Spring Dance Weekend Issue
Kenyon Collegian
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"The Children's Corner"

Upon a time in the kingdom of Deception, there lived a larcenous knight called Sir John "St. John had the more-better, and so he started a food service. He was quick to recover from making all sorts of claims concerning the quality of his food.

On the day he came to a small city in the kingdom of safety, he offered his services as a food vendor. He thought about how wonderful the food was, the abbots let Sir John serve as a food vendor and the cheese he served. He started to get more money than he was making, and the abbots were pleased with the way he was serving food.

Mather Invention Saves Peirce Grass

We have, in Gambier today, a living example of cooperation between faculty and administration. This is something found on few college campuses. It has started back last fall with the problem of the vigorous growth of grass on the lawns of Peirce Hall and the wooded area for a pep rally. Mr. Boyd took the battle, and so did the rest of the football team now the game. With the advent of spring, it became obvious that something had to be done to keep the students off the lawn and on the paths. Mr. Boyd paid a visit to the Math Hall, and with his great knowledge helped the Biology Department from more important tasks (shamans, antlers, tribes, etc.) in the preserving of species of which would be destroyed by the outrageous growths, etc.

After many weeks of research, the answer was found in a type of thorny, only green hedge, Ramurri-Hartshorne Thrombus Boydii. This remarkably gorgeous growth now appears not only across the Peirce Hall lawn, but also in other parts of campus where students were accustomed to walking. We may now rest assured that, until the peak of the season, at least, all our beautiful lawns will be safe from the feet of Kenyon students.

Who Goosed The Moose?

Among the many new additions to the faculty this semester is Miss Margaret Alman, daughter of a wealthy New York department store executive. She brought with her some new blood much needed in Miss Alman's field. She is the most important, a large collection of films, many of which have caused much excitement on campus, and provided much enjoyment for otherwise completely bored students. Among the many libraries in the science department are field trips, a practice factory, and the psychology department. With her high-power Eskimo's sure hands, Miss Alman has won three of the Moose. Miss Alman lives in a house that is charming, with snow in Maine, and a beautiful meadow in the Middle Level. With cups of 3-2 were hardly dropped and forty-eight future Lodge members took off to show the Delta Yales and you, how we drink at P. S. H. The flock hit the bar with that hand in one pocket, "yes, I am from Berkley's" look, and quizzed up for "look here," and the Delta got an exact that someone knocked over Herresubmit and the city about Maine, the Moose and not the goose with a position in the department. She is an ordinary woman and is starting to become a great force, and not the goose with a position in the department. She is an ordinary woman and is starting to become a great force, not the goose with a position in the department.

Friday Night With Flanagan

Decline and Fall Of A Generation

I've been around colleges most of my life, I guess. I've seen a lot of changes. In the old days, the telephone booths at Yale were the most vivid in my mind was a big hit — no, it was a religion — at a little college in...

Well, let me tell you about some of the changes.

There was a boy, an ordinary boy, from an ordinary home in an ordinary town. And this boy, a first-rate boy, found himself hating his home, his family, and his ordinary life. He wanted to be different,brave.

He wanted recognition. The desire became insatiable. The boy decided to do something. He changed his name to Kerouac. He tried wearing blue blazers off-white with yellow. He shouted. He drank. He turned to Nietzsche. He explored Zen and apple pie and Kerouac. He bought a motorcycle. He threw away his baseball bat. He traded in his black leather sandals. He even read Tocque. But not to all that made a difference. He hadn't failed. People still called him by his own name. They didn't even laugh at him or whisper about him behind his back.

Then one day he found it. The revolution came to him like a dream. It was the summer before he came to college. He became evangalist and tore up his application to Yale. He found a real school. A haven for ex-centres.

His services were overwhelming. More than he had ever dreamed. He heard them whispering, "Who is this animal with the hair?" Many Delta's tried to win his favor with smiles, but he would not be defeated. He grew in glittering patches, in strings, in cults. He even caught on. Blazers were burned. Elbow patches abandoned. Sneakers went out. Bars closed. Barbers turned, ruined by boycott, Werewolves replaced God.

Soon, however, casualty set in. The thrill was dying. And most tragic of all was an epiphany of experience.

Then the final blow. One day when all were in consensus for the cause, it happened. The dog dogs opened slowly and in walked Kerouac. He was with high school senior. He was tall.
Kenyon Collegian
MAY 1, 1914

PERSONALS

1. Tired of the same old sightseeing and museum tours? Take Tell Tell Tell
2. Drinking problem? Spending too much time with the girls? Consult your local alcohol counselor.
3. Striking new Levant furnishing (or removing) striking new Levant furnishing? From illustrated catalogue to ZHIRE. Box FS, Jerusalem. Discover 4. a. from your present respiratory ailments in sunny Pueblo, Colorado. b. Get hands-on experience with N. Lepold, San Juan, P. R. You'll see life from the standpoint of a sailorman.
5. A. GO! B. Some day soon, thousands of young men will be on their way. They will make you wish you had gone instead.
6. Available in limited quantities. Slightly used WW II helmet has been handed down from Atlanta Q.M. Depot no later than May 13, 1919.
7. The same caves that the British have won for years, reserved to be won by the German. Send shoe size and color for the first one reserved. The doubles Industries New York Offer. c. This paper.

Don't Read This Article - This is a test.

In most institutions, when something is not being done, someone goes out and says it. At Kenyon, however, things just happen that way. Save your breath, we need a lost. Emerson Boy, today, gave us this a day, but Let's have one now. The problem worked its way up through the hierarchy of the Office of the President, and suddenly Boyz recognized the Trustee, who just happened to have a friend (on New York of Course), who just happened to be the transportation business, and who just happened to have an extra bus around.

Those thinking that the arrival of theCrisis in Crisis time was one of the few incidents of the week which would not create excitement have been grossly disillusioned. As a matter of fact, the possibility of the bus should be lettered en-forceable, the excitement that followed the announcement of an additional schedule is only that of the feeling of anti-patriotism and "We Can't Have The Lords," or "Why, or some such phrase, unpleasantly, but, the Kenyon College, in small letters on the top of the letter the campus can see it.

Due to the ingenuity of the president Mr. Boyd, another question of policy was quietly settled. At 2:30 on Friday afternoon, the bus driver when he is not actually at work, seems to be no exception. He drives the lawn.

Notice the small sign over the driver's seat - "Laguardia, New York, International Airports. 1/3." The sign reads: "Dorothy's Lunch, Beer and Food."

Biology Professor in Charge

Cops Top Money

Professor E. J. Robins, of the Department of Biology, has just received from the National In- stitute for the Preservation of Birds and Other Oceanic Crawling Creatures (better known as the N.I.P.O.O.C.C.) a grant of $25.00 to study the habits of the bird in which he is most interested - the bird of paradise who is at every meal.

The initiation of the bird of paradise will be given the married disciples in the number of parasites which he keeps within himself. Dr. Robins will work on a method for separating the good from the bad infections in blue-jays, crows, squir- rels, pre-meds, and other profes-

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“They’re Rioting In Africa”

From deep in this isolated jungle I am typing this report on my portable typewriter huddled up deep in the cellar of Gambier house. Currently the Delta’s are launching a water barrage, but will be instantly hampered by the absence of their leader, Wardo-boy. Although reported still in mopping up actions, women are cleaning up much of the mess made during the past few days. The moon cannot be missed (or rather, round) for comment on this second annual show in the Beta lounge, which outnumbered students, faculty, and dads for many hours. All is now quiet on the western front, but the rebels forlorn in North Leon- ard are still reported to have enough, at least now that the moon is down and out, to last out against all the Buck’s concerted efforts for at least three more months. Frank Lovecsem, cap- tured Delt social chairman, has finally released the private stock of three thousand bottles of cheap switch which he has been mali- ciously hoarding out against the outcries of his brothers.

For weeks in advance of this startling episode of the moon, the two rulers of this primitive land have been preparing them- selves and swilling their forces. This mobilization they hid under the guise of a crafty program fund raising campaign to buy new Buck’s and beer for the faculty. The rulers, however, plowed under the seed-plume guise of “The Tusk,” and “Buck,” have finally succeeded in forming the first student pocket groups in the na- tion. Big Buck, undisputed hero of the local jungle, who will show once again this athletic prowess, but succeeded in concealing several Gamma socialists into a "new" study group. Well, the sins of this fifth column will be to settle paternity cases and all other inter-class problems. Of course we wish such things wouldn’t come up, but boys will be boys,” said Buck, “... By the way, has anyone seen my daugh- ter lately?”

Returning to the pocket Gor- tago, Big Buck and the Beren- sanz (group of the Kenyon sports- men) have enveloped themselves in an aura of mystery, secrecy, and vodka the likes of which only the Sigma Pi initiation ceremony can approach. However, by get- ting through male sources, your reporter has learned that these two gentlemen have used nothing but the most outstanding members of the Gamma social set in forming their body NKVD.

First and foremost is that pillar of Christianity, God’s Little helper and earthy worthy agent, Wild Bill. Entering the house Big Buck, as the proverbial nail, is known to the brothers of the lovely (and eternal) and (as Buck’s) after all, been a place of rich, spiritual and religious center of central Ohio, the only outpost against the sea of Ohio, wide open Mt. Voo- man Community House, Buck’s, and Big Buck’s, as the religious center of central Ohio, the only outpost against the sea.

An alibi for the Buck’s, as the religious center is non. This is a miracle to the religious center of central Ohio, and (as Buck’s) after all, the only outpost against the sea.

All in all, on the matter, so far, did not come true, and someone else at any rate. Also, while the moon is not enough to overcome any opposition, his presence has created at least 21 Christians to enlighten- ing their brothers. This is a miracle to the religious center of central Ohio, and (as Buck’s) after all, the only outpost against the sea.

This will be the decision of those in the know at the Cruworm house (didt Cruworm have his head in a revolution?) , is that jolly old Napoleon. It is removed it was here under the necessity of the house outside of Peace, Hall and ask for the pass-word by the question “Do you or don’t you?” Upon inquiring those, upon him, negatively, he re- portedly crowed them with words from his booth, and nailed them to the stone cross lying between those Kenyon Centers for Christian Revival, Middle Kenyon and South Hanna, for such could only by the punish-

(Cont’d on page 4, Col. 5)

THINGS COULD BE WORSE

by Abie

Dear Abie,

I know I’m overweight and all the boys dump on me, but just what can a Nobody Boy do???

Dear Twinkle Dee,

Give up suspenseful questions.

Dear Abie,

Due to our close friendship through this column, my new boy friend wants to get a snapshot of you and I together. He says it will only take a minute for him to focus.

Beulah

Dear Beulah,

Re: Abie,

I have been reading the “Ladies Home Journal” for 27 years now, and every issue has these beautiful ads that say, "Modern because... ." I really enjoy the picture, but what does the word mean?

Sweetheart

Dear Sweetheart,

I mean, it’s like, well, yaah!

Dear Abie,

Due to my past weekend at Kenyon, my hair was very a- dorned, and actually called me loud! I enjoy little things like that which let you know he loves you, but I wonder this in any inference there.

Dear Anna Barone

Ann, Ann, Ann.

My husband is a basket case, my son has leukemia, and my daughter just told me that she has missed her period this month.

Mrs. Average American

Dear Mrs. Average American,

What do you think I am, a West- ern Traveler?

Dear Abie,

My boy friend has just told me that you are the White Tower doughnut joke, and I promptly blow my lunch. How can I cure him of such out and out gendriness?

Dear Beat McCoy,

Try White Tower doughnuts.

One hour of thoughtful solitude may serve both heart for days of conflict and frustration.

The little village of Mayport, Fla., is one of the quaintest fish- ing towns in the United States.

The ever increasing volume of air travel is an accurate bar-ometer of New England’s economic condition.

Athletes Foot Germ — How to Kill It.

In one hour you can free yourself of horrid, irri- tating scummy athlete’s foot. Just a few drops of T-4 HCl-H2O, and your wor- ries are over. T-4 HCl-H2O, powder eats right into the obnoxious, smelly thing that used to be your feet. After only a few seconds of exorcising pain, the athlete’s foot is no longer a worry. For a $1 bottle of T-4 HCl-H2O, can be obtained from the Col- leges Drug — see Francis.

See Gery:

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On the Square

Prescriptions

Drugs
"Give Me Your Tired, Your Weak"

As good liquor must age, so must good faculty members; however, the Kenyon College faculty softball team, has been demonstrating a shocking reversal to this postulation in recent weeks. The powerhouse and bespectacled educators of Kenyon's studious young men "and women" have shown themselves to be literally "out" of it when it comes to the more obvious exercise of the body, in opposition to their normal and widely preferred exercise of the mind.

Moreover, these energetic oldsters have assumed the rather pious attitude, due to the presence of our hallowed and even revered Mr. Depuis, that they must show these secular social perverts the results of the true way of life. Needless to say, one older freshman reminded of Dr. Yolton, "Defra ["True"]). However, the entire audience, including the99 wise, practically lost one noon meal, via the Southern route, when our angelic captain forgot his own teachings, "Blessed are the monks," and belied in unison be an obvious unperps call, "The hell he's nuthin!"

The aforementioned professor Yolton buckled down immediately after the call of "Play Ball," to set down the challengers one, two, three, and inevitably he is warned by the umpire (student of course) to cease using his side-arm reverse-spinning drop-curve, as it is an illegal pitch—

Speaking of pitches, now would be a fine time to move on to the strong-armed (draw your own conclusions) second baseman, reputedly or better, unanimously known as "The Mines." This alert agent must assuredly have the best eyes in softball, for even from his post as relay man for long drivers in the outfield, he can still return to the infield protesting, "You missed home-plate," in that voice known better for its cry of, "Don't you dare step in my flower-bed!

Some younger blood has permeated the near-congenial team in the body (?) of Mr. Feldman, who roams the outfield as able as a spitter-fly-catcher.

However, one eye must be kept on these few "players" who have been mentioned, and their cohorts in irons, for who knows, in another couple of years, we may have a student body at Kenyon comparable to the faculty in their views of "Cultivates the Mind, and culminate the Body (athletically, that is), and the goods just might upset life on the camp.

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KINGS, POTENTATES, PRINCES, DIPLOMATS,
AND CONNOISSEURS DO IT;
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African Riot

Of course, this jolly little gang of kings is not any different from any other campus society, and these needs be a faculty advise:

This of course is that friendly man-about-Gambier, Felici Fabaz, is currently glowing a bold in the latest Mansfield Screen Production, and he may be detained from the festivities of Saturday night because of his preying screen duties.

All-in-all, this new occasion, organization should help eliminate the rebels in North Leopold and return them to the fold and the ways of their close neighbors to the south. Block it is rumored, has recently acquired interest in the local Gambier cow, and a planning to make milk the national Gambier drink.

Yesterdays

Inspiriting since there is a real big push now to get more from men that means more of the "education" said... well let's all get a problem over the weekend and talk about it Monday morning—that's in the Coffee Shop about 10:30... there'll be life of interesting group then and we can figure it out.