

# REVOLT REIGNS !

## INVADERS RAID QUACKLTLY BRAWL

The Helluvanitch bunch burst into Quackltly meeting Saturday at about 4:30 A. M. to interrupt a percussion on the licentious sewing clubs among the risque coeds. The members of the group with but one exception, weakened and accepted the insurgents' plans. Professor Husby was quietly disapproving of the whole affair as it is a well-known fact that he believes in the glorification of the past and what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us. Confessor Winroe sat unsmiling thruout it all. The rebels seemed to be encouraged mainly by the Bean of Men, Sellgum Snorwood who became very enthusiastic and in the course of the meeting turned several handsprings. The insurgents' plans were rejected with a great cheer given in solo form by Repressor Purdlette.

One onlooker on the scene left with a lasting impression of his emotions at the time. In a personal report made to the editor he confessed, "The intensity of my reactions may have been due to a small tack, the point of which pierced my epidermis as I seated myself on a small seat used to seat people who feel like seating themselves when they sit down."

## LIFE, LIBERTY AND LIBERTINES SUPPORT HELLUVANITCH SOAP BOX

### Party Platform Created At "Whoopee" Affair

Now that the Helluvanitch Party has taken over the campus it might be well to state some of the salient planks of the platform of the new regime.

1. The new dean of men, Hay Hellison Snorwood, in co-operation with the ideas and utterings of the new dean of women, Mrs. Roaring Creggan, will open on Pine Hill a co-educational sun bath parlor.

2. The deposed deans, who have been mean to men and women for so many years, will be janitors of this building.

3. The new registrar, Professor Wanta Ticklesworth will establish his office in By Heck's Billard Room so as to be in touch with the main student body.

4. In place of Dr. Blaunders and Dr. Lice, the chemistry department will be directed by the able hand of TuChin Stole-Tea, the famous chinese chemist.

5. In order to keep both faculty and students away from Hornell Sam Sicoo and Big Mary have been invited to open establishments on all the corners of Arfled, all two of them.

6. Prof. Busbee will be the new head of the History Department.

7. Every campus building will have a smoking room for girls.

8. Every campus building will have at least one lavatory.

9. The new head of the Music Department, will be Prof. Windbag. His job will be to teach music which will be a radical step many feel.

10. All girls must be in, all in, by breakfast time.

11. Dr. F. nns of the Keranic Skool will be asked to give the same lecture twice, alike.

12. The chapel will be renovated, pool tables, beer-taps, pretzels and pickles will take the place of hymnals, hearse-faces and heinous hodge-podge.

## HELLUVANITCH REGIME BLOODIES CAMPUS IN MOST GRUSOME MURDER FIASCO KNOWN TO HISTORY!

### Stupid Life Committee Runs Week-end Ragged

Carrying out their doctrines of experimental practice members of the Stupid Life Committee tried a sunrise blanket party on Pine Hill last Sunday. All went well till President Ramble began to suffer an ache in the left anterior reflex, due apparently to indecent exposure to the morning dew. Alarmed at the debility of this patron of the Blarney Stone, Mlle. Hairnette Gifford wrote to Ireland and purchased a shamrock to place on the rapidly decreasing elder's breast. To the resentment of all concerned, or otherwise, the blanket grappler revived at sight of the tender missive, and lead a disappointingly intellectual discussion on the "potentialities of an egg."

Several clinches later luncheon was served. During the siesta a motion was passed to provide heavier blankets for the next party and to join the boy scouts for the purpose of building another cabin in case of rain. The Helluvanitch representative to the group observed the weather and several other landscape aspects worth observing, and then escorted his playmates to their disrespectful homes.

### 15 Drowned In Pools Of Coagulating Gore As Atrocities Grow!

#### LOCAL TRAITORS LEAD ASSASSINS

Helpless Mob in Track House Conquered and Led to Guillotine! Road Submerged in Skulls!

From hill to hill, from valley to valley of that virgin territory that once bred the sweet nobility of Alfred stalks the awful spectre, DEATH, clad in no semblance of disguise, hiding behind not even so much as a mustachio. Borne hither on the wings of a cruel and VICIOUS revolution on Saturday night, the great twine-cutter of life stalked RUTHLESSLY thru the flower of manhood that Alfred had cultivated, lay his clammy hand on the innocent girlhood, and SQUASHED the pulse out of these frail mothers-of-men-to-be.

Now, when the ghastly crimson of gory streets is drying and crackling in the sun, those who remain collect the grinning skulls of their decapitated playmates and secrete them in great paper bags for future reference. All the way from the BEAUTY that once was the Ag Barns up thru the pitilessly pillaged village extends the terrible DESOLATION which cuts like a scimitar into the smutted sanctity of Alfred. Those 111½ who remain to tell the TERRIFYING tale can see it all now; how the treacherous marauders waited until the unsuspecting children of the University were frolicking gaily in the Davis Track and Field House, then to accomplish their HELLISH objective.

Gathering their forces beneath the benediction of mapestic pines down on the ledges, the awful crowd of MALICIOUS blasphemers waited until the strains of soulful music announced the presence of all the Alfredites at the Hind-Side-Before Party in the Field House. Then, with the horrible yells re-echoing down the vales, the bloodthirsty band TORE over the already demolished, macadam—on to the UNSUSPECTING victims beyond. Led by their omnivorous inventor of all things DESECRATING, Fill Frown, the screeching mob of Helluvanitches rushed upon the Ag barns and tore them limb from limb. Each and every demimonde of the soil gathered there

Continued on page two

### Raucous W. S. G. Meets In Dark Corner At Sam's

At 10:00 Saturday night, in the secluded recess of Samuel's Place, W. S. G. held their usual weekly carousal. The lights were low. Cigarette smoke wafted in the dusky atmosphere. To the tune of ice tinkling in glasses the first offender appeared before President "Dig" Cartwrong. One of the judges bellowed. "What the hell have you been doing Benny? Benny Venson still groggy from her all night brawl began to weep. They took her to the bar to recuperate. Later! !

The jury yawned. Some one murmured "Thank Gawd—the last case." It was Eva B. Meddle-a-little, a key in her hand and bold defiance on her face as the clerk, Erma Clement charged her with entertaining in after closing hours. After deep pondering the jury gave the verdict—Strict campus pending if she should subcumb to temptation again.

### Binnsov In Trite Talk Squelches All Religion

Wildly cheered by the student body Dadov Binnsov, radical atheistic exponent of the Helluvanitches, stepped to the platform last Thursday in Assembly and advocated absolute abolishment of religion on grounds that the church habit was vicious since it interfered with the young peoples dating and the older folks movie-going. Binnsov is a well know reformer, being leader of the movement against conventional clothing, toe-dancing and beards. In the field of modernistic pottery Dadov Binnsov has designed several useful articles. Among them are unbreakable restaurant cups, household decorations after the Rube Goldberg School. Last year he won the Blitzter prize for the best Russian painting, the subject of which was very abstract but brilliantly executed, "Summer in Alfredograd."

In a guttural voice he concluded, "narodnichestov ugasevichechina zchulki moushik broyashechina izhor bogatyr!" This heart-felt plea touched each and every student and with tears in their eyes, with one accord they decided to do the "breakaway" from this demoralizing habit.

## 2ND BERNHARDT TO APPEAR IN DISCONCERTING DRAMA OF LIFE

### Chapel Speaker Is Punk And Attendance Terrible

The first secession of chapel held since the invasion of the Helluvanitch party brought to partakers a grating message "The Evolution of an Itch". During the speech, Skitty Might generously passed around his hip flask to reassure the lecturer that his audience was with him. Skitty accomplished this purpose by carefully placing the flask on an inflated rubber ring and walking round and round it on his tippy-tip toes, much to the surprise and—is it safe to say—delight (?) of the group. Sad to say, some of those present became childish and had to be spanked.

"I am sure", panted the eloquent Manes Jorris, "that the subtle insidiousity of the Itch is due to desire. First a subconscious yearning in a great void or globule of nothingness; then the understanding of the yearning—it takes shape, and anything else it can lay its hands on; next, proximity to the object sought with the knowledge that it should not be owned. Thus the one concerned desires—did you hear the word?—to put hand (or foot) on the unattainable—his nerves carry the message, his will refuses obedience, and the friction between skin and tickling nerve-fibres causes that acceleration of man termed the itch."

At the end of this stirring benediction, the assembled mob swung their feet high in the air and bared their much-trodden soles to the nonchalant orator. That dishonored one executed the highland fling with painful grace, and made his debut from the hall amidst thrown kisses and gum papers.

APRIL FOOL!

Mile Sharris says, "I shall always cherish the memory of the Spanish Imposition."

## NEW ERA BARES CHOICE SCANDAL

Helluvanitch Supervision of the Juvenile Reprimanders Organization, known hereabouts as Kampus Kourt has resulted in a perfectly vile discovery.

Sexy Bazaar Booth Scaldwell was the only person to be executed this week. His offence was a major one of the tenth degree. He was throwing a wild party for his Latest Weakness, Miss Eavesdropper Minnow, who by the way, and this is very confidential, drinks like a fish.

Joe Helluvanitch, prime witness to the dreadful affair, which occurred in a joint near Cortez Reformatory, said it was a "dastardly scene". The joint is called the Greasy Spoon, and the crime—well there were several.

After consuming about ten "cokes" apiece and becoming extremely tight, Sexy suddenly changed from a mood of indiscreet petting to one of wild hilarity.

He spanked his dame, struck his hostess with a bottle and started an excessive destruction of the furniture.

He fled and was caught finally hiding in a box behind Dean Snorewood's garage. The jury sentenced him to be run over by a truck after deliberating for five minutes.

### Emotional Upsets Urged In Preparing For Play

With the invocation of the new dramatic society to Alfred, "The Back Drop Club", a revolution in the dramatic world is seen. The list of plays submitted to the "Light Footed Club" for Commencement are as follows:

"My Girl Friday" or "Assembly Once Removed" by Norvil Oxx.

"The Square" or "The Session with Dean Roaring Cregen" by Nomme de Plume.

Ella Beulis in "Sex". Although Ella Beulis is not a student at Alfred, her help in the production of the play, if chosen, will be greatly appreciated for her previous experience will serve her well. However there is rather a difficulty at present which, by Commencement will no doubt be done away with. She is in jail at present, but we know "Iron bars do not a prison make" so it is expected that she will be on hand.

But perhaps the best play and that which will no doubt be finally chosen by the faculty is, "The Florida Hurricane" or "The Return of Sexy Ravis". There are many reasons for its production, none of which are clever, original, logical or perhaps three brass bedsteads. Absolutely no scenery is needed for the production of this play. Lights will be needed if the audience wishes to see the play, but it is advised that the whole play is very well staged without enlightening the audience at all, both for the comfort of them and the players. The costumes for the four thousand people in the cast will be easily made out of three yards of white cheesecloth by Trip Gaylor.

Between the acts the Fuming Follies will put on excerpts from their show which was at its height of popularity in the gay '90s.

All this for the entertainment of the people who know and appreciate the best! All will go well it is hoped.



# FIAT NOX

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## MANAGING BOARD

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### Listen Here !

The Fat Knocks Editorial Staves is sick and tired of the foolishness which is being said about its stability. It wishes to regorously endear itself to the students by re-obliterating that it has no contraception of doing anything which is not holy, insincere, and sweet, that anyone who feels he is not given enough rublicity is as obsqz-retiuszpdxyaeiou \* ! !\* as—why, goodness gracious—as possible! It severely hopes that those who squeal that they have been skighted in this kisseue will dismember that the lack of sex appeal may have had nothing to do with it—it might have been their personal maggottism after all—don't get spurious about a little thing like that!

April Fool !

### Rumor Vague but Sinster

A rumor, vague, but sinister in its vagueness, has reached the editor. The Alfred cemetery is being gravely abused. The rumor has caused us to raise our hands in editorial horror.

Dean Snorewood, upon being interviewed, promptly and vigorously renounced the idea.

"I promptly and vigorously renounce the idea," said Dean Snorewood.

April Fool !

### Help !

Comrades in the fairer sex! Feminists of Alfred! Ye who acknowledge some small emotional reeling at the sound of marital strains of "Alma Mammy" here is your great sopportunity to revive that peculiar relie of the past, school-spirit, and in the good old archaic phraseology "do get lit for Alfred"! The manufactures of Lucky Strike Ciragettes have made a defendative offer to our news administration of \$200,000 for a new women's repository if the women will do their part in partaking of Mucky Strike's nicotine only. Come on now, girls, even if you do like your Murads, Camels, Old Colds and Fatimas, just for a month or so forgo your old favorite and lend a helping gland. Remember our sotto—All for the good of the Helluvanitchi!

## REALISTIC HELLUVANITCH DRAMA FEATURES VERY MILD ARGUMENT

One Act from a representative Helluvanitch Drama.

"The Cutsky Commitisky Meet-sky."

Dramatsky Personitsky  
Dean Snorewood  
General Itchywitsey  
Dean's guard (out of respect)  
Itchy, the General's right hand man.

Dean's Guard—The old order has changed hasn't it.

(A cannon ball grazes the dean.)  
Dean—The cut committee shall meet tonight.

(A knock is heard.) Come in.  
General Itchywitsey—I am overcut in Swordsmanship III, Revolution, Advance II, Bomshelling IX, and Bible 30.

Dean—What! This cannot go on.  
Dean's guard—Itchy, stop setting fire to the dean's desk.

Itchy—Nuts to you. (points revolver at dean's head.)

General—I have to have those cuts excused or the Helluvanitch government will throw you out.

Dean—I will not be moved by your sad words.

(Great commotion is heard, the windows are smashed and the nose of a cannon comes through the door. Itchy sneaks behind the Dean's chair.

Dean's Guard—Take that sword away from the dean's throat.

Itchy—It is my great war.

(All this time the General and the Dean are calmly talking)

General—You must relent, or the A. U. C. A. will take action

(The dean is moved and shows a weakening.)

Dean (softer)—But you see what it means! Others will impose upon my soft heartedness.

General (breaks down) I understand it all. (Changes quickly) Quick, Itchy, the meat chopper.

(Dean is grabbed and run through meat chopper as Big Berthas boom at the collegiate.)

Dean's Guard—Fooled! Poor Dean! It was a noble effort.

General—Well, what about the cuts.

(Shots continue to ring out)  
Dean's Guard—(bravely) I'll excuse het  
\_\_\_\_\_, cuts.

(All join hands and trip lightly to the Sills Roffee Shop, where soft strains are heard as the three lazily mope over a cup of 'terrible black coffee'.)

General—It was a noble victory.

Dean's Guard—Right, you are, brave man.

General's Guard. Ditto.  
And all stand as best they can, while black coffee drools from their awful mouths.

Curtain.

### APRIL FOOL !

THE MEETING OF THE A. U. C. A.  
(Tune of St. James Infirmary)

Oh, 'twas down at Great Big Mary's  
And the rest of the gang was there.  
Upon a great white table  
Stood the beer so cold, so rare.  
Brother Burson arose above his feet  
And loudly he called for prayer  
"But alas and alack" cried Dekie  
The Chaplain was not there.

So to their lips rose the glasses.  
The Christians drank one and all,  
And side by side these asses  
All began to fall.  
For the Brothers were assembled  
And their Chaplain was not there  
As upon the floor disabled  
He lay so cold, so fair.

"Oh what to do?" wailed the Brothers.  
"How shall we see this through?  
The Dean will do none other  
Than to kick us out of school."  
So the men from Great Big Mary's  
Into the night did slip,  
While the Chaplain on the floor  
Was the last to "leave the ship."  
Amen.



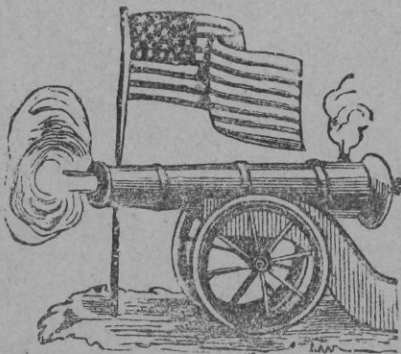
Portrait of One of Alfred's  
"Perfect Deers"

## HELLUVANITCH REGIME BLOODIES CAMPUS IN MOST GRUSOME MURDER FIASCO KNOWN IN HISTORY!

Continued from page one  
to take an exam on the "Psychoanalysis of a Milch Cow" was SLAUGHTERED in rapidly-cooling blood. Nothing could have saved the rustic personalities from utter ruin.

SPLASHING about in the warm and crimson lake they had created, the Devilish horde seized the implements ready for its grasp and made its way out into the stock yard. The leering Fill Frown bore a look of vengeance and a newly-sharpened plow on his shoulder, and, trailing grains of wheat as he went, dug a rut 12 ft. deep into the cow pasture. His right henchman, Ben Flimzie, like the GRIM REAPER, followed bearing aloft a dripping scythe. Pitchforks, hoes, rakes and potato diggers aided the motley crew as they crashed past the bull line. Mill Burray, held aloft by a camouflaged toy balloon was wafted ahead of the mob to make observations over the town and to inaugurate the preliminary attack by bombarding the Field House with his powerful pea shooter.

Following the take-off of this Herculean aviator, down the cow-path rushed the five million, and each swept to his breast the steed of his choice. Mounting their beasts of burdens, the savage invaders began a procession which STRANGLED traffic from Belmont to Hornell, and choked



Action Picture Of  
Helluvanitch Attack

the biways, and parking places. Sob Barter, excruciatingly perched upon an extremely disgruntled hog led his cohorts as color bearer unusual. Following him came the GRIM desecrators of humanity enthroned in demonical fury upon sheep, cows, horses and nanny goats, whose insulted dignity was equalled only by their infinite FEAR.

Creeping stealthily in the BELLOWING quiet the brash upholders of Helluvanitch standards and misdemeanors surrounded the DOOMED building which housed the gay Bacchanalian devotees of Alfred. Then with UNLEASHED blood-lust the murderous crew burst thru windows, doors and sewer pipes into the apPALLED group and decapitated the riotous young harpie, Bary Mallen, who was executing a wild and exotic dervish dance on the speakers' table in the center of the room. COWed by this exhibition of devilish determination, the students and faculty surrendered without a whimper and trembling with agua caliente plodded their weary way to the post office at the point of pitchforks, sausage grinders, and right triangles. Then the savage vagabonds satiated their VILE and lowly thirst for blood—then and there they done the deed which was heard around the world.

With the graceful if bumptious descent of observer Burray from the air came the rumble of a death-spelling automation upon the thoroughfare. Soon hove into sight the lusty Basil Rott bearing easily the burden of an enormous and HELLISH guillotine already blood stained and stenchd already accredited with the doom of a thousand mortals whose breath Basil had taken away. Immediately the TRAGIC sacrifice began. Before the mournful windows of the Skullegiate, scene of the greatest loves, fears and disappointments in Kistory, Letly Bartright took her position, meat chopper in hand, life-saver in mouth, as beef executioner of the Helluvanitches.

One by one the condemned inhabitants climbed the platform, lay their heads on the PILLOW of death, sang

the Alma Mammy at their reflections in the lurid meat chopper and bared gold fillings to the breeze in a last loyal smile for martyrdom. Heads fell with a dull thud, thud, thud, on the squalid pavement, dray wagons carted convulsed bodies away to dump them along the line of vision, the insurgents screeched and YELLED in their mad scramble for grinning trophy skulls.

At last came the night—and Alfred dear old birthplace of the Whatziz-names lay stripped of its realtors, a crimson blot on the horizon. Pools of gore bathed the campus, piles of trunks and extremities obscured the sight and trees drooped wanly over the FRIGHTFUL scenes. Disaster, terrible, pernicious, insidious, violent, horrible, dreadful doom had fallen upon the ripe old place, leaving but one S. S. and G. survivor. Impressor Soraas alone, remained of his confederates, having been concealed from his enemies by lather with which a helpful barber had SMOTHERED his physiognomy just before the invasion. Now he stood, bleary-eyed and soulful, owner of all he surveyed, president elect of the Ruiversity by the unanimous vote of he, himself and him, looking out over what once had been (we hope) the VIRGIN expanse glorifying the Republican Party and maple syrup—Alfred, the land of the Spree and the home of the Knave! !

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## UNIVERSITY DEPRESSORS NAB NICE BUT EMPTY CUP IN TRACK MEET

Skitsworth in Bad Shape;  
Runs Up Dreadful Costs

Alfred University faculty men emerged victorious at the national track and field meet held at the Madison Square Garden. Seidlyn distinguished himself by winning first place in the shot-put and high hurdles thus enabling the Purple to outclass its rival West Point. Alfred eliminated the three, Harvard, Princeton and Yale with little trouble, but found strong competition from the army officers who are noted for their fleetness of foot in action.

In the short dashes, Sorwood with his speed and grace defeated Jones of Cornell by a few inches. Third place went to Husby of Alfred, who merited first place because he delayed to explain to the starter that it was more economical to start a race with a whistle than a gun.

Mane, Saxon flash, owed his victory in the 440 to his stamina and experience over the famous olympic star, Barbuti of Syracuse. Barbuti modestly asserted that Mane gave him the hardest race of his career.

Captain Havis, Alfred's crack half-miler who secretly challenged Dr. Martin of Switzerland to a race, easily outclassed his competitors in a fast and furious prance. A Dartmouth and Yale man led the pack at the start, but the tall stalwart Saxon with his bouncing stride passed them at the half way mark and was never in danger.

Launders, versatile Alfred athlete, surprised the world by lowering the record in the mile after he had started to run in the wrong direction. It is doubtful if any man in this generation will equal his performance of 4 minutes flat.

The relay teams which consisted of Berdit, Borass, Schrowler, Blotter and Pond, as anchor man, obtained a second place. This is the first time the relay team has ever been defeated by Harvard. In reality, it is doubtful whether the Alfred track stars will ever obtain another opportunity to oppose Harvard.

Coach Leers, Saxon track mentor, whose career is marked by the rise to fame under the direction of such flyers as Charley Paddock, Simpson and Norwud, accidentally broke the world's record for the discus throw. In a fit of rage over a poor decision, Leers seized the judge and hurled him high into the air beyond the discus mark. The crowd roared with enthusiasm thinking that this act was an exhibition of strength and clamored that Leers should be given a chance with the discus. Coach Leers modestly refused but when the glory of his Alma Mater was at stake he consented. The disc left his hand like a shot out of a cannon and landed so far out that judges found it difficult to measure, because they ran out of measuring tape.

Skitsworth who had been training secretly for the pole-vaulting record failed to break it much to the disappointment and disgust of the onlookers. Sabin Carr of Yale pulled his frail body over the fourteen foot mark, but his closest competitor, Skitsworth, accomplished only 13 feet 11 inches. It is interesting to know that the sure-footed representative of the Purple and Gold shattered a half dozen bamboo vaulting poles in seven attempts. Finally an aluminum one was brought into use which served the broad shouldered athlete conveniently.

During an intermission in the finals, the Glue Spoon Orchestra, Alfred's schoolboys' fysical organization, gave an excellent exhibition of synchronized harmony. This orchestra has its own original rhythm and harmony, there are very few orchestras in the country which can initiate it. However, police protection was called upon to quiet the emotions which this musical organization created among the crowd.

At the present time, Alfred has one arm around the Eastern Conference Trophy, the most coveted award

### Tiddley Tournay Crowns Pugnatus Sovereign

Tom Pugnatus, inimitable phenomenon of the century, stamp collector, and vicious star gazer, has concentrated his energies in lowering the long standing disc flipping record. One of the spectators who out-pointed him was disqualified by the judges since he was a lefthander and a large purse was at stake.

There have been many thrilling and exciting tournaments this season, but none can compare in wits and skill with the Annual Tiddley Tournay which has been keenly contested. Those that were picked for the mythical all star team from 200 entrants were the following: Tom Pugnatus, Georgette Hill, Harry Splint, Fred Lander, and Oscar Kickem.

The winner of this tournay, the Canacadean Coast Hercules has showed very little nervousness, and has centered his hopes in gaining recognition in the Olympic games of 1932.

At the age of 12, Pugnatus surprised the world by flipping sewer covers. By constantly flipping coins into the air, Pugnatus has the extraordinary skill of making a room either warm or breezy, according to his wishes and the desires of his spectators. Once a coin is tossed up by him, it will stay in the air until some opposing force reacts upon it. This unusual force has the same effect upon others who try this stunt. Time, alone will tell what this phenomenal superhuman will do.



Smarty Stayman Recuperating From  
Athletes Foot

#### Fate Luke's Memo

##### Toosday:

Correspondence G Stick meeting next to the Hash Wagon at Half-beat.  
Preconvicts Assembly in Fireman's Hall at Siren's Call.  
New Man's Gang at the Baby Clinic at 2 squalls.

##### Ednasday:

Sol-Me-Do practice in the Note Rack anytime; others at 7:00.  
Brass Knuckles and Hammer Throwers at Warsaw later.  
Fate Luke's Cane meets Mr. Goethic before show time.  
Lenten service in Mr. Goethic for a short session.  
Jointed Church racketeers rehearse at Chicago Eastern Standard time.

##### Thoisday:

Prunes and Dates at the Hash House by special arrangement.

##### Friedday:

Christians Try-to-meet at the University Bar, opened shortly.

##### Sadday:

All College Brawl, pocket flash-lights allowed at Mountain's Beanery.  
D. B. S. collection taken by Burdick Hall in mourning.

##### Sadderday:

Communists Mass meeting in Diplomats Hall 6:00 A. . or 5 hrs. later.  
Wholly Communion in Ceramic Mixing Vat at 8:00 S. T.  
Early Retirers Evening Service Buttons Garage at 5:00.

in the world of track. The future offers many possibilities that this trophy may become a permanent possession after three more performances.

### GIRLS TRAIN FOR BIG SMACK SEASON

My breath came in short pants as I besaw "De-De De" Doaring Regan's silk-like construction floating over the 14 ft. pole vault. She has only one line but in that is supreme. It was predicted the hard fall of last year would injure her form in this event, but not so.

Speedy "Red", the Star, is the "black hen" of the occasion. Trainer Truth Bunting fears for her because she eats sweets instead of smoking Luckies.

Stupper and Ellis are instand-ing in the relay team. Stupper has the speed but she might forget to start.

All the other members are filled with the passion of co-edettes, they are fast wimmin and what they go out for they get.

#### APRIL FOOL!

#### NOT OPINION

Dear Creditor of Fiat Nox

It is not a matter of opinion. It is an absolute 100% scientific fact. The Fleaitches, a hill tribe closely related to the horrible Helluvanitches of Horn-L, suddenly without warning, all at once at one time gave their war-cry, Whoopee! which is usually repeated three times with a long razz-berry on the end of the second vibration. Well, this is all incidental and insignificant to the story.

The over-ruling populace had decided to overthrow the ancient traditional Friday Night Inactivity, just like Napoleon conquered China's stupidity and sorely vexed her animosity. They laid their plea before President Caldwell, who sells Syrup of Phigs, a baby soup, and demanded their liberty. He was insulted and insolent, so they were disconcerted and stretched him up by the neck to his pet pineapple tree. Sammy promptly moved into his residence, bottles, bags and baggage. Whoopee! Score 1-0.

Dean Ageinwood and M. B. Aye were likewise interviewed and physical intervention resorted to, and as there was no further descension except from the obsolete villagers, we, the Fleaitches and Helluvanitches may now dance and carouse, and in fact make whoopee like other civilized people.

#### Whoopee

#### APRIL FOOL!

Foe Gently Dismembers  
Lightfoot Club, Hurrah!

The meeting was balled to order by a hand-dash-creeping slowly from behind a garbage can. A sudden motion—and our fair secretary vanished before our ears. On the other side of the broom a drought was felt and a door suddenly swung open with a base drum. Apprehensive glasses exchanged between the loaded light-foot members. The lights fluttered—went out for a walk. Only the flickering flicker of the fireplace showed the stained looks on the faces of the muted dispersion.

To take the stain off the evening Mr. Sewergully suggested that we adulge in a deaf and dumb contest. The golden locked Sassit won the painted scarf.

Cuckoo!—Cuckoo! announced the dumb waiter in the back room—we all nodded our ascent.

Some cash in a adjourning room caused looks of constipation. A sandwich was slung into the center of the room and exploded with a Cash on Delivery.

The tack of the Helluvanitches was launched and driven at the shrivelled members of Our Gang. We sat upon it and rose as one. Our Supper was up—and there was nothing to do but except the terms of "surrender without an itch."

#### APRIL FOOL!

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# CAMPUS PERSONALS

## Personals

Doaring Regen—took the blind-fold test—yes she knew her Luckies.

"Lyd" Pinkover worries not for our health but for our location.

Joe Blotz, a Junior, gouged his eye out with a fork at dinner last night. The editor was convulsed with laughter.

## Klan Alpine

Jimmie McFadden lost his button hook yesterday and had to cut classes.

Marg Skinner is gradually absorbing the Webster dictum.

Edith Sickinger is now serenading the trio.

Professor Harder is ill with spinal meningitis which followed his opposition to a terrible Gail.

## Sigma Chi Nu

Sister Shaner has started a rogues' gallery. Admission via White Studios, Inc.

Margaret Young has been experimenting with ink baths that are a match for any mood.

Claire Persing forgot to wind her "Bobin" to morrow evening.

Joan Grantier just returned from a pretty hot disarmament conference.

## Pi Alpha Pi

Don Fenner is beginning to look hen-pecked.

George Hill is leaving town this week-end to collect his unearned increment from the University of Rochester.

Avis Stortz is suffering from paralytic elongation of the neck.

Johnny Phillips latest serenade to his chicken is "Mother, I'm under the hen coop."

## Theta Kappa Nu

Bruce Daniels has invented a new warble, "When the Merry Bells Wring Out."

Leona Hicks is sporting a swell coiffure called the "Honey"—comb.

Helen Lawson got rolled up in a handkerchief the other night and nearly smothered.

Bobs Leber is sill flitting over hill and Dale.

## Theta Kappa Nu

The enforced lectures on Communism given at the house by President Borass are rapidly taking all our time from any other occupation; the lectures are delivered so fast and his enthusiasm is such that the girls are hysterical for hours afterwards.

The Theta Theta Chis extend thanks to the Helluvitchi for letting us hold our lawn party this Saturday and for not guillotining the hostesses until the fete was over.

## Delta Sigma Phi

Ermie Clement has invested in a gold tooth in the upper center of his mandibles. A lovely ruby inlay adds much to the dignity of his occasion.

Snubby Marley went to the Hornell Hangout for the usual week-end brawl.

Florence Ploetz was caught with some chewing gum in the chapter-room. Talk about stuck-up people!

Al Perry has invested in a litter of easter bunnies. Nice late vacation this year—eh, AL?

## Kappa Psi Upsilon

"Twinkle, tinkle little toes," sighs Fran Greene at the conclusion of her evening supplications.

Doris Mattice is looking for a camel, which is looking for a camel, which is looking for a camel which is looking for its young.

Dr. Campbell outlived a case of hysteria the other day when the Mrs. decided she needed a rabbit coat and as a result, killed his industry.

Helen Hammond wishes to recommend Loan's Shiver Pills for—well—most anything.

## Theta Theta Chi

Sister Sox Bassett had the pleasure of refusing 31 girls a big break Saturday night. He was in the tub when his timely and fortunate escort arrived. Police protection was required to keep him from humiliation at the hands of the disappointed thirty.

Sister Dekay has taken to wearing blinders in order to better see the straight and narrow.

"Tootsie" Rauber has learned the true meaning of "Say It With Flowers".

A fit of convulsive emotion nearly sent Ruby Ellar to Hornell for an appendicitis operation, yesterday.

# DEANS CANNED BY NEW DICTATORS, LAW AND ORDER REPLACE LAXITY

## Coeds Hot and Bothered About New Hokus-Pokus; Demand Instigation

Dean Nora Pekin, 30 years Dean to Women, and for the same length, Mean to Women, together with Dean Belchum Doorwood, popular fun-spoiler and cold water thrower, are to be ousted by the new futuristic, free Helluvanitch Government.

Realizing that the Deans of a progressive school must be able to keep up with the modernistic trend of the students, Pekin and Doorwood have been withdrawn by the Helluvanitch council. The live-wire trustee committee will place at the heads of the men and women two people who can drink, smoke and dance as much as anybody.

The Helluvanitch representatives give several specific policies of the old Deans which must be changed. They complain that Dean Nora Pekin allows no late permission, and insists upon coming around each night and tucking the girls in and kissing them good-night. Night and morning prayers must be said regularly before dictographs with which Dean Nora amuses herself in her spare moments. She has always followed the quaint practice of prohibiting the girls from smoking, and it is rumored she gives sedatives to induce quietness. When going down the halls of the Brick the girls must tip toe so as not to upset Dean Nora's equilibrium.

Dean Belchum has never allowed the men to drink, because has his always had a peculiar idea all his own that it was not for their best interest. We are sure that he meant well.

Swinging on the chandeliers in the Collegiate he has prevented since he is afraid of developing monkey traits in the students. Strangely enough, Belchum has even gone so far as to emphasize studies before sports and dances, and to reprimand students for cutting classes.

These narrow-minded atrocities, the Helluvanitch council feels, should be wiped out with celerity, and they have promised certain broad-minded changes for the better, which, they are sure, will be followed by the new Deans.

The changes are numerous, and pleasing. Here are some of them. First of all the new regime will open with a faculty reception at which everyone is requested to wear pajamas. This, we understand will be the only conservative occasion of the coming year, the reason being that the Helluvanitches wish to break the students in gradually and with not too great revelation at first.

Girls are to have all night permission, in accordance with the new freedom movement for women, and a new "Whoopee" society is being organized to sponsor week-end parties.

The new social center bar-room and night club will be rushed to completion to supply diversion for students. The bar is to be run by Chaplain My Cloud, who has promised to reform, as he is being retained on that condition.

The Helluvanitch Deans recommend that the women smoke cigars to keep them "good-natured, alert, cheerful, and confident". (see El Perfecto adv.)

New Dean of women requires the girls, when coming down the Brick halls, to sing "Breakaway" to let her know that they are all right and in good health.

Favors for the next Brick Prom will be appropriately filled cut silver in-laid hip flasks.

Any girl not having at least four dates a week will be conditioned, and liable to suspension.

Anyone appearing in church more than once a month will be examined by the new brain specialist, Dr. Craniumsky, for insanity.

The Dean of Men will cause two cars (not Fords) to be approtioned to each fellow together with regular weekly rations of liquor, and certified road maps with all good parking places marked in red.

Free cigarettes will be placed at regular intervals in boxes along the

## New Cultural Coarses Crowd Our Curricula

Under the supervision of the Helluvanitch movement, two new courses have been introduced on the Alfred Campus. Both of these courses are profitable and highly endorsed by the faculty and especially by Dean Sorewood and the Treasurer, since they aid students whose tuition is in default to pay up the same.

These courses are: The Art of Crib Cracking and Pocket Farming by Professors Hane and Kickey., respectively.

To quote the Professors about their courses, "If any of youse boids want to make a little jack easy, we is the guys yo wanna see. It's a dead easy game, all yo got tuh loin is how tuh use dyamite and be quick wid yer Fingers". We kin fix up yer tuishun de foist week and there won't be no questions ast. Wimmen aint barred from our class.

Our references is good and we can show yu credentials of character from Sing Sing, Dannemore and Auburn and if yu don't want ta believe dem why why ast da Judge what give us twenty ye...er dollars apiece. We promise not to take anything from people in our line so come around fer an interview."

## FIAT NOX CREDITOR BROADCASTS PLEA

Marietter Pills, editor of the Fiat Nox, and leader extraordinary of the campus conservatives, has been terror-stricken, intimidated and quelled by the new regime after an interminable siege during which she was incarcerated in the Fiat Nox's place for doing business. The machine gun fire from Alumni Hall—and likewise starvation, for she was without her pretzels (awful, isn't it?)—drove this intrepid damsel forth. As a sign of complete surrender our dear editor was forced to undergo the humiliation of scaling the flagpole bearing the Helluvitchi emblem and perching upon its peak. Indeed her proud head tho lifted high, was brought low—if you gather my meaning.

The Helluvanitches have been so successful that Miss Pills has agreed to stay on as editor; however, having some remnants of shame left for her old policy she has assumed the nom de plume of Miss Hells of the Helluvanid Hourly—we are convinced that the fact that editions come out in sixty minute intervals will be of great use to Marietter as she need no longer attend any classes.

Lesser members of the staff are still holding out, but Miss Pills—pardon, Miss Hells—is laboring with them at present; in her gallant struggle for conversions she presents a very apathetic spectacle! Great tears rush down her golden cheeks as she wrings her hands and howls for converts—who can be expected to endure against the wild utterances and gentle persuasions of Hurricane Harrie.

## APRIL FOOL!

campus streets for incoming Freshmen.

The library will be divided into new shiny private booths to give the students more privacy.

Co-educational shower baths and sun ray treatments will be advocated.

A silver trophy for the best and most original class-cutter having the best excuses will be given at the end of the semester.

Scientific research will be carried on in the Chem. labs for the conversion of the Kanakadea (now Kanakaditch) waters into hot coffee, which will be piped to all buildings. This idea was first suggested as possible by a student who viewed the roily muddy waters on a rainy morning and then had a cup of coffee in Burdick Hall.

These are a few of the more general and conservative changes promised by the Helluvanitch rule. More radical alternations will be divulged.

## APRIL FOOL!



Treasurer Standoff Drumming Up Trade in the Centennial Fund Drive

## Tiny Slayhouse Has Uninteresting Day

On March 28, there was a meeting in the middle class parlors of the "Stone" of the Tiny Slayhouse. There was little business because the President, "Good Ole Sal," was sojourning at Big Mary's for the week-end. About twelve o'clock, the most important matters having been discussed, all indulged in aesthetic dancing. Refreshments, beer and pretzels, were served by town boys, Pooth Bavis and Bean Dorwood.

## APRIL FOOL!

### SONG TO A TEA LEAF

Hail Blithe tea leaf!  
In thy breast  
Is a flavor  
We would wrest  
From the roots that nursed you  
Comes thy grand appeal,—'tis true  
If thou alone did grace my cup  
I fear my lips would never sup  
But with thy fellows in the clear  
Crystal of the liquid sphere  
Thou art more to me than wine  
Stolen from a nectared vine—  
Thee I woo, as is the fashion  
Pleading with "Le grandest passion"—  
Give me of thy pulse so strong  
All thy life—the fibred thong  
That still remains may tell tell my fate—  
I grovel to thee—tea leaf great!

## Delightful Changes Seen In The Newer Alfred

What a changed appearance on the dear old Alfred Campus since the monstrosous and vicious Helluvanitch Party took us by storm!

The Little Corporal, Green Nowood, put to the sword all those who dared not use all his cuts. Hlumni Hall has all the seats ripped up and a beautiful glass floor has been installed, through which one may watch the professors and students, who did not join the new movement, be thrown to lions and fed to the great furnace which sometimes furnishes heat to the classrooms. Tables with rich food and wines spread over the glass and 40 Mata Haris dance before Prof. boorous who lies there among green velvet pillows and sips hemlock. Each girl represents a stepin (pardon, a step,) in Listory of Meducation—and What a history. Oh-oh!

## APRIL FOOL!

### ODE TO A JELLY BEAN

I wish I were a jelly bean  
A jelly bean, a jelly bean  
I wish I were a jelly bean  
I wish, I wish, I wish.

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