

TRIP
APRIL

Prof. Clawson
FOOL

NUMBER

Dedicated To The
Memory Of Departed
Minds And Senses—

FIAT NOX

—And The Simple Joy
Of All That's Crazy
Useless And Foolish.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE STUDENTS OF ALFRED UNIVERSITY

VOL. XV

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No. 22

CAMPUS DEVASTATED

CRAFTY CALUMNUS MARRIES MONEY & GIVES IT TO US

Old Geezer Comes Across With
Last Penny of Fortune Swiped
From Beautiful Wife.

RECENT REPORTS from the office of the President have confirmed RUMORS that have stirred every true Alfredian for the past week—PETER D. KLYNE of the Class of '73 has left his MILLIONS to the university with a few unimportant conditions that must be fulfilled to have clear title to the MONEY. The sum is in the neighborhood of eight millions. It is expected that this GIFT will partially make up the great fire loss sustained earlier in the week.

MARRIED (NO) MONEY!

The munificent donor was graduated with the degree of B. S. in Campus Technique in the Class of '73, having entered with the Class of 1940. As promised in the catalogue, SUCCESS was his as soon as he got an Alfred Degree. At the same time he acquired a beautiful WIFE, also a member of the Class of '73, and to use his own words, "I owe much of my success to the little woman." It seems that like the rest of the Alfred women she was so ODD that people thought, "He must have married money," and on the strength of this belief, Klyne ran on CREDIT until he had amassed enough of a fortune to buy a good Ceramic plant and produce the well-known KLYNE'S KERAMIC KIDDIE KUSTARD KUPS.

The only conditions to the bequest are:

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UMBRELLA TREES AND ONION HALL SCENES OF CULTURE COURSES

One of the most evident advances in the history of Alfred University has come about through the addition of new courses to be called "Anasthetic Culture." Professor Pittsworth will give instruction in toe dancing while lectures on Intelligent Dating will be given by Mrs. Middleoff. The lectures will be delivered from Onion Hall steps, and demonstrations will be given under the Umbrella tree.

WORLD'S BEST UNIVERSITY PUTS STUPENDOUS RADIO PROGRAM ON ETHER; AUDIENCE SLEEPING YET

Famed Alfred Speakers Charm Hearers In Short Order

Celebrating the first anniversary of the infant Alfred University's radio station WBU—"WORLD'S BEST UNIVERSITY"—a stupendous program was projected on the ether Thursday night. Thousands of radio fans throughout the nation listened to the exquisite all-Alfred entertainment and lectures. Bud Kohorn, at the mike, acting as the frey radio denouncer, did very SPLENDIDLY until late in the prospectus when he ran out of his usual humor, and messages from pleased radio fanatics,

Campus Buildings Go Up In Smoke As Unchecked Flames Roar Destruction In Night; Scores Killed And Maimed

ASSEMBLY SPEAKER TELLS WHAT ALES CANADIAN WHISKEY

Mr. Juce Bray, a red from Canada's College of Painful Dentists spoke under the aw spices of the local Y. M. C. A., (you must come again) at assembly last Thoisday. Mr. Bray said it was so cold in Canada that the scholars wore their sheepskins to bed.

The speaker spoke on prohibition and other subjects that were all wet. He said that many was the time when he used to pull his roommate out of the gutter before 1918. But now he has one of the finest manshuns in Zwiebach and his lawn is always made, because he's the best bootlegger in Canada! But April Fool on that becuse there ain't any prohibition in Zwiebach!

Continuing, the orator orated on the unfulness of profs in general. He sed if he had his teeth he'd bite 'em! He claimed that if the stoodunts hed charge of the colleges, they wudn't helf to tak no exams, because the school woudunt last thet long! He concluded by immortalizing that wun shud not "Live and learn," but he should "Love and burn" which we all thot was purty hot.

— APRIL FOOL! —

FIAT NOX STAFF GOES NUTS; DR. TIEDROOSTER ENTERTAINS NO HOPES

Gibbering, violence, and maniacal cacinations broke up the last meeting of the Fiat Nox Staff when an attempt was made to write up the recent catastrophe. Weak heredity snapped under the tension of emotional strain, and one after another the famous journalists lost control of racing mental motors. Dr. Tide-Rooster announced that things will never be the same again.

The editor is said to be in a bad way. Senile dementia set in immediately.

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Alfred's 400,000 Watch Blazes Gaily Raze Buildings

CO-EDS STILL SMOKING

SCREAMS of agony, moans of distress, the SINISTER crackling of hungry flames, the excited patter of hurrying feet, the curses and cries of the disraught, the whimpering of the frightened, and the dull thud of falling BODIES mingled with the cheering of 14,000 students, the rousing strains of the college band, and the tranquil sounds of a balmy spring evening, this morning at 3:00 A. M. FIRE insidious and terrible, RAVAGED the glory that was Alfred's.

FLAMING YOUTH BLAMED

Licking tongues of flame crept with HORRIBLE slowness from a cleft in the Steinheim Museum in the wee small hours of the morning while most of Alfred slept. In an instant the entire edifice was a SEETHING cauldron of fire. In another instant the famous theatre of nocturnal grappling lay WASTED—a smoldering ruin of geological specimens. A gentle breeze sighed through the hemlocks on Pine Hill, and in still another instant RED-HOT rocks were floating in the air. Dark destruction lighted up the campus as one after another of the college buildings fell prey to the ravenous and roaring DEMON. The noble pride of the nation's most sat on seat of learning perished miserably when fire met the brimstone of a thousand years of WICKED university life.

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BILL BROWN SPEAKS AT ANNUAL MEETING OF SEWING CIRCLE

BANANA OIL! This was the topic of the very interesting and scientific lecture delivered at the regular bi-weekly assembly held next Wednesday at the Post Office. The speaker was Dr. W. B. Brown, Professor of Tailorimetry and Pressing Engineering and is a scientist of no (mean) ability and his contributions to the University are worth, per annum, \$20,000 his topic was on the making of BANANA OIL in the home. Prof. Brown or \$20.00, depending on which you wish to believe, "Doc." Brown or me. (It might be of interest to our readers to know that "Doc." Brown, or "Dark" Brown, as the boys call him, is a direct descendant of John "Still Darker" Brown of Ossawatomie, who got black in the face in Virginia trying to interest the public in people dark brown by nature).

BANANA OIL, as is generally known, is a compound of barium, sodium, oxygen, and illinium. Its structural formula is Ba-Na-O-I. It is made by distilling bananas. The apparatus of Prof. Brown's new method consists of a large funnel over which a bunch of bananas is hung. As the bananas ripen they drop off one at a time and as they roll down the edge of the funnel the friction develops

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"GOODE KNICHT"

Over in England if you do something brave and unusual, like finding a joke in Punch, you get the Victoria Cross. But in Queen Elizabeth's reign, if you weren't very cagey, you got the queen cross, and b'lieve us, she was some bear when she got peeved. One day she went across a street that had not been washed and cleaned the night before. A guy, named Walter Raleigh, was standing in the gutter looking for—well never mind, he was looking anyhow.

Queen Elizabeth said "Bridge-it" to Walter, and that gentleman, just to show he was up to snuff, replied, "Doublet," throwing that portion of his wearing apparel over the mud, and the Queen came across.

For this, Elizabeth said to her cabinet, "Let's make a knight of it." And they made a knight of it.

NEW DORMITORY WILL HOUSE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE ADHERENT'S

The alarming increase in companionate marriages on the campus within the last semester has necessitated new housing conditions. The Student Fallacy Committee, after much labor, has enlisted the services of Bill Brown, local savant, as chairman of the constructing of a new dorm on the site of President Allen's home, next to the Steinheim. Leases on apartments must be made on or before the bridal month, as female applicants, with Leap Year intent, have already swamped Mr. Brown with pleas.

The dorm is already under way, or way under, and will be ready for occupancy June 1. Karl Handsome and Miss Tarr have kindly consented to chaperone the establishment, or what have you.

"HURRAH FOR DARRY BREEN!" IS STUDENT YELL AS PROMINENT MAN GRABS WIN IN PRESIDENTIAL VOTE

Breen's Vote For Self Decides Election For Darry

The 999 students who survived the great fire, voted unanimously in their choice of Darry Breen as President of our dear old college. Breen's platform was what got him elected. "Their aint gonna be no more faculty rules. What the students need is experience in running this university theirselves. And I know they can do it. I've seen so much of a mess made of things by these here profs around here that its time there was a change. Now is the time. I'm gonna do just what you say, and i will right gladly." These words

ORGANIZED SYSTEM NETS BIG PROFITS TO HOLD-UP GANG

Collegiate Restaurant Looted Of
Day's Receipts While Faculty
Plays Poker in Rear.

Probably the greatest and most DARING robbery that has struck the American screen since the advent of bobbed hair and poor booze, was staged last night at the Collegiate Restaurant. It is claimed that over 1 persons were in on it, and it is expected that PROMINENT personnel from the local chapters of the Ku Klux Klan and K. of C. will officiate at the ceremonies of anointing their heads with GRAPE JUICE for so valiantly and successfully achieving the unbelievable. Volunteer Firemen will cooperate with Pinkcheekton's Insecticide Agency of New Yawk and Lumber Yard of England. Lloyd's of LONDON are laying odds of 900 to 1 on the chances of the robbers escaping.

ESCAPE WID SWAG

The whole system of the big set-up shows one of the most elaborate schemes yet discovered in criminalology. The records and exact movements of the culprits were outlined on graph paper thus making the robbery mere child's play. (This paper was left with the manager of the restaurant to show the public that the deed was not the result of a hasty

(Continued on Page Three)

CO-ED MAT TEAM TO REVOLUTIONIZE NEW MAJOR SPORT HERE

Widespread interest in the newly-formed Women's Mat League has been galloping about the campus.

Mrs. Roaring Cregan; holder of the women's singles davenport wrestling brawl is bending the girls into shape. Much promising material has been uncovered.

Alsace Jouncedem and Mary San Axby, in the unlimited class staged a blood-curdling inhibition of crowses in the fryouts, but Sickboy was forced to take a fall from Jouncedem, who had a substantial advantage in wait.

Mrs. "Roaring Cregan, who is noted for her ferocious scissorshold, is gradually beating the girls into a pulp and Alfred may be expectorated to come through with flying crullers.

printed above was what Prexy Breen sed.

A student committee was appointed to supervise the rebuilding of the buildings. Alumni Hall is not to be rebuilt. It is too far from the Post Office. President Breen's plans for next year include non-compulsory classes, six months vacation twice a year, a new dance hall on the library site, with dances every wed. and Friday night, professional athletics, and no classes on Friday afternoons or Saturdays. The idea of professional athletics is so that we can beat St. Bonaventure in football next year.

With his usual veracity and acumen, a pseudonymous Fiat Nox reporter cornered Darry Breen to get the info on the running of the central heating plant. Darry was quite versed to talk.

GREEK PERSONALS

Pi Alpha Pi

We are pleased to announce the initiation of Deacon Ingram Humphrey.

Pi Alpha has only one Saint—Greenfield.

We are glad that Janet has a car so that she can get a man this year.

How do you like our new boy bob? We anticipate the indoor tennis championship this year.

Coach Hansen has been induced to leave Burdick for Pi Alpha.

We are glad to have John Call with us again.

Sigma Chi Nu

We haven't seen Mary Stevely alone for six months.

We are glad to announce that M'edge S. Still is back.

We announce the pledging of Ellis Drake and we are rushing Taylor, Witter, Seafuse, and Karthouser.

The campus recently gave Mrs. Ellis a morning bee.

Theta Kappa Nu

We don't know whether Dot Hallock spent the week-end at Delta Sig or Theta Nu.

Anyone wishing to know where all the alleys in town are—call Claire Persing.

We have a new house mother—Roger Salisbury—he is here all the time.

Jane is sure glad that Maribelle made up.

Fran Greene is still kicking.

Kappa Psi Upsilon

Bob Hughes has divorced old barren reason and married a pipe.

"Two Date" Adams is still a woman nater.

Dan Luks is champion long distance walker of Alfred—bar none.

Kinzle's sheik tent still lacks a harem.

Zschiegner is now drawing his masterpiece—Attention!

Klan Alpine

Jack Leach has a new car.

Curly Saunders and Pete Turner enjoyed a double wedding. Too damn bad, we sez, but it was Leap Year.

Ernie Clement claims the title of the biggest man in Alfred.

Bob Bassett expects to rate better now that he has a new car.

Don Pruden has gone nuts!

Delta Sigma Phi

John Devitt and Clark Sherman were recent dinner guests.

Jerry Jaquiss is the only fellow in the house that can get a date with enny gurl in Alfred. It's nice to have a car.

Stolte recently announced his engagement. Congratulations!

Dutch anticipates a nice time Easter if it doesn't rain.

Theta Theta Chi

We see that Layton has been observing Lent.

We wonder what Whit, Mac, and Tred are going to do since our red head went Delta Sig?

Waldo is now a member of the Ceramic Guild.

Hump is out of the Infirmary. He did not have the measles.

APRIL FOOL!

STUDENT ATTRACTS

SCORES TO CHAPEL BY HIS ELOQUENCE

The astonishing number of ten people attended chapel regularly during the past week, an evidence of the interesting eloquence of the speaker. Elmar Dellis, noted student orator, spoke most appealingly on the subject: "High Heels and Low Morals."

Mr. Dellis asserted that high heels cause low morals because:

(1). Many sweet, innocent girls adopt the use of profanity to express their disgust with the lack of equilibrium resulting from high heels.

(2). High heels look sophisticated, with the psychological effect that those wearing them try to be blase and wild, just for show. Thus they sow the seeds of moral decay.

(3). High heels mean high spirits any way you take it.

(4). High heels distort feet—and distorted bodies lead to distorted soles.

(5). The high morals which prompt females to walk home are completely forgotten as country roads and high heels do not make for comfort.

(6). From his own experience, Mr. Dellis found that sturdy brogues mean sturdy souls.

APRIL FOOL!

We want to nominate for the Loyalty Medal little Joe, who, when registering, said that his parents' names were Mama and Papa.

APRIL FOOL!

Our friends the Wow Skis say that their Siberian chapter is still Russian.

APRIL FOOL!

Does the fact that you have a thing in a nut shell mean that you have it memorized?

—F. Jay

DARING ROBBERY

(Continued from Page One)

conclusion and also for the benefit of any aspiring youngsters. The details will be printed here for the benefit of all Addicts, Morons, Garbage Collectors, Y. M. C. A. and other leaders of Alfred's Gore Hundred.

HERE'S DE DOPE!

1. Robbers enter store or other eating place and casually learn the duties (immediate) of all present including the boys from Hornell, "Titsie" Titsworth, "Two Jug" Norwood, "One Punch" Main, "Dare Devil" Davis.

2. All order a ham omelet (Price 35c, including Taffy, do "nuts," "pie without Chiz," Garlic, and one pint flask probably containing some good Greek Gastric Juice).

3. Robber No. 1 rejects order of omelet and has pie on mud. (This mud is typical Grecian Beauty Mud and after it has been eaten the pie that was on it had, for the prolongation of life, best be discarded.)

4. All eat Voluptuously and with fervor when order is withheld another half hour while the waiters go into a passionate and elongated discussion of a new arrival (Not a Co-ed...yet).

5. After eating, all pay but Robber No. 1 who talks with the mast head. An argument is precipitated and vile words pass from the lips of both. The worst ones however are put over by our hero who can talk in four lingoos including Seventh Day Baptist.

6. Robber No. 1 holly puts down all his alleged bill except .05 cents and hastily departs in the rear of his gang. In his wake follow such a volley of Epitaphs as would cause some of Alfred's females to put fingers in ears, but Robber No. 1 cares not for he has the 5c loot safely in an upper corner of his jeans.

YOUSE GOT DE DOIT

This is the most logical and the best all-around set of rules for a modern robbery that this writer has ever viewed. As was said before they left purposely and may be seen in and around their office (Booth No. 6) almost any time between the hours of Hornell and Almond. If interested further see the Hon. Cjaries Nickel-Grabber Jambisson for details and side-tracks.

There is no doubt that the robbers will be in Purgatory for sure if not for the rest of the semester, and they ask that all flatfooted and disinterested persons stay away. (Cops and parsons take notice).

It is supposed that the St. Louis Browns are entangled in the meshes of this superhuman robbery as Yankee supporters (not corsets) are stationed inside the "Greasy Spoon" as "Drug Store Cowboys" on "Carbonated Chargers." (Jewish for horse without a tail).

WE SEEN EVERYBODY

Reporters have interviewed all the prominent men on the Campus including "Wild Boara" Digon and "Ivvy" Middog. The general sentiment, however, seems to show a large percentage in favor of using pineapple juice as a lubricant for airplanes although there was a small dissenting vote on the advisability of sending electric refrigerators to the Eskimos.

We sincerely hope that the robbers will not be molested by the Bootleggers and Hi-Jackers of Hornell as they have so far set up such a successful example for the rising generation to follow that it would not be for the best interests of the game if they were thwarted at the very last few minutes of their commendable project.

As is our custom on all such topics of popular interest we will run a straw vote. This vote will go down in the "Annals Of Time" so we wish you all to think seriously on the matter and it will be voted on at the next Soph class meeting. In voting all will use the affirmative.

JOX

Today's fun by Bown Brill: If Coco Cola is King of the Drinks, is castor oil the Queen of the Movies."

Gee: "My watch isn't going."
Dunk: "Was it invited?"

Kisses are like olives in a bottle. After you get the first the rest come easy.

Fair co-ed (to dashing sheik): Don't you ever expect to get married?"

Sheik (not to be outdone): "I guess so. You know it runs in the family. Both my parents were married."

SCHAUL & ROOSA CO.

Wearing Apparel of the better class for Young Men

Hills' Coffee and Gift Shoppe

Special attention given to Teas and Parties

WORLD'S BEST UNIV. GIVES RADIO SCORE

Professor Donald Langworthy Dickbur gave his famous lecture on "Hereditry" with some new additions which will be made public next week. He shocked his hearers with the astounding statement, "We are what we are because we are not nothing else."

A song and dance by fairy-footed Grumphries and bachelor Rockyfellow livened up the radius program.

Ross Right Robbers, president of the STUPID Senate, and Dlanod F. Imprudence, creditor of the Fiat Non Lux, clashed in a RED-HOT debate as to why the Honor System works (or is worked) at Alfred. Imprudence is planning consequently to enter Vassar next week.

Prof. Windgate rendered several touchy musical delections, by Professors Ada B. Sideline at the yes sirshe's my baby grand.

(Bud at this point announced that several telegrams had been received from Deshort Gorham, Fat X-ray, Jesse James, Ray McKale, and many other noted personages.)

Director of Athletic Erwin A. Heres, head of the newly-disorganized College of Physical Cremation, gave a resume of the work and activities of the school. In part, Misdirector Hears said, "Alfred has entered upon an age of athletical success, unrivaled, unparalleled, and unequalled in the history of American Colleges. We pride ourselves, folks, that NO ALFRED TEAM HAS MET DEFEAT, due largely to strict training rules, imposed on the athletes by the school, the abundance of material, and the excellent SPIRITS of the sudents. Plans are under way to engage professional teams and several foreign Olympic organizations to furnish the local squads sufficient opposition to make the contests interesting. Wrestling is still a major sport."

Miss Spot Dutch led a few rousing cheers and delivered a SOUL-STIR-RING and eloquent oration on how to boil water without scorching. Evie Botch discoursed upon her copyrighted and patented recipe for making the M. A. S. I. A. A. A. championship kaduffle pudding. Moscarellum and Tillia concluded the home science hour by singing the unpopular skit, "The Greesy Spoon Drag."

ALL the problems of the human Clifford M. Moulder, head of the department of physics, for the management of the local station. The only hitch in a perfect evening's entertainment was that Prof. Moulder forgot to throw on the switch until after the benediction.

APRIL FOOL!

CALUMNUS DONATES

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1. PROF. CAMELL be retired on full salary and on the condition that he never again say, "for the greatest GOOD of the greatest number of PEOPLE."

2. PROF. RUZZBEE be retired on FULL SALARY so that he may never again HOLLER about unearned increment" with a clear conscience.

3. PROF. KAWNROWE shall choose between retirement on NO PAY whatsoever or an absolute abolition of PUNS.

4. The DEAN OF WIMMEN and the MATRON of the Brick shall protest the CONDUCT of college women at the RISK of their positions.

5. It shall be the duty of the DEAN to see that each student shall take AT LEAST THREE trips per week to HORNELL, and to supervise ANY AND ALL rum parties in the men's dorm.

6. The REGISTRAR must adopt a conciliatory ATTITUDE to all those who are in any wise concerned over their HOURS of credit, and shall work on the basis that "the student is ALWAYS right."

AIN'T IT GREAT, FOLKS?

Truly, this is the FINEST thing that has happened to Alfred since the year 1. Heretofore the officials on the campus have felt that they could not apply many rules that allowed even SLIGHT FREEDOM to the students, but now, with this vast sum, drunken students may burn buildings and we will never miss them—MORE POWER TO PETER D. KLYNE.

WE DO ALL KINDS OF

"Collegiate" Shoe Repairing SHOE SERVICE SHOP

Seneca Street, Hornell, N. Y.

F. H. ELLIS

Pharmacist

STAFF GOES NUTS

(Continued from Page One)

ately after the unfortunate cremation of 40 heelers, and internal injuries are also suspected. Other members of the staff are similarly affected, and little or no hope is entertained for their recovery. The business manager threw an epileptic fit following a melancholy pun from the writer of General Newsance, and precipitated a severe case of dementia precox upon the managing editor. Pandemonium reigned at the meeting as the six associate editors, the various assistants, and the reporters were simultaneously attacked by hebephrenia, arteriosclerosis, general paresis, amnesia, tabes dorsalis, paranoia, verbigeration, catatonia, and somnambulism, respectively. The competitors, previously insane, added to the din.

Bystanders feared to enter the Fiat Office during the disturbance. Two fingers, one toe, and a corset steel were bent before the room could be emptied. The jamboree featured a wrestling match, a gymnastic carnival, a punning bee, a comic opera, and a faculty meeting. The staff cartoonist insisted upon playing with matches until it became necessary to slap his wrist severely.

F. E. STILLMAN

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—APRIL FOOL!—

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FRIEDCAKES 2 for 5c
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ALFRED'S LEADING

REST "A. U." RANT

FOR THAT PARTY OR LUNCHEON

We can furnish you with ten different kinds of

Wheat's Brick Ice Cream

WE DELIVER IT TO YOU IN TIME TO SERVE

FOR A SQUARE DEAL IN JEWELRY

SEE

E. B. COVILL & SON

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Wellsville, N. Y.

LIFE'S GREATEST MYSTERIES ARE REVEALED IN GIDDY GOLDFISHES

GOLDFISH

All hail to the giddy gold fish,
That swims in his shiny bowl,
A beautiful, shapely, glass dish
Where the billows never roll.

He is an ascetic amphibian;
He eats every three or four weeks;
And drinks the bed where he's lain,
(His breath smells of water leaks!)

He never suffers or worries
Over procuring pelf,
He never hustles or hurries
Or wonders about himself.

He even understands Einstein's
Theory of curved space,
For he goes in zigzag lines
Around and around the place.

—Alias J. W.

Gentle readers and fellow students,
I wish you for a few moments to consider with me a most serious question: namely, whether it be true that goldfish make the best pets. Let us cogitate.

Purely from a pecuniary standpoint one must speak favorably of them. Through exhaustive research I have found that in our national institution of Woolworth one may procure a single (presumably unmarried) goldfish for ten cents. For another ten cents one may procure a shapely, rounded glass kennel. For yet another ten cents one may procure a beautiful, adamantine kennel carpet. Those who are very rich or deeply esthetic will doubtless wish to invest further in some of that hay-like vegetation which will usually exist in a fish kennel. The bloated plutocrats who desire all to know of their riches may well invest in more than one fish. Only the other day I had the pleasure of observing a kennel reputed to contain fifteen goldfish. I regret to state, however, that one of them was spurious. It was greenish in color and had legs. These facts lead me to believe that the owner was attempting to pass off a freshman as something far superior.

As regards upkeep and running expenses a goldfish is most satisfactory. Fresh water for a fish is cheap and easily procured. (If anyone does not know where to obtain water, I will inform him free of charge at the close of my talk.) It is well to supply a goldfish with two or three crumbs every three or four days, though this is not absolutely necessary.

Let us now consider the personal characteristics of a goldfish which make him so desirable as a pet. He is the most tame and civilized creature known to man.

He is quiet and dignified.

Occasionally he becomes skittish and snaps himself, but this is rare. He never yaps or yowls because he is hungry, or moody, or because he needs to go out. He never raises rough-house by scratching the furniture or tearing the curtains. He never brings in unpleasant remains or smears his supper on the parlor rug. He never tries to sleep with you.

The goldfish possesses the most beautiful finish in the world. It is more durable than Duco and does nicely without aid from the drug store. But for all his bright color, you must not think of him as a giddy beast.

He is a true ascetic, a mystic with a deep spiritual nature. He has risen above the common desire and worries of the world. He meditates on inconceivable matters, and deep in his wisdom. He never sleeps and seldom indulges in food. He has solved the mysteries of time and space. Time is nothing to him, now or next week. He understands Einstein's theory of curved space for he swims round and round to get to a desired spot. (The ignorant may say that he is merely exercising, but if you look at his calm face with its sloping brow you will know the truth.)

Some will say that the goldfish is not a worthy pet because of his Japanese origin. Yet I maintain that in spite of this and in spite of his un-American traits of wisdom and spirituality he has become truly Americanized. For you will observe that he possesses one of the greatest American characteristics;—he chews incessantly without mastication or digestion though unlike the average citizen he chews water rather than gum.

Let us cherish the goldfish.

—APRIL FOOL!

Now since I am a poet,
I feel in duty bound
To write a little sonnet
As Spring again comes 'round.
My curses on the Spring,
It raises Hell with me,
And yet I've got to sing
Of all its signs I see:—
The wind is in the South;
There's slush on ev'ry walk;
There's mush in ev'ry mouth
Of couples as they talk;—
(But the sign we know too well
Is the Ranakadea's smell.)

"Too Late!"



CATERPILLAR THE TENT-MAKER WRITES RUBYACHT

I
Wake, for the clock, that with its cursed bray
Drives sleep from every student's head away,—
And rattling like a flivver in a fit
Arouses him to meet another day.

II
Before his drowsiness completely dies
Unto aneigh o'clock he swiftly hies.
And there because of lessons unprepared
He needs must fill the staid instructor up with lies.

III
But his professor, blithe in early morn,
His wearied guesses gally laugh to scorn,—
Or curse him for a hectic "night before"
Until he wishes he had ne'er been born.

IV
So thoughts of revelry, reviving old desires
Do take his mind off from the class that tires,—
Until he falls into a gentle sleep
And dreams he dates the girl that he aspires.

V
Now other classes follow one by one:
In expiation of the sin by Eve begun?
'Til after hearkening to fate all day,
The student spends the night in search of fun.

VI
Whether he goes to Alfred or Princeton
The student's days drag slowly, one by one,
And many a trick quiz he suffers through,
And many a teachers' old, be-whiskered pun.

VII
Each minute one new joke is born, they say:
Yes, but where are the jokes of yesterday?
Go into any college lecture room
And you will take at least two ancient ones away.

VIII
Well, let them crack their jokes, for what have we to do
With these dull, wearying profs and jokes that are not new;
Let them rave on and don't trouble your head,
Whether they give you "F" or pass you through.

IX
With me along a strip of highway white
Sometime around the middle of the night:
I'll show you how the students have their fun,
And clasp the grape with happiness bedight.

X
Give me a Packard, or a flivver now,
A little Cash, a little Wine, and Thou,
If thou art any sort of bim at all
We'll have a lovin' little time I bet,
AND HOW!

XI
Some for the cheering of the school, and some
Sigh for Phi Bete or Laude, "Magna Cum;"
Ah, take the Women, Wine and Song,
Step out at night and have a little Fun!

XII
Observe the fair co-ed before us—"Lo, Laughing," she says, "into the college town I blow;
At once my telephone begins to ring,
And Lord! What parties I can throw!"

XIII
And those who have the A's and those who lack,
And those who records make on football, field, or track,

Alike to no such perfect men are turned
As, once departed, faculties would welcome back.

XIV
The hope of fame that athletes set their hearts upon
Comes true; for them or others, but at once,
Like an old flivver in a student's hands,
Lasting a little month or two—is gone.

XV
Think on this Alma Mater that we cuss;
What do four years here mean to us? Most of the graduates go out and teach;
Can it be they think to make their fortunes thus?

XVI
They say the graduates their learning keep,
And culture high of which they quaffed so deep;
But wine's the main thing students drink,
And for the rest they curse and love and sleep after eight.

XVII
If any school of learning took its seat
At some belching, big volcano's feet;
It soon would cease to spew out gas and roar
For no volcano with a prof would dare compete.

XVIII
Myself when fresh and green and young
Did listen where professors wisdom slung,
But now it seems that each and every one
Is but an empty cask with a leaky bung.

XIX
Have all the fun you can ere 'tis too late,
Read, drink and dance and date and love and prate;
For soon your fleeting pleasures will be ended;
The final day rolls 'round,—you graduate.

XX
You know my friends, how I to college came,
Innocent, and with untarnished name;
But after spending four years here,
How is it possible that I could be the same?

XXI
For, though I do theorems by rule and line
And by Psych I my reactions do define;
Of all one could go into rather deep,
The things I choose are Women, Song and Wine.

Ah, but I've acquired great culture,

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By spending four years here at college,—Nay,
I've only got a healthy taste for sin
And learned some tricks to make the women come my way.
people say,

XXIII
Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regret and future fears;
Tomorrow, my exams are o'er with,
And if I bus t'will be no cause for tears.

XXIV
My friends, when you have finished your last class,
And managed all exams to pass—
Throw one good heavy party and
Remembering me, turn down an empty glass.

—Alias J. W.

—APRIL FOOL!

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