

THE ACORN

Published Monthly by Students of Drew University

VOLUME I

MADISON, N. J., DECEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 2



WINTER AT DREW FOREST

BROTHERS COLLEGE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS FROM NOW
(A Freshman's Dream)

Several weeks ago I had an extraordinary dream. (Between you and me, I am confident that it was the result of a Thanksgiving dinner). When I arrived in dreamland I was on a train in the middle west coming from - I don't know where, and heading for Madison, New Jersey. I looked and felt about forty-five years of age (I am only nineteen when I am awake). Of what had happened in those intermediate years I had no recollection but I did know that I was making my first trip to Brothers College since my graduation in '32.

The seat beside me was occupied by a young man who was returning to college after the Thanksgiving Recess. In the course of a conversation with him I mentioned Brothers College. The name caught his attention. He was acquainted with Brothers; in fact, he said, all college men were. I became filled with hungry interest, for, as dreams will have it, I had no recollection of having heard a word about the college since '32. "Yes," he said, "All we college men are interested in Brothers. This young college, the heart of Drew University, is one of the first magnitude. We have watched this college in its great adventure of fighting its way to leadership in scholastic achievements and are still watching it as it presses on, setting higher and higher standards of scholarship."

From this and more, for he spoke volumes about the debating team, which had made such a record the year before and which was making a greater impression than it ever had, about the glee club which had just returned from a tour of the country, and about many other collegiate activities in which Brothers College was shining - from this I knew that Brothers College had achieved success in its great adventure.

Early the next morning as I sped along in the Madison Express from Trenton, a college song drifted in from two cars ahead. I was as sure that I

heard the name "Brothers" in it as I am sure that I am awake now. I asked the gentleman by my side if he knew anything about the crowd which was singing that song. He said he was a business man from Madison and informed me that Brothers' football team had climaxed a first-class season by beating Penn in the last game of the year and that there were several students aboard who had stayed awhile in Philadelphia to celebrate.

Our train arrived at Madison as the sun peeped over the eastern horizon. I walked through the town which was much the same as twenty-five years before. There was one noticeable change, however. Some think this one change impressed me because of what Storck calls "the pressure of the affected state," - the lamp shades about the station were padlocked to the posts, the traffic signs were chained to the pavements and all the other signs were fastened tightly to something or other. But do not lay too much stress upon this, for my friend of the Madison Express assured me that the college boys did little damage about town.

The campus was extremely unfamiliar. As I beheld it in the early morning light, a lump came to my throat, for the inrush of memories I had expected to surge from the old well-known places did not come. Most of the places that had been dear to me were now either not there or not recognizable. The one great friend of my college days which could be recognized was the Forest, so I retired to the Forest to meditate.

As the sun rose, my spirits rose. Soon I gathered courage enough to return to the campus. The campus was now alive with students, for classes had just been dismissed. The scene did not give me the feeling of depression it had earlier in the morning. The old familiar atmosphere was there and after all it was the mental and moral atmosphere that had made the college. That familiar atmosphere of intellectual curiosity, of intimate companionship, and of selfless-

ness, that was the Brothers College of a quarter-century ago, and the Brothers College of my dream year, 1953.

The dream ended here but that is not the end of it for me; it has taken the form of a vision; it has become a challenge which appeals to all that is in me. It has haunted me until I have determined to do at least my part to make this dream a reality.

R. R. P.

THE SPIRIT OF DREW

Tune: St. Catherine

(Dedicated to President Ezra Squier Tipple)

Beneath the blue sky is our Drew,
Forest in peace, birds in song.
From morn to morn the sun is new.
From even to even stars sing
O God, save Alma Mater Drew!
Save her spirit of peace and song!

In a world of tumult is our Drew,
School of Prophets in Word of God.
From morn to morn our true faith grow.
From even to even we pray
O God, save Alma Mater Drew!
Save her spirit of devotion!

Where East and West meet is our Drew,
Kingdom of Yeshua-Messiah.
From morn to morn we learn to love.
From even to even we pray
O God, save Alma Mater Drew!
Save her spirit of truth and love!

Fritz Pyen, '28.

THE ACORN OF DREW UNIVERSITY

Published each month of the University
year by the students of Brothers College

Volume I	Madison, N. J.	December 1928	Number 2
Editorial Board			
Editor-in-chief - Robert Powell	Humor Editor - Franklin Carwithen		
Literary Editor - Chester Wilt	Business Manager - Murton Lonsdale		
News Editor - Misak Mugrdichian	Ass't Business Manager - Thomas Hastings		

As the Angels sang the song of peace
to the Shepherds of old;
As Lindberg carried the message of peace
to the nations of the world;
So the Acorn wishes you the blessings of peace
at this birthday season of the
great Prince of Peace.

HIGHWAYMEN?

No, the members of THE ACORN board are not highwaymen, altho you may have heard some one mumble as much. We didn't raise the price of THE ACORN to ten cents because we wanted to but because we had to. The cost of publishing the paper is much greater than we estimated when we "printed" the first issue.

Nevertheless, a dime is not much; you must scrape four or five of them together to get a meal; you need a pocketful to pay your way into a theater; your little brother or "her" little brother turns up his little nose at you when you give him one; you blush, or you should, when you drop one in the collection plate; but -- you can buy an ACORN with one.

In order to prove to you that we are not highwaymen and that we do have a heart we are going to sell you this issue and the next five for 40 cents. Furthermore, if you live on the campus we will deliver the copies to your very door.

If you haven't already subscribed, see any staff member and he will gladly receive your forty cents.

OUR "NEEDIEST CASE"

It was two nights before Thanksgiving. All the freshmen were assembled in the social rooms of Mead Hall. It was the first Frosh Party. The evening was a success until the spirit of the little crowd rose to the pitch which demands an outlet in song. The Freshmen groped for something to sing; they thought of a popular song but that would not do; they thought of the Drew hymns, but they did not meet the needs of the occasion. They wanted a Drew University Song, but there was none.

This was not the first time that this need had been felt. Whenever Drew men and women get together to have a good time they feel the lack of a Drew University Song. We need a Drew Song! Dr. Hough in one of his lectures said, "If you want to be worthwhile, find a need, then fill that need." Here is a need, who will fill it?

The pity of it is that we have poets in our midst and still we need a university song. Come, you modest bards, tuck your notebooks under your arm, take a stroll out into the Forest and bring us back a Drew University Song -

That we can sing when we are blue,
That we can sing when we are gay.
That we can sing to dear old Drew,
That we can sing o'er all life's way.

THE PICTURE ON THE COVER

THE ACORN is indebted to Dr. Mark W. Brown of the Department of Psychology for the picture on our cover page. Thank you, Dr. Brown.

CAPITALIZING TIME

We have but one chance at time. To waste it is to lose it forever. To use it wisely while we have the most of it will save our yesterdays from regrets, our todays from frets and our tomorrows from anxieties. That will make life safe, sane and hopeful.

-F. Watson Hannan.

FACULTY LADIES' RECEPTION

On a date which I have forgotten, but which the Acorn staff will probably insert here (November 22nd), occurred the first reception for the students given by the wives of the faculty. The entertainment of the evening furnished by the hidden talent of the student body (it still is, by the way), was put off as long as possible by the business of the receiving line, but finally it had to be gone through with. One rumor had it that the delay was caused by a frantic search for the plot, which had been mislaid, but our reporter had it straight from the man who shines the shoes of the villain's tailor's best friend that he was told he had been told he told him he had seen no plot in the first place, as far as he could tell. At least, so he said he told him.

While the search for the plot was proving futile, however, Miss Soper killed her wife in a storm, to the delight of all. While Miss Soper's gesticulation was a trifle stilted in spots, yet in range, purity, tone, pitch, and resonance her execution was full of range, purity, tone, pitch, and resonance, and she showed a delicate appreciation of the more subtle nuances of emotion. (New York papers pay for this sort of thing.)

After the death of Miss Soper's wife, that sterling team, Bittner and Ensor, rendered in dialogue more or less extemporaneous an impersonation of two lunatics, an impersonation too realistic not to cast the shadow of a doubt on either their standing as strict amateurs or their - oh well, it was very good.

The plot having finally been given up, the main bout of the evening got under way, amid truly Shakespearean scenery. No review of this length can hope to give any true study of the character development or emotional crises registered in the opera; suffice it to say that the interpretation and vocalization were rather remarkable. The high spot came in the third scene, when Lon Chaney entered disguised as Gene Fowler, whereupon the villain snatched off the disguise and told the audience, "He's not Lon Chaney; he's Harry Folger."

The bill of the play follows:

Villain - -	Pierce
Duke - -	Whiteman
Dukess - -	Miss Soper
Duckling - -	Mrs. King
Sister - -	Miss Mitschke
Gargoyle - -	Krug
Footlights -	Reid, Griffith, Warner
Everything else -	Folger

The first scene preceded the second, and the second took place immediately after the first; both were laid out on the same spot. The performance was given at no expense to the audience (pecuniary, that is), the cover charge being taken care of by Storey and Williams.

After the performance, refreshments were served through the kindness of the ladies of the faculty. And may we here speak a serious word for a change, in recognition and appreciation of the interest in and thought for the students shown by these ladies in this reception, and especially of the *deus ex machina* of the entire evening. This latter would deny any effort or responsibility on her part, but the manifest success of the evening is due largely to her, and for her the students did what they could. She would not care to be thus recognized, and as her husband is Assistant Treasurer, we must respect her wishes.

P.S. Miss Soper denies that her gesticulation was stilted; she says she did not even wear one.

J. C. G.

THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

The visit of Santa Claus to Drew Forest on December 17th will be reported in the next issue with an account of the jolly frolic of the evening.

Thursday, December 20th will mark the date of the annual Carol Sing at the Professors' houses. Everyone is urged to keep this date free from other appointments in order that they might take part in the Holiday Spirit.

DREW UNIVERSITY INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1928-1929

Date	Teams	Date	Teams
Dec. 19	- Middlers vs. Juniors	Feb. 6	- Seniors vs. Juniors
Jan. 9	- Post Grads. vs. Frosh	" 13	- Middlers vs. Frosh
" 16	- Seniors vs. Middlers	" 20	- Post Grads vs. Juniors
" 23	- Juniors vs. Frosh	" 27	- Seniors vs. Frosh
" 30	- Post grads vs. Middlers		

There is no charge for admission to any of the games and everyone is urged to come out to support his team.

COLLEGE FRESHMEN HOLD PARTY

It was on Tuesday, November 27th that the Freshmen of Brothers College held their first Prom. In the light of the fact that it was the first in the history of the College, those present agree that it was a success. Young ladies from the neighboring villages were invited and they added their share to the friendly spirit. The hosts, guests and chaperones frolicked in the social rooms of Mead Hall just before the Thanksgiving recess. The fellowship, the richness of the rooms, the games, and refreshments all made the evening an enjoyable one.

BROTHERS COLLEGE BECOMES CO-EDUCATIONAL

Last Friday, the Freshmen of Brothers College rejoiced for a time at the fact that they would have a co-ed for a classmate, but their hopes were frustrated on the following Sunday after church time. A fox-terrioreess followed one of the Frosh all the way from the village up to the campus and for a while things looked bright in the way of having a friendly dog as a mascot. It was quickly decided to call her "Co-ed" and for two days and two nights she put up in one of the spare rooms of the dormitory. All went well until Sunday when one of the Frosh took her to Sunday School. It seems that Co-ed did not like the Christian spirit showed her that morning. Someone thought it wise to put her out of the room, and out went Co-ed. That night a search-party was sent out to hunt her up but so far the hunt has been in vain. Anyone seeing a dog they think might fit the description of Co-ed is urged to bring her back to this fair haven.

FRESHMAN DEBATING TEAM IN FULL SWING

The Freshmen of Brothers College have not been idle in forming extra-curricular activities. Besides having a basketball team and a staff of editors for the "Acorn" they boast of a debating team which promises to set high standards for the coming classes either to maintain or improve. The team has as its critic, Professor George W. Briggs. The officers are the following: E. Franklin Carwithen, Chairman; and Robert R. Powell, Secretary. The team members are E. Franklin Carwithen, John Franzen, Thomas Hastings, Misak K. Mugrdichian, Robert R. Powell, and Chester C. Wilt.

S.W.B. COLUMN

A true mental and spiritual uplift is always present in the fellowship of our Tuesday Evening Prayer Circle. In a recent service, Dr. Buck gave us the beautiful message on the "Works of Jesus." It reminds us again of that Ideal toward which we are striving.

We are always happy to have the ladies of Embury join our circle.

Our dormitory is quite in keeping with the holiday season. We are truly grateful for the very bright and cheery aspect the rooms have taken on after their redecorating.

Miss Lord: Is it true that your class last Friday afternoon took part in a real Dramatic scene in the Administration Building?

Miss Dill: Oh, yes. We all died (dyed) and Miss Edland seemed quite pleased.

S.W.B.:

Jolly Old Saint Nicholas
Has leaned his ear this way
So we will let him tell you
Just what we're trying to say.

Saint Nicholas:

"Christmas time is coming soon
With joyful greetings true,
And all the girls of S.W.B.
Send a Merry Xmas to you!"

M. A. H.

SPECIAL HELP WANTED

FOR STAGING

A GRANDSTAND FINISH

At the time this paper goes to press the total amount subscribed toward the \$700 goal of our Missionary Campaign is \$664.50. We may justly be proud of that record. But with the goal so near in sight, it would be lamentable to quit and leave the task unfinished. Both for our own satisfaction in doing thoroughly what we start out to do, and to secure recognition on the title page of the literature we are providing for, we ought to come squarely over the goal. In order to do this it is necessary to make the following proposition to those who have already pledged - that each of them, in so far as he feels able, should make an additional pledge. Fifty such pledges, averaging one dollar, will take us over the goal with a little margin as a contingency fund.

The opportunity is before us to make a grandstand finish before Christmas vacation. It will be a happier season for us if we do. Just clip the slip below, fill in all the data if you desire regular World Service credit, attach it to your new pledge, and leave it at the desk in the library. The home stretch is just before us. All the Spanish and Portuguese-speaking world is in the grandstand, cheering for a final spurt. Can we do it?

A word about payments. We have promised those to whom we are sending the money that it will all be paid in before January 19th. If you have not already paid up your pledge, will you help keep the promise?

I promise to pay, on or before January 18, 1929, to the Drew Missionary Fund for Latin America, the sum of _____ dollars.

Name -

Charge -

District -

Conference -

WEDNESDAY PUBLIC LECTURES

AUTHOR OF "SHODDY" SPEAKS AT DREW

The Rev. Dan B. Brummitt, D.D., L.H.D., of the Class of 1902, Editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate and well known author and lecturer, spoke to the students of Drew University on Wednesday afternoon, November 21st, in the Chapel. The topic on which he spoke was "Incidental Reading."

In his lecture, he gave the following resolutions which he said he would make if he were a theological student again:

- 1- "I will not encourage any tendency to become an authority on simply one great literary figure to the exclusion of a wider intellectual outlook.
 - 2- "I will be a child again and I will remember the books which from time to time touched off something new in me and opened new doors into unsuspected rooms in my imaginative life.
 - 3- "I will take the consequences of what I read, the scientific, theological, and spiritual consequences.
 - 4- "I will not try to read everything but I will try to get something out of the world's supremely great stories.
 - 5- "I will beware of the snobbery of provincialism.
 - 6- "I will let myself seek the luxury of books which will allow me to identify myself with the hero.
 - 7- "I will not under any stress of temptation read with one eye on the book and the other eye on my next Sunday sermon."
- "Guide your interests in such a way that your readings will lead you to great things," were his parting words.

DR. HOUGH DELIVERS ANNUAL LECTURES ON PREACHING

The Rev. Lynn Harold Hough, D.D., Th.D., LL.D., of the Class of 1905, now pastor of the American Presbyterian Church of Montreal, delivered his ninth annual series of lectures on Preaching on December 4th, 5th, and 6th in the University

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Chapel. His subject was "Preaching as an Adventure."

In the first lecture on "Preaching as an Adventure with Words" Dr. Hough declared that every great sentence is either a door to the reality of which it is the symbol or if it is misused, an idolatrous sign which is taken as a substitute for the symbol.

In the second lecture "Preaching as an Adventure with Ideas" he outlined the twelve ideas which have become a part of our Western Civilization and which a preacher should keep in mind as he plans his year's sermons: Unity, Multiplicity of experiences, Change as being a deity, Causalities, Consistency, Relationships, Platonism, Hegelian Dialectic, Personality, Behavior, Critical Idea, and Government.

"It is the preacher's duty to furnish the minds of his people," he said in the third lecture "Preaching as an Adventure with Ideals." "Some of these furnishings are the ideals of Goodness, Beauty, a friendly society, the full-orbed individual, God, and Immortality."

The fourth lecture "Preaching as an Adventure with People" brought home the importance of the preacher's knowledge of the mind and the heart of his congregation as well as the necessity of his respect and love for his congregation.

The final lecture "Preaching as a Spiritual Adventure" emphasized the fact that there is no religion without God. The goal of a great religion is God, who alone directs people to the everlasting life.

DR. GOODELL LECTURES ON EVANGELISM

"The increase in membership of the Christian Churches in America is not keeping pace with the increase in population," declared the Rev. Charles LeRoy Goodell, D.D., in his series of three lectures on Evangelism on Wednesday and Thursday, December 12th and 13th. Dr. Goodell is Executive Secretary of the Commission on Evangelism of the Federal Council of Churches and he has been a special lecturer on Evangelism at Drew since 1918.

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Dr. Goodell in his lecture on "The Evangelistic History and Challenge of Methodism" compared the change in the methods and the temper and spirit of Methodism.

In speaking on "The Man Who Would Save the World" he declared that social service programs without Christ had proven complete failures. "You can't get far," he said, "in teaching men to love each other unless you also teach them to love God. A vital Christian faith must furnish the dynamic for all our ventures in social service."

In Dr. Goodell's last lecture he spoke of the responsibility of the clergy in each of its three functions as priest, pastor, and prophet.

ALUMNI NOTES

DR. SHERMAN G. PITT DIES

The death of the Rev. Sherman Grant Pitt, D.D., superintendent of the Trenton District of the New Jersey Conference, on Sunday, December 9, came as a real shock to the scores of Drew students who knew and loved him. Dr. Pitt was born 64 years ago at Canton, N. Y. He was a graduate of the Potsdam Normal School, Rutgers University and Drew, graduating from this institution in 1891. After serving many important charges he was appointed District Superintendent in 1925. Dr. Pitt was deeply interested in Drew and served as President of the Drew Alumni Association in 1926-1927. He is survived by Mrs. Pitt and two sons, both graduates of Drew, the Rev. John Lawrence Pitt, '20, of Trenton, and the Rev. Malcolm Slack Pitt, '25 of Jubbulpore, India.

BISHOP MCCONNELL ELECTED PRESIDENT OF FEDERAL COUNCIL

At the annual meeting of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America held in Rochester during the week of December 5th, the Reverend Bishop Francis J. McConnell, D.D., LL.D., of New York City, was elected president of the Council, succeeding the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. The term of office is four years.

BOOKS

America Comes of Age. A French Analysis, by Andre Siegfried.
New York, Harcourt Brace & Co., 1927

Here is a book to get angry over. This keen-eyed French observer is a gadfly to torment the complacent. It is a painful thing to be made "to see ourself's as others see us," though a salutary experience if endured in a spirit of humility. Yet our ways are not his ways, and while clearing our vision by his insight, we are not necessarily to give up the values he mocks with his sly cynicism.

The varying races, cultures and religions in the United States are characterized in detail and with insight. America is still dominantly Protestant, he holds, yet here is a people "who feel themselves betrayed from within" by the floods of European culture. The melting-pot idea and the benevolent welcome to the foreigner are gone, and Protestantism is striking blundering blows at a menace it but vaguely understands. In the spirit of Mencken and Lewis, Dr. Siegfried looks at Prohibition, the Color Problem, Race Consciousness, Immigration, the Klan, Native American Ideals and the industrial and political situation.

As a clear-cut sketch of current social and religious group movements and attitudes this book is admirable. The author writes with little heat, as a detached observer. We are not so situated. One in the thick of everyday living in America must take sides. It is possible, though, to take sides with a fairly clear vision. This book will help deliver us from the smug assurance that our beliefs and attitudes are without question the last word in a philosophy of living. Mass-production, Rotary, Athletics, Science, all our American obsessions, may, after all, be Greeks bearing gifts. Critically to estimate and constructively to revise one's prejudices and ideals is to grow in wisdom and

mental stature and in favor with God and man. This book is a good introduction to such a course in self-criticism.

-Harry Jason Smith.

THUMB-NAIL REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

1. The Interpretation of Religion. By John Baillie. Scribners, 1928. \$4.00
One of the year's best books in the Philosophy of Religion.
2. The Motives of Men. By George Albert Coe. Scribners, 1928. \$2.25
Know thyself. And here's how.
3. Exploring Your Mind. By A. E. Wiggam. Bobbs-Merrill, 1928.
The press-agent of science ballyhoos for the psychologists.
4. The Unintentional Charm of Men. By Frances Lester Warner
An intriguing title. Sprightly, clever essays.
5. Historic Roadsides in New Jersey. Published by the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New Jersey.
This book and a Ford are all the materials needed for a laboratory course in Colonial history. The Library will loan you the book.
6. Propaganda. By Edward L. Bernays. Horace Liveright, N. Y. \$2.50
How your mind is made up for yet.
7. The Sceptered Flute. Songs of India. By Sarojini Naidu. Dodd, Mead, N. Y. \$3.00
The author is one of the two greatest living Hindus. She writes poetry of unbelievable beauty.
8. The Creative Intelligence and Modern Life. By Francis J. McConnell and others. University of Colorado, Denver. \$2.00
Essays on religion, philosophy, science and art in relation to modern life.
9. Beneath Tropic Seas. By William Beebe. Putnam, N. Y. \$2.50
If you are an arm-chair adventurer you are bound to be Beebe's devoted companion after the reading of a single volume.
10. The Jesuit Enigma. By E. Boyd Barrett. Horace Liveright, 1927.
Dr. Barrett was a Jesuit who was put out of the order for his "free-thinking." Those interested in Church History should read this.

GIVE A CHILD A LIBRARY CARD AND YOU HAVE PLACED THE WORLD

AT HIS FEET

"SUCH KIND'A PEOPLE"

Ben Smith:- It certainly was noisy on the third floor last night.

Wilt:- Why I didn't hear any noise after I went to bed.

Abraham Jr.:-Vater, I dreamed last night that you gave me a dime.

Vater:- Abraham, if you promise to be good this week I'll let you keep that dime.

A little boy was selling newspapers and yelling as he sold - "Great Swindle - sixty victims."

An old grouch stopped to buy one and after looking over the headlines growled - "I don't see anything about it in this paper."

"Great swindle," shouted the youth even more loudly, "Sixty-one victims."

Bill:- Yep, I had a beard like yours once, and when I realized how it looked, I cut it off.

Sill:- Well, I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't cut it off, I grew a beard.

Last week one of the Frosh was bawled out by a teacher for not answering.

Student:- But I shook my head.

Teacher:- Well you don't expect me to hear the rattle way up here, do you?

Some genius at compiling facts has said that the Graf Zeppelin is 80 stories long, or as long as it takes the waiters in the lunch room to serve coffee.

"Ah heahs yo' am an aviator's assistant. What does yo' have to do?"

"In case we loses de propeller, Ah has to sit out in front an swing mah arms aroun'."

Munn:- They do some mighty funny things in this lunch room. The other day one of the fellows poured syrup down his neck and scratched his pancakes.

Hofer:- That's nothing, one at my table poured ketchup on his shoelaces and tied bow knots in his spaghetti.

Anthony (Ass't to the Chef) says he would use the dirt from the potato bags if it weren't so hard to season.

Doctor:- I'm afraid I have bad news for you. You will never be able to work again.

Smith:- Whadda you mean, bad news?

Frosh:- Some of these Chinese names sound like Swiss Yodels.

? :- They have nothing on Mugrdichian.

Tom:- Mack, where are you going with that candle?

Mack:- I'm going to the library to read.