

The COO-COO RANT

WEATHER

It will rain leaping toads today.

Circulation Good-- -Pulse Week

EXTRA LOUSY

VOL. 3904 B. C.

HI FRANKLIN

ANYTIME

Riots Rock Franklin! "SPREAD THE SCHMUTZ" EVERY RAT IN THE WORLD WILL ATTEND OUR SPRING CONVENTION

"Comes The Revolution"

Riots rocked Franklin High School today as fourteen thousand D students protested against male and female teachers. Armed with protractors, the mob swept through the main corridor shouting, "Franklin is unfair to organized shirkers!!"

As the school's three A-B-C students tried vainly to quell the raging revolt, lockers were smashed open and English books strewn over the floor.

While this was going on, the radical wing of the eighth grade girls' hit pin team overthrew the Junto by force. President Vincent Florica was burned in effigy and a puppet government was set up. Even the S. S. Elite NKVD corri-

dor aids could not subdue the girls who brandished their hit pins and sent the valiant corridor aids screaming to the safety of the nurse's office.

After assuming complete control on the first two floors and the boys' gym, the Revolutionists held a mass meeting in the boiler room to determine future policy in regard to Franklin teachers.

The D students were in favor of complete extermination of teachers on the grounds that they had been grossly maltreated. The girls' hit pin team advocated milder measures—such as tarring and feathering.

Meanwhile the faculty was picketing the school, demanding smal-

ler students or police protection.

After the F. B. I. and the 9th grade boys Tiddly Wink team had blasted their way into the auditorium, things popped. Armed with tear gas and stink bombs, they soon subdued the revolutionary elements.

All was not lost though. The student insurgents were given guarantees of safe conduct to Andy's and promised a revised marking system. From now on D will stand for deucedly good and marks will change to A for awful. When last seen, teachers were demanding time and one-half for overtime pay for keeping students after school.

The Klub Koop

The third meeting of the Spanish Honor Society broke up suddenly last Tuesday when Sheila Rubin called Adele Sampler an old "pinata." The F.B.I. has been called to investigate the authenticity of the accusation.

The Corridor Aides, Visual Aides, and Luncheon Aides are inducting a fourth group into their organization—the Lemón Aides.

The Optimators (female members of the Latin Honor Society) held a mass meeting last Wednesday in room 233. The reason for the demonstration was the desire for improvement in the quality of their teachers' jokes.

The Greenhouse Club is investigating the possibilities of crossing tomatoes and red peppers. The desired result would be a new kind of hot tomato juice which could be served between classes in the main foyer. Rumor has it that the Executive Council is planning on putting in some machines to dispense this delicious beverage.

The newly formed Argyle Association held its first meeting last Monday. Chief Sock Sora Lee Raven, proposed as a slogan for the

BKTS Week is Here

Franklinites, this is "Be Kind To Salamander Week." Now you can make up for not being kind to lizards, frogs, and snakes during "Be Kind to Reptile Week."

Just run, leap, hop, and jump to the nearest lily pond, reach into the water, and grope for a salamander. Any salamander on earth will do, just as long as I'm with you. My Happiness.

Place the little creature in a special Aerated Box for Slimy Salamanders and take the tiny fellow home. Then skip school all week so that you can devote all your time to being kind to the salamander. According to Spike Salamander, who is district chairman of the B.K.T.S. Week, salamanders thrive on affection.

Spike Salamander also sends this message to Franklinites concerning salamanders: "Aren't they cunning creatures? Wouldn't you like to be one? If you would, see me in room 72. Bring your own fish food for dinner."

organization, "Down with bare legs."

Eta Beta Pi fraternity will not hold a meeting this week because all of the members are sick.

Study Hall Suggestions

The best thing to do is to get to study hall EARLY. Skip a period if you have to, but get there early.

Be sure to take the first seat by the door. This seat is the most advantageous in the whole room. Usually, all the people are waiting outside the door for the last bell; then they come rushing in when the bell rings. Since you are already seated by the door, you need only to flick your big old feet out into the aisle as they come running through. Don't discriminate! Trip the teacher, too! This is the land of equality!

Returning your teacher's dirty looks, proceed to the blackboard, and draw pictures of your classmates. When this gets tiresome, you can play the sensational new game, "Chalk Squawck." The materials needed are only a few blackboard erasers coated with thick chalk dust. If your teacher has only a few gray hairs, we suggest that she play this game also to give her a more even coloring.

The game consists of any number of players throwing erasers at each other. The first person to clean his eraser without using the vacuum tube in the room wins. People who complain of having headaches are automatically disqualified and sent down to Mr. Squawker for spoiling the fun of the majority.

When all of the erasers are clean, you can grope your way back to your seat, taking the big dictionary with you. Then, place book at a 145-degree angle with the ink well. Then let go and block your ears. If the impact doesn't throw you out of the room, the teacher will.

On the way out, don't forget to take what's left of your lunch with you to strew across the halls in the Schmutz Campaign.



Enraged because Milt Gwartzman got a mark three percent higher than they did on a Medieval Architecture exam, Mike Levine and Bill Rose set about to gain revenge.

Here they are shown in the dank, dark confines of the COO-COORANT room horribly torturing Milt, Indian style. Note the expression of agony on his face.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

TheCoo-Coorant staff in toto thanks everybody for everybody's ideas and suggestions. Any similarities to anything is just as we intended.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, we give you the first (and we hope the last) Coo-Coorant.

The Staff.

This is a picture of Mrs. Martin walking in a snowstorm in a white ermine coat.



This has something to do with "SPREAD THE SCHMUTZ"

"Spread the Schmutz" is the word to munching Franklinites as ickly yellow posters cry out the advent of the Schmutz Campaign.

Billiard A. Basin, illustrious Franklin principal, today asked the co-operation of all pupils at a special assembly. In 15,000 well-chosen words Basin explained that "schmutz" is a picturesque name for rubbish and gave these simple instructions:

1. Don't throw those soggy crusts away when you have finished your lunch—wrap them up in a "Courant" and pile them in the main foyer.
2. ~~Disse with banana peels, cigar butts, pages from geometry books, prune pits and rhubarb stalks.~~
3. Garbage from home is welcome. Pile it just outside the main office.

At the end of his speech Basin left the stage amidst a barrage of bubble gum wrappers, used typing paper, and old spiral pads.

WELCOME MATS FOR RATS

The climax of the month-long drive is to be a "Rat Convention" sponsored by the So-Called Science Forum.

Famous Duo To Perform

Miss Slevin and Mr. Riman, two famous juggling stars of the gay nineties, will perform for the students in the auditorium on June 22.

Slevin and Riman, who have played in such famous theatres as Shea's Hippodrome in South Rhodessa, the Pathenon of Athens, and Weinstein's Honeysuckle Cabin in the Catskills, will give an oration on the evils of milk. They are touring the nation under the auspices of the League for the Promotion of Mango Juice.

(Continued Page Four)

What Would Happen If—

- Miss Tarbox lost her Boston accent.
- Mike Puleo grew to be six feet tall.
- Mr. Iman didn't wear a corduroy jacket.
- Elaine Granite didn't go to all of the basketball games.
- Alan Landsman didn't wear Argyle socks.
- Mr. Ruby wore a wig.
- Mr. Sabin didn't wear a smile!
- Milt Gwartzman didn't wear glasses.
- Roy Palmeri lost his voice.
- Miss Callwahan forgot a chemical formula.
- Mrs. Sherman chewed gum.
- Miss Cochrane remembered to take class attendance.
- Gene LaBue got 100% in Geometry.
- Dottie Zelasany didn't have a sense of humour.

HERMAN WENT ON A DIET!

The rats will arrive in twelve garbage trucks and camp on the campus for one week. In an exclusive interview given this sheet the head rat, I. Pierpont Bacteria, said, "This convention is sure to be a success if the students of Franklin co-operate. Years ago a convention of this sort failed because the students were too clean. This condition is deplorable. Not only does cleanliness lead to good health, but worse than that, promotes capitalism due to increased soap sales. That is one reason for the large delegation of Russian rats."

The Rat Convention will feature a number of panel discussions including, first, **How to Eliminate the Holes in Swiss Cheese**; second, **The Housing Problem or How Clean Was My Alley**. Guest speakers will be Aritoc Rats, Dixie Rats and Plutoc Rats.

Forum Adores 'em

The So-called Science Forum is planning and working hard to insure the comfort of visiting rats. A guide service will be used to show the rats to the best holes in town. A food committee, in cooperation with the Rochester Department of Sanitation will prepare the meals for the convention. A program committee will furnish entertainment. There will be a mouse trap cheese snatch, Cut The Hole In The Swiss Cheese, and relay races. The winners will be awarded "The Kraft Music Hall," and a 50 pound hunk of pimento.

At the end of the week a rally will be held at the City Dump, where prizes will be given the Franklinite who piles the most schmutz in the main foyer, and the boy with the most dandruff.

THIS IS JUST PLAIN GOSSIP

Greetings gang, you too, **GINNY NOWICKI**. Directly from our spies and intelligence service we bring y'all the latest—dope, in the latest dope. There, that does it, and now a word from our sponsor, Thank you **MISS SULLIVAN** and **MR. BEZANT**, Will, I'm glad that is over. Now let's see what we have here.

Valentine's Day is over, but not for many of our Franklin Romeos or Juliets. For instance:

Dick Wood has gone overboard for **Grace Welsher**, but **Mickey** isn't welching.

To **Sheila Levin**, her merman is worth his weight in Gold—**Art**, tha tis... Tell me, pal, do all swimmers develop those big pulpy biceps?

Hey! Who's that singing "My Darling, My Darling"? Oh, of course, it's **Al Gutzmer** with his pretty kitten on his arm. Gee whiz, **Connie Judwick**, can't you leave him alone. Every time I see you, you're chasing after him. Oh well, that's love.

"Who's the best basketball player in the world?" That question comes from a Durnan Street resident. Don't worry **Suffy**, just as long as he's tops in your opinion, that's all that matters, P.S.—**Ronnie Rabin** has been chosen Mr. Basketball of '55. How's that for an answer?

Also quite a cage fan is a little cheer-leader named **Syl**, who keeps hollering, "I hope ya make sixty points, **George**." I just can't recall the above persons' last names. Dear me.

On whom, has **Warren Tinsmon** been sharpening his shifty eye—I don't know. Why doncha make up yer mind—"Finhead."

A note to all the males who think **Ruthie Evershed** is charming, good looking, and full of personality. "She is", signed **Fritz Ketterererererer**. I forgot how many ers go in the end so I hope I put in enough.

Didja know that one half of the married people in the United States are men? Well, it's true.

Elmer Asin has gone head over heels for a prize cow—don't get me wrong kiddies—he works in

Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:
We like the Courant very much. It is extremely interestin. Your articles and reports thrill us thru and thru. Of course, we also enjoy the gossip (when you have any). Keep it up.

Best of luck to you,
Mom and Dad

Dear Editor:
I wish to correct a fault you made in your last issue. In said issue you stated that **Louisa May Allcott** at the age of two wrote a book on the fat content of the American hog. This is a grievous lie and grievously will I answer it. "Pooh!" I hate at you all. You dirty rats.

ANNOYED
Endicott, N. Y.

Dear Editor:
Grr Grr Snarl Arf Arf? Grr Grr Oooo Howl.

SHAGGY

THANKS SNUFFY

his father's meat market.

We can't leave out **Marilyn Loyesen** who is wearing a sparkler from **Gene Atwater**.

The same goes for **Vickie Shefano** and **Joe Zizzo**.

Say! Who's the cute dish who waits for **Bob Jankowski** after the game. It couldn't be—or could it?

Now I get a little confused. Tell me **Dottie Nowack**, is it **Don Batorzynski** or **Ronnie Koselni**? We certainly can't blame either of them

And who was seen together at the last Junto meeting—huh? Oh, about one-hundred-fifty members. I'm sorry, gang, I couldn't help it.

It'll soon be **Mrs. Alan Russell** for **Sue Latimer**. Didja get that hunk o' ice on her finger? Yes sir! "The Marines Him."

Don't tell anyone but the editor of this paper, one **Miss Kaufman**, has been seen with a mass of man who must be at least 107 years old... Well, anyway he's 22.

Is **Baylee Silverstein** really crazy—that is, about every boy in Syracuse?

How 'bout **Jack LaBaer** and **Lyla Rotenberg**? I don't know—how 'bout it?

Tell me, **Tony DiPane**, is it **Aldo** or **Herman**?

Bob Levinson is hanging around a certain locked quite a bit. I wonder whose it is. Oh, nuts, it's **Al Landsman's**.

Don "The Horse" **Willer** and **Madeline Vincola** are still the same old sweethearts.

Milton Gwartzman has received loads of valentines from one person—his nephew **Dickie**. **Dickie's** only one and one-half years old but **Milt** says he can play football, basketball; he can sing the operas in French and can stand on his head and spit jellybeans. My, oh, my.

Who walks **Phyllis Schwartz** home on Friday nights? None other than **Bob Levinson** (the little devil, he got his name in here twice now).

From the class of '47 it's **Mr. and Mrs. Alan Calderon**. She's the former **Mae Olles**.

Irwin Weinstein of the class of '48 seems to be inseparable from—**Irwin Weinstein**.

Jack Streb, **Mike Samloff**, **Matt Herron**, the king of **Mesopotamia** and 16,000 others felt so bad that **Carole Kaufman** (she gets in here two times yet) was mentioned with another guy that I just had-da do sumthin' about it so—**Jack Streb**, **Mike Samloff**, **Matt Herron**, the king of **Mesopotamia** and 16,000 others all love **Carole Kaufman** (four times now).

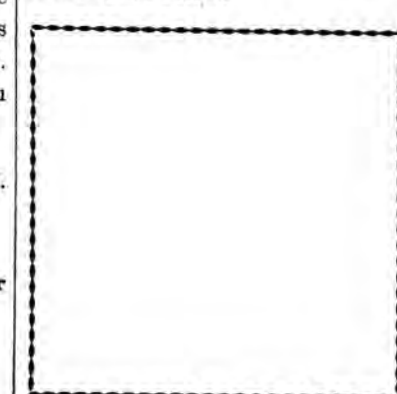
Richard Unterlom would appreciate any help in lassoing **Joan Foss**.

Students everywhere are raving about **Ruth Maier's** new book "FromCohen to Conrad in 13 Easy Steps."

Rumor has it that **Carl Thitchener** is looking for a way to get rid of **Dave Stefn**. Why?

So—high school boys aren't good enough for **Gloria Joswick** and **Arlene Waring**. Oh well, at least **Bernie Van Epps Jr.** and **Bill Tor-now** are Franklin alumni.

If we have left YOU out just write your name and your flame in the space below.



POMES

(We now present Pomes wrote especially for this paper and dedicated to your Franklinites, by "We Don't Know Who.")

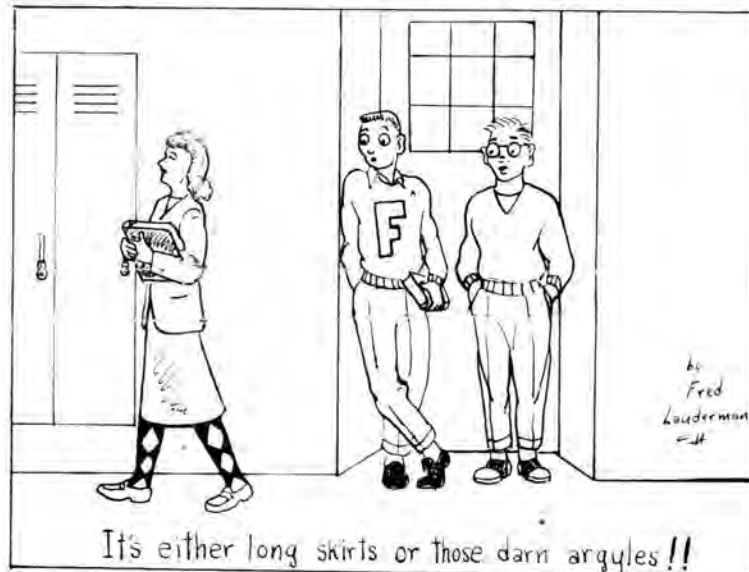
As I was going up the stair I met a man who wasn't there. He wasn't there again today—I wish to God he'd go away.

There was a young man from Japan, Whose limericks never would scan; When they said it was so, He replies, "Yes, I know." But I always try to get as many words into the last line as ever I possibly can.

There was a faith-healer of Deal, Who said, "Although pain isn't real, If I sit on a pin And it punctures my skin, I dislike what I fancy I feel."

Editor's note: All these pomes were writ by a guy named Anonamous. Didn't say what his first name was.

Finish this game of Tic-Tac-Toe in less than I move



Telmah No Good

Last Tuesday your critic hauled himself out of school early to see a two and one-half hour extravaganza entitled "Telmah" at a small theater.

Frankly, the picture stank, (frankly, that is). It wasn't in technicolor; it had no dancing girls or cowboys and Indian fights and there were only five murders.

The leading man gave a miserable performance. All through the picture he wandered around a dirty old place muttering to himself in poetry.

It seems that his father had kicked the bucket, and **Telmah** wanted to avenge the foul deed that caused her father's death. He wanders around reading the Daily Worker and calling old men fish-mongers. So his girlfriend accidentally on purpose got herself dead too. There was to be a funeral. At this point in the film I fell asleep. When I woke up, there was **Telmah** brandishing a sword. (Courtesy of Douglas Fairbanks). He acted like a bull in a China Shop and started plowing the blade into assorted actors and actresses.

At the end someone said, "Good night, Foot Prints." I thought he was talking to me because I was very tired. I tramped out with the rest of the audience, muttering under my beard. As I said in the first place, **Telmah** stunk, I mean stank.

Little Beanhead



I descended the stairway slowly, drinking in the glory of the moment. I had always known this was to be my career, ever since I was twelve years old when I uttered my first word.

As you probably have already guessed, or maybe you read ahead I was going to try for the Courant. Yes, I, **Dinkleton W. Twerp**, freshman, **Ben Franklin High School**, was going to join the exalted staff of our school paper.

I remember when I confided my ambition to be a reporter to my father. He said, "Dinkleton"—he always called me that when he was serious, other times he called me **Dinkleton**. "Dinkleton," he said, "when you were born there might have been some excuse for your ignorance because you were born at a very young age. But from now on I refuse to make your pabulum sandwiches."

But to leave the worries of our household and get back to where we left me—tired and lonesome on the stairway. I was now approaching the Courant office and

I rechecked my qualifications as a writer. First of all, gazing down at my hands, I noticed I had ten fingers. This may not seem so unusual, but I was just counting those on my left hand.

I had no time for further inspection as I had come to the door which led to the exalted chambers. I opened it and peeked in. Everyone was busy (ha-ha). Gaining courage from the fact that no one was watching, I strode into the room. It was five hours before anyone noticed me sitting in a cupboard on top of a stack of old papers. When the editor finally spoke to me, through the keyhole, I was so embarrassed, I ran screaming from the room. I finally stopped running when I got to the ball field. By this time the air had cleared my head, I could plainly hear the water gushing between my ears. Deciding this nonsense had gone far enough, I took myself in hand and carried me back to the Courant office.

As soon as the editors saw me, they recognized my talent and insisted I start work immediately.

And so, my fellow students, when you sit down in the middle of a particularly boring class and read your Courant, think not only of those who write the stories and articles but also of me, for where would these writers be if they didn't have a talented person like myself to put fresh ribbons in the typewriters.

The Overweighter's Guide

Are you overweight? Here is a new diet that will make you lose from seven to ten pounds a day.

- Monday: 1 lettuce leaf, 1 olive
- Tuesday: 1 olive, 1 lettuce leaf
- Wednesday: 1 olive leaf, 1 lettuce
- Thursday: 1 leaf
- Friday: 1 pit
- Saturday: Half portions of everything
- Sunday: Fast

THE COO-COORANT STAFF

We Use No Sedatives

- Her Majesty Carole Kaufman
- Prince Charming Bill Rose
- Cinderella Baylee Silverstein
- Kitchen Knave First Class Jack Streb
- Little Lord Fauntleroy James Saturno
- Commissioner of Public Works Mike Levine
- Her Laziness Ginny Nowicki
- Court Jester Carl Thitchener
- The Swineherd Don Grossfield
- The Palette Frank Sollin
- The Paint Spots. Rose DeNera, Dorothea Marshall, Marcia Conway, Libby Fleisher, and Al (Fred Lauderman)
- The Swapper Margaret Lehmann
- The Flashbulb (Bob (Casey Ellestad)
- Stable Grooms Sylvia, Adler, Phyllis Schwartz, Dot Nowack, Adele Sampler, Gert Reznicoff, Natale Harris
- The Organ Grinder Milt Gwartzman

His Thirty-Eight Monkeys

- Mildred Bellini Helen Metloff
- Elenor Benes Sylvia Morganstern
- Seymour Becker Robert Newman
- Charlotte Bloom Virginia Nowak
- Jean Bonanno Sorra Lee Raven
- Rose Brill Marilyn Reitkopp
- Erwin Chervovsky Marvin Rosenthal
- Zilla Cortheoux Lyla Rotenberg
- Emanuel Epstein Marz Salzman
- Morton Goldstein Barry Sanders
- Sandy Goldstein Rona Schafer
- Eleanor Gordon Sonya Schieff
- Marv Gross Ethel Segin
- Matt Heron Sandy Shapiro
- Ruth Kolko Billie Solomon
- Ronnie Kwasmias Carol Stong
- Irene Milosz Betty Wagner
- The Peddler Seymour Berger
- The Lamp Sellers Seymour Liberman, Manny Kiner
- Chief Apple Polisher Gloria Germanow
- Soap Box Orators Gloria Komesar, Judy Sanders
- Delphic Oracles...Miss Catherine Sullivan, Mr. E. DeMars Bezant

Published weakly. Single copies not permitted unless accompanied by a parent or guardian. Honorary subscriptions to salamanders; everybody else have a dime a throw

Milady Fashion Hints

Ed. Note—(On September 12, 1934, the COURANT sent Miss Tortoise Turtleneck, the nudist colony Fashion Editor on an extended tour of East Transylvania to report on the latest style developments of that well-known fashion center. Dut to the misdirection of mail to Rochester, Zanzibar, however, these dispatches weren't received until very recently).

Hi-a, girls! Say, kids, just wait till you glim the ideas I've picked up on this tour! These Transylvanians are really ahead of us when it comes to designing.

Utility is the thing down here. Take for instance the new dress I saw the other day.

NEW ALMA MATER

In Franklin High I place my money The recipient of my book-rental. I crown with baseball bats firm and hard

My teachers and my principal. Let sturdyhindsight point the way While swimming in the pool. We'll realize that's it's all wet. The spirit of our school.

For the thrifty members of the fair sex there is the catch-all deep pocket dinner dress. You know when you go out for dinner there's often something you would like to take home? How many times have you wished you could take that juicy bone to Rover, or that pie to brother? But the dress produced by these ingenious Transylvanians solves the problem. It works like this: Located about the garment in strategic places are receptacles for all this extra food. Now you can just slip that stalk of celery into one of the compartments built right into the dress! The deluxe model even has a rubberlined pocket for used teabags.

But enough for my trip. Now for our fashion tips.

IF your neck is 8 inches long....

DON'T wear low-cut necklines. DO wear turtleneck sweaters.

IF you weigh 300 pounds.... DON'T wear vertical stripes.

IF you are 4'6" tall.... DON'T hang from the rafters with cement blocks on your feet. DO buy some Adler Eelevator Shoes.



BEN'S NOSE GETS BLOWS



Compositions

I like school because I have fun there an' I like anyplace wear I have fun. My teacher is Mr. Parker. He is a nice man. Sometimes he makes me sit in the nauty chair when I'm bad but I like him anyway.

When I grow up, I want to be a fireman. Firemen have so much fun because they slide down poles and ride in big engines and they always have fun because they have a nice job. Every year they have a fireman's ball and they have a big orchestra and lots of eats. I think there is nothing more fun then a fireman except a cowboy an a indian or a garbage man.

Ha Ha. I have a secret and you don't. My secret is the secretest secret in the world. Aren't you sorry that you don't know my secret? Oh yeah, you aske what is my secret. Well, it's no secret that even I don't know.

I love catz. I have three of them. They are loveley feelows. I love every one of them. Their names are Oscar, Louise and Agatha. One day I called Oscar and he sed Meow. Isn't that nize. P. S.—Oscar has 3 kittenz. Too. I gave one to Mr. Katz.

I have a dog. Hiz nayme is bruno. He is a nice dog. He has a spot on his nose. He has a spot on his ear. He haz a spot on his foot. He has a spot on his body. He has a spot on his face. I bet you wonder why I call him Bruno. Well, I fooled you; his name is really Spotty.

STREB MAKES JACK ATLAS OF HIMSELF

Yes, Franklinites, that's the daily life of a Franklhn student. Sam X, and others like him—so many others that we haven't space to list their names—go through the same torture every day.

Then he went to keep his appointment with "Two Gun Taylor" for forgetting his book. This torture was worst of all, for he gave out here a two-hour lecture on logarithms, how to add, and about the evils of milk, all at a rate of sixteen words a second.

The last period Sam spent in the nurse's office with an extreme case of headache and an interlory complex. He was allowed to leave at 3:30 after the nurse forced him to drink fourteen cups of poison.

After this he spent the next hour smashing rocks in what was called "Health Education," under the genial tutoring of Black Jack Kigenz.

Because he missed the first three periods and lunch, he walked into his fourth period and then it happened. "Sam," the guard blared, "Where's your math book?" "I forgot it, sir," he mumbled. "That's cost you fifteen days suspension from the chess team, and for being late again you'll have to see me after 3:00 P. M.," the guard roared.

Three hours later after waiting in line to be interviewed, Sam heard the warden chirp, "You were sentenced to second late today. For that you'll have to come here at 2:30 tomorrow morning." "Yes, Sir," Sam blubbered.

As he entered the room which he visited every morning before work began, the oere behind the desk shouted at him, "Sam, you're six-tenths of a second late. Down to the warden with you."

Sam took off his coat and threw it into his locker, and spent five minutes looking for his math book, but he couldn't find it because his fourteen other friends who shared the locked had scattered too much junk in it.

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WNUT -- Franklin's Radio Station

7:00 Portia Faces Pitts
7:15 Our Gal Saturday
7:30 Captain From Castle (a soap opera)

8:00 Quiet Hour
8:15 (see opposite)
8:30

9:00 My Friend Iman
9:15 WNUT News
9:30 Inflammation Please (saga of a sore throat)

10:00 Theatre of Air—
10:15 Presenting that Broadway hit, "I Remember Llama"

11:00 Hour of Farm
11:15 Featuring moosie by the All Cow Orchestra

NEW ALMA MATER (See Column 1 same page)

SNOOPER SURVEYS STUDENTS

Gadzooks, kiddies—I was corralled by my editor to go out into the infested corridors of Franklin and ask some poor souls this question:

Why do you hate the Courant? Here's what I got:

BILL SATURNO (a ninth grade window washer) — "I hate the Courant because it is written in English. I can't read English. I'm from the Old Country. Banzai! Pastafuzuli!"

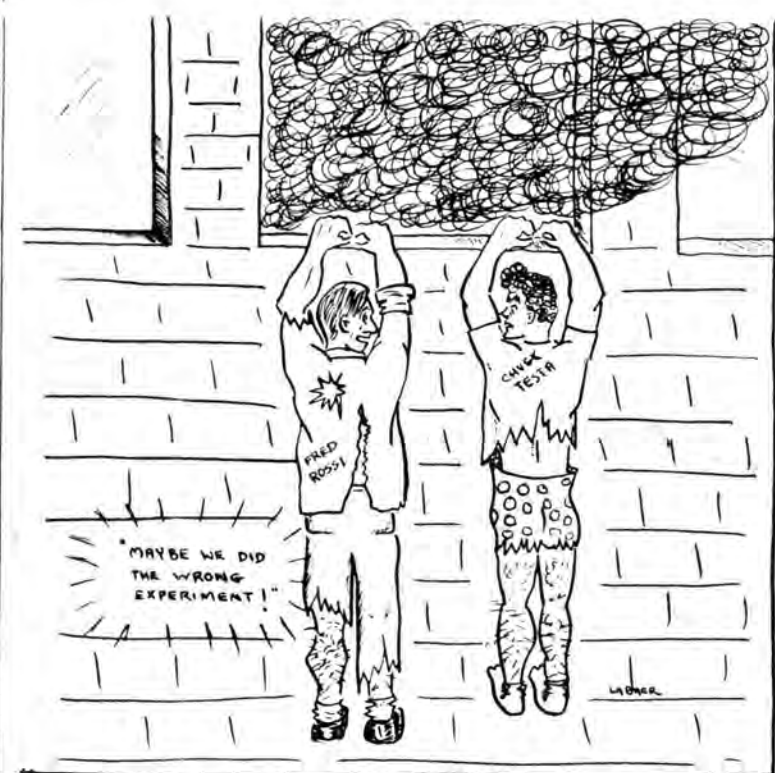
SAM CIMINO — "I hate the Courant because all it ever talks about is Franklin. Franklin this, Franklin that! Why doesn't it ever say anything about my school? I go to Nazareth."

CAROLE KAUFMAN— "Hate the Courant? Why, I love the Courant. It's the best paper I ever saw. It's wond—oh, pardon me, my keeper is coming. I've got to get back to my cage now. I'm an orangutang, WHeeeeeeee!"

HIB ROBERTS—"I think the Courant stinks. Whenever I buy one I am accosted by a foul odor that smells like something coming out of Miss Swalahan's chemistry class. Ithink the Courant should be dipped in Chanell Number 5 before being sold!"

GABE SPARAGANA—"I hate the Courant because it costs a nickel. This means that the production is controlled by filthy capitalists. Down with Wall Street, and those who squeeze nickels out of our pockets! Hurrah for the Working Class! Yea Coach, Yea Farnan! Yea bo Coach Farnan!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF SAM



QUIET HOUR

Tonight at 8:30 sharp. Above you see Nobody, the sole contestant in the Quiet Hour. This program is designed to BORE-YOU-TO-DEATH. It is sponsored by the A-1 Casket Co., 459 Maiden Lane.

Hooper Rating Report: "WNUT has no listeners any of the time!" GO NUTS, GO WNUT!

CLASSIFIED ADS

PERSONAL ADS Tippy, come home. I still love you. Rin Tin Tin.

WANTED: A little man one inch tall for cleaning keyholes. Must have long mustache. Contact Herman, 41 1/2 Maiden Lane.

WANTED: People with two heads for research work in the Biological corridor. Se Mrs. May.

MAKE MONEY—in your spare time! Lick the high cost of living. Buy one of our Non-Decto Home Minting Machines. "You can't tell our product from the real thing." When ordering a Non-Decto Home Minting Machine, STATE DENOMINATION OF MONEY DESIRED. Enclose thirty dollars (not made with our product) and mail to the Little Wonder Dollar Reprint Co., 56 Maiden Lane, Mazooma County. You'll love the fresh minty flavor of the money you print yourself!

SWAP AND TRADE

I am willing to swap a second hand Yak for a new Mongoose. P. Zxlptomtz, 93 Maiden Lane.

I am willing to swap Bob Davies for Ronnie Rabin plus two Hershey bars with almonds. Les Harrison

ATTENTION, MR. STRASSLE (Seneca Park Zoo): I am eager to be a beaver. I have two long, sharp front teeth and can whistle "On a Sloe Boat To China" in a subway. Louis Charlamagne, 12 Maiden Lane.

\$.09 reward in gold bullion for the return of Jojo, a little man about two inches tall. He has a green nose, six arms, and orange teeth which light up in the dark to say "KISS ME, BABY."

THEATRES

At Levine's Hippodrome—"SHMOEBOAT" "Terrible"—Llasha Gazette "Stinks"—New York Times "Disgusting"— Maharajal if De Hoch De Lieber Shmorgesboard.

"LOOK, MA, NO HANS"— at the Crematorium. A merry musical about a Dutch boy who killed his younger brother and ran away with a windmill.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KIPPER?" at the Schtoonke, Romance in the Fulton Fish Market. A lost sole flounders around until he finds an octopus, who teaches him to play checkers. Amazed, the lost sole cries, "My Cod-steak!"

Herring aids furnished at every seat. 35479847 Maiden Lane.

In Maiden Lane, in Maiden Lane, Our Advertisers dwell. We wished they lived on Main St., Or better yet in Wh-o-a-h. Shoot 'em high, shoot 'em low, Yea Team, Let's Go!! Thanks, Snuffy.

YAK YAK TOURS PRESENTS ITS EXCURSION TO LASHA, TIBET

Here's what you get for only twenty gold doubloons: A day at the Monastery, Autographed picture of Chaing Kai Shek. A chance to throw stones at passing pilgrims, a post card of the Empire State Building, and much more!

This All Star, All Expense tour to the mystic land of enchantment is under the care of trained Baboon and Mandrill Keepers of the Seneca Park Zoo.

INTERESTED? Then fill out this application:—

Name..... Prison Address..... Size of left ear.....

Check preferences for travel....Yak....Tortoise.....Rickshaw

Are you a member of the Yolks Club. Yes?... No?... Maybe?..

Send this application and a draft for twenty gold dubloons or seven pieces of bubble gum to: YAY YAK TOURS, 75 Maiden Lane, Cows Ear, N. Y. Note—We pay injury claims only if you are over 103 and are a citizen of Estonia.

SCHMARZO GETS RAVES NOTICES

At last, after 62 years of exploration by eminent sportsmen in the temple of far-off Siam, there has come to our modern civilization the greatest team game ever devised, the mystic game of "SCHMARZO."

This game, which was played by Siamese pharaohs while they were tending their yaks, is a game which involves seven skills. This game, which would be guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your seat if you played it sitting down, is really the most thrilling game ever devised. Equipment for the mystic game of "SCHMARZO" is:

- Three yaks
- Three diving helmets
- Three rattles
- Three branding irons (red hot)
- Three pair of lead shoes (sixty pounds each)
- Three pair of clubs
- One field, two miles wide and four inches long: marked off in rhombuses, with baskets at at either end.

The field is to be full of empty manholes and spikes with rattlesnakes twisting between them.

Now, here are the rules for this wondrous contest:

Both teams line up on each side of the field: No, each team lines up on different sides of the field. No, both fields line up both of the different teams separately. Well, you know what we mean. The players now mount their yaks, and hold their clubs and branding irons. Each man has a fly on the top of his diving helmet which is covering his head. When the oompire yells "SHTOONKO," the players charge down the field yelling anti-Siberian oaths while busily darting over the manholes. (NOTE: All the players and yaks are blindfolded with wet dish towels).

At the one-half mile mark the remaining players stop for a prayer and run on foot, singing "March Slav" in Japanese, toward the opposing baskets, pick up the boulders, and try to knock the fly that is on the helmets off with the boulders. The first player to do so jumps into the air, does four backward somersaults forward, sings the Afghanistan national anthem, and yells "SCHMARZO." He wins and the oompire awards him a free pass to the Sun Theater for one year and a gallon of snake-bite lotion.

Our Hit ? Parade

The ten top tunes in America today according to the Fatman press are:

- 1—Shaggy
- 2—Don't Think You're So Hot, Mr. Kugel
- 3—You're An Old Leper
- 4—Baylee With The Dark Green Hair
- 5—Billie and Mikie Were Sweethearts
- 6—I'm Looking Over Miss Sullivan's Shoulder, or Be True To Your Teeth or They'll Be False To You
- 7—I've Been Shirking On My Homework
- 8—I'm in Love With You, Money
- 9—Why Am I Always Yearning For Carl Thitchener, or Little White Lies

The Coo-Coorant announces its 100% Moo, all Moo, absolutely fresh from the presses (don't touch it, sonny, it's still wet).

1949 SLEEPING COW CONTEST

Just identify the identity of an unidentified cow hipped in someone's bathtub in Peoria, Illinois and win these prizes: Looky! Looky! Here's what you win:

- THE WALDORF ASTORIA
- SIX ATOM BOMBS
- CHARLES OF THE RITZ
- ALASKA

An all expense paid tour for two, to the penny arcade and back again—

and
THE MOON (or its weight in green cheese)
In case of a tie, Formosa will be substituted for Alaska.
Here's all you have to do to win these fabulous prizes. Just finish this sentence in one (1) word or less.

"The Sleeping Cow is"
Guess the identity of the sleeping cow from these clues:
MOO—WHO ARE YOU—MI TI I AM HE.
Throw the answer in a coffin with \$4,000 and six toads and three pieces of stale bubble gum from a classroom desk and mail to Coo-Coorant, 950 Norton Street. Act quickly... we're broke!



Schmaltz Gets Award

This ishew's award goes to Steve Schmaltz, for his excellent showing on the Poker Team! Steve is a grate team man, and filled four inside straits against Aquinas last Monday.

He also stars on the swimming team, where he stands out in the three hundred (inches, that is.) He stood out against Monroe, Madison, and East, and Coach Reich is planning to let him stay out for the rest of the season.

Credit must also be given to Steve for his scholastic achievements. He is majoring in Study Hall and has received sixteen P. S.5s to top his class. Congratulations, Steve. Keep up the good shirk!

ALL ELASTIC TEAM

- R. F. Zipper O'Toole, Leiderkrantz Institute
- L. F. Pete Garter, Mitsubishi U. C. "Two Way" Bittker, Yakahoma College of Mines
- R. G. Jaques Suspenders, Praqueah School
- L. G. Rubber-band Blintzee, Berlin Conservatory

Notice

All chess and backgammon enthusiasts who are interested in forming a team to compete in the Interscholastic Chess League, please report to room 1 directly after going to sleep Monday, September 9th, 1953. Bring your helmets, shin guards and shoulder pads to practice.



Our cage team is looking better all the time. Last week three of the boys got haircuts, and two of them shaved off their beards. The team has scored six points up to now, and they're out to set a new scholastic mark. Standouts

on the squad, who deserves special attention are Bill Karkowski, Freddy Lauderm, Ron Robine, Ralph Gellegrino, Bud Leuison, Ed Miller, Ed Domino, and Jim Byrant.

We were going to write a story about homeroom—BUT it got too depressing—

SO... we cried so hard that we flooded the Coo-Coorant Room and we had to escape in a rowboat.

FAMOUS DUO TO PERFORM

(Continued from Page 1)

After the performance the crowd will adjourn to Beggy's for chimpanzee steak and sliced armadillo on the half shell. Anyone caught drinking milk will be forced to take an American History exam and write a composition on "Why I forgot to drink my mango juice."

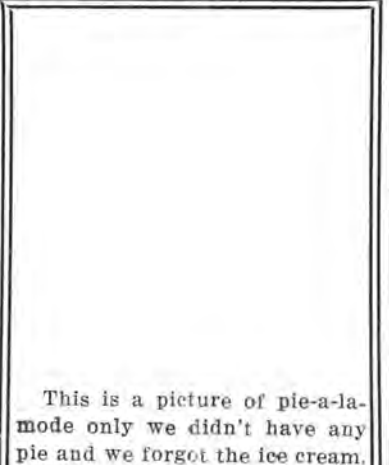
Winners Blast North

The Franklin Quakers again assumed the role of giant killers as they toppled the league-leading North High Tiddy Winks team.

In a game fraught with thrills and excitement, Ronald Roping, All-Scholastic left tiddly, sunk a long shot in the sixth quarter that brought the crowd of seven people jumping to their feet and sewed up the game for Franklin, 130-5.

After a comparatively dull first quarter which saw the Quakers jump to a 20-2 lead, the game really became exciting. A few minor grudges finally grew into full-scale fights, and Bill Smith was given a two-minute stretch in the penalty box for giving a dirty look to a North player. This brought cheers from the fans who always like to see a bruising bttle.

In the final canto Coach Glook substituted freely, pouring in reserves for his tiring players. After the game, he said the players would be absent from school for a few days' rest and would not tiddle for a full week.



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