

The Drew Acorn

Volume IV

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Number 3

The Spring Festival

Reading Week over, April rapidly drawing to a close, the trees and lawns ore the campus returning to their natural green...and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts...of better things. This weekend brings the climax to the social functions of the College, the Spring Festival. The social committee after their long hibernation during the Lenten period returns to their duties with one final fling. And from all indications, if we read the signs aright, the event is going to be a lively affair.

The weekend program commences on Friday morning with the "Award Chapel Service," details of which will be found elsewhere in this paper.

Friday evening brings us the Spring Formal. This year the affair will be held in Baldwin Hall. Elaborate preparations have been made to transform the sedate hall into a veritable garden of color. Various tinted lights, plants, and other floral decorations will add a touch of spring to the general scene. For music the committee has arranged to have Mr. Frank Rhoades present his Society Orchestra. The orchestra is well-known in this part of New Jersey and the 'harmony gliders' ought to be well satisfied. Dancing begins at eight-thirty and finishes at one o'clock. The dancing program has not been announced as yet, but no doubt, the intermission will come around eleven-thirty, at which time a light repast will be served in the foyer. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Tolley and Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lankard are to be the guests of honor. Patrons and patronesses will be Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Briggs and Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Jones.

Saturday, Spring Day, is marked by the moving up exercises which usually is a humorous affair. No classes until ten o'clock but at that hour the required C. C. course for the Frosh will go on a field trip conducted by Professor Corrington. The trip will be of suitable nature so as to afford an enjoyable expedition for those members of the 'fair sex' who care to do some tramping through the forest. Dr. Corrington was famous at Syracuse for his co-ed field trips.

Unfortunately the baseball schedule could not be rearranged as hoped, to permit a game on the campus on Saturday afternoon. However, President and Mrs. Brown have most graciously offered to entertain the students and their partners with an informal tea, at their home during the latter part of the afternoon. Dinner will be served in the Dining hall at six, special arrangements being made for the guests who expect to attend.

The gala affairs come to a close on Saturday evening when an informal dance, sponsored by the united classes, will be held in the college building. An excellent orchestra has been obtained for the dancing which will run from eight until twelve. No special program has been arranged for Sunday.

Through the extreme kindness of the faculty members and their wives, most of the visiting guests will be entertained in their homes during the weekend. Among those present will be: Miss Elaine Rushmore, Madison; Miss Gertrude Perkins, Miss Sylvia Newmark, Morristown; Miss Agnes McGuire, Miss Jean Webster, Summit; Miss Marie Carlson, West Orange; Miss Jane Fretz, Bloomfield; Miss Helen Follmer, Caldwell; Miss E. Orr, Rockaway; Miss Harriette Stull, Pratt Institute, N. Y.; Miss Sherlie Eadie, Flushing, N. Y.; Miss Ruth Motiska, Scranton, Penna.; Miss Anna Patton, Wilkes Barre, Penna.; Miss Mabel Campbell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Betty Klock, Mr. Laurence Blerds, Cornell.

Lo, a man with his head screwed on aright—Prof. Guy.

Senior Banquet

Many of us who were torn from our classes to eat supper at 5 o'clock on Thursday evening, April 23, wonder just what took place on the battle field two hours later. The cloudy day suggested decorations of encouraging beauty. Each table bore down the center a rainbow of crepe paper. Tiny rainbows informed the guests of their respective locations for a very pleasant evening. However, it is not all gold that glitters. To our sorrow we discovered that the yellow objects in the "pot of gold" cups at the end of each "rainbow place-card", were only peanuts. The room was very tastily decorated with ferns and jonquils and delicately lighted by candles and faculty members. We were without doubt in a proper atmosphere to entertain the delicious menu which followed. After the invocation, by Dr. W. J. Thompson, we began to satisfy our time seasoned appetites.

The Menu consisted of grapefruit, olives and radishes, cream of tomato soup, half of a broiled chicken and currant jelly, asparagus-hollandaise, potato au gratin, Parker House rolls, stuffed celery salad with mayonnaise, rainbow ice cream and assorted cakes, mints and puts, and demitasse to keep us awake during the speeches—but it wasn't needed.

It was difficult to realize that we were actually in Drew dining room, but the angelic atmosphere was preserved by the presence of the wings on each half chicken.

At this point in the events, added illumination was produced and, interspersed by characteristic bits of humor by our toastmaster, Mr. Middleton, the program proceeded as follows:

Vocal solo (and encore)..... Mr. James Brasher accompanied by Mrs. Gordon Archibald
Welcome by the President of the class of 1931.....

.....Mr. Lowell Ensor
Saultation by the President of the University.....

.....Dr. Arlo Ayres Brown
Solo, Musical Saw Mr. Robert Coward
Address by our guest speaker Dr. Henry Howard, pastor of the 5th Ave. Presbyterian Church of New York

Vocal solo Mr. Brasher
Greetings from Dr. Hulme

Benediction Professor Frank G. Lankard

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the entire evening. Humor was not at a premium and useful admonitions were in abundance. It was easy to discover what Mr. Ensor was "driving at", and by his usual dignity he made everyone welcome—and by discerning foresight, he touched a note that rings a challenge for our ministry.

Dr. Howard carried to a convincing conclusion the suggestions of our President and interestingly encouraged us to put "first things first". Out of the spectrum that made our decorations he selected the fundamental colors and likened them to the fundamentals of life: Faith, Hope, and Love. He told us of a watch he once owned that was both calendar and almanac when he kept it properly set for its fundamental purpose of keeping time. He urged us to keep our lives set upon the fundamental business of saving souls. It was a rare privilege to have with us, and to hear, such men as Dr. Howard and Dr. Hulme.

Among the honored guests were Dr. and Mrs. Brown, Dr. Henry Howard, Dr. Hulme, his wife and daughter, Dr. Christopher North, and other members of the faculty.

The 'Drew Song Book' now being assembled by Dr. Carl Price, which originally was planned to be a volume of about a hundred pages, will have to be enlarged if the excellent pieces continue to arrive in such great numbers. The Acorn is offering a prize in money for the best composition submitted.

Dickinson Boys Visit Drew

A week ago Tuesday evening, a very unique debate took place in the Graduate building of our University when two Dickinson students and two Drew students debated the question, "Resolved: that the several states shall enact legislation providing for compulsory unemployment insurance, to which the employer shall contribute." The form of the debate was quite unusual, whereby a Dickinson and a Drew man debated on each side of the question. This split-team form of debating is a fairly new innovation in the forensic world, and has only risen to popularity this past winter.

The order of those who spoke was as follows: Arthur Whitney of Drew, first Affirmative; W. F. Reinfort of Dickinson, first negative; Dehaven C. Woodcock of Dickinson, second affirmative, and John R. Lennon of Drew, second affirmative. C. Woodcock of Dickinson, second negative. The constructive speeches were 15 minutes in length, with the rebuttals of three-minute duration.

The Affirmative argued that unemployment insurance is necessary since there will always be unemployed because of technological improvements, seasonal occupations, and business cycles, that unemployment insurance is an economically sound principal, justified in action, that unemployment insurance will tend to lessen unemployment because it will stimulate industry toward checking it, and that industry can afford it.

On the other hand the Negative opposed unemployment insurance most fervently because unemployment insurance is impracticable since it has failed in five states, because unemployment insurance does not get at the causes of unemployment, dealing with effects rather, because unemployment insurance is merely a dole dressed up, because it will lead to more unemployment through its influence on the cost of production, and finally because the employer and the employee do not want it.

Mr. Whitney, who gave the rebuttal for the Affirmative, very capably met the arguments of the Negative and gained a decision for his team of 13-10 from the audience. The debate from the beginning until the very end was unusually close-knitted and interesting. Both teams showed a great deal of cooperative team work. For the success of our team, the entire credit goes to Professor Norman Guy who so faithfully and painstakingly coached the Drew team.

With this debate over, the last of the season, we turn toward the future. Next year lies before us with its multitude of possibilities. What we shall do next year in forensic circles will no doubt have a great deal toward deciding our debating mores for several years. If you have ever debated or feel that you have the least ability along this line, why not come out for the squad next fall?

Browning Club

The Browning Club has elected new officers. Practically one of the highest honors that can be bestowed on this campus is now enjoyed by the well-known senior (Seminary) Mr. Ralph S. Robinson, who holds office as President. Mr. Robinson succeeds J. W. Broyles, a graduate student.

The other officers are as follows:
Vice-President Lynn Hough Corson
Secretary Quincy Verlin Amberson
Historian Harry Fulmer

Once a member of the club one always enjoys this distinction. An Alumni meeting will be held in New York City on May twelfth, in conjunction with the Senior Party which is given in honor of the dear departing. This will end the program of the Browning Club for this year.



THE DREW ACORN

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Welcome Sweet Damsels

A student is apt, after a spell of keeping his nose on the grindstone during a Reading week, to take the printed word seriously. A meddler myself with the 'copy,' it never occurs to me that anyone might read my own carefully chiseled phrases and say, "Isn't that nice?" "Is it True?" or "What of it?" Especially after the Staff appalled at the philosophical heaviness of our 'exchanges' decided the best way to improve the paper was to relegate my literature to this column, where they thought, only the enlightened glance, and this being a college no one but the copyreader would have to suffer.

And so this evening—my passion for truth makes me refrain from saying the other day, because it wasn't the other day though it will be when this appears—I read, among other things on the woman's page (bibliography by Corner) an "article" as they call them, by Dorothy Dix. It was entitled, "Do Women Want to be Petted?" and, with my habit of answering every question, philosophic or not, that it put to me, I said, "No," and added, with a revealing candor that I use in meditation, "Not much."

But as I started out to say, on behalf of the whole College the 'Acorn' desires to extend their heartiest welcome to those charming members of the 'younger set' who have been lucky enough to inveigle some innocent lad to render the necessary invite to make 'merrie' at the Spring Formal, or weekend, as the formality usually wears off after the first evening. We sincerely hope you will fully enjoy yourself at the various functions and at their close have many pleasant memories of an enjoyable weekend on the Drew Campus. We are well aware of the fact that it is your presence here for these few days that compensates to no small extent for the hours of laborious toil. The fervid activity of the Committee has been startling to behold, and we are quite sure that nothing has been left undone to make the Promenade and the following informal dances a social success—if pre-arranged details effect such. (applause) But really too much laudation can not be showered upon them for a committee that functions once a year must have a terrible time getting up steam.

It only seems right that you be cautioned concerning a few things you will encounter no doubt while meandering over the campus. First there is the monkey, don't stand too near the cage because one of his greatest delights is biting little girls' fingers; just a cute little trick he picked up since he came to Brothers. However in all other respects he is a Jolson, a Cantor, a Cook and a Zip all rolled up into one being a barrel of fun. Secondly, 'please use the paths'—you may have to stop every two yards and remove the cinders from your slippers but 'give the boys a break'. However don't think for a moment that it is a student trick, goodness no. It seems the Superintendent of the Grounds and Buildings became sick of filling-in donkey tracks—hence the signs. In the third place, don't be too anxious to visit that famous Drew dining hall—or you are liable to come to understand

why we use Cassius as a model and possess that 'lean and hungry look'. And finally, be careful of the boys. As Miss Dix would say the only man to trust is the one who often quotes: "I would not love thee half as much Loved I not honor more....."

and it seems the proper thing to inform you that at the recent meeting of the Student Council, as a result of student pressure, it was necessary to disband the Honor System. It seems that some of the students didn't know what the word meant and those who read the dictionary maintained 'honor to themselves came first, last, and always.' (That's the good old Christian spirit.)

Now to sum up the several points: Welcome, enjoy yourself, and take home an 'Acorn.'

"Terpsichore Be Praised"

Terpsichore! thou Grecian Muse of dance and song
But herald forth thy lyric voice
And summon patrons of thy choice,
To offer up ecstatic praises of thine art.
Ay, wend thy graceful form through silky, fleec-ed sky,
And in each maiden's heart instill,
The yearning zest to do thy will,
In tripping off fantastic praises of thine art.
Till early morn, thou'lt hover near. Oh leave us not,
Till waning moon has faded white,
Into the hazy blue of night,
And bid us rest—to dream the praises of thine art.

John R. Lennon

Julian, The Missing Link

Onto the Campus, Sir Julian came,
Determined to find the road to fame.
No tests to take nor exams to pass,
He readily joined the Freshman class.
So wise did he look with his knowing wink,
He almost got by without wearing a dink.
Full many an hour did he spend in the Lab—
His will was determined but his memory was bad.
So there he sat and tried hard to think.
What had become of the missing link?
If only that thread he could but unwind,
He'd have the lead on all of mankind.
All about him were such kindly folks,
Talking gayly and playing jokes,
Till out of the cage and toward his door,
There came a snake as from Eden's lore.
Then into the corner poor Julian ran
Crouching and trembling just like a man.
In this awe-filled moment the key was found;
He'd leapt into manhood with one swift bound.
And thus at Brothers, they proved this fact,
You're man or monkey just as you act.

Dere Editor,

I aint no hand ter du much letter writin' a tall but wen i seed yore papur i sez tu myself, sez i, thir hear yong fellur em purty rambunctious. Fur won thing, his papur hez shifted its stile an its ballast is diffrunt from what it wuz wen i seed it last. Hits ben changin efer sence lik hen what has had its hed cut off.

I allus thot an editor allus had ter deddykate hiz writin' ter sum won, lik as tho it wuz ter hiz siveerist kritick or ter hiz deerli beluvid wif, darter, or sweetheart. Wul, i spoze a yong collge fellur dont git ter wife hiz deerli beluvid until he gits out an heed be embarrst, i callate, ter due thet. But wy dont yeu deddykate yore papur ter thes hear gallivantin shindig yore goin ter hav? Or mebbi too them pore yong, frosh fellurs yue cal em, who is goin ter git most killed frum fall in out or them treetops wher thay wuz retreatin tew?

Wel theses jist a surgestion an i reckon it wont mak ani diffrence but anwal hits ben mi plasure tur writ ter yer an heres hopin yue an yore gal hav a fin tim galootin round at thes big dans.

Respekfulli yores,

Herbert Hoover

A visiting clergyman at Drew once asked President Brown just how long he ought to speak at Chapel.

"Oh, there's no set rule", replied Dr. Brown, "but there's a tradition here at Drew that no sould are saved after the first ten minutes."

Nouveaux Livres

My dear readers, in order that this column might have a little of the spice of variety, I have chosen on this occasion to suggest to you some books which are seldom heard of in library circles. These are indeed very rare books; and, after a great deal of careful reading, I have succeeded in reviewing them, although the texts of them are often very difficult to understand. After you have looked over these few hasty notes on them, you may desire to read a few of the originals for yourself. If so, you will find them on the closed reserve of the new book shelf.

One of the finest and most interesting of these manuscripts is "The Monk steps out" by Lapwet Crisco Colvin. This book is a remarkable study of the 'missing link' and some of its human traits. Dr. Colvin has spent a great deal of his life on this study, having lived in an environment which is most conducive to a study of this kind. The scientific world will, no doubt, greet this book with a hearty welcome, because of the sympathetic exactness with which the author has worked out the details. By all means, you should read "The Monk steps out." It will keep you going for days. (The author is quite long-winded)

The next book that I want to suggest to you for your light reading is quite different in subject matter. It is a very interesting debate which has been written up by Louisiana Jones. The debate itself is called "College Library vs. Yankee Stadium", and it is a rather long analysis of a problem which has been troubling several of our Drew students this past week. However, should you read this debate, I would advise you not to read it very critically. The Affirmative case is rather poorly drawn and should not be considered the whole of the argument. In the first place, it is the feeling of the reviewer that the author has had insufficient experience with the subject of the affirmative to write with comprehensive understanding. Perhaps, the debate would have been more equalized, had Jones selected someone else who knows a little more about "the College Library" to write up the Affirmative. However, psychologically speaking, the book will afford interest to many of the Drew students.

"Quityabellakrin" is a most unusual translation of the original Sanskrit by Faulkner Lewis, who has long been a very firm pursuer of this study. Somehow or other, one can not help but feel that the author has put his whole self into this work. As the poet would say, "It hath the sound and odor of the sage". The title itself is derived from an ancient Hindu custom. The author very carefully portrays the vividness of this custom in words and every-day expressions which convey very effectively what most critics feel to be the original spirit of the culture norm. This book will be most amusing and helpful for many Drew students. Read it through!

By this time, you may have already noticed a brilliant red book glaring forth from the shelf. This book is none other than the much talked about "Life in Convent" by Seymour Stewart. Having gathered first hand data on the subject as a result of several years of actual living among the natives, the author has been able to put over his material in a style that it invigorating and stimulating. As Trotsky would say, "It hath the breath of intimate connection." It is indeed, quite refreshing to read a book that contains so many true hair-raising tales, which were actually experienced by the author. If you love thrills, you want to read it.

There are a great many more books, I would like to point out to you, but the editor tells me that I must not be too long this time, since there is so much news to put in. But before signing off, allow me to suggest a few in closing. These include "The Major or the Minor Profits" by Prof. Yankhard, an economic treatise on the financial background of the Drew Student, "The Evolution of the Dative Case" by Technal Horace Lonsdale, the culmination of a twenty year scientific research, and one which I know everyone will be interested in, "The Day the World Ended" by Miss May Twentyfirst.

All of these books, my dear readers, I strongly recommend for any such browsing students over the week-end of the Spring Formal. I trust you will enjoy them.

Hugo N. Frye

Colvin (college tailor)—Eurpides.
Robinson—Yah. Eumenades.

La Grande Finale

Sprawled on the davenport listening to the epheral harmonies (jazz) issuing from the radio (??) in Rogers House, I lay, pondering long hours over the engrossing subject of what is behind the beyond; I found myself experiencing an odd sensation—like slipping off into nothingness, borne along on nothingness in the direction of nothingness. It was comparable to the consumption of the grand an' glorious feeling, or to the thirteenth breath of laughing gas taken in the dentist's chair. This sensation continued until I gradually became accustomed to it. Then I realized—I was dead. And to save further description, as you would expect, I arrived at the Golden Gate.

St. Peter looked skeptical when I failed to produce the admission ticket. But I had crashed many a gate in my day and without thinking I pulled the old, never-failing gag, "I'm from Drew."

"Oh, yeah", that surly gate-keeper ejaculated, "Well, I've let in too many questionable spirits all ready who have claimed to be from that place. You'll have to prove it!"

Thereupon I said, "Why I used to live in Rogers House! You know, the house where the famous Dr. Robert W. Rogers used to live." At that moment the pearly gate opened and that Reverend soul came out and greeted me.

"All right, you stay," announced my interlocutor; "But perhaps you would like to remain here with me a bit. I see that according to the Beulah Land Daily Bugle, a whole group is heading this way now." Peering far out into the gloom I discerned a huge billowy cloud drifting towards us. When it came closer my companion exclaimed, "It looks like smoke!"

"It is smoke," said I. And lo, behold, the cloud stopped.

"So!" remarked a voice in the midst of the cloud, which started rolling upwards, revealing a large body of nothingness, for nothingness gentle reader is the stuff of which ghosts are made. More clouds of smoke rolled around; the ghost was puffing on a big pipe.

"No smoke in Heaven", shouted St. Peter, "Scramb!"

"So!" remarked the stout apparition and the ex-mallman scrambled.

"We have some time to spare before any more visitors will arrive. Gabriel just sent some of the would-be guests down to Nick's Hot Box. The

leading soul kept saying that he knew the truth, always said the truth, always followed the truth and nothing but the truth. Gabriel said he did not want God to have another rival in Heaven and, anyway, this ghost would be another good curse for Satan and Beelzy to bear. And another tall, lank, red-headed form, swinging a bat as he glided wanted to know what kind of guys he was up against—a Sunday School League? And when Gabriel nodded, the ghost said, "Nix", and started downward of his own accord. So, until the rest come, let's look inside," said my host.

Inside, a tall, lean apparition was holding a trumpet to his mouth; I pointed to the two letters D. D., on his robes. "Divine from Drew," said St. Peter, "given by request because of his basket-ball prowess."

"Hear ye! Hear ye!", cried the apparition and a short figure walked with determined step to the edge of the golden diaz, holding The Open Book in his hands.

"In the beginning this was the Word, and the Word was the Lord. It is divinely inspired from cover to cover; yea, even to the dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's." Such was the catholicism which fell upon my ears.

To the right of the diaz was the grand chorus. The leader was a nail-shaped spirit. The quavering tenor voice confirmed the conclusion that I had drawn when I saw the shape swaying and writhing as it lead the chorus. "Our new auxiliary to the harpists," remarked my guide pointing to two apparitions close by. The tall slim one was strumming a "uke" singing Basely; the short chubby one was picking a mandolin singing Also.

Then I heard fragments of an eternal conversation. "Marriage is an ideal situation; a place where ideals should come to the front," one cherub-like ghost was saying, his cherubic expression being slightly obscured by heavy tortoise shell glasses.

"Aw. Nothing doing! Woman is like a man these days," objected the other, sticking the orange horse-feather with the S on it, into the band of his hat, and slanting his hat at an acute angle of 45 degrees.

"Why sure, can't you see?" asked the third member of the group, who was a very smooth looking ghost, except that his features were scarcely clean-shaven. "Any sap could see that."

"And so's your old man's, old man's, old man," snickered another spirit with a patent-leather hair-comb and gleaming rimless spectacles.

"We'd better go back to the gate; I hear some more coming," said the gate-keeper. A loud knocking.

"So this is heaven!" boomed a deep voice. "They had better serve some nice juicy steak here, boys."

"Aw let's go to a real college," boomed a second deep voice.

"All right, then! Nick's Hot Spot is where you go!" shouted by companion, upon opening the gate.

We stepped outside again just in time to meet a group of three. The first one waltzed in breezily. "Hey, quit that! This is heaven!" yelled Gabriel.

"What? No doll-dances in Heaven? My Dear! Well, so long boys!—I'm off."

"Well, what are you two fellows doing here?" demanded St. Peter of the remainder of the group.

"We've reformed," replied the two brothers in chorus.

"Nothing doing! We can't have any Aerial Angelians' Club here in heaven. Exit." Now, what is this coming?" quizzed the perplexed keeper of the gate.

"The Sign of the Goose," replied the bolder of the two new-comers. "Well, I never cared for," floated back the reply, the rest of the words being lost in the ever-increasing distance.

"Hey! Wotahel!" objected the pudgy one trailing stolidly after his companion.

And then, I awoke.....just in time to hear the patient House-president saying, "Well, boys, the meeting is closed."

Mr. Ashot Aviakian of Rogers House fame sends his regards from Brussels, to his many friends on the Drew Campus. Mr. Aviakian left New York on March twenty-seventh for Brussels, Belgium, planning to stay there for the rest of the Spring. During the summer months he is to make a tour of Europe. Mr. Aviakian attended the University of Paris before coming to Brothers College.

The election of Dr. F. G. Lankard, head of the English Bible Department, to the capacity of Dean of the College was received with much satisfaction by the students. Dr. Lankard during his two years on the Drew Campus has won the respect of both college and seminary men.

Professor Young has been at home for the past few weeks and hopes to be able to get back to school before very long. He has been directing the baseball team by 'long wave lengths', the captain conveying his instructions to the men.

To show students how to get started in business, a professor of work has been added to the faculty of Antioch College.

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Baseball News

Baseball season arrived in the cloud of dust raised by the army of Panzer players who crossed the plate in an almost incessant parade that netted twenty-three runs for their team when they defeated the Green and Gold aggregation as it opened its season on April eighteenth. Between the divisions in the parade of Panzer men, Drew tried to start a show of their own, but, due to a series of maladies, were unable to do more than send Robinson across the plate on a clean hit by Jones. After allowing eleven runs in less than two innings, Simons was replaced as pitcher by Sutton, who managed to allow only twelve runs in the remainder of the game. Considering his lack of experience, Sutton may be excused for this.

The disastrous result was somewhat to be expected. Due to the extreme reluctance on the part of the "powers that be" to pay a coach to work with the team during the illness of Dr. Young, the team is endeavoring to play a hard schedule without the benefit of expert coaching. None of the players are sensational enough to play a winning grade of ball without coaching or practise. It is surprising that such indifference should be shown toward the team on the part of both the administration and some of the players. It seems as though the men who need the practise least are the ones who are faithful in attending the daily practise of the team. The players have developed serious cases of "erroritis", laziness, and indifference. They seem reluctant to devote their valuable time to whipping into shape the type of ballclub that we could have. Perhaps when our coach returns some of these faults may disappear, but, until then, it appears that the baseball team will not have any great measure of success in its next few games. Under the capable coaching of Dr. Young, we hope that these cases of "erroritis" and "sore-arm" will disappear, for they should have no position on any baseball team, no matter how poor or inexperienced.

After a series of consultations with Dr. Young, several changes, intended to better our chances in the games to come, were suggested. Simons was withdrawn as pitcher with orders to get his arm into shape for the first home game. Sutton and Platt were to act as first string pitchers until that time, each man taking turns in the games prior to that time. On the basis of past performance, the batting order was shifted so as

to function with the greatest efficiency in manufacturing runs. An opportunity to try out these new ideas was afforded when the Foresters' Nine met Wagner at Staten Island on April twenty-fourth. After playing a good grade of ball for the first six innings, something happened to the Druids and, before it could be remedied, the Lutherans had smashed out six runs in the last half of the seventh inning to come out on top by a seven to six score. Due to the extreme lateness of the starting time we were forced to play a short seven inning game and the score stood.

In this game the Drew men showed a great increase in ability. They managed to fashion more hits, commit less errors, and drive more runs across the plate. Every man showed improvement and the team as a whole played more consistent ball. Sutton pitched good ball; striking out four men and allowing only one man to reach first on balls. Simmons, who replaced Sutton in the last half of the last inning, threw a better brand of ball than he did in the last game but was unable to stop the persistent hitting of the islanders and keep the game on ice.

It is hoped that these first games away from home will show up the weak spots in the plans so that when the Green and Gold team opens its season at home it will be able to show us the brand of ball that we all know they can and should play.

Now that the University has somewhat ceased in its bombardment of Psychology Tests, we find it advisable to present a test of our own in an effort to better social conditions on the Campus, and to learn the attitude of the social hounds toward the impending Spring Festival. With all apologies to Mr. McClintock for encroaching upon his territory, we submit the following tests for the Festival Mommers and Poppers:

Quiz for Festival Mommers

1. Do you blush easily? If so, why are you here?
2. Do you run whenever you see a man on a lonely street? If so, do you always catch him?
3. How old are you? Do you intend to act it?
4. Do you dream? Day or Night? Of whom? Why?
5. Do you expect to come to next year's Festival with the same escort? If not, please write your phone number here.

Quiz for Festival Poppers

1. How much is this party costing you? Is your partner worth it?
 2. Do you walk faster going to (1) C. C. class; (2.) Convent?
 3. Do members of the opposite sex appeal to you? If so, what do they appeal for?
 4. Are you hyper-thyroid? Sub-pituitary? Hyper-adrenal? Where?
 5. Going to have the same partner next year? Why not? We don't blame you?
- When you have answered these questions, throw the paper away. We pay no attention to such things anyway.

At Purdue University, the average date was found to cost thirteen dollars.
C. C.

Camden, Scene of Concert

In spite of very threatening skies, fifteen members of our University Glee Club got into cars last Thursday afternoon and motored to Camden, N. J. The trip in itself was enjoyed by all, especially since the clouded skies broke away just before sunset and allowed the soft rays of the dying sun to play upon the vast orchards of peach blossoms. It was just about 6:30 when the last car arrived at the Walt Whitman Hotel where the entire Glee Club had arranged to meet. Tired (to a certain extent) and hungry, the Drew boys were only too willing to take up Dr. Smith's suggestion that we "eat immediately". The rather gay festivity having been completed midst much good humor and laughter, the group left the hotel for the Centenary Tabernacle Church where the performance was scheduled for 8:00 o'clock. After much hurrying about and borrowing and trading of articles of clothing, the Drew University Glee Club finally appeared before a very attentive audience at 8:15. The program included numbers by the Glee Club and several solos by Mme. Yosko Kinoshita, and Mr. Carpenter, as well as one number by the College Quartet. Mme. Yosko Kinoshita, in her usual charming manner, rendered several very lovely selections, which added just enough finesse to the program to make it complete. Appearing in a very gaily colored silk Japanese costume, and singing in several languages, our petite guest soloist captivated her audience immediately. Her voice is a high coloratura soprano of great flexibility, rare color and tonal beauty.

At 10:00, the program was over, and the Glee Club members set out for their Alma Mater, feeling content indeed that Drew had been received so enthusiastically.

If Drew Were Co-Ed

How would Madison and Convent rate.
Wouldn't Dean Tolley go big?
Would the boys still play shut-eye in class?
Would Colvin still be in the pressing business?
Would we still hear about the evolution of man?
Who wouldn't take Sociology?
Would we ever get any mail?
Would the campus be deserted over weekend?
Who wouldn't mind the monkey?
Everybody would be broke—and busted!

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