



Hair To-day  
Gone to-morrow

# THE *Worse*

Nemo Dat what  
he hain't gat

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## Peace Society Will Wage War On Sharpie Dictator of Peoria

Last week, an emergency meeting of the Sam Fern Peace Society was called to discuss the position taken by Wild Bill Kearney, the dictator of Peoria. The Society, which has been instrumental in starting 13 wars since its modest beginnings in 1937, had this to say about Wild-Bill's position: "He slouches too much."

Kearney, whose official uniform is a pink shirt and sharpie socks, had this startling statement to say regarding the above resolution: "I have nothing to say". Ominous words, these.

Among the less renowned members of the federation, we note the following: Vin Tuohy, who suggested the resolution; Al Dell' Isola who seconded the resolution; Joe McNicholas, who taught the members the shag; Jim Moffat, who came in a conservative shirt, showing his revolutionary leanings; Vin Tuohy, who suggested the resolution—Hey, this is where you came in!

### GOOD STUFF

A recent plebiscite in Yugomania resulted in a 99 44/100 vote of confidence for Dictator "Bill" Kearney. Chancellor Kearney is now engaged in liquidating the 56/100 percentage of dissenters. Boss Bill abhors fractions, an allergy inherited from college days.



CHRIS CRINGES

## Dean Chris Emulates Sandman at Assembly

Brother Christopher, dean of deans, was the main speaker at the school assembly, held last week. All students were required to attend, or accept a cut. Consequently so many cuts were handed out that a passer-by mistook the school for Mayo's clinic, and ordered anesthetics. But by the time he got there, everybody was already asleep.

However, our reporter stayed awake, and took down the speech "in toto"; but he couldn't read his own writing, and he later tore it up. The gist of the speech was that you should accept your lot or sell it back to the real estate agent at a profit. The dean closed with the immortal saying: "Don't try to change things. It's just Lug's Labor Lost as Shakespeare said." Somebody took away the alarm clock, and when the students woke up, it was to-morrow.

## OPERA REACHES PINNACLE OF SEASON

The high spot of the Metropolitan Opera Company's season was reached last night.

## Sena's Toga-men Will Subdue Roman Urge In Bacchanalian Orgy, etc.

Dante (Inferno) Sena, the man about whom more has been written than any living ancient Roman, announced to-day that another meeting of his "Toga" club would be held as soon as he payed his dues. Sena is the well-known adherent of Greek and Latin customs, and the only custom of theirs he condemms is pouring libations. They really should be drunk (i.e. the Libations).

The members of this famous club, who take for themselves Latin names after the fashion of the historical Father Divine followers, follow: Donald "Pliny" Crynes, Joseph "Caesar" Daly, Robert "Virgil" Rausch, Henry "Horace" Krisch, and Robert "Tacitus" Barnwell.

The president of the club, when asked what the purpose of the meetings was, smiled coyly: "Did you ever want to eat so much you couldn't stand up? Well, we're thirsty."

## Ephraim Fights For Fish

The Ladies' Aid Society for the prevention of Corn Flakes at Breakfast for Confined Goldfish was visibly moved Monday by the lecture of Natating Nat Ephraim, champion swimmer scientist. Mr. Ephraim declaimed on the subject: Predatory Rights of the Goldfish under Article four, Section 12 of the Constitution.