

# DAILY DREWS

- - GETS THE FACTS AND NAMES THE NAMES - -

Vol. 31—No. 3

DREW UNIVERSITY, MADISON, N. J.

October 28, 1957

## BOARD SELLS ROSE LIBRARY

(See Story Below)

## Holloway Ousts Father Pain; Alleges Attacks "Unwarranted"

### Rose's Rotate As Trustees Sell Library

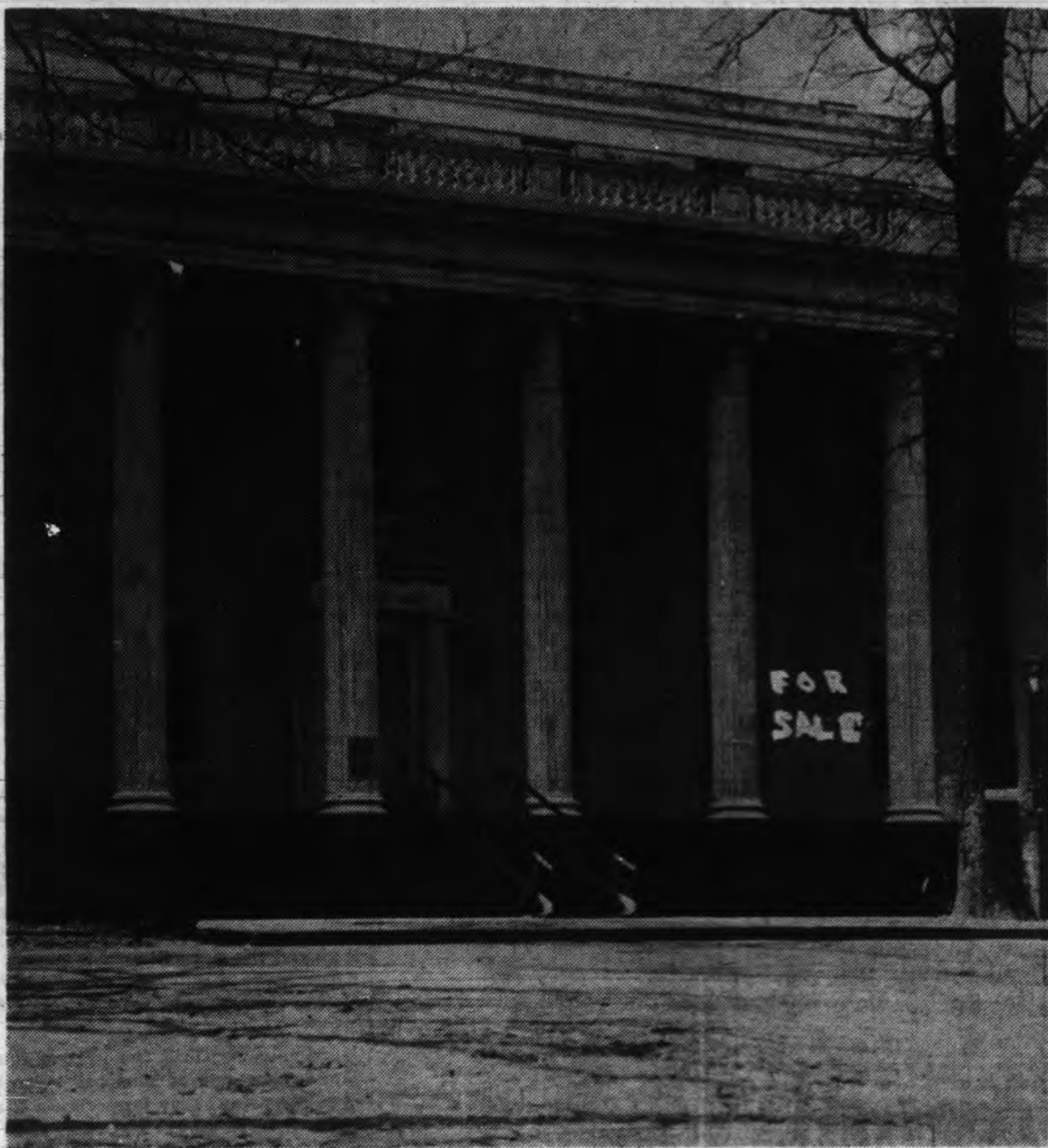
In order to raise much-needed funds for Drew's new Student Union Building, the Board of Trustees concluded last night that the Rose Memorial Library would be sold at the earliest possible time.

Speaking in defense of the Board's decision, Edgar Johnson, president of the trustees' organization, emphasized that this was the "only possible conclusion which the Board was able to draw." "Sacrifice," Johnson expounded, "has historically paved the way to improvements in our society. And the sacrifice of Rose Memorial—although its loss will be greatly felt on Drew Campus—will, I'm sure, be more than compensated for when the Student-Union Building is completed and ready for occupancy."

Mr. Johnson further urged all students to return all books, records, and other borrowed materials to the Library "at the earliest possible date. The entire contents of the library, including close to a quarter million books, would then be put on closed reserve until bidding for these items started.

After the library is sold, Drew students will be provided with special bus service each night to the various libraries in the immediate Morristown area. Plans are also being negotiated for a free postal exchange of books with the nearby Fairleigh-Dickenson University Library, and the ACORN will keep its readers informed as to future developments of this project.

The meeting was adjourned at ten-thirty, after which time tea was served to Board members in the Mead Hall Social Room.



OUR FORMER UNIVERSITY LIBRARY. At press time it is rumored that this magnificent structure will be turned into the utilitarian form for which its architectural style was originally intended, that of a Greek temple. The diety which the buyers are intending to honor has been rumored to be the goddess of love, Aphrodite. Purchasers include Mike Todd, and Malcom Forbes. Orgies will be held every Tuesday and Thursday. Mysteries on the first Monday of every month. All students are invited.

### Holloway Halts Father Pain's Redagogics?

Father James A. Pain was relieved yesterday of his post as Director of Religious Life, it was announced by President Fred Holloway. Holloway explained the reason for Pain's ousting as his "unwarranted and unfounded attacks" on the student body, faculty and administration.

Father Pain's removal came as no surprise to those who have followed his stormy career at Drew. His articulate criticism of what he calls "the wickedest college campus in the East" had long caused consternation at Drew. Pain has accused several faculty members of belonging to Communist-front groups, of teaching the violent overthrow of the government, and of being sympathetic to Zoroastrian doctrine. The administration had not gone unscathed. Father Pain, several months ago, published at his own expense a pamphlet on university finances, in which he declared that sixty-eight percent of endowments to Drew came from labor racketeers. Pain stated at another time that Drew students were probably "the most radical group to be found in the United States short of an underground Communist cell."

The Drew Acorn, a surprisingly conservative student newspaper, had been aiding Pain in his fight against radicalism at Drew. Pain often bought a full page's space in order to air his views. The Acorn has announced that anyone who wishes to help Pain may send cash or checks to: The Acorn Office, Room 207; College Building, Drew University.



## THE DREW ACORN

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Established in 1928

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OCTOBER 28, 1957

Member of Associated Collegiate Press



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### EDITORIALS

## Prankless Policy

Do you feel cheated?  
Do you think that we of the ACORN are trying to undermine the Student Body, and break with established tradition? Well, honestly, we're not. We've just decided to eliminate our annual Halloween Issue, and we hope that you won't mind.  
If you can recall last year's farcical attempt at Halloween hilarity, you will remember that we gave you all sorts of things to ponder over. We gave you a life-size, suitable-for-framing picture of Alfred E. Newman. We offered the REAL SCOOP on the new gym, and even managed to get Francis Asbury to dismount, to the chagrin of campus administrators; and this is just to mention a few of the lively, scandalous little pranks which we played on you.  
But we've changed our policy, and this issue proves it. We've worked hard on it, listening through Mead Hall keyholes, climbing grapevines, and tapping wires to give you the REAL, UNCENSORED NEWS of Drew Campus.  
Honestly, now, do you still feel cheated?  
S. A. P.

## Drinkers Beware

In walking across-campus to Baldwin Hall the other night, we stumbled over a rather flat glass bottle which we, of course, took to be a misplaced Airwick container. Upon closer inspection, however, we found it to contain what was described by the label as, "Old Granddad—Bottled in Abundance", or something similar. The name was unfamiliar but not as a deodorant, so we pulled the cork (strange that the industry should turn from threaded tops!) and tasted the liquid, which was evidently not cough syrup. Never before have we experienced so vile a taste or such a dreadful burning sensation, and never, never again! Now we realize what the repulsive substance was, and our revulsion of that moment is surpassed only by the shock and disgust that accompanies the knowledge of the presence of such an element on this campus.

Is it possible that the students here are turning to a diversion which, apart from its intrinsic moral wickedness, opposes everything for which Drew stands??? Can it be that someone in attendance here has found justification for the use of this evil brew?

Whoever it is that is deluding himself so, must be shown the error of his ways; he must be made to realize that a momentary lightening of his burdens is no compensation for an eternity spent in Hell!!!

Take heed of the unrighteousness of these doings, whoever you may be; your youth, young man, is a precious commodity—not a passing thing to be exposed to the pitfalls of sin and depravity. Turn from this iniquity to a wholesome, healthy facet of normal people's young lives. Take up hiking, ornithology (an absorbing field), or join the newly organized badminton team, a worth-while sport, under the direction of gentle Dr. Paul Obler. Believe these words . . . we are your friends.

## Guest Editorial

For eleven years I've fought this paper tooth and nail for space in which to express what this staid University has ignored for years. Now I have "space"—one inch of print! You call this freedom of speech? That a supposedly "free press" could be so rottenly warped through and through is incredible to me, a taxpaying American citizen! But as to my message . . .

## MUSIC NOTES

by Axelotl von Wunderhorn

One of the most neglected composers of our time is Erich Hundgesicht. Hundgesicht was born in Vienna on February 29, 1902, the son of an Austrian father and an Australian aborigine mother. The parents worked at the Vienna Zoo and both died while Erich was in his teens as a result of having been bitten by some rabid ardvarks.

Young Erich then hitchhiked to France where he sneaked onto a cattle boat leaving for America. After he landed in New York, he attempted to make a living selling pencils, but a policeman arrested him for vagrancy. After he spent the night in jail, he was turned over to a Salvation Army rehabilitation center, where he was taught music with the aid of a hymnal. After completing his musical studies, he left the rehabilitation center and hitchhiked to Madison. He secured lodgings at a Pierson Alley boarding house and made his living selling pencils in front of the Madison Settlement House.

Hundgesicht's entire musical output, which was directly influenced by his stay with the Salvation Army, consists of compositions for voice, cornets, tube, and harmonium. He enjoyed setting words to music and would find inspiration in any written matter that he saw. His melodic inspiration came from hymn tunes and one would often find him in the library of the nearby theological seminary diligently copying notes from a hymnal facing him upside down. Perhaps his finest work is a setting of a Friday evening menu from the seminary refectory, written in 1956 and entitled Ode to a Hamburger, which was set to the inverted voice parts of the Cwm Rhondda hymn tune. But this was to be his last work, for he died of food poisoning the next morning.

## September Moon

BY CORNY LIZZY

September Morn, a painting by Paul Chabas, has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum. The canvas depicts a young, nude peasant girl standing in the waters of Lake Annecy at dawn.

Although it is not particularly sensuous, various "societies" had the picture banned in this country at the time it was painted. Unfortunately for the artist, this was the Victorian Age, when even tables were draped to conceal the legs. One consideration may well have been that a live artist was more dangerous to morals than a safely dead one. What did they do with their lusty, busty Titians, Renoirs, etc.?

The "Acorn" reports various comments overheard at the Metropolitan, which are extremely human if not laden with culture:

"It would go well with my rug."  
"Flat-chested."  
"Probably his mistress!"  
"In the movie he cut off his ear for her."

And one ten-year-old is guided by her grandfather who, undoubtedly remembering youthful warnings, prevents her from seeing the picture and hustles her up the stairs to pictures of richer and plumper nudes! The other extreme was represented by two avant-garde art students who sniffed and left. Slightly pre-conditioned.

Actually, September Morn isn't so lewd, but its popularity grew simply because the artist hired a good press agent.

## Campus Personality

### BACKGROUND:

Born in a hovel on the outskirts of a mining village near the Eastern Arkansas border, Garrulous By-the-Way left home at the age of seven with a mere pittance in his pocket (\$2.53 earned by smuggling tobacco plugs to fending mountaineers cut off from supplies by their opponents). Since he was both physically and mentally mature for his age, Garrulous hiked a few miles east to the Mississippi



### WANTED

Have you seen this man?  
HEIGHT: Medium  
WEIGHT: Medium plus  
EYES: Two  
AGE: Normal  
CHARGE: Asiatic flu host

River, where he swam upstream until he reached Chicago (via the Great Lakes), a few days later. Realizing that he might need all the money available when he reached New York, Garrulous forsook the pleasure of a meal and hopped a freight for the big city.

The hugeness of the metropolis did not dismay him; and with his knowledge of the out-of-doors, he soon found work selling potted pansies, under the Third Avenue El. Garrulous' job depended on speech and words, so he became interested in elocution, phonetics, and heiroglyphics.

Then at age sixteen the grandiose glint of glittering glamor girls and guys mesmerized him and his theatrical career began. His first jobs consisted of poetry readings at those little "off-the-Rialto" type theaters in Newark, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Unhappy away from the city, he soon returned. Garrulous found work on a daily soap-opera program portraying Ray, husband of Mary Noble, Backstage Wife. He repeated his initial success fifteen minutes daily for twelve years.

His return to the legitimate was short-lived but glorious. His portrayal of Paw, the hero of Tobacco Road, was acclaimed by Brooks Atkinson as, "Nifty". However, no one has seen him since his opening performance.

It is believed he is holding some type of executive position; he is possibly accompanied by his loyal secretary, "Jonesie", formerly associated with Florenz Ziegfeld.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor,

As a student at Drew I wish to complain about the "Acorn and Oak leaves". First of all I would like to state that after most objective consideration of the matter I have come to the conclusion that there are far too many of them. It would certainly seem to me that your paper could do something about this situation as there are definitely too many nuts on campus. As a possible solution I would like to suggest a "druid dance to be held under the oak trees. The squirrel committee could sponsor this event and drop the door prizes onto each couples waiting head. Certainly proper attire for the evening could include the woody theme. High styled oak leaves applied in specific points of the anatomy would be cultural and form quit an artistic display.

I hope that the editorial board will help me push the idea.

Yours truly  
Racy Gracy

## Jazz Scenes

by Bob "Jazbo" Friedman

One night while listening to a stack of old LPs, I was shocked senseless by a real moving performance. The swingy group that had made the gig and the subsequent cut were really fantabulous.

They started out with a quiet beat which must have been played on spider webs; it was so subtle and delicate. They then stopped, and the brass section let out with a note, then three more, then a continuous series. The tempo was picked up, and the rest of the crew joined in on a sortie which had all the earmarks of a marching gang, like in New Orleans. At this point the melody was being interpreted by some cat wailing on an oboe! This really knocked the horned-rims from my heady eyes and sent me out of my progressive mind! This was really news to me—I didn't even know if Kenton had ever used an oboe for a solo!

Following this, the rest of the combo cut in and built up a tremendous surge of musical sounds that had my ears glued to my speakers. Next they tapered off a bit and slowly reversed the musical pattern back to the delicate vein.

I was being lulled into relaxation by a set of gentle chords with silent intervals between, when the whole aggregation joined in with four final piercing notes.

Shaken badly, I beat a hasty path over to the hi-fi to find out the facts. The record was an RCA LP of Dukas' Sorcerer's Apprentice, played by the Boston Pope under Arthur Fiedler.

## Crush Of '03

By Sarge

Autumn, and especially the time around Halloween, is the time of parties, marshmallow roasts, women's lingerie raids, and many other assorted jovialities. What, we are inclined to ask, could be more breathtakingly glorious than these, our good old American hand-me-downs? Draw close and let me tell you . . .

Things were lookin' kind of dull that October afternoon when the students met the faculty in the mid-Autumn classic, the "Football Crush! The sky had threatened for three days to pour forth its anger and lightning flashed uncertainly, as if waiting for the sky to command, over the newest addition to the Campus, Faulkner House.

Now, lest you be misled, let me hasten to explain that this here thing happened in 1903 when things weren't too crowded and Faulkner housed half the Campus with Sam Bowne and the bathroom of B. C. dividing the remainder. Of course, the coeds of those days had a decidedly rougher time of it than those of this day and age. However, the Freshman girls were always certain of a bed because there were plenty of desks in B. C. and three of them made a damn good, if not narrow, place to sack out. The upperclasswomen were literally "bedded-down" in what is now referred to as Embury Hall. Of course, in that golden era it was known simply around Campus as "The Livery Stable."

But, enough digression and back to the student-faculty "Crush of '03." The faculty, then as now noted for its superb ratio of students to teachers, and fighting under the motto "There's excellence in adventure", boasted such starting stalwarts as Frank Asbury, Carrie Nation, Phil Embury, "Danny-Boy" Drew, and the rampaging Baldwin Brothers, Art and Lennie. Numbering among the brave but hopelessly outclassed student team were such notables as Ray "Greased Lightning" Withey, Doc "Bring 'em back dead" Young, Harry "Boy" Simester, "Cookie" Baker, and Mrs. S. (that was her maiden name, too!).

The Alumni and a few "townies" milled restlessly at the sidelines awaiting the opening cannon to bring the two teams crashing to the fray. Here and there excited wives and sweethearts wept for their brave and shouted insults carelessly to those who cowardly removed their teeth and glasses.

Now a hush settled over the vast domain and, as Coach Johnny Wesley strode resolutely to the 50-yard line with football in hand, the tense keeper-of-the-cannon (an insignificant Frosh called "Ike" somebody-or-other, who flunked out and hasn't been heard of since) brought the flickering flame of his straw to bear on the fuse. With an ear splitting roar the cannon exploded (taking the Frosh and half of Mead Hall with it) and the two teams made their frenzied charge forward.

"Greased Lightning" Withey was the first to reach the ball and with a mighty effort he drew back his powerful, if not too large, foot and . . . missed. Ever careful to gauge the situation, however, "Greased" lovingly tapped Carrie Nation in the choppers. Not to be outdone, the winsome Carrie smiled her toothless smile and carefully drew back her bottle-crushing fist and patted "Ol' Lightning" a right to the nose. "Danny-Boy" Drew quickly sized up the situation and lunged, as only good old "Danny" could lunge, for the ball. Here we stop to consider how the game came to be called the "Football Crush." Consider the spectacle of "Danny-Boy" prone upon the ground over the elusive pigskin . . .

To continue. The afternoon wore on and the two teams saw-sawed up and down the field with neither able to capitalize on the advantages and hurl the ball over the goal. Rain now poured forth but the loyal "townies" and Alumni stood valiantly by, hoping, yet fearing to believe, that there might be some hockable gold in the teeth strewn carelessly about the field.

Now the two teams faced each other again. Now the ball was in the air. Now Art and Lennie Baldwin leapt upon Freddie Holloway in playful exuberance as he lay limp on the ground. Now "Cookie" Baker ground last Friday's hamburger into Phil Embury's hair (which, contrary to anything you might have heard, did not fall out after the game, but was torn out during it!).

At last Coach Wesley, unable to bear the gruesome spectacle before him, threw himself into the melée in an attempt to recover the ball and call a halt to the needless slaughter. It was shortly after this attempt by Coach Wesley that he decided to give up Coaching and enter the Ministry.

The outcome of the game? Gosh, I don't know! I had to go to the bathroom towards the end and I couldn't get back . . .

## Baker Burns, Pimple Pinched

Madison, Oct. 28 (O.O.P.S.)—Dr. E.G.S. Baker, currently on leave from the college Zoology Department, announced today the cancellation of his impending voyage through the Okefenokee Swamp in search of the rare opposum, *Homodius politicus*, var. *Pogonius*. His canoe burned mysteriously last night.

Held under suspicion is B.F. (Goodrich) Pimple who was pinched last night speeding on his bicycle, whistling and warbling all the while. "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

### CONFUCIUS SAY:

Women without principle often draw considerable interest.  
In a kick, it's distance.  
In a cigarette, it's taste.  
In a rumble seat, it's impossible.  
Don't be a putz.  
Use all your cuts.

This here space is due to too much Asian flu.

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## JANUS

A sophisticated comedy presented by the Green Door Players

Friday and Saturday, November 8 and 9, 8:30 p.m.  
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Tickets \$1.25 Students, 20% discount  
See Nicki Nock or Mrs. Nock in Registrar's Office for tickets.

Stopping at the first farm house on his famous midnight ride, Paul Revere cried:

"Is your husband at Home?"  
"Yes," came back the reply.  
"Tell him to get up and defend himself; the British are coming." At the second, third and fourth houses this conversation was repeated, but at the fifth house it went something like this:

"Is your husband at home?"  
"No," came back the reply.  
"Whoa!"

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THAT FITS ...  
WE PRINT

# The Drew Times



WEATHER  
REPORT:  
YES

Vol. 31—No. 3

DREW UNIVERSITY, MADISON, N. J.

October 28, 1957

## College Boys Are Creatures

Between the senility of second childhood and the lighthearted lethargy of the teens we find the loathsome creature called the College Boy. College Boys come in assorted sizes, weights, and states of sobriety.

A college boy is a composite—he has the energy of a Rip Van Winkle, and shyness of a Mr. McAuber, the practicality of a Don Quixote, and the kindness of a Marquis de Sade; the imagination of Bill Sykes, and appetite of a Gargantua, the aspirations of a Casanova, and when he wants something it's usually money.

He likes cancelled classes, double features, and girls home on football weekends.

Nobody is so late to rise nor so early to dinner. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a slide rule, a Marilyn Monroe calendar, Kant's Critique of Pure Reason, a collapsible pool cue, a Muggsy Spaniard record, the latest issue of Odyssey, and a YMCA towel.

A college boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your heart, you can get him off your mind, but you can't get him off your expense account. You might as well give up—he is your jailer, your boss, your albatross, a bleary-eyed, no-account, girl chasing bundle of worry.

But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of hopes and dreams, he can make them seem mighty insignificant with four magical "I flunked out, Dad."

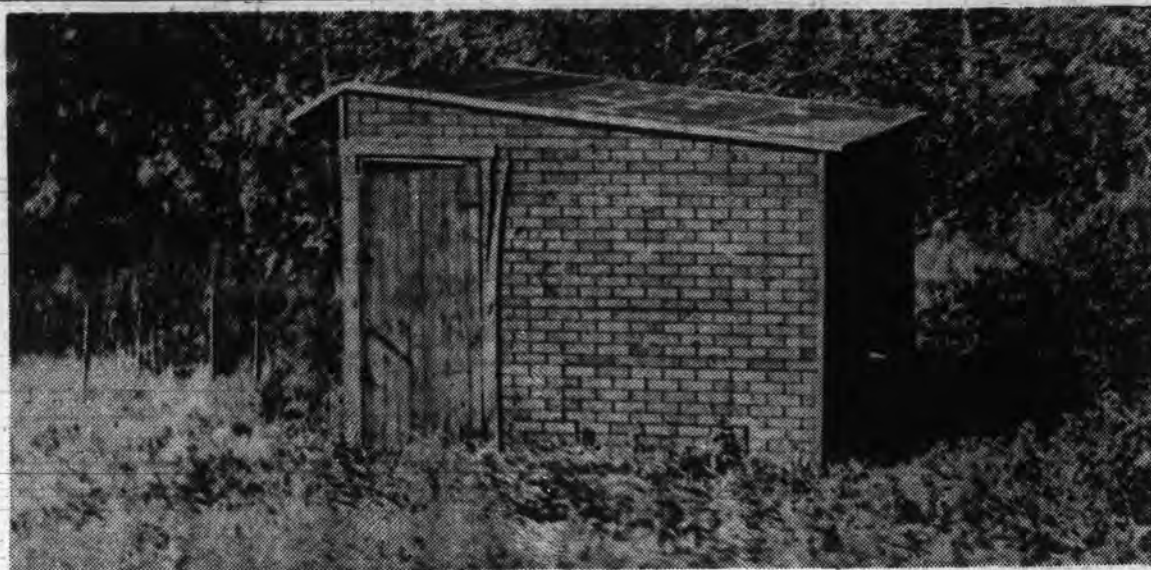
(Reprinted from "The TEKE" of Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity)

## Holloway Declares; "Flu Is No Problem"

Last Tuesday President Holloway took a firm stand against the threat of Asiatic flu on the campus. "I will not allow the University to be panicked by rumor," he thundered. "My associates assure me that you are all in good health, I have taken a pollen count, and everything is in order."

These forthright words were greeted with cheers all around the campus by the students, all of whom seemed to be in bed, for some reason or other. Asbury Hall let loose a "Hip, Hip, Hurray," upsetting the neat stacks of empty cardboard food containers in the halls, and a feeble echo came from Tipple Hall, where students have been going to droves because of the excellent accommodations.

Some of these students have brought their own bottles of "Old Granddad" cough medicine, and when advised of this saving to the University, President Holloway said, "What! Why, I... ah... ACHOOO."



President Holloway today released the plans for the Student Union. The structure designed by Frank Wright embodied his form and function concepts. The president stated that the Union building will serve as a monument to the aims and accomplishments of my administration. (Photo by Evans).

## Tipple Titters As Dorm Goes Coed

The administration has done everything within its power to try and prevent us from printing this story. They have argued, threatened, cajoled; promised us free vacations in Bermuda, life subscriptions to Playboy, and threatened us with expulsion, hellfire and brimstone. But we will not give in. The truth must come to light.

The plain fact is, at the present time Drew University has instituted the only co-educational dormitory program in the entire United States, Brooklyn, and Texas. The revolutionary step is the main topic of conversation in Eastern Collegiate circles but the administration is maintaining a discreet silence upon the matter.

Reactions to the program at nearby schools vary from anger to amazement to envy, but at least the reaction of the participants seems to be unified. Since there is a cordon of National Guard troops around Tipple Hall none of the participants have been available for comment, but the happy squeals and sighs of content from behind the drawn shutters are sure signs that dormitory life as we know it is a thing of the past, and that a brighter, happier tomorrow is just around the corner. Applications for rooms in Tipple Hall are being taken by Miss Casterline.

## Power Of Press Tested By Local Pea Policy

As this issue goes to press, time is running out on Ed Zagalich. For twenty-seven days now, Ed has been doggedly sticking to his guns, but the forces of nature are beginning to take their toll. Ed has been perched on the highest tower of the refectory, Old Crow Hall, since October 1, but now is visibly weakening.

His single-handed resistance to the domineering policies of a cruel administration began when he discovered that cold peas would no longer be served in the dining hall. They're absolutely his favorite dish. Heartbroken but determined, he has taken refuge in solitude, with only the companionship of two or three of his pigeon friends. His detractors call him "The Wedge," and explain that the wedge is the simplest tool known to man. But we of the "Acorn" admire him for his courage and we applaud his determination.

This outrage cannot continue. Something must be done. As a hard-fighting, red-blooded American Newspaper, the "Acorn" urges everyone to join us in our crusade for Ed Zagalich. Start now by sending your dimes, quarters, and bills of all denominations to the "Acorn" office, Room 207, College Building.

If your contributions do not arrive in time, there will be a beer party and wake in the basement of Hoyt-Bowne Hall on October 31.

## Genius On Campus Boy Shows Power

Several days ago Reid Morrow gave a demonstration of his remarkable mental powers before a capacity crowd in the Mead Hall Social Room. Mr. Morrow gave a short talk on the virtues of a sound mind in a sound body, and then proceeded with the demonstration.

A large number of paintings, many pieces of sculpture, and other works of art were brought before him, and in each case he named the artist credited with the work, the period to which it belonged, and its exact date. He also gave the school of thought to which the artist subscribed, and some of his major works. In addition, when questioned from the audience, Mr. Morrow quickly gave the length of Martha Washington's index finger in centimeters, the measurements of the high and low tides in the Bay of Fundy on St. Swithin's Day, 1896, and the exact instant when Sputnik will again pass over Sophia Loren.

Mr. Morrow did not reveal the source of these great powers, but he was recently seen standing on his head while smoking a cigar and whistling "Dixie," and it is common knowledge that he regularly eats graham crackers and milk at bedtime.

## FRED ACCEPTS BREWERS

President Fred Holloway has just announced the largest gift received by the University in its history. The American Association of Brewers and Distillers has given Drew \$20 million, which will increase the present endowment to \$21 million. The Board of Trustees met last Thursday, and after lengthy deliberation voted to accept the gift.

President Holloway emphasized that there will be no catering to the members of the Association as a result of the gift. Temperance meetings will be held as usual, there will be no practical experimentation in fermentation in the woods behind Young Field, and the members of the girls dorms will not be required to learn the intricacies of bathtub gin.

However, there will be certain minor changes in University activity as a result of the tremendous gift. Dr. Ralph Johnson is busily writing a short play in honor of the occasion, entitled "Beer belongs; enjoy it." Dr. Cranmer and Dr. Schultz are working on the financial aspects of a new low-cost distilling process, and Dr. Woolley has translated popular beer and whiskey slogans into seventeen languages for use overseas. In the English Department, Dr. Bicknell and Dr. Weatherby have written an essay, "Whiskey as a Stimulant to the Literary Mind," and Dr. Obler is dreamily composing a sonnet, "Ode to a Classic Decanter." And down in the Chemistry labs, work is progressing on a beverage made from fermented oak leaves.

The noticeable changes will occur next May, which is National Tavern Month. At that time many prominent campus landmarks will be renamed in honor of the occasion; B. C. will become Bellows-Carstairs Hall, and student will wend their way back to their dorms after classes; the girls to Molson Hall, Schaeffer Hall, Blatz Hall and Genessee (Jenny) Hall, and the boys to Rheingold Hall, Calvert Hall, Schenley Hall, Early Times Hall, and Partner's Choice Dorm. Some of them may study in the Four Roses Library, or go for a snack in The Bent Elbow (formerly the coffee shop) but they will all eat in the refectory, Old Crow Hall.

## Coach Cancels Soccer Season

Due to the large number of students who have fallen prey to Asian Flu recently, Dr. Warren Tappin announced today that he has been forced to discontinue the soccer season, replacing the sport with weekly badminton contests in the Mead Hall Social Room.

Speaking at a special meeting of the Extra Curricular Activities Committee, Dr. Tappin emphasized that he "was at a loss of words," to express his feeling on the matter. "With only six more games to be played this season, the Rangers had an excellent chance to top their previous records. It is with the deepest regret that the athletic department makes this decision, but the Flu has forced such action upon us." The team has only one loss to its credit this season.

Dr. Tappin further explained that he hoped he could recruit most of the healthier players for the badminton team, although the game is open to anyone who passes the stringent proficiency tests. Tryouts will be held tomorrow in Room 116, College Building, under the supervision of Dr. Paul Obler of the English Department. Dr. Obler, who served on the third-string badminton team at Rutgers, will serve as assistant coach for the indoor sport.

According to the newly-devised schedule, the first match will be played next Tuesday, November 5, at 3 p.m. All students are urged to attend.

This here space is due to  
too much Asian flu.