

QUICK!
LOOKIT PAGE 4,
COLUMN 5

The Drew Acorn



"THE CAMPUS
NEWSPAPER WITH
A McCLINTOCK
CONSCIENCE

VOL. XIV No. 11 Z-426

BROTHERS COLLEGE, MADISON, N. J., APRIL 1, 1941

PRICE, TEN CENTS

Prof. Phooton Gives Funds to Care for Refugee Drosophila

Million Dollar Structure
Will House 5,000,000,000
Of Suffering Creatures

Ground will be broken shortly after spring vacation for the new million dollar addition to Foo U. campus, it was revealed late today. This magnificent edifice is being constructed from funds left the biology department of Foo U. by the late Prof. Phooton of Yarvard, who is best known as the author of that deeply soul-stirring tome, "Me and My Genes."

In an interview with the press, Dr. Why-men Grin, professor of biology, revealed that the new building will be strictly utilitarian. A major portion of it will be devoted to providing comfortable accommodations for the doctor's 5,000,000,000 fruit flies. "Few people realize," droned Dr. Grin, "that the drosophila are as sensitive as human beings and have contributed much towards a better understanding of the world in which we live. They have been grossly mistreated in the past and, being a Christian college, we should be the first to take this great humanitarian step towards alleviating their suffering."

Dr. Grin went on to say that the building would also house a library of his great treatises. Some of which have never seen the light of day.

(Turn to Page 3, Bud)

Doc Lung Promises To Become Tartar

Even Baseball Team to
Feel Doc's Heavy Hand

"If you babies think I'm soft, you've got another think coming. I always try to be fair, but when somebody tries to take advantage of me, he finds out that I can crack down as easy as not." This belligerent ultimatum was delivered by the redoubtable Dr. Sermon Inflato Lung, Foo's Mighty Midget, in his semi-annual pep talk, delivered today to whatever students are suffering from insomnia. The Hay-Corn reporter quailed before Doc's wrath as he continued the tirade.

"Some of you babies think you can get away with not reading assignments and cutting classes indefinitely. Now I want you distinctly to understand that beginning right now I'm going to bear down. Next marking period I'll probably hand out a couple of C's, and even you guys on the baseball squad can get one if you're not careful. I'm also thinking of meeting my classes three times a week, so I'll know who's cutting."

"Of course, during hunting season I'll give you a reading month, but I'll expect you to read some sort of a book during that time—you ought to be sufficiently matured so you can direct your own study. (More Corn on Page 3)

COLBERT JOINS PARADE OF MOVIE CELEBRITIES WHO GIVE TO 'BUNDLES'



Merle Oberon



Myrna Loy



Claudette Colbert

The above-mentioned "parade" is the one of which Dean Gin Barrel Huff is drum-major. We've been wondering for some time why a man like him should be interested in such a thing, but now we know. He's leaving for Australia soon—via Hollywood. He wants to see how the west-coast Bundles shape up when compared with those of Madison and vicinity.

Drew Students to Be Rationed; Ersatz Ersatz Coffee Perfected

Miss Melon Quiltingbee has announced that, because of the extreme shortage of food during the war crisis, students who eat in the Foo University Dining Hole will be placed on strict rations. She has taken steps to replace the present ersatz coffee with a new substitute composed of soy beans and old chips that have been knocked off peoples' shoulders.

Waiters have been placed on a twenty-four hour a day schedule for the duration. Each waiter will carry a thirty-thirty at all times, in order to bag any unsuspecting rats, mice, or other dormitory residents. These provisions, Miss Quiltingbee has announced, can be worked up into an appetizing delicacy and served on toast.

To supplement these provisions, huge stores of horse meat are being bought up by the university. The administration feels that the students will hardly know the difference between this new food and what they have been getting.

Another startling announcement reveals that ice-cream can now be served only five times a week. Even this would be an impossibility if the dietician had not bought up an ice-cream ranch some months ago.

Youngpoor Calls for All-Out Aid For 'Chandelier-Hanging' Grandma

Dr. Pearl Augustus Youngpoor, author of the famed mystery novel, the "Hudson Murder Case," is hard at work on a new thriller. He has not definitely decided on the title, but he has narrowed the possibilities down to "Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder," or "The Baffling Mystery of Why Science Courses Are Taught in a Liberal Arts College."

The Doctor told the interviewer that he is temporarily stymied. "You see," he said with a roguish upswing of his goatee and a devilish gleam in his eye, "it's this way. The gay young thing comes home one night after a Bundles for Britain meeting, and immediately suspects that something is amiss. Her grandmother, who has shown no signs of life for many years is hanging at a rakish angle from the breakfast-nook chandelier. Right away Rosie (that's the gay young thing's name) knows that everything isn't as it should be. You see, she's deucedly clever—she finds

her prototype in Will Shakespeare's Portia.

"Now then Rosie has long known that her grandmother has been using a mixture of marijuana and hashish (one part to two), but it had never done her any harm before. Once or twice she had been found practicing pirouettes in the alley-way, but Rosie has always been indulgent. But this—well! You see, my problem is, I can't get the old gal down from the chandelier. Everything else resolves itself nicely, but grandma's being up on the chandelier has got me up a tree," concluded the Doctor.

Now then, the Doctor's dilemma is quite obvious. If any of our readers has a solution, will he tear off the top of the nearest science major and mail it with two shillings in stamps (British Empire, of course) to Doctor Youngpoor, care of the Society for Sending Niblicks to Underprivileged English Golfers. Well, shucks, did you ever try to read the "Hudson Murder Case?"

April Field Trip to Burlesque Planned

Entire Student Body to
Trek to Gaiety, Eltinge,
And New French Follies

"In order to give the Brothers College man a broad slant on life, the college students will take in the burlesque on the April field trip," Prof. Tames McFlintlock announced today. "The Faculty has decided that the students should see the bare facts of life," he went on to say.

"It was originally planned that the trip would be confined to lower-level students, it being assumed that juniors and seniors interested were sufficiently well acquainted with this form of art. However, Dr. Why-men Grin expressed the desire to take the members of his comparative anatomy class, and Dr. Sermon Inflato-Lung thought that his Greek drama class ought to be included as it would be a good demonstration of the modern adaptation of the Greek chorus. Every other faculty member had some excuse so it was decided that the whole school should go."

The school will be divided into three groups and will each go to the Gaiety, Eltinge and the French Follies. Buses will leave the B.C. parking space shortly after lunch Thursday and will return in time for breakfast Friday. Students wishing personally to interview the performers after the last show Saturday night should leave their names at the Dean's office.

WANTED

Site on which to erect permanent home so that New Jersey's migrant workers may settle down at last. All offers should be addressed to Spencer Carcass, Mass Meetings, Inc. Adv.

Spring Vacation to Be Cancelled to Aid Nationwide Defense

Semester to End First
of May; Final Exams to
Begin Friday, April 25

Spring recess, which was scheduled to begin this Saturday, has been cancelled, according to an announcement made yesterday by Dean Frank Tankard. This change in plan is the result of a decision made by university officials to cooperate with the government plan to facilitate the national defense program by holding commencement exercises fully one month in advance of that originally planned, thus freeing a large percentage of American youth for defense work.

Men to Be Classified

The government, which, after careful research, has adopted this project, will use as many of the men of the class of 1941 as will fit into its well integrated program. After diligent examination, both physical and mental, by the government officials, each man will be given a classification, placing him in that section of the defense program for which he is best prepared and best suited. His classification may be in any of the defense industries, or local defense divisions of various types, as well as in the regular services.

Here at Drew, commencement exercises will be held on Tuesday, May 6, and the baccalaureate service will be held on the preceding Sunday. Original plans for the occasion will be carried on, except for the change in date. The speaker for commencement has not yet been announced.

Classes End April 23

In order to carry out this plan, the semester which is now in progress will terminate on Thursday, May 1. Class meetings will not be held after Wednesday, April 23, and final examinations and senior comprehensive examinations will be held from Friday, April 25, until Thursday, May 1. Full credit for all courses will be given, even though it is not possible to complete all the work planned.

Although it may not be possible, every effort will be made to go through with plans for the Spring Weekend as originally scheduled, according to the dean. Since almost all arrangements have been made for the event, it is possible that it will not have to be cancelled.

Future plans for opening the school in September have not been changed, and will proceed as originally scheduled.

"IT'S THE NUTS"

The Brew Acorn

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Good Thing This

The recent humanitarian appeal of Dr. Why-Men Grin's proposal to the United States government to sprinkle the paths of our migratory birds with devil's food cake is a project worthy of the serious consideration of every sincere humanitarian.

In the light of the present ASCAP-feud we cannot afford to allow the starvation of our air lanes to reach the acute point. Furthermore, we are in the throes of a national crisis—and the morale of the population must be maintained at its maximum pitch. Should the migratory birds be deprived of their devil's food cake their moans of sadness would be heard throughout the length and breadth of this country—and the influence which their moans would have, would be disastrous to the morals of our civilian population.

The dangers involved in this heroic project could be minimized, as Dr. Grin pointed out, after a brilliant analysis of his research in the field, by appointing a supervisory board known as the "Bureau of Devil's Food Cake Crumb Collectors," by sprinkling only a two-season supply along any one lane, and immediately curtailing the further distribution in the event that any sabotage is suspected, or in the event that the great ideals of the Bureau are prostituted, for the compromise of these ideals would be tantamount to treason, and would be punished by death. Such a penalty would prevent any on the crumb lanes.

As Dr. Grin pointed out, the cost of financing this tremendous project could be reduced to infinitesimal proportions by confiscating the Ford Baton Rouge plant and converting it into a bakery.

The die has been cast. To turn back now would be playing into the hands of the enemy for they would like to see a disorganized America. We have presented the facts in the case — there can be no turning back, so "WRITE TO YOUR SENATOR TODAY."

—BVD

No Frivolity This



This is something we had lying around the office. All about war and tyranny and stuff. Good! Good!

The Arts

The fine art of musical comedy has long been neglected by your correspondent. To correct this gross oversight we dropped in on the new spring show currently playing at La Twinge (ooh!). The program is by Nympho O'Jerk, and is entitled Dark Defeat or Sublimation in the Night. The staging, by Norton Pel Meddes, is in the spirit of the day, being more suggestive than realistic.

Miss Sendit Hot, who has not made a legitimate appearance for several years, presented a most convincing performance—in fact, her part on the program was a down-right revelation. At one point, there was a piece that was the high spot of the whole evening. This consisted of a number by Torrid Till, whose talent depends less on the lines provided her by Mr. O'Jerk than on those provided originally by Nature and developed by years of practice.

The continuity of the offering was not too good. Although the individual scenes did not follow too logically, the general appeal of the show was universal. As always, Mr. O'Jerk wrote for the more intellectual members of the audience; the interpretations of the artists, however, did much to bring the tone down to the level of the lower classes.

The costumes, by Al Borst, were exceptionally well executed. So good were they that there was some talk of letting the performers wear them throughout the entire performance. This idea was discarded, however, because of a desire to show the audience the finer things.

Do we recommend Dark Defeat? Yes, we do—for traveling salesmen a long way from home, for Bible majors who never get a chance to do the things they really want to

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Dean Guff Traveling

There should be a story to go with this head, but we can't find one anywhere. Any suggestions?

do, for field-trip students who want to know how their professors spend the afternoons in the city, or for those fellows who never expect to get any closer to the realities of life. For the rest of you, if there be any, don't bother, you've seen it all hundreds of time before. And consequently, you should spend the evening at home with all the kids. A.W.O.L.

Moment in Peeking

or Faculty on a Bender

Once a year the members of the faculty have a celebration. All year long they tell the students that they aren't tee-totalers on moral grounds—it's just that they don't like the stuff (Quote: Professor Eek Fine). But each year they have to renew that conviction. This year the festivities were held at the famed "Bird in Hand Tavern."

Your reporter was forced to disguise himself as a political refugee who had been run out of Germany by that big bad man, and whose valuable collection of Zulu parchments had been destroyed by thoughtless Nazis. His disguise consisted of a butch hair-cut and an arrogant air.

Master of ceremonies for the evening was Dr. L. Mange Pulley. "Gentlemen," he began, with his characteristic leer, "I'd like to tell you about a statuette I saw once in a fountain in Paris. You see, the figure was entirely nude, and the water flowed..."

"Just a minute, Mange. Don't you think that by some great exertion of will-power, we might be able to keep this clean, just for one night. Please?" interrupted Professor Abraham Lincoln Wimple, shoving a sparkling silver fizz toward the French dandy.

"Now, if Freud were here, Mange," opined Dr. T. A. McFlintlock, "he'd make something of that story. You know, universal symbols and all that sort of thing. If I had my way, I'd have every member of this faculty psychoanalyzed. And wouldn't we have a clean-up then! As a matter of fact we could start it from the student standpoint. Very politic. Very politic. We could have the students send the professors personality rating sheets. Ha! Ha! I can just see the returns, Cricket-Wicket. You know, physical vitality and ability to learn." McFlintlock laughed boisterously.

"Yes, or social poise," retorted A. Manly, his cheeks filled with beer this time.

"Gul pos fid," exclaimed Dr. Pearl Angustus Youngpoor, affectionately known among his students as "Hussy," and among his intimates as "Tallyho."

"Look, Hussy, either swallow it or spit it out. We can't have any of this romantic dilly-dallying, even on a holiday," protested Martial Halfheart Swampington, with a slight lilt to his left beam. "When I came to this college I thought that men of science were held in high repute, but all beautiful dreams must come to an end," he said, drowning his sorrows in a mixture of bass ale and tears.

"I'm with you there," said Why-men Grin, poking his gleaming head up through the bass ale suds. "I wanted a new course instituted that would teach students how to distinguish the three sexes of fruit flies, but what do we get? A history of British Drama. And you know what that means, especially with St. Louis-Reading Johnson-Johnson teaching it. Just so much nostalgic belly-wash."

"Yeah, I know," piped up St. Louis, Chicago, Devil's Gulch, and Cleveland Jordy-Wordy. "A lot of trash about Magdalene (pronounced Maudlin) College, and that magnificent, superb Matty Arnold."

(Continued; You Find It)

Wiring the Short-Circuit

By Back Stoop

SECRET DISCLOSED

You must have all seen a baseball game where the catcher walks out to the mound for a conference with the pitcher. Well, did you ever wonder what their conversation amounted to? Se-creting a small microphone under the rubber of the pitcher's mound, I was able to record the words between Schmidt

and Stan in a recent game. We'll play the record now for the first time. Put the needle to it, beetle.

"Say, Ray, did you hear the one about the traveling salesman? Seems as if his car was on the blink. He stopped at a farm house and asked to be put up for the night. The farmer said he only had two beds and he and his wife slept in one and his daughter, his daughter, his daughter—his daughter." Well, whacha know, I musta broken that record carrying it over here.

THE INNER MAN

Just read about a new invention called a "pertrudoscope." This new gadget when pinned on anyone's clothing reveals that person's real thoughts. Let's pin it on "Doc" Young, fellas. No, not on his shirt. Look at all the space that his baseball pants cover. That's it; now listen.

"Gee whiz, I wish Tettermer had stayed out for the ball team. Now everybody, even Carmichael, towers over me. I'm not tall enough to look in a duck's eye. With the shape my team is in this year we could take all of those big schools: Smith, Holyoke, N.J.C. Must be about time for another reading week in my courses. Wonder I'm still living after driving that Hudson all those years. Stinking Giants haven't got a chance this year. Wonder if the fellows really believe I used to hit them over the 'little red barn.' It'd be too bad if they found out it was only an old backhouse."

PANTIES FOR PLATO

This time the knitters foresaw their "duty" to Britain and worked for a domestic cause. Faculty wives, Semester, Young, Trickett, Fulcomer and some others knitted furiously throughout the winter months at the basketball games. Most everyone believed they were aiding the British cause. However, the coming of spring baseball practice has proven otherwise. "Doc" Young threatened last season to have a pair of pants to fit him this year and yesiree he has the cutest pair of knitted knickers on the field.

Rumor hath it that several square yards of knitted material are left over. It has been suggested that in order to use it for a deserving purpose, it be turned into a pair of track shorts for the immense (oops, that is supposed to read eminent) Doctor Trickett for future foot-races.

Board of Trustees Bans Baseball From Campus for All Time

Take Action in Loyalty And Devotion to Daniel Brew, Beloved Founder

Drew University has cancelled its 1941 baseball schedule and the game has been banned from the campus, by action taken by the Board of Trustees at its recent meeting. Willie S. Tilling, spokesman for the board, has just issued a statement clarifying the board's sudden action. Following is the statement in its entirety:

Story Lacks Cohesion

"The Board of Trustees has exerted the greatest considerations in this matter but has come to the conclusion that in reverent respect for our benevolent benefactor, Daniel Brew, we must from this day ban baseball from our campus. Today with Nazism, Communism, nudism, and the many isms we of the board felt compelled to join a movement of some kind. Since dear old Daniel so much enjoyed the flowers along the streams where he watered his cattle after their meal of salt, we thought of the movement toward the belief in reincarnation—carnation being a flower." (note: If you think this story lacks cohesion, you'd better quit now.)

"The board formally adopted the reincarnation theory as a basic part of our theology. This, however, proved to be the downfall of baseball. One of our more educated members, (Milford High School, 1917-1926) had heard once that the dead under this new theory that we had adopted, return to earth in the body of the animal which they most nearly resembled in life.

"From this point, baseball's end was but a moment's debate. The American game of baseball is played with a small round spheroid, made of horsehide. Ah yes, and poor Daniel, 'more sinned against than sinning' (oh yeah), a horse's neck was he.

"Now that you students know our reasons for prohibiting baseball on this campus, we feel sure that fellows like Schmidt, Winch, and Stake, who have such a deep feeling of loyalty and devotion to our founder will never again desire to knock the cover off a baseball knowing that that beautiful snow-white leather cover is poor old Daniel's skin."

On questioning Willie a little further I found that one exception had been made to the rule. Ray Stan may continue to play ball at all times, if he so desires. He never hit the little hunk of Daniel anyway.

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Guy Whispering in Ear



Bits of wisdom that enabled Cricket-Wicket to stage sensational finish in foot-race with Back-Stoop Tailwiggler.

...Fugs

(Stretched from Page 1)

When questioned as to his campus-reverberating proposal that 95 per cent of the senior class should submit themselves to sterilization "for the betterment of the human race," the good doctor's face lit up. "I am happy to announce that such steps will not be necessary at present. It is believed that the war will take care of that quite nicely."

Then, rolling his eyes towards heaven with an air of supreme admiration, "The Lord, in His infinite wisdom is taking care of the problem in His own little way."

...Doc Lung

(Will He Be Sore?)

And get this: when I assign a paper for April 23, I don't expect to get it on May 23 or June 23. I want it on April 23—or within the next week or two, anyway. Just so long as you don't think you're slipping something over on me."

Your reporter was sufficiently frightened by the veiled threats in Doc Lung's speech. Hastily donning his toga, and picking up his baseball bat, he made good his escape, sighing with relief at the thought that he had evaded the prospect of Doc delivering himself on "snap courses."

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Tailwiggler Beaten By Cricket-Wicket In 25-Yard Dash

Tailwiggler Loses Lead In Home Stretch; 'Claim Frame'—Cricket-Wicket

Dr. A. Manly Cricket-Wicket, burly B.C. history prof, reigned today as university champion and record-holder at 25 yards as the result of a close victory over Howie "Back Stoop" Tailwiggler. Dr. Cricket-Wicket came from behind in the closing yards to snatch victory from his younger rival in the fast time of two minutes. Four spectators were knocked flat by the rush of wind at the finish line as the two gargantuans thundered home.

Tailwiggler was the first off the mark, with a grunt, roughly six seconds after the gun barked. He held a five-yard lead as he rocketed past the ten-yard mark, and slowly increased it as his inertia-bound opponent had difficulty getting under way. Halfway down the course it was "Back Stoop" by a wide advantage, but suddenly something happened.

The haggard trackster Cricket-Wicket, plodding unhappily behind the rotund "Stoop," suddenly began to climb. Fixing his eyes glassily on the finish tape, he went into high. With a roar he closed the gap to nine yards, then eight, six, four. Ten yards from the end of the course he reached into the ample depths of his being and found a spark which sent him past the failing Tailwiggler to win by the depth of his—ah—chest.

Several hours later, as he was slowly recovering his breath, Dr. C-W revealed the secret of his sudden rally. "I wuz (pant) framed," he whispered. "It was my good friend Dr. Lung. He was waving (pant) a fake NBC contract. It said (pant) I was to replace Ray-muel Swingnagle. I (sniff) wish I hadn't won. Gee."

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-- OBLIVIA --

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE—ANY APRIL FOOL KNOWS THAT

Nine Madison Maulers ambushed Lothario Kuhn in the woods the other night for wolfing their dates. . . . Art Cooley is currently plagued with marriage proposals from eastern women's colleges. . . . The recent Hay-Corn poll shows Russ Dreikorn as the most popular man on campus. . . . Ev Sims who has just finished his honors thesis, gets up for breakfast every morning so he won't miss his English classes with Professor S. S. Van Dyke. . . . After four years at Foo U., Retiring Ray Stan has yet to participate in one extracurricular activity. . . . Bill Dennis has undertaken to show Dave Crowell what social opportunities Madison affords. Dave says he realizes now what he's missed all these years. . . . With a three-foot pile of "Looks" and "Pics" in his room, amazing Spence Morris still finds time to attend four or five movies a week (not counting Saturdays). . . . Stoop Terwilliger was rejected by the draft board—they told him to put on some weight first. . . . Suave, smooth-talking Bazarian is our choice for next year's social chairman. . . . Dickie Bell has been tyrannizing the poor defenseless women in the library by shouting at them in the stacks. Mickey (the mouse) McGilliard says: "Yeah, he's rough, but ain't he virile!" . . . Fashion-plate Poust, the Kulture Kid, has given up ping-pong, because, as he says, "It's entirely too rough." . . . Phil Launer, who contracted the unfortunate habit of sleeping through exams, has flunked out of school as a result, and may have to go to Harvard, Yale, or some such place. . . . Bob Pepper is in love again. That makes four "cases" in three months. . . . Ken Vincent, who is going steady these days, plans to be a door-to-door salesman for Fuller Brushes this summer. . . . They tell us that Billy (the Bum) Scovill is now working at the Co-op, besides setting up pins at the bowling alleys. Maybe Hoover can help. . . . Arlo Klinetob and Jim Boyd are trying to draw their roommate, Bashful Jimmie Steele, out of his shell by urging him to attend at least one dance before the end of the year. . . . Winston Kuhlmann and Sir Anthony Drechsel are organizing a campus Bundles for Britain chapter. . . . This is a damn good column.

ACORN ALLITERATION AWFUL, BEEFS BLAIR. REPORTS REPUTATION RUINED—REALLY?

Having absorbed the bi-weekly product of the astutely anonymous authors of that terrific two-column tripe titled Trivia for several semesters, and wishing to emulate their alliterate efforts, we now present, for your pain or pleasure, the following compositions, which utilize the last and only two letters of the alphabet unexploited by the aforementioned assiduous, if asinine, authors. (Note: they're all in the dic, chick—except "yogglingly." We just dreamed that one up. Ysn't it Zilly?)

Young yorky yoemen year youthfully to yen. Your yeasty Yankee yoemen yodle, yielding yelps and yowls. Yonkers younkens used to yoke like yellowtails, yet yokels and yahoos yaup yaringly. You yawn? You're yust yogglingly yellow, Yoe.

Zestful, zymotic, zygomorphous, Zachariah, zincified zymogenic, zoophytic, zooidal, zirronic, Zenobia. Zachariah zipped zitheringly, zoning Zenobia zestfully, zealously. Ziniberaceous Zenobia sent zany, zonal, zinky, Zinian Zachariah to zither in a zithern.

IN SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—IT SAYS HERE.

Know what the tree said to the woodpecker? Don't say yes, it won't get you anywhere. The tree said to the woodpecker: "Eat me woodie, eight to the bark." So the woodpecker replied to the tree: "Beat me, Elm-er, I ate the bark."

Ode to April First

'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring, de boids is on de wing.
My, how absoid! I t'ought de wings was on de boid.

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Dark Horse



Among those the dopesters are taking into consideration in the forthcoming race for student council prexy is the gent above.

Among Missing



Mrs. Frontenac Side-Saddle, who will not be seen at the Spring Prom. She will not be accompanied by Lady Astor, Amy Semple MacPherson, Valiant Carrie, and Frankenstein's mate, Johnnysteine.

Professor Eek Fine Writes on Bathtubs

Prof. Eek Fine is the author of an article appearing in the April issue of "The American Association of Plumbing and Sewage Disposal Manufacturers Bulletin."

The article, entitled, "Research on Sizes and Uses of Bathtubs in the Average American Home," is the result of long scientific study made by Dr. Fine after ten years of investigation with the Wicomico tribe on their Kansas reservation.

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The Theo Fog

by John Runting

The other day I was standing in the mail room of Hurt-Boin and a young neophyte of the junior class said to me: "Mr. Runting, I am going to do something about the bad relations between the college and the feminary in Foo U. I don't mind when college fellows throw snowballs at us and p'u'sh us around our halls, but when they whistle at us in the refectory and stand up when we come to the table—well! things have come to a pretty pass."

I have given this matter my serious consideration, and feel that a project should be undertaken to this end: to further more cordial sentiments among the brethren and the cistern of this university. Isn't that a meritorious scheme? Ain't it the nuts? Won't you let me know how you feel about this thing, in words of one syllable or less.

Congratulations to Rave Railer and Hepsy Windjammer! We hear the connubial joys will be solemnized as soon as the happy pair have completed their course of studies, and won through to the B.D. (Then we will have the paradox of two married bachelors, won't we, Ha! Ha!) At present Hepsy is improving her linguistic proclivities by dining with the Latin Quarter in Helen's Hall of Horrors. Rave isn't proud; he eats with anyone—who'll let him.

Speaking of college-feminary relations, there is one boy (we think) who at present is acting as a sort of go-between for the members of Rasbury and Hurt-Boin. Of course, I refer to Wan Pott, the chipper little nipper who may be seen under anyone's feet in the male-room. Wan also holds the distinction of being the only fellow on campus to have a daily date with a male-bag. It is indeed a heart-warming sight to observe him with lanky Brother Popgun, the real and only maleman in the feminary, or anywhere else on campus. More power to you, fellows, especially Pott (who needs it.)

I asked a young lady what she was giving up for Lent, and she replied, "My Easter, bunny."

Well, my Muse labors, and my work in Impractical Theology and Applied Voodooism calls, so I must fold up this sheet, and run along to the Hay-Corn office. Perhaps if I hide under last week's copy, I may catch the writer of Oblivia, and finally see the man who gets his stuff printed in double columns, and BIG TYPE.

Now there's a man I really envy—he can flaunt his unsuppressed inhibitions under the merciful cloak of anonymity, while I must display my puerile talents in an extensive vocabulary (to defy comprehension) and sterile style, complete with cut 'and by-line. Truly the exigencies of existence surpass all expectations! Ain't it offal, Mabel. Ed. Note: We've been itching to do this for weeks—run ads on the editorial page. It's terrible! It just isn't done.

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