

Prologue



All that has been set down in this book is supposed to be true; all that will follow is supposed to be humor.

When we think of God, we must conceive him as the embodiment of all perfections. Every good quality that we mortals possess in a measure must in God exist in a maximum degree.

And what is there so rare in mortals as humor—a real sense of humor. Surely this quality is an attribute of God himself.

We are convinced, then, that not only is humor an attribute of God, but that it was under the influence of this particular mood that he made the world and all things in it.

Everything and everybody are, therefore, made up of various components, which are humorous separately or in combination. It follows, therefore, that no one is to be regarded seriously. Thus a part of the physiognomy such as a nose may inspire a beholder to laughter as a unit or in combination with the other ludicrous components which make up a face.

He who can not appreciate the humor in his object of adoration as a whole, let him resolve her into her various elements, and if, then he finds no cause for laughter, he either has not the eyes wherewith to see, or he is himself so funny that all else is serious by contrast.

It is our task in the following pages to set forth certain individuals and institutions in the light that God truly made them.

We have purposely chosen the organizations and people which take themselves most seriously, with least cause, and we will dispassionately set them forth in the light of ludicrousness.

The Editor of the 1927 Cincinnatian takes this opportunity to waive all responsibility for what may follow, to keep his eyes closed, and rest in the hope that the good and the pure will abide.