

## Board Sends Delegate to N.P.A.

Minority Overruled In Meeting For More Observers

### THIRTY-NINE TO OBSERVE

#### Aesthetics To Convene In Watertown After Trip West

At the student Board meeting which was held last night, it was decided to send 14 observers and one delegate to the National Philolexian Association convention which will be held in Watertown, Pa. The decision was reached by a majority of five to four. The dissenting members wished rather to send 13 observers and 2 delegates but were finally voted down on a point of parliamentary procedure.

Before discussing the question of the delegates, a half hour was devoted to a debate on whether or not to dispense with the minutes. This time the decision was 5 to 4 against dispensing. The mugwump member swung over to the conservatives on this question causing much disconcertion in the board and bringing forth a proposal from the Dean for a revival of the Board on a more liberal basis.

The delegation to Watertown will leave by bus on the night of the thirteenth. When the bus reaches Kansas City, the delegation, including the 14 observers, will entrain, travelling the remainder of the trip in a day coach. Registration for the National Philolexian Society convention will be from 10-11 on Saturday, followed by a banquet. On Sunday, after prayer meeting, a banquet will be held in Thythithter Hall. Monday morning round-table conferences will be held, and following this will be the farewell banquet.

Previous to the discussion on the dispensing of minutes, the Board was delayed because of the loss of the gavel. After twenty minutes, it was moved by Bus J. Brown, '39, to dispense with the gavel. The vote on this was 4 to 5 for dispensation, but a revote was demanded, and this time the decision was 5 to 4 in favor of the motion, but on this vote a majority decision was necessary.

## "I Hate My Beautiful Legs" Wail Columbia Seniors, Yet Chant Withal "I Love Me"

Momas Therton, editor of *The Columbian*, announced that the year-book's annual poll, recently completed, proved conclusively that this year's senior class was more interested in stuff than in things. A record vote of 37 ballots (there are 350 seniors in Columbia) cast in the poll indicated the growing concern among seniors about such vital problems as maximum wage legislation, panisocracy, and the coming of the millennium. "We are very pleased," said Mr. Therton, "to discover that our boys are really alive." Jom Tones, editor of *The Spectator*, doubted the validity of Mr. Therton's conclusion. When informed of Tones' dubiety, Therton said that the Spec editor was a nasty old thing anyhow.

The tabulated results of the votes give voice to the preferences of the

seniors' as follows. Favorite course—hors d'oeuvres. Hardest course—true love. Best professor—Lemuel Q. Stoopmagle. Dullest course—of: Best year of college life—subfreshman: Qualities most lacking in Columbia men—Virtue (in the Platonic sense): Qualities most typical of Col. men—bullthrowing, brass, and brainlessness: Most popular song of all time—"I love me": Most popular novel—"I hate my Beautiful Legs."

Further preferences: Favorite women's college—Princeton: Favorite sport—mumble-peg: Best all around actress—Shirley (Cutums) Temple; Favorite topic of conversation, lecture topic, most vital interest, most important item to contribute to world peace—SEX.

The outstanding personalities were voted as follows: Most popu-

lar, Best dressed, Handsomest, Most personality—all won by James von K. Merton. It seems that there was a little mixup in the voting here: every one of the 37 boys except one voted for himself as his choice for the personality most outstanding in each particular field. Mr. Merton swept the class, however, with a plurality of one vote, by bribing one underfed senior to cast his ballot in favor of James von K.

In answer to the question on religion, 21 boys said that they never missed an Easter Sunday in church except when they were sleepy, four announced themselves advocates of the Zoroaster sect, nine admitted that they were entering monasteries next year, and three declined to answer on the grounds of Administration discrimination.

R.S.V.P.

## Aesthetic Athletic Program Launched

The first day of the new athletic regime at Columbia went off successfully, according to the new Coach, Bobby Big.

This program was instituted as a result of repeated student protests against the older and sturdier system of football, track, basketball and wrestling. Its general purpose is not to harden the muscles of the undergraduate, but is considered by its advocates to be more farseeing. As expressed by Panso Rosos, chairman of the Student Committee for the Aesthetic Athletic, the aim of the new sports undertaking is to "broaden the student's horizon so that he may be not only useful and decorative in a mechanized society, but also better equipped to understand the psychology of the feminine half."

Yesterday's program commenced with a demonstration by Mrs. Amanda G. Smith of three methods of knitting—French, German and Russian. In her brief lecture which accompanied the showing, Mrs. Smith complimented the fellows present on their perspicacity in discerning that the knit is the "coming thing." Billy Milkie, president-elect of the knitting tournament squad commented after the lecture that he had "gotten an awful lot out of it, and the French way is swell."

Coach Big himself launched what is probably the most ambitious as-

(Continued on Page 4, Column 1)

## Faculty Returns To Native Haunts Or Vice Versa

Several members of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University were sighted strolling across the campus yesterday morning apparently bound for their offices. The sudden appearance of these professors all of whom are on three years leave of absence for special work in Washington, the nation's capital, has not as yet been explained. Classes, according to the University Registrar, in the Political Science Department will be resumed as soon as tennis lockers now occupying the old classrooms can be removed.

Officials in the University refuse to comment until they have finished their investigation of the sudden influx. It is rumored that they are working on geometric emotionalism theory and expect to complete their inquiry shortly. Meanwhile the porters are working day and night to clear the classrooms and the class of '32, the last class to hear these professors, is planning a welcome celebration.

In the economics department at least half of the staff has returned and most of the former courses will again be given. This year due to the presence of only one member of the department Economics 1-2 has been the only course available while none have been given in political science and majors have been forced to take courses at N.Y.U. and then have the credits transferred to Columbia. It is estimated that approximately one quarter of the student body will now be enabled to return to Columbia where they originally registered.

## "Chmear" Shmeered All Over Campus

A new magazine recently appearing on the Columbia campus offers a wealth of raw material. Published under the French name "Chmear," the magazine brings to life a bevy of budding poets.

Following is an excerpt from the slim volume:

"grace à macabredano"  
Il fait chaud  
o, o  
les jeunes filles  
comme des cédilles  
sont belles . . .  
celles  
de barnard  
le sont moins  
qu'à vassar  
et ron, ron, ron  
petit pat-à-pon  
mais  
les dames de chez nous  
ne  
sont  
pas  
de notre gout  
elles sont trop intelligentes.  
elles lisent souvent des livres.  
quelle horreur!  
néanmoins  
la lune de miel  
est dans le ciel  
zut alors!  
la beauté du soir  
un hymne à la bloire  
nous donne de l'espoir . . .  
il faut voir  
poufquoire . . .  
allons-boire  
tout dort  
mais  
jamais  
l'amour  
ne dort  
dons  
il fait chaud  
o. o. o. o. O.

## Plans For Demonstration Going Forward Slowly

### Spectator Editor Comes Of Age; Is Distressed

"Today I am a man!" triumphantly declared Thomas Jones editor of *Spectator* and late of the Jones of Yonkers Committee. Asked for a statement upon this memorable occasion Mr. Jones commented on the recent ruling of Student Board. "Better no Student Board," he said, "than no *Spectator* comment; better no subsidy than no *Spectator* comment; better no *Spectator* comment; better no *Spectator* comment."

### Diva Bombarded By Bananas

### "All Of The Suckers" Receives Howling Reception

Having been missed by a banana and upbraided by Aul Inkopp, director, Miss Ololes Ate, leading lady of "All of the Suckers," 27th Annual Columbia Varsity Show declared, "Never again! At least not soon!"

A barrage of bananas, tomatoes, popcorn, split-peas, and poached eggs hurled by disgruntled members of the audience of "All of the Suckers" 27th Annual Columbia Varsity Show, completely disrupted the first act and its highlight, a torchsong, "I'm Calorific" sung by Ololes Ate in her take-off on Babs Button in "All of the Suckers," 27th Annual Columbia Varsity Show.

The vegetarian barrage was a protest against the employment of Barnard rhythm fundamentalists in the chorus of "All of the Suckers," 27th Annual Columbia Varsity Show. Aul Inkopp, director, came out upon the stage and chanted, "Don't make cat-calls at my kittens!" until order was restored.

"All of the Suckers," 27th Annual Columbia Varsity Show proceeded smoothly from that point with acclamations for Era Olsson's rendition of "Lu-ker," in her role of Mrs. Button. Thony M. Ussino, was a wow as Fiorello La G., in the "Chamber of Rah-rahs" scene in "All of the Suckers," 27th . . . .

## Columbia Will Plan Peachy Plans For Demonstration

### PLANS BEING MADE

### Sub-committees Will Be Chosen To Make Further Plans

Preparations for Columbia's participation in the nation wide student demonstration are under way. J. McG. K. Ross chairman of the demonstration committee announced today that plans were going forward for the demonstration. The committee anticipates that plans will still be going forward tomorrow.

Representatives from all organizations on the campus have been invited to attend a meeting of the committee to formulate more plans. Mr. Ross declared that the demonstration must be carefully planned. Plans are going forward.

It was explained that the committee which is now carrying the plans forward is merely a temporary committee formed to create wider student interest in the demonstration. As soon as student opinion is further crystallized, a permanent executive committee will be appointed to elect the permanent committee which will formulate plans for the demonstration.

When asked to comment on the plans for the demonstration being planned by the students, the President said that he had never heard of it, as he never read the student papers. But members of the Columbia Tried and True Blue Blood Association said that they would fight to the end to stop the plans for the committees to plan the demonstration.

Mr. Brown, Chairman of the Speakers Committee announces that work is going ahead, and that future plans will be made public soon.

Mr. Green Chairman of the Publicity Committee announced that work is progressing, and that future plans will be made public shortly.

Mr. White, Chairman of the Arrangements Committee announces that work is going on, and that future plans will be made public in the near future.

An appeal for more workers has been made by the chairmen of the Speakers, Publicity, and Arrangements Committees.

## Barnard Show Is Peachy Affair; Lights, Costumes and More Stuff

Junior show finally happened. It was peachy. Everybody loved it, except some who didn't know it was good, but others weren't said they would be. The Juniors have a show after the Juniors have a show. This year they had one which didn't happen here and they would tell us that it did. They would make up their

show. A lot of people came to the show. Some were all dressed up and some came like it was school. We sat in the balcony so we could see all the people who weren't acting on the stage. Some of the people had bald heads that shone quite a good deal, although a lot of the people had curls. We had curls. We sat next to the spotlight and watched the girl put different shades on the stage. Gee, it was fun. We felt like we were watching life.

n't black, because who ever saw red specially good. It had skull and cross-bones. The set did. One of the costumes in the Alice and Wonderland scene was real peachy with balloon tires around the hem. Red Junior Show also had stage sets and costumes. One of them was estires anyhow, anyway.

A lot of people came to the show. Some were all dressed up and some came like it was school. We sat in the balcony so we could see all the people who weren't acting on the stage. Some of the people had bald heads that shone quite a good deal, although a lot of the people had curls. We had curls. We sat next to the spotlight and watched the girl put different shades on the stage. Gee, it was fun. We felt like we were watching life.

R.S.V.P.

## NOTICE

To the Readers of (a) The Barnard Bulletin (b) The Columbia Spectator (Choose ONE)

Probably because (1) this is the spring of the year, (2) bock is back, (3) this is the first of April, the nameplates, mastheads and beat lists of (a) Bulletin and (b) Spectator seem to have gotten slightly mixed up.

But since no one on the staff of (a) Bulletin or (b) Spectator seems to care, the following procedure is suggested for readers of (a) Bulletin (b) Spectator, who like to see the name of (a) Bulletin (b) Spectator instead of (a) Spectator (b) Bulletin at the top of their favorite Campus reading matter: Copies of papers labeled BUL-

LETIN may be obtained at the office of SPECTATOR, 411 John Jay Hall. Copies of papers labeled SPECTATOR may be obtained at the office of BULLETIN, 407 Barnard Hall. But if you get there and there aren't any left, it will be because the readers of (a) Bulletin (b) Spectator have gotten all the (a) Spectators (b) Bulletins first. We just switched names around, see, but kept our own staffs, which may explain a lot of things.

Any resemblance between any character mentioned in any story or article in this publication and any living person is purely deliberate and may be blamed on the weather. (Signed.) (a) Barnard Bulletin (b) Columbia Spectator

## Columbia Stewdents to Have Course in The Strip-Tease

A new course, "The Strip-Tease," its cultural and non-cultural aspects, has been incorporated into the Columbia curriculum, according to a statement given late this evening (after the last show) by Stewardent Bored, Gypsy Rose Tree, who is said to have captivated young Columbia at a recent social function by her genial manner and ready wit has been unanimously selected to conduct the course. According to latest reports, only one stewardent has failed to register. He is the member of Jester Staff who recently inaugurated a branch of the Woman's Anti Saloon League on the campus, which was forced to disband because of a technicality. Due to overflow registration, Student Board attempted to rush through a motion limiting registration to itself and a few hand-picked friends, but a sit-

Managing Board led to a retreat on this point. "The class will be mismanaged as well as possible under the circumstances," Tame Case, president on Student Board, declared today.

Miss Tree, informed of her appointment, admitted that she had never worked with undergraduates before. An alumna of Minsky's Collegiate Institute, where she majored in Fine Arts, Miss Tree took her M.A. at Legfield Dollies School for Better Girls in 1936. She is universally recognized as the outstanding authority on the Strip-Tease, a movement said by many to mark the beginning of a new cultural epoch, broad enough, in its appeal, to encompass everyone.

Because of conflict with French, Government, Anthropology, His-

(Continued on Page 4, Column 3)

# Columbia Spectator

The official newspaper of the students of Columbia College. Published daily except Saturday and Sunday throughout the college year at Columbia University, Morningside Heights, New York City.

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## EDITORIAL

### Apathy

It's a pretty state of affairs! Certainly we don't wish to be the first to cry wolf but the time has come when strong editorial comment is indicated. All we can say is—"It's a pretty state of affairs."

Look at the student apathy. See the pretty student apathy! Why are the students so apathetic? Perhaps the students are bored. Perhaps just don't give a damn. Perhaps, haps, haps—Oh swing it!

Five more campus organizations have joined the united protest against this state of things. And stuff. See the campus organizations joining the protests—one by one and two by two. Doesn't that inspire you to go and do likewise. Or do something. Or just dicka-dicka-do. But you are too full of apathy. Yeah.

A mere handful of students attended the mass demonstration last Friday. A measly few. A paltry couple. That is more apathy. Whether you know it or not, apathy has become a definitely established campus tradition. This place is full of apathy. Apathy oozes apathetically all around us. The students are pale of face. Just a bunch of pale faces with white shoes. Dirty white shoes. Is this apathy? Maybe bee bee lily.

What do you propose to do about this? Pins are indicated. And needles. But we feel, we believe, we recommend that the movement must arise from within the student body. We do not hold with a student movement which is superimposed on the student body—especially when it concerns apathy.

Apathy is a wonderful thing. If we had more apathy around this place people wouldn't be so disgustingly energetic.

So many people wouldn't be running around, so many places like so many dopes. So many people wouldn't be saying so many things so many other people don't understand.

What we need is more apathy. Not only Columbia but the whole country could stand a little more apathy. We are sick and tired of five cent cigars. We advocate apathy.

Tomorrow, we think we will start an association for the propagation of apathy—if we have time. We hope that we will gain staunch campus support. If people were a little more full of apathy we might get a little rest. But definitely, yes.

## The Off-Hour

OR, 15.98

### For The Men

Well, dear boys, the Easter bunny has hopped over the horizon, but we still have Spring to occupy our thoughts, haven't we. And with Spring, of course, comes the vexing but fascinating problem of clothes styles. We have it on the best authority (no less a stylist than the eminent M. Schratcherbelli) that the new suits, topcoats, and hats have created a revolution on Rotten Row this season. Jackets feature the nipped-in waist, but backs still bellow among the younger smart set. It is rumored that one sensationalist in Hyde Park appeared in a double-breasted oxford grey with the lower right jacket button buttoned! Don't be too alarmed; but we do suggest that that, in addition to the note that the Duke of Windsor was seen last week with the bottom button of his vest snugly fastened, should give you pause.

Trousers still hide unseemly ankles from view, except on the tennis court, where, try as we will, our ankles will peep out from under. Hat fashions have gone simply berserk, fellows! Brims swoop, feathers wave, bands have assumed a smart chic by the inauguration of the double-love-knot instead of the ordinary bow. And if you want to be really comme il faut in your topcoat, you must chase right down to Rogers Peet (clothes for the male from six to sixty—adv.) and grab off one of their knee-length swaggers, in camels' wool or Scotch hair.

Incidentally, kids, beige gloves are going over big in the accessory line, as are matching ties and socks, particularly when worn with those adorable slacks-and-sport-jacket outfits that make better men out of the best of us. And if you'll take a tip from us you won't let another day go by without getting a pair of suede shoes with crepe soles; there's only one way of making the grade with her, and that's by stepping on her feet lightly!

Another spring note that we know will interest you is about gardens. We have seen the carefully tended window boxes at Hartley, and we have marked with satisfaction the increasing number of button-holes that boast a tulip on these beautiful mornings in the subway. We are personally of the opinion that there is nothing quite so cheery as a flower.

W. Atlee Burpee Co. (It's the truth, so help me!) advertise 18 varieties of Burpee's Zinnias on the back of "The American Home." A garden being "a lovesome thing, God wot, Fern grot, Zinnia plot," we tried Burpee's in ours. Perhaps we were not quite sober when we planted them, for we were amazed to find that what we had thought to be simple Cut-and-Come-Again Zinnias grew to look like the picture on the packet of Mr. Burpee's New Cupid Zinnias. Maybe you will have better luck with yours. By the bye, if you want something different in gardening costumes, why don't you do what the Garden Klub Kut-ups are doing, and putter around in last year's tux?

(If any of you guys send us a lily we'll knock your teeth out.)

### shadows on the rocks

there's no use. we have tried and tried to find the gleaming lining, to no avail. nights are endless blacknesses, days are dull interims of monotonous stupidities, interminably repeated and repeated and repeated again. gloomy saturday is our continual torch song, our unwavering paean to melancholic dirgibility. suicidal are our thoughts, dark and forbidding our emotional reactions.

as we look out at the scene of bleakward desolation that festers beneath the scorchacious rays of the sun, there comes to mind again that devastatingly cryptic line from the classics, and we intone listlessly "all mimsy were the borogroves, the mome raths outrabe."

starkly we remember the period of youthness, then a hollow laugh shudders through our frame. oh god, we cry, and the words are wrested hardly from the calcification that was our lungs. NOTHINGNESS nothingness nothingness . . .

we who dreamed dreams of daring improbability never doubting our will and our strongness and our place in the schemy of things, we who drank deeply of the inebriatons nectar of imaginative soulfulness—at long last we have woken to the realization of the world's contumacious duplicity. tornly our heart drips within us, hurtly our eyes survey the universe.

we should not feel so completely forsaken and despondating if it were only that the borogroves were mimsy; that we could have understood. but that the mome raths should outrabe! no, that is beyond our flimsacious comprehension. ours to mourn, to weep, to die.

R.S.V.P.

### Whispering Galleries

Drama in a big way stalked through the town last night in the form of the Anti-Anti Conference to end Conferences. Delegates from all over Manhattan thronged into the West End Cafeteria to draw up plans for reorganization of reorganization committees.

The opening speeches seemed to indicate that the tone of the gathering would be one of militant idealism, but, as time went on it became apparent that the convention was completely split, from top to toe on the question of round versus rectangular tables for committee meetings. Joint conferences, referenda, constitutional amendments, and several other varieties of governmental palliatives were attempted but each failed in turn.

Professor Thwaitehepple of the Bronx School for Paperhangers was therefore forced to adjourn the meeting sine die. The Great Schism has dawned! selah!

### Don About Literature

The Nisynews Publishing Company has just forwarded to our desk a copy of the Catalogue of Catnip College for the year 1900-1. The volume is charmingly bound in flexible oaktag, and illustrated with two-tone etchings of the "scenes at Catnip" such as the janitor's apartment, the famous old Pusseycat Oak from which the first headmistress took a notable parachute leap, and a beautifully balanced page of entrance requirements.

We were especially interested to notice that French 1098B has fallen from first rank on the list to third. The footnotes give no clue as to the reason for this; they are darkly silent. Geology 000z, The Composition and Affections of Broadway Dust has been postponed, we see, for a year, due to the elopement of the professor with an incoming freshman. The best of luck to you sir!

House rules at Catnip, it seems, have changed since our day. Students are absolutely forbidden to abscond with oranges and squeeze them in their rooms. Professor Blunk of the Science Department at Catnip has invented a fruit tree whose oranges are already squeeze. For this distinguished enterprise, a footnote states, he will be awarded to Bumble Prize for Gastric Attainment for 1899.

The faculty at Catnip, according to this volume, is still all safe and sound, dear, dear. And the Annual Gala May Party and Festival, so famous throughout the country, and known to us through the rotogravure sections will not take place this year since all reliable atlases and almanacs as well as Aunt Sary John Jay of Catnip Town predict rain for May 1. So sorry.

And so—Catnip still forges on to distinction in the field of female cultivation. Lud!

We have had only a few minutes to glance through a literary work to which our attention has been called,—Romeo and Juliet by a William Shakespeare. Although we would hesitate to advance an opinion before reading it more thoroughly we think that we can state with safety that it will probably be quite popular for several years to come. Although markedly deficient in class-consciousness this Shakespeare fellow has hit the right spot in one scene in which the hero, Romeo by name, stands under a balcony and tells his gal, Juliet, that he thinks she's swell. The only error in the plot is that Shakespeare seems to ignore the possibilities of a Hollywood showing and kills off the lovers in the end.

But that can be remedied.

### Overtones

We were supposed to go to a concert to fill out this column but Aunt Iris and the boys dropped in to pay the family a visit and the Shostakovich had to go by the board. But

(Continued on Page 4, Column 2)

### Student Forum

To the Editor Columbia Spectator

Wheeeee!

The new student movement on the campus has shown what it can do. This movement truly represents a united front. Composed as it is of members of all societies and all factions on the campus, the new campus movement is truly non-partisan and completely colorless. We are gratified to see that such a movement is gaining strength on our campus. Few can disagree with its plan of action, and certainly its aims are the aims of all of us here on this campus.

When 49% of the student body agree, it is difficult to deny it. One can never hope to achieve complete accord, and the walk-out of the other delegation at last Tuesday's meeting was to be expected. Nevertheless, we feel that the result of the student poll on this campus means that the majority of the student body are behind the new movement. We are certain that that campus referendum was truly a mandate from the student body. The new student movement is being swept ahead by majority demand.

As usual in any student movement, the majority isn't many. In this case, it isn't quite a plurality. But it is enough.

Nevertheless, we deplore the general apathy on the campus. When 76% of the undergraduate body do not take the trouble to even bother to register their votes in favor of the new student movement, when 74% of the students are so apathetic as to vote against the new student movement, then we must deplore the general apathy on the campus.

The opinion on this campus, however, is that something ought to be done about the situation, and done immediately. The control that the committee exerts is finally becoming noticeable. Student leaders are halted in every forward step. But the undergraduates as a whole can offer no solution. They have no ideas on the subject. They are uninspired.

It must be recalled, nevertheless, that what the entire undergraduate body lacks in ideas it makes up in strength. For the fact remains that the student body is 100%.

It is understood that the student body leans in a certain direction. All that remains now is to determine which way it is leaning. When that is determined, who knows what may happen? All that the student body may need is a slight push, and, if so, we may see interesting developments. Who knows?

These arguments which we have put forth in favor of the new student movement, may convince some students who have been dubious about the matter. Even in the event of appearing somewhat repetitious, we wish to say again that we truly believe that this new student movement is to the best interests of all students, really of all undergraduates, on this campus.

R.S.V.P.

Comrade!

To the Editor Columbia Spectator

Hardly a day has passed since my entrance into college six years ago that my blood pressure has not risen at least 5 cc's. It won't be much longer before the gong will ring and I'll just go to pieces.

The reason for this state of affairs is the violent radical activity which is going on right under our very heels. Why, it was only yesterday that I overheard a conversation between two Freshmen (Freshmen, mind you). Please do not get the impression that I am a snooping person. Far be it from it. I just happened to be in the same telephone booth. But to get back to the question at hand. These two guys—pardon me—I mean gentlemen were obviously trying to throw me off the track by conversing with each other in song. But they couldn't fool me. I should say not. I distinctly heard something that sounded suspiciously like "Red sails in the sunset."

If the red menace has gone so far as to corrupt even our Freshmen,

(Continued on Page 4, Column 6)

All

God's

Chillun

Got Wings —

Is You Got Yours?

STOP - THINK -

Have you a

KOVARian Soul?

Keep It Kleen -

When Did You

Last Write

Mother?

DROP

HER

A LINE

TODAY

Slip in at the

CHEMISTS

Today —

BE IN THE STIR -

Bankruptcy

Proceedings vs.

WHITE SHOE POLISH

Corp.

Ain't You 'Shamed?

Better to be a

RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST

Than a

RAGGED INDIVIDUALIST

R. S. V. P.

This space furnished by United Pea-

Pathfinder's, Inc.

oh well

## Sidelines

Are You Obese?  
... Getting Round?  
... Want To Dance?  
Or Grow and Grow

Columbia men are getting obese. We would go so far as to say that but not deny that vests are having and time making odds meet these men to the even a sh war baby knows the answer. Yes, right again. It's intramurals.

### Lethargy

Lethargy is from the lethargy which has washed you. Pull yourself together and come out for the Maypole Dance we've arranged for you. Each man may chose the color and count of the line he will wrap around the pole. However, may we have add, unofficially of course, that *Sidelines* is rooting as ever for the Blue and the Gray. Nonetheless, should any of the candidates for the dance feel that they must match the color of their eyes, divers will be on hand to do the trick. More darn fun.

### Dance

The Maypole Dance this year will be a thing of beauty according to the sub-committee which has been working feverishly for the last few hours. Classes will be suspended for the day in order that all may come and join the dance. Will you, won't you, will you won't you.

In order that parents may also see their children as others see them a grand stand will be arranged where all mammas, pappas and stuff may take root. Rah, rah, rah.

### Grow and Grow

Yes, Columbia shall take its place among the nations which are giving their all that the youth may live and grow and grow and grow. The Nazi's have their camps, the Hozis have their stuff, the Torzis have their things, and Columbia has its Maypole Dance.

Enough my lads, of this dissertating. To harder things we go. Those of you who have not as yet won your letters will want to get them oh so very soon, for what will you say when mummy looks at your painfully bare sweater? No, that will never do. So come out for intramurals.

### PBK

What if you have a PBK key? What does it open? Not a thing. But a letter. Ah, a letter. That brings back the verdant days of our early youth when we wrote Mehitabel a burning, sentiment-dripping letter. But then we met Kovar and things were different. He showed us the way the truth and the light. What a man. But he ain't got a letter.

Men, don't you be an Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire. Be dynamic. Come out for Intra-murals.

## Bathing Suits At Carnival Praised

The all-Columbia swimming carnival, held the other night in the Columbia pool, was outstanding for the brilliance and beauty of its audience. It included members of the first families of New York, with a few stray Columbia students crowded around the door. The guests were dressed formally; the man in tails and top hats—which they of course didn't take off—and the ladies in the latest Spring models from Paris.

Miss Marie Lovejoy, Columbia's own fashion editor, when interviewed on this year's Spring fashions, commented on the prevalence of black moire and blue uncut velvet in Paris this year. Asked about the bathing suits which the various performers wore, she praised the new grey cottons, but suggested that next year they be cut on the bias.

During the intermission pate de foie gras and limeade were served. Somebody dived.

## Intramurals

Chili Chih Bitta defeated Phi Am Aye Phrat 31 to 23 in an intramural basketball game to-morrow.

Yesterday afternoon at 4:30 p.m. there will be an intramural novice swim-dive-splash tournament. 5 or 10 participants, or maybe 11, are expected. Free-style races in 25 and 50 yards are scheduled. However, nobody will be allowed in the pool completely free-style.

Intramurals in Radio City feature Dago Riviera. Among others spending the season on the Riviera, M. Leon Trotsky, prominent socialite, has been able to spend several months away from home.

### PUBLIC NOTICE

Will all faculty members who have not renewed books which they have borrowed from the library within three years please do so at their earliest convenience. There seems to be a growing student demand for these books. Yes.

## Lions Run Wild In Vicious Fray

The Columbia Lions ran rampant over the field yesterday. In a free for battle of claws and fangs, they emerged victorious to the tune of three leaps and a bound over the heads of the spectators. Other entrants included the Princeton Tigers, the Yale Bulldogs, the Army Mules, the Navy Goats and the Vassar Cats.

Things looked bad for a while. The dog-catcher threatened to end the fight—we mean game—by insisting that the Yale Bulldog come home with poppa. However, a bottle of soda pop and a ring-side seat soon mollified him.

Princeton tried to pull a fast one by substituting a leopard for one of the tigers, but even the referee knew that a leopard can't change its spots.

It is impossible to give what the final score because in the middle of the fray the Vassar Cats and the Navy Goats disappeared and haven't been seen since.

DO THEY LAUGH  
WHEN YOU SIT DOWN \*



DO YOUR BEST FRIENDS †  
TELL YOU?



ARE YOU A WALTER WALL  
FLOWER GROWING UP  
SO HIGH? •

See If We Care!



- \* Use our stretch-easies, sit-comfies
- † Well, you don't want to die dumb, do you?
- Oh Well.

WE'VE SAVED THIS  
SPACE

For you and you

Now do as fancy

Moves you do —

Will you doodle?

Will you draw

Piggy wiggy tails

In a mackinaw?

This has no sense

As well you see

But you don't care

And so do we —

But just be glad

That you can draw

Piggy wiggy tails

In a mackinaw.

# doodle space

DANCE  
FRESHMEN  
DANCE

But First  
Remember  
To Visit The

ACM SHIN GUARD  
Co.

Est. 1901 (Feb.)  
36 Years of  
respected  
service

### Aesthetic Athletic Program Launched

### Overtones

(Continued from Page 2, Column 3)

... never fear dear readers, you shall be amused nevertheless.

Has it ever occurred to you, for instance, that people probably do more concentrated worthwhile thinking at a concert than anywhere else? It's like this—you walk in, greet "that girl from Camp Ha Ha Wee" whom you discover sitting in the row in front, arrange and rearrange your coat, hat, and botany book until you're all of a muddle, and then sit down to listen.

Before three bars of a lilting cadenza your eye has caught the profile of a gent in the first balcony. He vaguely reminds you of someone. You torture your honeycomb memory trying to drag him out of the cobwebs . . . at last you remember with a sigh of relief . . . the A. and P. delivery boy. Then you return to the music and rustle your program notes violently trying to find out if this is the concerto or soprano solo. (Applause).

A short while after the main piece of music has begun you remind yourself that you forgot to return the phone call Bunny made to you last night . . . and Bunny is so cranky on those matters. You wonder whether you could rise and walk out at this moment to make the call. Then you remember that you're supposed to be passionate over music, you know, and your friends in the audience will interpret this as a sign of disgust on your part and, crediting your taste, they might get up and walk out with you. The thought of the distress of the orchestra as well as barrenness of the balcony brings a tear to your eye and you remain to hear (thundering applause).

During the next number you are at the phone booth most of the time. The rest you spend in the hall smoking a cigarette with a strange boy who dislikes the number so violently that he will not listen. You quite agree with him. (Applause, Encore!)

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The students themselves participated more fully in the marble lesson than in the other events of the day. Each, at a slight cost, was given a marble. The colors were yellow and mauve—to harmonize with the spirit of the new sports program. Three fellows made bulls eyes!!

Other events of the day included an introduction to plain and fancy relay racing for form and not for speed. Mr. J. Hartley Livingston, reputedly an expert in the field who has come to Columbia with a wow of a reputation from Miss Days's School for Girls, expressed satisfaction with the progress of the students. "These upstanding young Americans", he stated, "have much to offer the artistic world in the way of new relay formations. I see one or two prospects already for champion hoppers and polka-steps. However, their previous lack of training has worked havoc with their skipping form. All in all, nevertheless, I feel that Columbia is ideal territory for my sort of work."

The tea-drinking lesson, offered by the athletic association partly for recreation and partly for the excellent muscle training involved, was considered suspiciously begun by Dr. Percival Weems, English professor of tea and allied drinks who has consented to cooperate with the new program. "The young men were a little hasty in their motions," he explained, "but boys will be boys." The committee has determined, however, to remedy this condition.

The skip-rope class did not have a formal session today because they had no rope. However, the assembled group voted to perfect the combined folk-dance and duck-under-the-rope-technique which some of the boys had already rehearsed in private. A motion to challenge the Barnard girls was tabled as out of order. The chairman, Willy Wilfred, opined that the girls seem to be going in for basketball and tennis largely nowadays.

In speaking of future plans of the athletic department, Coach Bib suggested that while new methods of self-beautification and sympathetic rhythm will undoubtedly be conceived, "We must always keep in mind our ultimate objective of purifying the Columbia Campus."

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### Gypsy Rose Tree

(Continued from Page 1, Column 6)

tory, English and Music, Student Board voted unanimously to drop down strike on the part of *Spectator* these courses from the curriculum. "We feel," explained President Case, "that we must make this move in the interests of progressive education. The decision is hardly without precedent, he asserted, pointing to the fact that Yale had dropped its Latin requirement when it revamped the curriculum several years ago. With the institution of the Strip-Tease course, Mr. Case declared, we will definitely have out-vamped Yale. Since all courses in the curriculum except John Jay have been dropped, he stated, "accusations of class discrimination are clearly groundless."

### Very Personal Notice

Lost—One Anti-demonstrator. When last seen he was trying to climb on top of the sun dial in spike heeled shoes.  
Note: It's better with the shoes off.

### Debate Council Braves Radio; Blue And White Scores Again

The Columbia Debate Council left off its intercollegiate battling last Saturday afternoon for a brief tussel with radio—mysterious creature of man's invention. Let it never be said that shyness is a virtue held in reverence along Morningside Heights yet the selected debaters, approaching the microphone with powerful technique, evinced a certain hesitancy in the presence of the mike. We were happy to note that life still holds a few paths which Columbia fears to tread.

However the Blue and White acquitted itself in its usual noble fashion. First on the program was Mr. John Smith, C ex '40 also X.Y. and Z. Mr. Smith attacked with vigor his interpretation of the orchestral composition—"By the Waters of the Minnetonka." Although he was completely unfamiliar with the eminent composer of this selection, his comment was most illuminating to the audience.

Mr. J. J. Cadenza next delivered

a poetical selection with delicate organ accompaniment. The poem was probably in the modern spirit or else Mr. Cadenza was particularly inspired. Its meaning, however, to this day remains obscure, which is to say the least—significant.

Mr. Cadenza was followed by a news commentator. Said commentator gave a short and snappy analysis of the news of the day. He discussed the Supreme Court crisis, the Spanish situation and paused breathless after a stop in California.

Bob Dean concluded the broadcast with a memorable argument in favor of some product which at the moment escapes our memory. Concluding the broadcast the official announcer, who is by no means to be confused with the debaters of Columbia University, thanked the debaters for their cooperation, "thank you," he said, "for your cooperation." He expressed great hope for the radio future of the participants.

what, I ask you what, can of our great university. this question of one of my sors the other day, but he ju at me with a queer glint in and said "Nussin". I w fore forced to conclude th was a party to this sedi tivity. It is getting so th long we won't even be able the football team.

I ask your cooperation in out this threat to our safety of our wives and children. once again make this com this campus the bulwark ag vicious of Moscow Gold.

Comradely yours,  
A. J. [unclear]

### Student Fort

(Continued from Page 2, C...)

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### Personal Notices

Found—one delegate to the Columbia Scholastic Press Association who lost his group. Is becoming slightly wilted with waiting. Will be found under the desk in *Spectator* office.

# This might have happened to you!

My mother never told me things But tied me to her apron strings

AH ME . . . .  
I Never Had

## SENIOR HYGIENE

FRIDAY, APRIL 16

4 POST MERIDIAN

ADMISSION FREE



**BEER**  
**IS**  
**BOCK —**

●

So learn to teeter gracefully, gently, as 'twere

●

**GLIDE INTO VAN**

**AM**

**DANCES**

●

We guarantee your future.

On dit le "CHMEAR"

Est queer!

Lisez for yourself

Ne believe pas what

You

hear!