



The DREW ACORN



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BROTHERS COLLEGE, MADISON, N. J., DECEMBER 5, 1942

PRICE, TEN CENTS

Foresters Present Three One-Act Plays Dec. 5

Tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock the Drew Foresters will present their first wartime production in James Hall. On account of the war the Foresters are presenting three one-act plays: "A Night as an Inn," "Girl Shy," and "Who Gets the Car Tonight?"

In former years the Foresters have presented such classics as "Othello," "Merchant of Venice," and "Cyrano de Bergerac," but this year because of the seriousness of the world, the group decided to present an evening of light entertainment.

The cast of "A Night at an Inn" includes Dick Stokes, Ralph Spoor, Vic Cranston, Marvin Marx, Herb Samenfeld, Dayton Ball, Art Matott, and Bruno Leopizzi.

"Who Gets the Car Tonight?" presents Marjorie Kyle, Jack Infanger, Mildred Foss, Dick Paine, and Ted Goble.

"Girl Shy," a farce, has Sid Rosenblum, Jack Holbrook, Milt Gusow, Bob Chamberlain, Ken Mellinger, Bob Titchen, and Ted Goble as the players.

Under the co-supervision of Frank Truehauff, and Howard Remaly, the stage crew of Don Sweeney, Royal Murray, and John Honig will keep the plays moving.

The actors have been directed by Prof. Johnson assisted by Joe Blotner as student director. The make-up will be done by Jack Middleton.

Prof. Johnson encourages the student body to attend the play, and if possible bring guests.

Tohumtmaykunsern:

The Acorn desires to make plain that no editorial or signed article should be construed as representing the opinion of the Student Council or any other group except the editors (or the writer).

Today's Attitudes to Determine Peace, Menke Tells PP&R

Speaking before the Philosophy, Psychology, and Religion Club which met Monday evening at the home of Dean and Mrs. Lankard, Dr. George H. Menke, Regional Secretary of the Student Christian Movement, said the "mind sets" of the people today are already determining the peace to come.

Dr. Menke's subject was "Victory Begins at Home." "Military victory," he said, "never achieves progress toward a goal. The only thing it gains is an opportunity afterwards to resume the struggle towards that goal. . . the goal of a higher level of human relations." To a large extent he pointed out we have failed to realize this goal here at home. Citing as deplorable example and discussing them at some length, Dr. Menke spoke of the recent filibuster over the abol-

BC Goes on Third Field Trip, Dec. 7

Brothers College will adjourn classes on Monday, Dec. 7, for the third group of field trips this semester. No freshmen are going.

The following professors are in charge of the field trips listed: Dr. Green, the American Museum of Natural History for a study of the evolution of the whale; Mr. Lawson (in place of Dr. Harrington), Engineering Society Building; Dr. Herman, Eimer and Apand; Professor Fulcomer and Dr. McClintock, New Jersey Reformatory for Boys; Dr. Kline, coral exhibition at Wildenstein Galleries; Mr. Johnson, New York Public Library exhibition of Bibles; Dr. Young, New York University for an observation and demonstration, and in the evening the play "The Eve of St. Mark"; and Dr. Kimpel, broadcast of the NBC Symphony Orchestra and a special coral exhibition of Paintings.

H-B Plans For Shindig Dec. 12

The gala house party of Hoyt-Bowen Hall will be held in the Faculty Lounge on Saturday, Dec. 12. The social committee, consisting of Arthur Winter, chairman, Irving Schiffman, Victor Cranston and Armand Della Volpe, promises a most UNUSUAL and UNIQUE evening.

One of the plans is to have every guest wear slippers. Other entertainment will be dancing to records and hilarious parlor games—Adv.

Drew Men At Princeton IRC Meeting

Hoffman, Dykeman, Morris, Eaton, Barr and Weber Representatives

Today at Princeton, five members of the International Relations Club of BC are participating in the Middle Atlantic Conference of International Relations Club. The delegates from Drew are Oz Hoffman, Nate Dykeman, Spence Morris, Sam Eaton, Rod Barr, and Fred Weber. The conference opened at noon today and runs until noon tomorrow.

BC's Club originally did not plan to attend the conference because they had no money. But this was a result of a misunderstanding, eventually the IRC got enough money to send delegates to the conference. Because of this mix-up, no one from Drew is presenting a paper at the conference.

Topics for this year's conference are "Our Latin American Neighbors," "Japan, China, and the South Pacific," "The Role of Anglo-American Cooperation," "Russia in the United Nations," "The Future of India," and "The Problem of Germany."

Forum Prexy Jacoby Lists Year's Program

This year the Forum will feature discussions by members of BC clubs on topics relative to their activities.

Every student is considered a member of the Forum in that its program includes most of the College's activities.

President Charles W. Jacoby has arranged the following tentative schedule:

Philosophy, Psychology, and Religion Club, Dec. 10; the Science Club, Dec. 17; the International Relations Club, Jan. 7; the Biology Club, Jan. 21; Pi Gamma Mu, Jan. 28; the Science Club on Feb. 11; the International Relations Club, Feb. 25; the Philosophy, Psychology and Religion Club, Mar. 4; the Biology Club, Mar. 11; Pi Gamma Mu, Mar. 25; the Freshman-Sophomore Interclass Debate, April 1; the Junior-Senior Interclass Debate, April 8; and the Final Interclass Debate on April 29.

Yule Party Is Dec. 19

On Dec. 19 all the men of BC and their dates will join together for the Second Annual Christmas Party. The party is to be held from 9 to 1 in Baldwin Hall and the Faculty Lounge. The program consists of dancing and entertainment sponsored by the College Social Committee.

New Cut System Places Responsibility on Students

The new faculty rule permitting unlimited cuts for all beginning next semester does not mean that students can cut classes whenever they feel like it, an official spokesman pointed out last week.

Science Club Hears Miller November 7

"The Effects of Organic Chemicals on Plant Growth" was the subject of the talk which Dr. Lawrence Miller of Boyce Thompson Institute gave before the Science Club Friday evening, Nov. 7.

His talk was an attempt to explain the increase or decrease in the growth of plants treated with certain chemical hormones, to analyze the consequences of the growth control of plants upon our economic setup, and, in general, to make people more aware of the wonders of the plant and the study that in his opinion it merits. He provided data on the activity of plants, on the chemicals which are needed for the regulation of their growth and on the unforeseen effects that chemicals have had upon plant growth. He used slides to graphically illustrate the results of the experiments performed by the members of the Institute. One slide represented four years of work of five members. When he had finished his talk, he answered questions.

Pilling Lab Opens Soon

The new Pilling Chemistry Laboratory is expected to open sometime next week, it was learned this week from a well-informed source. Original plans called for the lab to open by the beginning of this school year, but work was postponed because of war exigencies.

"Back to College" Plan Revealed To Educators at N. Y. Meeting

Dean Lankard, Professor Aldrich, Professor Jones, and Professor Johnson attended the fifty-sixth annual convention of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and Affiliated Associations at the Hotel New Yorker last Friday and Saturday. At the convention Army and Navy representatives announced that many thousands of young men now in the armed services will be transferred from the barracks to the classrooms of the nation's colleges to begin intensive courses.

Joseph W. Barker, special assistant to Secretary of the Navy Knox, stressed the fact that the Government does not plan to take over any of the colleges to which service men would be sent for courses

The individual professor can allow as few or as many absences in his courses as he chooses. But if the student misses a test, the professor cannot allow him to make it up unless the student gets a written excuse from the Dean's office. This means that a professor can insure attendance by regular or surprise quizzes. In the past the instructor was not obliged to help the student do missed work, but could. However, under the new regulation, he is not permitted to do this. If the instructor feels that the student may well afford to miss class, he may allow the student to do so. If, however, the faculty member feels that the student should consistently attend, he may refuse to allow cutting at all, irrespective of the semester-hour credits.

The professors and students each have new responsibilities for maintaining work, and each professor should take a definite stand on cuts, so that there is no misunderstanding, according to one official source.

When Brothers College was first founded, everyone was compelled to attend classes. The system was severe with double cuts for missing work 48 hours before or after a holiday.

In 1930, the set-up was relieved with permission for absences given to those having a "C" or over.

Last year, the system used at present was started. Now it gives way to the new set-up.

The significance of the Dean's and Honor's Lists is now partially lost with everyone having the privilege of unlimited cuts. Whether or not the students will be able to carry the responsibility remains to be seen, but the Dean and Faculty have confidence in the success of the plan.

lasting from nine months to more than two years. He made the following statement: "There is no desire on the part of either the Army or the Navy to dictate to the colleges what they must do."

Colonel West said, "The schools selected will be those in a position to furnish the instruction required and possessing the requisite facilities for housing and feeding. Students will be under Army discipline and receive Army pay. Military training will be subordinate to academic work. We hope the complete plan will be announced within the next two weeks."

The plan is still in the formative stage and it is too soon to say whether or not Brothers College will be affected by it.

The DREW ACORN

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In a Nutshell

Most students are not at all interested in who runs their social affairs; all that matters to them is that there are dances they can attend. So many a reader asked, "What's all the shouting about?" when he picked up the last Acorn and saw Samuel Salt's article on the fight for control of our social program.

And in a way, it doesn't matter very much who has control, so long as the social affairs are well-managed. The primary consideration is a good program, and who runs it is a side issue.

Besides, who will deny that the faculty should supervise the social program? In the first place the University constitution requires the faculty to supervise student activities; and in the second place, the University matches, dollar for dollar, the contribution of the students toward the program . . . and should therefore have a voice in how this money is to be used.

What right, then, have the students to ask for a larger part in running their social program?

We won't cite the mandates of the University charter . . . but we will point out the traditions and ideals for which our college has always stood . . . and say, "Give us a chance to develop, as far as we can, the capacities and qualities that Brothers College believes should result from liberal education. . . . Trust us with responsibility, for only by doing can we learn."

To which we believe the faculty might well reply, "Go ahead. . . . We will try to save you from major blunders, but we won't break your minor falls. The social program is yours: now see what you can do with it!" And it's my guess, this is precisely what they will say.

Relief of students of other countries who have been forced from their homes by the sweep of war is a worthy cause—and it is one to which Drew will shortly be asked to contribute generously. Somebody has suggested that we could raise \$300 toward this project, and I agree: if faculty members and students both give as they should, we shall have no

(Continued in Column 3)

Entre Nous

By Blotner

"Christmas is coming; the goose is getting fat," so begins the old wheeze which melliflously flows on to appeal to the hearer to please deposit a coin in the old man's fedora. Thus it goes at Christmastide. Good will begins welling up all over the place and contemporary writers start knocking themselves out with all manner of burlings and cooings over sleigh bells, yule logs, Santy Claws, and carols, etc. This, we realize, is all to the good, for where would we be in parlor times like these without an occasional shot of sweetness and light?

All right then, we approve of such things as the traditional letter from the editor telling little Virginia that there is a Santa. However, we think that there is one vicious evil preying upon the public which these writers slickly gloss over. This, gentle reader, is Christmas shopping as we know it.

Unfounded and dastardly though this statement may seem at first glance, the facts will back it up. We need only to note the wear and tear on the body of the Christmas shopper, let alone the injury to the mind and soul, to see the extent to which this malignant germ has bored its way into the innards of the American Christmas season, and the havoc which it wreaks. Limp, exhausted form, trampled feet, stockings with runs in them, and aching limbs, all bear mute testimony to its ravages.

Let us briefly turn to that which is more lasting, more dire in its consequences; the injury to the mind, to the psyche, that which may destroy a man.

Frustration is perhaps the key factor in producing this effect. The first phase comes when, after carefully selecting appropriate gifts for the people on his list, the shopper forges through a struggling mass of humanity to a store counter only to find that the gifts he had selected have been just sold out or weren't in stock in the first place. Then, feeling like a race track tout who has picked every race wrong including the daily double, and then fleeced within an inch of his canine incisors, he proceeds, crushed and groggy, to try to reform his shattered lines and attack the problem again.

Thus it goes and he goes, until he either has the good fortune, at long last, to find some secluded little store where appropriate gifts have somehow survived the rush, or, he is forced to consult POPULAR MECHANICS and make his gifts out of an old Erector Set, match sticks, and bottle caps.

Then Yuletide, oblivious of these events, comes for its brief stay and then goes as the shopper begins to recuperate.

So, dear reader, this is no sweeping indictment, just a protest at the starchy-eyedness of modern writers on this subject, and a scrap written for posterity in hopes that when J. Q. Public backs the car out in 1970 to go Christmas shopping, he will be a little better prepared through this reminder than the shopper-casualty of today.

Memorandum: to the Freshmen

From: The Sage of BC

Re: Study Habits

After much weeping and wailing about hazing, you got your freedom. Then the faculty and student body thought the Freshman Class would start their uninterrupted grinding. Alas and alack, this never happened: you took your freedom and ran rampant: stacked rooms, held tea parties and midnight bull sessions in the dorms. The assignments remained piled on your desks. Papers were hastily done, tests scantily prepared for. Thus ended the first marking period.

Granted this is your first semester in college, granted the war affects all of you, you will never learn to study by talking about it. There are only two ways to get through BC or any college—working or bluffing. Which method are you going to use?

Remember, BC is proud of its academic record. Remember, your marks will influence your rating in any reserve plan. Remember, the war will eventually end, and then you will need your college education.

So stop taking the short view of life. Any worthwhile thing in life requires sacrifice. It's fun to fool, but the world doesn't fool.

You have many talents and large possibilities—why not use them?

War Hysteria Must Be Controlled

One of the most dangerous aspects of war is the attitude of the soldiers and civilians who are actively prosecuting the war. This is not so much because our attitudes differ as because they tend to stick with us.

It seems inevitable (history teaches us) that the usual and dominant attitude of any group engaged in a war for its preservation is hate—hate and/or fear. Military and political leaders stir up hate and fear because an emotionally excited people are capable of greater feats of daring and strength than a calm people. But it is precisely in this seemingly desirable emotional excitement that the danger lies.

We know that emotional excitement spreads. It diffuses from one object to many; it draws energy from some parts of the body and feeds it to others. We also know that under such circumstances man's ability to think is impaired and his ability to act is enhanced.

Here, then, is the key—fear and hate have strong emotional bases. If a soldier or a civilian fears the foe, he may (and very often does) come to fear friends; he who hates the enemy will come to hate others, including his comrades.

Such emotional transference is irrational. It is neither reasonable nor under control of the higher faculties of the mind. This lack of control is what makes emotional attitudes dangerous; the enemy realizes this, and he directs his propaganda at these cracks in our national armor. Emotional excitement is dangerous—recognize it as dangerous.

Perceiving the importance of emotional control, the intelligent citizen, soldier or civilian, will do well to inquire concerning the means toward achieving this control. This achievement is not easy, but it is important—all important. What we must do is stop and think—decide what jobs we can do best as individuals, and prepare ourselves to do them better than anyone else. We must keep ourselves informed—know what progress the rest of the world is making, and do our best to help.

It is inefficient for a munitions factory worker to attempt to solve the problems of the rehabilitation of occupied Europe—that is a problem for men trained in the fields of social and economic relationships. The engineer or physicist who takes time from the job he alone can do for the purpose of solving problems of military strategy is hampering the war effort.

Let those who are fitted for a job do it; do the job for which you yourself are fitted. Devote your energies, not to quarreling and hating, but to the constructive action for which you are most capable. To the college student specifically: if you have but little time where you are now, do not waste it; remember that it is thoughtful, constructive action that results in progress, and that you have abilities and capacities not possessed by all. You are not keeping faith if you waste them.

(Continued from Column 1)
trouble reaching this goal. The campaign is sponsored locally by the Student Christian Association and all over the world by the World Christian Student Association.

Football Season Ends; Spotlight on Basketeers

By Robert Steinhart

Except for the anticlimactical Bowl games, football season is over, and what a rare season it was. Upsets became the rule rather than the exception as many supposedly invincible elevens bowed unexpectedly to their betters. Now comes the season when football coaches, down to earth once more, grace banquet tables to recite the season's crop of anecdotes and to announce their guarded predictions for the coming season. And faithful fans settle down with the Brooklyn baseball fans to "wait until next year."

But this is also the season for basketball coaches to call out their squads for their first practice, note the absences caused by graduations, military service, and transfers, and to begin practice without the hope of a successful season. They note the listlessness of their players because of war-caused "What's the use?" attitudes, and are consoled only when they realize that other coaches have similar problems and that other teams will not be so good either this season.

At Drew, however, we have every reason to hope for, indeed expect, a successful season. Every one of Coach Simister's players has the ability, confidence, and ineffable spirit which go to make up a championship team of any sort. The Circuit Riders are able to come through this season with an impressive record, barring possible mishaps of course, and we'll all be behind them throughout every game. Let's see you do the trick, team, with your mighty "power."

One thing everyone has been wondering about, in relation to the coming Brothers College co-eds, is how they will be able to have a physical education. The facilities of the gymnasium have been severely taxed with only male students, so the question of how girls can be accommodated seems particularly pressing. It is possible that the co-eds will not have gym classes, but that is directly opposed to the Brothers College philosophy of education. It may be comparatively easy by summer to assign alternate days for boys and girls, but even then three days for all the boys and three for all the girls seems hardly enough, considered in the light of the present athletic program. Of course the problem may be solved if the Army Enlisted Reservists are called for active service, but for the present the difficulty exists.

In the last issue of the Acorn, several rash and totally untrue statements concerning our fencing team appeared in this column. They were based upon rumor and not fact, and are hereby rescinded. Although the slip was unintentional, it is rather satisfactory to note that at least the fencing team rides the Circuit down through the last paragraph. Any other false items found in this column should be taken with a grain of salt, for they will be placed here in order to be able to count readers.

Let those who are fitted for a job do it; do the job for which you yourself are fitted. Devote your energies, not to quarreling and hating, but to the constructive action for which you are most capable. To the college student specifically: if you have but little time where you are now, do not waste it; remember that it is thoughtful, constructive action that results in progress, and that you have abilities and capacities not possessed by all. You are not keeping faith if you waste them.

Drew Bookstore
BOOKS SUPPLIES
ICE CREAM CANDY

Local Boy Makes Good (?) at WMC

Graduation, the army, defense work, and marriage have removed the majority of the "characters" from the Hill to such an extent that there is a definite shortage this year. To plug that hole in the dyke and to keep the students' sense of comedy at the acme, out of the North in a cloud of New Jersey dust and with a hardy "ya want to buy cider?" came Carl Robert Moody, six foot two of true, unblemished, character.

• Carl Was Born

Carl was born in Morristown, New Jersey, sometime in the Roaring Twenties. The exact date is not available for publication. He attended George Washington Grade School and Morristown High School, where his preliminary education terminated on June 13, 1941. While in high school, Carl upset the bushel hiding his light by participating in many of the school functions such as: the Morristown Boy Scouts, the Hi-Y, treasurer of junior class, and many other such organizations.

Moody is well known on the campus as the Human Automat, the man who operates on a schedule and actually sticks to it. We have it direct from the great man himself that many of the myths arising from his schedule-making, are based on untruths. Actually Carl is as human as the next one, if there is a next one like him, and admits that he occasionally foregoes those conditioning breakfasts of hard toast and dishwater for the warmer confines of the cot. Strictly non-schedule.

We ask Carl just how it all started, and a schedule. It seems that on phases to his life, a biographical side and a schedule. It seems that on February 17, 1942, at 7:49 P.M., Carl Moody decided that he could better live his life if each day was divided up and time allotted to each subject to be undertaken. He finds that by so doing, his day becomes much more efficient; for instance, Carl finds that if he goes back to the dorm directly after breakfast, reads the paper, gets his books, and then drops by the post office on the way to class, he not only saves the time of waiting for the mail but also gets the paper read in the meantime.

• His Other Life

Carl's other life, the biographical side, began on May 21, of this year. After having read Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson," Carl deduced that it would be a good idea to keep a daily autobiography of his day-to-day encounters with the world so that, if at a future date, he should care to know what he was doing at a particular date, all that was needed was to look it up in the autobiography.

In Moody's opinion autobiography is the more important of his

Bio Club To Sponsor Fredericks

Dr. Carleton Fredericks, member of the research staff of the United States Vitamin Corporation, and well known as a short story writer, essayist, and radio speaker, will speak on "Vitamins for Victory" on Monday evening, Dec. 7, at 8:15 in Baldwin Hall. Dr. Fredericks is said to be a dynamic speaker. This lecture is one of the series of programs sponsored by the Biology Club of which the recent lecture on Syphilis by Dr. Dressler of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy was the first. Other programs planned include a lecture on Plastic Surgery and Special War Casualties by Dr. Koler, head physician for the National Biscuit Company, and several surgical films. The programs are under the direction of the club's officers, John Prodell, president; Harold Peterson, vice-president; and Lee Walton, secretary.

two journals since it has the day to day notations of his life. It is written in the style of a radio station's operating log and includes, among other things, the exact minute that Carl opens his eyes in the morning and when he drops off at night.

• Temperature Noted

The daily temperature at these hours is also noted and when queried as to why he did this, he came through with the idea that if the morning temperature is abnormal, writing it down helps to remind Carl to wear his overcoat; and, consequently, at night, the temperature tells him whether to open the window two or three inches and how many blankets to put on the bed. These journals are for Carl's use only and he means to keep them indefinitely.

Moody's interests are primarily in the field of radio. He plans to continue with his announcing at WFMD where he is, at present, assistant announcer to Harvey Buck. It should be noted at this point that Carl has his own program at 4:45 on Tuesday afternoon and at 11 on Saturday morning on station WFMD. Someday, Carl hopes to get out from under the wing of Harvey Buck and either become a program arranger or a station manager. Radio is his business.

Starreporter gives advice to auld

This is atypical acorn story uncorrected.

THE THUNDER RUMBLES, THE LIGHTING BLAZES, THE RAIN POURS THE LIGHTS BURNS, THE STAFF WRITES—THE ACORN GOES TO PRESS. Have you, gentle reader, ever attempted to produce a masterpiece of creative writing at ONE A.M.? It has a skill all its own.

FIRST—Dazedly you take your pencil then you reach for paper which is never there. From some unknown source you quote—frees emotional energy. P.S. You find the paper.

Second—NOW YOU START TO WRITE OOPS you forgot to ask auld the subject of your opus HASTILY SCATCHING OUT WHAT YOU HAVE WRITTEN AT THE SAME TIME HOLLER-

Fencers Approach Season Hamstrung by Emergency

As the opening of this year's fencing season approaches, BC finds itself to be represented once more, despite the announcement earlier in the year that fencing was to be cut from BC extra-classroom activities. With the aid of Coach Simister and Doc Young, the members of last year's squad have reorganized the team and are now coasting along under their own steam.

Despite their inability to procure new equipment and adequate funds for transportation and coaching, the team has been practicing for the past month-and-a-half under the direction of Sol Zwerdling, number one man in foil and sabre, and only senior on the team.

In addition to the members remaining from last year's varsity, several promising freshmen have turned out for practices and it looks as though some of them may see action before the end of the season.

The team has already completed plans for a full schedule; the only deterring factor will be inability to procure transportation. However, since most of the matches are to be at home we may look forward to an active season.

Weakened by the loss of Ted Marks and Gee Lee, the team nevertheless has as number one foil and sabre man, Sol Zwerdling, who has been voted captain for the year; number two foil and sabre, Harold Peterson; number one epee, Dixie Walker; number two epee, Frank Treuhart; and number three foil, Jay Tittman.

The other berths on the team will be filled by Bob Nelson, Bill Pierson, and alternately by the more promising freshmen. The first match of the season is to be away at NCE on December 19.

SC to Sponsor Yule Concert On December 22

A Christmas concert has been added to Drew's traditional Yuletide activities, Professor Benjamin F. Kimpel announced last week. The Brothers College Student Council is sponsoring the concert, which is to be held in the Refectory on Dec. 22, at 8 p.m.

William Gephart, baritone, and Phyllis Moss, accompanist-pianist, will join the Brothers College Glee Club in the program. The guest artists and glee club will later lead the audience in the singing of carols.

Phyllis Moss, a native Philadelphian, was trained at the Curtis Institute and has to her credit an appearance at the Robin Hood Dell as well as radio work over WOR and WCAU.

Mr. Gephart was educated at De Pauw University and the Juilliard Graduate School and has recently sung in the famous Bach Festival at Bethlehem, Penna.

Both artists are presented by New York's National Music League, whose director, Mrs. Anna C. Molyneux, has written, "I am truly looking forward to being with you on the 22nd, as I can think of no better place to get the Christmas spirit than at Drew."

Watches, Clocks, Diamonds, Jewelry
Fountain Pens
O. Gerlach
61 Main St., Madison, N. J.
Fine Watch, Clock & Jewelry
Repairing

-THEO LOG-

'Tis a new pen the writes upon the log.
The writer's style doth hold his name.
What matters if you guess it not
It addeth nothing to his fame.

A commentary on the "prophets"

There are over sixty Seminary graduates now serving in the armed forces. They are serving well and many have entered the higher ranks in their field. Chaplain Brown (1931) has received the Distinguished Cross. Drew Seminary is making its own contributions in serving its country and interpreting the world's situation in a Christian civilization.

Three ground crews, Captain Malin's Maulers, Captain Allin's Southern Methodists, and Captain Pusey's Sam-Bowners, are completing competitive ground maneuvers at Drew Field. Soon four crews will go into aerial maneuvering at Simister's Flying Field.

Two Thursday night classes in Folk Recreation have started under the able leadership of Miss Betty Boyd and Mr. Philip Young. It has met with an enthusiastic response. We also have exceptional folk-musical talent!!** Come and join the fun!

Dr. Gilbert is a man who believes that rules and principles should be put into action in order to achieve their fullest meaning for us. Assuming command of the situation, Major Gilbert whipped his men into discipline and carried out a most brilliant evacuation drill. From the sound of his first command until all had orderly evacuated the class room and had taken refuge in the basement of the building less than 60 seconds elapsed. A salute to you, Major. We don't want a "Boston Tragedy" at Drew.

Many of us have recently been reading articles concerning the statement that the British have never learned to draw a colour line. (Concerning races.) But some of us are asking this question. Just what distinction do they make? The Indians are quite aware there is a line.

The Adjutant General of the War Dep't said in an open letter to the military colleges "... a man who cannot impart his commands in clear distinct language, and with sufficient volume of voice to be heard reasonably far, is not qualified to give commands upon which human life depends. ..." Let us profit by those words of wisdom when we preach.

The "monks" of Hoyt-Bowne reaction to the Brothers College going coed is still in the pro and cons. Each side has found its hearty support from the college fellows. The fact still remains: the coeds are coming.

If you want an authority on "America's Use of Good Slang in Life of the Orient," see "Father" Hsieh.

The Seminary Student Council is sponsoring a High-Table dinner on Tuesday evening, Dec. 15, at which the Rev. Cyrus Pangborn, Executive Secretary of the Interseminary Movement, will be the speaker. Interested students will be given an opportunity to meet informally with Mr. Pangborn during the afternoon.

Speaking of chaplains as encouragers and not combaters, a Canadian says, "They are not supposed to assist in the lay-activities of the regiments."

We wish the Brothers College a successful basketball season.

For now this is your reporter saying, ADREW.



THREE BLIND MEN
(BLIND TO AMERICA'S WILL TO WIN)
**OPEN THEIR EYES BY INVESTING
YOUR CHANGE IN WAR STAMPS**

The Old Man in the Tower

Ten Years Ago In The Acorn

On field-trip day, Dec. 7, a group of students, I among them, led by Professor Aldrich, had a very cultured time in New York City. The first stopping place was The Cloisters, somewhere up in the 180's. Inside was a young lady copying one of the arches. I looked over her shoulder. She hadn't gotten very far. Perhaps it was on account of the nearly total absence of light. She wasn't good-looking anyway. After a long and tiresome walk in which our guide, the well-known globetrotter and tourist-at-large, took such long steps that some of us had to run to keep up with him, we finally reached the station and rode down to the Cathedral of St. John (Sinjin to you) the Divine (High Church no end, you knew), which is still being completed. We were greeted by a kindly looking person in a robe of some shade of purple, who turned us over to the Verger. Among the wonderful things he showed us was a holy-water basin where the water could be made to run in and out at will. (How modern plumbing helps religion!) Afterwards a foreman took us up a very narrow flight of stairs to where we could look down on the floor of the church and out on the lawn. While up there I discovered that I have no sex appeal. I whistled at a couple of babes walking by and they didn't even turn around. After a dizzy climb downward we all went to Child's for lunch. I think we could have done better at the Automat. Then another ride down to Columbus Circle. On the way two of us amused ourselves and the rest by talking "deaf and dumb." On the street car from the Circle to Fifth Avenue I tried to convince one of the fellows that a girl across the aisle who was smiling abstractedly out of the window was trying to "make" him, but he wasn't kidded. At St. Thomas I discovered a good cure for an inferiority complex. Stand in the doorway, which is a few feet above the street, and look in the eye everyone who passes. Due to your height above them, most drop their eyes after a few seconds. What a sense of power it gives one! Inside I leafed through the Visitors' Book. Beside the usual religious affiliations there were two with a "belief in love, nature, and science." After a hasty glance at Radio City we went into St. Patrick's. While we were standing inside a woman coming out dipped her finger into the holy water, as is customary, and started crossing herself. Her finger had touched three of the spots and was on its way to the fourth when she saw a placard and stopped to read it. She made a deprecatory gesture and walked away without completing the crossing. On her way out, seeing me looking at her she walked over to me and whispered: "Many a good Irishwoman helped build this church." From there we took taxis. Our driver didn't get a tip and (how are the mighty fallen!) didn't say a word. At a Mr. Plimpton's we viewed a very impressive collection of old portraits and manuscripts and had tea. Most of the group went off to see "As You Like It." The rest of us finally got home, I with a slight headache from the unaccustomed traveling, and so to bed.

-TRIVIA-

As members of the handful of valiants who get up for breakfast every morning, we feel a certain amount of pride in our pioneering spirit. We admit, a little ruefully, though, that we felt deep despondency as we fought our way through the morning mists in near darkness the other morning. As we stumbled along, we remembered with a little surge of adrenalin the sight of the full moon over the Refectory, bathing the campus in beauty and, more important, light. Softly swearing as we stepped into a resentful barberry, we suddenly stopped in quiet reverence at the sound of a delicately mannish voice singing, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas." We waited with a little catch in our throat for the lyricist. As we stood there with clasped hands, we felt a jab of something hard in our backs, nearly catapulting us into the barberry. Indignantly turning around, we made out the retreating form of one of our two hundred pound maintenance men happily Bob Lukensing "White Christmas." Disgusted with life, was stumped off to an unsatisfying meal of chicken mash.

The mighty wheels of time grind out wondrous things. While days have become shorter, Dawson's trousers have become longer, Conover and Prodel have come back from a reasonably grim bit of back-stroking on the River Styx, and Stu Hurt has shown a preference for swabbing decks to Asbury whiskings.

Overheard at the dance: Behren's date informing him that he has faun's ears. Yeh, (colloquialism) and Dumbo's a field mouse.

If things work out as inexorable Fate determines, we will have a Christmas dance. We just happen to be reminded of the Fall week-end when all of us gourmands in the Refectory were subjected to a series of tobacco-auctioneering chants and Mother Goose rhymes extolling the virtues of "Corsages for Mirages" or some such. It is our considered opinion that "Physical" Reckhow and "Spirit Spence" Morris grow these same blossoms in their closets. We recall with amusement tinged with annoyance the set of gardenias with which the boys furnished us. We might be biased, but we thought that the flars looked like dandruff.

We received a slight shock the other day when P. Greene informed us that he was a sort of citizen of Brazil, and that the Brazilian Army has sent him endearing notes to join up.

We happened to walk over to dinner with "Wasp Waist" Brandon. As soon as we sat down to feed inner men, this worthy began a long and involved tirade against the local table manners. We sat rapt as he, still continuing his discourse, delicately buttered a whole piece of bread and then proceeded to eat it.

The Moose Club Award: The Moose Horns for this issue go to Jackson Holbrook for the series of tea parties with which he is rapidly turning the (we thought) hopeful freshman class into a giant daisy chain.

We nearly perished, m' dear, when we saw "Frank Buck" Della Volpe returning from a big game hunt (bag: one snipe, one water rat) smelling like an early Christian, after he had fallen into a sewerous woodland stream inhabited by the aforementioned vermine.

We don't mind admitting that we felt annoyed when "Jarrin' Fred" Askham wasn't put on the college all-star team.

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