

LULLEY

Julius, prop. of Harvey's
restaurant on Connecticut
ave. D. C. (Grandson of E. Lulley)

AT A SMALL DINNER:

Sen. Joseph McCarthy breaking the teeth of Julius Lulley, the happy-grow-fatter restaurateur.

Mrs. Lulley recounts that during the evening she noticed Julius was talking funny.

"I knew he hadn't had that many drinks. I wondered what could be the matter."

Several of the other guests also commented that Lulley was making loose statements. And it seems they were right. His brand new upper plate was in his pants pocket instead of his mouth.

"Thenator McCarthy hath dithfigured me and bithed my teeth," wailed Mr. Lulley. "And

thith plate ithnth even paid for yet."

Big tears welled up in his eyes. Everybody, including Joe McCarthy, was sympathetic . . . What had happened to his teeth?

(Well, Fearless Joe had not taken a swat at Lulley . . . In fact, it was all very friendly . . . In his years as a bachelor, ex-Marine Joe McCarthy has learned how to cook a feast fit for gourmets or Lulleys—pheasants, venison or hamburgers. . . . Name it and McCarthy can cook it . . . That evening he prepared a banquet for the guests at the party and it was so delicious that the appreciative but hasty Lulley had chomped down greedily on a pheasant bone and split his new upper plate. Very simple. Very sad.

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