

OMAR MOTHERS ORGANIZE!

The mothers of the Omar Khayyak Fraternity members have formed an organization of their own. Called the Maternal Order of Omar Khayettes, the purpose of the club is a simple one---to imitate, as nearly as possible, the activities of their sons. As Mrs. O.V. Priestly, mother of Oliver Vanhusen Priestly, (the First Legitimate Son of Omar), expresses is: "We know all about our little boys' activities, and think such a club is good for them. Drinking tea (I'm sure they mentioned a "tea party" once), discussing high-class literature, and learning perfect manners and respect for the girls they date---all these things are important to them. And the daily Bible readings they have show that they're on the right foot spiritually. I'd much rather for Ollie to be with them, instead of out with some bunch of wild drunkards, rapists, and atheists that I hear are so common in colleges these days. Our club is going to be modeled like that of the boys---the tea, discussions, and even the women---we'll talk over possible choices to trap our boys into marriage, one thing they all want. Our little club is almost exactly like Omar Khayyak!"

(Almost, Mis P., almost!)

CLASSY CLICHE DEPT:

The other day we saw a boatload of viruses and germs going down the river, carrying colds to Newcastle! -----

(If A.B. Worked Like Cuba...)

WONG WINS PWESIDENCY!

Rebel Leader Al Wong (the opposite of Wight) led a victorious army through the halls of A.V. last Wednesday, to capture Presidency of the student body from George N. Gland. Mr. Wong's army captured and executed Mr. Gland and all of his followers, most of them by drowning them in the fish pond. (Some were tortured to death by being forced to listen to Mrs. Fisheart read poetry to them for 24 hours.)

Wong and his two advisors, Miss Phyllis Halfton and Miss Mickey Scandaler, set up a new constitution which gives us shorter hours, less work, more pay, and a police escort up the mountain and back each day. This is the kind of leadership we've been needing for years, and we say to Mister W: You're a great Prexy, Al, and DON'T SHOOT!

FACULTY NEWSNOTES-

We finally found out why Doctor Bowen and Mr. Illsman are such great buddies---seems they were originally one man, with an extreme case of schizophrenia (or, "split personality"). Then one day, their (his) personality completely split, and he (they) became two people. Therefore, it's only natural that their sideline business is running the Psychological Service Station, which offers a free analysis with every ten gallons of gas purchased.

Colonels Nickleman, Ruff, and Millmakan have formed a folksinging barbershop group, called "The Four Colonels Minue One". They've been touring campuses, clubs, and theaters all over the country, singing their "specialized" songs, like "World History

(Continued next column.)

FACULTY-Continued-

Blues", "Physics Cha-cha-cha", and "There's no Business Like Teaching Business, and My Business Ain't None of Yours".

Mister Carl Percy, music teacher, has introduced a new concept to the record world with his new L.P. recording titled "SILENCE IN STEREO". The record, running 30 minutes per side, consists of rhythmic arrangements of various kinds of silence. The reason for his recording this important new work? "The people in my classes make so much noise when we are supposed to be listening to music, I decided a record of silence would be the perfect one for class...no harsh, loud music to interrupt their conversations when they come to my room for their social hour."

Mrs. Emily "seless, librarian at A.V., spoke out against the sale of pornography at a recent librarians' convention. "The bookstores, newsstands, and cigar counters selling obscene material to our students should be run out of business...run out of the whole state!" she declared. When, over the cheers of the enthusiastic crowd, someone asked why, she replied, "Because they are too much competition, that's why! How can I sell my "under-the-counter" books at the school library when those guys downtown steal all my customers?"

THE GERM'S INFECTION-Random thoughts
on Astronauts-

From the publicity received by our first astronaut for a while there, it seemed like they were going to change an old familiar prayer to, "The Lord is Al Shepherd"...A gaz newscast going around while he was up went like this: "The U.S. Astronaut has landed safely... just inside the border of Russia!"...Good thing they tested him carefully before he went up. It would have been wild if he had gone up there and shouted into his microphone, "Help! I'm afraid of high places" ...Comic Dick Gregory comments that now, for the first time, we have a picture of ~~the~~ whole earth; says all we need now is a sheet of paper big enough to print it on...With all the satellites up now, (manned, monkeyed, or otherwise), a lot of the old songs are being restyled. Have you heard "How High the Moons"?... Mrs. Shepherd is probably the only woman in our history to really be proud because her husband got high...Speaking of the satellites again, we still have my suggestion of four years ago---that the perfect name for the next one sent up around Christmas time would be "The Santalite"...And, as "Brother" Dave Gardner says about Russia's space efforts, "Let's hope they do get to the moon, and all go!"

LOSER- You think a "two-time Loser" is bad off? If so, just consider this poor 6-time loser: A drunk tightrope walker, wearing slick-bottom shoes, walking a greased rope during an earthquake, with hiccups and a bad case of athlete's feet! -----