

TOUR
THE
"DOLL'S HOUSE"

The Drew Acorn

WATCH
THE NYMPHS
IN CHLORINE

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BROTHERS COLLEGE, MADISON, N. J., DECEMBER 17, 1948

Price Ten Cents

'Doll's House' Applauded By 1600

Miss Watts Stages Play
Rosenblum, Lewinger
Star; Set Built By
Thompson, Ross

After having been enthusiastically received by over 1600 high school students from 60 schools who attended on either Wednesday or Thursday evenings, the Forester's current full length production, "A Doll's House," will be presented for the last time on Saturday night.

This final performance for Drew students, faculty and guests, will start at eight-thirty. Various dramatic clubs in the vicinity have also been especially invited. It is generally agreed that with the production of Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House," the Foresters again succeed in bringing a high type of serious drama to Drew. "A Doll's House" is perhaps the most famous of Ibsen's social dramas.

Acting in the leading roles of Nora and Torvald are Natalie Lewinger and Sidney Rosenblum. Lillian Dennison is appearing as Mrs. Linden, William Murtha as Nils Krogstad, and James Bensen as Dr. Rand. The part of Ellen, The Maid, is being acted by Robin Ruehl, and that of Anne, The Nurse, by Nancy Nowack. The whole production has been directed by Miss Watts. Miss Watts also designed the set which has been built in its entirety by the stage crew under the direction of stage manager Jean Thompson and production manager Mac Ross.

The Acorn Staff
Wishes You
a Merry
Xmas and a
Happy New Year

Santa Claus Will Dip in Chlorine With Nymphs Show Given for Kids

"Santa Claus' Visit to Waternymphia," a synchronized swim show, will be presented on Monday evening, December 20, in the Drew pool at 8:00 p.m. This show is dedicated to the children of faculty members. Faculty members, their children, and all Drew students are invited to attend.

Features of the show include a balloon race, in which an award will be presented, a swim solo by Joan Hahn entitled "The Happy Swordfish," and a swim duet, "The Octopus and the Whale," by Kay Ward and Doris Metzger. Other swimming acts will also be presented by the cast, which includes Anne Evans, Lois Mays, Joan Hahn, Doris Metzger, Kay Ward, Claire Benedict, Jo Eiriz, Gerry Coates, Jamie Voorhees, Jean Canright, Joan Stokes, Julia Caner, Betty Lauterback, M. B. Anderson, Joan Ackerman, Vera Smith, Betty Aitken, and Mary Lowrie Kincaid.

A singing quartet, consisting of Joan Bates, Joyce Gederberg, Miriam McGrath, and Rita Prodell, will provide vocal entertainment along with a background of recorded Christmas music. Following the show, "Santa Claus" will give candy canes to the children in the audience.

Gentile, Ready, Schwebel, Hensgen Attain Majority; to Ballot Monday for Freshman Officers; Follansbee Elected Acorn Editor

School Honor's Staff's
Unanimous Choice
Of Make-up Man
Elected for New Year

Dave Follansbee, Brothers College junior, was elected to succeed Bob Carlson as editor of the Acorn in this week's election.

Follansbee has been make-up editor of both the Acorn and the Oak Leaves during the past semester. Last year he edited the college literary magazine, The Tower, of which he is now an associate editor.

This year's choice of editor was the first under the new procedure whereby the nominations are made at a meeting of the Acorn staff, instead of at the customary open meeting of the student body. Follansbee's name was the only one presented by the Acorn staff this year.

The new editor will serve in his position for the next two semesters.

Faculty Discussion, Debate, Thesis, Wk's Activities Club Schedules High

B.C. clubs have been pursuing active schedules throughout the semester. The German, Spanish, Math, Debate clubs and the Science group have sponsored a variety of activities for the enlightenment and enjoyment of the Brothers College students.

LANGUAGE CLUBS

Both the German and Spanish clubs traveled to New York City on Tuesday, December 14, Field Trip day. The members of the two clubs saw foreign language movies and visited foreign restaurants.

SCIENCE GROUP

A round-table discussion of the "Sociological Responsibilities of Scientists" by a panel of B.C. faculty members was sponsored by the science clubs composed of the Science Club, Tri Beta, and the American Chemical Society.

Representing the scientists were Drs. Jordy, Harrington, Green and Zuck while Dr. Aldrich of the English department and Dr. Smith of the Government department spoke for the non-scientists. Dr. Fulcomer acted as moderator. Most of the speakers agreed that a man of science is just as responsible to society as any other intelligent citizen.

This was one of a series of offerings by the science group which has presented a series of lectures during the semester.

MATH CLUB

Dick Riez, a physics major, was guest speaker of the evening at the December tenth meeting of the Mathematics Club. The program centered around the reading by

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Christmas Pageant

The pageant, "Tableaux of the Nativity," will be presented in the Seminary Chapel on Tuesday, December 21, at 5 P.M. under the direction of Miss Watts and the Dramatics Class of Brothers College. The Seminary Choir and the Girls of the Brothers College-Chapel Choir will sing.

Frazer, Woisard Win B.C. Bridge Tournament

Top Field of Twenty

Last Friday evening, at 7:30, a field of twenty teams gathered in the college lounge to vie for the crown of bridge champions of Brothers' College. The contest was close all the way but, after four hours of bridge, George Frazer and Ed Woisard emerged victorious.

The tournament consisted of duplicate bridge play in which all contestants play the same hands and it was in the last hand that the victors clinched the title. They placed first for the hand by making a double grand slam which gave them fifteen points and their slim margin of victory.

The first five teams were Frazer-Woisard, 147½; Benson-Holtzinger, 144; Moser-Rodman, 136; Lawson-Rudiger, 134 5/6; Frank-Nowack, 134.

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No Majority in Soph, Frosh Class Voting; Re-vote Monday Jr. and Sr. Get Reps.

Elections for the Student Council Representatives of the sophomore, junior and senior classes and for the freshman class officers were held last Monday, December 13.

Under the provisions of the new constitution which was adopted last year, the elections are run on a simple majority basis. This has led to a second balloting in every previous election held this year, and last Monday's election was no exception.

Some of the results were final however. These are as follows: In the junior class, Bob Gentile, campus, and Bill Ready, commuter, were elected to serve on the Student Council next term; Herman Hensgen, campus, and Dick Schwebel, commuter won Senior Council posts.

There was no majority of votes cast for any one candidate for the remaining offices. These offices will be voted on again next Monday, December 20. The candidates appearing on Monday's ballot will be the two highest on last week's balloting.

For Sophomore Student Council Representatives, Bernie Belsky and Bert Amel, campus, and Bernie Bucholtz and George Johnson, commuters, were the top twosomes.

The top two for each frosh post were for President, Fred Walters and Nat Whitcomb; Vice-President, Tom Hereford and Julian Brown; Secretary, Diane Chase and Alice Clayton; Treasurer, Al Erickson and Art Shapiro; Social Chairman, Dick Hertz and Cecil Lear; and for Student Council Representatives, Joe Holzinger and Len Triggiani, campus, and Mitchell Krauss, Ken Dipple, and Dick Cummins.

Christmas Dance to Usher Out Fall Social Program at Hotel Beechwood

The climax of the social activities of the fall semester will come at the traditional Christmas dance on Wednesday, December 22. The dance will be held at the Beechwood Hotel in Summit, scene of the fall informal. It is sponsored jointly by the social committee and the Drew-Eds, under the respective chairmanships of Sidney Rosenblum and Natalie Lewinger. The dance will take place between nine and one o'clock, with the women's late permission extended to 2:30. The dress is optional.

Live music will be supplied by the "Wakinain" six-piece band. This is a return engagement for the band which was enthusiastically applauded at last year's Frosh Hop. Arrangements for engaging the band were made by Karl Marx.

Claire Benedict and Doris Metzger are in charge of the decora-

tions which will feature a festively dressed Christmas tree and other heralds of the season. The colorful posters advertising the dance were made by Josephine Eiriz and Joan Hahn.

Lynn Frank and Nancy Nowack are planning the entertainment, which will include a parody on "The Night Before Christmas." Lynn and Nancy also have some comedy routines in mind which will feature the stars of the College Capers. Dottie Clyburn will sing a number of solos before leading the group in Christmas carols.

Margaret Turner is chairman of the clean-up committee. Refreshments may be purchased from the hotel.

The dance will be chaperoned by Mr. and Dean Morris. All other members of the faculty are cordially invited.

Drew Tourists Range to Rhineland, Washington, and Mental Institution

Among the field trips scheduled for Tuesday were those sponsored for the benefit of the government, German, psychology, literature and chemistry students.

Ten students participated in the two-day government field trip to Washington, D. C., where they observed the processes of government. Professor and Mrs. Smith accompanied them. The group visited a session of the Supreme Court as well as the War Department, the Library of Congress, the National Archives, and numerous other places of interest. In addition, they met Raymond J. Blair (B.C. '41), Washington correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune and discussed his assignment in Congress with him.

A visit to the State Department for an interview with Mr. Vesnal Henry of the Educational Department in the Parole Division, and a tour of the state Reformatory at

Bordentown under the guidance of Mr. Albert C. Wagner, superintendent of that institution, made up the itinerary of the sociology field trip conducted by Professor Fulcomer and Mr. Park.

Mrs. Harms, Professor Scharacker, and the German club went to New York for a German movie and dinner at the Rhineland where they dined and danced in the German style.

Professor McClintock and the psychology students visited the North Jersey Training School for the feeble-minded in Totowa.

Professor Jordy took his chemistry students to the Shell Oil Company in Linden, New Jersey.

Professor Aldrich and Mr. DeBruyn took the English literature students for a tour of the Scripps Howard Publishing Company where they saw the progress of a book in printing.

A Christmas Carol

Sorry Charlie

'Twas four o'clock in the afternoon of December 23rd. Phallister A. Screwge, Ph.D., handed back the last exam paper to a student who was obviously eager to make the 4:20. He had to get home before the stores closed on Christmas Eve. It was his only opportunity to do any Christmas shopping.

"Scratchit, this paper represents a great improvement over your last effort. If you could expand your thought a bit, you might get it published."

"Thank you, Dr. Screwge—ulp—an 'F'?"

"Why yes, my boy, you're at the top of the curve on this test. On the whole, they were a fair set of papers. Only six octuple 'F's. But your paper—a piece de resistance. Merry Christmas, Scratchit, although I hate to see the continuance of this outdated policy of an entire week at Christmas. I suppose, though, that it gives the students a period during which they can concentrate wholeheartedly on their term papers."

"Yes, sir! I asked Santa Claus for six reams of paper. If I'd known that you were going to give me one, I'd only have had to ask for five. Happy New Year!"

Dr. Screwge walked down the hall to a faculty meeting, cast his vote for the elimination of all sports in the college and the expulsion of the editor of the *Acorn* for printing a plea for a longer Christmas vacation, stopped at the library to draw out six bound volumes of the temperance journals, and started home.

On his way he passed three sophomores who had obviously been absorbing Christmas cheer. They greeted him effusively: "Merry Christmas, Professor Screwge!"

"Ah, yes, boys. Thank you. I'm sorry, I don't know your names."

"Bee, Bop, and Beethoven, sir."

"I like to see friendly students. You'll get a special greeting for the New Year."

"Thank you, sir. Have a nice vacation."

That evening, as Screwge was writing out recommendations for the expulsion of Bee, Bop, and Beethoven, he heard a strange noise on the spiral staircase of his ivory tower. The clanking of academic robes approached Screwge's desk. Screwge observed calmly that it was Barleycorn, his recently deceased associate professor who, many years before, had been committed to Greystone because he knew too much. Screwge laughed.

Barleycorn rattled his robes again and said, "Don't laugh, Phallister, it's me, Barleycorn, and I have something to tell you."

"Don't be silly, Barley, you're a mere figment of my overactive intellect—probably an undigested thesis or an unresolved conflict in metaphysics. Have a Coke?"

"No, Screwge, no refreshing pause for me. I have work to do. Screwge, you've gone too far."

"Admittedly I've made great intellectual retreats. And, possibly, by the standards of our more progressive thinkers I've set this college back a hundred years. But I don't think that's too far."

"No, Screwge, not your 'back to the Dark Ages' movement, that's retrogressing so well. It's because of your treatment of students that the boss sent me to see you."

"Students? What do you mean? Why only this afternoon I gave Scratchit an 'F'?"

"Screwge, do you realize that that 'F' means Scratchit won't graduate this year?"

"Yes, but Barley, ten years isn't too long for a man to be in college."

"Possibly not, but it's been your course that he's flunked for the last nine years."

"He's obstinate; he won't change his major. Can't get rid of the boy. When he quits I won't have any majors."

"Only one major, Screwge. Knowing you, I'd say that I was thankful for the students. But someday you'll be just like me, Screwge. Then you'll think differently about all this."

"Bah! You metaphysical misfire, begone! You're on the wrong track. I'm acting here on earth as a special agent of He whom you so blasphemously call 'the Boss.'"

"Screwge, you may honestly believe that, but you are being a very poor 'special agent.' You are so blinded by your own self importance that you are incapable of keeping Christmas."

"I repeat, Barley, begone!"

Barleycorn vanished and Screwge composed himself and retired. Before him appeared an apparition of an academic robe with a mortar board floating some twelve inches above the neck.

"Screw-ew-ew-ew-ge!"

"Who—ah—who are you?"

"I am the ghost of Christmas Future. I have something to show you."

"Another ontological ogre. Bah! But I'll go along with you."

"Follow me."

"But this is Greystone. Who are they wheeling down the hall on that stretcher?"

"I'll pull back the sheet."

"Is that me? — I mean I?"

"Yes, Screwge, it is."

"But where are they taking me, what am I doing in this place, and why is there a sheet over me?"

"Screwge, for a noted professor, your powers of perception seem

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Skimos

Did you ever meet an Eskimo? No. Well, you should; they're interesting people. Let me introduce you to one. The only name he knows is "Smoe," so folks, meet Smoe.

Smoe is an old pal of mine, although neither of us would recognize each other now, I'm afraid. You see, Smoe is a Greenland Eskimo. He lived in a place called Sondrestromfjord, Greenland, about fifty miles above the Arctic Circle. I guess he has a family too, but I never met them.

I was pushing a truck along a dusty army road at Sondrestromfjord one summer day when I saw a figure dart down behind a couple of fuel barrels. I pulled up, climbed out to take a look around, and finally spotted a little, greasy chap in fur pants and moccasins, and a canvas shirt. I yelled at him and he turned on a toothy grin and stood up. Well, anyway, with the aid of the few English words he understood (gimme, butt, fox, eandy) I asked him what he was doing there. He jabbered and waved his hands around for a while and finally gave me to understand that he was setting traps for white (silver) fox. According to Smoe, you take a string or leather thong, make a loop, put it on a short stick stuck in the ground, put a piece of seal meat for bait, and then wait for friend fox to come along and stick his head in it. I saw one of the traps, but I'll be darned if I can see how any fox would be darn fool enough to fall for that contraption.

Well, while we were talking, one of Smoe's buddies appeared from somewhere; he looked about the same as Smoe except that he had a leather shirt on. I asked the boys where they'd left their boat. (They always came onto the base from the fjord, usually in a little boat with their women at the oars.) I pointed to the truck, pointed to them and made like a question mark. They jabbered to each other, grinned like a couple of idiots and followed me. I climbed in and started the motor. They jumped back ten feet. I let the motor idle. They came closer. They walked around the truck a few times, looked under it, in it, smelled it, touched it gingerly, and then ran away. I climbed out and grabbed one by the arm, muscled him into the seat and climbed behind the wheel. The other followed his buddy. I started down the road and shifted gears. You should have seen them. Their mouths flew open, their eyes popped, they grabbed for the dashboard, and yelled like a couple of half-scaped Apaches. I swung around a curve; they let out a series of cries that sounded like pleas to the Eskimo gods of mercy. I shifted down a gear. The double-clutched truck let out a roar that shook the tailgate. They threw their arms around each other and wailed like a couple of alley cats at 3 A.M. I swung onto the dock and screeched to a halt a foot from the water. They gave me one look which interpreted into English would mean, quote — *#&*%* — to you—unquote. Then they tumbled out onto the ground and took off for their boat like kids from the bathtub.

That was the last I saw of Smoe and his buddy. But the general impression that they left was that we could take our mechanized civilization, wrap it up in a box, and send it to the penguins in Antarctica. Wonder if I could have used the wrong approach? H. P.

Trivia

Just came back from a rehearsal of Doll's House down at Madison High. 'Twas fascinating. Act I—Natalie and Denny emoting drama, while Donna rushes across stage with a paint can, followed by Al and Thompson with paint brushes; Act II—Ted appears on stage in a bright red shirt with a Christmas tree in one hand and Jamie in the other, (wonder if Ted found her in his Christmas stocking? Wow!); Act III—Sidney begs Nat not to leave him, while Mac charges on stage with a door frame and door clutched to his manly bosom. Wacky conducts a nursery backstage . . . that explains her gray hair. We found a job we'd like to have . . . pulling the zipper on Natalie's red dress when she makes a quick change, off-stage, too bad kids. In case you don't know who is the chief electrician—it's Gary. They have him chained to the switches backstage. Seriously, though, give a hand to the stage crew and to the kids who've given a lot of time and energy these past six or eight weeks to make sets, paint, and rehearse.

Have you seen the sweet-pea vine that Al Carling has growing around the mirror in his room? Snazzy.

Don't know how the bridge tournament went the other night, 'cause when we went in to see, we made the mistake of breathing, promptly got shushed and kicked out on our—um—ear.

Have you heard Nancy whistle? "She's the only-girl-I-ever-knew-who-could whistle through her teeth." Unquote. Or . . . all I want for Christmas is my two front teeth.

Talking of talents—ask Jerry Coates to show you how she makes like a machine gun.

According to George Johnson's roommate, George eloped not so long ago. According to George Johnson, it ain't true. You figure it out, we can't.

Guess the Government checks didn't come through this month, or else it's 'cause it's near Christmas, but have you noticed the shaggy haired males around campus? Miriam gave Dave money for a haircut—or—how desperate can you get? Then there's the night Anny cut Al's hair; that's why he's been wearing a hat these past few days. Also, rumor has it that Swede Backstrom gives haircuts. One young co-ed went over to the gym for one. How about it Swede? We're broke too.

Overheard some Asburyites plotting to scrub the dirt off Ted Peterson's chin, and let's not forget that downy fuzz on his upper lip.

By the way, how are you feeling to-day, Ruthie? See you all next semester.

Faculty Discussion

(Continued from Page One)

Mr. Riez of his honors thesis on the use of ultra-violet radiation in air conduction. Suggestions were made as to most effective array of ultra-violet lamps for use in killing bacteria in air ventilation ducts.

On Friday, December 17, Ann Fraebel will present a talk on Topology.

DEBATE CLUB

Highlighting the activities of the Debate Club was a debate given Thursday, December 9. Two teams, consisting of members of

the debate squad, debated the national debate question, "Resolved: That the United States government should follow a policy of equalization of education by means of grants of money to tax-supported schools." Jim Benson and Bernie Belsky argued for the affirmative while Bert Amel and Max Geller presented the negative argument. During the coming weeks, other members of the squad will take their turns at debating this question to prepare for the inter-collegiate debates next spring.

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dull. You are—or were—here because society deemed you insane, you have a sheet over you because you are dead, and you are being taken to the morgue."

"Ghost of Christmas Future, I strongly doubted your veracity anyway, but this I cannot believe."

"Ah, Screwge, can humanity be so blind. Even now you show unusual tendencies. In a few years these tendencies will become more pronounced, and you'll have to be put away. Today, you are alone in the world. Everyone hates you. You have academic honor, but no love. You don't know the meaning of Christmas. You will die insane and alone—unless—"

Christmas morning as the sun rose, Screwge was on the telephone with a long list of numbers.

"Long distance, please. . . Merry Christmas, Scratchit, this is Dr. Screwge. It seems that there was a rather grave mistake in my calculation of marks on that exam . . ."

D. M. R.