

# LYRE TREE

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# A ST. STEPHEN'S PROM AS VASSAR SEES IT

## Dr. Coffin Delivers Chapel Address

Presents In Fine Sermon A Universal Approach To Jesus

The preacher in the Chapel on Sunday morning, January 18, was the Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, President of the Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Coffin's sermon put aside all theological pettiness of sectarianism, and presented an approach to Jesus that all men could accept, no matter what their particular creed or belief might be. The text for the sermon was taken from St. Matthew 7:29, "He taught them as one having authority."

There is no question but that Jesus taught with authority; "Verily I say unto you." He would quote a statement of the revered Law, accepted for generations as God's word, and calmly set it aside with His own pronouncement; "But I say." Can Jesus maintain his position in the minds of modern men? In an evolving world can we look back to a First Century teacher as our final authority in religion and morals?

We must observe first what the authority of Jesus was. He wished to be a teacher, not a ruler. He who is looking for a clear-cut set of religious beliefs and a system of ethics from Jesus will not get them. He is not that sort of an authority. Had Jesus set forth a creed entirely satisfactory to the minds of first century dwellers in Palestine, how out-moded it would have become as human thought advanced! Had he announced a code of morals suited to the agricultural and fishing community about the sea of Galilee, how ill-adapted it would have been to the industrial society of the machine age!

In what sense, then, is He authoritative for us?

Let us remember that he did not say to His disciples "Obey Me," but "Follow Me." He had to think through for Himself the course He must pursue. The supreme decision of His career—the decision to go to Jerusalem and expose Himself to arrest and execution—was not easily reached.

Walt Whitman has a striking simile of the way in which the will of man reaches its decisions:

noiseless, patient spider—  
mark'd where on a little promontory  
it stood isolated,  
mark'd how to explore the vacant  
vast surrounding,  
launch'd forth filament, filament,  
filament out of itself,  
ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly  
speeding them.

and you, O my soul, where you stand,  
surrounded, detached, in measureless  
oceans of space,  
baselessly musing, venturing  
throwing, seeking the spheres to  
connect them;  
fill the bridge you will need is  
form'd—till the ductile anchor hold,  
fill the gossamer thread you fling  
catch somewhere, O my soul.

To follow Jesus is obviously not to seek from Him ready-made solutions.  
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## College Drinking Not Eliminated

Student Opinion Favors Modification Of Prohibition Amendment

Crystallizing the consensus of student leaders from college campuses of all sections of the country, the answers to a questionnaire, presented by the student opinion committee of the Sixth Annual Congress of the National Student Federation headed by Lewis Powell of Washington and Lee University, drew national attention from the press.

A summary evinced the fact that 57 believed that "college drinking" was increasing, 47 that it was remaining static, 16 believed it decreasing, while no one felt it had been eliminated. Student reaction in the questionnaire on prohibition was consistent with this trend of thought, since 66 favored modification, 38 voted for repeal and 23 endorsed rigid enforcement.

Reaction to the tariff problems which was the topic of consideration under the national and international aspect of the program was clearly brought out in the poll. Seventy-seven voted for moderate protective tariffs with 21 favoring free trade and 23 remaining undecided. Moreover, in answer to the question, "Is there any fundamental difference between the so-called platforms of the two major political parties?" 71 voted no, with 33 believing the affirmative. On the desirability of a third party and government ownership of public utilities the vote was split.

The questionnaire further brought out that the bulk of the student leaders present favor the United States taking a position of world leadership in the cause of disarmament, and the adherence to the Root formula. While a great number favored United States' recognition of Soviet Russia if a settlement of debts could be reached by the two governments, almost half of those voting were undecided. Approval of unemployment insurance and disapproval of the "dole system" were brought out in the survey. R. O. T. C. on a compulsory basis was rejected by the vote and favored on an elective plan.

## News From A Jumpy World

Rome, Feb. 7 — The American Ambassador here has complained to the Government against a speech made by Major Enrico Spumoni in which he pictured President Hoover as a cold-hearted physical culturist. The major said that a friend of his had been asked to join the President in a morning game with his handball Cabinet. During the game the President crashed the ball through a window. It struck an old lady. The President according to the story, dashed out and recovered the ball, but ignored the injured woman. When questioned about the incident, he said, "I've got the ball back haven't I?"

The American Ambassador brands the story as false and says  
(Continued on Page 3)

## Official Recitals And Lectures For Current Semester

Attendance of students at five out of the seven is expected.

Monday, Feb., 9th — William Durieux, cellist.

Monday, Feb., 23rd — James N. Johnson, President of the Association for the advancement of Colored People. One of the most distinguished negroes in America. Subject: "Negro Poets and their Poetry."

Monday, Mar., 9th — Ivon McNaughten, pianist.

Monday, Mar., 30th — A recital of negro spirituals by Rosamond Johnson.

Monday, Apr. 13th — Marion Carley, pianist.

Monday, Apr. 27th — Song recital by Miss Anne Luckey.

Mon. May 11th — Mozart String Trio.

## Mass. Aggies 6 St. Stephen's 3

On January 13th, the fast Mass. Aggies hockey squad arrived at Annandale fresh from a victory over Army, and took over the St. Stephen's sextet, defeating them 6-3 in a hard fought game.

The game started off with a bang. White, of the home team, scoring first after two minutes of play. By the end of the period the Aggies had chalked up four to their credit while the Saints were at a standstill. In the second frame, Nale scored on a freak shot from his own cage. The last period proved the fastest, Aggies tallying two more and the Saints one. The game was marked by clever teamwork on the part of both aggregations.

## College Preachers For the Current Semester

February 8th — Rev. David M. Steele, Rector of the Church of St. Luke and the Epiphany, Philadelphia, Pa.

February 15th — Rev. Herbert Hawkins, O. H. C.

February 22nd — Rev. Stanley Hughes, Rector of Trinity Church, Newport, R. I.

March 1st — Rev. Fleming James, D. D., of Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.

March 8th — Rev. Bernard I. Bell, D. D., Warden of the College.

March 15-22nd — Spring Recess.

## Conn. Aggies And Saints Tie

On January 17th, the Saints took on the Conn. Aggies to a tie score. The ice was in poor condition and hence the play was slow and the game uninteresting. The home team far outplayed the visitors in every way with Nale and White outstanding. The condition of the ice prevented high scoring.

## Two Vassar Girls Look At Love And Life

### How To Write A Term Paper

#### Nine Simple Rules Which Will Insure Good Marks In Exam

The honorable doctors of philosophy who hand neatly (?) typewritten sheets on the art of writing term papers have sadly neglected one phase of this work which is by far the most important.

Let us draw up some simple rules if we are so permitted.

1.—Begin to meditate upon this paper soon after the first day of the semester. This should give enough time.

2.—Choose a subject for which there are very few books, since one can always pad a bibliography. If one makes a mistake and finds his subject deals with more than he had expected, he can change his subject. Usually it is customary to change four or five times.

3.—Go in training before writing said paper, and eat simple, well cooked foods. This may mean either boarding out or starving.

4.—Speak kindly to one's neighbor, even though he borrows more cigarettes, matches, soap, pencils, books and furniture than you do, for by so doing one may obtain that depth of character and repose which are so essential.

5.—Go to the library. When it is found that all the books dealing with your particular subject have been previously confiscated, change the subject, and remove all the books possible for revenge. Parents pay the fines, and besides one may obtain a reputation for courage in defying society.

6.—On the night of the big event take a shower, strip down to negligee, shadow box for fifteen minutes, and then read a passage from the Bible.

7.—Place a clean, white sheet of paper into what was once known as a typewriter, and after this has been spoiled, smoke a cigarette, read another passage from the Bible, and begin again.

8.—After a time when more sheets are ruined, punch holes in the typewriter ribbon, bounce the machine on the wall, and return it and the Bible to their owner.

9.—Stack all the books under the window so that the rain will be sure to get at them, join a bull session, and forget the term paper until exam week. This will mean a better mark anyway, because the professor won't have time to examine closely the intellectual children of the brains of nine-tenths of his class, all of them handed in the night before the final.

#### BLOMQUIST ELECTED

Reuben T. Blomquist has recently been elected captain of the hockey team due to the ineligibility of Henry Hamilton captain-elect for this season. Blomquist has been a letterman on the squad for the past three years, holding down the position of goalie.

### Marie Buchanan And Lucia Jenney Give Views On The Subject

This is about the young of the species, male and female,—particularly female. If you don't like females, you might just as well stop now—but we forget ourselves; after all, you did choose Annandale. There are many aspects of the young female which the young male should consider, and usually does. One of the more important is her reaction to the stimulus of dance week-end. Neglecting all the important preceding steps of invitations, acceptance, and borrowing the roommate's peach and yellow negligee, (there is always the chance of a fire) we proceed immediately to the actual business of the week-end. First and foremost, there is the matter of transportation. Jimmy usually thinks that he remembers a Freshman whose girl owns a 1918 Dodge, and if he can persuade the Freshman to ask the girl up that week-end, he will arrange her, you, and the three suitcase cases and the hat box arrive in grandeur—provided that Jimmy doesn't run over a peasant while seeing what the old bus will do on the test mile, or you don't fall for the ravishing state trooper with the little black mustache—in which case, you will probably pray that Jimmy does hit the peasant. On the other hand, if he doesn't get the car of the girl of the Freshman, you can take the 12:03 from Poughkeepsie, which will land you at Barrytown, at either 2:18 or 3:12½, depending on whether the engineer has taken up backgammon or not.

If you feel co-operative about upholding the Vassar motto of "Purity and Wisdom" (How can a girl have both, anyway?) you sign in upon arrival. On the other hand, if you do intend to stay out after four, you try to slip by Jimmy and the suitcase. There's always the chance that the matron may think it's only Jimmy under a new load of eider.

Jimmy dumps your luggage in his room, while you surreptitiously look around to see if your photograph is anywhere in evidence. You are usually pleased to find that it is, even if in a suspiciously obvious position on his bureau along with a small nail file, a piece of pumice, a bottle of Cascara tablets, and a can of Menmen's Baby Talc. (By the way, why it is that men always have so much Baby Talc around? Anything to do with preserving the school boy complexion?) Jimmy dashes out, reminding you that dinner is at seven. It is now 6:45, of course, and you are in a terrible rush. You haven't time to do a single thing but dress—except, of course, inspect his desk drawers. Don't misunderstand us, we are ladies, whatever else, and we said inspect, not rummage—albeit it is hard not even to touch that envelope with the Smith post mark

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## THE LYRE TREE

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## EDITORIAL

### Alpha Phi Gamma

Along with the general overhauling of the Lyre Tree we think should come a vigorous revival of the honorary journalistic fraternity which exists on the campus at present in a state of semi-hibernation. The Lyre Tree board's membership is now restricted to students in the two upper classes. However, to encourage the lower classmen to work on the reporting staff some definite incentive other than the possibility of being elected to the board in their last two years is necessary. We think that Alpha Phi Gamma can be of material value towards creating such an incentive. Alpha Phi Gamma is a journalistic fraternity of national scope in which election to membership is supposed to be honorary. This organization has been on campus for three years, in one form or another, and this is the first time in our memory that an opportunity has arisen by which this organization could be of any potential value to the college. If it fails in this instance, we can see no further excuse for its existence. On the other hand, if the members of Alpha Phi Gamma utilize the potential value in their magic Greek name and come to the call of their country, so to speak, they will have also removed the stigma which at present seems to attach itself to our so-called honorary fraternity.

### By Way Of Explanation

Beginning with this issue, the Lyre Tree will be published by an editorial board selected from the four social groups on the campus on a representative basis. The governing board of the new Lyre Tree is and shall be composed of one senior and one junior member from each fraternity and the non-society group. This representative board shall be perpetuated by a competitive system among the lower classmen, the rules of which shall be published in a future issue of the paper. While the composition of the new Lyre Tree board is somewhat idealistic in nature, its advantages over the old staff system are quite obvious and quite numerous. Since this change has been made for the student body's own interests by its representatives, it is hoped that student support will be given the new board to the fullest extent possible. The new Lyre Tree is an experiment, but its chances for success are excellent if the students individually and as a body will assume interest in it by contributing to its open columns and by offering constructive criticism to the board.

The policy of the new Lyre Tree board is:

1. to foster and encourage expression of student opinion.
2. to endeavor to create and maintain a news value in the Lyre Tree by minimizing accounts of campus activities in favor of other items of general interest and creative writing.
3. in so far as the budget will permit, to publish the paper regularly at two week intervals.
4. to maintain a board of editors representative of the student body.
5. to discontinue the use of credit lines for editorials; the board of editors assuming responsibility for such material.

### Winter Sports League

There is feeling among certain of the undergraduates that attention should be placed on winter sports at St. Stephen's. The college is located north of a snow belt that apparently begins with the Astor property along the Post Road. Whalesback, looming up behind the college, offers an adequate location for the ski jump and toboggan chute. The jumps in existence can be built up, and the approach can be perfected.

If the co-operation of the three fraternities and the non-society group is obtained a traditional carnival week-end could be held in connection with the Freshman dance. It is too late for action this year. The fraternities however, could appoint a Winter Sports League and reserve place for representatives of next year's freshman dance committee. The League could consider the advisability of each fraternity purchasing equipment, such as bob sleds, toboggans, etc.

A carnival program can be made as varied as the interest demands. There are usually four ski events, including the ski-jump, which is the main attraction. The other events are the seven-mile cross-country grind, the half-mile down-hill, and the obstacle promenade, which challenges the ingenuity of the League and the skill of the contestants. There are two snow-shoe events, the 150-yard dash and the two-mile cross-country heat.

There is no reason why St. Stephen's could not develop a respectable group of snow artists. Carnival week would present to next year's freshmen a four year objective. For the more proficient, there is an Inter-collegiate Winter Sports meet to be held in good.

### VASSAR GIRLS VIEW OF S. S. C. PROM.

(Continued from page one.)

a little bit, just to see the handwriting.

The remaining 2½ minutes (plus the half-hour while Jimmy gets his bow tie on right) you devote to unpacking, washing and dressing. It's such fun to put your clothes in Jimmy's closet—why doesn't he ever wear that grey suit when he's with you? Only Slutz & Co., might give him something besides those paper hangers, for there isn't an evening dress in the world that would stay on one. The washing is always an interesting process. Before it can even be begun, you have to dash frantically around to find someone who owns a safety pin to fasten those all too gaping beige silk curtains together. Don't St. Stephen's men ever use window shades? The business of washing the face is accomplished by swashing the wash cloth with one hand while you hold the other over the stopperless drain pipe—unless you lose Jimmy's pin down it, in which case a little soap massaged in around the pin will form an excellent plug. It is always rather intriguing to dash back and forth between bath rooms, from basin to mirror (it seems you can't have both at once) with soap spread well over the face, especially as Jimmy and his pals begin to arrive about then, and probably take you for the "Before" side of the lady ads.

About the only thing that's left now (except to put on the dress) is pinning on the flowers. Jimmy is a lamb, and has actually remembered that purplish roses don't go with crimson dresses, but where, oh where, are the pins? A wild search through his bureau reveals only a set and a half of B. V. D's, a copy of Petronius, and a picture of Jimmy taken at about thirteen. Thank Heavens he doesn't comb his hair that way any more! So you fasten on the corsage with a couple of safety pins and a paper clip and sally forth.

Dinner we pass over. It is a delightful affair, but devoid of those essentially masculine stimuli with which our article is mainly concerned. We arrive at the dance—which is a wonder, considering the way we stumbled down those wooden steps to the left of the parapet. We prayed that Jimmy would be able to support our tottering form every time that our spike heels caught in the board cracks. (Yes, we've taken Phych. too—we understand all about the unconscious.)

The dance is in four stages. The first, or formal, when we may even call a newly introduced partner Mister, may conceivably last through the middle of the second number. By that time you have probably picked out the most attentive man on the floor, and then discover that he's engaged.

You then enter the second, or cynical stage, wherein you try to impress the smoothies with your blase-ness, but fail because you cannot conceal the fact that you are having such a good time. This stage usually lasts till supper, when you go to Commons and wonder if total inebriation is an absolute requisite to harmony, and remember those awful stories about boys who plop butter-balls up to the ceiling—and think, my dear, how butter would drip . . .

This interlude initiates the stage of hilarity, which carries over to the return to dancing. Everyone is exceedingly obstreperous, and it doesn't seem strange at all to find yourself sitting on someone's lap between dances and singing, "Bring up another keg of Beer", at the top of your lungs. But this stage melts speedily into the final, dreamy one, when you wish the orchestra would play, "Hero Mine" forever, and your marcel on the right side begins to come out.

There isn't very much more left, except, of course, the half-hour allowed to trek from the gym to Albee . . . We never can understand about that: doesn't St. Stephen's know that Vassar girls are trained to cover the whole Vassar campus in ten minutes—and that at the pace of a camel? Are we allowed the half-hour because we are hampered by masculine companions? Or is it merely humanitarian-ness on the part of the authorities?

Anyway, you get back to Jimmy's room sometimes and altho you're starving, he's removed every scrap of edibles that was ever there, except something in a blue dish that looks more like a chemistry experiment than food. You are dead with sleepiness, so you spend only an hour discussing the evening with Jimmy's room-mate's girl, and then you crawl into Jimmy's bed. Incidentally, are all St. Stephen's men seven feet long and ten inches broad? Because those seem to be the dimensions of the bed. But it feels awfully good, even if you do have to sleep with a string from the window attached to your wrist, so that when the yowl of "Hey, Babv!" for the girls on the third floor begin at eight A. M., you can close the casement without lowering the campus morale. And if you get cold without the accustomed pink quilt that Mother made for your room at Vassar, why there's always Jimmy's flannel pajamas, and the turned up leg-bottoms make wonderful foot-warmers.

We trust that the young males have profited by our discourse and have learned something thereby, and if the reaction of the Vassar girl appears to imply any disfavor to those whom the general public appears to think "godly young men", please note that we come and come again.

Lucia Chase Jeney  
 A. Marie Buchanan

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**DR. COFFIN SPEAKS**

(Continued from page one.)

lutions to our questions. He does not provide a creed for us to accept or a code for society to adopt. Each must go through an exploring process like His own to discover God's will. Amid the different circumstances of our time we have to feel out and think out the course God wishes us to pursue. We cannot be imitators of a life of the past, but pioneers in a similarly venturesome comradeship with the living God in our day.

Readers of Walter Pater's *Marius the Epicurean*, will recall the scene where he witnesses the gladiatorial games, and although they are held under the eye of that noble stoic emperor Marcus Aurelius, Marius feels uncomfortable at their brutality. And Pater comments:

"Yes! what was needed was the heart that would make it impossible to witness all this; and the future would be with the forces that could beget a heart like that."

It was this heart which Christianity created. Jesus is not a law-giver, but a conscience-maker. He is not concerned with supplying new beliefs or new rules, but with producing new men. By His teaching, by His life, and supremely by His death at Calvary, He has become the Conscience of mankind. Instinctively we test right and wrong, true and false, by Him. He sits dominant at the centre of our consciences. This is His authority

—His lordship over us. It is not a position to which we have consciously elected Him. We have had little choice about it. It is a position which He has won for Himself and which we cannot help recognizing as His.

Who, then, is this Jesus who has mysteriously become the Conscience of a large part of mankind? Is He a casual happening in the evolution of our race—one who chanced to come on the stage centuries ago and has chanced to hold this moral lordship ever since? This personified Conscience is the ultimate reality in the cosmos. We find ourselves according Him an homage beyond which we have naught to offer. Spontaneously we yield Him the devotion which we owe to the Highest — the Most High. Jesus is for us God manifest—the Conscience not only of mankind, but also the Conscience in accord with which we believe the whole creation moves. In following Him we are persuaded that we enlist in no losing cause. The spirit of Jesus is one with the spirit which dominates stars in their courses and the fibres of human hearts. This constitutes Jesus' abiding authority. For us He is Lord now, and some day, however distant, we are convinced He will be Lord of All.

**NEWS OF JUMPY WORLD**

(Continued from page one.)

that anyhow it was not an old woman, it was a member of the

senate.

Tokio, Feb. 7th—A very serious diplomatic crisis has arisen here as a result of a few remarks made at a business men's lunch last week by Rear-Admiral Iona Khaki-Pantsi.

The Rumanian Ambassador demands an apology within forty-eight hours.

The Rear Admiral said that he attended a men's smoker last month at which a traveling salesman declared that when in Rumania he had seen Mme. Lupescu, while taking King Carol for his morning ride in her motorcycle side car, run over Queen Helen and five Cabinet Officers. She then fled from the scene without even a "pardon me mister." When asked later why she had not expressed some regret, she declared that her one regret was that she had not run over Queen Marie too.

Mme. Lupescu has denied the story. "I would have looked fine driving Carol back to his wife," she exclaimed, "injured or uninjured."

It looks like another World War.

Washington, Feb 7th — Senator Borah is determined to get food to the drought victims if they starve in his attempt.

"The Delicatessen Dealers Had A Name For It".

City Officials expressing sudden indignation at newspaper reports of disgraceful conditions in our law Courts now promise "to wipe out

existing evils and all vice." Reference to any records will show the city officials similarly indignant and similarly determined in the years 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929 and 1930.

A Florida paper tells about a proprietor of a hot dog stand in Florida who sprays the bare legs of lady customers with a Flit gun when they drive up to his stand so they can eat and drink in peace while patronizing him. This is service with a squirt.

At a live stock show held at Portland a month ago, Washington State College sent a car of beef stock, with Aberdeen Angus, Hereford and Southern breeds, as their contribution in the Pacific International Live Stock Exposition. Rather bully of them, don't you think?

**The Gaffer**

(Ed. note—This issue notes the return of Gaffer Steve as one of our most prolific columnists. Gaffer is an old character, old in the ways of undergraduates and in years. He first turned up at Annandale in the late eighties as the last lineal descendant of an old New York-Dutch family. His parents were poor but honorable. He came into a windfall of suspicious nature and was prompted to enter (Continued on page 4)

Mr. Ripley, believe it or not, our

*Freshman*

**WINTER CARNIVAL**

is going to be more stupendous, more magnificent, more brilliant, than any such affair ever given at St. Stephen's College!!!

**Program for the week-end.**

**Friday 8:30 P. M.** Formal Dinner served in Preston Hall.  
**9:30-3:30** Formal Dance in Memorial Gymnasium—music by the YALE BLUE RAMBLERS.

**Saturday 10:30 A. M.** Sleighs leave campus for "Brunch" at the Beckmen Arms.  
**2:30 P. M.** Hockey and Basketball game—Skating, etc.  
**4:00 P. M.** Tea Dance with refreshments in Preston Hall.  
**7:30 P. M.** Formal dinner served in Preston Hall.  
**9:00 P. M.** on, Fraternity dances at the respective houses.

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**THE GAFFER**

(Continued from page three.)  
the ministry. The exact date of his connection with St. Stephen's is indeterminate. His career is marked by the theft of the last of the oil lamps. He holds the distinction of being the first of the Agnostics. Everything he says may be used against him.)

The Gaffer takes this opportunity to account for his incomprehensible absence from 1887 to the present date. During that time he has busied himself with renewing old acquaintances in various colleges, in travel, and general mellowing. He has witnessed the defeat of the last victorious St. Stephen's football team in '86, saw the Black Ages coming, and was the first of the old school to go. He took residence in Cambridge until the World War, faithfully covering the Eastern Circuit. His cynical touch was developed as a Hearst War Correspondent in Paris. After the war, he surveyed house plans in Cambridge and Oxford, did research work in subsidizing cricket, and broadened his a's. He stopped in Boston on his return long enough to tune his a's, heard the Harkness Hoot and an illegitimate radio station in New Haven, and took the eight o'clock out of Grand Central to get home before the Wickersham report went off. He now sits berating himself for passing Poughkeepsie in his mad rush.

It seems to be a bit of the all right to the Gaffer to return. He is naturally bewildered at the new faces, the new buildings, and especially the new tone. Tone is such a hard thing for the Gaffer to understand. He expected during his travels to find a certain cosmopolitan tone in vogue. But no, environment has its way.

Getting off at Barrytown, the Gaffer met eight or nine well-dressed and unusually quiet students waiting for the south-bound. Anxious to meet the present type of undergraduate and get his reactions to the college, he overstepped the bounds of convention and addressed himself unannounced to the group. He wonders if the average undergraduate shares their views of dissatisfaction. He later overheard on the campus that there ought to be two degrees given at Commencement, one for those who come to college to study and one for those who come to college. But what will we do with the latent ministers?

The Gaffer asks whether the conduct of examinations, as he understands the system, is all that is to be desired. He has heard of the honor system at Yale and of its failure. He does not put his weighty stamp of approval on the honor system. But without the honor system, surely there should be some system. He does not advocate a proctorial system carried to absurdity. In line with the fact that proctorial systems can be abused, he remembers this story. During a mid-year exam at Harvard, so the story goes, a man was seen by at least seven of the roving proctors to take a fine old watch out of his vest, examine it, put it back in his vest and write furiously in his blue book. The ring of proctors, noses twitching, closed in. As the man who took out his watch for the third time, a proctor stormed up, demanded the watch and blue book. He was given the property asked for, and, in addition, the man's wallet, note book, fountain pen, pencils and even a slightly used handkerchief. The eye of every man in the room was focused on the indignant proctor as he walked up and submitted his trophies to the inspection of the head proctor. There was a long period of deep silence, during which the heads of the entire organization were bent over the watch in question. The suspense was broken when the man's name was called and he was dismissed from the examination room. It later developed that after the metal rim, the glass cover, the face and hands, the works of the watch were removed, a small fold-

ed piece of paper was found resting against the back cover. On it were the words, "I knew some old fool would look this far."

The Gaffer wants to go to Poughkeepsie. He is going to close shop with a chuckle at the recent news dispatch of the Harvard boy who was dismissed from college for throwing tomatoes at Rudy Vallee in a Boston Theater. The boy lived in New Haven.

**So It Seems**

Having successfully passed thru the exam period with our minimum of eight hours sleep each and every night, and a careful review of the salient points of the course via Eckel's notebook, we again fervently vow to "really work this semester."

Even Father Hawkins didn't object to "Ming" Thorpe's birthday dinner of chicken a la ice cream. Nothing like giving the new men a good first impression of the kitchen, but wait—you haven't seen the beans, baked apples, or roastbif. That's a horse of different color, and, may we add, flavor.

In fact all the breakfast bacon needs now is a couple of fresh ones—sunnyside up, and, please may I have a cup of COFFEE?

Hurrah for Mrs. Deal!!! Since her arrival we've found out the "Krongee" did own some long pants after all. The relief is tremendous.

Gleaned from the Blooptown Bugle—Mr. Alfred Terry, a student of St. Stephen's has suddenly returned home because of heart trouble. Mr. Terry hopes to be strong enough to resume his studies in the fall.

The Non-socks are really fortunate, for, according to "Trot-sky", they are more civilized than their fratres in fraterniti.

We have a young Plato named Davies,

Whom other's bad manners did displease,  
While cutting some steak  
His elbow did shake  
And broke Snyder's glasses with ease.

Now that George is teaching a lofty course, who can do the work if the professor won't?

Then there is the Eulexian who told Dr. Harry on the Greek 17 final that Kappagammachi and Sigmaalphaepsilon were Greek comedies. (or was it tragedies?)

Speaking of the above mentioned gentlemen reminds us that since he memorized "The Frog" he's got the whole thing in a nutshell.

Campus trademarks—

"Matter o' fact."  
"Quote-----end quote."  
"The United States of Europe".  
"Like a meteor out of the dark."  
"Pardon ME, Mrs. Astor."

Even after a semester of close contact, Mrs. Kuyk's mail box doesn't recognize its master's voice.

**Saints Defeated On Trip North**

On the week-end of January 29, the St. Stephen's hockey team journeyed to Vermont where they were decisively defeated by Middlebury and the University of Vermont.

The first game started off evenly with both teams displaying a great deal of power. Neither scored until the last three minutes of the first period when Middlebury tallied on a hard shot by Makela from right wing. This proved a rally call for the home team who chalked up seven goals before the second gun despite the frenzied efforts of the scarlet sextet. Makela and Nelson starred for the Blue and White scoring the majority of their points. The Saints tightened considerably in the remaining period, but could not prevent the home team from running up two more points before the final gun which left the score, 10-0.

On Saturday, January 29, the squad travelled to Burlington where they were again bowed, this time at the hands of the University of Vermont. The ice was in perfect condition and the play was fast, despite the stiff wind blowing across the rink. The entire game was marked by the excellent work of MacBeauty who scored five of his team's eight goals and proved a nemesis for the visitors. But for this man the game would have been decidedly closer. The final score was Vermont, St. Stephen's 0.

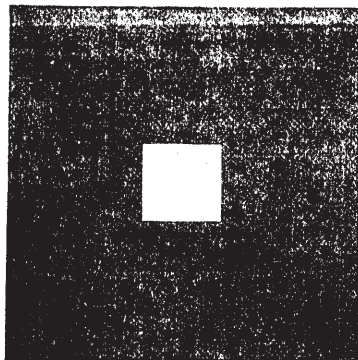
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