

## earnard Bulletin

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## EDITORIAL (cont'd.)

Tess must be helped as long as there are enemy raiders. But we must not forget to look ahead a few years-ahead to a time when there is peace and a new order. Europe will have been in a state of seige; its youth homeless, killed and imprisoned. Europe will have been so engrossed in the mere mechanisms of self preservation that the task of educating a new generation to rehabilitate the world will have of necessity been left by the wayside.
We will not be able to bear the responsibility alone. We will perhaps have been fortunate enough to have lived and studied in a free country in free universities. But our responsibility does not rest on educating ourselves alone. We have an obligation to ourselves and to the world; to help our contemporaries in Europe and Asia so that we can join with trained forces of youth after the war to run with them a better world mechanism.
The thousands of students in prison camps are stagnating in idleness; they are crying for materials to keep their intellects alive. The refugee students in China and Europe are risking starvation and untold hardships in their fierce determination to snatch an education from under the wheels of the war machine, from out of the mouths of the cannon.

We feel we have a, duty to the bombed children, to the wounded men and women whom we aid through our National Relief Societies. We have a parallel duty to these contemporaries of ours in whose fight we have a stake, just as we have a stake in their future. They and the hope they symbolize must not be forgotten.

We ask you therefore to pledge your support to the current relief drive. You contributions will go to food, medicines and clothes and all the immediate necessities that humanitarian relief demands. But your contributions will be fighting a dual battle. The minds that are rotting in prison camps, the students that wander the roads of France and Switzerland, the barefoot refugees in China, will continue with your help, to prepare to take their places in a world remade, to rekindle in Europe the torch of knowledge that has been slowly dying. H.K.

## An Open Letter To The Faculty

November 25, 1941

Dear Faculty,
We've been crabbing now for a while (crabbing, not cribbing, mind you). And much of what we've peen crabbing about concerns you. In one column, we stated that "facultystudent contacts are too few and too formal. That surely concerns you.. Then we had some things to say about what's wrong with the curriculum. That vitally concerns you.

And we got no reaction from you.
One week later, we suggested ways of getting at the problems that bother us. The most important of these means was a facultystudent committee to investigate causes and possible changes. Another was faculty and student letters to the editor.

And still we got no reaction from you.
We're wondering. We know that many of you never see Bulletin. But what about the rest of you? We don't presfume to criticize you for your silence. But we would like to know what you're thinking. Do you think we should have closer faculty-student relations? Smaller classes? Pre-exam reading periods? Unlimited cuts? Would you be willing to cooperate with students in more forums and committees for studying and discussing these curriculum problems?

We await your reply.

Very truly yours,

The Students
(per J. Coplon and P. Kenner)

## Zoo Major Keeps Own Zoo With Hawk, Lizards, Snakes

By Doris Landre Nina Thomas is the young lady Thomas has had Monmouth she has who accompanies Colonel Mon- trained him to fly from his perch mouth on his walks around the Barnard campus. Those who have seen them already know, and those who have not won't be disappointed to discover, that Miss Thomas is the effervescent and petite girl with sparkling blue eyes and an indestructible smile, and that Colonel Monmouth is a hawk, a red-shouldered or mouse hawk to be exact.
A major in zoology, Miss Thomas spends her summers as zoologist-incharge at the Trailside Museum on Bear Mountain. It was while working there last summer that Colonel Mnomouth was given to her by a group. oi soldiers from Fort Monmouth who.were traveling around the country obtaining pigeons for use in the Army communications service.
"Hawks require a good deal of care," said Miss Thomas. "You have to cut their bills and claws, and watch their, diet very carcfull:." Monmouth, or Pegleg as he is called, eats all kinds of raw meat. but he is particularly fond of frogs and mice. Since all hawks in-captivity must be fed something live at regular interials to keep them healthy, Pegleg is fed either a live mouse or a frog every week.
In the five months that Miss
to her gloved hand when she calls him. She expects to keep him for three years and then release him in the forests on Bear Mountain. "He will be perfectly able to take care of himself, and will become wild again quite quickly," Miss Thomas said. "The only fault is that he will have lost his fear of man." That isn't really so terrible as it sounds because the forests on Bear Mountain have been set aside as a game preserve.
Bésides Pegleg, Miss Thomas' collection includes two five and a half foot pilot black snakes, a two and a half foot milk snake, a two and a half foot hog-nosed snake, a three foot water snake; eighty baby green smakes, and eight lizards. They all are fed once a week-it's a peculiar snake custom-something alive, a mouse or a frog. The baby green snakes prefer small hiouse spiders. Miss Thomas intends to work either in a zoo helping nake reptiles and hawks more interesting to-the general public or in a research lab. "Pcople have so many prejudices against hawks and snakes," she said, "but they are really pretty swell when you get to know more



