

NEWSPAPER STAFF DECLARED INSANE

WEATHER REPORT:
Rainy Monday,

The **Drew**  **Acorn**

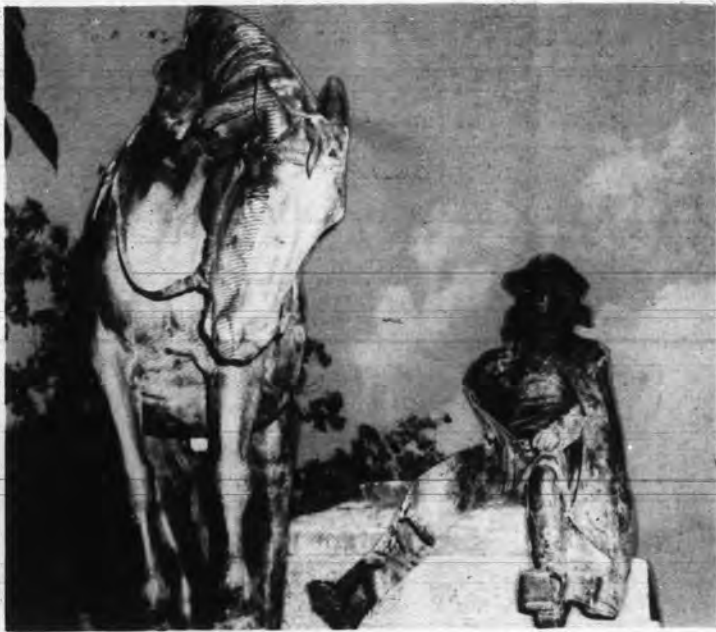
followed by Tuesday,
Wednesday, Thursday,
& Friday

31

VOL. XXX NO. 3

BROTHERS COLLEGE, MADISON, N.J.

OCTOBER 31, 1956



Bishop Asbury Walks Tonight ; Anticipates Revival Of Spirit

Once again the Acorn has received an important news story from the spirit world. Through our direct-line facilities in the Waverly Tavern we are now able to report that Bishop Asbury is going for a walk!

At exactly 10:31 a.m.--the un-witching hour--to the accompaniment of much creaking and groaning, Bishop Asbury will leave his trusty horse in front of Mead Hall this All Hallows' Eve. The purpose of his movement, as we understand it, is to join in with the "revival" of the spirit which has inundated the campus. He has heard so much of the 3 a.m. prayer-meetings at Baldwin Hall that he can no longer remain away from the festivities.

In conjunction with The Acorn's policy of complete news coverage, we include the following personal interview of the Bishop by one of our staff:

"The interview was a little hazardous, since it was conducted while seated precariously on the pommel of his Western saddle. We did get a few interesting stories, though. Bishop Asbury insists that last Halloween night--and we must take his word as the basis for this story--that last Halloween night he saw a little lady in a plaid shirt fly a broomstick into Mead Hall.

"Our interview proceeded famously after Mr. Asbury let his hair down with this little story--No mean trick, by the way, as his hair is welded firmly to his head."

Drew Faculty Leaves For Chicago Seminar

Dairymen from 29 states and Canada have made entries of pure-bred cattle for the 4th annual International Dairy Show, to be held in Chicago's International Amphitheatre October 31 - November 6.

Designed by the American Jersey Cattle Club as the national show of the breed of 1956, Jersey cattle breeders have listed 321 entries for the Chicago show--a 31 per cent increase over last year. Jersey entries have been received from owners in 14 states and two provinces of Canada.

Werber Wishes Booze Banned

Alcoholism on American college campuses is reaching "disgusting" proportions, according to a statement made Friday by Dr. I.Q. Werber, Professor Emeritus at Hartknex University and former member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Addressing over eleven members of the Drew Chapter of the Women's Christian Temperance League, Dr. Werber expressed his sincere hope that this menace to the country's safety is placed under administrative control at once.

To demonstrate his pint Dr. Werber opened several bottles of whiskey and gin, and offered a few shots to an anonymous student, who promptly managed to frosh shot after shot of the wicked brew down his gullet. Dr. Werber likewise polished off a fif of Schmirnoff's to show that there was a similar affect upon people over forty.

The outcome of the experiment, however, is being withheld, as is the name of the student who participated in it....Hic!

SOCIAL CALENDER

- | | |
|---------|---------------------------|
| Oct. 31 | Beer Party, Baldwin Hall |
| Nov. 1 | Beer Party, Baldwin Hall |
| 2 | Beer Party, Baldwin Hall |
| 3 | Beer Party, Baldwin Hall |
| 4 | Beer Party, Baldwin Hall |
| 5 | Beer Party, Baldwin Hall |
| 6 | Beer Party, Baldwin Hall |
| 7 | Prayer Meeting, Sam Bowne |

"Mad Man" To Mold Minds: Unlearnism Advocated By New Faculty Member

Alfred E. Newman was appointed teaching fellow in philosophy, it was announced today. In an interview held on BC cupola, Dr. Newman revealed his plan of instruction. "All the trouble in the world," he said, "was caused by knowing too much. The solution by perverse logic, therefore, is to unlearn everything." The doctor promised that those who would take his course would positively unlearn everything, graduate with absolutely clear minds and be merrily wheeled off and disposed of in certain higher institutions of unlearning.

Dr. Newman has had a varied background measuring between 49" and 58" depending on the seasons. He graduated from Harvard B.J.B.F. (By Joint Resolution of the Faculty) after nine years of study. He majored in indolence. Uncle Sam next called Newman, and he was wounded four times in the back while in the service. He was a cook in Fort Dix the entire time.

After a period of re-adjustment spent at Eberhard Faber where his head was used as a model for pencil-sharpening devices, Dr. Newman spent some highly successful years advising the Studebaker-Packard Company, President Juan Peron, and the Chinese Nationalist Government.

Drew was indeed fortunate to obtain his much-sought-after talents, and if his past activities are any criterion, we are sure that the University is indeed in for a unique experience.

Prof. Newman



"WHAT-ME WORRY?"

BaldwinBrothers Brew Big Blast

A cloud of dust, a hearty "hi, ho Budweiser," and the Baldwin Boys are off again preparing for tonight's Halloween Open House.

More than ninety fellows and their ghouls will haunt the hallowed floors from eight til the unwitching hour to the strains of a mad campus combo. But after that, anything can happen (and probably will to those who defy the 10:30 curfew.)

Decor for the fiendish affair will be provided by each one of the Baldwin brothers, who are working in cooperation with local lucifers and hobgoblins to produce the weirdest of effects. All authorized entertainment will be conjured up downstairs in the subdued light of the rec room.

According to several dorm demons, a seance will be held as the clock strikes ten to revive the spirits, though, due to campus regulations, this will have to be behind locked doors. It is also reported that various dignitaries from Land of the Styx will be on hand to greet old friends and relatives and interest Brew students in doing graduate work with them.



Ground breaking ceremonies for the new gym were held yesterday noon in anticipation of the of the building which will be completed next fall. See story on page 8.

Nausea's Nitwits

In the past few issues the ACORN has seen fit to strike out at the more sacrosanct institutions of this hallowed University. Now, Justice rewarded at last, we are able to turn the tables and criticize this vacuous volume.

We have worked undercover for the ACORN for a sufficient period to become acquainted with their dirty linen consisting of three T-shirts, one torn shirt, and a rather rigid argyle.

We have found out that this preposterous piece of pulp is created under the most chaotic circumstances imaginable in an area filled with flying screeching editors not unlike the Black Hole of Calcutta. At the start the editors are not screeching. They sit patiently waiting for articles to start coming in. The deadline approaches and goes. Two hours before going to press, the articles arrive. The editors hopefully read that which will make the ACORN an outstanding success. The sun lengthens in the declining day racing to keep pace with the staff's falling faces. It is evident that the ACORN is a closed corporation. Screams of anguish emanate as copy is flung through the window and the staff begins to write its own newspaper. Selfishly, the editors devote their study and leisure time to compounding new copy at the last minute.

The perpetrators of this paper are doing irreparable harm, and we should all know who are the people responsible.

Dan Clop, notorious news editor, is responsible for getting the news while it is hot. Does he get it? No! He has the nerve to wait and depend on a "staff" of leg-men to bring the news to him. He has the audacity to complain when they don't come through when it is evident he is young enough to cover the entire campus himself. And Nausea Wholeysin, rampant editor-in-chief, striding in her office like Captain Bligh on the decks of the *Bounty*, rejecting all the good copy that comes in solely because it is immoral. Yon Deloneyn is her immoral features editor, who wearily sits and passes on the copy; he has long since given up hope of seeing copy ready for press and kills the student writers' themes by revising them or even rewriting them. Mad Ican, the unstable exchange editor, is beyond a doubt. Hester Pinkbottom, copy editor, totally unqualified for her job as is evidenced by the many run-on sentences and mis-placed semi-colons that slip past her. Ed Zog (son of Zog) the make-up editor, who suffers from hallucinations brought on by having to stretch, shrink or even create articles to fit the awesome blank spaces that leer up at him a few hours from press time. Then there is Mary, and Mary is a grand old name.

Let us, the student body, resolve to tear down this den of iniquity, and to create in its place a new standard, a new shining dream exemplified in creative imagination, of man's searching into himself, insufferable unto itself, and uncognizant of this University's reflective omniverousness. Go then, and remember thy calling to greater things in untoward words encribed near the Memorial Gate: **Curb your Dog.**

Drew Acorn

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Dick Madigan, Sports; John Delonas, Features; Ed Zgalich, Make-up; Nadia Wolosen, Ed.-in-Chief; Don Cole, News; Sam Gardner, Business; Maury Green, Photography; Dick Madigan, Exchange; Norma Scarlett, Copy (under table waving copy.)

ELECTION REFLECTIONS

In examining the qualifications needed by an individual for the office of President of the United States I discovered that there is one candidate, and only one candidate, who can adequately fulfill the tasks which a President must undertake.

In the last Presidential race of 1952 I did not support this particular candidate, for I, too, felt that there was need for a change in Washington. My candidate can give us that change. He is the father of several young children and understands their problems and relieves them.

With several political races under his successful career, my candidate has matured and gained a valuable backlog of information which will surely help him if he is selected to lead this country.

There are three factors which we must consider when selecting a President of the United States. The first and most important one is; has he the ability to run this country and does he understand the problems of the little fellow? My candidate does understand these problems, and as I mentioned above, has worked tirelessly through all hours of the night to help clean up the mess. The second important point of our criteria is this: Is this candidate experienced? My candidate is one of the most experienced men in our country. On many occasions I have seen his experience at work, he has on these occasions shown his ability to lead people and help them as a result of his vast experience.

Perhaps the most important of all

qualifications is this, "How does he present himself to the people?" My candidate has presented himself on many occasions as a dignified and personable individual. He has been so dignified on occasions that people have asked me if he is dead.

What we need in this country is a man who will lead us successfully and with ability. In my candidate we see all of the qualities and qualifications which anyone would want. He is so qualified that many persons refer to him as the "classifide man".

His education and early training is most valuable to him as a candidate. It is rumored that he studied for a while at Drew. I am sure that this statement is true, because he is typical of those in the student body now.

My candidate's name is one of his attributes. The name of my candidate is well known throughout the United States. Every student of philosophy knows well his contributions towards relieving the tenseness of those dreadful few hours before an exam, his slogan is often repeated by students studying for "comps". His name is a household word and his fame spreads from Madison to Morristown.

The character, philosophy, and ability of my candidate can be represented by his own immortal slogan, "What me worry"? Yes: this year I shall support Alfred E. Newman, for he truly is the most qualifide and capable candidate running, running, running, running. MR'6.

In Loving Memoriam To

Our Lost Story

"Pogo for President"

by

Dick Mad A Gain

May it rest in peace

Wherever it may be.

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OCTOBER 31, 1956

The Ivory Crow's Nest

by Boob

Let us go then to that desert
With our harp slung on the back,
And see the moving quiet moonlight
Black on the glinting sunlit sand,
And see the llama and the caterpillar
dance the saraband.

And they pluck the wild harp string
And carefully carelessly sing:

With a pickle and some boney
I will eat up all my money
With a bi nonny nonny
And the paw of the Easter Bunny
Hi Ho!

Round goes the dancing
And the jumping around,
The toes of a caterpillar
Make a shuffle sound,
And the llama is a killer
When his feet go up and down
Ho Ho Ha Ha

And now the laughing and the dancing
And now the singing in the desert,
(Round the ashes of the fire
round the tune of the lyre)
Flashes up the hill,
Up the dune in the desert,
And is quiet now at sight of the sea.

And we too,
We are also quiet.
And we turn around
Our eyes around
And hear
High off in the sky
the unquiet pounding

Pounding like plodding dancing
Bounding of llama and caterpillar,
Who have since gone down the dunes
Singing giddy tuneslike looms,
Gone to the sea where their bones
are carefully washed clean.

Therefore carefully carelessly
We too wildly sing joyfully:
With a pickle and some boney
I will eat up all my money
With a bi nonny nonny
And the paw of the Easter Bunny
Hi Ho!

INQUIRING REPORTER

by Jonie Paper

QUESTION:

What is your solution to the problem of communication with the spirit world now that the mail boxes have been removed from B.C.?

ANSWERS:

Joe Zilch: We could all arrange our coats in alphabetical order, then messages could be placed in the pockets.

Beatrice Beautybottom: We could build a TELE-WITCHEN set in the foyer.

Linda Lovely: Yes!!!

Bert & Harry Piel: Leave your messages at the Waverly Tavern - after November 9, that is.

Prof. Oblong: Who needs communication when one can tune in on the vibrations that are in the air at all times.

OCTOBER 31, 1956

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MUSIC NOTES

by Melvin Kosnawski

Perhaps the most fascinating recording ever made in phonograph history is the new Calumny release of the Symphony No. 2.7818 in E by the justly-neglected, master composer from Liechtenstein, Stanley Henkeldorf. The performance of this masterpiece by the chorus and orchestra of the Bowers Philharmonic Society, under its eminent conductor, Angelo d'Inferno, and tenor soloist Elvist Presley, is so exalting the listener is transported from the cares of worldly existence.

The symphony is in three movements and is a programmatic depiction of the effect of a profoundly significant event in the life of the composer. The first movement, which is a tonal depiction of a mathematical sine wave, has caused many analysts to search in vain for emotional content, because there is none present. This movement is an expression of the cold, indifferent attitude of the composer before the important event occurred. The second movement describes the experience itself. It is a musical portrayal of Miller's sine curve, which is the most beautiful curve in the world because it resembles the shape of a lovely woman. Naturally the music bursts into passionate ecstasy as this curve is described.

Now, dear listeners, please don't tell your friends about the end of the masterpiece, for you won't be able to anyway. By the time the playing of this stirring work has concluded you will have been taken to a cozy padded cell by some men in white coats where you will be spending the rest of your days in blissful oblivion.

The third movement describes the effect of the experience on the composer and is based on two subjects. The first theme, which is the tune, *Elvis the Pelvis for President*, is sung by Mr. Presley over a gut-bucket accompaniment. A few measures later the chorus unites in singing that noble chorale, *Caletus Veneticus*, which is a Latin adaptation of that well-known tune, *Hound Dog*.

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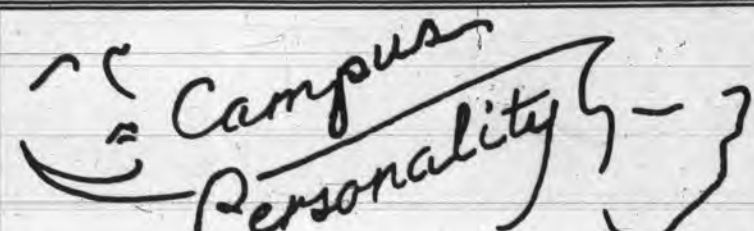
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PORTRAITS WEDDINGS

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During your four year stay here at Drew somebody surely will or already has asked you, "Who is Gunboat Manilla?" This article is written for the guidance of those skeptics who persevere in doubting the existence of G.M. despite his almost excessive participation in all Drew committees, clubs, activities, etc., as well as his recent darkhorse nomination for the year-book dedication. Here is a B.M.O.C. about whom few people know little if anything at all.

Mr. Manilla's concise analysis of administrative fumbblings leaves no doubt in his reader's mind as to where his political sympathies lie. His daily B.C. bulletin-board comments, on almost every topic, exemplify the benefits afforded by a liberal education here at Drew.

The reason that so few of us know Gunboat Manilla personally is that he is by nature a shy and retiring character. He frequently alters his handwriting to conceal his true identity. When I ap-



proached his closest friend, Bill Mumber, who also doubles as his news secretary, for confidential information concerning the Gunboat, Bill would only hint that his ideal was a charter member of that association of nocturnal miscreants, the Secret Seven. Perhaps it was the faculty persecution along this line that drove our hero to his present state of smutty, journalistic endeavor.

Gunboat's pet peeve and the apparent object of much of his chargin, (according to the esteemed Sir Mumber), is an unobtrusive bronze horse which stands guard before Drew's Den of Depotism, Mead Hall.

Although many attempts have been made by the higher echelon to track down the elusive Mr. Gunboat, he continues to evade them and consequently forestalls probable requests for an arranged departure. Since his comments on such issues as the Refectory food and the Cut System are now unquotable I would advise you to follow his daily columns on the various prominent posters and announcements throughout the campus.

Point Of View

Half faces burned onto the black
are screaming with the rest,
shapes conceived by magic touch;
the cold, the day-worn eyes;
glistening smiles, a mask of death,
inhuman in disguise.

A gale of voices are thrown into the heart.
Stabbed, dying- never to see the light.
The shape beats once, twice, and halts.
A crooked finger moans to me;
the choice is now to make-

To trick or treat or die.
The jack-o-latern laughs at me-
its head stuck on a pole.
The ink-cat shrieks, and topples down-
a sliver in its throat.
The Moon observes above the fog,
and sees that which I do.
I fill to all with mortal treats
and end this end of grasp.

B.D.G.

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Dissection Dirge

by F.O.R. Maldibye

(To be sung to the tune of
"Riders in the Sky")

- 1) A zoo major was dissecting
a black and bloody cat.
He was studying the femur
as on a stool he sat,
When all at once a mighty
figure, a green-eyed cat he
saw;
A giant, fierce, and wild-
eyed cat
With a hugh and gaping jaw.

Chorus: Meow-ow-ow, Meow-ow-
Huge feline in the lab!

- 2) His eyes they breathed fire,
and his claws were sharp
as steel.
His tail was long and furry
and thick as an automobile
wheel.
The student trembled might-
ily and tried so hard to fly
For he saw the cat a 'com-
min' close
And heard his mournful cry.
Repeat chorus

- 3) His face was fierce, his eyes
were mad, and his body it
did quiver.
He wildly leapt upon the
table, and our student he did
shiver.
For this cat was as big
around as twenty pizza pies
He growled in fury and for-
boding gleamed within his
eyes.
Repeat chorus

- 4) As the cat stood near his
fellow, he called the stu-
dent's name.
"If you want to save your-
self from doom for dissecting
that cat,
Then student, change your
major today, or forever you
will try
To dissect endless pussy
cats in that zoo lab in the
sky.

Chorus: Meow-ow-ow, Meow-
ow-ow
Zoo lab in the sky!

Hugh of DREW & KINSEY, THE CAT



That's how I want you to block a goal!

Results Of Pre-Election Vote

	Eligible Voters	Actual Voters	%	Dem.	%	Rep.	%
Frosh x	128	78	61%	20	25%	57	73%
Sophs	110	75	68%	13	17%	62	83%
Jr.	71	60	85%	16	26%	44	74%
Sr.	58	44	75%	17	38%	27	62%
Faculty*	40	37	92%	18	49%	17	47%
Total	407	294	72%	84	28%	207	71%

x 1 Frosh for American Third Party - Kasjeski

* 2 Faculty for Prohibition - Hamlin & Watson

"It's a bee-oot-ti-ful day for the ball game. This is your old sports announcer, 'Melvin Presley,' bringing you another Patz Green Ribbon sporting event. Today's game of the week will come to you from 'Plato's Stadium' in Badison, home of the Brew University 'Strangers.' Yes Sir!! What a day!! the stadium is packed with 155,000 howling fans who have come out to watch this nationally televised soccer match between the 'Strangers' and the Trent-ounce State Bird watchers...who by the way have that All-Audubon Goalie Meo te Tung from Scot-land. Yes...here come the...STRANGERS in their conservative chartreuse and aqua uniforms. Chasing the squad on to the field is their great coach, 'Simon Legree' Tannon.

MEANWHILE...AT THE OTHER END

Down at the other end of the stadium The Trent-ounce eleven has been warming up. The officials are now examining the play-ers for concealed weapons...there's the toss of the coin...the Captains and officials are groveling around on their knees...they can't seem to find the coin!! Yes...wait a minute...they found it...Brew has won the Toss!!! And will defend the North-east goal and Trent-ounce State will defend the south-east goal ...There's the whistle, the game is on...Brew's center forward arch's a high, high, high...time is being called until the referee retrieves the ball from the second balcony...Oh, oh...it looks like trouble...the fan wants to keep the ball as a souveneer...the referee is down on his knees imploring the spectator to return the ball while the band plays, "It Was Just One Of Those Things"...I believe...Yes he's got the ball...Listen to that crowd roar!!! Trent-ounce will put the ball back into play ...here's the kick in-WOW!! it's intercepted by the Tubbard Brew's center-half. Tubbard wings the ball to Tony Smith, Smith takes it down the sidelines, centers the ball to Bean Pider who falls down, he's up, He's down, He's up...look at him go...Only the Trent-ounce goalie stands between Pider and a score...Pider SHOOTs!!! IT JUST MISSES THE CORNER AND rebounds off the post...The ball is midway between Pider and the two herculean opposing fullbacks...all three are racing madly for the ball...Pider gets his toe on it but he is hit...And hit hard!!! Poor Pider...Listen to that crowd moan...Hick Car-ner, Brew's head manager, has come rushing on the field with Brew's first aid and mortician kit. Pider doesn't seem to be responding...This may have been the last earthly game for the valiant Brew forward...Wait!! He's, ..He's getting up.. He's alive!!!! Listen to that crowd cheer...as Pider is being helped off the field.

KRIEFSKI REPLACES PIDER

Replacing Pider with only 30 seconds remaining in this dead-locked game will be Mergatroid Baylor Kriefski, one time pig-farmer, now the Trent-ounce full back, lifts a long goal kick over the mid-field stripe. It is taken there by Brew's Ed Itch who passes to Hal Fowl, Fowl uncorks a doozer of a pass to Kieve Soakano, ..Soakano dribbles by one man...runs over an-other and fires a bullet like pass in front of the Trent-ounce goal. Ladiees and Genteelmen, ...there's a big pile up in front of the goal...it's hard to see from up here what happened...the game is over...Yes...I think I can make it out now...the referees arms are up...BREW SCORED!!!!!! Little, "punchy" Bennes headed in that bullet pass of Soakano's for the tally. What a finish... what a game.....and now as the sun slowly sets be-hind the stadium and the Brew University Band plays, "Amid the Towering Skyscrapers," this is your old sportsman remind-ing you to "drive recklessly for the pedestrian you hit may be your landlord."

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