHEELBARROWS! With that special blend of hot, dry, coarse choking tobaccos.

Fierce Heros Smoke Wheelbarrows

Miss Penelope Goldsmith, leading debutante at a leading and fashionable girls' school (located only 650 miles from the heart of ivy league) says, "Golly Bum! They're good!"

Alfred E. Newman, President of the Wheelbarrow Cigarette Co., says, "Who me care? I'm makin' lots of dough!"

Ivy League graduates discuss the "He-man" Flavor of Wheelbarrows.

You don't need a tattoo to enjoy Wheelbarrows.