



The Observer

Volume XIII - No. 7
Tuesday, March 9, 1971

THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF STERN COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Pot Raid At Brookdale

Schnorercol Shows Students Sensible Secretarian Savings

This morning The Absurder rushed over to the Office of Studied Fallacies in response to an urgent call from Director Sheldon Schnorercol. When we arrived we found Professor Schnorercol puffing excitedly on his cigar.

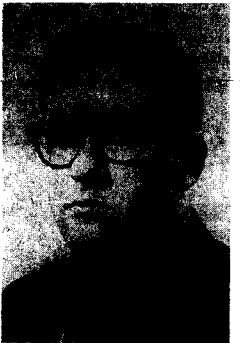
I wanted you goils at Stoins College to be foist to know. I have solved all of da University's problems! I know how we're going to get Albany to give us da money.

How are you going to do that?

It's all in da method, honey, da method.

But how are your methods different from all the others that have been tried?

Because my methods is gonna work! Foist of all, da whole look of dis school... It just don't look



"If dere's one ting I got, it's brains."

right, ya know. When dese guys from Albany came down here — d'ya know what dey said? Dey said dere's altogether too much indoctrination goin on down here. I'll tell ya something. White

Shidney Schmutz was sittin dere lookin for a legal pothole dat Yeshiver could hide in — while dose dum-dums in Public Relations was writin riddles about dis place in dem catalogs — while Jeffrey Gold was writin letters 'bout how Yeshiver was preachin a religious tenant when it said all dormitory tenants had to be religious — while Dr. Belking was balking at da whole ting — I, Professor Sheldon Schnorercol, solved da whole problem.

Dat's why I wanted you goils from Da Absurder to come over here. I want you to put in your paper dat all dose guys who been walkin around callin demseifs doctor just 'cause dey got a Doctor of Rabbinitics degree, and dose order bums whose got a Doctor of Juris Prudence degree — all dese guys gotta quit callin demseifs doctor, and start callin demseifs professor — just like me. If Albany wants a non-indoctrinational school — dey'll get a non-indoctrinational school.

Excuse me, Dr. — er, Professor — Schnorercol...

Just a minute, I ain't done yet. Dere's another ting, Albany says we gotta be a non-secretarian school. So what's so hard about dat? All dose other shmaggies tink dey have to use fancy tricks to prove we're non-secretarian. I say, let's be non-secretarian. All we gotta do is fire every secretary in every office. We'll save heaps of dough, and besides, it'll give me something to do all day.

Ya see, it takes brains to out-smart Albany, and if dere's one ting I got, it's brains.

It seems, Professor Schnorercol, that in addition to your brains, which no one has ever questioned, you also have a special talent for attracting money. You have suc-

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Matchless Money Making Methods A Nickle Schnored, a Victory Scored

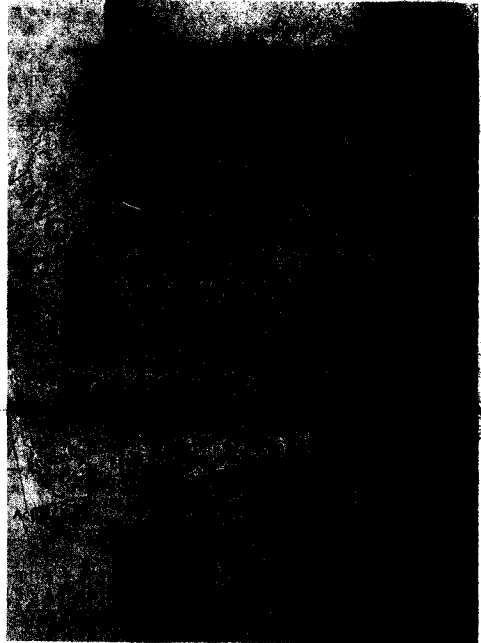
Not to be outdone by the grand plans of his friends and relatives uptown, Stern's own star fundraiser Cousin Norman Worstky has undertaken a project to bury Stern's operating deficit once and for all. "What's a measly million from Albany, or a sick sum from the government? That money flu away before we even got our hands on it," cousin Norman told The Absurder.

Cousin Norman's Four Point Plan for a Healthy Stern College rests on a sound philosophy tested and approved by the Registrar's Office. As Cousin Norman always says, "The Registrar's Office never misses an opportunity to make a penny. Our very slogan is 'Nothing for free, always a fee'. But other departments are missing opportunities every day to make millions by counting their change. We must replace this unhealthy habit of considering our little gold-mines as 'petty cash' by the sound reasoning 'A nickel schnored is a victory scored'."

In this spirit, Cousin Norman has announced a plan to unionize all the little ole ladies who stand outside the Stern College building collecting money for needy Yeshivot. "You know," Cousin Norman told us, "I wish I had a nickel for every time one of those ladies pounced on me as I left the building. And you know, if we make them all collect for the World's Oldest and Neediest, I just might get those nickels."

Plan number two devised by Cousin Norman is designed for fun and profit — the students will have fun while Cousin Norman profits. While details of the plan have not yet been disclosed, in general it calls for dimming the

(Continued on page 3, col. 3)



'Liberal Arts College Must Avoid Getting Down to Business'—Ed Hood

The Steering Committee is currently discussing the validity of a headless Judaic Studies Department coexisting alongside of departmentless Education Major which has a head. Sheldon ("Shelly") P. Klunkelburg, despot over the Education minors at Stern College heralded the virtues of the abolition of the Education Major.

"We must be aware of the stature of our school," Klunkelburg explained. "We are a liberal arts college, and not a business school. Consequently, we do everything in our power to keep our students from getting down to business. The other departments have been very successful in maintaining the levity with which our school is associated.

The students did not feel that such an argument carried much weight when compared with the heavy load they must now carry as a result of this decision. One future education minor felt that "a lack of communication has definitely developed between the non-existent education department and the students. This gap was first evident when confronted with problems by students. If Mr. Klunkelburg looked at his watch and

noticed it was other than their office hours, he blatantly looked the puzzled student in the face and exclaimed "I'm not here."

While the Steering Committee is evaluating the data concerning the Education Department, they are also determining what to do about the headless Judaic Studies Department. In the past few years, Judaic Studies has been an up-and-coming area of development at our college. Currently, it has reached a size of large enough proportion to be considered a department. The obvious solution would be to provide a head to it but, since our college is secular, the Steering Committee is hesitant to enact such a decision. The dissenters argue that interest in Judaic Studies may wane, and enrollment may lessen for these courses. Then, the school would be burdened with an extra head to feed.

Also, once again, they argue, that our college is a liberal arts college, and propagating one religion is not being very liberal. Consequently, the Steering Committee has decided to hold off the decision about a head of the Judaic Studies Department.

Distinguished Doctors Head New Student-Faculty Clubs

By I. M. MACHERSHAPA

It is heartening to witness the recent faculty concern for and participation in all areas of student activity. No surprisingly, 12 teachers have actually been elected to serve as presidents of their respective student-faculty clubs.

Although it is true that there is no financial compensation, it is our hope that these appointments will lead to the establishment of the mutually beneficial ties that the professors have always desired.

Therefore, we would like to congratulate the following members of the faculty on their selection as heads of clubs recently

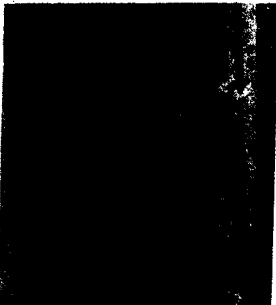
- chartered by Student Council:
- Rabbi Victor — Chevrat Nashim (Women's Lib)
- Dr. Feinstein — Karate Club
- Mr. Greenberg — Family Planning
- Mr. Margalioth — Speech
- Dr. Appel — Drama
- Mrs. Lion — Dress Code
- Rabbi Metzger — Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry
- Dr. Remes — Coalition to End All Coalitions
- Dr. Koenigsberg — Religious Studies
- Dr. Thau — Basketball Team
- Mr. Roth — Transit Club
- Dr. Eidelberg — Dean's Fan Club
- Dr. Gruber — Democratic Club



You've come a long way, baby.

P.P. Phefner's Purim Party Playmates

To Tell The Truth...



Let me tell you about the last S'tra cha-riga ...



Some of the new girls tried to steal the show.



But I was the belle of the ball. The men loved me.



They even fought over me.



In the end, I finally found mine. We had a wonderful time until the Torah Activities Committee raided the place. Then we headed for the dorm.



We didn't find much privacy in the Black Lounge. "Not in the Black and Blue Lounge!"



"I told you not to come upstairs!" Honestly, those boys will try anything.

Here's My Line...



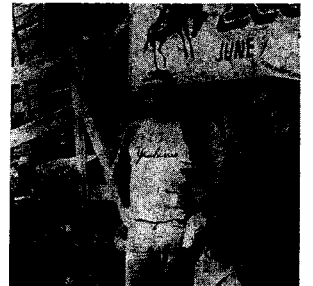
Oh well, she was a real dog anyway.



I sure got out of there as fast as I could!



I'd rather stick to my own kind anyway.



Do I have a story for you guys! Those Stern girls ...

The Observer

Happy Purim From
US ALL

CLASSIFIED CUTIES

Lost and Found:

- Lost: A potential.
- Found: One "Bashert." If he's yours claim him in Room 1C.
- Lost: A window cleaner. Last seen five years ago.
- Found: Dirt.
- Found: More dirt.
- Wanted: HELP!
- An Mrs. for SPK.
- Maid Service — call 686-5900.
- Housemother: Due to retirement of dearly beloved housemom, we are seeking a replacement. Must

- get along well with the exterminator.
- Yarmulka's: On heads of the boys in lounge.
- Toilet Paper: Rooms 4A, 4B, ... 20C, 20D.
- Semi Annual sale on Transcripts: Limited time only 2 for \$3.59. (office of Registrar).
- Limited Edition: New novel by Rabbi A.B.Z. Metzmaker **Love Story**, or **The History of the Shotgun Wedding at Stern College**, available in Room 1C.
- Unwanted (and for sale): \$4.5 million deficit. (Contact Yeshiva University, regional office Room 1C).

- One Editorship: Bi-Weekly (sometimes) newspaper. Very cheap — see Meryle in Room 1C.
- Miscellaneous: WHO IS SYLVIA? reward for any information on true identity of Sylvia J. Bic. Contact Room 1C.
- Public Notice: **The Absurder** having this day taken leave of all its journalistic senses is hereby declared independent. We assume no responsibility for any debts incurred by it. —Stern College Student Council.
- WHAT? — Cocce Press.
- Notice to all Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshman! "The keynote of the year is the final RING of success."

Hot Pants Issue Resolved: Burning Question Put Out

By J. Blazer

An emergency meeting of the council of "G.R.A.G.E.R.S." — Great Rabbinic Advising Girls, Ethically, Religiously, and Sternly, was called today to discuss the crisis of "hot pants" which has recently threatened to char the image of Stern College (and even worse!).

Hot Pants or "Haisa Hoisen" as they were referred to at the meeting, have created much disturbance among the Rabbis. Rav. H.

although flagrant, was overlooked for it was due only to lack of careful observation of the girl on the part of the Rabbi in which case the error was preferred.

After a little chuckle over the mistake, Rav. Bo' Air went on to explain that hot pants did not imply that pants were on fire, instead, as the Rabbi had deduced from extensive work in the **Mishnah** and **Gemara**, hot pants were similar to a portable heating pad,



Bo'Air, head of the council, called the meeting to order and the Sergeant-at-arms to calm down the rabbis who were raging out of control.

The meeting began with an account of a valorous attempt by one Stern Rabbi to save a girl with hot pants. Apparently, the Rabbi overheard one student yelling to her friend about her "hot pants," and he immediately proceeded to ring the fire alarm in order to save this poor girl from burning.

The Rabbi was commended for his prompt action, and his error,

generated by electricity and working batteries and were therefore to be prohibited on **Shabbat**. If it should be argued that a Shabbat clock could somehow be hooked up by remote control — we must still prohibit their wearing by virtue of **ma'ras ayin**.

It goes without saying that none of the Rabbis had seen the "Haisa-Hoisen" in the flesh, **chas v'shalom** and **b'li ayin ha'ra**. . . . It is heartening to hear, however that the Rabbis take a keen interest in the burning issues of our time.

Roomers' Rumors

Rumors, rumors everywhere And every one is true. Just listen closely and you'll hear What they're saying about you.

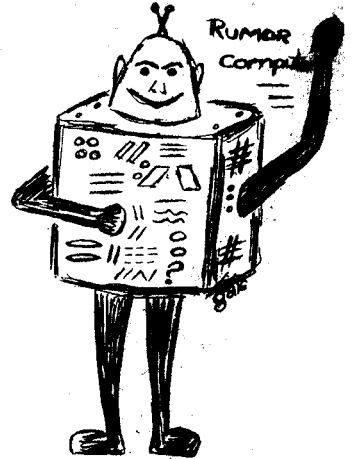
Goodness, what a fix you're in You've committed an untimely sin You'll never live it down, my friend Whatever means you will employ 'Cause someone noticed you last night Talking to a boy!

And is it true you bleached your hair You may deny it if you dare But we ignore all your vain cries 'Cause the rumor machine never lies.

They also say that your knees creak Sweetheart, you are quite a freak And we know you cut gym last week Your future certainly looks bleak.

I've heard tell your mother's been Concerned with you of late She's been calling the Yeshivas To find for you a mate. But don't worry, this will all stay between me and you

If she only promises to get one for me too.



Always Reliable?

Cousin Norman's Money Makers: 'Nothing For Free, Always A Fee'

(Continued from page 1, col. 5) lights and providing soft music and drinks in the elevators of the main building every Saturday night. For a minimal entrance charge, cover charge, liquor charge and exit charge Stern girls and their dates will be able to spend a memorable and uplifting evening.

This cocktail lounge atmosphere will no doubt be a welcome relief from the boredom of hotel lobbies. It may even replace the Staten Island Ferry, the Dorm Lounge, and the Top of the Sixes as the most popular place to get engaged. Remember boys, in **gematria** 253 is **renehg**, so if she says "Yes" at the Top of the 253 she'll not renege.

But schmoring cannot be a once-a-week task, Cousin Norman reminds us. We must be **m'kayem** the mitzvah of schmoring **b'chal eit**. With this in mind Cousin Norman has ordered 25¢ pay toilets to be installed on every floor.

Wait! Come back! Don't run off to get all your dollar bills changed into quarters! Cousin Norman has even considered this problem. The Registrar's Office will change all your dollar bills for only the small fee of 5¢ for each quarter you desire. (Small additional fee for changing bills over \$1).

And, lovely ladies and kind gentlemen — that's not all. Cousin Norman wishes to announce the greatest fund raising scheme of all. Taking his inspiration from the nickels and dimes earned at the Freshman Class Sale, the Sophomore Class Sale, the Junior Class Sale, and the Senior Class Sale, Cousin Norman has decided to conduct a High Class Sale. "Do you know," says Cousin Norman, "that there are thousands of relics of Yeshiva's illustrious and lack-lustrous pasts lying around unused. There must be a huge market for those relics — especially the religious ones — and all we have to do is announce our High Class Sale and we'll raise fortunes on that junk.

On sale in the Dean's Office, Cousin Norman promises, will be three copies of the Stern 1964-66

catalogs containing the words "World's Oldest and Largest Institution under Jewish auspices," and "Religious Studies"; and 30,000 copies of the '69-'71 catalogs which never were good for anything anyway. You may also purchase 4,000,000 sheets of stationery with the **Torah U'mada** insignia on them.

In addition to these religious relics you may choose a non-functional relic such as one of the 16 members of the Student Faculty Committee on Curricular and Academic Affairs, or one of the 6 members of the Committee on Senate By-Laws who are on sale for a limited time only.

Next door in the Office of Student Services there is an excellent buy on 6,000 copies of the dress code, and in the Registrar's Office you may choose over 500 counterfeit \$5 bills passed off on Cousin Norman by 500 Stern girls on Change of Registration Day.

The cafeteria placed Cousin Norman that it will place on sale

four tons of chulent left over from Shabbat, and one unkosher chicken, left over from the Philo 83 class on koshering a chicken.

At the Brookdale Residence Hall, in the same shopping center, one may purchase unlimited piles of demerol, aspirin, and sleeping or weekend sign-out signs. There will be a special purchase on stationery imprinted "Stern College Residence Hall." In the residence hall basement bargain center you will find a tremendous variety of hot plates, toasters and refrigerators in styles and colors to suit every taste and budget.

"Real estate relics are also excellent buys," Cousin Norman says. For the smart shopper who wants a furnished apartment, there is the tenth floor of the main building. For unfurnished apartments with small rooms, the seventh floor is just what you probably had in mind. If wide open spaces suit you better — you might wish to make a down payment on the second floor of the old building.

Do you prefer white elephants? The annex, Cousin Norman informs us, is for sale. Stop by and see it — tastefully decorated in white with blue, gold, and red splashes — at your earliest convenience.

And to furnish your new home, a lovely slightly used desk is on sale. It's one time owner spent so much time raising money and so little time Registraring, the poor man was fired.

VACANCIES:

Brookdale Home for Unweds

50 East 34th Street
New York, N. Y. 10016

Non-Secretarian Nonsense

(Continued from page 1, col. 2) ceeded where all others have failed — you have proved that we're a non-secretarian, non-indoctrinational school. You have won for us state aid. You have overcome the forces of Albany. You have cleaned up this place of all the unneeded "treif" doctors and secretaries. You have saved the university's life and made it a fit place in which you may continue your glorious service. **V'ai hanisim, v'ai hapurkan, v'ai hag'urot v'ai**

hat'shuot . . .

Quit yer prayin, will ya. There'll be plenty of time for fat later. But I don't want ya to miss de whole point. Sure, I'm de spiritual leader around here — I saved your souls didn't I? But I'm also de biggest fund raiser in dis school. It's undeniable fact. I got money out of a place dat nobody else could. And d'ya know what dey call the greatest Spiritual leader and money raiser around here? Yes, Mr. President.

You wouldn't believe what this four page joke cost!

COCCÉ

PRESS

3 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10014 - CH 3-8851

The OBSERVER
Stern College
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New York, N. Y. 10017

DATE March 9, 1971
OUR ORDER No. 9088
YOUR ORDER No.

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Aggravation fee: upon discovering that the issue you've been holding us a **shmirk** about is just one big joke.

50.00

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To Student Council, with love from The Observer.

PANTY RAID



In a determined effort to end the flagrant violations of the Dress Code, the Security Guard was instructed to demand that all those entering the building in slacks be asked to remove them immediately. When asked why the Dress Code was being violated, this offender answered: "I didn't vote for it."

The Security Guard has been

recording the social security numbers of all violators. These numbers will be fed into a computer which will translate them into vital information about the offender.

Among those already arrested and convicted are:

006-86-5900 — The computer decoded this student's social security number as Pho-ne-Soon, implying that she was Stella

Available. **036-24-3600** — Decoded by the computer as Not-To-oBad, indicating that she was Shana Maidel.

123-45-6789 — The Social Security number of the culprit shown above, decoded by the computer as I'mT-he-Dean, indicating that the student was an impostor.

Hamantaschen Mishegasen

Scientific Survey Shows Majority Prefer Prune

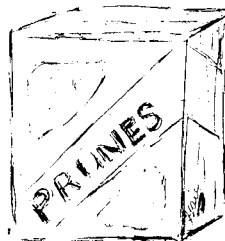
A recent survey sponsored by **The Absurder** reveals significant and telling facts. Our principal object was to determine the preference of the true Stern woman when faced with a choice of prune or poppy **hamantaschen**. We are certain our readers will be fascinated with the startling data which emerged.

We left out the Czechs . . . A select group of students was chosen for participation in this survey, based upon a careful analysis of scholastic achievement as well as ethnic background. Forty per cent of the group selected were of Polish origin, 20% were of Russian parentage, 10% were of German ancestry, and 20% were of a miscellaneous mixture of American, Israeli, South

American, and Lithuanian background.

It is furthermore significant to note that 54% of the select test group were on Dean's List for two terms, whereas 42½% were on Dean's List for only one term. Of those of Polish origin who made Dean's List twice, 65% preferred prune **hamantaschen**, whereas 50% of those who made Dean's List only once preferred prune, and 50% preferred poppy seed. Surprisingly, of the representative group of Russian parentage, only 12% preferred prune. However, the members of the miscellaneous groups produced an all-out victory for prune **hamantaschen**. Yes, dear reader, 92½% preferred prune!

Of these 92½% we found, to



RIGHT ON!

our amazement and fascination, 70% were prunettes, 20% were blondes, and 10% were undecided.

Faculty Agrees To Disagree; Purim Festivities Postponed

The Faculty Assembly voted last night 35-34 in favor of putting off deciding when to make a decision regarding the observance of the holiday of Purim.

The narrow victory was achieved after a six hour debate at the fourth in a series of meetings called to discuss the issue of whether the holiday should be celebrated at all, and if so, when.

The issue had been raised by a small minority of student radicals who felt that a decision should be reached before the 13th of Adar.

"Nonsense," Dean Shirksky declared. There is no point in rushing blindly to reach a decision that will be binding on us for years — or at least until the next Faculty Assembly decides to over-rule it. We must consider all the variables in this matter — the significance of the holiday, how long the festival should last, what religious observances will be practiced . . ."

"But we already know these things. Jews have been celebrating the holiday for years," Student Council President Chinni Cham said. "Please, let me go to the faculty meeting, and I'll explain everything," she pleaded.

"Look, what have you got to do with the whole Purim bit. Queen Esther wasn't exactly a Stern girl, you know," Shirksky reminded her.

"Yes, but she wasn't the Chairman of the Ed Department either," Chinni countered.

"You've got a point there. Maybe none of us has a right to decide," Shirksky said, as he realized the full import of Miss Cham's words. "Why don't we just forget Purim this year. If we ever decide who should decide when to celebrate, there'll always be a chance to reinstate it."

Bitter Beef

"You kids are always complaining; you think you've got it bad? You should be in our pot", was the cry of the food, in the cry of a recent **Absurder** probe.

Among the food's the most bitter and rotten complaints:

Mr. Rib Steak — "What am I doing in a place like this?"

Mr. Roast Beef — "What makes the chicken so special?"

Mr. Ham Burger — "When I'm on special, people just keep grabbing at me."

Mr. Cho Lent — "I'm a bunch of left overs, thrown together into one big pot."

As Mr. Breast of Veal aptly summed up the whole situation — "Where's my braccoli?"

OH NO!!!

Weight Watching Woes

Breakfast:

Coffee — Stimulates and enervates the brain so that one must stay awake even during 9:00 a.m. classes.

Cottage Cheese — For the typical dieter. One bite and it kills your appetite for the day.

Grapefruit — If it kills the fat, where are all of Stern's Twig-gies?

Pancakes — Have a tire in your tank?

Farmer Cheese and a Slice of White Bread — One without the other? Ridiculous!

Lunch:

Spaghetti — If you're counting pennies instead of calories.

Isht — If you're counting calories instead of pennies!

Vegetarian Liver — You tell me what makes it taste like liver.

Cottage Cheese and Fresh Fruit — Straight from the Can to the CAN.

Jello — There's always room for Jello.

Tuna Fish — Oil and mayonnaise + mercury = one 30¢ scoop.

Milk — For contented cows.

Diet Soda — ?! — 12 calories per ounce — you figure it out.

Supper:

"The Special" — Breaded Bread.

Salad — Grass!

Lemon Meringue Pie — Dieters Delight!

Snack:

Brownies — At 2 a.m., NUTS to the diet!

Cake — Pick your poison.

Ice Cream — Are we "Milchig" yet?

Candy — When nothing's left.

Fruit — The last resort.

These are merely a few of the sociological and physiological implications of our survey.

Ten Were Undecided

All in all, prune was acclaimed victorious beyond a shadow of a doubt. Of the total 368 individuals questioned, 237 chose prune, 104 preferred poppy seed there were 17 write-in votes for apricot, and the remainder were undecided.

The most fascinating and intellectually stimulating section of the survey was the responses of the participants when asked why they chose their particular preference. One intelligent junior responded in favor of prune with the following statement: "because it's soft and mushy."

A serious-minded freshman

proposed an opposing viewpoint as she looked her surveyor in the eye and stammered coldly: "I like poppy **hamantaschen** and nothing you say will ever change my mind." We received a more mature response from one of our outstanding senior representatives: "I like prune because my mother likes it, my grandmother likes it, my uncles and aunts like it, and my sister hates it."

We were amazed at the decisiveness of the responses submitted by our highly opinionated participants. For example, a prominent sophomore expressed her feelings unequivocally as follows: "I really like poppy, but prune is very good, too. Actually, maybe apricot is my favorite, but I couldn't exactly tell you for sure . . ."