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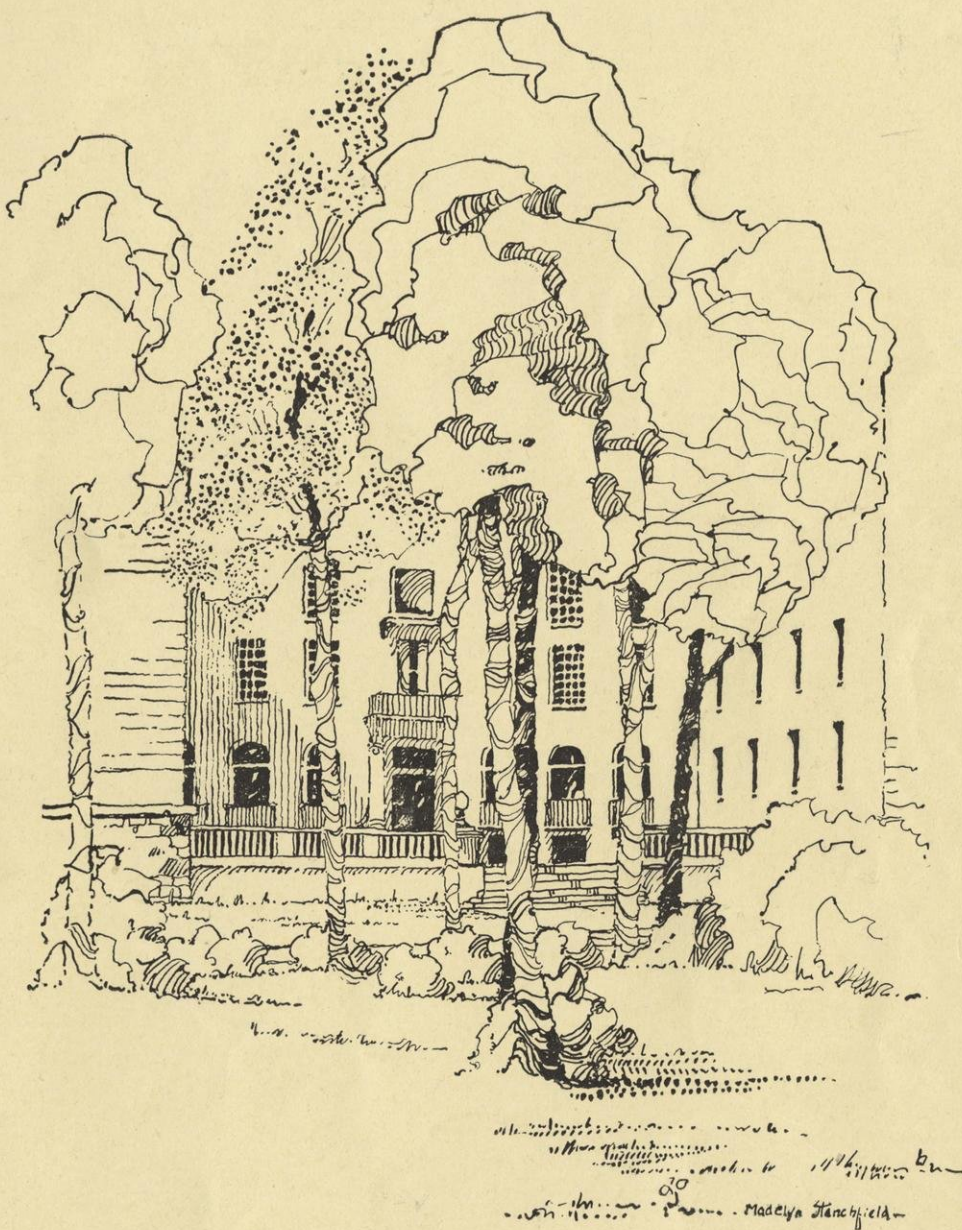
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Barnard Magazine

1919



To "Gramp", faithful keeper of the
keys and guardian of the night watches,
this magazine is dedicated.

In Memoriam

Evelyn Phillips

February 18, 1895

March 23, 1919

Barnard Magazine

Ass't Editor—Esther Steudel

Editor—Eleanore Stanchfield

Business Manager—Marion Prentiss

CLASS EDITORS

Senior—Marion Gratz
Sophomore—Thelma Friedman
Freshman—Hazel Counsell

Junior—Adele Hoffman
Ass't Sophomore—Agnes O'Hora
Ass't Freshman—Aileen Casey

MOTTO — "POWER DWELLS IN CHEERFULNESS"

BARNARD HALL

It is an agreeable task to record the successful conclusion of a year unparalleled in the history of the Hall.

That it would be difficult to retain the spirit of unity amongst us, scattered as we were into six distinct groups, was feared at first; but it only needed a few weeks at Barnard to show that the fear was groundless. The "Flu" with its attendant "Ban," also bore its part in testing the mettle of Barnard girls. It is good to be able to say that they took their share of the University upheaval, in most instances with a cherry spirit which helped greatly in making the best of things.

Now for a few words as to the prevailing atmosphere of Barnard. No one can live within the walls of Barnard Hall without being impressed by the spirit of kindness and good fellowship which is apparent on all sides, and this impression is strengthened as the days pass by. It is a fine spirit to have an heritage, but we must not let it stop at that; it must flow through deeper channels to attain its best.

In these days of awakened responsibility and higher aspirations of service, we need something that is beyond mere goodfellowship. We need a comradeship that will inspire and strengthen all who come within its range; a steady determination to conquer all that hinders that ideal; and the cheerful kindness that is quick to see the best in everyone and everything, and which surrounds the "trivial round, the common task" with a halo.

This expression of the Barnard Spirit will be a vital and potent force in any environment, and "Barnard will shine" far beyond the gray walls which are so dear to all her children.

C. N. W.

BARNARD SPIRIT

1918-1919

Can we ever forget it! It has indeed been a very unique year for Barnard, divided as we were into seven groups and domiciled in fraternity houses the first quarter. Did Barnard ever welcome its members with an armed guard at its portals? We have had experiences which will be chronicled in all the annals for years to come. And through it all that indomitable Barnard spirit has manifested itself: first, in the cheerful response to the announcement that Barnard was to be given up to the soldiers in the S. A. T. C.; second, in the splendid way in which the girls accepted the assignment made to them in the various fraternity lodges; third, in the cooperation which they showed at the time of the Influenza epidemic quarantine. Then in their tolerance of the shivering temperatures of the houses during November and December. And lastly, in the way they met the situation at Christmas time, when examinations and packing up to return to Barnard taxed every ounce of strength and cheerfulness. Pleasant and unpleasant as these experiences have been, they have proved that Barnard spirit is a reality and when tried is not found wanting.

A. C. A.

How sweet the mem'ry Barnard makes
In the heart.

When, past is the year, it wakes
In us a spirit—apart;
A love for something dear.

Blue Dragon

1919

THE JOYS OF BEING PREXY

A One-Act Farce (Tragic to Actors)

BARNARD'S WHITE HOUSE—ROOM 409

Most any night 9:45 P. M.

Vellie (writing chapter one of thesis).

Ruth (in 410 studying for Chem.)

Rap at door, enter movie fan.

"Oh, Vellie, Nazimova is here in 'The Price She Paid.' Won't you please excuse me from house-meeting?"

Vellie: "I'm awfully sorry, but—"

Knock; second-floor victim (wild-eyed).

"Vellie, the Frosh next door are having a feed—making fudge to the accompaniment of ukés. Those across the Hall are memorizing irregular verbs out loud. Can't you do something?"

Enter Sympathetic Senior (with others following):

"Vellie, that homesick Frosh is sobbing for her mother. Don't you suppose you can soothe her?"

Aesthetic-minded Soph:

"Vellie, my radiator has been cracking and pounding until my nerves are all unstrung. I just can't stand it!"

Frank's best customer:

"We're all going to—oh, excuse, I didn't know—I—."

Bell rings twice, Vellie escapes for two minutes.

All:

"Who was it, a bid to Prom? Tell us quick!"

Vellie: The Photoart man called to arrange for taking a group picture."

Room temperature 0° F.

Faculty mediator bursts in.

"Oh! kids, much 'goz!' Prom is postponed!"

Silence for a moment.irate mob quelled at once.

Post mortem ensues for hours.

12:00 P. M. ghostly figures slipping through 410 hear Ruth from the depths:

"If you hurry, girls, you will be in time for breakfast."

Jimmie: "Bill! Bill! Telephone."

Plumber going down the hall: "That's my name."

TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY

Girls, as you all know the O'Neils participated in the recent forest fire. On the evening of the formal dinner at the Practice Cottage someone asked about the fire. Miriam, wishing to please, went into the usual details. Later she apologetically asked Marion, "Did I talk too much about the fire?"

And Marion comfortingly assured her, "That's all right. They hadn't heard it before."

LATEST BARNARD SCANDAL

Tho Gramp smiles on us one and all

His best love is Viola

He sports her down to Tiedemann's

And feeds her—Coca Cola (?)

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

Senior girls are signing contracts,

Some have published banns,

But most previous is Benny

With her cemetery plans.

A FRAME-UP

My Dear Miss Graper:

The finished picture, we hope, is giving you considerable pleasure.

The Kamera Kraft Shop.

It certainly is, but how could she spare him that long?

Ruth, Earnest?

The Chicago Trib says, next week.

The Milwaukee Journal says, June.

I've read every paper, I've read every sheet,

"I quit" if he doesn't come soon.

In American Lit the Prof. asked Ann Yabroff to please discuss Helen Hunt Jackson. Ann was too modest to do that, but she looked up Jackson in the library files.

"What about El Kraemer? Her music is fine."

"But she never gets her bath in on time

Morning or night you can hear her say

"There's a good card game on today."

Scene—Room 501.

Atmosphere—Tranquility.

Dramatic Personae—Forthcoming—The
Eternal Triangle.

"It was a dark and stormy night on the south shore of Mendota." The Ed tells me space is limited—hence I will burst in as Marion did that fateful night—

"Oh, girls!" She dropped down on the bed, weakly, her voice failing her.

"Why, Marion! What's the matter?" in a harmonious duet.

The triangle comes in now—isosceles, with Marion as the apex. Expectation and anxiety from the two other extremities.

"Oh, girls—I've made Omicron Nu—but don't tell anyone."

Where upon the geometric figure was no more. There was only the feeble exclamation, "What? ! ! ?"

Time proved the statement a true one, although there was some doubt prevalent at first. Mistakes, you know, do occur.

Moral: Even good girls are taken into Omicron Mu!

Gracie: "Bill! Where's Bill?"

Ella, from the parlor: "Here he is, in here."

We've heard of the old lady who lived in the shoe, but what must the Moe family be like, for he's always "just like a brother."

ADVANCED MATHEMATICS

Want to know how to broaden the shoulders or diminish a hip, fill in a hollow or roll off the fat? We wish to introduce you to our new Susanna Crocroft. Clara Ruder is doing the "figuring" for South Corridor 4th Floor.

Clara Mueller: "Oh kid! Push on your clothes, there's a swell movie at the Strand. Real thrilling!"

Benny: "Mr. Aust, what kind of flowers have they planted in front of Barnard?"

Mr. Aust: "Wall-flowers."

Marion:

I'm from New Jersey.

I'm in favor of woman's suffrage.

I'm going to be a lawyer.

I like A. B. Hall.

AN ELEGY

'Twas a sunshiny Sunday in April,
The first of its kind for an age.
New clothes blossomed out in Spring freshness,
With Barnard on Promenade.
But midst all this gladness in April,
A lonely maiden wept.
With shades drawn down and door barred fast,
She slept—and slept—and slept.
A white capped maid her dinner brought
And placed it at her door.
For our young lass plead ennui
From a hike the day before.
That afternoon her room was thronged
With fond inquiries sad
To see our lady in bed all day
Could anyone be glad?
But when her cunning was laid bare
Our tears no longer ran
For we found out instead,
That Hap went to bed
'Cause she'd sent all her clothes to the Pan!

LILLIAN'S ADVENTURE

Lillian had an adventure—
A man and an umbrella
We'll let her tell the story
But he was a terrible fellow! ! !

Of Marion Vesey I dare not say
Just what her age may be today.
She loves the Frosh, they love her too,
But I don't blame them. Now do you?

AMONG OUR STARS

She's going to teach next year
At our own Wisconsin U!
Now Dorothy, spare the Freshman,
You've been a Greene one too.

THINGS THAT NEVER GET INTO PRINT

When Gladys Snyder came in at 6 in the morning.

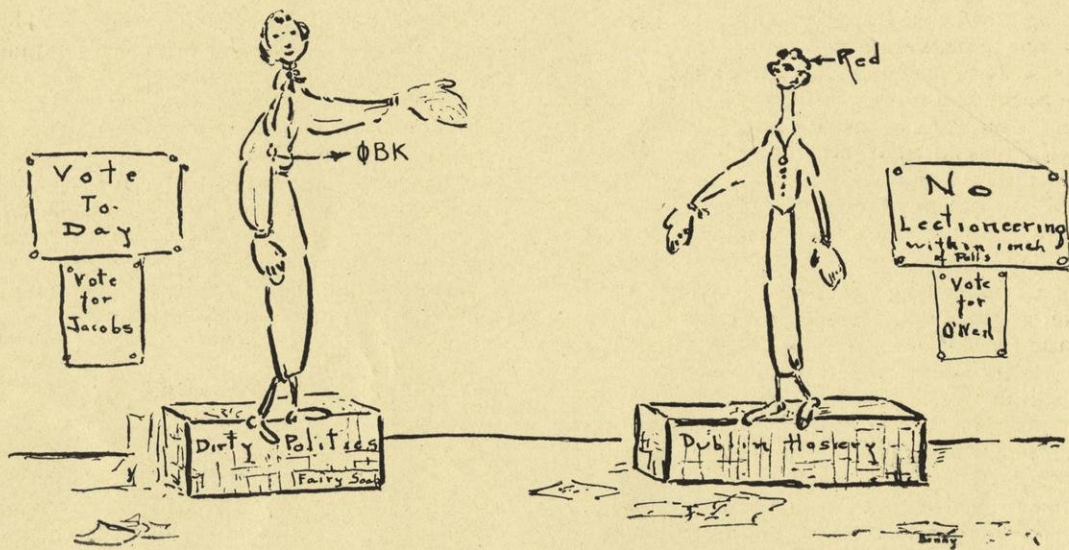
When Aggie Currie reminds us of the Memorial Service and tells us she's sure we'll have a good time!

10 P. M. Room 501.

"Stewie—finger on switch, weary gaze on cob-webbed mazda: "Out! Out! damned spot." (Per Lady Macbeth.)



SENIORS STUPENDOUS POLITICAL PROM



All great things have base beginnings. It takes a worm to make a butterfly, and so it was that those shimmering, shining, translucently, gorgeous gowns which appeared at the Barnard Prom began with some of the most questionable political maneuvering and frantic designing that ever went on within the precincts of Barnard Hall.

The Seniors had met at 10:30 down in the Libe for one of those weighty conflabs where everybody wears a serious face and feels out of place. Then at the end somebody mentioned Junior Prom.

"Let's us Seniors have a Prom," somebody suggested.

"Yes, let's."

Miriam O'Neil jumped up, waving her hands in the characteristic Tammany way. "And I'll run for Prom Chairman."

Opposition over in the corner of the room muttered, "Well, if you're running, we'll have Trudie," and a crowd of backers thrust her forward, shouting, "We're for Jacobs." Thus the fight began.

Ken Harley had just carried thru a successful fight against no opposition, and our own Vellie had come out victorious in a close class election, so that the leaders were familiar with all the tricks of the trade. Next morning in the bell room there were two platforms. Trudie had selected a Fairy Soap box, and covered it with party slogans, like

"Down with the Irish."

"Vote for Jacobs."

"Ride to victory on Trudie's mule."

Miriam had tacked up the box her eye glasses came in, with 2 planks written thereon.

"Keep Pieper Out."

"Our platform—3 D's—

Digs

Dishonesty

Dirty Politics."

In her posters Trudie had hit upon Miriam's one obviously vulnerable point. Females with brick red coiffures glared from every sign post. Miriam played up Trudie's German ancestry, and gave promises to a share in the rake off with huge money bags.

With such stirring appeals the excitement was at a high pitch by noon. In the elevators everybody discussed the election. Freshmen bet malteds at Morgans on the contest, and Seniors shouted, "Miriam's got it," or "Trudie's cinched by a mile," for there was no Non-Partisan League in Barnard that day. People swallowed their lunches whole and rushed to South Parlor to hear the campaign speeches.

Trudie began the meeting. "Ladies, I have great respect for my opponent," she conceded, "but on such a momentous occasion as this do we want a person who sells apples to represent us? Or an Irishman? Do we want a chairman with red hair? (Shouts of NO, NO, lead by Trudie.) I have but to mention these self-evident facts to hear your dissent. Ladies, you are free to examine my record and my hair.

"If elected, I shall do my best, and that is all the angels are doing these days. Those who support me, I'd be glad to take over to Frank's at your own expense." She took her seat amidst tremendous applause.

Miriam arose. "I see from your shining faces that you approve my platform. I promise you all tickets to second show Orp and malteds at Morgan's. I pledge that the dancing floor shall be rough enough to make you all seasick and

pray for a submarine. It was in my Freshman year that I first ran against Trudie. I was running towards Lathrop—and we met. I knew the stars were out!"

"Now as to personal characteristics. First, I have business ability. I sell apples. Next I'm Irish. Last, I have auburn hair. If the lights go out, I'll lead the Grand March just as well. I thank you, I thank you."

The voting was irregular. There were mutterings of dishonesty on both sides. But as no electioneering was allowed within 12 inches of the polls, Trudie won honestly.

The victorious chairman showed her wisdom by appointing her defeated opponent Chairman of the Floor Committee. Things were going peacefully and harmony was restored, when a storm came up that threatened to wipe out the whole affair. Dean Goodnight had been belying his name, and ended by blowing up quite a breeze. Prom plans were all made. The guests were asked. Everybody was talking about the event. Chairman Jacobs had not yet announced who the fortunate lady to lead Prom with him was, but it was observed that that official was remarkably popular among the fair sex.

Then one noon, Vellie arose and read the following announcement from the Dean of Men.

"Owing to the Flu and the coming Liberty Loan, Prom must be abandoned."

A dead silence filled the room. Faces went white with disappointment and with anger. Miriam's fiery Spanish blood was aroused. A true daughter of the noble line of De Murphy, she cried, "We'll have an indignation meeting immediately after lunch." And Bill Ritchie chanted "Aye, aye."

At the meeting, brief, vituperative speeches, bearing directly on the point were the order of the day. Cries of "Let's not invite the faculty at all" filled the room. Katie Maher said, "I move we do as we danged please, Goodnight, or Good morning." This motion was carried with a storm of approval. Miriam was next, "And I move that whatever wasn't included in Katie's motion be included."

This motion also had the enthusiastic approval of the multitudes. The meeting then adjourned.

At last came the evening of the glorious affair. Shakespeare himself would have been sorely taxed to describe the glory of the gowns or the vivid glow that suffused the cheeks of the fair sex present. And our own Leonard, at one glance at the famous Theta Currie would have exclaimed:

Theta is a movie star,

And she has many beaus,

But would my art worth enough

To buy that woman clothes!

Among the honor guests was Assemblyman Pieper, who was gotten up in a swagger attire,

the main features of which were a flannel shirt, black cigar and derby.

The Grand March began promptly two hours late. Several of the ladies were accompanied by escorts. After a sumptuous midnight repast with filet of ice cream as the "piece de resistance" underclass men were allowed to enter and lick the spoons. After many hours of enjoyment to the exquisite strains of Thompson's 25 piece orchestra the Victrola finally broke. Thus the most brilliant social event of the season came to an end at 11 P. M.

Aggie's comment: "Take clothes and politics from this party and what have you left?"

JUNIOR CABARET

'Twas an exclusive party,
Most everybody noze;
The printed invitation read:
"Come dressed in evening cloze."

And consternation reigned supreme—
"I've nothing—blue or roze!"
"Tush, child, don't let that worry you.
Just wear—your under cloze!"

The dinner, it was most correct,
The service, nothing lax.
But, Oh, the interest centered on
What came—"between the acts!"

Poor Lieb a merry Maitre d' hotel
Under her basket hat,
And Juniors all good hostesses,
While Seniors round them sat

Absorbing all the cleverness
That was produced, and then
Coy Senior maids tried hard to vamp
Those heartless Senior men;

Stew in guise of Fauntleroy
And Gratzie as a gob
Were busy straight'ning out their dates
And constant on the job.

Diversity of acts there was,
And many stunts were stunted,
Fond fairies found their fondest hopes
With stinging satire blunted.

The Junior stars scored many a hit
With songs and dances mystic,
D. B. and Wava gave a skit—
'Twas really quite linguistic.

Katie Kellet thpoke a pieth
About innothent Ann;
Gin—Hin and Maude were primmer—don's—
Try beating them if you can!

A gloryus grand march endeth things—
While the crowd meanders on,
Not one in the big room is shocked—
Not even our guest—Miss Anderson!

Yellow Tassel

1920

THE JUNIOR FARCE

Time—6 P. M. April 1st.

Place—Barnard dining room.

Girls—Excited Juniors—unresponsive others.

Properties—Tables, each surrounded by eight chairs, on which are laid, nay—tied:

One spoon

One knife

One cream pitcher

Juniors enter, followed by others. Enscence themselves on none-too-well-padded floor. Enter food, backwards. Heated conversation and cold victuals. Seniors pour water. Freshmen serve meal. Characters struggle through. Animated toast-mistresses receive non-committal responses. Meal ends in anti-climax.

And what is it all? A modern Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass? Far from it! Just—April Fool!!!

A BIT OF "GOZ" ABOUT SOME OF "US"

The w. k. Helen Ulrich and her little suitcase with her apple and cake from the last spread, has returned home with a new set of faces of magazine loves. Helen is an ardent advocate of the resolution:

Magazine men are more handsome than any you mere girls might get.

We always wondered why cunning little Florence Harrington waited until third quarter to "Join Our Tribe," but when Prom and a tall sailor came we understood.

WHAT SOME OF US HAVE BEEN HEARD TO SAY—WITTINGLY AND UNWITTINGLY

Wava (dancing with a man): "If you want to jump rope, let's go outside. There's more room!"

and

Katie Maher, our Junior wit, in Steam and Gas Engines class, trying to unscrew a bolt with a large 5-foot crow-bar, "Vellie, if we had something a little daintier possibly we could do it."

Frankie, after calling madly for a chain on which to hang her locket was overheard to say: "Well, I suppose I'll have to wear my own. It's certainly tough to have Helen and Viv gone for the week-end, and only Thelma's things at my disposal."

Jo: Yes, life would be one glorious time after another, what with spring-time, the lake, canoes, and Herb, and midnight spreads afterwards, if—it weren't for Henri's shushing!"

OUR JUNIOR ADVISORY BOARD

Worried or puzzled about anything? Just send in questions on all subjects to the Juniors—experienced in all lines. Our special departments are:

Amy Jobse—How to attend three committee meetings in half an hour.

How to survive cases on other girls.

Eleanor Bruns—How to make oneself unobtrusive.

Virginia Hinners—Advice on the interesting subject: "Off with the Old Love; On with the New."

Jo Schultz—Continuous Fussing—Its Problems. Suggestions for Two.

Adele Hoffman—How to keep your composure under the most harassing circumstances. For instance, having a half dozen or more of your friends announce to you; while you are in the parlor playing the piano: "Adele, your man is waiting for you in the hall." And you know he's there for another girl! And he hears it all!

Saline Larson—The Advantages and Disadvantages of Wisconsin as compared with Chicago University.

Doris Berger—How to get by in French without cracking a book.

Dorothy Dangel—Can give definite information on all time table particulars between Reedsburg and Darlington. No rake-offs.

Erna Kiekhofer—Bureau of Economics. At her own price, will tell you how to get next to her brother and pull an Ex—family affairs her specialty.

Orpha Moe—Bureau of Proper Spelling: "My name," says she, "does not end pha, but p-a-h!! I can do as much for you. See me!"

Dorothy Wood—To all: "Take my advice and keep out of Omicron Nu. 'If I had my life to live over again' is an excellent motto."

Isabel McLay—How to keep it dark. What? "My problem—did I?"

EVEN THE POETS HAVE SUNG OF "US" JUNIORS"

There was a young lady named Moore,
She never thought men were a bore.

In church to a fellow
She said a shy "hello,"
He waited next time at the door.

Although this young lady named Moore
Had never missed church before

She got even better
For "he" always met her,
And took her away from the door.

Hal's ways are taking ways,
And oh! she does it well.
She takes our books, she takes our notes,
She weaves o'er us a spell;

She takes our arms, she takes our beaux,
Oh! I warn you to beware,
For if you'd be rejected, girls,
Gay Hal'd have nary a care!

Imagine Christina a little Home Ec,
Keeping house for a man that
She hates like "heck."

Marg Markham came to college
In a fair-sized college town.
She came for English knowledge
There to gain a laurel-crown.

But now she changed to history
This quarter with much haste
Dropping English Profs for Sellery,
Such vegetarian taste!

Oh, do you all know "Lucy Lieb?"
Oh, if you don't you ought to grieve.
She's extremely worth-while,
Her wit makes you smile
Her sympathy's yours at your need.

On "Bill" Ellory Leonard she's bent,
A Chaucerian style her intent;
The Lit she peruses;
And invokes the Muses,
To express all the thoughts she's been sent.

On French Orphans her interests take hold,
For dance tickets she becomes very bold.
Look out for your change
She has a wide range,
And she's determined they all shall be sold.

When Walter Craig marched home again,
Isabel said "No" to all the men.
For Walter's specials and telegrams
Had told of his love for—
"Tractors."

Some of us whose names begin with H—"we
don't know Doris Howard our new Junior,
very well—she's just come to live with us—
but she does get lots of mail. You go into the
bell-room, thinking that letter under the "H's"
must be for you, but very often it's for Doris."

We've heard of human alarm clocks, such as
Hades Counsell for the second-floor sleeping

beauties, and Mr. Brown's lusty voice when
he forgets to ring the rising bell, but we're
durned if we don't give first prize to Romeo
Mike when he whistlingly rouses his Juliet
Virginia from her slumbers! There you have a
balcony scene up-to-date—they hold Shakes-
peare in contempt.

No wonder Bill could afford to go to Prom—
he had a dress suit. For it has been learned
that he and Beautiful Katy are v. p. on their
home town stage. The flowers to Kate, after
each act proclaim: The Stars Have Danced!
In the A. M. the home paper remarks: They
had a perfect circus.

Girls—He hails from Spooner—
That's how George won her,
Who?—Maude Miller!

And what do you suppose our dainty, apple-
cheeked Mary did? Well—she went galloping
wildly to the strains of "Bagdad Blues" at
Bernard's Park with none other than the
famous cow-boy, George Martin. Imagine her
perched on the edge of the boat, ready to leap
out into his arms the minute the boat should
stop, not to waste any precious moments for
dancing in embarkation. Yea times are
changing!

People change, too, sometimes. Now, in her
Fresh and Soph years we used to hear most of
Marion's studying. But now, they say she
devotes considerable time to fussing. Yes,
and she knits and knits. Must be that she has
been won over to the little motto: "I want to
be a good little wife, etc." You know it ends,
"I'll be sitting with my knitting."

Our quiet little Erna suddenly sprung a
beauteous corsage. And they say that on
that very day an interesting looking lieu-
tenant occupied one of those comfortable
chairs in our "fussers' den." Who would have
thought it?

There are no puns for Eleanor Burns,
She's so sedate—and never late;
But 'neath her looks the mischief runs,
Too deep and keen for my poor pate!

We all love Amy without a doubt,
But that which puzzles us,
Is why on earth she calls herself
A "female Amphioxus."

Doris Berger has been receiving flowers and
fancy cookery from somebody! long distance,
too!! It's because it is spring. And that
isn't all!! As we were rummaging around
in her drawer we came across a few little tokens,
too. They are still dear to her heart, and she
does hate to throw them away!!

Red Gauntlet

1921

THE YELLOW DOG

I am the yellow dog!
I sit on the steps and blink
At Helen and Hap—the little, little gink.
At Peg o' the mitt, and that suffragette Hink!
I think and blink, and even I wink;
I am the wise yellow dog!

There's Erna Marie and nifty Crabbee
Off for the Libe or good movee;
In mourning cometh plump Jakee
Weeping the loss of our Trudee;
Grace and Mary and our Lubbee
Getting corn for a popping bee.

I am a thorough-bred dog!
I put up my nose with snobbery sniff
At Elsa and Agnes! I get a strong whiff
Of incense that hits me a biff.
They take a stride like—"Oh! What's the diff!
I am a mongerel dog!

Annetta Goldman is tippy canoe;
Dorothy Fritsh has a—in her shoe;
Ida Gold has fussers-a-few;
"Shimmie" Eva and Sattre, too;
While Helen Pearson jazes blues!
'There's that chattery Eleanore Hughes!

Almeda is still quite sore
Stacking Frosh rooms she'll do no more.
Thelma Stevens filled the corridor
With uniformed men full twenty score!
Thelma Friedman drummed galore
Sigma Nuts up to the door.

Elzaida and Jenny Ep
Do a light fantastic step.
Sammy comes along with Pep;
Ethel Hess eats out her Rep!

I am a rain-soaked hound!
Laura, Vera, Evora, where are you bound?
When the ten o'clock starteth to sound,
Now mind what I say and just turn around
Even Frank's malteds take time to be downed!
I am Grandpa's rival!
I am the yellow dog!

What will happen to Eleanor Gutenkunst?
Some speed say we if she follows both
French and English time!

JUST SOPHS

Eleanore Caroline Hughes
Has the alcoholic blues
Most of the time.
Or something just as serious
Usually she's delirious
Most of the time.

Almeda Johnson: I. O. U.—How to play
cards without cheating.
Graduate—Room 316.
Result guaranteed—Never to have to buy
your own "sodies."

Marcia Hinkins
And her "Pink" ins
Are some pair.
Marcia's never
Helen-less ever
Is it fair?

Was a young lady of Stevens fame
Who had many men by various names
They sure all did fight
To fuss her by night
Is poor lil, sweet lil, Thelma to blame?

Agnes O'Hara
Why wait till tomorrow
For French.
Surely no lacking
While Eunice is backing
As hench.

Beth Moss's new song entitled: "I Was Made
to be Loved."
Sung in all keys.

Will Thlema Friedman ever return
After she's seen Cornell?
All her old lovers will she spurn
After she's seen Cornell?
"There's something Wisconsin surely lacks
To that dear old place I can't go back
Now that Iv'e seen Cornell."

"Michigan for chappies
But Purdue for wonder boys".
quoth Eva.

Vera, my dear
'Tis true what I hear
That your cries for Evora
Today and tomorrow
Resound in our ears.

Page, kindly find Helen Pearson—either at
the movies or eating at that “New Chop Suey
Place.” Thank you, boy.

Dorothy, Dorothy, Dot
All the men you’ve got.
They fill the hall
And come at your call
How do you do it all?

Elzaida’s major—Chief cook and bottle-
washer in a Steel constructed home.

Harriet Dawson: “Oh, girls! I had a letter
from Marion today.”

Ruth Pointer: “Dem bones’ll rise again.”

Our Ada
She “pussyfoots” down the hall
For Evelyn won’t come at her call.

Why didn’t Josephine Passmore information
to us about herself?

Marguerite Lambrecht;
She sings in the choir, we hear;
But we’ve none of us heard her, we fear.

A quiet girl
Whose hair doth curl
Is Katherine Kispert.

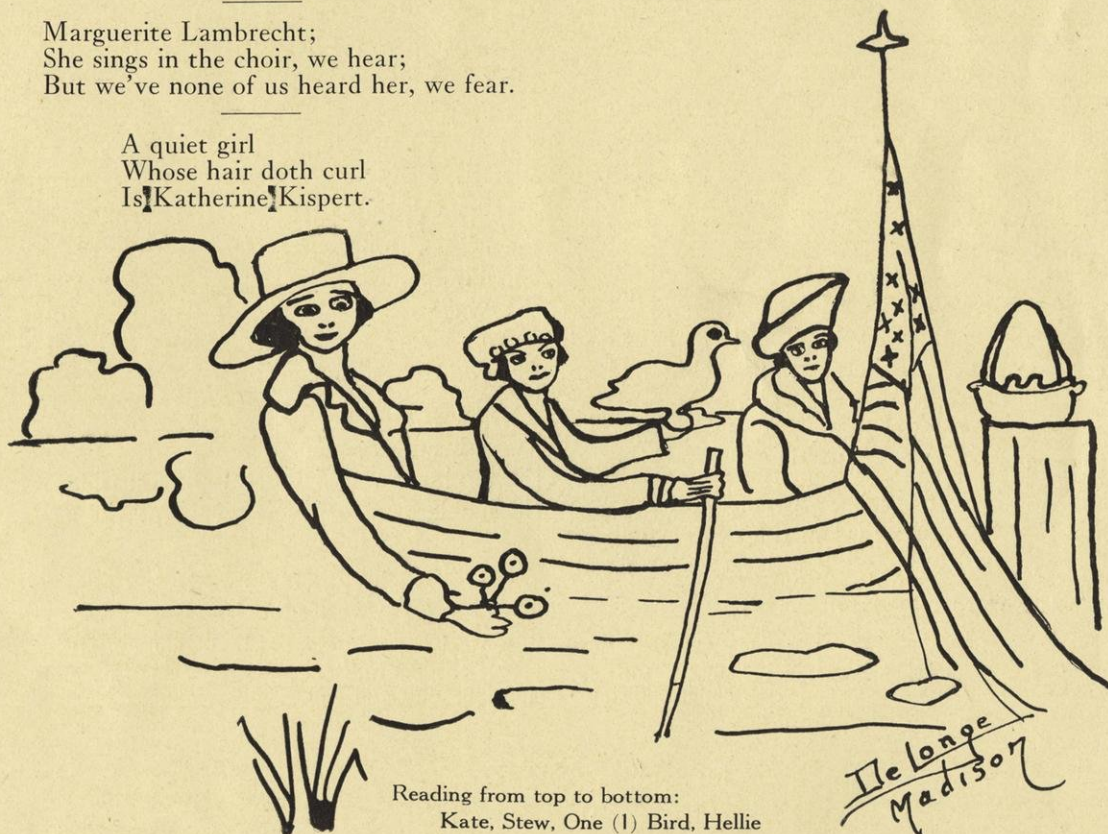
Was a girl named Ida Gold
Who had a young alarm clock bold.
It wasn’t a fake
It sure did wake
All in third floor house-hold.

Helen Madden doesn’t like us very well
To Minnesota Prom she goes pell-mell.
She is back, but we do not see her,
Poor girl, she’s nursing “Swede” fever.

Poor Evora!
Every step that she takes
Brings a “shush” in its wake.
Does she call them “half-baked?”
She does.

How fortunate for all concerned
That in order to be clever
Elizabeth does not have to use
Her broken hand as lever.

Oh, there’s a room up on fourth floor;
Has “Miss Laura Sullivan” on the door
She’s been sitting in there from eight to
ten-ten
Writing letters to her several men
But you couldn’t move her, not a step
For Harry hasn’t had his letter yet.



Reading from top to bottom:
Kate, Stew, One (1) Bird, Hellie

THE PARLOR

Time—Fall of 1918.

Place—A. T. O. parlor.

Scene—A large room. In the center a large round table heaped high with everything human cleverness has ever devised, the accumulated debris from the college careers of its eight unfortunate inhabitants. Five beds artistically arranged about the room, all in different states of disarray. In one corner deserted beds were piled high; this contrivance generally known to the occupants as "the corpse" was named in honor of the less sturdy members, who, unused to the rigors of camp life had died off. Trunks, suitcases, and even window sills showed pitiful attempts at dressers. The little articles so necessary and dear to girlish hearts had been cast ruthlessly about; someone had evidently been "routing" in order to maintain her self respect a few days longer. Sorry, wretched-looking piles of clothing were scattered carelessly about.

One evening Katie having made a remark about the parlor being cold, received a squelching look from Prexy. A short but peppery argument ensued which resulted in the unhappy Prexy being dragged over to try "it" for herself.

A short half hour finds Velma a guest in the A. T. O. parlor. The lights are turned on and discloses a mountain of clothing in one of the beds.

"No use to ever try and sleep 'round this joint" said sleepy Peg. "Now who in heck—Oh hello, Vellie."

Fearing that Velma would not be thoroughly permeated by our atmosphere, we telephoned for sundaes. Before the death-like chill had reached our marrows, the atmosphere is changed by El's fuming about everybody using her four square inches of the table.

"Peg, for heaven's sake, stay on your own spot on the table. I've taken the wrong book to class five days in succession."

Soon the warm ray is dispelled; the "Morgans" come. Peg, now thoroughly awake clad in serge dress, bathrobe, leather coat, and

Indian blanket, sits and groans. The rest of the crowd, having just come in out of a November evening, were not as yet, thoroughly chilled. Just as Peg's spoon falls with a crash from her numb hand a glass of frozen water bursts with the cold. A motion was made and accepted that we retire, and the late arrivals prepare for bed.

After shivering on the stairway for about twenty minutes waiting for some frosh to either bid adieu to her male escort or at least get him out of the range of vision for those who must needs use the gangway, we reached the parlor again. However, sleep was not to be ours.

A groan from Velma.

Katie, wishing to be mean: "Vellie, you can hear the waves."

Vellie: "Hear them did you say! I can feel them in the small of my back."

A bang at the door.

"Special! Special!"

El scrambles out to answer the summons: "Oh! kids! He turned his flash light right on me."

Five minutes later. Velma: "K...K...Katie I...I'm cold, can I get in your bed?"

Katie still wrathful inside: "No, warm yourself up with one of your looks."

A short pause follows; then the sound of an avalanche slipping, and the change is made.

In the deadly silence of the early morning the crash of milk bottles is heard followed by a horrible scream. The cat had come in through the window and snuggled in next to Velma.

In a short time El yelled: "Hello, kids! Are you thawed out yet?"

Only a groan from Prexy.

From under a young mountain of blankets, the top layer of which had been contributed by the luckless guest, Katie pipes up: "El, get up and shut the windows."

El: "Nope, I'm sorry; I can't, I'm sick. I have a temperature of 103."

Katie: "Then for heaven's sake get up and warm the room."



Green Button

1922

It would take a form of magic to evolve a poem
tragic

The Barnard Frosh the subject of our song
They are so flip and fresh and merry
With a cheer extraordinary,
That you really couldn't sigh about them long.
There's Ellen with her ragtime, whom no one
can excel,
There's Mary with her Rupert: all other loves
she doth repel.
There's Peggy and Dorothy up on third, who
greet us with a pleasant word,
And Marge Lind "a good old scout;"
Down the corridor she doth shout
"Oh, Tommie come on and play
There's a good game on today."
Spring, sprig, beautiful sprig!
We've a cold in our 'ead,
And so we can't sig! !

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

The lions held sway on the first of March
In the Dining Room below.
They showed their teeth and with a roar,
The Freshmen they ushered thru the
door.
Not Fierce were the Sophs (tho they thot they
were)
As the Freshmen soon discerned.
The tables were green,
As was the ice-cream,
The Freshmen supposedly of the same sheen.
When dinner was over speeches were spoke,
Then stunts interspersed with many a joke.
They promised us peace
We wished ours a fleece
To sail midst exams to that far off Greece.

At Sigma Nu, the presidential hall,
We Frosh made trouble for one and all.
But initiation cured us, as you've surmised,
And now our faults we've realized.
We at the Alpha Delt often felt
That is wasn't fair to put us there,
But now we're away, and we'll admit
We've a spark of affection left for it.
At Sigma Kappa, Theta Delt, and Phi Gam,
we girls
Were all kept busy with social whirls.
For you see we lived near the Officers' Club.
But now they're gone, Aye! there's the rub.
At Psi U and at A. T. O. too
We played from morning till eve
And we grew to love those houses so
That we all just hated to leave.
And now we're at Barnard, the best of all,
So let's cheer for the houses, but most for the
hall.

Annie Body.

SOCIETY NOTES

At a sewing bee yesterday Helen Hooper entertained Count-Me-Out and Sir Uptitious. Tidies were embroidered by all to be donated to Ellen Gould's room.

We hate to say it, but—we have something on Helen Shaidnagle. We uns came around the corner and saw her, all alone, sliding down the stairs on a pillow. She might have been walking in her sleep because it was kind of late.

"Family life," by Norma Ida Strass: "My mother, she loves me; my father, he's a nervous man; my brother, he's a nice boy; my sister, she's at Mount Holyoke; Eleanor, she's a good cook, and Bill—he loves me."

Mary Bridgeman has found out the secret for Henna hair. By dropping her a line and a two-cent stamp you may become beautiful. Guaranteed absolutely painless. With a few exceptions the hair has never shed or turned green after cleaning.

Interpretation of the Shimmy: Vivian Reinertson has mastered the concentrated Shimmy (concentrated in her hips). Roses are red, Violets are blue, We like to watch you dance, Yes we do too! (That doesn't scan! ! —That doesn't matter! ! !)

Here's to you Anita Keene
With your hair of raven sheen
And your dress of emerald green.
Where did you get that skirt?

Esther Wiese heard
The rule
Forbidding Frosh
To come
Up the hill with
The "filthy weed"
In their mouths
And wondered
Whether
It was hay or
Just
A
Dandelion.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
Where did your petticoat go?"
"It gives me a pain,"
Replied Miss McLean,
"The Park Hotel floor is my foe."

O, Doris has a sailor, they say,
Who just returned from far away,
Now don't you envy her this treat,
I'd say she must be pretty sweet.

Helen C.: "Bunky, Harold called me up today and want to go walking with me." (Is it H. C. C. or H. B. H.?)

Dorothy A.: "Oh, kids what a life. I've killed people for less."

"Where's War Course held?"

Viola Maag (at beginning of year): "At Musical Hall."

Dorothy Little is right in the game
And she certainly has a beautiful name,
She capers about,
Running both in and out,
And in baseball she'll sure win her fame.

Dorothy Holzbog: "Huh. What'd you say?"

Ruth Elton: "I'm never going canoeing again. I feel like a boiled lobster."

Among the articles left at the fraternity houses was a string of pearls and a diamond ring. These were returned by one of the Alpha Delta Phi's. It was just a little idea of Louise Jorgenson's.

Lucille Langstadt—She's quiet but we know she's here when she clasps us in one of her noted embraces.

Mildred Snell—What does she go to the libe for every night? Why, don't you know? Of course—to flutter her eyes at some unsuspecting youth across the table.

Ella: "Damn."

Ethel Stockdale: "My dear, have you heard about the 107th?"

Magaret had a smart new hat,
Its style was coy and chic,
But to her dismay
Miss Snell did say
"I'd wear it to a picnic."

POINT OF VIEW

When'er I take my themes to class
The teacher fond to see,
I inly feel a deep desire
To punch the head of he.
—Irate Frosh.

When'er he takes his themes to class
And brings them me to spy,
I inly feel, but rarely say,
"You'll be the death of I."
Patient Instructor.

When Matie comes, you meet your Waterloo
Some girls were talking: "Well, I think a Phi Beta Kappa should be an all round girl," said one.

"Guess I'll get it then", said Edith Gardiner.

Beware of Dorothy B,
Who never tells a l-i-e,
When her sweet smile you see,
Just think, "She's stuffing me."

I can foretell Monetta's doom,
She always says, "I will not spoon,
I don't care how beautiful the moon.
I want a house with only one room!"

When Mabel's engagement was announced
The whole dining room with excitement
bounced.

The only thing that Mabel has to regret
Is that she must say "Oh, no, not yet."

Ruth Reid (looking at the Cardinal): "Theses neatly written. Call B879." Greatly astonished, "Well, of all the nerve. I always thought Seniors had to write their own theses. And to come right out and advertise—I should think they'd be caught. Huh!"

Leona: "Say, I wanted to tell you that I used some of your glue to paste a slip on my laundry case while you were gone."

Nertha: "Oh that's all right. But how did you get it out of that tube?"

Leona: "Tube? I took some of that white stuff on your table."

Hertha: "For goodness sake! That wasn't glue that was white ink."

Leona: "Well, it stuck so I thought it was glue."

Sweet Mary Woodard at the Prom
A question asked, impromptu,
But quickly did the answer come—
"I'm sure of it—I love you."

Two of our damsels up on fourth had a party of two the other night. Dry bread and apple butter. The party broke up early because Helen Brown said the party was rough. The reason for this was that the apple butter had turned hard. Regular cider gone wrong.

A. D.—fine man. Finder kindly return to owner and receive a handsome reward.

AILEEN

Aileen's the lass that has won me heart,
And a right foine lass is she;
But of many traits I can't decide which
Most endears Aileen to me.

Sometimes I think 'tis the teasing laugh
In her grey-blue eyes so keen;
Or the blessed mop of tumbled brown hair
With its dusky Irish sheen.

But Aileen's smile is the joy o' me heart
'Tis so eager, so wistful, so gay;
Filled with longings and dreams, and deviltry.

Sure its her mischief I do adore,
Her song, it makes life aisy,
But it's 'cause she's Irish I love her so
Me darlin' Aileen Casey.

There's a young girl called Anita—
'Twould certainly be hard to beat her.
For her grades are all fine
And her "food" is devine—
Now wouldn't you like to meet her?

Edith Ziegler has a great liking for doughnuts;
She eats them hole and all.

Mary Bab's goes up in front,
It strikes you as—very blunt.
But then "an inch added to a man's nose."

Ellen and Angeline
If we could only smile at you
And make a good impression
We'd get an extra bean or two
Next time when they're in session.

Leah Burpee:
On third floor live Lollie,
She's always so jolly,
And she laughs at her own jokes
Until she almost chokes.

Gertrude Meiselwitz, I dare say
Studies "Home Ec" day by day,
For an "Agric," a good mate she'll be
As no doubt, we soon shall see.

Marjorie Hugunin you know, no doubt,
Is trying hard not to be stout,
But candy she eats, sundaes, too—
Still she's fat and says: "What can I do?"

Bessie Mulrooney.
If you don't think that Bessie is Irish
Just get her started on questions of war.
Then you will say, "I wish
I had known what to expect, before."

One who was once our chemistry shark
Little Genecieve by name,
Has now taken to a more serious art,
And, we believe, has won great fame.

Here's to little Miss Bishop so pious
With her cute little bangs on the bias.

WHO'S WHO OF '22

Hazel

There is a girl in our hall
Who has won great fame,
Some people call her "Hades,"
But Hazel is her name.

She calls us for our eight o'clock's;
She feeds us luscious sweets,
She lends us money when we're broke—
Our every need she meets.

Ella

Light and dark, short and tall
Our Ella used to fuss 'em all,
until one day her heart stood still,
As she gazed on a man named Bill. . . .
Now the light and dark, the short and tall,
We never see them here at all.

The Freshmen's politician—Ruth Lindstrom.
The girl who supplies first floor with food—
Elizabeth Bennet.

Selma Wallesz—The Freshmen's quiet type
of beauty.

The head-light of our class—Helen Graves.
Helen Dickinson's swear word—Smile.

Mae Smith: "How to bake pancakes in the
hot sun of Texas. Made in order of course."

CURSES ON THE STACKERS

The Freshmen class of Barnard Hall wishes
to express to the Sophomore girls their con-
gratulations for the painstaking and dutiful
obedience to Tradition.

We of the finer instincts find it hard to under-
stand the motives which prompt this unneces-
sary waste of time and energy. May we be
severely censored if we ever stoop to such base-
ness as was demonstrated on April 20th.

Long live the righteous class of '22.

We have a girl named El
One could not easily spurn her.
Her frizzly hair
Sure needs much care
And the medics are trying to "learn" her.

Barnard==Just Barnard

BARNARD'S WAR RECORD

1918-1919

Liberty Bonds:	
Personal subscriptions	\$6800.00
Barnard Hall	350.00
War Orphans (3)	109.50
United War Work	480.00
Red Cross	140.00
Armenian Relief	80.00
War Savings Stamps	720.00

CALENDAR 1919

Barnard Dance	Feb. 15
Old Barnard Firl Lea	May 2
Faculty Dinner	May 8
Barnard Dance	May 16
Mother's Week-end	May 24
Senior Swing-out	June 10

BARNARD'S CHOSEN FEW

President of S. G. A.	Amy Jobse
Phi Beta Kappa	Maude Miller
Omricon Nu	Dorothy B. Wood
	Marion Lewis

ENGLISH 30 (ALIAS GENERAL SURVEY) OF BARNARD

Wakeful knell, breakfast bell,
Will it raise a row?
Eat your fill, up the hill,
Look for mail-man now;
Greet the bunch, run for lunch,
Up the hill again;
Bone-rimmed glasses, cutting classes,
Home to fuss your men.
Some are Phi Betes, how they scorn dates!
Learning to pursue;
Other sinners, late for dinners,
Fines they will eschew,
Off to study, battles bloody,
Verbs, and conjugations,

Serenades, happy maids,
Soulful exclamations!
Quiet hours, April showers.
Get your fork and knife—
Midnight spread! Late to bed—
This is Barnard life!

Jo: Yes, life would be one glorious time
after another, what with spring-time, the lake,
canoes, and Herb, and midnight spreads after-
wards, if—it weren't for Henri's shushing!"

Shortly after the demobilization of S. A.
T. C. Frankie Ogle, introducing Oliver to
several girls. "And I would have you know,
girls, Oliver is now a free man."

Fire!
Fire-Chief Ella: "Pep now kids; you don't
turn out heavily enough."

Hal, at the French table: "Oui, oui. ja!"

Vellie, at house meeting: "Let's have a little
action."

!!EVERYTHING GOING!!

Third Floor Country Store

A cup of coffee and a roll downstairs—5c.
Eggs anyway.
Mice, gun and rice powder.
All cheap goods sold at moderate prices.
Red flannel. Good for underwear and bait.
Don't handle the bread it's fresh.
Don't spit at the stove; spit behind it.
Don't smoke around the food.
General Store! Something may tempt you
but resist, the constable lives here to.
(Memoirs of the County Fair Jan. '19.)



Helen M. Snyder

Lone-frosh Pal
Never failing

Call on me Room 426

If you have nothing
to do--don't do it here

Let Bill and Jim do it

Room 327 Anytime

!! TOAST !!

Service de luxe

At your door by 8:00
Leave orders in Room 430

Everybody's Happy

Let me curl your hair
before that picture is taken!

Mlle. d'Ulrich

(P. S. Buy your films of me)

Eventually, why not now?

Take that elevator

Mr. Brown

Guaranteed 99-9% News

If you have hair
I can comb it

Guaranteed to look like mine

Eunice Mock

Picnics My Specialty

Miss Sara T. Allen

Accommodation Guaranteed

Owing to peace conditions prices have advanced

If you like the mag
Publish it!

If you don't --Shut up!

--Ye Eds.