

It's Not Too Late To Get The Measles

Barnard Bulletin

It's Not Too Late To Get The Measles

Vol XLV, No. 36 Z-476

NEW YORK, N. Y., TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1941

PRICE TEN CENTS

Games Off, Negotiation By A.S.U.

"Whoopie" Issue, Horse Shodding Snarl Arbitration

April 1. (P.U.)—For the first time in the history of Greek Games, the competition between the freshman and sophomore classes has been called off by a negotiated peace and the Games called off.

The cessation of hostilities between the freshmen and the sophomores," declared the Greek Games chairman in an exclusive interview yesterday, "has come as a direct result of the A.S.U. peace movement."

However, it is rumored in official circles that the sophomore class and its ally, the Class of '41, had contemplated this move from the time that Class of '42, twice victorious in Greek Games, allied itself with the freshman class last year.

Demand Arbitration

Negotiations are still being carried on between the classes, but inside sources claim that the freshmen are demanding the establishment of a permanent peace council to arbitrate future Greek Games.

Nevertheless, this correspondent after a complete investigation discovered that there had been threats of a strike and trouble with the outside authorities.

Last week, the mob in Enclosure organized as Local 739 of the Pace-counters Union of the CIO, and threatened to strike on higher wages and the right to yell "whoopie" instead of "Nika" at the Games.

Horse Heaven

The ASPCA took the horses in the chariot race away last Thursday and refused to return them to the Central Committee until the committee agrees to have the charioters throw away their whips and the horses shod. Unless the horses are claimed within two weeks they will be mercifully dispatched to the green pastures. The ASPCA has already received several bids from glue factories.

To aggravate the dissension, the sophomore and freshman peace groups united and demanded that Tommy Dorsey be engaged to swing at the Games.

'44 To Graduate Instead Of '41

By special proclamation of President Dutler, the Senior Class will not graduate in June as was previously planned. Although graduation did seem imminent, it was felt that it would interfere too much with their courses in National Defense. This course had been compulsory for all members of '41, for although they won Junior Showdown, the fight with the Greeks their first two years at Barnard proved too

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Refuses To Speak



Last Amir Won't Comir

B.'s Beauts Too Bulbous For Bulbul

Repeated efforts on the part of the board of trustees have resulted in the college's receipt of an unconditional refusal by Abdul the Bulbul Amir to address Barnard on April 18. Professor Brown announced today.

The meeting had been planned jointly by the Barnard Interfaith Council and the Archeological Division of the Classical Club. Mr. Abdul, shown above in his customary preying attitude, is the only remaining representative, in good condition, of the extinct Bulbul race, which practiced during the neolithic age an intense form of voodoo permitting of partial cannibalism.

Forty Barnard girls had been invited to the luncheon which was to be held from 12 to 1 and intermittently throughout the lecture and discussion.

When called at his home, Mr. Abdul's only comment was: "Where all the students have 23" waists, I feel it would be a waist of my time to come."

Columbian Succumbs

Yearbook In Protective Custody

After long deliberation, and "with due consideration for the pitiful plight of the near-bankrupt Columbian," Barnard's yearbook staff has accepted that annual's offer for a merger with *Mortarboard*.

It is expected that the new combination, resulting in a Beauty and the Beast issue, will assist Columbia's yearbook in returning to a status more nearly equal to that of the modern up-to-date *Mortarboard*.

Inside Head

According to an unnamed source, this affiliation with *Mortarboard*, which took first, second and third prize, as well as a Medallist, in the recent Pulp-Publisher's Convention, will bring about better understanding between the girls and boys of the respective staffs. (*Mortarboard* also received special honorable mention as being the only yearbook to have quilted covers with dotted swiss linings.)

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

300 Lost In Dorm Termite Plague; Grant's Tomb, Milbank Still Stand



Termus Cornered In Dean's Desk, Confesses Secret Of Termite Invasion

When we cornered Termus Sonovitch, chief of the termites, third-termites, and no-third termites, he was halfway-through Dean Gildersleeve's desk. "Scabs!" he shrieked self-consciously when he saw us. But when he saw the press cards tucked in our handbags, he inched

over to us, curled up on our lapel, and told us he had always felt that he could write.

We knew that this man had a soul. Why then this awful blitzkrieg against Barnard? WHAT WAS THE STORY?

We pled Mr. Sonovitch with kindlewood. We flattered his ego and offered to syndicate the story of his life, thinking we could get it that way.

We saw the strong man weaken and his crust soften. He told us how he had trained the termites for 40 years to be bigger and better bugs . . . and how boring it had all been. His real self had been submerged; he had given his all for the cause. WHAT WAS THE CAUSE? He wouldn't tell us.

All the time he talked he kept looking out the window at the hordes of termites trucking across campus. He got off the track when he caught sight of a snazzy young termite appeasing a freshman.

"Scab!" (his favorite word) he shrieked. Because on top of everything, or rather, on the bottom of it, Mr. Sonovitch is having labor trouble. An insidious group is "boring from within." Internal dissension threatens the success of the invasion; the invaders are splitting splinters.

Here he broke down. Gone was the strong-arm leader of the termites? Now was our chance. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST BARNARD? we grasped expectantly.

"And it all came out in a torrent of garbled words. Mr. Sonovitch has a forty-year old daughter named Deborer WHO WAS NEVER ADMITTED TO BARNARD!"

Call Peace Assembly For Last Wednesday

The remains of Student Council beg to announce a required peace assembly to take place last Wednesday.

Survivors Tell Experiences As Barnard Settles To Dust

Now, looking back on it all, we realize that we were in an ivory tower. Of course we saw a termite, now and then, but we only murmured thoughtfully, "Genus Isop-tera, Class Insecta, Phylum Arthropoda," and went our way, mediating on the exemplary habits of those industrious beasts. We never thought—but let's to the story!

Students Flee From Invaders

Officers Plan Ways Of Meeting Crisis

President of Student Council: "The members of Student Council feel very grieved that they cannot give permission for the termites to form an outside affiliation with the National League for Termites and Democracy. Unfortunately, there will be no further meetings of Student Council until after Easter, as the members have decided by unanimous vote to give up student government for Lent."

Chairman of Honor Board: "Honor Board will hold a secret trial at noon today in the remains of 304 Barnard of the lone termite that hung up the white flag and surrendered to the Barnard Charms. We shall investigate the case carefully to make sure that the termites used a strictly original method of invasion and have not copied methods previously used in Brooklyn College, City College, or Hunter College. Members of Honor Board are requested to wear their official black termite-attracting robes."

Editor of "Bulletin": "No matter what, no letters to the editor! Not even any more *Bulletins*—those mechanized bugs consumed even our prized typewriters, our telephone, and our never-to-be-found dictionary."

Class Presidents: "I'm glad the invasion held off until the Senior Hy-

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 4)

College Collapse Calamity Closes Cub Council

Three hundred Barnard college officers, students and members of the faculty were dispossessed from the dormitories yesterday morning at 4:30 by the collapse of the north wing of Hewitt Hall after city exterminators and the fire department had failed to rout a ruthless band of 50,000,000 termites, led by their strong-arm leader Termus Sonovitch.

The student body marched up and down Broadway singing "Give me poison, strong hot poison, and give me fly swatter too, and let me at them wahoo, wahoo," while the police aided by an emergency squad from Columbia endeavored to clear the way for the fire department. Dean Gildersleeve could not be reached for any comment on the disaster.

Excavate Excavation

Mayor LaGuardia and McElligot, fire commissioner, directed the excavation from the dormitories from high derricks which were swung over Broadway. They used microphones and saxophones to hurry students from the crumbling building. Many of the girls responding to the fire alarms emptied the buildings in record time of two seconds, carrying with them sacred West Point pictures, note books, fur coats, and British War Relief penny banks.

The only panic occurred in Brooks Hall, when swirls of blinding dust from the termite onslaught on Hewitt Hall, caused a dangerous rumor of fire. Several students deluded by persuasive calls from the Delta Phi House on 116 street, leaped from their windows laden with salamanders, and over-night kits; and one student tried valiantly to open her umbrella, which unfortunately got caught in her curlers. The girls said they were not well received by members of the fraternity.

Dorm President Speaks

"I have never experienced anything so horrible," said the President of the Dormitories. "I think I am the only member of Student Council to survive. I left the councilites for a minute when I went over to my room for a fine arts note book. We had been in Hewitt since 7:30 discussing 'Bears'. There was no warning, everything

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Request Students To Call For Mail

Capsules of laughing-gas to be taken before, during, and after this issue may be secured in Mrs. Johns' office, all day today, upon the presentation of one unlaughing face without a red slip, or one red slip without a blue lunch ticket.

We have never gone back.

Barnard Bulletin

Published sporadically insideout the College Year, especially during vacation and examination periods by hens in the Barnyard, to spread the propaganda of the Undergraduate Association.

"Removed as tourist class matter October 46, 1985, at the Sign of the Stamp at Woo Stork, W.S., over the scene of March 3, 1879." Subscription rate: 10 cents per year; single copy, \$3.

Vol. XLV Tuesday, April 1, 1941 No. 36

TOBY TAUBENHAIN Editor-in-Chief (for today only)
 PAT ILLINGWORTH Assistant Stamp-licker
 DOPEY BAYER Chief Warrior
 RANNEY RANNEY Pulp Editor
 PINKIE KENNER Yesterday's Managing Editor
 STEVIE STEVENSON Tomorrow's Managing Editor
 ADDIE BOSTELMANN Ass't. Letter-to-the-Ed. Thrower-outer
 IRENE (1/2 pt.) LYONS Assistant to the Office Boy
 RITA ROHER Assistant Window Opener
 DOTTIE PROCHASKA Assistant Butt Stamper-outer
 INSPIRATION 1 quart Haig & Haig pinch bottle

BORED

Jean Ackermann '41 Elizabeth Koenig '41
 Grace Barrett '42 Zenia Sachs '42
 Clytia A. Capraro '42 Naomi Sells '41
 Jane Goldstein '41 Sue Whitsett '41
 Helen Kandel '42 Phyllis Wickenden '41
 Deborah Burstein '43 Florence Fischman '43

ALSO BORED

Carol Collins '43 Marilyn Haggerty '43
 Judith Coplon '43 Marcia Freeman '43
 Jacqueline Davis '42 Doris Landre '44
 Denise Donegan '43 Florence Levine '44
 Betty Elwyn '43 Martha Messler '44
 Betty Farrell '44 Eleanor Streichler '44
 Marion LaFountain '44 Margie Moore '43
 Marion LaFountain '44 Beatrice Naegeli '44
 Shirley Aronow '43 Judith Protas '43
 Joan Borgenicht '43 Lillian Kates '42
 Helene Gottesman '42 Mildred Kolodny '42
 Amy Zastuly '42

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(Editor's note: Due to the excessive number of editorials in this issue, it has been necessary to sacrifice a letter to the editor.)

972 — 536 = 436

According to latest reports there are still 436 girls who have not gotten the measles. After an intensive drive of several weeks by *Bulletin* in cooperation with Student Council, there is still plenty of back scratching to be done.

Why is the ASU so opposed to this movement? Are they afraid of being called Red?

Maybe a more intimate relationship with the faculty will help.

On a more intimate relationship with the termites.

Girls who have the measles should try to spread it to Columbia. *Spectator* hasn't got the measles. What's the matter with *Spectator*?

Come on all you:

Motor Transport Workers—Will it be Diesels or Measles?

Speech students—Will it be nasals or masals?

Fifth columnists—Will it be muzzles or measles?

It's up to the 436 girls who haven't got the German measles to get them before Easter so we can have two weeks vacation.

Deutschland Uber Measlin!

A SHOT IN THE DARK

High Moon Over Journalism

Dear Ratt:

I have read your wonderful column for many issues now, and have grown to realize that you really are an understanding person. It is because of this that I turn to you now. My room, one of those gentle cell-like abodes in Hewitt, looks out over the broad vistas of the eastern part of this campus, and eventually to Journalism. Here once a month my whole being has been torn asunder. Because over this towering edifice comes the moon. Once a month. It never fails, except when it is raining. Please help me.

Yours Moon-trouble

Moon Vice

Dear Moon-trouble:

Needless to say we were very flattered by your charming letter. Your complaint however is not an unusual one. For many years our uncle who lives on the banks of the great Cobra-flow has told us that each month he was tormented by a gigantic moon, covered with red-glowing bats which rose over his chew-hut. For weeks he plotted and planned. He wove great nets to catch the bats, but to no avail; he invented great magnets to disturb the progress of the moon, again to no avail. He knew that he could blind himself. But his mid-termshamas were due. What did he do? No, he didn't

Library Litter

By Ranney

A new order has begun in Barnard Library as we noted the other day on our annual visit to Ellaweed. A suggestion that we have been offering for years has come to pass — that only a few people should read books and that those people should as librarians tell the rest of the people what is in the books. Imagine our surprise to find this system being used in Bahnahd.

The librarians are perhaps a bit too literal about this service as we noticed when one timorous freshman cautiously asked for new feet for old and her feet were summarily yanked off by the librarian; new feet taken from the shelves and handed to her, but at least she got what she wanted— something rarely happening in libraries.

Another convincing demonstration of the value of the service occurred when a student said

"I want an American mind", and the librarians carefully psycho-analyzed her for three seconds and decided that she already had one.

At that moment there was quite a rush at the loan desk and several members of *Bulletin* staff came in. Of course when the editor of *Bulletin* asked for shadow on the land,

—he just moved to the other side and let the moon shine with its red bats on his back. Why don't you try the Claremont side.

Yours sincerely,

Ratt

Spring Love

Dear Watt:

The moment your letter came, I moved my room away from the sun and Columbia and over to the cold winds and shadowy Claremont. The winds had gone, and spring had come. In spite of the gloomy shadows I could see boys and girls-walking arm and arm through a split in the buildings. This is worse than a moon per month. What shall I do?

Yours Agonized

Spring Agony

Dear Spring Love:

Now you mustn't worry about your new room. A manifestation of seeming difficulties in getting acclimated is just a sign of an artistic temperment. We used to have an aunt that lived at 243 Casbah Corner, Little Africa, and her tenementsha faced up against a minaret and there was only a clearance of two inches between the two. Although she never saw the light of day she was always being annoyed by robbers who would wedge themselves between her housha and the tower making a disagreeable scraping noise. They came every night. Some-

times to steal tiles and sometimes to hide from the native police. She could never discourage them. What should she do? No, she moved over to the other side. We suggest you try the 116th St. south end of Brooks Hall.

helpfully Watt

Fraternity Rattles

Dear Ttii:

I did just what you told me to do. But I am still very unhappy. They give big parties every night at the frat house and they are always throwing bottles. Some of them just fly across and come in my window. I hate going around with my face all cut up, and no sleep. Please help me,

Yours Desperate

Don't Write Us Again

Dear Desperate Rattles:

We're very sorry. We once had a nephew who suffered from your trouble. He went to Collumbishaw College. His class mates murdered him. We are a bit worried about your future and suggest you go home for a long vacation. We regret to inform you that if you can't stand a few environmental irritations you are not college material. On second thought we suggest a quick safari to the Gobi Desert; it's safer than going home.

Yours Ttii

Sneaking Student Council Starts Secret Trials In Termite Putsch

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4)

giene lecture."

'42: "Grandma called it college; we haven't any."

'43 "We'll win Greek Games if we have to race that chariot around the Columbia track."

'44: "I knew I should have gone to Hunter!"

Chairman of Board of Senior Proctors: "All our smoking regulations gone to waste! Barnard was bound to be consumed, by bites if not by flames."

Mr. Swan: "Even though we have lost the buildings, the land is at last well-fertilized."

Treasurer of Undergraduate Association: "Yesterday morning at 2 A.M. I was sitting at my desk balancing the books, preparatory to the auditor's visit (name of Monroe, young, etc.), when all of a sudden the little black figures got up — and walked away. Termites! I'd been duped. Here I'd thought I was a treasurer and I've been merely a Juggler of Termites. The profits had literally been eaten up!"

Editor of "Mortarboard":

"The deadline beat the termites! Now if we can only get them to subscribe!"

Chairman of Interfaith Council: "This is truly an interfaith crisis. It settles once and for all the controversy over which comes first, belief or action? The time for pure education is at an end. The series of interfaith luncheons will close at once and the Council will sponsor a series of interfaith Turkish baths to rid the students of their personal termites."

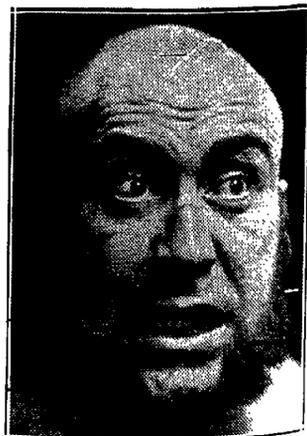
President of Residence Halls: "I wish to call the attention of all the resident students to the fact that Brooks and Hewitt Halls have been demolished by the toimites. Tonight's house meeting will therefore take place on the empty lot, two feet in from the north corner."

Chairman of College Teas: "We shall be delighted to hold a tea in honor of the termites, once they have given themselves up. The faculty will be invited. Distilled wood alcohol and nut and bolt cookies will be served."

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

**Columbia
Can Make
A
Man
Out Of
You
Too!!!**

(Any resemblance to person is purely coincidental)



Gripe And Tripe (Mostly Tripe)

Dear Editor,
 In the name of the fuller life, national production and reproduction, I protest that love is undemocratic. Our country is founded upon the principles of equal opportunity for all. Does love follow this? No, a thousand times no! Does the girl with buck teeth and cross eyes have the same chances as the cuddly blond with oomph? Walk along Riverside Drive any spring night and the answer is self-evident.

This subversive undermining of the wellsprings of our national life must be stopped. The pursuit of man is every woman's inalienable right. It's unconstitutional. Isolation breeds frustration and defeatism; to put it plainly it doesn't breed at all.

A case in point. The lights in the Brooks Hall Entrance have recently taken to burning late into the night. This is obviously a Fascist maneuver to bring about a bottleneck in our national love life. In fact you can't even neck. And keeping the Venetian blinds up in the parlors is going to drive sex underground.

My program is an all-out one — a man for every woman, a woman for every man. That's the way to build a greater nation, the democratic way, the AMERICAN WAY.

Yours for all for love and love for all.

Aphteradate

My dear Madamn!
 Words cannot express my indignation. I should like to go on record as definitely supporting co-operation with the Soviet Union. The reasons for my belief are so evident to all intelligent people (And I class the 900 students of Barnard College in this category) that I shall not take up space reiterating them.

Yours disrespectfully,
 Cecil Rage Golan

Dear Madame,
 A serious situation has come to my attention, which calls, I believe, for immediate administrative action if serious glandular troubles are not to develop with the full onset of Spring.

Magnolias are blooming. We must all be forceful and lead with our gin if anything is to

be ac... ll now
 come o u...
 Foundation garments have been antedated. Senior hygiene lectures are superfluous, all kinds of men are found in Barnard Hall on business of all kinds. Let's face the facts. At present Barnard Camp is nothing but a sore on the cooperative Westchester landscape. Girls can't have a good time.

Let's start the ball rolling. This calls for a united front on the part of all Campus organizations to bring the facts out into the open. Only a united student spirit can get us anywhere.

On! Forward to bigger and better things.

Sincerely yours,
 Marcia Kahnely '00

Dear Madam:

It has recently been brought to my attention that there is an insidious example of class distinction existing in Milbank Hall. I refer to the ups and downs problem—bluntly known as the elevator system. Elevator, elevator, elevator. Why cry for elevator service when there is none? The minority have all the privileges — the majority wear off approximately .000000001 inches of good protoplasm per day trudging wearily up and down stairs. This is a problem of conservation of natural resources. Democracy must be preserved, health must be preserved, muscle must be preserved, professors are already.

Facts, facts, facts — where are the facts? And is there a solution to this problem? Russia has found a solution—so have we. Fireman's poles! Can anyone suggest a better alternative. Not only would this revolutionize methods of conveyance but think of what it would do for Barnard costume. The noble garment of the Motor Transport worker would finally come into its own. For the more delicate members of the faculty — well, great-grandma looked pretty in pantalettes!

But how do we get up you say? Ah, we have a capitalist in our midst, a reactionary member of the upper classes. A true Marxian never worries about getting up until everything is down, down, down.

Those interested in picketing on this question please meet with Jake of Jake on Jake at 6:30 Monday morning. Students unite! This is our fight!

Elevatingly yours,
 Flossie,
 The Fireman's Daughter

Punks Flunk; Lose Spunk

Yesterday, feeling very bored and useless, trekking our way through the jungle crocuses, having just flunked our 33rd exit, we began to wonder what had happened to last year's Seniors, our classmates. (We are the perennial Seniors—this is our 33rd year to hear Dr. Alsop's Senior Hygiene lecture). So we determined to hobble over to second floor Fisk hall and ask the pre-occupation bureau.

We made it, gripping our canes and adjusting our wigs to a straighter angle. Eagerly, and with a faint touch of nostalgia, we asked. Where are the girls of yesteryear? What has become of the laughter that used to echo through the halls of Drinkerup, Tisk and Pillstank?"

Said the person in charge: "Here is the Annual Senior Report of Activities compiled by Professor Yellingforth and Toutz of the Sychology Department."

Grabbing said report, we sat ourselves down to nostalgicate. We read:

Poxie Plunk has recently been awarded the Fanny Basin Dryer Fellowship by the Committee on Destruction for study of the threatening rat condition in Livingston Hall (which is also reputed to harbor skunks).

Nineteen girls have been unheard of from since last July when they set out on an archeological expedition with Professor Spikehard to explore the unrevealed depths of Grant's Tomb.

Twenty-three are employed as lacers in the No-Hitch Kuffy Kuddle Corset Company.

Of the remaining 94 all excepting 34 are harried mothers.

Having written such a lousy article we are now going out to drink ourselves to death. So long!

A Defunct Forum

Professor O. I. Savvytout
 Colonel Charles A. Windbag
 W. J. Blabberon

will mangle the topic

"WAR AND THE CIRCULATION OF TELEPHONE DIRECTORIES AMONG FARMING COMMUNITIES"

Savvytout will take the affirmative, Windbag will take the negative, and Blabberon will take the silverware unless someone stops him.

The college is invited, but tea will be served only to Greek majors over 21 with experience in relining plaid reversibles. Questions may be asked only by those who have registered for our National Suspense Course in "The Posing of Pertinent Questions in Regard to the Current Defense Program".

Wither thou ghost, I ghost! Thy paper Shall be my paper

The Toast
 of
 Ghosts



Voodoo
 you
 come from?

USE THE VOODOO SERVICE

Our rates are ridiculously low. For one 4 page book report sophomore style, for instance, here is what we charge: a swamp fever bacillus from Barnard Jungle, the blanket from the third horse at Greek Games, a mortgage on Barnard Camp, and your kid sister.

In the words of a poet —

Candy
 Is dandy
 But likker
 Is quicker.



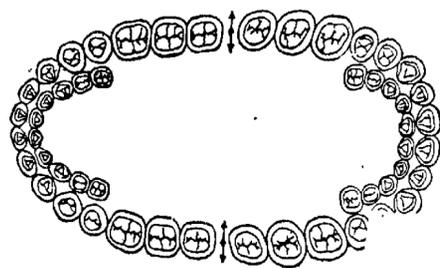
(O. NASH)

Come to
MICKEY FINN'S LIQUOR SHOP
 for a bottle of something that'll
 knock your eye out *

We Accept Orange and Blue Food Stamps

* both eyes, if you have two

The Teeth That Bit The Bulletin Lyon



Free Refitting To 1st Claimant Dr. R

Molar

Notices

Come And Discuss

Professor A. Crappylas will give a talk on "The Ruins of Ancient Greece." This will be a purely autobiographical lecture.

The Popular Front

Mr. Coating of the History Department will discuss "Necking and the National Crisis." Meetings will be held on Brooks porch from 9-12 every night. Activities will be suspended Wednesday night, because of faculty reception.

Letters Without Fetters

As a culmination of Brotherhood Week, held under the auspices of the Brooklyn Playboy Club, Murder Inc., Miss Heverly Vermin will discuss, "How to write letters to the editor, (and how to get answers.)"

Floating Kidneys

Miss Plane Blaston will lecture to the Fine Arts club on The Cathedral of Saint Pancras. All loose livers are invited.

54 Classes Mourn Lost Tradition

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1) disastrous to take further chances on them.

However, because having no graduation would severely violate tradition, the class of '44 will graduate in their stead. This honor is being bestowed on them because they are the tallest and the votingest class in Barnard.

Among the chief mourners who will lead the procession from Jake to Milbank Quad will be 80,000 recent graduates who are returning to the campus on May 29, (the day step singing is usually held) to agitate and grieve about this broken tradition and new precedent. Each of the 54 classes will chant their verse of "Can You Tell?" After that, a speech will be made by the outgoing Freshman President and incoming new Senior President and then farewell songs to the Frosh will be sung. By that time (tempus fugit) Leopold Stowkowskivitch and his band will accompany the singers in "Sunrise Serenade" and everyone will go to Tilson's.

Dorms Evacuated As Termites Move In

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 6) happened so suddenly. As I stood outside I thought I heard the chair's voice as the walls caved in. None of them have been seen since." Miss Stevenson was suffering badly from fatigue when interviewed.

A hurried inventory of the buildings that were included in the \$10,000,000 loss, was Milbank Hall, which had crumbled leaving only the fourth floor. The plants were not disturbed. The small Riverside Building, on the future proposed site at 120 street and Riverside Drive had completely disappeared.

Student Council Starts Trials

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 5)

President of A.A.: "I am convinced the termites at Barnard Camp got so lonesome from never seeing anybody over weekends this year that they just up and came down to get us, as well as to see us."

President of Young Republican Club: "It wouldn't have happened if Willkie had been elected. 'Nuff said!"

Ivy Day Chairman Allergic To Ivy, Among Other Things

Bulletin's Lyon Mental And Physical "Case," And Nobody Blames Her



Get The Mane Idea?

Plans for the Ivy Day ceremony met a snag last week when it was discovered that Irene Lyon, chairman of Ivy Day, who is to plant the ivy, is allergic to the plant.

It was suggested that the ivy be bottled in bond and the bottle be planted. However, this suggestion was abandoned by the Ivy Day Committee as conducive to disturbing the peace and wasteful. The only alternative was to have Miss Lyon examined by Dr. Wilhelmina Galsop of the Medical Office.

The Medical Office discovered that in addition to having the usual human allergy to *Toxicodendron radicans*, syn. *Rhus Toxicodendron* (poison ivy), she had a severe allergy to *Hedera*

Helix (English ivy), and that the only remedy was to select a new chairman. Miss Lyon did not approve of this remedy and submitted to an examination by the psychology department.

The psychology department holds that the allergy stems from a psychic neurosis, and that the establishing of a toxic condition in the chairman will alleviate the condition. The committee persuaded Miss Lyon to undergo the treatment and decided to undergo it itself as a preventative measure.

Set Yearbook Deal

(Continued from Page 1, Column 2)

Photos of Barnard's beauties will appear on odd-numbered pages, alternating with Beast pictures. Another feature of the enlarged annual will be a section devoted to Life Among the Staff (or How I Got to First Base).

If it is found that The Columbian is unable to operate on its own, *Mortarboard* will consider a permanent arrangement whereby The Columbian will be absorbed by the Barnard yearbook.

KIMMEL GIGGIES ANNOUNCE:

It doesn't pay to advertise.

—Especially in Barnard Bulletin. They only mentioned our product 5 times in editorials and 32 times in feature articles in the last year, and gave us only 20 inches of free advertising for 3 paid inches.

Barnard Bulletin is Uncooperative!

Don't come to our old, unsanitary

Roach Hole Restaurant

We have had food unattractively served, exorbitant prices, and terrible service. We're located inconveniently at the other end of town.

No Barnard girl in her right mind would patronize

Roach Hole

Children Not Allowed

until you go to

Sr. Hygiene Lecture

This is the most sensational event in your college career! You will go into the world unashamed and unafraid after you have learned

THE AWFUL TRUTH

Avoid Pitfalls!

Go to Sr. Hygiene Lecture