

## ... THE WORST ...

Founded on the doorstep one windy night.

Entered as 19th Class matter.  
What is matter? Cf. Pg. 30.

T. Orr, editor.

Tom Orr, publisher. ,

Thomas Orr, owner.

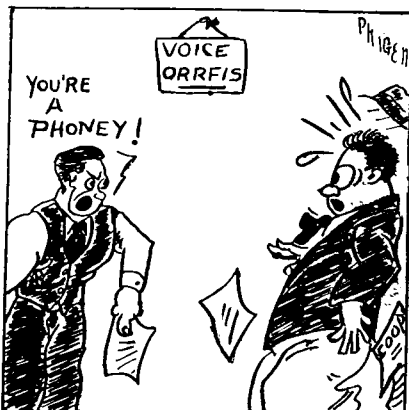
"All the facts even if they ain't true."

A thought for Today: One man's sugar is another man's sugar if the another man gets there first.

### "TELLING PHONIES OFF ..."

"Keep calm", admonishes Senator Austin Whitewash Murphy, "prosperity will be here as soon as we eliminate these blind corners and introduce more and more traffic circles. Every day we are getting better and ..." That phoney! Of all the phonies in the so hambulistic Senate, the 'honorable' Mr. M. gets our vote.

Everyone knows that prosperity has been lurking around corners for years. If we eliminate corners, where will prosperity lurk behind. For that matter where will the eminent Senator lurk behind? And anyway we know a phoney when we see one or even when we don't. Furthermore we oughta know on account of we had so much experience. Eh? That'll be enough for today. (However, before you go, look me over below, telling the Senator off. The Senator is at the extreme right, and if you wait a while he may come back into the picture.)



## Deegan Denounces

review of ye latest Weigandt-Ziminski cinema, "Gone With the Gowanus", a Ziminski-Magnossal Production.

### Myra and Ray Z.

When, thirty years ago, Raymond Ziminski brought aspiring Mira Ziminski (no relation then) to Hollywood along with a billion dollar publicity stunt which involved three wars and two bits, we didn't think she was an actress. This latest five-dimensional opus proves that Press Agent Ray Z. is a good actor. Mira has nice teeth.

J. Wellington Weigandt who is the foil for Mira's stage-struck charm rushes hither and yon in the familiar Weigandtian way—tearing 'is prop wig, flashing his brilliantine smile and holding his or Mira's hand. As J. says, "Its all in the game, and the game is pretty nice sometimes."

But getting to the picture, we may give our first reactions. In fact we think we will give our first reactions. . . This theatre is pretty . . . this picture is . . . Will Hays, the scintillating censor, would roll over in his grave if I said that . . . this theatre is . . . this picture is . . . Bzzzz. . .

### Audience Awakes

A little later—the time went rather fast—I woke . . . I was again brought back to the reality from which I had fallen. For, there flashed on the screen the fifth chapter of the thrilling serial "Buck Walsh in the Twentieth and Second Century." As all you people will remember, when we last left Buck, he was falling through the air with a lion chasing him; the way he got out of this predicament was that he and the lion hit the ground. The new chapter ended with Buck chasing the lion.

## NOVEL TEES

by George Polhemus,  
A.B., I.T., O.F.F.

"Seawalls and Ferryboats" . . . by Jawn O'Rourke, McFadden Publishers. Price, 4 bits.

This is a first novel. For many years Mr. O'Rourke has been Chief Assistant Beach Comber and general ladysman on Shore Road in the old city of Brooklyn. That is enough for the author, for the present. He doesn't doubt that he will be gotten to later.

As for the book proper, it is the story of a little boy named Herman who lived with his father and mother and brother and sister and another sister. He was always interested in things and had a special liking for stuff. When he grew up, he was rather big for his size and somewhat older than he had formerly been. However, he still retained his desire to be a bum. At the tender age of 50, Herman went to college where he studied English, French, Dutch, German, and sometimes Swedish coeds.

Recommended for those who like their thrills subtle and punch-packed.

## CHOLLIE MAHONEY

*Poet Lariat*

Writes us a poem for us only.  
Nobody else can read it.

*Paradox I*

The sun was coming up. It came.  
The man was getting up. He didn't.  
(this rimes in leap year and Wednesday that it rains.)

II

My love and I are happy,  
I am earning money,  
But something somethink nappy,  
For DA DA-DA DA honey.

III

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.....  
.....  
.....  
It wasn't as good as the other two.)

# CONDRON DECREE STRESSES FOOD

## Ambassador Riccardi's Attempt To Pinch The Tower of Pisa Foiled

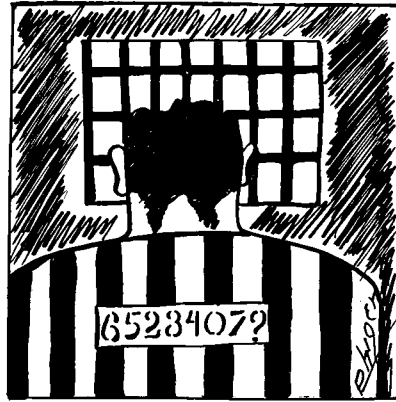
Gaetano Aloysius Macfarland Riccardi, United States Ambassador to Italy, will not return tomorrow as planned on the Super-Clipper, Benito Mussolini the Fourth, due to a slight attack. It seems he was attacked by four gendarmes and the Swiss navy when he attempted to cross the alpine border with the Leaning Tower of Pisa under his coat. The Swiss Government refused to comment when questioned; but unofficial and usually reliable sources hinted that the Swiss government resented the intrusion of a Pisa (use your imagination here) Italy.

## McArdle Garbles Aria with Gusto—Yankees Win Again

Sometime last evening, the role of Herman (it has been modernized) was sung by the famous American tenor and standby of the Met for the past two decades, Walter McArdle. Mr. McArdle gave a very distinguished performance, except for the fact that during the rendition of the Celeste Aida aria, his voice cracked for the fifth time.

The opera was interrupted several times by the vociferous approbation (I hope this gets by the censors) of Mr. Dante Sena, well-known esthete, who occupied a front-row seat. Mr. Sena has been doing this for many years, and the management is considering rewriting several of his favorite arias in order to render plausible the lapses in time during which the ushers attempt to calm him.

Lost: Adversaries to Thesis XXII.



BAR, BAR, BLACK SHEEP

## Lawyer Rogers Fiddles As Ex-Editor Yearns

It was learned to-day that John Schlereth, long-suffering editor of the 1938 Franciscan, would make a new attempt to regain his freedom.

The history of this man's case was reviewed in a petition presented this morning on his behalf to Governor George McFadden. In its most salient points, it consists of the following: Schlereth, after working arduously—and at times almost hysterically—as editor of the 1938 Franciscan, discovered too late that the ads secured had not covered the cost of publication. And so, as our older citizens will remember, he was sentenced to atone for the sins of his brothers. There he has languished for almost thirty years despite incessant agitation for his release.

His lawyer, George Rogers, had this to say: "I admit that in all fairness the state is absolutely justified in keeping my client in prison. On the other hand, I cannot bring myself to concede that it has the slightest justification for keeping him there."

As in the case of Tom Mooney some 50 years ago, John (No. 5645789876532) has come to be regarded as a martyr to the cause and a symbol and inspiration for the youth of the land.

## Mental Conflicts Abound In Enervating Encyclical

A new pasteurized letter has emanated from the pen of that famous corpulent (euphemy) prelate, Cornelius V. Condron, and the letter was immediately assigned to the Ethics Class by Fr. Conerty. The title of the new effort is "*On the Condition of the Lunchroom*", bearing the sub-title, "*It's Terrible*". This is an exceedingly dry letter, and the author has his followers read it for penance, if the charge is murder or grand larceny. He has smaller and more interesting efforts to suit lesser offenses. The letter which some say begins with an unwarranted assumption begins thus. "Wherefore, I, who am of sound mind, and having had many mental conflicts with myself, do so design that all who like food, should eat food" (N. B. If they can get food) A sentence from this practical handbook of stuff will be carried in every issue of this paper. If the same sentence is in every week, please realize that it is the best available at the moment.

## Berkery Off Again

John "Edgar" Berkery, the G-Man who will be remembered as the capturer of "Slim" Jim Foley in the recent numbers racket expose (Foley claimed that he was only dabbling in higher mathematics) is on the trail again. This time the fortunate law-breaker is John (alias John) Cronin, who is accused of picking pockets at a well-known kangaroo farm. When asked by reporters as to the kind of tactics he would use, Berkery, ever ready with a funny saying, replied. "Carpet Tactics". Then everybody laughed except the reporters, and the other people in the room.