

CHICKEE!
WOMEN
AGAIN

The DREW ACORN

SEE
JOE FISKE
IMMEDIATELY

VOL. XVII No. 12

BROTHERS COLLEGE, MADISON, N. J., MARCH 26, 1943 4

PRICE, TEN CENTS

SC Appoints 2 Members; Plans Hazing Handbook Committee Headed by Mullins

At the Student Council meeting held March 16, 1943, President Oscar Hoffman announced the new appointments to the offices left vacant by men who are now serving in the armed forces. Jack Infanger has been appointed as vice-president of the council, Carl Anderson as treasurer of the same organization, George Mays as chairman of the Constitution Committee, Warren Reckhow as the new member of the same committee, Howard Remaly as editor of the "Acorn," Sol Zwerdling as a member of the Student Life and Welfare Committee, and Joe Fiske and Bob Davidson as members of the Extracurricular Activities Committee.

A committee, headed by Jack Mullins, has been appointed to write a new handbook, which will be distributed to all incoming students next fall. This handbook will be patterned after the old one, but will contain many new additions.

Hoffman, chairman of the committee in charge of hazing rules, told the council that letters are being written to various co-educational and all-girl colleges to find out what type of hazing is done to the girls there. The answers that are received will be discussed and then formulated into a set of rules for all incoming girls to obey.

A sum of \$450 has been set aside for a permanent plaque to be set up in the school after the war is over. This plaque will contain the names of the University of Brothers College men who have served in the armed forces.

"It's Not P.M. Without Whiskey"

Whiskey is everybody's friend. It's not P.M. without Whiskey. No, this paper is not advertising the spirits which befuddle. It is just a little story about the Whiskey which befriends. The Whiskey who so graciously keeps the boys awake at night with her sonorous wailing. The Whiskey who waits outside the dining hall each day in hopes of being fed. Our playful friend misses her roommate of last year, Harold "Bud" Keir.

It would be very interesting to note how our canine friend got her name. It seems that one day last year, the aforementioned Mr. Keir dumped the dog in the bath tub for the purpose of giving her a bath. This is the famous Rogers House whisking tub in which Mr. Keir had been dumped twice himself. Ever since that eventful day, Whiskey has been Whiskey.



John M. Schabacker

74 Grads to Hear Leonard, May 25

Seventy-four men will receive sheep skins at Drew's seventy-sixth commencement, the Registrar's office announced last week. Bishop Adna Wright Leonard, Drew '09, of the Washington Area of the Methodist Church will speak at the exercises on "The Demand for a Trained Man," the announcement continued. On May 25, thirty-one men from the College and forty-three from the Seminary will graduate.

Bishop Leonard is not only a distinguished clergyman and author of such books as "The Shepherd King" and "Ancient Fires on Modern Altars," but is also head of the Methodist Committee on Chaplains, the organization that makes all of the Methodist appointments to the Chaplaincy. Bishop Leonard cut his ministerial teeth near Madison as pastor of the Green Village Methodist Church.

The Baccalaureate Service is to be held on Sunday, May 23, in the Methodist Church. President Brown is to deliver the address.

Seniors will be able to purchase invitations in the Bookstore by May 1st.

Schabacker, BC Linguist, Exits to U.S.

Mr. John Schabacker, instructor

in modern language since 1939, left BC last Wednesday to take up work with the War Department on engineering research. So far, his new work is under the Civil Service and he is a civilian, but assigned to a Control Unit which is a branch of the regular Army, directed by a Captain and Lieutenant of the Engineers. This department edits and translates literature on various countries for the information of the War Department. The Schabackers will remain in Madison where he can commute to his new position in New York.

Mr. Schabacker was born in Erie, Pa., January 21, 1917. The Schabacker family soon moved east to Nutley, N. J., his father taking a position as head of the Latin department in Stuyvesant High School in New York. John went through the public school system in Nutley and came to Drew in the fall of 1934. He was a language major, basketball manager, college social chairman, student councilman (3 years), president of the Freshman Class, and pianist in the "jivin' five" of his day — the swing band of Rogers House.

He graduated from BC in June of '38 and began work on his Masters at N.J. State Teachers College in Montclair in July '38. He received his M.A. in German in June of '39.

At N.Y.U. he began work on a Ph.D. in the fall of '38 and has been taking courses in comparative linguistics at that institution at night ever since. He plans to continue with this work and complete his Ph.D. requirements by 1945.

His college teaching career began at BC in the fall of '39. The following autumn he became graduate assistant in German at University College of N.Y.U.

When Johnny comes marching home, he looks forward to taking up his peacetime duties once more.

Foresters Produce

The dramatics class will present "The Wedding," a light character comedy to the Madison High School, April 1, during a special assembly.

Professor Johnson, director of dramatics, also announced that the spring production of the Drew Foresters is still in the formative period. It will probably consist of some one act plays given in the latter part of April.

Naval Group Inspects Drew As Possible V-12 Center

Brothers College officials now await the decision of Washington authorities on whether or not this institution is to be accepted as a center for the new V-12 Navy College Training Program. After inspection of the college plant by a naval fact-finding board this Tuesday, Dean Lankard declared that it has been fully decided to continue B.C.'s regular civilian liberal arts program, irrespective of whether or not a naval training unit is sent to Drew.

TKA Induction Closes Debate

Brothers College debaters had an active season. They debated on both sides of two topics, namely, "Resolved: That the United Nations should establish a permanent federal union with power to tax and regulate international commerce, to maintain a police force, to settle international disputes and to enforce such settlements and to provide for the admission of other nations which accept the principles of the union," and "Resolved: That India be given dominion status immediately."

In regard to the post-war question, Robert Margetson and Albert Dorman debated against Seton Hall. Marc Joseph, Jay Guterl, Reid Binder, and Margetson went on a Pennsylvania trip last February to debate five colleges. Joseph and Margetson argued in debates against Moravian, Haverford, and Ursinus, while Guterl and Binder represented Drew at Muhlenberg and Albright. In the debates at home, Margetson and Dorman fought against Gettysburg, as did Ban Iijima and Willard Pierson against Rhode Island; Margetson and Frank Auld represented BC against Ursinus, while Fred Weber and Auld debated against Princeton. Iijima and Margetson debated at Princeton; Joseph, Gussow, Pierson, and Dorman also debated against Rutgers.

The debating team was mentored by forensic coach Joseph Pooley.

Last Tuesday evening in the faculty lounge Fred Weber and Robert Margetson were inducted into Tau Kappa Alpha, the national honorary forensic society. Oscar Hoffman, Joseph Ospenson, Charles Jacoby, Willard Pierson, and Frank Auld are also members of the B.C. chapter.

BC Turns Hayseed At Dance April 3

The gymnasium will be the scene of the first Social Committee sponsored barn dance of BC's history on April 3 from 8 to 12 P.M.

Jack Mullins, College Social Chairman, announced that games, dancing, and refreshments will be on the card for the evening and also that Round and Square dancing will highlight the event. To quote the Social Chairman further the atmosphere will be "strictly informal and on the verge of corn." Keeping with the farm like spirit, the dress for the evening will be flannel shirts, old clothes, and hip boots.

There will be "canned music" and admission will be by activity ticket only.

President Brown, Dean Lankard, and a faculty committee of five, assisted by Mr. Bensinger and Mr. Burdett, spent most of Tuesday with the four inspecting naval officers. Each of these four was a specialist in his field. Particular attention was given to plant, faculty, science equipment, dormitories, and medical facilities. Further important data, prepared at an earlier date, were presented to the naval board by college officials.

Navy Department Must Decide
A Press Bureau release emphasized the fact that the visiting officers constituted only a fact-finding board. This board has no powers of decision, but must refer its information to the Navy Department in Washington. The latter has the power to offer Drew a contract for training a designated number of men if it so desires. Meanwhile, there is no intimation on whether or not Brothers College will be recommended for acceptance.

Both President Brown and Dean Lankard stated that they expected a decision from Washington in about a month.

Seminary Elects Walz SC Prexy

On March 16, Norman Walz, Phil Byers, Robert Lystad, George Eppeheimer, and Ernest Lee became officers-elect of the 1943-44 Seminary Student Council. The closest race of the elections was between Byers and Ted Farra for the Vice-Presidency. Lystad won the Secretaryship by a bare majority, defeating Walter Glass. Walz was elected President and Eppeheimer Treasurer by wide margins. Lee ran unopposed for the position of Auditor.

The preferential ballot made a difference only in the counting of the Vice-Presidential votes, eliminating the re-balloting which has been necessary in previous elections. Those ballots listing Barrett, Allin and Eppeheimer as first choices had to have their second choices counted before Byers had a majority of the votes.

The Secretarial race was close all the way, but only the first choices were counted, giving Lystad the necessary majority over Glass.

These officers, along with elected representatives of the classes, five committee chairmen appointed by President-elect Walz, and women's and graduate representatives, will be installed at a special chapel service on April 13.

The DREW ACORN

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Student Teachers?

The ACORN solidly backs the following editorial contribution. Certainly the highest academic standards cannot be maintained under the present student-instructor system. Those favoring the setup do so half-heartedly, as saying that nothing else can be done. But why can't the remaining language professors rearrange their schedules to include these "orphan" classes?

During the past week student-teachers appeared on Drew campus. Their presence emphasizes the mounting difficulties of the administration to secure competent instructors, competent from the point of view of training, experience, responsibility, and student-faculty relations.

There is no question that the new instructors are excellent students; nor is there any doubt that undergraduate students with a minimum of technical training and experience in their chosen field are incompetent to instruct other undergraduates who, like themselves, need expert guidance.

Evidently, the presence of the student-teachers is sanctioned by the administration which must have first protested such a step of doubtful value. In fact, there is only one valid reason for such an action, assuming that a high standard of academic excellence is the standard by which Brothers College judges all measures affecting its educational set-up. That reason is, simply, that no competent instructor is immediately available.

The courses under consideration are the Elementary Spanish and German and the Intermediate German courses. As if teaching an elementary course in language in which the basis of the language is grasped were not difficult enough for a man of sufficient testimonial, a student-instructor has been appointed to instruct the Intermediate German course, a course of advanced reading in which the technical guidance of the instructor is required. After even a short consideration of the consequences of such appointments, it cannot be denied that they must be avoided at all reasonable cost, in order to maintain the academic excellence of Brothers College.

According to Dean Lankard, qualified instructors may be available, but since there are only five more weeks until the close of school, it seems expedient that the appointed student-teachers be allowed to finish the semester.

"Make Mine Apple," Responds Wild Bill Mercer in Informal Poll

In a thrilling after dinner act which left diners stupefied and G-men open-mouthed, Wild Bill Mercer let his nimble fingers place him in history by snatching a piece of the Refectory's famous apple pie.

Probably inspired by a recent chapel talk of his own in which Bill used the quotable quote: "With bombs cracking and pistols bursting," the arch criminal palmed a piece of pie from under the nose of Miller Conover, announcement shouter-outer of the Drew Beaneery.

As soon as Conover became aware that the pie had disappeared (we have reason to believe that he guarded it for more than obvious reasons) he bolted from his little desk and prepared to race after Mercer. Clearing the door in a leap Conover came upon "Wild Bill" strolling down the hall, flicking imaginary specks of dust from his "race track" suit. Rushing up to Mercer, he accosted him with "Stop thief!" (An original phrase we thought) "fork over that triangle of Drew delight." Coily looking out from under his long eyelashes and bald head Mercer stammered, "Who me? Sir, your culprit went that way!"—all the while pointing dramatically toward the dining room. Thrown off by this clever ruse Con-

over, now quivering, ran back into the dining room. Suddenly, (and unaccountably, we thought), Willie the Weeper began a hurried exit out of the dining hall. With several squeaks of rage, Conover, now fully aware of how thoroughly he had been duped, set off in pursuit, but nimble footed Bill had flown the coop.

Our reporter was an interested spectator at this entire little drama and sensing the import of this larceny, immediately hunted up the elusive Mercer. After a little difficulty, our writer saw Bill calmly eating his ill-gotten gain up in the fork of a giant oak, disdainfully ignoring chattering squirrels, and occasionally favoring the assembling crowd with a wave of the hand and a smile.

"Why did you take it?" our reporter shouted trying to make himself heard over the din of the squirrels. "Because I like apple pie," was the quick response of "Waxy" Mercer. Realizing that this simple admission definitely did not have news value our reporter threw up his hands in a pathetic little gesture and sadly watched the arch criminal brush the remains of his feast off his suit and nimbly slide down the tree amid the cheers of his admirers.

G. I.

by Frank Auld

If you made a list of the places where BC men are serving in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, and Merchant Marine, you would range from Rhode Island to California, from Fort Niagara to Miami Beach. This week, G. I. has letters from . . .

Fort Dix

Private Dutch Gerhardt writes: Dear Bishop,

I promised to write, so here is the beginning. I am depending on you for all the campus dope . . . I will let you know my permanent address . . .

Private Ivy Schiffman writes:

The WAAC's you inquired about are average . . . I'd like to hear any news you get concerning the fellows who left with me. They don't even know where I am. If you'd like to be a good Samaritan you might mail me my Acorn once in a while, come to think of it.

Fort Niagara, N. Y.

Private Robert L. Chamberlain writes:

This Fort Niagara ink, in a pen that itself was notoriously poor at Drew, writing a script that to most people is illegible anyway, will procure a messy letter, I am afraid.

My two days' processing is over. There were three I.Q.'s, a physical, clothes issuance (most of them fit surprisingly well), and a few orientation features. How long any of us who come to Fort Niagara will remain here none of us knows—shipment bulletins are posted only five hours in advance.

The chow is good; though less attractively presented than at the Drew refectory, of course, it is as good . . .

Victoria, Tex.

Corporal Donald Yott writes:

Thanks for the books which you have sent to us here in Texas. There is no need to tell you how much they are appreciated by the personnel of the field and of our department. The town of Victoria affords little in the way of constructive recreation for the soldier,

so the burden on our Special Services Office is quite heavy . . .

Providence, R. I.

Private Donald Willig writes:

Finished my basic training last Wednesday . . . I haven't had a chance to see much of the Brown campus yet, but I can see it's plenty big. There are flocks of girls around here too. I would sure like to find the physics building; there must be some really nice equipment in it . . .

Unionville, N. Y.

Chris Nienstedt writes:

Am enjoying a one-week furlough before reporting to Camp Upton, L. I., for active duty on March 19. Will write you later and let you know where I'm stationed.

Fort Bragg, N. C.

Private Maurice Hand ('Handy') writes:

Joe Mele and I bunk next to each other here at the barracks. Army life is really swell. Pete is in the next barracks too! Well, keep the school going . . .

Williamsburg, Va.

Donald Dunn writes:

These last few days we have been very busy here at Camp Peary since we expect to be shipped any day. In fact, I hope to leave for Rhode Island early next week. You may be sure that the first good liberty I get I'll come down to Drew to see you.

Miami Beach, Fla.

Private Richard L. Walker writes:

Yes, even with that 20-20 vision I'm in the Air Corps. I don't understand it, either! Uncle Joe, don't forget The Acorn—I'll be only too glad to get the news of the short-

(Continued on Page Four)

No Foolin'

Present Student Council plans to draft a body of rules of conduct governing BC coeds are premature, unfair, and actually constitute a mild tyranny of legislation without representation. It is surely not the business of current student government to set up laws concerning 1943 female additions to our campus while these women remain unrepresented in the legislating organization. Our present social law system was instituted through the cooperation of both students and faculty. So should it be in the present case.

Perhaps this criticism is too harsh. Undoubtedly our council is working as best it can for the benefit of the college. Its foresight is to be commended. Nevertheless, a successful and practical body of conduct rules governing women will not result without the aid of the women themselves in drafting this body.

Naturally, any such set of rules, whether drafted by the present Council or by a later and more democratically representative group including both male and female students, must be based upon some fundamental pattern drawn up by the faculty. So far, said faculty has made no statement whatsoever concerning its stand on the matter. It's high time such a statement was presented.

Coed Contributes

Ed. Note: This optimistic editorial constitutes the first coed contribution to the ACORN. There'll be many more, lads, many more!

BROTHERS COLLEGE COED IN 1943!! It's a startling headline to be recorded in the annals of any men's college and it is happening, not only at BC, but all over the country. Many are the institutions, this year, whose atmosphere of stable masculinity is being interrupted by vibrant members of the weaker sex. This sudden intrusion upon former male strongholds is a growing cause of seriously speculative comment among collegiate circles.

In centers of learning, as well as in industry and business, women must carry on in the place of men who are at the fighting fronts to preserve just such ideals as BC represents. For years men have enjoyed the spirit of thoughtful fellowship and high standards of social and religious life for which Brothers College is noted. These are the things most admired by us college aspirant femmes. We shall do our best to uphold these basic principles and to build upon them in order to carry on every tradition of the college.

Prospective coeds regard the coming invasion with eager anticipation. However, we have not forgotten that it will be a long, hard grind before we are prepared to equally share the responsibilities which have been borne, in the past, solely by men.

So, with our matriculation at BC, there will be drastic social, and perhaps academic changes—but, with them all, LONG LIVE BROTHERS COLLEGE—COED!!

Anette Buck.

Ed.'s Note: Amen.

Riding the Circuit

By Gordon Bushell

The Drew Sporting Season passes in review.

Fall saw the hotly contested intramural football league conclude in a tie between the Seniors and the Sophomores. Remember that play-off game? It ended in a scoreless tie.

The game was a thriller from start to finish. The greater part of it was featured by the brilliant defensive play of the Seniors. The Sophs, strictly an offensive club, kept the Seniors within their 30 yard line all afternoon. The upset of the season was the Juniors' 6-0 victory over the Sophs.

Although Coach picked the College all-star team, the traditional game between college and Seminary went by the boards. Reasons unknown; blame it on the accelerated program. The football season was followed by a lull in athletics with emphasis placed on gym classes. (Basketball was late in starting due to war restrictions and lack of competition.)

Coach finally called the first practice and began to mould an offensively-minded cage outfit. The season was quite a success, but because of its recapitulation in the last issue, it needs no further elaboration here. The brilliance of Jack Horner's scoring will never be forgotten.

Concurrent with basketball was the fencing season. Drew was very fortunate in having a team at all. Lack of equipment, coaching, and a schedule were to blame, but through the efforts of Dixie Walker, a team was formed and gave a very creditable account of itself. The decisive victory over Newark College of Engineering was the highlight of the season. Last Saturday saw the finale of the fencing campaign. Although Drew lost to Wagner, it must be realized that several of our

stars had gone into the Army. The main absentees were Dixie Walker and Harold Peterson.

The past week or so saw the unveiling of the baseball season which will be the center of athletic interest till the end of the school year. There will be no tennis this year because of the war.

Dots and Dashes:

Old business: Coach's basketball banquet was as usual a great success. Mrs. Simester, with the aid of Mrs. Fulcomer, prepared an excellent meal. Coach made his traditional informal talk pointing out the highlights of the season and paying tribute to the senior players, Capron, Horner, Frazer, and Smith. Bill Capron was elected Captain, Jack Horner most valuable player. Les Howell and Stan Raub were absent—the former in the Air Corps, the latter in the hospital . . . Stan's back now, catching up on his studies. Dr. and Mrs. Fulcomer were present as was Paul Ballet. Missed Dr. and Mrs. Young—Doc had a speaking engagement. . . . Jack VanDerhoof, only three-sport star in the history of B.C. (Basketball, Baseball, and Tennis), was home on a fifteen day furlough recently. He's connected with the Army Air Corps Physical Training Program.

New Business:

After a week of indoor workouts, the team finally got outside for a batting drill . . . Longest hits of the day were by Lew Watts, Ted Bushell, Bob Lundberg, and Buck Newsom. Doc has named Newsom his catcher . . . Buck's solid hitting was a pleasant surprise. Coach, "Red Ruffing" Simester served them up. Les Howell at Atlantic City has had several long sessions of K.P. . . . We hear Horner and Mason, at Dix, did quite a lot of potato peeling themselves. Mangas and Mason have left Dix for destinations unknown—Joe Mele is at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Dixie Walker, star fencer, is at Miami Beach with the Army Air Force Technical Training Division.

SCOOPI!

Bad News Dep't:

The services of the veteran Red Davidson are lost to the nine for the duration. Red enters the Navy April 5.

as was each of its three matches.

Without the efforts of a few of its active members, the fencing team would probably not have existed this year. Trying to keep going on a razor-thin budget, which the club was fortunate enough to be granted, was another struggle. Finding colleges which still had fencing teams and which could schedule matches with us was a third struggle. But the greatest struggle of all was in the building of a comparatively efficient fencing team from the nucleus of last year's varsity and from a handful of eager prospects.

The success of this struggle is all the more remarkable when the fact is taken into consideration that the team had to pull itself up by its own shoe laces without benefit of professional coaching. The team had to coach itself.

About the only thing the club didn't have to struggle for was team spirit. The members showed a loyalty that was heart-warming. Their interest expressed in faithful attendance at practices and at the matches, was the vital factor in

The fencing season as a whole was almost as much of a struggle

"Best Darn Golfer in The School--"

Have you met Coach Simester? You undoubtedly know him as that genial, smiling individual who puts you through your paces in the gym. You probably recognize him as the keenly observant director of Drew's basketball destiny. But who is this man who has made such a deep impression on and such an important contribution to the student days of us all. Where did he come from? What are his ideas and methods?

Harry W. Simester led the somewhat transient life of a minister's son in Illinois, obtaining his preliminary education in numerous different midwestern grammar and high schools.

It was after matriculating at Chicago Y.M.C.A. College that Harry W. came into his own as an athlete. He played four years of basketball, one year of track, and three years of baseball, as well as eating mud on the gridiron for three autumns. Coach tells us that he was another Hal Chase while guarding the initial sack for the baseball team but was shifted to short-stop because he made less errors than the regular. Incidentally, he took enough time off to obtain a Bachelor of Physical Education degree in 1926.

Coach then enrolled at Ohio Wesleyan where he had nothing better to do than study since he was ineligible for further varsity competition. The coveted sheepskin was awarded him as a B.A. in 1931. Coach could not resist the lure of the athletic world and, fortunately for us, chose coaching as his life work. After putting in a year as director of industrial athletics at Grand Rapids, Michigan, he returned to Ohio Wesleyan where he was made director of gym work, freshman basketball coach, varsity swimming coach, assistant in baseball, and chief cook and bottle washer.

The Chicago Y. next obtained the services of this versatile personage. There he remained for one year as physical director. Then came the long jump east which landed Harry W. at none other than Summit, N. J., where he was young men's secretary at the "Y" for a year.

It was in the fall of 1935 that the hallowed portals of Samuel W. Bowne Gymnasium were first crossed by Harry W. Simester, B.P.E., B.A., and basketball coach par excellence. Somewhere along the line, at what point we do not know, Coach picked himself up a

keeping the club alive.

We wish to give a vote of thanks to the members of the administration who made it possible for the fencing team to carry on a great Drew sporting tradition for another year: to Sol Zwerdling, fencer-coach-captain, whose tireless efforts helped to organize the team into a capable group of fighters, and to everyone who in some manner supported the club. May our future fencing teams be as much of a credit to the Green and Gold as their predecessors were.

No article on Harry W. Simester would be complete without mention of the thing nearest his heart—outdoor sports; hunting, fishing, and golf in particular. In fact, as Coach puts it, he is "undoubtedly the best darn golfer in the school." P.S.—That's a challenge.

Doc Young: Enthusiast Of Greek, Baseball, and BC

Perhaps, the most interesting professor on Drew Campus is "Doc" Young, an exponent of Greek and Roman Literature and History and American baseball.

Let us take a look into his life to see what has made him one of Drew's best liked and most colorful professors. Doc was born in New Haven Conn., while his father was a student at Yale. There is no doubt that his parents believed in education, for, he attended many schools. His first schooling was at the P. S. in Otisville, Orange County, N. Y. After primary school he attended Middletown High School, Middletown, New York. However, he did not complete his high school education at Middletown. From Middletown, he went to New York City where he attended Curtis High School and then to Newton, New Jersey where he received his High School Diploma.

Doc's first days in college were spent at McKendry College in Lebeson, Ill. From McKendry College he transferred to Ohio Wesleyan where he received his B.A. After receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree, he became teacher of Latin, football coach, and principal of the high school at Freedom, Pa. While coach there, he developed a sectional championship football team. During this same period, he was also instructor in Latin at Beaver College.

permanent attachment in the person of Mrs. Coach, that charming young woman who knows so competently up in the balcony while her spouse is on the verge of insanity when his charges are losing to Wagner or some other such worthy.

Many fine basketball players have worn the green and gold under the tutelage of Coach Simester. Of them all, he picks Joe Hough as the best floor man, Swede Backstrom as the smoothest ball-handler, and Milt Winch and Jack Horner as the two most adept at caging a deuce. Among others, hardly less distinguished, we have Ev Stanert, Ray Stan, Ralph Eskeson, Clare Campbell, Bill Capron, and Jim Frazer.

As to system of play, Coach believes in a strict man for man defense, and on offense which emphasizes individual ball handling and shooting—all molded into a strong, smooth-working combination. Unity is his chief goal.

College athletics, he believes, contribute something to an individual which you can't define. It is a combination of sportsmanship, courage, tenacity of purpose and, above all loyalty to both team and school.

Incidentally, our favorite basketball coach is a journalist of action. He has published a series of 13 basketball articles published in 101 newspapers in 1937. They dealt with the technique of the game and were designed primarily as enlightenment for the spectator.

No article on Harry W. Simester would be complete without mention of the thing nearest his heart—outdoor sports; hunting, fishing, and golf in particular. In fact, as Coach puts it, he is "undoubtedly the best darn golfer in the school." P.S.—That's a challenge.

After teaching for some time, he again returned to college, this time studying at the University of Pittsburgh and N.Y.U. from which he received his M.A. Not being satisfied with just a B.A. and M.A. he came to Drew where he continued studying until he received a B.D., Th.M. and Th.D. As you can see from the five degrees which Doc can write after his name, he is really a well educated man. In addition to studying in the U.S. he spent one year at Mansfield College, Oxford, England.

Did you know that Doc has been teaching at BC since the first day the college was started? When plans were being made for the college, the directors were in need of a man who knew Greek and Latin. They saw the man they needed in Doc Young and he was given a teaching fellowship.

In discussing his teaching experience Doc said "There is always something new to learn; it has been a growing process." This has been the basic philosophy guiding him as a teacher. Doc believes that a teacher can learn a great deal from his students.

Doc has done more for athletics at BC than any other man. He believes in the educational value of athletics. Believing baseball has its place in sports from the point of view of a liberal education Doc has tried to build up contacts with institutions that have comparable aspirations to our own. "The major benefits from athletics are not so much physical as they are emotional and spiritual, for they do something on the athletic field that we can't do in class."

Learning to work cooperatively with others, as we do on the athletic field, is a great asset which will aid us in life.

Doc believes that when there is a decision to a contest, the participants should be trained to win if possible, but if necessary to lose like cultivated gentlemen. Fair play even in the midst of the hardest fighting is always stressed at a Drew.

In the progressive presentation of classical culture to the students of this generation, "Doc" is a pioneer. The ancients made many mistakes and had many weaknesses.

We today make many mistakes and have many faults; by studying classical culture we can profit from the mistakes the ancients made. Many people study the classics of Greece and Rome but do not apply their studies to present occurrences. Doc believes that a reliving of classics will occur and that students will once again study with interest the writings which have come to us from Greece and Rome.

In addition to being professor and baseball coach at BC, Doc is a great public speaker. In the past fifteen years, he has never had less than forty and usually more than eighty speeches off-campus a year. His speeches include a wide variety of topics and audiences. He has spoken to many Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs; in churches; at many athletic banquets.

Among his hobbies are wall ball, pool (and is he good!), hunting and fishing.

Doc is not only a professor and Coach, he is a champion of the students.

-TRIVIA-

UTTER CONFUSION DEPARTMENT

Betterment of Drew Division

Get up early . . . clean your own room . . . no clean sheets . . . clean the dorm . . . rumors, rumors, rumors . . . clean the labs like they were never cleaned before . . . get up . . . rumors, rumors, rumors . . . fix that staircase . . . install that shower . . . they're coming, they're coming . . . in uniform? Rumors, rumors, rumors . . . tramp, tramp, tramp, parked car, admirals, vice-admirals, turkey, macaroni, gold braid. Navy blue, bell bottom pants . . . Anchors Aweigh . . . rumors, rumors, rumors . . . fawning faculty members . . . begging, pleading, measuring, looking . . . rumors, rumors, rumors. . .

My dear Children:

"C" stands for co-ed. A co-ed is an animal. It has two arms and two legs. It wears a dress and other things (?). Wolves chase co-eds. There are wolves at Drew.

Drew is a college. The wolves there look out of the back windows in Asbury Hall. Wolves help with inventories and come from Dallas, Pa. Wolves take co-eds to parties at Drew. Some wolves are Conoverous and others just go Mullins around all the time. Little children should not go for Luken for wolves. Little co-eds especially should not play with fire, they might get Berhens. And so, little children drink your hemlock and jump into your beds which have secretly hidden razor blades in them just so we could cut an old acquaintance.

Novel of the Week Department

The House Party Mystery, a Hindu mystery by Hasn Ben Drafted.

Where was Heagney until 6 A.M. Sunday morning?

What happened to Gonick and his date at the house party?

Did they go to admire the dungeon in Mead Hall? Did they go to read the inscriptions on the tree? Did they go to . . . ? Well, did they?

Who was the Venus de Morristown on the arm of Al Dorman? What does he think about her? Can we print it?

What happened to Raub's lips? Is he a Ubangi? Is she a Ubangi?

If you know the answers to these interesting questions, merely tear off the top of your neighborhood grocer, or a reasonable exact facsimile, and mail it together with a twenty-five thousand word essay written in fifty words or less to the Department of English in care of the Broom Closet, Brothers College Building.

Many times he had walked that floor. He knew every board by heart. He could pace his way craftily to that side table even in the dark. But now was to come the supreme test. Now was to come the major crime, his masterpiece, the job he had planned and worked on for weeks and months. He moved away from the crowd cautiously, maybe a little apprehensively at first. But, with each step he gained courage. Now, he drew near the table. He reached out, grabbed, and ran. He ran faster and faster. What if someone had seen, they would be coming soon, coming after him. But, he could get out of it, he could lie, hadn't he lied before in just such the same instance? Why couldn't he do it again? The job was finished now. The evidence was gone. They could come, and never be able to pin anything on him. They came. Where is it they shrieked. He laughed and they could do nothing. He went away free. He had committed the perfect crime. And so, ye ed takes the extreme honor and pleasure to present the extra special dung-plated moose horns to William D. (Billy Boy) Mercer for his slick job of purloining an extra piece of apple pie. He's a credit to his school, to his profession, and above all the model embryo preacher, just like Hitler is a credit to humanity.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF DEPARTMENT

Floy Doy went Marie Antoinette one better on Sat. nite past when she looked over the packed refectory and calmly said, "Let 'em eat cake, but only if there's a girl at the table."

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Profile
An Evening With Melchior

After running from one meeting to another, we finally found the subject for this week's profile at the Tau Kappa Alpha induction. His sidekick Rodriguez was trying to waft him away but we held on for dear life and finally button-holed the elusive Hoffman and interviewed him.

The present president of the Student Council was born in Newark but spent most of his life in Livingston. After graduation from West Orange High School he entered Brothers College where he immediately gave a good account of himself by winning the Freshman Oratorical Contest.

This impression backed by ability has given him many positions of responsibility and honor. He was elected secretary-treasurer of his class for two successive years. At the end of his sophomore year he was awarded a silver "D," the first man in his class to receive that award. One can readily understand this when one looks into Oz's service record.

He was student council representative in his Junior year, co-editor of Oak Leaves, varsity debater in both Freshman and Sophomore years. An International Relations Club delegate to all district conferences in four years and was elected

president of the club this year, was elected to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. He will receive his gold "D" this semester.

But Oz does not confine his activities to those outside the classroom. Dr. Jordy made him the assistant in Chemistry.

Oz, along with other graduates all over the country, is very uncertain about the future. He is determined to go to graduate school, but if not, to go into defense until after the war and then to graduate school.

When President Hoffman was quizzed about the local political setup he became very close-mouthed. He did admit that there was room for improvement but he made it quite clear that the chief improvement would be a good student attendance at student council meetings.

When he was asked for predictions about the future, Hoffman's eyes had a faraway look and he disdained to answer.

Oz, too, has a pet gripe which he never fails to air to the Asbury House Meeting. In his best stenographic voice, the President booms out, with, "If I ever catch that x%&Zx who forgets to flush the first floor John, I'll x%&Zx." How undignified for the President of the Student Council.

G. I.

(Continued from Page Two)

ing, etc., that's been going on. The trip down was plenty tough. We didn't have any idea where we were going, but it is well worth it . . .

Private Alan Carling writes:

Talk about dreams coming true! Boy! I couldn't believe my eyes when we landed in Florida—and in the Air Force . . . These drill instructors are second toughest to the Marine D.I.'s. I like it all so far, though. I hope I continue to do so . . .

Fort Belvoir, Va.

Private Vernon D. Gotwals writes: "Private," or Pvt., is one of the greatest misnomers ever conceived. One sleeps (in his underwear!) in a bed (whose clothing must be hauled around at least twice every day) in a room with about 36 beds. One eats with scores of men in the

same company mess hall at a table of twelve. We line up and become silent not to say grace but silently to curse the mess sergeant, at the command, "Seat!", dive for a seat simultaneously with diving with both hands for food.

So far, besides numerous odds and ends like instruction in care of uniform and equipment, learning to make beds, whom to salute, how to read and count on our fingers—besides these things we learn to drill, with or without rifle. We march, all told, some 800 miles while we're here. Later we go on field maneuvers, learn to shoot; and being engineers, how to build bridges and demolish them, how to dig fortification ditches, handle tractors, etc., etc. The Engineers' insignia is not a mott-bailley but a "turreted castle":

(Here Vernon sketched the castle . . .)

(Let's hear from YOU, servicemen. Let us know where you are, what you're doing. And address your letters to G.I. Editor, The Drew Acorn, Drew University, Madison, N. J.)

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THE THEO LOG

By Frank Brandon

We are always in favor of people who are in favor of people, and one of our favorite people is William Saroyan, who is more in favor of people than anybody we know. We have been reading his latest book, his first novel, "The Human Comedy." The book abounds in unforgettable scenes and people, slightly unbelievable only because they are all so good. Saroyan always refreshes our hopes for the future of humanity. Try to avoid bumping into us on campus, for we are apt to start reading you large sections of it. For instance, Homer's explanation of John Wesley's grace, or his speech on the human nose; Marcus' (the soldier brother) letter to his younger brother; Lionel, the backward boy who picks the four-year-old Ulysses as his pal because "He's the only other man I know who can't read," who stands in line in front of movies because he likes to be with people. In fact, we spent so much time with this book we haven't had time to write a column. So we're printing some memoes from our man, Meatless Tuesday:

Dear Boss—

In the two-th floor john
Of the dorm, Hurt-Barn,
We have been showed
The Canon Colon ode.
(At this time
We're out of rhyme,
So here we goes
Back to prose.)

The Chaucerian tale, published in a prominent location, is to serve as a friendly warning to an unwitting public enemy. Its theme may well be compared to the current popular song, "Why Don't Ya Do Like Other Men Do?" All are cordially invited to inspect this masterpiece at the earliest opportunity.

Dear Boss:- About time someone commended Political Boss Bob Grover in the public prints for his strenuous efforts in the recent elections, resulting in a tight race for the vice-presidency of the student council. More seriously, you might offer a friendly word to all future election boards about the inadvisability of closing the polls three-quarters of an hour before closing time. Many a tsk-tsk will result if it should happen again.

Dear Boss:- What's this gastronomic discrimination in the Navy, anyway? Last Tuesday it was. The officers, resplendent in gold braid, eat at the head table and have creamed chicken and a good bit of etcetera. The poor suffering enlisted men have to eat the same food the students eat—spinach, macaroni, an not so much etcetera. We would never have suspected it of our Navy.

Dear Boss:- Read this book of Douglas you recommended—"The Robe." Found it much more spiritually uplifting than some of the "devotional literature" we have been exposed to lately. The theme of the Roman soldier who gambled for Christ's robe and won is a brilliant idea for a story, and Douglas has done an exceptional job. But why do I tell you this? You've already read it.

Yours,

MEATLESS.