

**FLASH!**

Hunter and Siotka still run neck and neck for May Queen!

**BEEF'N SNOOZE**

BEEFER COLLICH FOR QUIZ KIDS

APRIL 1, 1943

**She's engaged, She's lovely  
She uses Bonds**

Continued from Page 4, Col. 2

The remainder of the weekend will be consumed in whatever anybody wants to do.

**Navy Takes Over Beefer (We Hope!)**

**May Queen To Break Ground For Flying Field**

Announcement that the Army or Navy would soon take over half of the Beefer Collich facilities was received like a bombshell on the campus today. Soon, to the strains of martial music, aviation cadets will march from their new barracks, to be built on the hockey field, to classes to be conducted in the abandoned ice-plant in Cheltenham. Word from headquarters made it clear that there would be no co-ed classes although the cadets will be given seven o'clock permission, and frequent out-of-bounds as far as the Wyncote pharmacy.

This year, on May Day, instead of flitting about the greensward, the May Queen, resplendent in overalls and shovel will break ground for the new flying field to be built on the tennis courts. Speculation that the Navy would move in was occasioned by the appearance of so many sailors at the recent Soph Hop. Further the proximity of the Jenkintown-Wyncote river would facilitate the Navy sea-plane training.

The news caused the registrar's office to request a new assistant to handle the rush of registrants expected next semester. No more than one thousand women students will be accepted, and first opportunity will go to the highest bidders.

Dr. Rave on Kissler, by accepting a Navy commission as full commander will thereby outrank Dr. Mildred McAfee, formerly of Wellesley, by one half stripe.

\*Special Navy Correspondent

**Laffehigh Makes Calf Eyes While Wearing Knee-hi's**

The Laffehigh glee club gave its annual concert at Beefer last Friday evening amid much applause, hysterical laughter, and palpitations of the heart. An armed guard had to accompany each member of the club to keep them from being mobbed, because of the effect this unusual sight of so much pre-war material on the campus had on the girls.

The program was a great success, except for the difficulty in hearing a few of the numbers because of whispers of "I'll take this one". However the girls were chained in their seats, and the glee club was able to finish the concert without interruption.

The highlights of the evening were Gotier Carcass's rendition of *Drink To Me Only with Bloodshot Eyes*, and *Come Away From Under the Steamroller, Mama, or I Will Leave You Flat*.

The tragedy of the evening occurred when Whitey found several members of the Beefer Glee club who had been murdered by their fellow classmates in order to secure the blind dates for themselves. But this did not dampen the spirits of everybody very long, since it eased the supply and demand situation.

The dance following the concert was very successful. The novel plans of the dance committee, which arranged a blackout during the evening, were greatly appreciated. Many attending the dance have recommended it as a special feature for all succeeding Beefer dances.

The boys left on a midnight train amid much wailing, weeping, and wringing of hands. They were delayed in returning to Laffehigh, because of difficulty in getting the train started. Several girls were found to be holding the train back and had to be pried away from the engine.

Getta Diamond, president of the Beefer glee club, has not yet received the usual note of appreciation and thanks from the Laffehigh glee club.



Witch One?

**Easter Vacation Will Be Short Says Dean**

Easter vacation will be shortened, Dean Ruth L. Diggins announced this morning. The vacation originally scheduled to last from noon, Wednesday, April 21, until 8:25 Tuesday morning, April 20, will now commence at 5:25 Thursday afternoon, April 22, and end 6:03 Thursday evening, April 22.

As the Easter vacation will be shortened, the semester will end sooner. This means that Beefer will close Tuesday, February 30, instead of Thursday, May 13, as was originally scheduled. Miss Diggins carefully reiterates that these decisions were made because so many of the girls had come to the office and had requested that the semester close earlier—th' dopes!

**Here's Mud in Your Pie!**

That the Darts and Find-us Borem will offer a new course in mud-pie making was announced by Berry Merlin, Borem president. A nominal fee of ten dollars will be charged to take care of mailing the instructor here from Podunk Center, Cornsilk, Pa. Only those not engaged in war work need apply. If interested, tear off the top of your last blind date from Pitcairn and mail together with a fresh No. 17 coupon to Rave on Kissler, Beefer Collitch.

Editor sent the copy for this space to North Africa to be approved.

Fanya Fans Ya . . .





**Pater's Pitler!**  
Pater speaking! The Inexcise Institute is tearing out their hair, ringing their hands and beating their heads on the floor. In short they are going m-a-a-a-a---d! Participation in exercise has dropped one percent; only 99 percent of the student body reported last week. The ghastly culprit who is ruining our record is no other than Bea Young, an aged and muscle bound freshman, who has utterly ruined our dear collich's record by doing this criminal deed. You nasty ole freshman you!

However this dastardly deed has not spoiled our record of victories. The bags on the basketball team bagged their final success of the season last Sunday when they defeated Switchville Tech 2½ (one rimmed basket) to zero, after a gruelling four hour game. This means that our beloved collich is the first one in the country to have an undefeated untied and unscored upon team. Much of the credit for this success goes to the waterboy, Weth Biggins, who took care of drowning the opposing teams.

The dictator of the institute, "Dicky" Hexler, wants me to thank everybody for coming out for the intramural sports, but she wishes some of you would take a night off and go to the movies or play bridge. Really, girls, you know we can't take care of all of you, and I do think that some of you could take turns and give up a night. We know you love these sports, but this is a time of sacrifice and you might take a little time to think of others and stop thinking about yourself.

# Book One

Of course the seniors are sweeping up all the intramural laurels—and any stray papers and other trash that happens to be around. Every girl in the senior class has reported for every intramural sport. Isn't that wonderful! The rest of the class attendance goes progressively downward to the freshmen, and they have barely managed to scrape up one team. Isn't that disgraceful? Of course schedules might have something to do with it. The poor, dear, little freshmen are carrying a minimum of 19 points, and of course no senior has more than 12. And then the freshies have horrible term papers to write, while the seniors are just sitting around, all ready to graduate. Now let's make an earnest effort to improve this situation, underclassmen!

The Athletic association has reported a balance of \$3000 in the treasury for this school year. They have decided to invest this in chewing gum—to exercises the muscles, in kleenex—for health's sake of course, and with any excess they hope to purchase hairbows to match the tunics.

## Darts and Find-us BELL MOTHSCENT THROWS SHIN Borum Sponsors Affair

The 100th lecture of the Darts and Find-us Borum was held in the Beefer smoking lounge last Tuesday morning at 12 p.m. Miss Gertrude Whine, the celebrated poet and noted loony goon, spoke to the student and faculties on "How To Supercede Transcendancy By Onomatopeia".

**Crawls to Platform**  
As she crawled to the front of the platform on her hands and knees she stopped playing with her yo-yo and spoke to her audience. He was an appreciative audience too.

"The care with which the refrigerator was broken in the Middle Ages, the care with which the gophers sleep till noon and have breakfast in bed, the care with which we have a face and plenty of lettuce, and the care with which we notice the similitude and reprehensible incredulity in bulletproof vests,—all this makes a superlative bombsight and also a coke," she said as she filed her nails into points and gave herself a Woodbury cocktail.

**Loud Sigh**  
As she came to a close, the Borum audience gave a loud sigh of relief and pelted her with the usual Bronx cheers and rotten tomatoes.

April 1, 1942 . . . Miss Bell Moht-scent recently entertained the staff of the "Beef 'n Snooze" at her clip-joint in the country on the Phillydelfia Mane Lion. Accompanied by a police escort and Mayor LaGuardia, the girls rolled into the town at noon and descended en masse on the Mothscent dive.

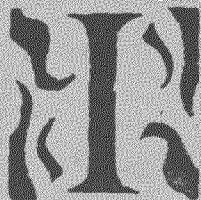
After giving the joint the once over lightly to see that there were no parachute troops hidden around, the staff banged their heads against the front door. After giving the correct password ("Thomas Wolfe is the greatest modern novelist in American fiction"), the guests were yanked in by a southern colonel who showed them to chief torture room number ten. After hanging there for two hours by their thumbs, the staff was released by

Miss Mothscent who unlocked their straitjackets with her own lil hands.

The guests were then chained to chairs in the dining-room and hastily gulped down the food which had obviously been concocted in a cement-mixer . . . creme de la creme of *New Yorkers* on toast, broiled comprehensives, linotype salad, moonlight cocktails, and a cube of sugar brushed lightly with coffee grounds made up the repast. Miss Mothscent and her guests were then carried into the living room on pink stretchers, and spent the rest of the afternoon cutting up paper dolls and marking freshman English themes.

And just think . . . the whole meal cost us only \$1.00 each!

### We Dare You To Read This



Inquiries were made as to whether or not the camouflage troops had invaded Beaver. Not to our knowledge, but the next time you see a bush walking down the hall look behind it for Dr. Clarke.

If the navy doesn't get 'em matrimony does. Losing Miss Guenther to the Waves was not enough, Miss Baum is about to embark on the stormy sea of matrimony. (Donations are now being asked to present the lucky couple with a rubber life raft.)

Mr. Nagle is requested to pay his debts before action is taken against him. It has come to our knowledge that he owes to various parties at least two ice cream cones.

The next time you lose your ration coupons do not bother to advertise for them, just take a trip to the nearest dump. Dr. Sturgeon's wife had considerable success the last time she tried this procedure.

Seen pushing buggies! Dr. Kissler, and Dr. Cutright. Incidentally they were at the Acme.

THIS IS  
A PICTURE  
OF THE  
MAY QUEEN,  
LOVELY?

(ED. NOTE:)

THIS IS  
WHAT ALMOST  
HAPPENS  
EVERY WEEK!



Menus for the week:  
Miss Clarissa Carrysent has released the following bulletin about what-is-laughingly called food for next week's meals. Dinner, ha, ha, is served!

**Monday**  
Hot Lettuce  
Water (if the tap isn't frozen)  
Meat loaf  
Curried rice  
**CAKE**

**Tuesday**  
Warm lettuce  
Meat loaf with rice  
Wild rice  
**CAKE**

**Wednesday**  
Tepid lettuce  
Water  
Feet meat with a swish dish  
Tame rice  
**CAKE**

**Thursday**  
Very tepid lettuce  
Water  
Meat loaf (?)  
Domesticated rice  
**CAKE**

**Friday**  
Cool lettuce  
Water  
FISH (surprised?)  
Riced rice  
Well anyway, you get the general idea don't you?

### Squirrelinger Gang Terrorizes Beaver

Sergeant Weth Biggins of the Noisyfloor police has just announced that conclusive evidence has been found leading to the identity of the instigators of the current squirrel wave—namely, Pecanboo and Snitchantel, those acorn-fiends of the Squirrelinger gang.

Their latest escapade was the invasion of Miss Felinore Welper's room and the surreptitious filching of her carefully hoarded store of nuts. Snitchantel consummated this enterprise on his own. After chasing her around Heavier Hall she climbed up her bed and he absconded with the booty.

Pecanboo is the special agent of Miss Creggy Mosson, sports editor. The undercover spy for the Amalgamated Press has it from his wingier colleagues that the ghost writers of the Squirrelinger gang compose her weekly column for the *Snooze*.