



## The Barnard psychopath. 1930

Madison, Wisconsin: University of Wisconsin-Madison, 1930

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/2HJBDAB4XOZ4V87>

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code).

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

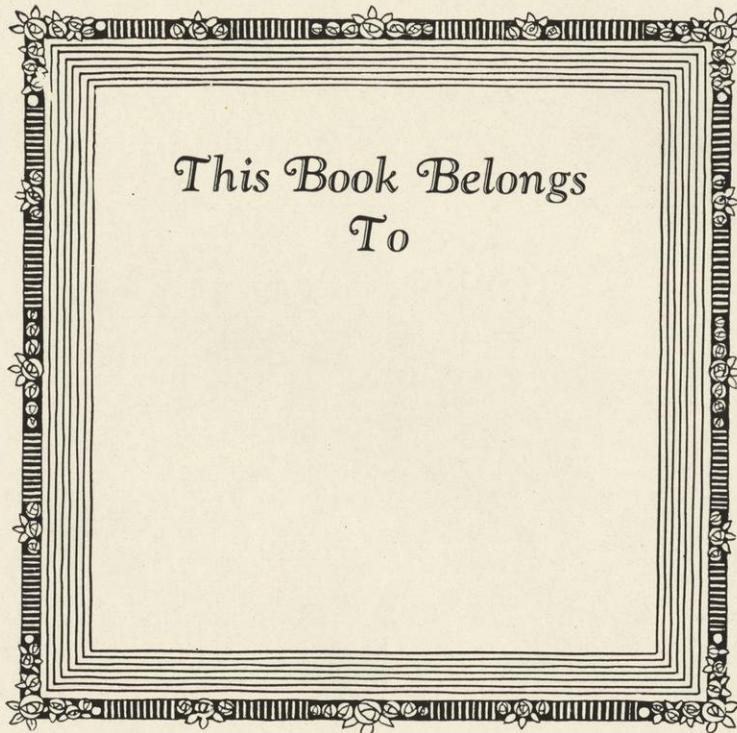


THE

BARNARD  
PSYCHOPATH







## THE BARNARD MAG

*Published by the Girls of Barnard Hall*

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN  
MADISON, WISCONSIN

MCMXXX

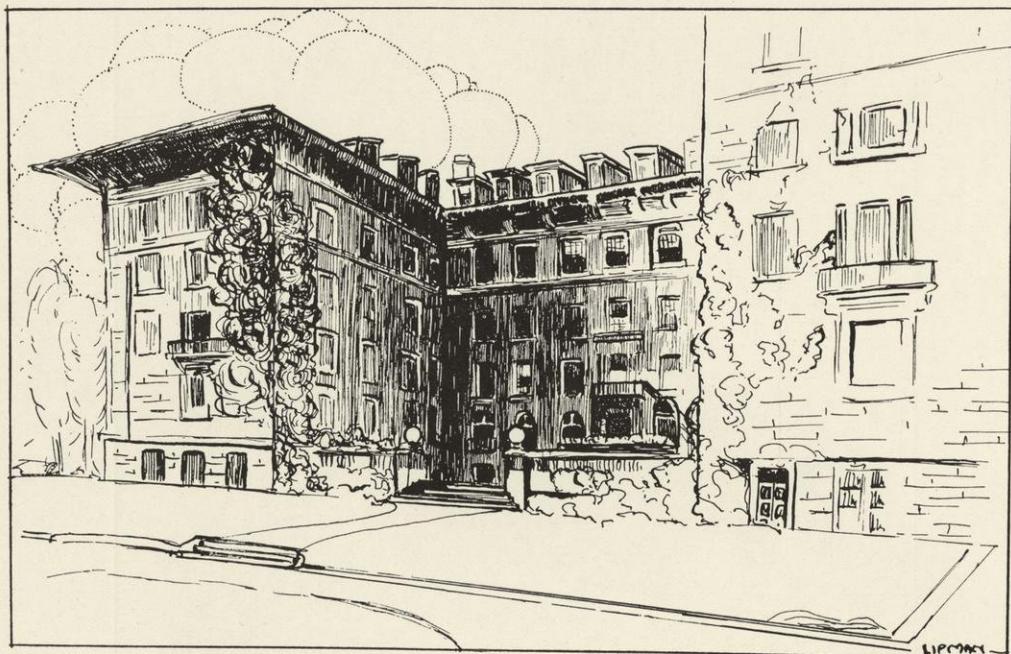
## BARNARD HALL

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Madison, Wisconsin

### ADMINISTRATION

Hostess	-	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth Baker
Assistant Hostess	-	-	-	-	-	Helen Osterbind
President	-	-	-	-	-	Alice McCaul
Vice-President	-	-	-	-	-	Nora Gaulke
Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	Eleanor Schalk
Treasurer	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Lambeck
Social Chairman	-	-	-	-	-	Blanche Wolpert
Music Chairman	-	-	-	-	-	Reva Baumgarten
Librarian	-	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth Foeller
Fire Chief	-	-	-	-	-	Lillian Turek
W. S. G. A.	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Ericson
Dormitory and Commons Chairman	-	-	-	-	-	Jeannette Schalk
Publicity Chairman	-	-	-	-	-	Elizabeth Maier
Sergeant-at-Arms	-	-	-	-	-	Lorraine Kraus



BARNARD SANATORIUM

## FOREWORD

"It's a dull world," we say. And our prosaic old world—who really looks quite impressive as he marches in the cosmic army (though he is only a private in the unending line)—whirls us through space and moon and stars while we expire with a sigh of boredom on his back.

"Come down to earth," we say to the impractical ones. "Get your feet on solid ground." But scientists tell us that even the hardest concrete is quite deceptive. It is space, within which atoms whirl, congregate, and separate like a swarm of flies about an arc light after rain.

There is no solid ground. There is no real prosaic-ness. There is no normalcy. Deceptive as this globe or its concrete, ordinary looking people whirl about strange suns, or mysterious atoms whirl within them. In one form or another, the abnormal and the startling lurks beneath the most commonplace countenance. We at Barnard, have each our vagaries and peculiarities.

To our merry madness!

**Dedicated to:**  
"The Sky, to the Trees,  
To the Spring in its Glorious  
Happiness,  
To the Gods, to the Fates,  
To the Rulers of Man and  
his Destiny."

## THE STAFF

### EDITORIAL STAFF

*Editor* - - - - - Peggy Joslyn  
*Assistant Editor* - - - - - Anne Jackson

### Make-Up

Dorothy Lambeck Elizabeth Maier

### Reporters

Ruth Clay	Dorothy Gelbach	Dorothy Lambeck
Adeline Lee	Blanche Wolpert	Marjorie Olman
Sally Hoopes	Elsbeth Biederman	Alice McCaul
Belle Rottman	Gavena Vickery	Frema Taxey
<i>Humor Editor</i>	- - - - -	Dagne Hougstad

### Special Articles

Doris Johnson	Reva Baumgarten	Alice Leonard
Colene Irwin	Lorraine Kraus	

### Proof Readers

Elizabeth Baker	Virginia Finkh	Marie Lambeck
-----------------	----------------	---------------

### BUSINESS STAFF

<i>Business Manager</i>	- - - - -	Katherine Pleck
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	- - - - -	Ida Horn
<i>Staff</i>	- - - - -	Janet Cohn, Harriet Snider

### ART STAFF

<i>Cartoonists</i>	- - - - -	Janet Gerber, Edna Mueller
<i>Cover</i>	- - - - -	Evelyn Lippman
<i>Department heads and designs</i>	- - - - -	Edna Mueller, Marion Cape

### CIRCULATION

<i>Circulation Manager</i>	- - - - -	Anola Christenson
----------------------------	-----------	-------------------

### Assistants

Laurinda Schaetsel	- - - - -	Helen Livingston
Helen Gilbert	- - - - -	Adeline Church
Lucille Stolper	- - - - -	Dorothy Lorio

### SNAPSHOTS

<i>Snapshot Editor</i>	- - - - -	Vivien Felix
<i>Assistant</i>	- - - - -	La Vila Capenor



## Invocation

Beloved Sistern: May we be preserved from the Four Sins and the Seven Deadly Symptoms. Oh, dearly beloved, faintly do we realize the horror of the Plagues that may descend upon us. Little do we know of the Devil and his Germs who crouch, waiting to sow in us the acorns of Damnation.

Oh, come unto the seat of judgment, confess, be shriven. Have you the Seven Deadly Symptoms?

Do you reduce the blood pressure of the boy next to you in lecture?

Do you notice an absence of midnight feast invitations, and a paucity of bridge party invitations?

Do you fall asleep when you read a book, or a poem that is supposed to be marvelously inspirational? Do you doze through the news reels in the movies?

Do you lack opinions on the naval armament conference, and on interesting people?

Do you need an aspirin when art and literature are mentioned?

Do your jokes fall flat when you try them on your friends?

Do you get chills when crossing a ballroom floor in a new dress?

Oh, Sistern, if your answers are "yes", then you have MENTOPENIA (mental sterility). MENTOPENIA is the dread plague which ruins teas, lectures, dinners, in short, all occasions when the human animals congregate. It separates comrade and comrade, husband and wives, makes morons of children, and unfits you to be wives and mothers. It leads to even more annihilating forms of social evils as:

ASSEREREPHOBIA: dread of expressing an opinion on any subject whatsoever. The flesh goes on living, but you are not alive.

IOCOPHOBIA: a fear of wit and satire, followed by a loss of a sense of humour. The sufferer unwittingly murders friends and parties at hundred paces.

GNOSCOPHOBIA: Fear of knowing anything interesting or new. The sufferer

becomes narrow-minded and provincial, shunned by all but his mother—in short, a bore!

#### BENEDICTION

Power that is, preserve us frail sistern from all such Dread Maladies. May we never have Mentopenia; aye, and when we are ready to embark for the other Dark Bourne, may we be able to lift our eyes unto

thee and say, "Sometimes we have felt a twinge of Iocophobia, sometimes after eating, severe Gnoscocephobia and dizziness have seized us, but thanks to thee and our own wills we have vanquished the Plagues, and lived in healthy bliss without them. May our sons, and our son's sons unto the seventy-seventh generation never be bores. Plenia Gratia—Ave, Virge . . .

—Amen

---

### Fourth Floor Central Report

Case Mildred Garlock: Difficulty—Thinks she's a bottomless pit and can't be filled up. Cure—should be trained to eat meals more slowly. Social welfare work might avail in her home—requesting parents to send more frequent boxes.

Case Elinor Kreuger: Difficulty—Fears cities, avoids crowds, dislikes parties. Cure—take up dancing and visit Milwaukee more often.

Case Iva Russakov: Difficulty—general and grave dislike for social affairs. Cure—Find an Herb and cure self.

Case Betty Baumann: Difficulty—Meeting new girls. Cure—learn how to dance.

Case Vivian Felix: Difficulty—Lack of occupation. Cure—work on Mag staff.

Case Alice McCaul: Difficulty—thinks she's perpetual motion. Mysterious symbols. Does she think she's a sailor's sweetheart, or the mother of a prodigal son? These explanations have been suggested by alienists to explain the all night light she keeps burning in her room.

Case Kathryn Pleck: Difficulty—Extreme modesty which may be sign of repression. Goes into closet to change dress. Has been under observation, however, and interne Wiest reports obsession may be waning.

Case Ida Horne: Difficulty—Advanced and hopeless case of hypochondria. Insists on seeing doctor every evening, and sometimes in the daytime.

Case Genevieve Wiest: Difficulty—Vents moods in profanity. Guards have often been forced to tear her bodily from the bars against which she clings, hurling invectives at the freshmen.

Case Anola Christenson: Difficulty—over-developed social sense. Listens politely at "gozz" sessions, towel and toothbrush in hand. Attempts to get word in; but other inmates talk so fast, she has no chance. Finally, when she can get a word in edgewise, she says apologetically, "Excuse me, I think I'm going to faint."

Case Carol Pomainville: Difficulty—Theme-phobia. Permanently martyred by Theta initiation.

Case June Alton: Difficulty—Mutism. Doctors and French instructors can rarely draw her out.

Case Harriet Snyder: Difficulty—Suicidal tendencies. May develop into Maniac-depressive. Fluctuates between extreme depression and exaltation.

Case Dorothy Snyder: Difficulty—Regressive tendencies. Very craftily conceals obsession for dolls and rubber balls, beneath seemingly sweet and dignified exterior. Escaped one sunny May Day from library, knocking down professors and books in mad dash to Vilas Park, where she was captured playing "Puss in the Corner" and "A Tisket A Tasket" with six youngsters from two to ten years of age.

## Clippings

### Story 1

Immediate action has been taken by the County Cuckoo Commission in regard to the petition of the Dippy Damsel Division of the Barnard Psychopathic Hospital, charging Janette Killam with mismanagement and demanding the immediate release of all inmates. The committee promises a complete report within forty-eight hours.

---

### Story 2

Fearing that the County Cuckoo Commission's investigation into the affairs of the Dippy Damsel Division of Barnard Psychopathic Hospital will be unfair and prejudiced, the Daily Delirium has instigated a private probe. A petition circulated by the D. D. D.'s two days ago prompted this investigation by the Cuckoo Commission and attracted the attention of the Daily Delirium.

It has long been the stand of the Delirium that the Suppressed desires of the D. D. D.'s should be unsuppressed; that closing hours and quiet hours prevent self-expression and therefore should be abolished; and that smoking and drinking should be allowed in the rooms. In the opinion of the Delirium, enforcement of these strict regulations is alone responsible for the insanity of the inmates, and abrogation of them would result in the restoration of normal mental conditions.

---

### Story 3

Evidence that three Dippy Damsels are violently insane and that the remaining fourteen have serious mental disorders is reported as a result of the investigation of the County Cuckoo Commission into the affairs of the Barnard Psychopathic Hospital. The probe was made in response to a petition submitted by the Dippy Damsel Division.

The commission's report is as follows:

Charlotte Rabin, No. 208—Hypocondriac, has been found unfit to roam at large.

Catherine Bundy, No. 209—Pronounced mania for entertaining other girls' boyfriends; in the opinion of the committee, a public menace. Solitary confinement recommended.

Ruth Milne, No. 217a—Kleptomaniac. Reports indicate that her greatest passion is for Sterling.

Reva May Baumgarten, No. 206—Incurable insanity due to insomnia caused by worrying over meeting radio payments.

Elaine O'Connor, No. 220—Permanent wave of the brain caused by excessive use of Jocur.

Adeline Church, No. 205—Answers to that incessant yodeling from third floor—A-D-E-L-I-N-E! Who wouldn't go nutty? She did, too.

Helen Schafer, No. 219—Violently insane from the substitution of Madison hootch for her usual brand when her weekly case from Hurley failed to arrive.

Laura Bickel, No. 213—Violent maniac, has made several attacks on the warden and threatened the life of a simple but harmless patient, Eleanor Williams, No. 204, whom she discovered playing a victrola while in her bath.

Alice Kapp, No. 211—Conclusively proved her lunacy by paying five dollars for a second-hand French doll.

Ruth Carlisle, No. 218—Lost her mind trying to make it up.

Alice Gruenberger, No. 215—Afflicted with man-phobia, becomes hysterical at the mere sight of a male. Absolute seclusion advised.

Helen Livingston, No. 216—Pitiful case

(Continued on Page 39)



## Barnard Sports

First of all, we had volleyball, and we began the season very enthusiastically. Much to the surprise of the participants, Barnard reached the semi-finals in the consolation tournament. Although the team turnouts were good at first, poor Constance Wollaeger, Barnard's intramural head, certainly had her troubles trying to keep a team together towards the end of the season. In fact, one of the most decisive games was played with only six members on the team. Those six people must have played like demons, because they defeated Chi Omega, and the Chi O's had a good team, too. The game resembled the Red Grange "Two Minutes To Play" type and it was exciting, what I mean! The heroines who played were: Regina Bang, Dorothy Gelbach, Doris Johnson, Loraine Kraus, Marie Lambeck, Leila Morrissey, Alice Stuart, Lillian Turek, and Tony Wollaeger.

Next, Barnard played horseshoes; but, in this case, we "also ran". This was due mainly to the fact that there was lack of material, because only *three* girls signed up and *played*. They were Janet Cohn, Elvira Seno, and Constance Wollaeger. The girls certainly did their best, but the competition proved too much for them, and they died in the first round of the tournament, winning two games and losing two. And here Janet Cohn steps into the lime-light; she played in each game, and is the only Barnardite who can claim that distinction.

Then came basketball. Those who played were: Regina Bang, Laura Bickel, Dot Gelbach, Sally Hoopes, Loraine Kraus, Jannette Killam, Elinor Krueger, Margaret Moses, Catherine Pevear, Alice Stuart, Lillian Turek, and Constance Wollaeger. And, believe it or not, every one of those girls knew how to play basketball! The team

missed reaching the semi-finals in the main tournament by just one game. Partly as a reward for the fine playing they did, seven of the girls were given places on class teams. There was plenty of hair-rending and nail-biting on the sidelines, too, as well as speedy footwork on the floor!

Barnard bowled, too. But here, again, we failed to do any spectacular playing, and lost two of the three games played. Nevertheless, the girls tried hard and all of them deserve recognition. They are: Regina Bang, Janet Cohn, Marie Lambeck, Wilma Tamblington, and Tony Wollaeger. There were only five girls, and since four are necessary to make up a team, you can plainly see why we didn't do so well, and why Miss Wollaeger was subject to prematurely grey hair.

Did you ever notice the cup that graces the top of the radio? Well, the Barnard swimming team won that cup for you when they defeated "Chad" and the "Tri Deltas" in the swimming finals, in spite of the fact that both these teams were considered possible winners at the beginning of the season. In this meet, Tony Wollaeger had things her own way in the advanced group, while Laura Bickel did pretty much as she pleased with most of the first places in the intermediate events. For some unknown reason, greater interest was shown by the rest of the girls of the hall in this sport than in any other. Indeed, several times the swimmers were actually cheered on by an *audience!* And said cheering certainly helped them win said nice shiny cup. The victorious team was composed of Dorothy Atwood, Regina Bang, Laura Bickel, Janet Cohn, May Eickelberg, Virginia Finkh, Loraine Kraus, Marie Lambeck, Lillian Turek, and "Captain" Wollaeger—good girls and true, all of 'em. No. 301.

## Bits From An Interne's Notebook

*Case of Introspectologism*—Belle Rottman. She would keep all people at more than arm's length, that she might have the chance to peer at them through the opera glasses her fiance gave her for Christmas. Other patients in the hall have often been heard to murmur in restless discontent and threaten uprisings under pressure of her wide optimism.

*Case of Dustologism*—Esther, Irene and Beatrice, though their delusions vary slightly, all agree that Truth and the Ultimate is the dustless existence. Lady Macbeth washed her hands with no more care than does Irene, for whom the washbowl holds an irresistible fascination. With rag and broom Beatrice pursues the colloidal particles, attacking them with such venom that they fall like the Egyptians before the armies of the Lord.

*Case of Idealogism*—Stella Philips, apparently normal at most times, must be treated with extreme care when she displays symptoms of an Idea. At such times, sneezing or any stirring whatsoever, will send her into a tantrum of frustration. In gentler moments, stands in doorway and implores passers-by to enter her cell and hear about her four year old brother Morton. She coaxes visitors inside by displaying his letters and pictures.

*Verdantism Case of Betty Foeller*—Not only must she be surrounded by green in this life, but it is rumored she has made arrangements to have the room across the Shore draped in green instead of cloud and mother-of-pearl.

*Case of Negativism*—“I'm nuts on nothing,” Marie Linck craftily assures the doctors. Secret observation disclosed, however, that an obsession which grows on her all week, culminates on Sunday nights when she steals to a flame and pops corn.

*Case of Bookologism*—Darlene Cradit, the sparkling philosopher of the tottering corridor society, has a purity fixation. She leaves the room, or refuses to listen, or at least attempts not to listen, when Case Philips tells the harrowing realities she has seen in her sociological expeditions.

*Idealism*—Margaret Grether is GIDDY. “Was he marvelous!” she cried; but hers, perhaps, is a light case, for she has applied the description to at least a dozen other young men.

*Vaccilatism*—Dorothy Gelbach has often been observed sitting in the middle of her floor with her hair down and gibbering, “Which? Which? Which? Bill, Dick or Fred?”

?—Case Viola Schubert is a difficult one to tabulate. Does she dream? Does she muse? Or does she impenetrably observe, privately laughing at the futility of it all?

*Introvertism*—Helen Gilbert is the typical example. Like the squirrel in the tree she hoards her nuts of wisdom unseen. Who can say she does not sit and sing:

How dear to my heart are the shores  
of Mendota,  
When fond anticipation presents them  
to view.

*Pernicious Energism*—Not only do the Wolf sisters dangle Jacks and Bubses on a stern cord, but at the same time they fling their arms to heaven; shake their heads with a pagan gesture, and demand of the Fates, “Give us our A's straight.” And the Fates heed.

*Kleptomania*—Margaret Grether, when in need of an undie at the last minute on a Saturday night, has been known to do the lightfingered-Sue act off the back of Bobby Flueck.

*Bucolicism*—Hester Fiedler, at most times a jolly lunatic, is often overcome with long-

ing for the natural life and her wild animal friends; whereupon she raises her head and brays like a mule, whinnies like a horse, and gives the mating call of the hyena. The Fiedler Sneeze is famous throughout the institution.

*Quadruple Personality*—Mae Eickleberg with a sob of delight and a flutter of hips—the flaming-haired May, alias Clara Bow, nee Aimee McPherson, alias Spike Kelly—invariably bursts (she never comes softly) from her cell.

*Depression and Exaltation*—Zelda Rubnitz' darkest moments come on Monday evenings. The journalist triumphant, periodically rises, phoenix-like, from the ashes of another love affair.

*Howard-Phobia*—The commonest delusion that visits case Helen Welk is that she and Howard have broken up for good.

*Henry-Phobia*—The cool and serene case Sylvia Lerner, might never, except to the practised eye, be suspected of the cosmic delusion.

*Untabulated Cases*—Catherine Pevear has managed to so conceal her phobias that the most practised alienists cannot get to the root of them. Case Edith Goldman, of the Egyptian physiognomy, is a victim of uncontrollable anxieties.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

My brain, Maude, balked suddenly;  
With stubborn hoofs she scorned abuse  
And though I flayed her bitterly,  
Brayed, "Move to move? No. What's  
the use?"

"Stop thinking for the press," I snarled.  
"With freedom, like a gypsy, roam."  
"Your criticism's keen," she cried,  
"And it will make a clever poem."

No. 428.

HAG WIND

Oh, the wind rides on a broomstick tonight,  
She has turned the moon to a ghostly white,  
Wildly she throttles the shivering tree  
And mutters black spells at the hunched  
chimney.

Under the covers. Quick.

Oh, the hag wind's knuckles rap on the pane  
And she wheezes smooth words from a crafty  
brain.

She has stilled the hearts of the beating  
clocks

As she fumbles slyly with creaking locks.

Under the covers. Quick.

Oh, the lean wind has wolfed the moon and  
stars,

She has clawed the face of the war-god,  
Mars,

Tortured tall grass to a helpless moan,  
And now she howls for blood and bone.

Under the covers. Quick.

No. 428

FULFILLMENT

Was it for this my mother wrapped me  
warm,  
And called me home against the storm,  
And clipped my hair, and marked my weight,  
And tucked me in my bed at eight;  
And gave me roughage in my diet,  
And rocked my infant nights to quiet,  
And watched me as I sat and stood—  
That I might grow to womanhood  
And hear a whistle and lose my wits  
And drop my heart to clattering bits?

Dorothy Parker

RHETORIC

the past year is a clause of beauty and love  
now is a semi-colon  
sometime hence you and I together will com-  
plete the sentence  
and God will place the period

No. 329

## Examination of Inhabitants of Main Street

After examining the inmates of 3 Main Street, we were convinced that they are cracked, partly or wholly, and rightly placed in this psychopathic ward. In cell 317, we have Major Ericson, who once having wrecked a ship on the sea of love, is confined to her room as she seems to be determined to set sail again under the guise of an Admiral.

A bell tinkled in the far distance, and a rush of feet pounded down the hall, and we collided with inmates Vi Casperson and Mary Brasure, who both shouted, "Was that my bell?" The attendant explained that they were bats in their "bell-frees" whereupon they cut the throat of the punster, and were released on this exhibition of sanity.

Laurinda Schaetzl, from cell 320, hasn't been the same since Hamlet got drunk, and one can still hear shouts of "It isn't true; tell me it isn't true."

"Shawltt and Steller" live in the ele-

vator cell. Their main mania is keeping their undies in the pink of New Yawk condition.

At all hours we hear Ginny Finkh yelling, "Oh, Marie." We see the well dressed Miriam Chidakel coming down the hall, saying, "My mother made it, my mother made it." Loraine Kraus, in spite of her mental condition, is fit "Physic-ly." Across the hall, Reg Bang competes with Virginia Finkh and the breakfast bell. Jeanne Erlands has a bond in common with Joe Jinks, of pussy foot fame. It's Vi, oh Vi.

In cell 323 lives Lorene Kennedy the silent, who wastes no words. The Wahler sisters are her close rivals. Elsbeth Biederman is in a perpetual paroxysm of rage. She sees Red every night.

Gavena Vickery is unusually quiet as she has just been returned to her cell from the Wis. General Hospital where she took a rest cure.

### LOOKS AT BOOKS

A Russian novel is one in which two people neither want each other nor get each other and about which 450 profoundly melancholy pages are written.

An American novel is one in which two people want each other, get each other, and then want each other ever after.

A French novel is one in which two people get each other in the first chapter and spend the rest of their time not wanting each other.

A German novel is one in which two people want each other but don't get each other until the end of the last chapter.

### DUM FLOS NOVUS ET NOVA PUBES

"Love in thy youth, Fair Maid!  
Be Wise!  
Old Time will make thee colder;  
And tho' each morning new arise,  
Yet we each day grow colder."

*Walter Porter.*

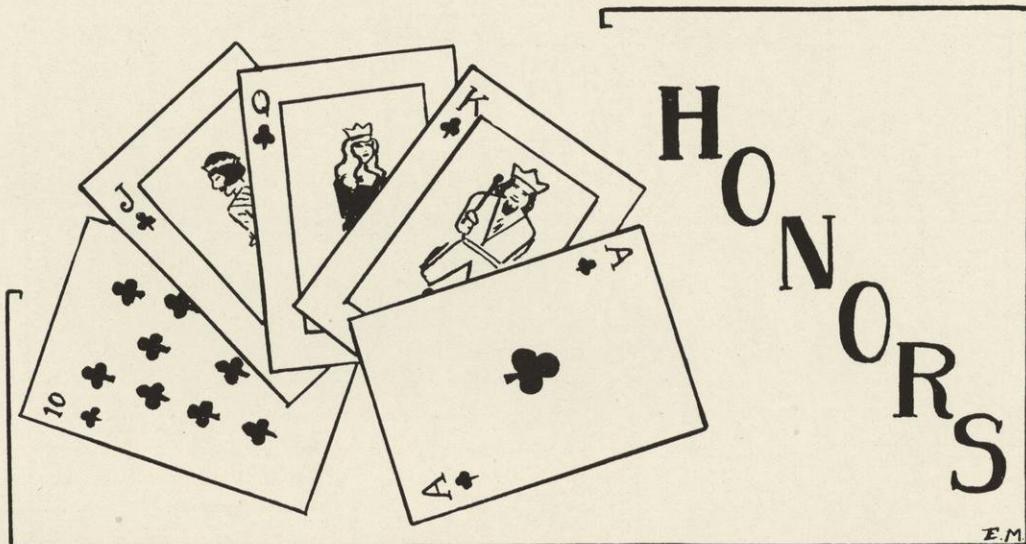
Men don't make passes  
At girls who wear glasses.

*—Dorothy Parker*

Whose love is given overwell,  
Shall look on Helen's face in Hell;  
Whilst those whose love is thin and wise,  
Shall view John Knox in Paradise.

*—Dorothy Parker*





### Barnard Hall Honors

Barnard Hall girls have been topnotchers in the race for honors on the University Campus. The Hall has been most highly honored by having four of the girls elected to Phi Beta Kappa, the all-university scholastic society, which chooses its members from all colleges and from the very highest rank of students. The persons so honored were: Alice McCaul, '30, our house president; Dorothy Atwood, '31; Frances Prochep, '30; and Ruth Misfeldt, '30. Adding to the list of honors won by seniors, Ruth Misfeldt carried off the senior award of Gamma Epsilon Pi, honorary commerce sorority.

Barnard Hall has, in Alice McCaul, the distinction of having one of its women a member of Phi Kappa Phi, honorary scholastic society, whose members are elected on the basis of excellent scholarship in all their studies, high moral character, and capacity for leadership as demonstrated in participation in significant student activities. Again Alice McCaul brings laurels to Barnard by her election to Delta

Sigma Rho, honorary dramatic organization.

In the first semester of 1929, Kathryn Hensey, '32, and Doris Johnson, '32, received respectively first and second place in the scholarship averages of the freshmen women in the Home Economics School. In the same semester, Janice Lohrie received first honors in the freshman women's class of the Commerce School.

High Sophomore Honors for the last year went to Dorothy Atwood and Dorothy Lambeck. Five of the women were elected to Sigma Epsilon Sigma, honorary Freshman society. The brilliant "freshies" were: Mary Averill, Irene Goldberger, Lili Goldstein, Kathryn Hensey, and Doris Johnson.

In general, Barnard Hall's record has been very high. The total scholastic average for the past semester was 1.569 which is higher than the all-university women's average. There were seven with straight A's the first semester. One hundred and fif-

(Continued on Page 40)

## Two Tickets For "Hamlet"

By No. 428

"I bought two tickets for 'Hamlet,' honey," announced Cyril Walters at dinner.

"Did you?" asked his wife with mild interest, and never suspected that his statement was momentous. She did not know it was an expression of a submerged stream of thought that had been flowing through her husband's mind for months.

For Cyril Walters had been reflecting on his university education and decided it was a failure. The senior Mr. Walters had invested three thousand that his son might have the advantages the former had missed; and now, Cyril contemplating these advantages in retrospect, sincerely wished he had less of the culture and more of the three thousand with which he could buy shares in Warner-Bros. movie stock, or take his wife to Europe.

True, sometimes at a fraternity formal he felt a bit dizzy with the thought that of the thousands of the young men in the United States who could never have his chance, he should be one of the few to stand in this house where one received rare pointers on "meeting people". But two years after graduation, in the blackest moods which occasionally blocked his hearty optimism, he wondered if a fine haberdashery were not as good a place to acquire the grandiose manner as a fraternity house; and if the pavement dynamiters eating out of tin pails on the curb were not having as absorbing "bull sessions" as the college lads talking sex over the strumming of a ukelele or wig-wagging to the sorority girls across the court who had forgotten to pull the shades. Cyril had bought a liberal education at the Boston Store of learning. He did not weight his 120 intelligence quotient with law or medicine because he knew technical navigation knowledge would be unnecessary in the soft

berth prepared by his father for the day when the boy should leave the wharfs of learning and embark on the stormy sea of life.

So Cyril had attended Tennyson, psychology, and French lecture in the morning, and in the afternoon eagerly sponged the vaudeville jokes at the Majestic. Cyril remembered few of these jokes and often wished he could be like those boys whose vocabulary and retorts after each show were noticeably enriched and changed. Sometimes he felt as though he brought nothing away from the theater at all — especially when he reflected that of all the jokes he heard, he could only recall one when he needed to. That one dealt with the fortune teller who told the frenzied, expectant father if the baby were a girl, the father would drop dead, but if it were a boy the mother would never come out of the anesthetic. The nurse announced, "It's a girl," and just then the iceman, passing through the room with his tongs, fell dead. That joke alone dotted the prairie of his brain in a crowd exchanging stories.

He could quote little poetry from his courses although the phrase about "The sportive Kid, and Marlowe's mighty line" did engrave itself in his mind where he lodged a mental photograph of the writer in a horizontally striped sweater and a rakish derby. He also remembered that Shelley, termed by Arnold "an angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain" on earth with the women had not tried in vain; that Anatole France in his third score year and ten still made amorous although palsied advances to his housekeeper; that that prose poet, Pierre Loti, had worn high heeled shoes to make himself more imposing in the eyes of the sweethearts he wooed in China,

Spain, and the South Sea Islands; and that there was some pretty hot poetry in the Bible.

At one time he had also known the philosophy of Thanatopsis and the record of spiritual growth portrayed in the Book of Job, but since he had bequeathed his lecture notes to a brother he had had neither the occasion nor the stimulus to refresh his mind on points, A. B. C. D. E. and F. of Job's evolution.

Like his father, Cyrus was essentially a good business man upon whom waste provoked a sinking emotional effect. That's why when he thought of the wasted three thousand he felt like a holder of wildcat shares; with the holder's pathetic and submerged dreams for the reclaim of the swamp land. That's why he felt thwarted when he reached for remembered scraps of conversation; paragraphs in high-faluting required reading on the intellectual pleasures, the absorbing joys of poetry, Shakespeare the ultimate; that dangled over his head like a teasing watch held above his baby's head.

He'd paid his good money for that enjoyment. Then why didn't he have it? He watched with unconscious envy his office assistant, Frederick, who bounded with anticipation at the thought of an evening with a new book by an old author, as did Cyril at the thought of fried goose and wine. But the latter did not last as long. Therefore wasn't Frederick operating on a higher scale of increasing returns than he—Cyril?

Cyril like most human beings had a buried, romantic, and unacknowledged regret. It wasn't for a glamorous love affair, for he had proposed to his wife under a June moon in accordance with all the ideals and dreams he had built up from the popular waltz titles. It wasn't for adventure, for Cyril had spent several summers selling soap or magazines with his college pals through the west; and they had even fingered baked beans with hobos in a camp under a railroad trestle.

He did have a small, shamed longing in his maturity for a story book character with whom to live. When he was eight, he had lived with Billy Whiskers, at thirteen he had lived with Tom Swift, and the Motor boys —now at twenty four when faced with a free evening he sometimes felt a nostalgia for the wild and excited dream companionship he had known in his childhood. Then his Sylvia would say, "Let's go over to the Bingham's for a round of bridge," and he would reply, "I've got a better idea. Let's take in the alumni party at the Guild Hall."

Somehow, he'd missed Hamlet, Francesca, King Lear, Desdemona, Cyrano de Bergerac, and a hundred others, though he usually had read their stories and the notes about them pretty faithfully the night before the examination after the basketball game; and though on the beginning day of all his literature courses the meek question "will I get chummy with these people?" had raised its timid hand in his noisy and frolicsome inner classroom of desires.

So now the announcement of the two tickets for Hamlet was more significant than Sylvia dreamed. Cyril had always felt about the people who referred to the melancholy prince as the Ultimate, that they were impolitely referring in his presence to a secret matter. But if the play were visibly as well as audibly presented to him, might he not at last penetrate the secret? Anyway, he argued to himself, as he handed out the six dollars for seats, he'd spent that amount to rehabilitate an old Ford which he was not quite sure would run again even with the improvements—so why not take a chance on an education with engine trouble.

"You old highbrow," said Sylvia, as they seated themselves in front of a high school principal; and between a communist organist who used to be a republican musician in a silent moving picture theatre; and a culture-craving young lady, "I needed stockings."

However, when the bell chimed midnight on the darkened stage she fixed an intensely concentrated expression on the ghost scene as did the female culture-craver whose eyes were lassoed to the actors in the grim determination to tame this bucking horse of genius.

Hamlet acted nervous, thought Cyril, and nuts. That was good. That was the way a guy would act who suspected that his father, a king, was murdered by his uncle who married the mother, a queen. Sure—royalty, murder, and incest—no wonder he acted shifty. Some of his lines were clever—especially the one about the baked meats for his father's funeral being used as cold buffet refreshments for his mother's wedding. Hamlet kept passing his hand over his mouth. A little ripple of laughter went through the house. Now he'd missed something. "What was that, what was that?" he asked his wife.

She giggled. "I didn't get it. But look at the king's fancy garters."

By the third act the culture-craver had given up her ambitions to be a winning rider in the Madison Square Garden of Intelligence, and had sunk her weary chin on her chest. Cyril mentally thumbed the number of pages in the play before the end, and realized there was an hour and a half to come. His neck hurt.

He didn't hear much to move him and he didn't see much to move him except Ophelia. The way she cried you'd really think her heart was broken. He knew her kind, too, weak, sweet, without brains, moods exactly regulated by the one with whom she is in love. Ophelia returned the Prince's gift. "My Lord, I have remembrance of yours—I long have longed to re-deliver."

"No, not I, I never gave you nothing," cried Hamlet fiercely. That was a good one from Shakespeare's hero, in the face of the high school principal and the culture-

cravers. Cyril smiled wanly before he yawned.

The musician was watching Hamlet with a puzzled and fascinated stare. Horatio jerked the poor guy off the dais in the throne room where he cried to the players to "Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly on the tongue... Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters to split the ears of the groundlings who for the most part are fit for nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noises," blinked at them menacingly for a moment, and repeated, "Speak the speech, I pray you, trippingly upon the tongue," etc. etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters were both rather relieved when Hamlet stabbed the king in the crack between his arm and his side; and himself swayed over Horatio's shoulder crying, "I am dead, Horatio, dead," before dropping among the other corpses who strewed the stage.

"Well," said Sylvia, "Are you thrilled to your oxford tops?"

"I could stand a cigarette now," said Cyril. Wearily, guiltily, they drifted out of the theater, not yet daring to commit themselves on the play, yet drawn together by a bond that linked them, the two barbarians, together in this company of ecstatic aesthetes.

"How did you like it, Cy?" asked Frederick, cast up, on Cyril's side of the powerful waves of the mob.

"Well, I'm not sure," said Cyril cautiously. "I can't say I was wildly moved by it. But I thought Hamlet was pretty good. He kind of fit the type."

"Hamlet," said Frederick, "was drunk."

"Drunk?"

"Drunk, tight, lit, soggy, full, pie-eyed. My, god, didn't you see him put his hand over his mouth when he hiccupped. Didn't

you hear him substitute his own lines in the soliloquies!"

"Well, now, what do you know about that," said Cyril. "We never noticed. I never thought twice about his repeating his speeches. Our seats were at the side and we couldn't see very well."

"I hear he was marvelous in the matinee," said Frederick. "But tonight we didn't see Hamlet. We saw a terrible attempt at representation."

"Now wasn't that our luck," said Sylvia ruefully. "To throw away our money on his rottenest performance. Just our luck"

"I'm not so sure he was lit," said Cyril. "His actions were supposed to be absent-minded and half-crazy in that part."

Cyril had half hoped to be unable to fall immediately to sleep that night for figures in doublets and waistcoats that would fence behind his eyelids; and utter noble sentiments on life and love interspersed with "gad-zooks" and "oddsblood"; but somewhat to his disappointment he fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

He did not wake up the next morning unexplainably excited—feeling as though he had passed through a priceless experience and found a stirring, troubling, exalting friend. On the contrary, he wondered, as he laced his shoes, if the stenographer had called the repair man to fix the adding machine. He retained no more images of the preceding evening than if he had read the paper and gone early to bed.

At the breakfast table his wife handed him a newspaper, open to the second page. Lightning flashes that were a prelude to a shower of words electrified her face.

He saw a picture of the actor who had played "Hamlet" beneath a caption "Carries On". Underneath the picture it said: "Although he received a cable from New York just before the performance in which was stated that his mother had died, Her-

bert Harrington carried through with his role of Denmark's melancholy prince."

They had seen such cases in the movies and read about them in magazines—but to have actually—in real life—seen a trouper display the supreme loyalty to his profession, and prove the catchword "the play must go on!" Mr. and Mrs. Walters experienced a thrill that had never cut them when the mad Ophelia sang pitiful songs, or the uneasy queen watched a play that represented her own unfaithfulness.

"That just shows how undiscerning people are," said Mrs. Walters. "Always ready to believe the worst. Drunk! Imagine how that poor man felt going through the play with such a weight on his heart."

"And saying all those lines about Death," said Cyril.

"Well, I'm certainly glad we went in the evening," mused his wife excitedly.

Cyril put the paper in his coat pocket and took it to the office with him. "Fred," he said triumphantly, "look at this."

A wrinkle between the eyes was replaced by a wry smile as Fred read. "Ha, ha," he exploded. "Ha, ha, ha. Don't let yourself be too deeply touched, Cy."

"What do you mean, what are you driving at? You still insist he was drunk-huh?"

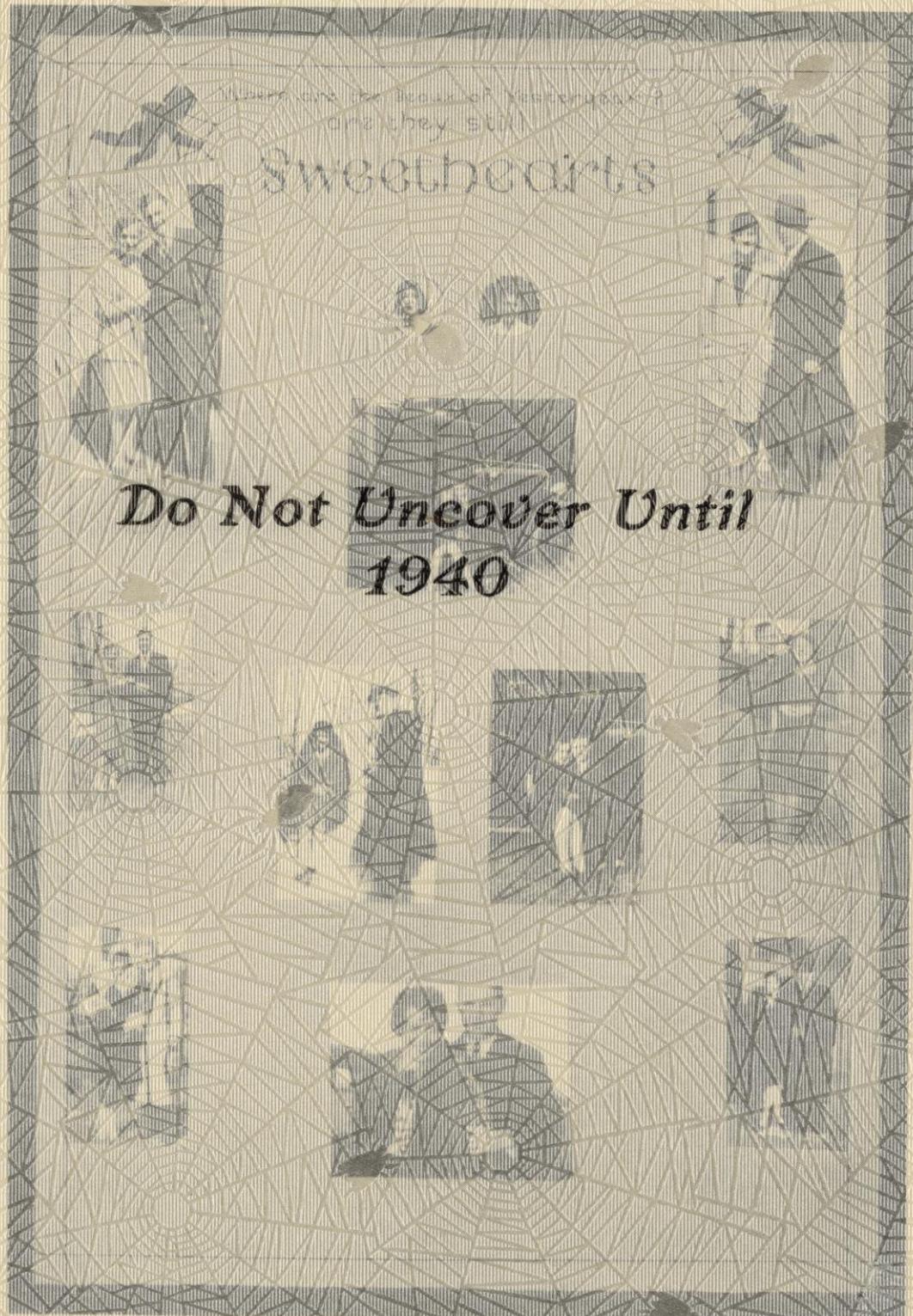
"Of course he was," said Fred, his agile eyes keeping time to Cyril's bewilderment, before taking the leap of malicious joy that would come when the crescendo of understanding should break on Cyril's face.

"Wait a minute; wait a minute," cried Cyril, "you don't mean—"

"Sure I do," said Fred. "And now I have to go. I have a customer waiting."

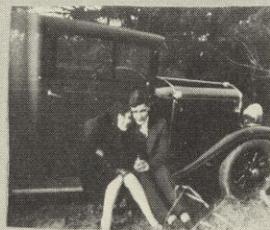
Cyril did not want him to go. All of a sudden he desired Fred, who often bored him; desired him for the purpose of talking to him about the startling theory that had flashed across his head.

(Continued on Page 33)



Where are the Beaux of Yesteryear?  
are they still

## Sweethearts



## Report of Inspector in First Floor South Ward

No. 19—*Padway*: Strange ideas about love, etc.—result of a “Lillies and Bluebird” delusion.

No. 18—*Frey*: Strange pantomime taking place each noon. Patient rushes from room at sound of gong, accompanied by handkerchief grasped tightly in left hand. “Bobbiekins” rushes from hall. Clasp hands, gaze violently at each other for two minutes. Under observation. Alpha Kappa Kappa house warned.

No. 17—*Zodtner*: Case thought cured until unexpected A in English caused dizziness followed by severe attack of epilepsy.

No. 16—*MacIntosh*: Patient found hoarding old hosiery and underwear. Tolerated until dresser was decorated with same. Confined to padded cell.

No. 15—*Rendall*: Case discovered wan-

dering vaguely at two a. m. near University Dairy, muttering to the cows. Practically hopeless.

No. 14—*Martin*: Daubs of paint discovered on clothing of patient. All safe until found eating a sandwich filled with yellow ochre. What to do?

No. 13—*Steinmetz*: Necessary to use violence due to tendency to escape to Milwaukee. Also gave incoherent story of a murder at midnight in the parlor. Worse case in ward.

No. 12—*Clay*: Found late last night hanging from hook in closet. Tragic end after futile attempt to escape editor. Buried this morning.

No. 12 (communicating via Hougstad—spirit-table and aid of Ghost Conan Doyle)

### PERSPECTIVE

The crafty sky has veiled the moon,  
The dead white moon, the scornful moon;  
She glittered through her opaque shroud  
Disdainful cold, disdainful proud—  
A million miles away—away—  
Who cares?

The city lights are mad tonight,  
They tweak the robes, the dreadful robes  
Of Night whose shadows, stern and old,  
They paint in fire, they paint in gold—  
So warm, so wild, so near, so near—  
They dance.

The crafty sky has veiled the dream,  
The endless dream, the awful dream  
Of whom, and what, and why are we—  
The warning of mortality  
A million miles away—away—

Tonight—

.....  
So warm, so wild, so near, so near—  
Your lips.

No. 428

### ON MY LOST FAME—

JOHN GILBERT

(With Apologies to John Milton)  
When I consider how my fame is spent  
Ere half my days on that bright screen are  
through  
And that great talent to so passionately woo,  
Lodged within me useless, though my soul  
more bent

To serve therewith my Public and present  
My Lothario, hot sighing and wild-eyed.  
“Do you deny great talent, voice denied?”  
I fondly ask. But Director, to prevent  
That murmur soon replies, “We do not need  
Now your loud-smacking kisses. When  
coupled with  
Adenoidal murmurs, they only bring hisses.  
Your state  
Is null. Thousands at your bellowing, speed  
Out of the theatre. Your art now misses.  
They also serve who retire without debate.  
Inmate 8 (in collaboration)

## THE DIARY OF PEEPS

Since Pepys' human meanderings in short-hand, the world has been showered with diaries. Most of them are the only reflection on the admirable Samuel but a sin half confessed is half redressed. With this plea for clemency, the diary of Barnard Hall is hereby submitted. The history that will be remembered in reminiscences cannot perhaps be entered here. After all, one must make concessions to current moralities, deans and to those who still retain their illusions of glorious womanhood.

One difficulty with writing this diary is that September seems years away. But the way to begin is to begin and looking at the diary of one inmate, here are some verbatim snatches: "Tea; met the dean"; again, "tea; English exam—horrible; Physical exam!!!" (vanity goeth before the Phy-Ed. Dept.) These are pretty bare outlines (not a pun) but we cannot help recalling the first few weeks to the freshmen. A physical exam will never be such an event again. At the next exam they are blasé and study the x-ray pictures with curiosity and mirth and decipher the hieroglyphics so that they can exclaim with glee: "I am no longer bowlegged"—"My vertebrae are straighter."

Another event was freshman initiation. The freshmen were sent to classes with towels for mufflers and alarm clocks set to go off in classes. One bright child prevailed on her instructor to confiscate her alarm clock. As for those shirkers who did not take the matter seriously, they were sentenced to cut the lawn on Lincoln Terrace with a scissors as the eleven o'clock classes were leaving Bascom. As a part of the polite initiation Dorothy Lorio gave an imitation of an old gossip without teeth and Iva Russakov did some beautiful swan dives.

Close on the heels of these events came

the football games which are remembered chiefly as an exhibition of groans and exhortings. Rather painful memories—pleading with the team to "do something." Of course, all the glamour of cold rainy days with cold winds sweeping over Camp Randall and home to dinner in candlelight was there.

In October, that neglected part of university life, studying, began. With exams looming in the distance the inmates began to worry about the intricacies of the alphabet and to go around saying: "What kind of examinations does he give?" "Will we have any trace questions?" "Do you think I need to study this?"

One important event must not be slighted. Barnard contributed its quota to that devilish trip that the Geography Department diabolically devises to prove emphatically that Geography is *not* a snap course. Many freshmen, remembering Geography in the grade schools, think it is an easy way to get five credits. If, by November, their fallacy has not been proven, a trip over the crystalline Baraboo Range falling into potholes and stumbling down talus slopes is conclusive evidence. The prostrate forms lying on cots and groaning for two days are merely a natural sequel.

Thanksgiving came to relieve us from the strain of Work and a trek homeward began with tall tales and subtle explanations as to the queer suddenness with which money vanishes. A few tearful persons who discovered all kinds of Auld Lang Syne and white-haired mother complexes stayed behind to eat turkey in the empty hall.

Due to the unfortunate fact that my little helper's diary is a blank, and my memory is likewise, (it seems to me she had a few dates then—meow!) December will be hastily dis-

missed and we approach Christmas. Most of the tales connected with Christmas go something like this: sleep until noon—plays—dances—gifts—the dear family—sleep—food—men—sleep—food—men—sleep—financial discussions with papa—sleep—food—men—men—men.

January also is a blank page and I suspect it was merely a sort of calm before the storm of finals in which a few casualties were added to the list of non-combatants. February is a distorted month with exams at the beginning and blessed sleep afterwards. Sleeping, eating and borrowing money are the best things college students do. After prom had gone by leaving the usual bruised hearts in its wake, vacation came to tired spirits. Coming back with resolutions to study harder, we started out in our old downward paths, but a la Oscar Wilde, "To what shall one yield, if not to temptation?"

By February the lines are fairly well drawn. We think we know what people we like, and there are certain horrible examples that seem to personify all we dislike. We delight in pointing out all the faults of our fellow women. We know the weaknesses of some of our more indiscreet inmates. We have discovered our potential success as future American leaders; we can roast the rest of the feminine population to a turn.

During this month of February began the blooming of morons (without). There are still some inmates who think the morons were not quite as legion as was made out but then there are girls that simply will not believe what they are told.

April first approached with the usual jokes. Frema Taxey politely appeared at the hostess' table, asking in which chair she should sit. The startled look she received amazed her a trifle but it wasn't until the dinner was over that she realized she was a self-invited guest. On April Fool's day, also, some idle minds asked the girls to wear

their formals for the Military Ball and have their picture taken for a downtown paper. Barnard remembers with pride that Chadbourne bit but we did not. Another huge joke in April was the mid-semester exams. After all, these little items have a habit of intruding in college life.

Of course, all through the year runs the thread of dates, dances, formals, heart-burnings, sorority pledging and not pledging, elation, hard knocks, readjustments, but these things are the same every year; only the actors are different.

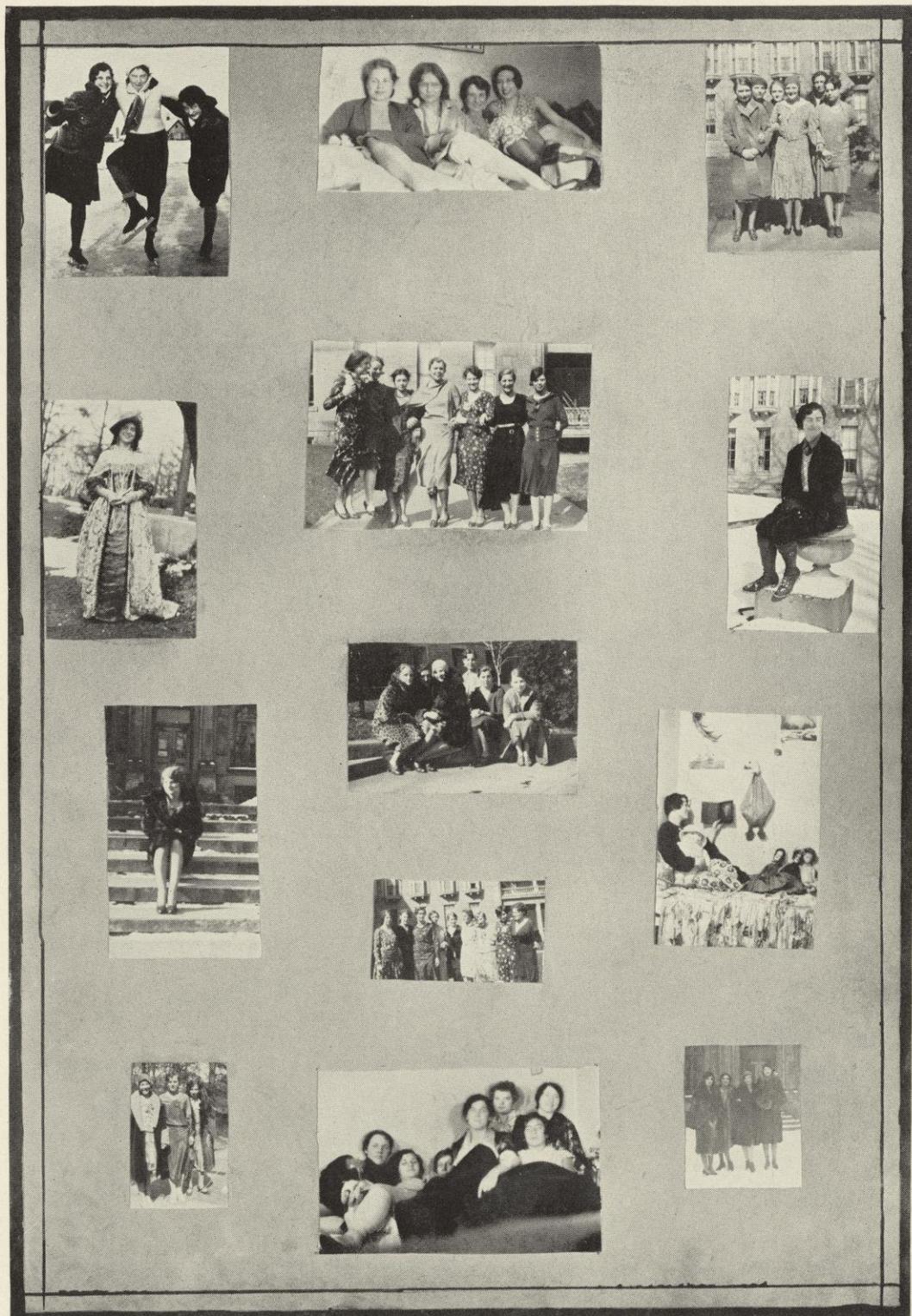
Barnard had its usual turmoils over its molehill mountains, such as our strike for independence, an effort to secure freedom of the knees, but if anything finally did come from our petition to eat breakfast in bare legs, most of us are unaware of it.

This diary makes no mention of other events. To give the feminine touch we must wax poetical. A few delightful memories are sunset on Lake Mendota, cutting classes to sleep a little longer, the campus enveloped in snow, the gossip at Sunday breakfasts, movies, forbidden fruit.

We did not entirely neglect the arts. A few of us read high-brow books like "Is Sex Necessary" and the Hall boasts an excellent Shakespearean company. Our rendering of Hamlet is in a class by itself.

The Faculty Banquet was a great success. It proved the Faculty are almost human. Seen outside of the classroom, there is something likeable about them. (condescension). As Doris Johnson said in her famous speech: "Not even a freshman could enter into light conversation with one's French professor over chilled fruit and chicken without coming to the realization that he is a man first and a pedagogue second." Since she was brazenly staring at her French professor as she said this, the rest of us feel

(Continued on Page 40)



## An Alienist's Thesis On Third Floor South

"I'm sure that you will find this a very interesting subject to develop for your thesis," concluded Dr. Knowitall, my thesis adviser.

I walked slowly down the hill to Barnard, thinking over what he had said about my thesis topic. Dr. Knowitall and some of his colleagues maintained that all people are a little mad on one or more subjects. The evidences are an unshakeable, unreasoning clinging to the practice or belief, putting it before all other things, eating it, sleeping it, talking it.

The subject of my thesis was to analyze about fifty people whom I knew quite well and to determine on what subjects they were mad, with the evidence for my conclusions.

When I reached my room, I hung my coat on the lamp, and threw myself down on the bed to think. Barnard did look a little like an insane asylum, and we girls all lived in cells. What were we mad about then? I might start on the girls in my corridor. What does the red-haired girl in 327 dream about, think about, talk about? Why, Arthur, of course. Anything else? Well, I don't know anyone who puts herself on as strict a time schedule as she. Fifteen minutes to wash these things, and five minutes to bathe and get to bed. That's her.

How about her room-mate? Hmm! Well, perhaps she's goofy about her hair. Each night, early or late, she puts combs in and ties a pretty colored ribbon around her head to hold them in place. Sometimes it is a blue ribbon, sometimes it's green, sometimes yellow. She believes in variety.

I don't know the girl in 328 very well because she's gone home to visit her family almost every week—why, that's it. She's mad about her family.

In 329 lives a girl who is mad about several things. Her most recent insanity is

roller skating. The one before that was Cyrano. We all knew the play by heart before we ever went to see it. She is permanently demented on poetry. Almost every day at 5:45, one can hear her reciting Shakespeare while she splashes around in the tub.

The girl in 330 isn't seen very often, but from the hours and hours which she spends at her typewriter, I should imagine that she is mad about journalism. News, news! Some night I'll wake up and find her peering in my window—after news even while she sleeps.

In 331, the cell next to mine, lives a young lady who is mad about a certain young man whose first name is Hubert. He sends her candy and records for her victrola for all and no occasions. And she writes to him every Sunday evening.

The very grownup and serious young lady on the other side of me might be mad on almost any subject. But of one thing I'm sure. When we are in heaven and perchance hear someone ring the bell at the Golden Gate, she'll call out, "Is that my bell?"

Cell 334 is a suite where the two quietest members of our corridor live. They are sisters, very, very wise, both of them. The younger is mad about her school work, for she reads volume after volume for history, "lit", or philosophy, refreshing herself now and then by a long draught from her Stein. The eldest ought some day to be the cleverest criminal lawyer in the country. She has an uncanny way of presenting facts, true and false, without blinking an eyelash; look how she fooled us all about her Uncle Abel from Bavaria.

In the cell next door, 336, is confined a striking blonde whose heart at present is in Chicago in the safe keeping of a tall, dark-

haired Beau Ideal. She's "nuts" about him, even putting him before her favorite elephant, whom she keeps ever close at her side, night and day.

And in the other cell, 337, lives a very young miss, who some day hopes to take Louise Fazenda's place in filmdom. Sometimes she thinks she is a Spanish senorita and comes gliding down the hall real provocatively like. And then again she thinks she

is some Fritz from Milwaukee and sings "If I Had a Talking Picture of You" in true Milwaukee Dutch. There are other characters whom she imitates, till I sometimes wonder what she really is.

And now I'm the only one left. I'm mad about lots of things, I guess, but if my neighbors ever find out what I have written about them, they'll think I'm hopeless.

No. 332.

---

### Third Floor North

In Cell 307, we have Janice Lohrie, the young woman who is under the delusion that she is a model in a Poiret establishment, and that explains the "big parade" of gowns that are familiar to the residents of her corridor.

Cell 308 has as its occupant Blanche Wolpert who does a Sophie Tucker with "Some of These Days" and "Oh, My Operation!" "Nuf sung." Boop-boop-a doop.

Alice Stewart, in Cell 309, will gladly receive cast-off limbs for research work in anatomy.

In Cell 310, is Lucille Stolper; she thinks that Paderewski isn't in it with her, and must have a victrola for self-expression.

Dorothy Atwood, Cell 311, has a musical (?) laugh which continues into the wee sma' hours and explains the circles under the eyes of her neighbors.

"Tony" Wollaeger, in Cell 312, is crazy over "Peanuts".

Evelyn Lipman, says "Wall paper ain't got no chance!" See Cell 313.

The inmate in Cell 314, Kathryn Zimmerman, keeps a bronze tablet for her dates.

In Cell 315, is Beverly Smith, who thinks that she is a witch doctor specializing in "Herbs".

Genevieve Parman, in Cell 316, has an overwhelming ambition to become a wash-woman of stockings and a coloratura soprano.

And in Cell 317, we have two nuts, Lillian Turek, who thinks that Ringling Brothers Circus is losing money every day because they haven't got her; and Marie Lambeck, an ardent upholder of that national ditty, "Singin' in the Bathtub."

No. 308.

---

Gladys Bauer: "He was a great druggist before he died."

Dorothy King: "He was, but don't you think his chicken salad was a little too salty?"

Adeline Lee, to roommate: "How do you spell 'financially'?"

Alice Leonard: "F i n a n c i a l l y, and there are two R's in embarrassed."

For Sale: Four davenport—bargain because much used. Call at Barnard Hall, or phone B. 5052.

Henry: "Your bread is all right, dear, but it's not as light as mother's."

Sylvia: "Well I might add that your roll is lighter than Dad's."

## The Dreamers

Through the shadowed corridors, lit only by an unearthly beam from the ghost moon that rocked crazily in the landing window in silent communication with the flickering gas light; through the corridors, whose stillness was broken only by the chained packing of the bubbler, falling, falling, over its marble prison, weeping softly for the freedom of its springs; walked Dad, the old guardian of the night.

Behind the cell doors the inmates slept, breathing quietly in deeper dreams than those which enveloped them during the day. He was not afraid of these mad dreamers while they slept; it was only the awakening from their noonday dream that he sometimes dreaded.

Behind this door, in 417 slept two, Flueck and Gaulke, who woke to move in the Love Vision. He tugged at his mustache; ruffled the back of his old head, reflecting on those motorists wearing rose goggles as they whizzed in the roadsters of youth around the inner walls of the institution.

He shook his head as he passed 430, A. Bean. He had seen a flicker of sanity in her eyes upborne by laugh wrinkles. Had she caught on to the illusions; was she already working her way out of this madhouse with the help of the staff of laughter? Sometimes he thought so; perhaps she was ready for dismissal.

Did 429, D. Johnson, really see a cathedral she might some day erect from the pebbles of knowledge with which she now seemed so content to play? Patient 431, W. Tamblington, was a child, throwing herself with ardor into all the deception of movement, action, and the incidents of the shadow and reflection we call everyday life.

Laughter and roses was 432, D. White, and an appalling conscientiousness. "The

Rules, the Rules, the Rules," she ticked beneath her laughter, "must be observed." For rules were a path and a highway on which to seek in the salt, waste seas of existence.

The world still startled 433, V. Ceagske, but she accepted amazement with quiet enjoyment. G. Ullrich, 434, blossomed slowly in her slumber; to her, transition was a gradual and easy matter, and though she might be on the road to awakening, she still stopped to play in the grass, to make flower dolls with grave absorption.

"This is life," repeats 435, G. Maier, "this is living, this is the world, summer evening walks with your boy friend, the Vagabond Song ringing in your ears; waking in the morning to see the trees glittering like Russian winter carnival princesses, or to see the sun streaming on the tennis courts.

No. 436, R. Batterman, has a queer touch of madness—the phobia of sanity, which keeps her from falling quite over the dizzy ledge of ecstatic insanity—as she might. Thus mused the old man as he passed the door of 437, R. Anklin, who, too, wore the rose colored goggles.

The moon had paled and faded into nothingness at the sight of the rosy sun who had broken his veils and was floating up the horizon. The silent thud of tennis balls bounding in wordless merriment sounded from the court. An alarm rang, and the sleepers stirred, awakening to another day of dreams.

---

Prof. Gordon, to music Education class: "Did you bring your Mohlers today (referring to text)?"

Virginia Finkh: Sure—do you think we left them at home in a glass?"



Gen Wiest: "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you."

Peggy Joslyn: "Yes, that's the way it's been with every story I've written so far."

Father Ives: But anyway, dear, we must give him credit for getting her a nice engagement ring.

Mrs. Ives: Oh no, we needn't, the jewelers gave him credit for that.

# INTRODUCING



# THE CANADIAN DIME

E.M

## The Canadian Dime

Patient 2: Our hostess is Osterbind, Helen,  
And though this corridor is al-  
ways a-yellin'  
She says not a word  
That our feelings would hurt;  
For which she deserves a me-  
dallian!

Patient 3: We have a little girl named  
Frances  
Who never takes any chances.  
She puts on rubbers, when it  
rains,  
Takes aspirin for her pains,  
And demurely controls all her  
glances.

Patient 4: Mary is a girl that's very quiet  
Though the rest of the corridor  
is a riot.  
We yell and we brawl;  
It bothers her not at all.  
Her patience is something to  
sigh at.

Patient 5: We know a girl named Lilli-an,  
She writes to New York's four  
mil-li-on.  
When west to college she did  
flee  
She packed the city directory  
To write to all the boys she  
was silly-on.

Patient 6: We know a girl named Peggy.  
All she needs for her list is a  
Reggy.  
She has Tom and Dick.  
She picks them up quick.  
Yet, she certainly is one good  
eggy.

Patient 7: Edna is a little flapper  
And there are times we'd like  
to rap her,  
When she says that word  
"gadget,"  
We get so mad yet  
That someday we know  
we'll slap her.

## THE BARNARD MAG

Patient 8: Doris is a girl in our corridor.  
She never lives in her room any more.

She thinks swine are geese  
And is sharing the lease,  
With Alice and Addie first floor.

Patient 9a: Our sweet little girl is Ad  
But there's one thing about her  
is sad,  
In the morning at eight  
She's one great big hate,  
And her temper is remarkably bad.

Patient 9b: For our princess dear, we have  
Alice,  
And we all know room nine as  
her palace;  
One day she went skiing,  
Her feet from her fleeing,  
We can't tell the rest without  
malice.

Patient 10:  
We know a girl named Mazie,  
Whom we see from her actions is lazy.  
She works not at all,  
She'd rather play ball (?)  
Yet the rest of the story is "A"-zy.

### Found In The Fifth Floor Medical Index of Barnard Institution

#### DAGNE HOUGSTAD—

*Ailment:* Thinks she's a spiritualist, who can tell the past, present, and future of anyone who will listen.

*Actions:* Confiscates every table in sight, and indulges in seances every night.

#### ASENATH IVES—

*Ailment:* Thinks she's cook in the Ritz-Carleton.

*Actions:* Wears tea-apron, and invites

Bob to superintendent's room for Sunday night suppers.

#### HELEN VERGERONT—

*Ailment:* Believes she's touring England.

*Actions:* Demands companionship of only those males who know English history.

#### NORMA ROBINSON—

*Ailment:* Thinks the institution unhealthful.

*Actions:* Tries to escape: "goes out" every night.

#### LILI GOLDSTEIN—

*Ailment:* Thinks pre-medics are the only real he-men.

*Actions:* Goes raving mad when a red rose comes to her in person on St. Valentine's day.

#### ELIZABETH FILLER—

*Ailment:* Believes she's virtuoso.

*Actions:* Plays every instrument she sees.

#### LOIS MINSHALL—

*Ailment:* Thinks she's Lilliputian in "Gulliver's Travels."

*Actions:* Plays "March of the Dwarfs" while she dresses.

#### MARY FRANCES AVERILL—

*Ailment:* Believes heads are made to contain something.

*Actions:* Memorizes her history book the night before an exam.

#### RUTH MISFELDT—

*Ailment:* Thinks she's a nurse-maid.

*Actions:* Tries to make Prof. Gillen's children happy.

#### ELVIRA SENO—

*Ailment:* Believes she's medical engineer.

*Actions:* Never happy without a test-tube in her hand.

#### LAVILLA CAPENER—

*Ailment:* Thinks her life is in danger.

*Actions:* Keeps an insurance agent always around her.

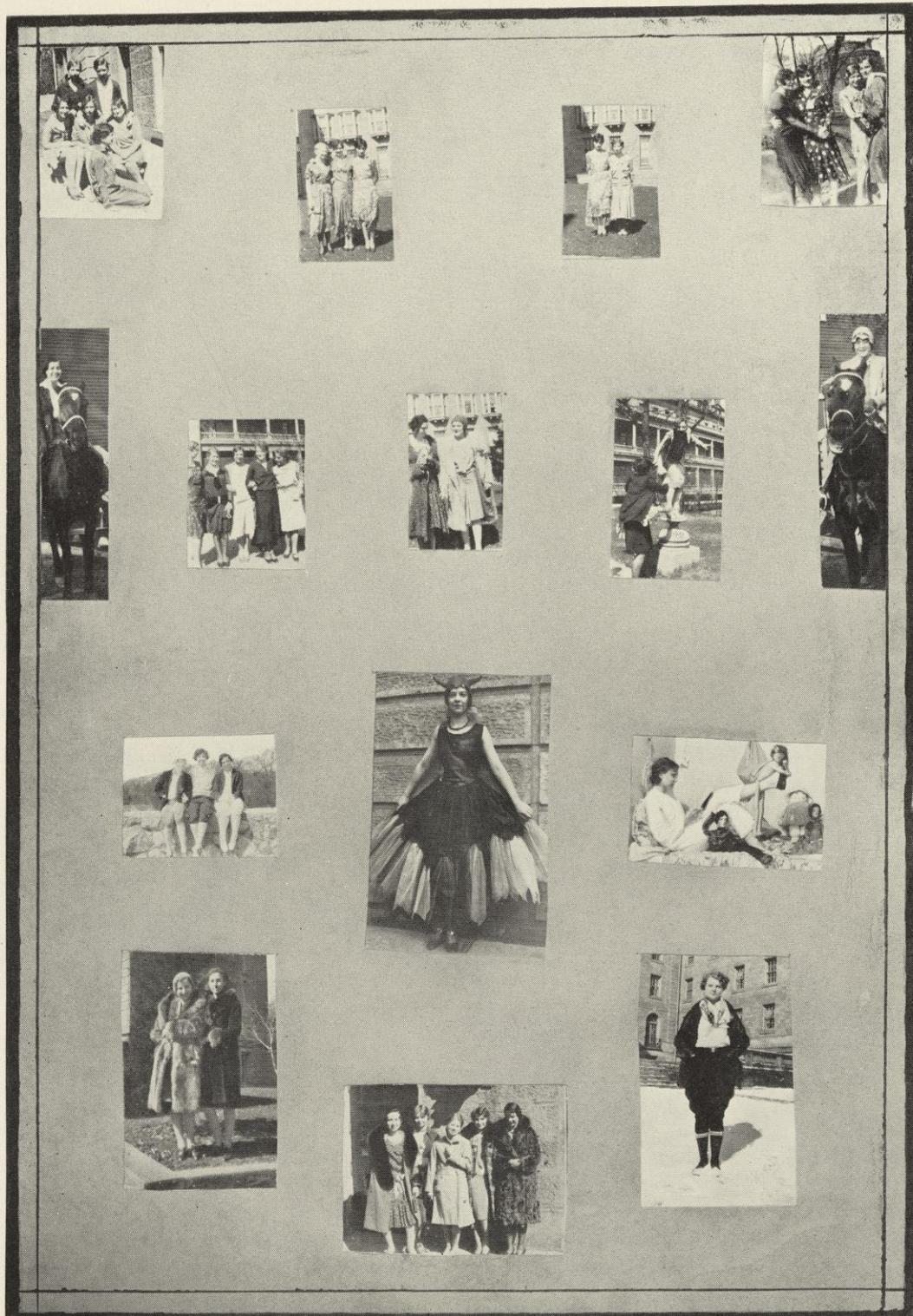
#### FREMA TAXEY—

*Ailment:* Thinks she's Galli-Curci.

*Actions:* Sings not only in the bath-tub.

THE BARNARD MAG

---



TWO TICKETS FOR HAMLET

(Continued from Page 20)

Cyril began to chuckle. "Drunk," he quivered inwardly. "His mother probably has more lives than a cat, and she gives up one life after every spree of Herbert's. And his grandmother, and maybe a dozen cousins have all died in the cause."

As he walked into his office, he felt positively light-headed. "I didn't give you nothing, Ophelia." Hamlet—tight—pie-eyed. Hamlet losing a relative—bravely "carrying on" after every bender.

"The repair man was here to fix the adding machine, Mr. Walters," said his stenographer, but he didn't hear her. He was joyously occupied in showing Hamlet, who had suddenly become a flesh and blood character, up to a suite in his brain where also sojourned an amorous and doddering Anatole France; Pierre Loti in high-heeled shoes ;and Shelley, the angelic seducer.

NOW I'LL TELL ONE

*Iva Russakov* hates the men.

*Ida Horne's* appetite is failing.

*Alice McCaul* can't make any honorary sororities.

*Nora Gaulke* talks too much.

*Helen Schaffer* needs to reduce.

*Ruth Schwartz* is so subdued.

*Sylvia Lerner* never misses a Barnard meal.

*Frema Taxey* gets impatient waiting for her table to finish eating.

Nobody has ever heard *Dorothy White* call "quiet hours!"

*Ruth Misfeldt* hangs around the parlor all the time.

One person who never has any time to dance or day dream is *Pussy Krueger*.

*Mary Frances Averill* never opens a book.

We often forgive those who bore us, but we cannot forgive those whom we bore.

*La Rochefoucauld*

**VELVET**  
*IT'S ALL CREAM*  
**ICE CREAM**

*Visitors Always Welcome*

**Perfectly Pasteurized—**

**Milk, Cream, Butter,**  
**Buttermilk, Cottage**  
**Cheese, Milcolate, Se-**  
**lected Guernsey Milk.**

**Kennedy Dairy**  
**Co.**

621-29 W. Washington

PHONE B. 7100

**WAGNER'S**

**"Exclusive But**  
**Not Expensive"**

**State Street at 528**



FAMOUS SAYINGS

Doris E. Johnson: "A Johnson never forgets!"

Lillian Pinchenson: "I must write home."

Edna Mae Mueller: "Where's my gadget?"

Alice Leonard: "Whose room is this anyway?"

May Charney Vladeck: "May all their children be pacifists!" (Upon seeing some R.O.T.C. officers.)

Dagne E. Hougstad: "My notes say so."

Adaline Lee: "You know (with gestures)."

Peggy Rockman: "Is she anything?"

Iva: "You know, Dad, he always said he'd never marry until the right girl came along."

Dad: "Well, how does he know you are the right one?"

Iva: "Oh, I told him I was."

Mother: "I hear you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get another place?"

Ruth Z: "No, all the others are taken."

Evelyn Haines, the southerner from Florida, wanted to know when we began to wear our snowshoes.

Helen (looking at new table list just posted and seeing Betty Foeller's name): "Good, now I'll never need to go to Europe."

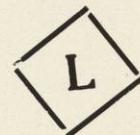
*If you haven't any ideas  
Don't worry.*

*You can get along without them—  
Many of the nicest people do.*

—C. Morley.

We Call and Deliver

THE DIAMOND "L"



Shoe Shop

915 University Ave.

Phone B. 4929

Visit the . . .

**CO - OP  
GIFT  
SHOP**

"A TREASURE  
CHEST OF  
BEAUTIFUL  
THINGS" . . .

Here you will find  
hundreds of wonderful  
gift suggestions.

**THE CO - OP**

E. J. GRADY, Mgr.  
State and Lake St.

### The V-a-s-e

From the maddening crowd they stand apart,  
The Maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone  
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,  
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,  
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,  
With an earnest soul and a Capital A.

There they worshipped but no one broke  
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,  
Who blushing said: "What a lovely vase."

Over three faces a sad smile flew,  
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's mighty soul was stirred,  
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,  
Exclaimed: "It's quite a lovely vase!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when,  
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpas,  
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vase!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,  
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,  
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!"

"I did not catch your remark because  
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit praegelida  
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

*James Jeffrey Roche.*

### Humour?

The green hat may carry connotations of Michael Arlen's fame, but to May Vladek it carries only shame. The English professor had asked a member of the class what she thought of God. The sleepy-head hadn't answered. May, seeing a green hatted girl on University Avenue late that afternoon, rushed blindly up to her and asked, "What do you think of God now?" Beneath the green hat an unfamiliar face clearly indicated that that was no question to ask of a stranger.

Colene Irwin: "Could you tell me the way to the lecture hall?"

Gretchen Mueller: "Fraid I can't, I'm a student myself."

## Frank's Restaurant

21 University Avenue

## North Fourth

BERNICE BROTY—Normally healthy, but propensity for raising chickens. Sign of domesticity, perhaps?

VIRGINIA BLACK—Forgets to remember almost everything. Exception: biweekly shampoo.

MARION CAPE—Temperamental artist; leaning towards Bloty's gum.

DOROTHY KING—Loose cog: when exam time comes, reads all fiction she can find, and sees all movies she can see.

RUTH SCHWARTZ—Nuts on Stanleys; numbers them one, two, and three.

CATHERINE CANE—Wild desire to interpret music, known only to dance majors; imbues whole institution with same spirit, to desperation of authorities.

WINIFRED WEINHAGEN—Exists only on diet of breakfast food, yet eyes sparkle. (Cause: Love?)

EVELYN HAINES—Strict interpreter of "Better late than never."

LEILA MORRISSEY—Will go to Ag. Chem. building only in her chartered bus. (Pair of something or other from the Paris Bootery—guaranteed to get you there on time.)

GRETCHEN MUELLER—Believes she is taking engineers' course, because she hears so much about all the hours that engineers in general spend on the Hill.

MARJORIE OLMAN—Tears hair wildly at question, "Are you letting your hair grow?"

ETHEL CAMPBELL—Carries crochet hooks around for weapons; won't let them out of her sight.

---

Sylvia Lerner's small brother, on seeing close-up of embrace in a "colitch" movie: "Sylvia, is that what they do in college?"

McVICAR'S

## FLOWERS

Guaranteed To Please

*Our Telegraph Service  
Reaches all over the World*

Deliveries Made in a  
Few Hours

## University Floral Co.

723 University Ave.  
Phone Fairchild 4645

...anytime...

There's a saying 'round the campus that any time is Chocolate Shop time. A true saying, it is! Luncheon time—dinner time—date time—after theatre—any time at all is Chocolate Shop time . . . they all agree on that!

the chocolate shop

Your handiest

***Rennebohm  
Drug Store***

Across the Street from  
Barnard

**Rosemary Naturell  
Marcel Permanents**

The Newest Marcel  
Wrappings

Also  
EUGENE FREDERICK  
LEONOIL

And Special Process for  
White and Dyed Hair.

*We test every head of hair  
before giving you a  
permanent.*

**Rosemary Beauty  
Shop**

521 State St.

**Bits About 'Em**

Peggy Joslyn knows when and how to borrow. Going broke in Chicago, she, in desperation, sought a loan of \$2.50 from a perfect stranger, who was also taking the train for Madison. She told him she hoped the loan wouldn't be missed until she was able to mail him the sum. But how could she know then that he was the president of a steel corporation in Kalamazoo?

Miss Edmonds Robsion, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Robsion, wore a unique costume representing a Kentucky garden, fresh vegetables being used for the entire outfit. With the dress of cabbage leaves, the neck and waistline of which was outlined with carrots, Miss Robsion wore a shoulder bouquet of cabbage leaves, and carried a large arm bouquet of cauliflower. Her earrings were green peas and her necklace was made of string beans, with bracelets of white onions, and new potatoes completing the ensemble. Mr. Berryman was Sir Christopher Columbus.

And mighty lucky for her he didn't go as George Bernard Shaw.

**Remarks**

Janet Cohn, after rounding a corner on the second floor and bumping into Miss Baker. "Say kids, I just baked into bumper."

Dagne, deciding to be real big hearted and answer Frema's bell, ran to the phone, only to find no one at the other end of the line. Twenty minutes later the same thing was repeated. "Wish he'd give me a chance." Not until three days after did she find out that a poor date had waited downstairs more than an hour. She had answered a one ring instead of a two.

Now that skirts are getting longer many men are afraid their eyes are on their last legs.

CLIPPINGS

(Continued from Page 9)

of feeble-mindedness, insists on turning on her lights by ringing her bell. Consequently is always in the dark.

Elizabeth Maier, No. 217b—Subject to fits and violent outbursts; nerves shattered from baffled attempts to force Barnard publicity into the Daily Delirium.

Sally Hoopes, No. 210—Vicious character, tormented by visions of chewing herself up.

Story 4

After reviewing the report of the County Cuckoo Commission the Daily Delirium apologizes for its hasty recommendation that all inmates of the Dippy Damsel Division of the Barnard Psychopathic Hospital be released. We are satisfied that all of the girls are mentally unbalanced, some violently so, and therefore should be retained as patients. We accept the decision of the County Cuckoo Commission with no further questioning.

No. 210.

Vivian Felix: "My date tonight was so pale and emancipated, but still I had one momentum evening."

Dorothy Ericson, making an announcement at House Meeting, in her own original way: "For the last two weeks we haven't done a thing, no, not a thing, but sit on the committee."

Lorene Kennedy, walking into open elevator at fifteen minutes of eleven (at night).

Dad (after she had stood there long enough): "Sorry I haven't a chair, I'd let you sit down."

Frocks from

*Tiffany's*

are worn charmingly

by many

BARNARD HALL GIRLS

We appreciate that and say

THANK YOU!



546 State

**Paris Bootery**

**Exclusive  
Ladies'  
Footwear—  
Hosiery to  
Match**

520 State Street

Badger 3700

BARNARD HALL HONORS

(Continued from Page 16)

teen had an average of 1.3 and above, while 58 out of this number had 2 point and above. Twelve freshmen had an average of 2.5 the first semester.

It seems that the incoming freshmen were a bright lot to begin with. Thirty four out of 66 went to the W. S. G. A. Scholarship Banquet, held in the Fall for all incoming freshmen who had made distinguished records in high school.

The athletes, not to be outdone by the intelligentsia, have admirably distinguished themselves. A certain large, shining cup on the radio bears witness to the great feat of the Barnard Hall swimming team when it won first place in the intermural swimming meet.

No two persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are censuring a third.

*Jean Richter*

THE DIARY OF PEEPS

(Continued from Page 22)

that anything she receives in French will be the result of a hussy's flattery. Alice McCaul delivered some masterly puns as toastmistress. After a year or so in Madison, one's feeling for the connotations of the English language is amazing.

So after a year we are dragging out the old saws: "My doesn't time fly?" Some of us are getting as tearfully reminiscent as old grads." Do you remember—?" For all my sins of commission and omission, Lord forgive me, and from the wrath to come protect me.

*Case 9B.*

Peggy Rockman: "Well, how do you like my game?"

Doris Johnson: "I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf."

## The Collegienne Got An 'Ex' in Everything!

**K**ESSENICH COLLEGIENNE'S first year in college has been a howling success, to say the least! When she first came to the dear old U. W. last fall, all the girls turned out to give her the gladhand—and what a "rush" she's had all winter. And now, to cap the climax, she gets an "ex" in every single subject—style, cleverness, price, and popularity!

**KESSENICH'S COLLEGIENNE**

903 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

**Catalogue of Patients**

Alton, June .....	424
Anklam, Ramona .....	437
Atwood, Dorothy .....	311
Averill, Mary Frances .....	505
Bang, Regina .....	325
Batterman, Ruth .....	436
Bauer, Gladys .....	333
Baumann, Elizabeth .....	404
Baumgarten, Reva .....	206
Bean, Adella .....	430
Bickel, Laura .....	213
Biederman, Elsbeth .....	318
Black, Virginia .....	409
Brasure, Mary .....	304
Bratz, Bernice .....	408
Bundy, Catherine .....	209
Campbell, Ethel .....	411
Cane, Catherine .....	414
Cape, Marian .....	410
Capener, Lavilla .....	507
Carlisle, Ruth .....	218
Casperson, Violet .....	305
Ceaglske, Vivian .....	433
Chidakel, Miriam .....	302
Christenson, Anola .....	400
Church, Adeline .....	205
Clay, Ruth .....	12
Cohn, Janet .....	331
Cradit, Darlene .....	231
Crandall, Ethel .....	303
Eickelberg, May .....	202
Erlands, Jean .....	300
Ericson, Dorothy .....	319
Felix, Vivian .....	406
Fiedler, Hester .....	224
Filler, Elizabeth .....	503
Finkh, Virginia .....	324
Flueck, Barbara .....	427A
Foeller, Elizabeth .....	230
Frey, Phyllis .....	18
Garlock, Mildred .....	418
Gaulke, Nora .....	427B

**Fair Prices****Friendly Service**

**CASH**  
**For**  
**USED TEXTS**

All texts eventually turn  
 into waste paper — don't  
 hold yours too long



**BROWN'S**  
**Book Shop**

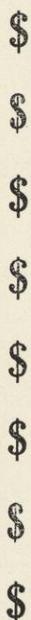
  
*feel*  
*the comfort*  
*of*

**JENSEN'S**  
*Beautiful Shoes*

614 STATE

THE BARNARD MAG

Gelbach, Dorothy .....	227A	Haines, Evelyn .....	416
Gerber, Janet .....	336	Hensey, Kathryn .....	207
Gilbert, Helen .....	227	Hoopes, Sarah .....	210
Gokey, Elizabeth .....	328	Horne, Ida .....	402
Golberger, Beatrice .....	234	Hougstad, Dagne .....	501A
Golberger, Esther .....	232		
Golberger, Irene .....	234	Irwin, Colene .....	330
Goldman, Edith .....	221	Ives, Asenath .....	501B
Goldstein, Lili .....	508	Jackson, Anne .....	329
Grether, Margaret .....	227B	Johnson, Doris .....	429
Gruenberger, Alice .....	215	Johnson, Doris E. ....	8



## Your Dollars!

Keep them safe, keep them systematically here at the handy, convenient headquarters of finance. There's a banking system designed for your student needs here. Use it—and profit with it.

State Street  
State Bank of  
Wisconsin  
State at Gilman

Kapp, Alice .....	211
Keilson, Stella .....	321
Kennedy, Lorene .....	323
Killam, Janet .....	214
King, Dorothy .....	412
Kraus, Loraine .....	301
Krueger, Elinor .....	419
Krueger, Dorothy M. ....	203
Kuenster, Alice .....	426A
Kuenster, Rachel .....	426B
Lambeck, Dorothy .....	332
Lambeck, Marie .....	317A
Lee, Adaline .....	9A
Leonard, Alice .....	9B
Lerner, Sylvia .....	222
Linck, Marie .....	236
Linder, Charlotte .....	322
Lipman, Evelyn .....	313
Livingston, Helen .....	216
Lohrie, Janice .....	307
Lorio, Dorothy .....	337

HIGH PRICES PAID  
FOR ALL BOOKS TO BE USED HERE AGAIN  
DON'T SAVE YOUR BOOKS FOR THE JUNKMAN—SELL YOUR BOOKS AT

We  
Pay  
Cash

712 STATE

*Gatewood's*

BOOK STORE

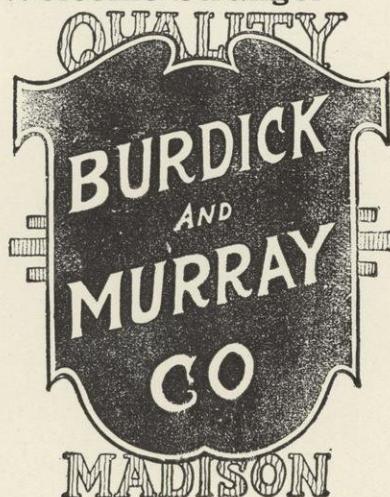
We Buy  
Everything  
... Anytime

F. 4091

THE BARNARD MAG

McCaul, Alice .....	405	Schubert, Viola .....	228
McIntosh, Patty .....	16	Schwartz, Ruth .....	413
Maier, Elizabeth .....	217A	Seno, Elvira .....	504
Martin, Lenore .....	14	Smith, Beverly .....	315
Meier, Gerda .....	435	Snyder, Dorothy .....	421
Milne, Ruth .....	217B	Snyder, Harriet .....	422
Minshall, Lois .....	502	Steinmetz, Ruth .....	13
Misfeldt, Ruth .....	506	Stiles, Marguerite .....	317B
Morrissey, Leila .....	407	Stolper, Lucille .....	310
Mueller, Edna .....	7	Stuart, Alice .....	309
Mueller, Gretchen .....	417A	Sullivan, Ruth .....	201
Neitzel, Irma .....	212	Tamblingson, Wilma .....	431
O'Connor, Elaine .....	220	Taxey, Frema .....	500
Olman, Marjorie .....	417B	Tesovnik, Mary .....	4
Padway, Mildred .....	19	Turek, Lillian .....	317B
Parman, Genevieve .....	316		
Phillips, Stella .....	233		
Pevear, Catherine .....	200		
Pinchenson, Lillian .....	5		
Pleck, Kathryn .....	403		
Pomainville, Carol .....	423		
Prochep, Frances .....	3		
Rabin, Charlotte .....	208		
Rendall, Elizabeth .....	15		
Robinson, Norma .....	510		
Rockman, Helen .....	6		
Rottman, Belle .....	237		
Rubnitz, Zelda .....	223		
Russakov, Iva .....	420		
Schafer, Helen .....	219		
Schaetzl, Laurinda .....	320		
Schalk, Eleanor .....	335		
Schalk, Jeannette .....	334		
Schneider, Helen .....	337A		

Welcome Stranger



A Specialized Department Store  
to serve you.  
On the Capitol Square  
Phone F. 6400

**Pantomium Co.**

MASTER CLEANERS

\$5.00 in Advance Gives \$6.00 Credit  
20% Discount on Cash

Call  
558 State St. B. 1180

THE BARNARD MAG

Ullrich, Gertrude .....	434
Vickery, Gavena .....	306
Vergeront, Helen .....	509
Vladeck, May .....	10
Wahler, Alice .....	326A
Wahler, Leona .....	326B
Weinhagen, Winifred .....	415
Welk, Helen .....	225
White, Dorothy .....	432
Wiest, Genevieve .....	401
Williams, Eleanor .....	204
Williams, Margaret .....	425
Wolf, Louise .....	226A
Wolf, Margarete .....	226B
Wollaeger, Constance .....	312
Wolpert, Blanche .....	308
Zimmermann, Kathryn .....	313
Zodtner, Ruth .....	17

Lettercraft

Stationery—

Engraved  
Printed  
or  
Plain

725 University Ave.

*Good Dance Programs*



*I* T is with very sincere and satisfying pleasure that we read each year in the *Barnard Mag* of the life and activities of the Hall. Your traditions and standards have made *Barnard* a very vital and important part of the University.

We congratulate you on this splendid publication.

*Dormitories and Commons*

*Autographs*

*Autographs*

*Autographs*

*Autographs*



