FEVER FABLES

N'YAH, N'YAH, YOU CANT CATCH US!

Editor this Issue

Vol. VI, No. 17 | Fever College For Flustered Fems, Near Filadelfia, Pa. | April 26, 1940

Dean Announces Voluntary Classes For Next Year

Dean Ruth L. Kiddings has just announced the new plans for next year. All classes will be voluntary and will be held at the convenience of the students. All professors will be given a 10-year leave of absence to think up new exam questions, and classes will be held under the trees.

Dr. Kiddings expressed the hope that most students would spend their time knitting, reading *Life*, writing letters, and drinking 'cocs.'

"I do hope that you will enter into this scheme of things wholeheartedly," she said as she addressed the entire student body at a midnight meeting next week held in her office so as to accommodate all the people nicely and comfortably. "It is only with the cooperation of each one of you that our new plan can fall through." She smiled as she took her seat again after offering her speech to the mob who cheered her wildly, threw horns, and blew confetti at her.

Mrs. B. Blank Bucketbottom added that her social security would be glad to secure stag lines for the daily dances to be held next year. "A man for every girl is my motto and my aim for the coming year," she said. A secret meeting had taken place the morning before it was disclosed by Mrs. B. B. B. Ten tentative plans had been drawn up in the same day by Dr. Kiddings, Mrs. B., Dr. Tick Tock, Mr. Lawrence W. Hurry, Miss I. Cow, Miss Abledaughter, Dr. Wheatland, Mr. Syphon, Dr. Cutemup, and the following seniors: Hilda Bragger '22, Payne Carlin '65, Edna Mae Chymney '52, Dinah de Develi '16, Dorothea Darling '33, Dorothy Blacksheep '32, Ida Pillman '85, Helen Hag '16, Ruth Pill '22, Marie Powerhouse '59, Virginia Queen '02, Esther Sat '04, Ethel Morbid '06, Elinor Ache '08, Helen Sparrows '10, Jessie Strict '12, Hortense Slinger '14, Patricia Spotter '16, Eleanor Slugger '18, Edna Ferber '20, Dorothy Sudden '22, Ruth Ann Van Gaspipe '24, Betty Wallpaper '26, and Edith East '28.

Ogontz 408

Loretta M. Croney

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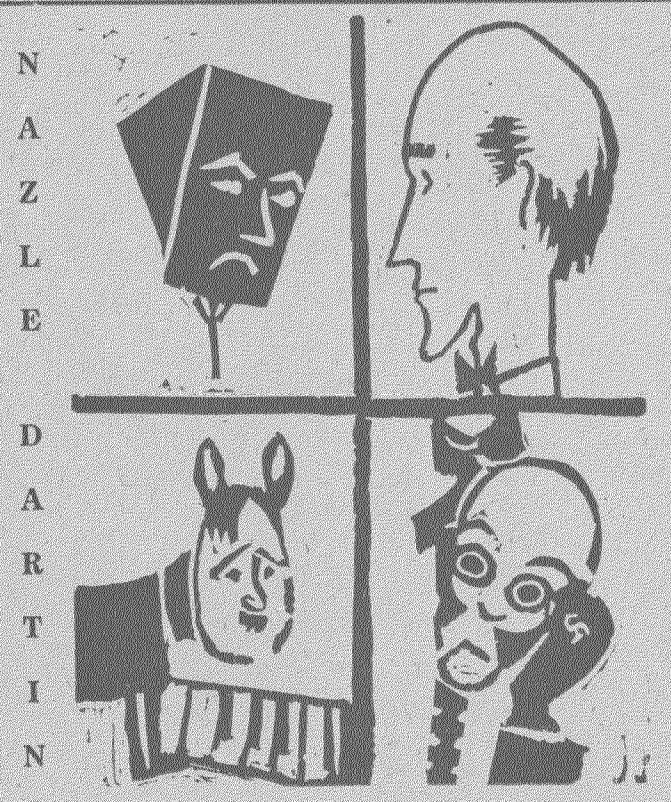


Take A Leap Girls Beavers Eligible Bachelors

Behold! who's this—reading poetry, teaching law, and looking for a date,
None other than that glamour boy—our well known Charlie Bayte.

Paul Rowin' is a charming dude in a Packard car,
You'll find him out at 5 A. M. seeking flowers in the country far.

Our Casanova, Bill Nazle, is handsome blond and tall,
He's all that women ever want—we're sure you'll really fall.

Josef Dartin, a lover true, will play the piano and make eyes at you,
"I Love You Truly" he will play and mean it, too, forever and a day.

Trustees Have Fast Line

The trustees threw a little party the other nite. They invited a lot of people to come. There were a lot of people there.

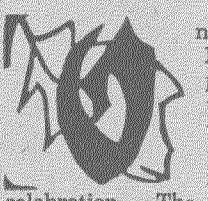
People stood around grabbing and drinking punch. Gee, you should have seen them all. You should have heard them, too. They were all saying how snappy the trustees were—faster than ever before. Three men sat out in the hall fiddling all the time too. I thought the trustees would make them go so they wouldn't interfere with their line, but maybe they thought it helped to speed it up a bit.

After everybody had shaked hands with everybody else, they all went down to the gym and gee, the fiddlers were there, too. They fiddled again and kept on doing it all nite till 12 o'clock while everybody kept walking around the gym. It was raining out so I guess everybody thought it was nicer walking inside than going out in the rain. As soon as everybody got there, they all started shaking hands again just like they hadn't done it before. At 12 o'clock everybody decided the rain wasn't going to stop, and all of a sudden they all went home.

News Flashes!

Vane Darlin, chairman of Pay Day Committee, has just announced that she will replace Annie Hag as Pay Day Queen for 1940 at Fever College.

May Day Pitchers WillDazzleStoodents



n Friday next, the M. Gee-mmmmm pitcher company will be on campus to take movies of the annual May Day celebration. The momentus occasion wil be celebrated by a vacation for all students from extra-iurricular activities. These pitchers, if we ever get 'em, will be shown in various local theatres in the vicinity of Kalamozoo, Michigan. Any Beaver student desiring to see them will please apply to Miss Thompson for necessary car-fare.

All participants will meet in Mr. Seifert's dark room between 10:01 and 10:02 A. M. for a final check on costumes. The plans for these include many novel experiments. The Laurel chain will snazz out in white sharkskin bathing suits and the Phys Eds.' long black stockings. Each girl is to carry small, collapsible snow shoes and a Primus stove complete with three days' rations of hard-tack and chocklate (boy when it snows here, it snows).

The Honor Court is to be enlarged by the addition of either a midshipman or a cadet for each girl. This decision was arrived at in a last desperate measure to insure the girls all keeping step. This group will wear odd-colored pajama tops and their room-mates' skirts in order to achieve that Beaver atmosphere throughout the pageant.

The chorus (which is only there anyway to balance the bleachers) is to be hand-picked from unemployed Met stars, led by Lawrence Tidbit of Huntington Opera Company fame.

In order to save time and money for all parents and friends, it has been decided to combine May Day and commencement. All Senior Exams, therefore, will start at 3:33 P. M. tomorrow.

Faculty Wants Two May Days Each Year

(Maud lost story)

Fun For Just . . .

Day Tag on is it here so Patty's St. it make couldn't we —issue Fool April an have couldn't We.

Open Letter . . .

[Editor's Note—Because of the large number of open letters received this week, we have no room to publish any editorials.]

Dearest Editor,

Since my matriculation in Fever College for Flustered Fems, I have seriously considered a very pressing and important problem—a problem which (in my coy little way) I have called "Faculty Fever".

"Faculty Fever" is only a minor malady, but it has many symptoms. One is an extreme condition of high blood pressure provoked by class attendance.

The calmest, coolest, collectedest college colleague, when confronted by a class of consumers who congregate to combine charm and chatter (Whow!), immediately notices a palpitation of his pulses and a corresponding falling of his arches, with a rise in blood pressure to 200 plus his age.

Then there is the matter of an automatic allergy resulting from the acute acidity in the attitude of the asylum, resembling athlete's foot.

Are we going to allow this situation to continue? **NO!**

Are we content to sit silent while the prolific professors suffer from chronic concussions at the apex of the cosmopolitan? **NO!**

I am asking for volunteers to take up the torch. Are there any volunteers? **NO!**

What is the *Fever Fables* going to do about this disturbing, distressing, depressing, disillusioning, detrimental, disintegrating, disholmess dilemma? **Neyottings!**

This is the sort of attitude which should be upheld by the fems of Fever College. Who are we to get the faculty out of a mess? Are they grateful? **NO!**

I say to you—students and fems! Don't take the temperature of any faculty members. If they suffer from "Faculty Fever", well, let them.

Are you behind me? **NO!**

Sincerely yours,
Anonymous

[Editor's Note—Shucks, Anonymous, ain't you got no romance? The faculty's dumb, but nice.]

[Editor's Note No. 2—If this doesn't stop all open letters, it ain't our fault!]

FEVER FABLES

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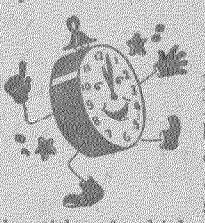
Time On Faculty Hands

By . . . H'our Moment



Tick Tock:
Deans Ruth L. Higgins and Ruth H. Zurbuchen have collaborated on a new "social-scholastic" book, the title of which is . . . *How To Walk Down A Receiving Line and Review Your American History.* This book has been viewed favorably by all outstanding critics. "A great scientific portrayal, with epic-like proportions; the propaganda and sentimentality evident promise the authors undying fame," said ace-critic Belle S. Matheson, of the *Brooklyn Daily News* . . . We of Beaver are proud and happy to think that we have harbored such a combination!

****

Around The Clock With The Faculty:
Dr. Paul Bowen awoke at six yesterday morning. The reason? He wanted to be the first to see the morning glories open! — Special speech classes between seen and eight in the evening have been scheduled by Miss Ruth Haun for all New Yorkers, Bostonians, and Southerners. — A new promotion for one in our art studio; Benton Spruance received a telegram this noon at four, it informed him of an opening in Walt Disney's tracing department — Mr. Lawrence Curry will do a solo accompanied by the Glee club, during the intermission between two and two-five on May Day — As an aftermath of the career conferences, Dr. Elinor Barnes will herself address the student body on August 13, at ten, the subject will be *The Psychological Aspects of Feeding the Home-Economics-House Baby Spinach.*

****

Fifty Minutes Make A Class Period:
In place of Poetics, Dr. Carrington Tutwiler will begin a new course next year called *Nature Appreciation;* all phases of life in the open will be discussed and analyzed. Ruggered individualism will be stressed with extensive outside investigation. Prerequisites; Comp. 101 — Mrs. Frances G. Dager has made plans to install a new kindergarten gadget in the form of a robot to amuse the kiddies while teacher eats the well polished apple! — Because Dr. Mary Brill was so convincing in her role of Cleopatra in the *Faculty Frolics,* she has been induced to conduct special classes next semester in the art of living a Noel Coward part. — Dr. Nathaniel F. Silsbee, alias "Terra Firma," has taken a solemn oath to uphold the integrity of land travel; in connection with this promise, he will offer a course to all graduating seniors called *Wheels Over Jenkintown* — Posture lectures will be given as usual by Miss Hilda Guenther; no change in curriculum except for a new skeleton done up in collegiate clothes. (To make the students feel more akin to the dummy).

****

Seconds Pass:
It is One, two, and the second bell will ring. Despite the deadline, many professors continue and some even manager to discuss the entire lesson in the short span . . . Compression personified!

****

A Stop Watch:
When timing our campus "Seabiscuit," alias the Beaver bus, we found that the Glenside route was longer, but so much more cosmopolitan and interesting than the Wyncote way, that we announced our preferences without delay. However, upon consideration, the students decided that they missed passing Mr. John Hathaway . . . so, unless he can be induced to change his route, the bus will go "whither he goest."

****

Set The Alarm:
To be continued when awakened.

Here 'tis

down.

But things are positively gay in the infirmary as compared to conditions generally. Pure Eythl gas, hypodermics, (special rate in Chatterbox next week) and cocain are being administered everywhere. Dr. Tutwiler has found the only solution. He has begun another new class — Anesthetics 606. The book for the course (three chapters completed) which C. C. T. Jr. writ all by himself is entitled "Why-Be - Happy - When - There - Are - So - Many - Beautiful - Things - To - Be - Sad - About."

One can talk about this morbid den of delemma for just so long before one breaks. Any further information on the Sorry Situation of the Sisters of Beaver, I will gladly mail postpaid. Merely tear off the top of any professor (reasonable facsimilies not accepted) and mail it to Dismal Dilyjputt Daspedomor (nothing to do with tag day) and I will send said information. Note: All professor tops become the property of the *Fever Fables.*

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Me, Shakespeare, and Saroyan or —What Wolcott Gibbs Will Do To 'Love's Old Sweet Song'

A Drama Criticism in Three Acts

ACT I

ME (*pardon—I*) *am sitting in the rocking chair on the vine-covered, petunia-sprinkled front porch of my ancestral mansion. It's only a cottage, but we gotta build up these little things. I am forty and frustrated. By the way, the house number, before the house burns down, is 202, but that has nothing to do with the play. It's all just a lovely picture. Now for the inciting force—here comes a man on a bicycle.*

ME—A man! Where do you suppose he came from? They're scarce enough in California.

Man rides into garden—through gate, of course, not over the wall. His name is William Saroyan, but I don't know it yet. But it won't be long.

ME—Hello.

BILL S. (*S. stands for Saroyan*)—Hello. I am William Saroyan—neither Communist nor nut. Akin only to the great ,the immortal William Shakespeare. Great and immortal, but second-rate. Somebody told me once my name was Mud, but that's a lie! It's Saroyan—William Saroyan.

ME—Kiss me, Bill. I've waited for you twenty-seven years.

BILL S.—Sure, why not? (*He kisses Me, in spite of the petunias in her lap.*) Now let me tell you about Saroyan. Once there was a guy named Shakespeare — Bill Shakespeare. ,That's my name — Bill. Bill. Well, anyhow, this guy wrote plays. (*Shakespeare will be along in a minute, but Saroyan doesn't know it.*) But not like mine. I write plays, you know, when I'm not loafing in Hollywood, fooling the movie guys, or hoofing through the United States selling patent medicine. Oh, the beauty, the wordless magic of our land! (*Theme*) Floods, fires, poverty, children starving, cities, mountains, even wars on occasion. Oh yes, all of that, plus love and faith. Faith in yourself, in patent medicine, and in Saroyan. (*He slaps his chest and then gives Me a resounding clap on the back.*) And then there's the cold. The icy, chilling cold of a million snowy fields. And there's heat. Fierce, burning heat that rises from the hotness of the streets—

Enter William Shakespeare. He's not really Shakespeare, but nobody is supposed to know it. He's lazy and dusty and drawls and has seventeen children.

BILL S. (*S. this time stands for Shakespeare*)—And . . . there's . . . dust!

He lies down on the grass and puts his hat over his face. Saroyan goes over to him and glances down.

BILL S.—See, that's what I've been telling you. That's what's wrong with this lousy country. Too many guys like him!

BILL S. (*half sitting up, but giving in to the impulse to lie down again*) — Pardon. I'm William Shakespeare. No slander, please.

BILL S. — I don't care who the—What did you say! Shakespeare! Well, well, well! Glad to know you! (*They shakes hands, Shakespeare still maintaining a horizontal position.*)

ME—Don't pay any attention to that tramp, Bill. Kiss me.

BILL S. AND BILL S. (*together*) — Sure, why not?

(*They kiss her, one on the right cheek, one on the wrong. Shakespeare is in the wrong. Being overcome, either by emotion or by dust, she retires to the rocking chair and calmly pulls the petunias into a protective screen around her.*)

BILL S. (*in an attempt to resume the small talk*)—Sure, that's what's wrong with the world. Everybody's crazy. They're always making some kind of trouble. Take you, for instance. Who told you about dust, anyway?

BILL S.—A guy. A lotta people believe him, too. He writes novels.

BILL S.—Did you believe him?

BILL S.—Sure, eventually. I told people, these crazy ones, you know, that there's only one kind of importance. That's universal importance. But this guy said it was dust, and he got more people to listen to him. So I gave up.

BILL S.—A fine spirit! You just tell this dust guy to wash himself in the river. But don't write plays. Hear!

BILL S. (*quoting*)—"All I'm aimin' to do is set down and rest a mite."

Enter seventeen children. They overrun the stage and obliterate both Bill S. and Bill S.

END OF ACT I

(Continued by special request, in the next issue of the *Beaver Review.*)

NOTICE: The staff of the *Fever Fables* wishes to announce that because they have so much excess room in the publications office they have decided to give the room to the school for a men's smoking lounge and move into the telephone booth. From now on the typewriter will be pounding in the nearest telephone booth.

The Little Man Who Wasn't There

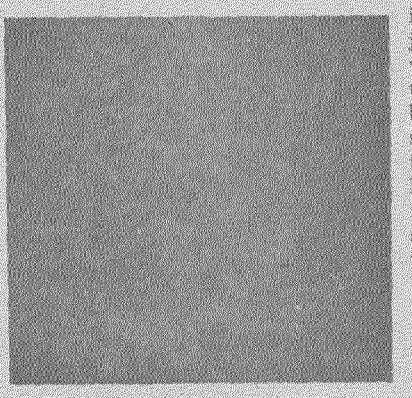

Photo by P. Blotter

Open Poem To Our Readers . . .

Getting out this paper is no picnic.
If we print jokes, people say we are silly.
If we clip things from other magazines,
We are too lazy to write them ourselves.
If we don't we are too fond of our stuff.
If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius.
If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.
If we make a change in other persons' write-ups, we are too critical.
If we don't, we are asleep.
Now like as not someone will say we swiped this from some other magazine.
WE DID!

Another Open Poem To Our Readers . . .

"What have you done?" said St Peter,
"That I should admit you here."
"I ran the paper," said the editor,
"At my college for one long year."

St. Peter shook his head in pity
And gravely touched the bell,
"Come in, poor thing, select a harp,
"You've had your share of hell."

Having A Lousy Time

Incarcerated in the horrible, depressive, and discouraging atmosphere of collich strife, weeping bitterly in my coffee (censored), and proping my lower lip on Doris Berstein's fingernail (who is in the next room studying), I begin my tail of woe.

As if taking away our 2nd floor coketail lounges weren't enough, the Badministration has ordered that no dead bodies be permitted in the dorms after 12 midnight, April 27, and that no opium smoking be allowed in the chapel! "Can't you do something about this, Dorland?" I said. "Nuts to you!" said Dorland, who doesn't give a darn anyway. So no longer can I write about the meandering, gandering, and carousing of the girls in the country's no. 1 country club.

While maintenance was down in the infirmary, hammering and pasting—building new cells, straightjackets, and operating tables, I wandered between the rows of little white beds with a cute pink basket filled with .32's, .22's, toadstools, and portable elephant traps to bring relief to my suffering colleeges.

In bed no. 1, and incidently in a pitiful state, lay Rhoda Umansky who is prostrate from acute, cute, cute nervous breakdown which resulted from suppression — (this, of course, because of the rule which forbids seniors to voice their opinions in Student Government).

Next to Rhoda who should be theresie but Ruthie Adairsie with a severe case of D. D.'s (Don Dwights) closely akin to D. T.'S. Whipping up and down the corridor in an asbestos wheel chair was little Gertie McGlynn who is on the road to recovery after being knocked on her head by a doorknob as she was leaving class one day last week.

Bound tightly in one of Mr. Swanfeld's 1946 straight-jackets and humming "You Can't Take it with You" was Alma Hoffman whose 4 men at Princeton and 2 men at Harvard and 6 men at home finally broke her confused mind. "Give a girl enough love ties and she'll hang herself," I cheerfully said to her as I handed her a coil of the finest imported hemp.

In the office, nurses Krug and Collins were having a wonderful time slinging hot and cold compresses on Eddie Cheyney (who got so excited at one of the class meetings she broke some internal cog). Sitting on the floor and pouting was Shirley Isacowitz (arrested in her car for flying low), and beside her was Dr. Silsbee, fascinated, trying to get her to join his little airplane association.

Barbara Frost was there too, and her case is almost too pathetic to relate — poor little Frostie! She got to talking so fast and so furiously the other night that suddenly when she came to stop, her tongue just sped right on. It's been going like mad ever since. The sturdier members of the A. A. A. take turns every hour holding it

Leap Back Five

ROLLING IN THE FOG

by Foghorn

Calling all Beaver stoogents! Gangway for the *Fog*—it will definitely be out within the next 52 weeks so you can be sure to get Emmie Schmultz and all your other pals to decoratively mark it up with their names and a lot of soupy compliments.

Fog

But, you can't have *your* copy unless you pay the downpayment of $.22½ cents. Please try to run down a *Fog* (gy) salesman and give her your first payment. That's all we're asking. $0.22½ cents — just think of its gals — only $0.22½ cents, no more, no less.

Fog

We know that "money is the root of all evil," but due to the recent storms and bitter winds the *Fog* feels that it must be better "rooted," so why not ask Mom and Pop to pay only a meezly $5.00 and they will automatically become patrons and patroness of the *Fog* —the one and only publication of its kind in captivity. Do you realize that by adding your parents' names to this list we can give you 1,732 pages in the *Fog* instead of only 1,731 as was previously announced. In this case one more page is just a lot of names between friends.

Fog

Classes, slubs, organizations, and extra-cirricular activities in general—if you want to be recognized (one way or another) in this year's *Fog*—PAY UP! We hate to be partial but if you don't pay within the next 24 hours we will be forced to expose the mugs of all your members who have not paid last year's dues.

Fog

This year we are trying something new and different—33 pages of candids and we *do* mean candids. But *if* you won't cooperate and *if* the shutter on the camera isn't fixed, those 33 pages will look like a British blackout.

Fog

Are you looking for something unique in your copy of the *Fog*? Then march yourself down to the postoffice, turn left, and carefully scribble your name on any piece of paper you can find. But that's not all—next drop into the scrapbasket, that you'll find there, any contribution your wallet feels full of. If enough suckers do this before June, we can have the privilege to make a deal with the W.P.A. (thanks to the Democrats) to have your name chiseled in the back cover of your *Fog*. Just think, by 1977 A. D. your name will probably (?) be completed or at least half finished so you can show it to your grandchildren.

Fog

Well, so long for now, I'll be seeing you—in the *Fog*.

Fadeout

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Any resemblance to any persons, living or dead, found in this paper, is purely coincidental, and any incidents which appear to have happened are purely imaginative. Please don't sue us, 'cause we want to have a banquet and our funds are werry, werry low right now.

Holiday For Fishing Contest

Next Tuesday Beaver will close all class room doors and declare a legal holiday for the annual fishing contest between our mighty faculty and the student body. The contest will be held in the Wyncote river, which, by the way, overflowed its banks about a week ago and caused considerable damage to the Reading railway and all the main highways in the vicinity.

Remember last year's contest? A. B. Soil won when she caught that great big fish, a shark I think, which she finally had mounted. It was something like 12 feet (or was it mm.) long—had fins and everything. She kept it in her room so long, because she didn't want to part with it to get it mounted, that finally her roommate, "Nonchalant Willie," threatened to throw it out, because they did want to wash their hands and faces in their bowl and not be using someone else's all the time. ...

Boo Hoo Hooton came in second with the large size minnow she hauled in after a terrific struggle. I can still see Boo's rod bending at such an angle that the idea of ever getting the fish landed was almost a remote thought.

Everyone participates in this annual event, so all get your poles out, shine them up, get your bait ready, and when the gun goes off, *fish*, don't drop dead.

We've also been asked to warn you about getting near the edge of the river. It's really quite deep and we don't want any accidents.

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Chatterbox Offers New Amusement

Carrying through the policy of recreation for all students, the Beaver College Chatterbox wishes to announce that starting Monday, April 29 there will be installed a Parce-Mutual Horse Racing system; with this modern progressive systems the girls will be able to place bets on any race from Kentucky to Santa Anita.

This decision has been approved bye the Board of Trustees as a part of "Be Kind To Animals Week." It is felt that this added incentive from the students of our fair collitch will do much for the physcological state of the bang-tails.

The step has been widely approved by all progressive members of the school. Many of the professors feel that this will do much to help spread the wealth throughout the country and instill the spirit of true democracy in the student body.

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DESIRE POSITION as voice instructor—M. Berlin.

WANTED—4 or 5 Bromo-Seltzers and a box of aspirin—"Scoop" Lippincott.

WANTED — Cooperation from the weather bureau—Tornado Carlin.

TO LET—Enthusiasm - Sophomore Tag Day-ers.

FOR SALE—Southern accent, used, but in good condition—Dr. Matheson.

LOST—A glove by a freshman with fur lining.

WANTED — One unglued apple from a freshman.

LOST CHORD—Please return immediately to Jessie Severe.

WANTED — Some funny ideas for this column—The Writer.

Never mind—it's too late now anyway . . .

WANTED—A high class sit-down job by goil wid a collitch edjucation—A Ruffined Senior.

TO LET—Space.

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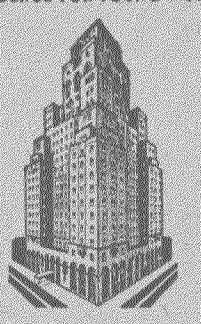

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