

The DREW ACORN

Volume VI

Madison, N. J., April 27, 1933

No. 10

NORTH JERSEY COLLEGES HOLD DRAMATIC CONTEST

Dana College Captures the L. Bamberger & Co. Trophy

The "Mummers," Dana College's dramatic association, captured the L. Bamberger & Co. trophy by winning the dramatic contest given in the Griffith Building at Newark last week. The contest was sponsored by the Inter-Collegiate Dramatic League of North Jersey Colleges. At the present time the League consists of Dana College, Panzer College, Upsala College, and Drew University. This contest was the first and it is hoped that the League will be enlarged to include all colleges in this part of the state.

The plays and casts are as follows:

Dana College

"Interior"—Maurice Maeterlinck. The Old Man, Bruce Wolf; the Stranger, James O'Brien; Mary, Gladys Smith; Martha, Helen Nitoli; Members of the Household, Justine Forristel, Helen Wells; Members of the Crowd, Samuel Kobre, Charles Churchill, Ruth Dickerman, Anna Mark, Lucille Crecca, Leo Steinke, Ruth Seglin, Helene O'Shea, Ed. McCormack, Robert Besse.

Panzer College

"The Marriage Proposal"—Anton Tcheklov. Ivan Vassilivitch, Sidney Lipsch; Stepan Stepanovitch, Jack Mayer; Natalia Stepanovitch, Cecilia Szakacs.

Upsala College

"The Trysting Place"—Booth Tarkington. Mrs. Curtis, Angela Reichman; Lancelot Briggs, Duane Johnston; Mrs. Briggs, Leonore Muschel; Jessie, Louise McGill; Rupert Smith, Glenn Erickson; Mr. Ingoldsby, Howard Anderson; Mysterious Voice, Norman Gullans.

Drew University

"The Potboiler"—Alice Gestenberg. Playwright (Thomas Pinikles Sud), Paul Wagner; Novice (Mr. Wouldby), Stuart Thomas; Financier (Mr. Ivoty), Chester Hodgson; Heroine (Miss Ivory), Mrs. Alson Smith; Hero (Mr. Ruler), Edward Allen; Villian (Mr. Inkwell), W. T. Witham; The Woman in the Case (Mrs. Pencil), Winifred Greene.

Each contestant had their own Continued on Page 4, Column 2

COLLEGIAN EXPERIENCES RESULT OF "3.2"?

On the night of April 19 Ronald Robinson and Wilton Nansen were on their return trip to Madison after leaving George Ross at Boonton. Unfortunately they are now awaiting the return of their automobile from the repair shop.

The accident happened as they were driving slowly (?) homeward when suddenly a car came from the opposite direction, crashed into another car, and then side-swiped the Druids' automobile. The result to Robby's car was far from beneficial because it suffered a damaged headlight, a broken front axle, and two badly bent fenders. Repair charges will amount to \$100. Robby was shaken up but no injuries were received by either of the occupants.

The driver of the car that did the damage was intoxicated. Perhaps he forgot to eat the pretzels with his 3.2. He was also insured.

College Celebrates Spring Frolic This Week-End

Seniors Sponsor Formal Dance Friday Evening

Governor to Address Seniors

A big event in the lives of men at Drew is fast approaching, for the famous Spring Formal is just around the corner, and it is not around the same seemingly endless corner with prosperity. Everything now points to two days of gay times, fun, resounding laughter of charming young women, and enticing dance strains. April 28 and 29 will be the last social gatherings for the Seniors to enjoy while they are students at Drew, and the committee in charge of events is certainly doing its best to make it a grand and glorious finale. Gaze upon the program and agree.

On Friday the 28th, the Seniors will attend their annual banquet which will again be held in the Old Mill Inn at Bernardsville, N. J. This year the Seniors and their fair ones will have the honour of entertaining Governor and Mrs. A. Harry Moore, the aide-camp of our distinguished executive, President and Mrs. Arlo A. Brown, Dean and Mrs. Frank G. Lankard, and a press correspondent. The banquet will start at 6:30 p. m., and it goes without saying that all present will use the time to good advantage.

After the banquet the Seniors will return to college to join other Druids and their guests in dancing the light fantastic. This is the more important of the two week-end dances, at least the Seniors think so, and therefore it will be formal. Dancing will start at ten o'clock and will continue to the gay rhythm of Bert Romine and his Collegians, an excellent orchestra of ten pieces, until two o'clock. There will be an intermission at midnight, and at this time a midnight supper will be served to all. Baldwin Hall will be arrayed in a glorious spring attire consisting of palms, ferns, and flowers, all of which will be banked in the front of the dance floor on the small platform. Dean and Mrs. Frank G. Lankard and Mr. and Mrs. Noel E. Bensinger will be chaperons, and all the faculty members and their wives will attend as guests.

On Saturday the 29th, the afternoon will be featured by a baseball game between Drew and Cooper Union at home. The game will begin at 2:30 and by the success that the team of Brothers College has had in its first two games, it seems very probable that our guests will see another victory chalked up for Drew.

Following the game and dinner Baldwin Hall will again vibrate to the strains of Bert Romine's ten piece orchestra and the gliding feet of students and their guests. This dance will be informal and will be in full swing from eight to twelve, at which time the familiar tune of "Home Sweet Home" will announce to the world that another fine week-end party and Spring Formal has been added to the history of the Arts College activities.

Since the much-heard-of depression is still prevailing, a record-breaking

low price has been set for bids. Two dollars will be the price for both of the dances; but since some may be able to attend only one of the affairs, special charges will be made for each separately. For the Formal one dollar and fifty cents will be charged and one dollar for the Informal. Certainly these low prices should prove to be no handicap for anyone, and a good crowd should be present to help the Seniors enjoy themselves at their last dance at Drew.

Tickets have been placed on sale and may be procured from any member of the committee. The Social Committee that has prepared for this fine program consists of Stuart Austen De Ladd Thomas, chairman; John Lennon, James Kingsley, Wilton Nansen, Chester Hodgson, and Albert Baez.

Among those attending the Spring Formal this year will be the Misses Margaret McEwan, Eleanor Mills, Alberta Doty, and Harriet Gilbert of Madison; Miss Winifred Greene of Drew Forest; the Misses Pauline Hanschitz and Florence Sayre of

Continued on Page 3, Column 4

PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR VISITS YALE

One of our professors has recently acquired the habit of leaving Drew Forest at various opportune moments and using that time to journey to Yale. We have been told that he journeyed there during the Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations and came back quite satisfied. Few on the campus seem to know the reason for these constant visits to the same place.

Now, Dr. Benton is again on a trip to visit the Eli bulldog, and the same mysterious silence gathers about this trip as did about those in the past. Rumor has it, however, that he is busy collaborating with a certain Yale professor on some project, as well as doing some work on a thesis. Time will tell. Who knows? Dr. Benton may suddenly spring a murder story on us as did another one of our sedate members of the faculty!

DICKINSON DEBATERS DEFEAT DREW

Dickinson College defeated Brothers College in a return debate on the proposed cancellation of the war debts. Dickinson presented the affirmative argument, represented by John Swomley, Edward First, Jr., and Albert E. Smigel. Brothers College upheld the negative, represented by Robert Rutan, Haller Lawis, and Phillip Burdett.

Dean F. G. Lankard presided over the debate and the decision was made by a critic-judge, Charles L. King, debate coach of the Irvington, N. J., High School. In rendering the decision Mr. King said: "The clash was exceptionally good on all points. There is a danger, however, in that a team will use most of its rebuttal points in constructive speech. The strategy of both teams was good but the affirmative mastered the situation when they met the negative team on its own grounds."

STUDENTS SURVIVE TESTS OF AMERICAN COUNCIL

Drew Joins With 150 Other American Colleges

Tuesday and Wednesday of this last week, April 18 and 19, were given over (literally, too,) to the taking of the American Council Tests. These are a group of standard tests covering the various fields of knowledge, science, literature, language, and another, not a field of knowledge, general culture. These examinations are supposed to test the general rating of Brothers College in comparison with other colleges. They compare the average knowledge of John Smith, the Arts College, Drew University, Madison, New Jersey, with that of Henry Jones, Duckpond College, Spodunk, Minnesota. The results, so we are told, are extremely valuable. And we, not being in a position to contradict, dare say that they are valuable. But we, however, wonder if in any standard of currency they were worth the two whole days spent on them, especially when the semester is all but three weeks over.

From general talk around the campus, we see that, as was expected, some students hit some parts quite hard, while others were hit quite hard by the same parts. It took the Cy Seymours to know who rode in a piece de conveyance drawn by horses or were they swans or what were they and in what opera? It took the Art Whitney's to know in what hundred years the Hundred Years War was fought. And again the Al Baezes knew all about audions, electricity, planets and what not. While others—well, we had better leave that unmentioned.

On the whole this past week was what one might call a mad dash by the powers-that-be to test what has been absorbed into the heads of their cherubs. At least four courses are known by your correspondent where important examinations were given on the following Thursday and Friday. At least two of these poor cherubs had to take three of these four. Oh, where is that drop of the milk of human kindness.

STUDENT COUNCIL NOMINATIONS SOON

The student body of Brothers College will be called to meet on Monday, May 1, 1933, at 8 p. m. The purpose of this meeting will be to nominate men for the offices of President, Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer of the student body around whom will be established the Student Council for the next school year. Election of these officers will take place on the following Monday in Baldwin Hall.

Student Councils at Brothers College have extensive responsibilities and for that reason should consist of men who are willing to devote some of their time in consideration of the problems of the student body. This is your opportunity to express your opinion.

Past presidents are Russel Hawke, Ditlow Schroll, and Arthur Whitney who have served well. Among those mentioned for that office this year are Hugh Klinetob, Arthur Platt, both members of the student body since their freshman year, and Alden Smith who entered our group this year from Wesleyan.

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MORE ADVENTURING

One of the most current questions of the past week has been, "What did you think of the tests?" The answers, comments, and criticisms have been profuse, but the general nature of the same has been more or less denunciatory. While a few have stood loyally by the curriculum committee in this behalf and have racked their brains for adequate replies to those who were very skeptical about such an intensive testing program, the majority have found very few words in praise of such three hour ordeals.

Every good thing has behind it a purpose that is also good, it is supposed. But as for these tests that many have been brought to suffer through, it is hard to comprehend their goodness. They are of absolutely no value to the student as an individual, save that they show him how little he really knows. There is no possibility of making a list of the questions and looking some of them up after the test is over. Educationally, no learning takes place.

What is their value then? If colleges are to exist so that a few educational theorists, who have a craze for experimenting, may have the opportunity to prove or to disprove their theories, why not cancel tuition fees, and make schools real experimental plants? It is an insult to the intelligence of college students to put them through such an unexplained, mechanical, two-day testing process as that which they were put through last week.

But, you may say, over one hundred other colleges took the same tests. Well, are we not an adventure in excellence? When our school was first established, were we not to become a college that was just a little different? Will we yet sell our soul in order to keep down to standards?

THE BEST OF LUCK!

The Brothers College athletic teams are about to admit a new recruit into their ranks. This youngster has no past record, either good or indifferent, but does seem to possess the will to learn and the enthusiasm necessary for success. He is represented by a group of racketeers who, in a strictly legal manner, hope to spread the name of Brothers College this spring throughout the college tennis circles of North Jersey. Every bit of publicity for the college counts, you know, and these men might even win some matches! Who can tell? Seriously, though, they deserve considerable credit for their enterprise and school spirit. As the Fencing Team certainly realizes, the first year is the most difficult in respect to financial matters, and this group of tennis players have displayed sufficient sincerity and courage to undertake a schedule of eight matches, with only a minimum of material support from the administration. The members of the team appreciate what co-operation they have received, and are determined to justify it to the best of their ability. We wish them the best of luck, and trust that their enterprise, by the end of the season, may have become an established institution.

WELCOME, FAIR DAMSELS!

Drew campus this day is doubly adorned
With blossoms of spring and flowers of beauty . . .

No, on second thought, let's not make this a poem; it will be bad enough anyway. What we mean to say, in prose, is that these college lads are being treated to a remarkable display of dazzling damseles, the choice, we maintain, of America's best, and we hope everybody appreciates it. We have an idea that most of the boys do. Just ask that youth over there, with the freshly washed neck and ears, what he thinks of the affair; but remember, he has waited a long time for this weekend, and his answer may be biased. He will probably reply, "Do you want to meet a smooth babe? Wait till you see mine!"

Realizing, of course, that this occasion might have rendered him a bit irrational, we have decided to help him out. As the "vox populi" or self-appointed host for the student body, we hereby toss official bouquets to all of you, our fair guests, and hasten to welcome you to these hallowed halls of dear old Drew. We don't imagine that you will care to visit the furnace room or the balcony of Cornell Library, so we refer here to that imposing edifice, Brothers College Building. May the memories of its polished floors (really of the best material), and the echoes of its melodies linger on!

It is just possible, however, that your handsome escort will in his loyal pride, insist that you inspect some of our other monuments of learning, to meditate upon their unsurpassed beauty. Of course, you can suit yourself about honoring him. If he persuades you, though, please beware of this, whether walking or riding on our campus roads are terrific! That is to say, they are in a state of crumbling ruins. When times get better, and "Prexy" can scrape up a few dollars, we'll get the pesky things fixed, but just at present, bear this in mind. If on foot, try to tear your gaze from those big brown

YE FINE ARTS

Not one of the least occupations coincident with the arrival of Spring is a general cleaning; houses, wardrobes, attics, gardens, and (more wonderful) even our desk bear the brunt of this annual industry. Indeed, the practice is so widespread that its influence extends even to the theater, and there roots out the many weak plays which seemingly have existed all winter merely to fill some of the theaters. Of course, many shows die at intervals all along the season, but at this period the mortality rate is at its peak. Before considering those shows which are scheduled to open in the near future, it might be advisable to look over some of the remaining ones which (to date at least) are offering a last opportunity to those who wish to see them. The following are important if only by the theory of "survival of the fittest."

"Music in the Air" at the Forty-Fourth Street Theater affords just about the best music around. Reinold Werrenrath adds considerably to the appeal of the production, and Al Shean supplies the comedy for the most part.

At the Casino Theater (once the Earl Carroll Theater) at Seventh Avenue and 50th Street, is playing George White's "Melody." Mr. White of late has been experimenting with operettas, satires, and reviews. With this production, however, he has returned to musical comedy in its full tradition; pleasing tunes, graceful chorus work, and comedy totally unhampered by any restrictions of its plot. That the performance is pleasantly successful is attributable to the score by Romberg, the voice of Everett Marshall, and the comedy of Hal Skelly and Jeanne Aubert. Mme. Aubert has been popularly received on Broadway ever since her first appearance with the Charlotte Reviews.

There is little in the way of drama other than those covered in previous articles which are worthy of consideration. Relatively speaking, this season has not been an overly brilliant one, but it has had its compensating features. So it is with most seasons. Just when the prospects appear the dimmest, some enterprising producer runs to the rescue with a revival of a truly good piece. These are often the bright spots of the entire season. For one thing they are good plays; and for another, they are usually modestly priced. Their producers perform a real service to the interested public, and of them all, none exceed Mr. Milton Aborn. Last week this gentleman opened in the St. James Theater a new production of Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, "The Mikado." Naturally, the piece needs no praising here, but we might add that the critics pronounce the interpretations and work of William Danforth and Very as very commendable.

Although it is to digress from the limits of this column to do so, we can not but comment on the motion picture of "Cavalcade." Perhaps, most of you have seen it either during its recent run in Morristown or in New York. However, to any who have not yet done so we strongly advise a mending of your ways. As a motion picture it establishes a new level of attainment; it is dignified, dramatic, and stimulating. Credit should be paid to Mr. Coward, the author; Miss Wynyard, Clive Brook, and the other actors; and to Frank Lloyd, the head director. The picture shows what may be done when author, director, and actors all give of their best to the work.

eyes when you come to one of our yawning chasms; and, if riding, don't let Oswald, in his ecstasy, go more than seventy-five m. p. h. around the corners.

Now, dear friends, that you have heard the sweetest and know the worst, we trust that you will thoroughly enjoy yourselves, and feel as welcome as you really are.

BOOKS

George Bernard Shaw

A few weeks ago a distinguished Irish writer, wit and clown, whose name is George Bernard Shaw, visited America and promptly proceeded to put all us Americans in our places. Now Mr. Shaw is, to say the least, an interesting character, and, if no one refuses to take him seriously, is really a delightful fellow. But we must laugh at him, and until we do just that he will prove a decided annoyance.

A new book on Shaw has recently been published by Appleton. It is "Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet," by Archibald Henderson and should prove interesting to all those who wish to learn things about Shaw. Dr. William Lyons Phelps, the distinguished Professor of English Literature at Yale University has this to say about the book, and its author: "The only man in the world who can talk professionally with Einstein and also with Shaw is Archibald Henderson, Professor of mathematics in the University of North Carolina, author of a long list of works in literary criticism. In 1911 he published a biography of G. B. S., 'George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works,' and now within the last few months has appeared 'Bernard Shaw, Playboy and Prophet,' shorter than the preceding work only in the title.

"Just as few men have the opportunity to behold solid statues of themselves (Ibsen and Bjornson were exceptions), so few men have ever turned the pages of a biography so prodigious as this. There are more effigies than statues, more burlesques than biographies. In news value, Mr. Shaw is champion of the world. From obscurity and poverty, he has reached the pinnacle, and not even Victor Hugo more keenly enjoyed eminence. The world is right in paying homage to genius and in forgiving—if forgiveness is not an impertinence—anything and everything. Nobody cares whether Mr. Shaw is a Communist or an atheist or a Presbyterian. He is really a monopolist; an intellectual capitalist, paying himself enormous and regular dividends out of his speculations. We cannot get along without him and when he is gone, the world will seem duller.

The fatal error made by Henry Arthur Jones was in believing that America did not take the "menace" of Shaw's subversive ideas with sufficient seriousness. The only result of Mr. Jones' patriotic efforts was that he lost his health. America has always taken Shaw's genius seriously; we gladly surrender to his compelling charm as a writer; but as to his "views," who cares? For one person who has read through "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism," there are 50,000 who have read "Candida," "Caesar and Cleopatra," and "Saint Joan." I can think of no genius, living or dead, who has hypnotized so many readers by his imagination and affected so few by his arguments.

"Professor Henderson's book will be used for many years to come by those who study the History of English Drama; and as some reviewers, while admitting the value of the material, have thought fit to speak with some disparagement or patronage of the man who collected it, possibly because the biographer has not all the literary skill of his hero, I should like to say a good word for the excellence of the book itself."

So much for Mr. G. B. S., a new book, and Professor Phelps' opinions on each.

"Somebody stole Mary's clothes while she was swimming and she had to go home in a barrel."

"I'll bet she was furious."

"Yes, the barrel concealed too much of her figure."

"What's a censor?"

"A censor is a man who sees three meanings in a joke that only has two."

The Old Man in the Tower

We understand that the Paramount lot is becoming geography-conscious in a cock-eyed way.

It all started when Stuart Erwin, considering the universal pay slash, remarked, "Oh, well, we're here to-day and Guatemala." Then the deluge started.

"France, Romans, countrymen," roared Charley Ruggles, "are you willing and able to bear up under this burden?"

"Yes, Siam," contributed Buster Crabbe, "but how about Gary Cooper?"

"They should have Hungary Cooper long ago," soliloquized Jack Oakie, "but if you're planning on it, don't let me Russia."

"It Greece me greatly to hear you talk like that," Carole Lombard contributed.

"Java hear the one about the two Irishmen?" inquired Wynne Gibson.

"I don't Bolivia," was Frances Dee's comment, which inspired Sylvia Sidney to remark,

"Uruguay after my own heart."

And Adrienne Ames, learning that a critic had disliked a certain comedian's act, inquired, "Japan him much?"

"Italia," announced Richard Arlen in his best Italian, "I took my Poland caught two trout."

"I'm Danzig with tears in my eyes," wailed Sari Maritza.

But when somebody asked little Terry Tucker if he knew anything about geography, and he answered, "India do," everybody gave up and went back to work.

When first he came to see her,
He showed a timid heart,
And when the lights were low
They sat this far apart.

But when their love grew warmer,
And they learned the joy of a kiss,
They knocked out all the spaces,
And sat up close, like this.

The strong man, gleaming knife in hand, gazed at the smooth, white body in the water.

"It cannot do it!" he groaned.
"It's not a man's work." Tears streamed down his cheeks.
The woman, with a look of utter scorn, seized the knife and finished peeling the onion!

Prof. Smith: "What key are you using in?"
"Grumpy" Child: "Skelefon key."
Prof. Smith: "Skelefon key?"
"Grumpy": "Yeh, it fits anything."

"Egad, Throckmorton, yon wench must be a brave lass to keep her eye-brows in such a shape."

"Forsooth, Cudleigh, and would'st explain?"

"How now, knave, does it not require a lot of pluck?"

Our friend is just fifty percent in everything, including his studies. He is a half-wit, halfback on the football team, usually half tight, and he may half to quit school.

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MUSIC

Pollain and New Jersey Orchestra Cheered in Final Concert

The concert given Monday night, April 17th, in the auditorium of Orange High School with Rene Pollain conducting, and with Frederick Jagel, tenor, as soloist, was a brilliant affair, attended by a very large audience. But the fact that emerged from this concert, for the music lover, was the striking manifestation of the genius of a modest, unfortunately and singularly gifted man named Peter Illych Tchaikowsky.

A great man, this Tchaikowsky, and a fellow being. No other Russian composer, when all is said and done, had as much line and arch and poignancy of expression. No one of the "five" that formed the Nationalist group of Tchaikowsky's day, and excluded from it, not even Moussorgsky, had Tchaikowsky's power and deep emotional essence. All the others, not excluding a composer with better taste—Rimsky-Korsakoff—were of smaller calibre, and show it today even more clearly than they did twenty-five years ago.

The B Minor Symphony, more commonly known as the "Symphonie Pathetique," was written at the last of Tchaikowsky's life. Needless to say, it is his most eloquent and tragic work, yet we are not sure what the circumstances were which inspired the work. Certainly its composition was attended by sorrowful events. Tchaikowsky's health was poor; he was melancholy and despondent. It seemed to him that his friends were dropping him. Anton Rubinstein had passed him on the street without speaking to him. Worst of all, the hardest trial of his life to bear, Madame Von Meek had abruptly stopped corresponding with him. We now know that her mind had been affected and that this had changed her relations with everyone, but to Tchaikowsky the estrangement was a crushing blow to the fairest ideal of his life. Many believed, in view of his conduct at this time, that he contemplated suicide. He proceeded to put his affairs in order, gave the finishing touches to a number of scores, and worked with feverish energy on the last symphony. He admitted that the work had a program, a story, but what it was he would never tell. Had he not burned his diary in sealed forever. The tragedy of that music, said one writer, "stains the white radiance of eternity."

The "Symphonie Pathetique" stands today the monument of Tchaikowsky's art, the epitome of his career. The Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" by Hector Berlioz, who was represented on the first program of the season at which time the orchestra played the "Rakoczy March," opened the program. This work is

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DOWN-TRODDEN

Here some cold flat, mid filthy slums, is used
To house a human form, to shape a life,
Devoid of hope, in moulds made tant with strife
And want and ignorance. So sore abused,
That gift divine of man, the human soul,
Goes blindly on through time. Where can it find
Its love, its peace, its faith in human kind
To urge it onward to a noble goal?
A life must grow, it must expand;
And when it does, the strongest band Of fate can't keep it bound.
When right and justice fail to smile,
Oppression blocks each noble trial
And casts it on the ground,
What else can breed toward those above but hate
Which only cruel revenge can satiate?
—Patsy Chiariello.

LeVine: "Where can I put this suitcase?"
Thomas: "Sorry, old man, but the ice box is full."

In itself a dramatic and an astonishing piece, and it was performed with all the dash and brilliancy that characterize it.
Mr. Jagel sang the "Narrative" from Wagner's Lohengrin and in this we have a forecast of the wondrous tale so perfectly unfolded in a later opera "Parsifal." The young American tenor seemed to sense the spirit of the music and unfolded the tale in a wondrous fashion. He was applauded for long minutes and the audience seemed unable to have enough of him, and so he graciously responded with an encore, "La Reve" (The Dream) from Massenet's "Manon," which was probably better suited to the character of the voice than was the Wagnerian piece.

On a whole this concert was the finest the orchestra has played, and we have never heard it perform so brilliantly. The players showed careful training and, above all, superb tonal qualities, which have been missed from some previous programs. Mr. Pollain is certainly deserving of great credit for having developed such a remarkable organization in the few years of the orchestra's existence, and one sees that he is immensely popular with audience and musicians, alike. He is above all an artist, and a great and magnificent piece of music in his hands is not allowed to become sensational and showy for mere effect; it is always treated as he believes the composer would wish. That the orchestra has grown into one of the finest symphonic organizations in this country is not to be wondered at. It was to be expected with a leader like Mr. Pollain at its helm.

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Philosophy of Foolishness

At convocation, Wednesday morning, Mr. Brettnall, principal of the Millburn High School, spoke on the "Philosophy of Foolishness." In Mr. Brettnall's own inimitable way, he entertained the students with delightful poems of his own composition concerning things of education, conduct, and life in general. What his talk lacked in the abstruseness and formality of, say, a Kant, it made up for in its delightfulness and liveliness. One particular remark was particularly received by the students. This was the saying that we poor students are so bothered and cramped with examinations that we don't have time to learn anything. What with standard tests, course exams, and comprehensives, the feeling was not a new one among the B. C. students. It only needed articulation, and when it received it, the fire began to spread. We wonder how far it is going to go.

IN CHAINS

What matters it that man should catalog
The secrets of the universe while still
The passions of the mob yield to the will
Of insincere and heartless demagogues!
Seek not the vastness of our onward trend
In wondrous works of engineering minds,
For, to that very greatness, man soon finds
That he himself a helpless slave must bend.
Look to the world! The king is lust
And exploitation bows to dust,
All truth and loveliness.
Mid ignorant throngs suppressed with fears
We see the devastated piers
Of joy and gentleness;
And still we hear the cruel taunt of war
Telling the world, "You must progress still more."

COLLEGE CELEBRATES SPRING FROLIC THIS WEEK-END

Continued from Page 1, Column 3
Chatham; the Misses Albenia Wood and Helen Skern of Florham Park; the Misses Mildred Lotz and Margaret Bridgeman and Mrs. John R. Walker of Maplewood; Miss Arline Newcomb and Mrs. Ernest Ward of Green Village; Miss Marjorie Kniskern of Morristown; Miss Hazel Vanderhoff of Summit; Miss Charlotte May of Fairview; Miss Katherine Kinney of Mendham; Miss Florence Bell of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Ruth Motiaki of Scranton, Pa.; Miss Vera Dobbs of Bernardsville; Miss Violeta Creitz of Lebanon, and Miss Marion Prosch of Pitman.

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Drew Defeats Cathedral In Third Game of Season

Visiting friends, guests and everyone else around Drew for the weekend, you should drop around to Dodge Field tomorrow afternoon with the boy friend to see the 1933 edition of Brothers College baseball nine play Cooper Union in a double header, arranged especially for your entertainment.

Drew has a pretty snappy ball club this year. So far it has turned in two victories in three starts and will be out to double its victory list tomorrow at the expense of the engineers.

You should have been around the campus last Monday to see Jack Strange hurl a thrilling 6-5 triumph over Cathedral. The Morristown sophomore was making his intercollegiate debut and had his holiday assortment of hooks and fast balls working like a Rolls-Royce. Seven times he pulled himself out of nice deep holes made for him by his team-mates, and only after fanning ten batters was he able to win the game that should have been a shutout for him.

And you should have seen the antique "Pop" Platt slugging the old apple. Four times he came to the plate and four times he walloped the pill to regions where outfielders often would like to, but never do, reach in time to rob batters of hits.

The first time up, he grounded to the pitcher, but the next four times in a row he came through with ringing hits that meant a lot to the Drew cause. His first hit put him on base to later score the first run for our side, his second drove in two more runs, and his last two accounted for as many more runs.

You will see both of the above-named gallant gentlemen waltzing around the diamond tomorrow if you will drop around. "Pop" Platt is already married, but the rest of the outfit are quite eligible for better or worse. Perhaps you might like to know a little about some of them before seeing them in action. Then perhaps you will be kindly to them if they make a few bone-headed plays in your presence.

Bob Sutton, the only lefty on the club, is one of the best pitchers to come to Drew in a long while. Standing about five-seven in his stocking feet, with about a hundred and fifty pounds of beef packed around his large frame, Bob is a swell ball player. He pitches and he plays the outfield. He hits and he fields. So far this year he has four doubles to his credit and that is a lot. Most left-handers are supposed to be quite "screwy" but Bob must be the exception. Blue-eyed and good-looking,

Bob makes an ideal hero.

George Lutz is the "Tarzan" behind the rubber. Quiet and reserved at all times, George deceives nearly everyone at first glance. He looks quite sleepy at any time, but occasionally he "gets his Irish up" and takes a terrible cut at the horsehide. And talk about tough! Why, George nearly kills runners when they bump into him sliding towards the rubber. All in all—a good man to have around the ball club.

Al Jones will need no introduction. He is the Clark Gable of the squad, and one fine looking lad he is. Wavy black hair, a natural tan and a pair of bright brown eyes mark our handsome lead off man. When not trying to get a hit, Jones roams the gardens in left field.

Ted Orr is the strong looking man with the turtle neck sweater who plays in right field. A swell dancer, not so bad looking and a fine athlete, Ted is a "right smart feller." In June he leaves us for good, so this is the last time many of you will be able to see him playing for dear old Drew.

And that distinguished looking carrot-top at first is "Cy" Seymour. He just lives and dreams baseball. Not given much to social diversions, "Cy" takes his sports seriously and trains like a thoroughbred. When he sits around the fireside telling baseball yarns or singing classics, "Cy" seems like an old grand-daddy. You

NORTH JERSEY COLLEGES HOLD DRAMATIC CONTEST

Continued from Page 1, Column 1 stage hands and their own scenery. This was taken into account with diction and acting. The judges were: Mr. Hugh Miller, English actor-member of the faculty of Feagin School of Dramatic Arts, New York; Walter Flanagan, Miss Eula M. Ovitt, Miss Bessie McClellan, and Mrs. Walter E. Kerner.

While the scenery was changed and during the time that the judges prepared their decision, selections were rendered by Robert Kiss, pianist, and by the Brothers College Quartet.

really must meet him.

"Cutie" Iatesta is the boy from the Orange Mountains who cavorts around second. The nickname explains itself for "Cutie" is a "honey" on the ball field. Since he commutes to Drew little is known about his "other life," but you bet your shirt (beg pardon, ladies don't wear them, I guess) that he will not disappoint you when the time comes to hustle around the keystone sack.

Carlos Marcial, the curly-headed Cuban youth who may be at third or short for tomorrow's game, carries a heavy war club up to the plate with him, and occasionally he gets it around in time to crack out long hits. A flash in the field, and a "hot number" off it, Marcial is full of pep and enlivens up the gang.

Van Gilder is the solemn-faced, tanned freshman playing in the infield. His versatility makes him a valuable man to use at either third, or second. He led the fencers last winter in victories and seems to have carried much of his native grace onto the ball field. Not quite adapted to collegiate baseball yet, "Van" is a comer and a good all-around ball player.

Some of the other "men" who might get in one of the games tomorrow are Bob Smith, Arnold Bergman, Guy Cunningham and Rollo Gray. All of them are capable men to send in for reserves and are just waiting for a chance to break into the line-up. Three of them are freshmen and the other is a sophomore, so you may be quite sure that they will have plenty of time to make the varsity next year. The boy friend will be only too glad to point out any of these coming stars if you will ask him.

Gosh, girls, we can't forget "Doc" Young. He is the man behind the scenes for the team. You can see him down at third coaching the runners around the bases, or pitching to the batters in practice. "Doc" is coach of the team, or, as he calls it, "the club." Gee, it is hard to describe him to you. The fellows all like him and his fine personality. Any of them would do all in their power to help him, and, in turn, "Doc" can always be depended on to go to any length to help his players. Don't miss meeting him.

And there you have an idea of what the ball club is like. If you want to know more, drop around and meet the fellows. "Be seen" ya" at the game. "Batter up" at one p. m. sharp.

PANZER TENNIS MATCH TOMORROW AFTERNOON

Salny Elected Captain

Another thing the visiting ladies at Drew are advised not to miss is the opening tennis match against Panzer to be held tomorrow afternoon. Three hot singles matches with Salny, Smith, and one player from the Kingsley, Campbell and Schaller trio will furnish the preliminary thrills. Then a pair of sizzling doubles matches will round out the afternoon.

Your scribe dropped over to "Prof." Wegner's hangout the other day to watch the flashy Drew quintet work out. After standing for a time against the wall watching the handsome Stuart Salny sending his husky netmen through preliminary drills, Salny greeted ye scribbler and chatted about the prospective season.

Salny has worked hard during the winter to get the help of the faculty to start the team off, and then, with Alden Smith helping to scout around for matches, he booked an eight-game schedule. Panzer, Upsala, Dana, Webb and Montclair State Teacher's College will all meet Drew this year, and, according to Salny, will have defeats chalked up against them.

Stuart Salny, captain and guide of the team, won the Drew championship last year and placed well in several other tournaments around New Jersey. While at the Morristown High School he played on the varsity combination, and for recreation he competed with the Y. M. C. A. in the Morris County Tennis League.

Alden Smith played tennis last year at Connecticut Wesleyan, winning his numerals on the freshman team. Since his transfer he has shown excellent form at Drew and is expected to be a tough man to beat. (You girls will have no trouble picking him out. Even before he swings his racquet you will notice his wavy blonde hair and blue eyes).

Julien W. Campbell is the diminutive lad from down Alabama way. Behind his soft drawl and cool countenance there lurks a profound depth of tennis trickery that will make him a worthy opponent for any man. Before coming to Drew he spent his time reading about the tennis masters of the world, and grabbing off a few titles around Scottsboro.

Eugene Kingsley is the "athletic looking man" with the build like Adonis. He slugs that old tennis pill as if his racquet were "Big Bertha." A little inexperienced, except for high school tennis, but a player who packs plenty of wallop in his forearm.

Charles Schaller is the last, but by no means the least, of the tennis talent. He prepped in the court racket under the chalk lines in the Orange Mountains. A popular fellow among the freshmen (he is secretary of the class—no less), and just as peppy on the court as in the ballroom.

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