

The Drew Acorn

Volume IV.

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Number 5

Club News

The past month has been witness to a very interesting movement in the way of formation of new organizations. Although the prevalent criticism of our extra-curricular activities has been that of "too many time-occupiers", we find that new organizations continue to multiply, helping with their train of new officers and new committees. Yet in the case of each of these new clubs, there has been a need, a purpose behind them, else they would not have been promulgated. We must admit that such is true of the language clubs, at least, which will greatly supplement the actual class room procedure. But withal, it is to be hoped that those who enter into these new clubs will give them a firmer allegiance and loyalty than has been previously given to extra-curricular activities.

The French Club has entered on its initial year with the following recently elected officers: Mr. Leon Flanders, president; Mr. Eugene Curry, vice-president; Mr. David Wolfe, secretary. This club is to consist mostly in carrying on discussions in the French language. Perhaps, who knows, they will attempt a French play sometime, or a program of French literature, open to those of us who are unable to participate but nevertheless have a warm place in our hearts for the French language.

Our Worthy Drew Spaniards have not been far behind in this movement. A Spanish club has been formed and is being headed by Mr. Baez, president. Their method of program is to be somewhat different. Papers will be read from time to time, based on modern day subjects. To the Spanish Club, then, we would also suggest a special program sometime. After all, should it not be the purpose of language clubs to interest not only its members but also outsiders in the particular literature and drama that language has to offer, to enthrall even those who do not know the language in the intrinsic values it has for those seeking culture.

While the German Club has elected no officers, it also has seen a decided interest upon the part of students of German. Under the worthy advice of Prof. Meier this club is planning some very interesting programs, in which there will be introduced some singing in the German language as well as discussions on current topics. At a recent meeting, the origin of Christmas as a German holiday was taken up.

The formation of the "Quill and Scroll" Club has incited quite a bit of curiosity upon the part of many. This club is in response to need for a writer's club, which has long been felt here at Drew, an organization in which past and present poets, authors, and dramatists might be studied, commented on and applied to the individual style of those who are heartily interested in writing. At a recent meeting of this club, Mr. Mahlon Smith was elected president, and Mr. John Lennon, secretary. So far, very interesting papers have been read on Carl Sandburg, John Masefield, Robert Frost, Early Indian poets, and Bret Harte, and much enthusiasm has been shown by all the members.

We Pass Noel in Meditation

The University was treated to a novel program Thursday evening, last, a program which was thoroughly in keeping with the Christmas Season. Under the able direction of Messrs. Cathcart and MacLaughlin and with the assistance of a fine cast and supporting music, a pleasing and effective pageant was presented which was enjoyed by members of the faculty and the student body.

The naturally beautiful Gothic dining hall was transformed into a room of soft shadows bordering upon complete darkness and was relieved only by the mellow glow from lamps placed

at various intervals around the walls. Charming hostesses ushered the audience to their seats where a hushed silence was maintained. At the further end of the room had been erected a stage, inclosed in the deep folds of wine-red draperies. From the very depths of the stage permeating the hushed silence of the hall issued forth strains of Christmas music—music of a very different and varied kind. The instrumental and vocal selections played before the beginning and during the changing of the scenes included many of the older and more familiar carols as well as some of the old English and German songs which, though not so familiar, were equally beautiful. The entire atmosphere of the setting was one conducive to a more pensive attitude than is usual at this season.

The pageant was divided into four scenes. The first was an impressive interpretation of the three shepherds bearing gifts to the manger of the Christ-child. The next three scenes shifted to present times and showed admirably the modern train of thought in regard to charities. A bookcase, dresses, and a bed gave evidence to the fact that the two succeeding scenes took place in a room in H. B. Students complaining of being overloaded with homework assignments (and here some of the profs. came in for some playful slams) refused to help in some light welfare work in town because of lack of time and yet they were spending hours talking, playing ping pong, and the like. When asked to give away some of their old clothes to the poor, they complained of not having any and yet when they opened their trunks an abundance of clothes, never worn, were to be found. Finally, the last scene showed three of these students evidently influenced by the Christmas spirit bringing gifts to a poor mother and her child just as the three shepherds had done ever so many years before. It closed with the showing of a picture of Christ and a voice off-stage saying "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto me." The play was a total success and particularly deserves to be complimented on its smoothness, since many of the speaking parts were extemporaneous. It did not lack humor, for the sandwich boy with his "Hams, cheese, lettuce, tomato, and combinations" was greatly enjoyed as was handsome Pete Weaver's charming blush when asked what sort of a present he was going to give his girl for Christmas.

One might do well to remember the theme of the play,

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

during this trying Christmas season when many sufferers from the depression will not have such a joyous time as in former years. The University has already taken a big step in this direction by taking the money that was to be used for refreshments at this party and starting a Drew Charity Fund to which every one of us students ought to contribute.

So passed a very unusual and different sort of Christmas celebration, one quite different from those of other years, yet one which came nearer to a genuine interpretation of the Christmas message than has ever before been attained. It might be very truthfully said that it was fairly permeated with the very atmosphere of Jesus of Nazareth, himself.

Platt - Webster

Miss Jean Webster, the secretary to the Dean, who has filled that position since the beginning of this "Adventure in Excellence", is engaged to Arthur Scott Platt, '34. The engagement was announced by Jean's—beg pardon—Miss Webster's parents at a bridge party held in their home in Summit, Saturday afternoon, December twelfth.

Strike Up the Band

The tapestry adorned walls of beautiful Baldwin Hall reverberated to a peculiar kind of sound last Friday evening. No impassioned professor stood at the rostrum and shook the sound-absorbing tapestries, for a far different sound pervaded the air. 'Twas the crooning of a bass-saxophone laboriously moaning something about "Goodnight (somebodies') sweetheart, until tomorrow." Chairs removed, floor reflecting black and white shadows from its highly polished checkered surface, evergreens scattered abroad, the speakers' platform almost hidden by a wide-spreading Christmas tree, and the high arc of the stately ceiling only slightly visible through small openings in artistically designed net-work of green and red streamers which hung as if in mid-air just above the swaying couples, the room was one of splendor and song. The Orchestra from the S. S. Republic was up to the occasion and stimulated the toes of those gathered there. And there was no relaxing until "Home, Sweet Home" was played as the clock struck the first hour of Saturday morning.

The Foyer was decorated in the usual elaborate manner. Rugs covered the floor and in each corner was set a huge davenport. All the lighting was indirect and there was a gaiety of colors. The study was open for the dancers and although no fire burned on the grate the room presented its usual cheery setting. And not a few were content to make the most of the opportunity. Refreshments were served in the lower main corridor.

Chaperons for the evening were Professor and Mrs. Jordy, Professor and Mrs. Green, and during the early part of the programme Dean and Mrs. Lankard were also present but it was necessary for them to leave at an early hour.

The affair was presented by a joint-committee representing the Junior and Sophomore classes. Those in charge were Mr. Thomas '33, Mr. Orr '33, Mr. Sutton '34, and Mr. Elmendorf '34. Mr. Rienart, Kell, and Thorn assisted with the refreshments and deserve special thanks. The committee functioned well and the entire success of the affair was due to their efforts.

Although the calendar for the social activities of the college was announced last October two weeks before the recent affair it was discovered that there was going to be a conflict with one of the University Reconciliation trips. The committee was divided as to the postponing of the affair and referred the matter to the Chairman of the Social Committee for the Student Council. He in turn took the matter up with the Dean and in conjunction with Professor Guy arrangements were made whereby it became possible for those who desired to attend the event to do so without any direct loss of academic credit. The cooperation offered by the faculty in matters such as these is highly commendable.

By the Way

Professor Lewis who became mixed up with a milk bottle with disastrous results last week is rapidly "getting back on his feet again". He expects to meet all his classes this week.

The Classical Orchestra has received a new stimulus in the appointment of Mr. H. Reeves of the School of Theology as the new director of the organization. The Classical Orchestra has had a long and rocky road to travel and it is encouraging to learn Mr. Reeves very kindly offered his services in whatever capacity that he could contribute toward increasing the interest in cultural music on the campus. His appointment will no doubt increase the interest in that organization and it should have no difficulty in becoming subsidized by the Student Council for the College.



THE DREW ACORN

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Thoughts at Christmas Time

Christmas is a period of temporary idealism, surrounded by a halo of materialism. Our large department stores hang up a few wreaths, bells and much crepe-paper; renew their stock, raise their prices, advertise in the papers and look for increased sales. We feel that we must remember so-and-so and do our best not to be outdone in the value of our gift. Our young generation thinks of Santa Claus, hangs up its stockings and lives in expectation of gifts and toys.

The churches all over the country rehearse their caste and present a Christmas pageant filled with the true meaning of the season and emphasizing the doctrine of love, sacrifice and goodwill toward men. We have but to survey the world's economic, political and social conditions to realize that the thoughts expressed at Christmas-tide are only a flash in the pan. Christ's teachings may or may not be applicable to our present order but we should not condemn them until they are at least given a fair trial.

Most of us live in an atmosphere of complacency. Shelter, warm clothing, and three good meals a day is all we are interested in—unless we have indigestion. The rest of the people of the world have the same needs as we have. Food, shelter and clothing are as necessary to their lives as they are to ours. Once in a while, notably at Christmas, we remember this and contribute a five-dollar bill to ease our minds and discharge our duty to mankind. A green-back has never taken the place of responsibility in the long-run. Sharing not giving is the "Open Sesame" to mutual understanding between individuals and nations. But even as we write the sound of gunfire in Manchuria reaches our ears, the credit structure of Germany totters, England is swaying like a giant oak in a forest whose fall cannot but wreak ruin to those around her—and yet we only idealize and speak speeches "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing".

Once in a very great while someone writes something we do not like to read or believe but is none the less true. Edna St. Vincent Millay in one of her collections of poems, copyright by Harper Brothers, Publishers, New York City, "The Buck in the Snow", has stated clearly and concisely the present idea of Christmas.

To Jesus on His Birthday

For this your mother sweated in the cold
For this you bled upon the bitter tree:
A yard of tinsel ribbon bought and sold;
A paper wreath; a day at home for me.
The merry bells ring out, the people kneel;
Up goes the man of God before the crowd;
With voice of honey and with eyes of steel
He drones your humble gospel to the proud
Nobody listens. Less than the wind that blows
Are all your words to us you died to save.
O Prince of Peace! O Sharon's dewy Rose!
How mute you lie within your vaulted grave.
The stone the angel rolled away with tears
Is back upon your mouth these thousand years.
Let us all think for a while.

Dear Santa Clause,

I am only a little Drew student, and go to Brothers College, but since I am a very, very good little boy, I thought I would write you a letter, asking for the things that we guys want. No stuff, Santy, we've been good guys all semester; we ain't even pulled the English Prof's beard, nor put a real horse in chapel this year. Honest, we've been *awful* good. The only thing we did, all the time, mind yuh, was to gild the Eco prof's pearty dome, and that was kind of poetical in nature, don't yuh think? So, and so, well, we decided, at least I decided, to write yuh and give yuh the dope on what the guys'd like to have yuh give 'em.

The Profs got the most wants, this year, Santy. The gentleman what elings out the French says be sure and bring him a very, very long, long pair of panties, the kind, you know, what go below the knee, account of he's got his degree now. Dr. Giffin would like to have a patent hand-shaker, one what could be worked from his desk. Oh, and if yuh got any, Prof. Guy would enjoy some flavored chalk, the suckable kind. The Dean, you know, the gentleman what runs de joint, he'd like to have an unengaged secretary. To Dr. Jordy, please send a book on "The Scientific Aspect of Dancing, as applied to the Ball Room Floor." OH! and don't forget to, (sh! Be sure no one is looking over your shoulder, Santy!) send Prof. McClintock, the gent what gentlemen people, some of the inside dope on this "Birth Control" racket.

As for the students, Chester Hodgson would like the following: An inferiority complex, a girlfriend (marvelous, and what can appreciate dis high-brow music, and what can trip off the art of Terpsichore). Merton Lonsdale says he wants a girl what will stay through a dance until the end and what don't mind the pumping method of dancing. Please send Sutton all the Victrola records with the Mary songs, and five ounces of maturity, along with these French novels, "Neske-pas," and "Tree Beans and Oul!" Oh, by the way, Tommie would like to have the original of that new jazz rhythm, "Cigarettes are killing me!" Yes, and dis guy, Morgan Edwards, oh, I mean K. Morgan Edwards, wants a Maxim Silencer and an answer to that interminable riddle of his: "Why is a mouse that spineth?" Brother Bawden wants that series on "How to Cut Class and get away with it." Our dear friend, Pitkins, the guy what gets letters, wants something to take the squeak out of his piccolo. (Just a moment, Santy. All the guys are swarming around my desk, here, wantin' things. I can't get them down fast enough.) Yes, yes, and Art Whitney wants another cake of palmolive, "the complexion kind." And Ed. Allen, a monocle and moustache. Baldwin and Cobbett want a copy of the duet, "Whispering Hope," and a set of "Tinker Toy," while Armous wants a copy of "How to laugh in Spanish." Say, Santy, whatever you do, don't forget that new joke book for Willard Colvin, for benefit of all concerned.

Aw gee, Santy, there's a lot more what wants things, but I ain't got the time to be taken 'em down, 'cept one of the guys wants a key to the Brothers College tower, and a reserved seat on the roof of Rogers House.
S'long, Santy, and do the best yuh can with de guys.

Your devoted stool-pigeon,

TMA SQUAB.

P. S.—If you got any new recipe for bean dishes and some extry butter, bring them to our dietitian. O. K. Pard!

Nativity

By E. B. LUSCOMBE.

While the shepherds watched their flocks by night,
And the magi came from afar,
In eastern heavens a mystic light
Shone from a twinkling star.

"Hail, the King has come," the magi cried,
"Hosanna to his Holy Name."
Now hasten and at the manger side
With gifts His love acclaim.

Even now the star is shining bright,
Though sad the world and sore forlorn;
With gifts of love weary hearts we light,
The Christ-child still lives on.

There comes a time in every boy's life when he discovers that the devil, like Santa Claus, is ones old man—Prof. McClintock.

Culture

A University course is expected to endow a man or woman with that vague indefinable, mysterious something so easily labeled as 'Culture'. It is good sometimes, even in this Machine Age, to stand aside and introspect. This conviction is the only excuse for the presence of these stray and fragmentary thoughts that follow.

Civility is beauty of acting (to borrow Woodworth's 'verbs'); morality is beauty of willing; charity in the Pauline sense is beauty of feeling; idealism is beauty of thinking; and the sum total of civility, morality, charity and idealism is culture. To have an appreciation of the beautiful and sublime wherever it may be found, and a discrimination between right and wrong, and a capacity to love the highest in the purest way, and a habit of expressing these in conduct,—this is to be cultured. That is just the trouble. It is a cause of annoyance that culture cannot be a machine-made product. But the annoyance becomes aggravating, indeed, when some rude voice tells us we are not Abraham's descendants, and holds us at bay with the spear of the Socratic method until the mighty achievements of the age dwindle into nothing and we see that civilization and culture are not synonymous.

I do not intend belittling the triumphs of Science. They have been beyond all human expectation, unlimited in possibilities, bringing within man's reach the vast resources of the natural world. But what is the end to be? Are we going to find one day that we ourselves are manacled with the chain we forged to bind nature with,—the chain we proudly called 'civilization'? Next to the triumphs of Science are the tri-mechanical precision scholars have evaluated the wisdom of the past. Frequently errors have crept in which the human machines have failed to detect. Certainly a critical sense of values is very necessary. It is that which distinguishes man from the other creatures of the animal kingdom. But what is our goal?

In Literature such critic-automatons have torn to shreds delicate flowers of poetic art like Shelley's "Skylark" or Keats' "Ode to the Grecian Urn." Utility is their standard. Art is seldom utilitarian. Therefore Art has no place in their scheme of things. And yet poetry, music, art, sculpture, and the dance are culture-products that aim at expressing, each in its different form, some glimpse of eternal beauty, some intuition of eternal truth, some immediate contact with eternal love. It takes a cultured soul to cry "Let me carry thy love in my life as a harp does its music, and give it back to thee at last with my life," as Tagore says.

In religion they have destroyed immaculate jewels of mystic intuition. In everyday life they make childish attempts of testing a lotus on a touchstone. This mechanical attitude at best, like Shelley's woodman, can drive Culture 'from the haunts of life.'

Cyril Modak.

Convention

How oft I've spied some lonely chap,
About my age and young,
As I have travelled over rail
Alone.....

My heart has longed, in friendly grasp,
To proffer him my hand.
Convention's wall would loom between;
I read instead.

J. R. LENNON.

By the Way

From reports we gather Mrs. Benton is not doing as well as one would hope. The cause of her condition is yet undetermined although the best medical attention in the country has been turned on the case. Mrs. Benton's illness is creating no little disturbance among the students and we sincerely hope along with Professor Benton that her condition will show an improvement before long. Mrs. Benton is now resting at the Memorial Hospital in Morristown.

Favorable reports have come from the Orange Memorial Hospital concerning Mrs. John McLaughlin who was seriously injured in an automobile accident on Thanksgiving Day. It is hoped that she will be able to return to the campus around the middle of January. The college study does not seem to be the same without her presence and her speedy recovery is the desire of all.

The Picturegoer

Providence has a strange way of filling some days and some hours chalk full with pleasure and leaving others almost blank. The 16th of December, as the whole Drew Campus knows, was one such auspicious day. It began with a historic conference of the student body, and while the night was still very young there had been The Christmas Candle Light Service and the Recital of "The Servant in The House".

THE CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE.

Mead Hall was transformed. Its accustomed bare dreariness was now lit up with tier upon tier of candles. For once the cold, hard, brilliant light of piercing electric power was replaced by the genial and mellow light of candles. For once too people seemed to feel sufficiently reverent to need no seats. The whole assembly of worshippers stood facing the door leading from Mead Hall to the Mead Hall Chapel. This door was decorated and behind it was concealed the mystery. The music came from that direction; from that direction did the sonorous quartet rise. The lessons were read invisibly. The exquisite solo by Mrs. Yoshiko Kinoshita rose like a seraphic hymn sung as if by some ethereal spirit not to be seen by mortal eyes. The two quartets were sung by The Brothers' College Quartet. Dean Lankard's closing prayer was impressive because precise and brief. The six carols were sung by the entire assembly, and, if one may judge by the volume of sound, there was real enthusiasm manifest. The audience remained with bowed heads after the closing prayer while the violin played in soft tones "O Little Town of Bethlehem". As one came out of Mead Hall there in front was a tall tree decorated with multicolored lights. And so ended the Candle Light Service and many who had attended it hurried toward the Refectory! But there were some who had to pause and endeavour to understand something of the meaning of this simple and yet simply impressive celebration. If from the invisible, dim, distant past the music and the hymns do not float into the temple of each individual's heart bringing messages of peace and

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goodwill, glad tidings of great joy, this festive season commemorating the birth of the Friend of Man is devoid of meaning and robbed of value. It sets one thinking. Thinking is good sometimes. Fra Angelus' words come to mind:

"In all eternity no tone can be so sweet,
As where man's heart with God's in
unison doth beat.

Ah! would thy heart but be a manger for
the birth,
God would once more become a Christ
earth".

RECITAL OF "SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

It was a lecture recital given by Prof. Ralph R. Johnson, under the auspices of the College of Religious Education and Missions of the University, that entertained a reasonably large gathering for quite over an hour in the First Methodist Church of Madison. In passing one has to observe that the Ushers were remarkably active and the different committees acquitted themselves honourably. The arrangements were perfect. Now the recital itself. Mr. Johnson, on entering the rostrum explained who the different characters were, and impersonated all of them in turn, a task which needs considerable skill and natural ability. It would seem presumptuous to congratulate Mr. Johnson on his excellent interpretation of "The Servant in the House", but I am tempted to risk being thought presumptuous. Particularly the part in which Mary discovers her father, and finds him to be a man brave, beautiful, and good, was rendered with the fine touch which endows such commonplace things of life with a charm. So too was the part where Manson the butler turns out to be the Vicar's brother, Bishop of Benares. At the end of the second act there was an intermission when the Brothers' College Quartet sang to entertain the audience. The recital was an object lesson interpreting the truth of the words of George Fosdick Watts, "The hunger for brotherhood is at the bottom of the unrest of modern civilization". Perhaps those who have not read Kennedy's "Servant in the House" will now be inveigled into reading it; and if this is so, and the reading of the play brings even one more into

the light, Mr. Johnson's labour would not have been in vain. For it is not enough to append 'brother' to a man's name when addressing. A deeper spirit of brotherhood is needed today. And America above all countries cannot afford to forget this, for all the nations of the world are looking to her for an example of this genuine spirit of brotherhood.

CYRIL MODAK.

This Space Reserved
for the Scoop
that Failed

Charity Footballia

Can you imagine even Drew has its 'charity' football "round-robin". Believe it or not a regular contest for benefit of 'charity' was run off on this very campus and it took more than one afternoon too. If you don't believe it how under the sun do you suppose the Frosh obtained the permission to trod the campus green; smoke in public, and make themselves general nuisances without incurring the wrath and indignation of the "solipsistic sophomores"? Yes, sire! the only thing they have to do now is wear the Badge of honor, the dink—of green and gold. And its all due to these new-fangled things called 'round-robins for charity'. And as far as a budding young reporter of the Acorn can find out, here is the way the story goes.

Once upon a time there was a gang of "depressed" freshmen at one of our beautiful universities. (depressed, because they attended college at the time of the Great Depression.) Constantly heckled to the point of sore discouragement by the taunting Sophs, and seeing no relief in the ensuing months they were all of a mind to give up the 'Ghost' (the ghost there being not the King, but the King's brother, the Duke) Until up spoke the mighty leader of that band,.....the introduction to his message censored: "anyhow we just can't give up trying to find a way out of our difficulty for even the Duke will give us no assurance of comfort, we have to have a plan as our eco. prof. told us, but it can't be a five year plan for then only half of us will benefit by it, it has to be a one week, sudden-rush'em-to-death plan. Who has one? I have one. (Cheers, Drew, Harvard, Bronx, and other kinds.) This is it. Let's play the big-stiffs three games of football—if we beat them two-out-of-three no Frosh rules except the Dink; if they take two, we're finished for keeps. The whole trick will be to play them when they can only get some punks out to play, and we'll have them by.....well by....." As with one voice the class yelled their accord.

And so they played—Sophs 6, Frosh 0;

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And played—Sophs. 0, Frosh 6;
And again—Sophs. 0, Frosh 6.
And so the Frosh yelled, "We won, no more rules."

The eco. prof. yelled, "You had a plan."

The Ghost yelled, "Oh, Yeah."

And the other three classes murmured, "Charity, charity, charity."

And to think the Seniors let it all begin at home.

When Winter Comes

With preliminary drilling well under way the outlook is promising for the Drew Basketeers, Coach Wilson is running the boys through a series of well balanced drills and the material shapes up to even surpass that of last year's squad. The possibilities of the new material seem to rest on Kingsley the "big boy" from Pittsburgh. Reinard, Pitkin and Leone show promise.

When Drew opposes Dana College of Newark on January sixth here, the probable lineup will be: Simmons, Orr or Lutz, forwards; Kingsley, center; and Captain Dabinett, Schroll or Wilt at guards. Two other last year men who will undoubtedly see service are Lewis and Jones.

All Drew rooters knew last year that justice could not be done the varsity without ample substitutions. This season with twenty men out and all but one of last year's men, Hawke who has not yet reported for service, the team should be the strongest in Drew's history.

The schedule of thirteen games will give the Green and Gold something to work for and when the season arrives the boys will be in condition. Coach Wilson is holding practice several times weekly and the boys are responding with eager enthusiasm.



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63 MAIN STREET

The schedule which the Green and Gold face this season:

Jan. 6—Dana College	here
Jan. 9—Wagner	away
Jan. 12—Upsala	here
Jan. 19—Upsala	away
Jan. 22—Brooklyn Col. Pharmacy ..	away
Jan. 27—Dana	at Newark
Jan. 29—Newark Engineers	here
Feb. 5—Bloomfield College	away
Feb. 10—Jamaica College	away
Feb. 12—Jamaica College	here
Feb. 17—Wagner	here
Feb. 23—Bloomfield College	away
Mar. 5—Newark Engineers	away

Here and There

Ten members of the Smith College faculty, chosen from five departments, and directed by a member of the department of religion and Biblical literature, are trying out a new course on the Bible. The modern undergraduate wants to know two things about the Bible: "What does it contain?" and "How did it come down to us?" The course is an answer to these questions. It is primarily a reading and lecture course for sophomores. Here, finally, is a real attempt to show the relation of the Bible to the major departments of the modern college of liberal arts.

Dr. A. D. Mead, acting president of Brown University, announced last week that the Brown faculty has voted to grant a petition presented on behalf of the student bodies at Brown and Pembroke, for a review period of two days before the beginning of the final examinations of the current semester.

Did Yours?

Talk about the draperies,
And the curtains you may see;
You should see the necktie
That my Gramma sent to me.
D.

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