

LYRE TREE

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Phi Beta Kappa Address June 7

Dr. Muller To Deliver Annual Phi Beta Kappa Oration

At a meeting of the St. Stephens Section of the Columbia Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, held February 12th in the rooms of its President, Dr. James H. Wilson, it was voted to ask Dr. Muller, the head of the French Department at Columbia University to deliver the annual Phi Beta Kappa Oration, which will be open to the public, on Sunday, June 7th, the day before Commencement.

The Secretary of the Section, Mr. H. F. Wilson, announced at the meeting that Prof. Anton F. Blaum who graduated from St. Stephen's in 1909 and who was elected last June as an alumni member of Phi Beta Kappa, had been initiated by the Phi Beta Kappa in Japan on January 17, in Tokio. Prof. Blaum is now teaching English at the Kobe Nautical School.

The Tokio Times of January 20, 1931, gives an interesting account of the initiation, which was the first one ever performed by the Phi Beta Kappa in Japan in the 14 years of its history. That organization is composed of 54 Phi Beta Kappa American residents in Japan, and 33 Phi Beta Kappa Japanese graduates of American colleges and universities.

The chief speaker following the initiation ceremony was W. Cameron Forbes, the American Ambassador to Japan. The speech is reported in full by the Japan Times. After complimenting Japan for being "keenly alive to the value of research," and for having "among the scholars and students of Japan, some of the world's foremost investigators," the American Ambassador to Japan concludes his speech by saying, "While I have said that scholars are not necessarily the administrators, orators, teachers, scientists, or men who have a record of successful achievement, I do not want it to be inferred that I place any less value upon scholarship and scholarly achievement. I think I have made it clear that scholarship is useful in all these activities and that the most successful men in all these lines are usually those grouped in that part of their circle which overlaps the circle of the scholar. In other words, in my

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Pan-Hellenic Council Meets

At a meeting of the Pan-Hellenic Council, held Thursday evening, February 12, the following resolutions were made:

RESOLVED: That any fraternity wishing to pledge a man entering college the second semester shall send him his bid via the mail at midnight of the day of the return from Spring Vacation; that the usual silence period shall prevail until the bid shall be returned to the Pan-Hellenic Council in regular meeting on the following day at eight o'clock in the Recreation Room.

RESOLVED: That no man shall be initiated into any fraternity at any time until he shall have obtained the necessary twelve credits, or, in a case of emergency, the Pan-Hellenic Council, after due consideration and investigation, shall decide that it is probable that

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Annual Tug-of-War For Alumni Day

Frosh To Battle Sophs On "Heads We Win; Tails You Lose" Basis

The annual Frosh-Soph tug-of-war is scheduled to be held on Alumni Day, Wednesday, May 20, this year in order to give our graduates another sentimental recollection. The Sawkill will again hold haters to its cold bosom.

It has been the custom for ten men to compose a side, with the average weights evenly matched. The Sophomores have material in Lockwood, White, Waesber, Spahr, Everett, Spahr, etc., whereas the Freshmen, to combat these doubtful warriors, have few giants, but a good average of husky, stocky heroes.

The sophomores, remembering their sad defeat last year, went with favor on the West bank of the creek—the one they did not hold. We might add that the other side of the road always looks greener. They pulled down hill in 1930, but they desire to pull uphill this year because of roots on a certain large tree which they will be forbidden to use.

Although the spous of war will be small indeed because of the liberalism shown towards the Freshmen already, and because of rules which have been disregarded and forgotten, still the fight should be a noble one on general principles. From time immemorial it has been taught that sophomores should hate and punish freshmen in order to educate them properly, and, although such has certainly not happened in this college for some time, this teaching has seeped into many a blood stream.

Justice will be administered by Reuben Thomas Bloomquist and others of the Student Council, in order to smother all of the usual after complaints and accusations concerning the moral fiber, gentility, and manhood of the Student Council.

Playful members of the college will look forward in anticipation to the pleasure always had in heaving rocks into the water alongside of the frail craft which ferries the warriors across the Sawkill.

Frosh Elude Sophs To Bury Al. G. Bra

Class Of '34 Waxes Jubilant After Private Interment

The frosh of '34 reported the burial of their algebra to a very disgruntled sophomore class on February 26. The whole affair went off without one break after a series of alarms and excursions which exhausted the interest of the sophomores as to such an extent that they were asleep at the crucial period.

It is the second year in succession that the Algebra has been successfully interred. Interest in the proceedings seems to grow less as the years go by because of the decreasing bitterness between the two classes. No longer does life or death depend on the outcome. Perhaps the reason is that the wine buried with the book usually is a mild variety of vinegar.

Candidates Report For Initial Workout

Scarlet Batteries Warms Up For Tough Season

The St. Stephen's baseball season opened formally last week when Captain Ronald Ortmeier, '31, and coach Banks issued a call for new and old men. Most of last year's squad reported and a number of promising new men. With the first sign of good weather the squad will be turned out on the diamond.

Three of last year's batteries have signed up: Darling, p.; Craven, c.; Siegel, p.; Hatfield, c.; and Bloomquist, p.; Good, c. Bloomquist, a two sport captain, is an auxiliary man and will probably go in at third. Last year he rotated at two infield positions and played in the outfield as well.

Four catchers are trying out for a berth: Craven, Hatfield, Lewis, and Good. The pitchers are: Darling, Burgevin, Siegel, Waters, Bloomquist and Paul. All old men are trying out for the Keystone cack: Paul, Siegel, and Bloomquist. Captain Ortmeier and Jones are the second basemen. Keppler and Shahr are out for short stop. The third basemen candidates are: Bloomquist, Maltanado, Jones, and Craven. Trefry, Fried, Riley, Bloomquist, Maltanado, Gilreath, and Joseph are fighting for outfield berths.

At the same time as the pitchers were trying out their arms, the baseball schedule was given out by Manager Symonds. The lead-off game of a stiff schedule comes April 11th. The team plays seven home games with three away. The complete schedule is as follows:

Apr. 11—Home Insurance	Here
Apr. 20—North Eastern	Here
Apr. 24—Hamilton	Here
Apr. 25—Mass. Aggies	Here
May 2—R. P. I.	Here
May 5—East Stroudsburch	Here
May 9—Clarkson Tech	Here
May 20—Hartwich	Here
May 22—Long Island U.	There
May 23—Pratt	There

Although it is too early to be definite, a tentative lineup was issued by Coach Banks. As it looks on paper the nine will be: Craven, c.; Darling, p.; Paul, 1 b.; Ortmeier, 2 b.; Keppler, ss.; Bloomquist, 3 b.; Trefry, Fried and Riley in the field. Burgevin should be used as a relief pitcher.

Year Book To Appear In May

Work on the year book of 1931, the Senior Class publication, is reported by the committee in charge to be progressing very satisfactorily. It is the aim of this year's Senior Class to compile a year book quite different from any ever published before. The outstanding feature of the next publication will be its modernistic cover design and other special art schemes. Mr. John Kaurellous, art editor of Stern's, has been engaged to draw up the cover, while bids have been mailed for the printing of the book. The year book will include pictures of the college, the various classes, fraternities, campus societies and athletic teams. It will also contain individual pictures of the faculty, the Junior and Senior classes, and officers of the various activities and college publications. A copy of the book is being drawn up at the present

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COMMITTEE ANNOUNCES PLANS FOR ALUMNI DAY - MAY 20

Extensive Plans Being Made For Entertainment Of Old Grads

Rostrum Draws Seven Contestants

O. E. Contest Set For Last Of April Frosh Debating Team Considered

The Oratorical Contest has met with active interest this year and promises to afford keen competition. By ignoring the postponements and examining the list of entrants, this optimism can be justified.

Griffiths, Paul, Ortmeier, Kendall, Miglioli, Waesber, and Van Vleet have entered and are expected to hand in their manuscripts to Mr. Verkers before April 3rd. Literary style and organization of material together with the manner of delivery will be the chief points of consideration.

If all seven manuscripts are in on the date they are expected that the contest will be held in the latter part of April. In addition to the prizes offered on this occasion, the McVicker prize of fifty dollars will go to the Senior at Commencement, who gains the most distinction in the coming contest.

Upon receipt of a challenge from The Freshman Debating Club of Columbia University, there has been serious thought of forming a society here to meet other colleges. Although Faculty approval has been obtained, The Student Council has expressed opinion against supporting such a society. It is very probable, however, that the group of Freshmen who are interested in debating will form a society to be supported by monthly dues.

Fraternity Reunions, Base Ball Game, Alumni Dinner To Be On Program

A committee composed of Dr. Harold Phalen, chairman, Dr. Edwin Upton and Dr. K. O. Crosby, has set Wednesday, May 20, as the official Alumni Day, and is planning an extensive program for the entertainment of the returning men.

The festivities begin on Tuesday evening with the Fraternity dinners and reunions at the respective houses. At 9:00 A. M. Wednesday will be held the annual alumni meeting in Bard Hall under Chas. Edredge McAlister, president of the association for 1931. This will be followed by the Frosh-Sophomore Tug-of-War at 11:30, to determine whether the Freshmen shall continue to wear their caps and black ties.

The annual dinner given by the alumni to the returning men will be at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the speaker at this affair will be Warden B. E. Bell and Dr. Phalen, president. This will be followed by a variety baseball game with Hartwick College. No doubt many of the alumni remember the victory of their alma mater over this same institution last year.

This is the second year of an organized Alumni Day at this college, and the committee has gone to much trouble to make it a success. It is hoped that every alumnus will show his loyalty to his alma mater and make an effort to be on campus at that time. Circulars giving the definite program in detail will be sent to the individual members of the association. As those planning to attend—

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On Stage and Screen

"You Said It," a musical comedy. We thank Mr. Holtz for more than two hours of excellent entertainment with plenty of life, snap, and comedy! In view of the fact that the play has been written especially for Mr. Holtz's talents, we have an excuse for his almost continual appearance upon the stage. He does not, however, detract from the acting of the Misses Lawlor and Roberti.

An ambitious collegian (Stanley Smith) is working his way thru college. He meets and falls in love with the dean's daughter, who returns his love. Her father, tho, is in favor of another, richer suitor, for, by influence, the latter may secure the dean's re-election. Lou Holtz, seemingly never without a wise crack, mostly good, aids Mr. Smith, who, of course, finally marries the heroine. There are many difficulties which he had to overcome, not the least of which was a charge of boot-legging. The side romance of Mr. Holtz and Miss Roberti provided many pleasant scenes.

Miss Roberti, a native "Pollack," very nearly took the entire show with her specialty number, "Sweet and Hot." Another current popu-

lar song is "You Said It." This is a little better than the average musical comedy seen on Broadway.

"Die Wunderbar", a musical comedy.

"Die Wunderbar"—in New York-ese, "The Wonder Bar"—seems to be on its way to a successful Broadway run. It has coherence, hardly a characteristic of most German plays of this type, smoothness, and an excellent cast. Then, too, we are permitted to renew our acquaintance with Al Jolson, after a five-year absence from the legitimate stage.

The scene of the play is cast in a cabaret, and Jolson is the villainous master of ceremonies, who also appears as a gigolo, singer, and heart-breaker. In the capacity of "heart-breaker", he allows a girl, married to a wealthy man, to fall in love with him. The girl's husband gives her an expensive string of beautiful pearls, which string of beautiful pearls, which are stolen, without the girl's knowledge, by Jolson who substitutes a set of paste pearls. Husband and wife quarrel when the theft is discovered—

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THE LYRE TREE

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EDITORIAL

Re Freshman Carnival

On the week-end of the thirteenth of February the Class of '31 started a new chapter in the history of St. Stephen's promenades. Working under decidedly adverse conditions, the Freshmen, through their own initiative, without a doubt produced the best week-end affair ever given at this college, and what is more, made a financial success of it. New among us, and consequently free of the skepticism which comes to the veteran, they gave their imagination free reign and practically achieved the impossible, with the result that they have set a precedent to be followed and enlarged upon by future dance committees.

The more pessimistic among us did not hesitate to hide our doubts and fears or to let loose the darts of criticism, moreover, we swore that no Freshman Frolic could ever be given on such a large scale—it is now their turn to laugh—we take off our hats to them.

It has always been realized that the innovations as were made were an absolute necessity to the success of such an affair given in surroundings such as ours, but heretofore no class has ever dared to attempt to make them. These innovations, or more particularly that innovation to which we refer, is the establishment of a full week-end program which will insure entertainment for everybody at all times, and will serve to keep all of the couples on campus without the necessity of searching elsewhere for amusement. To do this, the subscription fee must of necessity be raised to meet the added expense, but in the long run it will be found well worth the difference, as undoubtedly the last prom-goers now realize. This point is brought out more clearly when one adds up the lengthy column of miscellaneous expenditures for trips to Poughkeepsie, etc.

With the passing of the Freshman Frolic our thoughts now turn to the Senior Ball, the last social affair of the college calendar. According to precedent and all the laws of tradition, this dance is the biggest and most elaborate affair of the year, and the Senior Dance Committee intends to keep it as such. However, to accomplish this, the support and co-operation of the whole college is necessary. The Committee, which will be announced later, will welcome any suggestions from the student body.

Another question concerning dance week-end that has been brought to our attention is presented here for the consideration of the Non-Society Group.

It has been suggested that they hold themselves responsible for the Saturday afternoon tea dances. Heretofore they have enjoyed the hospitality of the various fraternities without the obligation of, or necessity for a return invitation. If the full week-end program is to become established, why cannot the non-socs make use of Saturday afternoon tea-dance as a way to hold up their end of the responsibility?

The Lyre Tree staff wishes to call to the attention of those who complained so bitterly about not having a student mouthpiece wherein to publish communications and opinions, to the fact that they now have a chance to expose the public to their literary endeavors. It was in accordance with their wishes that we set forth in our policy, as published in the issue of February thirteenth, to "foster and encourage expression of student opinion."

The latest thing in the unemployment situation: Charles Chaplin has returned to work after five years of idleness. This is encouraging news. The picture is not a talkie, but it has sound effects showing Chaplin over a bowl of soup.

The English Speed Demon, Captain Campbell recently hung up another speed record by driving his automobile 245 miles an hour at Daytona Beach. This is a new world record exclusive of marks set by college students motoring home from a dance at Vassar.

On Stage and Screen

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ed, and the girl runs away with Jolson. Jolson soon squanders the money he had received when he sold the stolen pearls, and they drift lower and lower. Finally, in a grand climax, the wealthy husband and the girl become reconciled, and Jolson goes merrily on his way.

This play is worth seeing if only to listen to the beautiful musical numbers—"Dana Calar," "Die Wunderbar," and many others. Jolson carries his part well—but we would rather have another "Mammy" picture.

"Napi", a musical comedy. In this strange world of ours, with its many strange occurrences, we are now confronted with the novel situation of a portrayal of a noted Frenchman, Napoleon, by a German. Playwright Julius Berstl is the author of this charming "Comedie Francaise" who has attempted to present Bonaparte as a "Boudoir Napoleon"—a man surrounded by beautiful women.

Napoleon's life has been seriously threatened. His councillors discover Truex, who is employed in a Parisian store, and ask him to take the place of Napoleon. He does so, and immediately becomes involved in many difficulties. An actress-mistress of Napoleon (Peggy Shannon) sees thru Truex's disguise, falling in love with him. However, Ernest had been ordered to break off all relations with her, so he completes his visit by deciding to stay with her all night. Another court damsel, Josephine (Frieda Inescort), also succumbs to his spell. When he returns to the mercantile trade, he is assured of all the Court's trade.

Mr. Truex gives us a marvelous impersonation of Napoleon, as he appears in the conventional pose with hair meeting eyebrows and hand thrust into uniform. The supporting feminine cast makes up for its mediocrity by its beauty.

"The Barrets of Wimpole Street"—a Drama.

Miss Cornell's first attempt as an actress-manager may surely be commended. Were it not for her marvelous support thruout the play, it would be much less praiseworthy. There are spots though, in which the action—or lack of action—becomes just a "wee bit" tiresome and slow-moving.

The Barrets of Wimpole street are a family of many brothers and sisters, domineered by an autocratic father, Edward Moulton-Barret (Charles Waldron). His eldest child, Elizabeth (Katherine Cornell), has become enamored of a handsome young poet, Robert Browning (Brian Aherne). However, her father has forbidden any of his children to marry, due to his own unsuccessful married life. Elizabeth, an invalid, is brought back to health thru her love for Browning. She breaks her father's heart, and also his influence over the other children, when she runs away with her sweetheart. Their love for each other was sure to make their marriage successful.

Thus do we obtain knowledge of Browning's courtship and later wedlock. That part is adequately acted by Mr. Aherne, who can actually make you feel the thrilling vitality and manhood so characteristic of Browning. The character portrayals included in this drama are excellent.

"It Pays to Advertise" is a Paramount picture taken from the old stage play by Roi Cooper Mergue and, altho it is slightly out of style for this sophisticated generation, it is still good fun. It is more or less like a fairy tale with a wicked old father, a handsome hero, a commercial genius, who does wonders in advertising, and a beautiful girl who sticks to our hero until the end brings happiness for both of them. Miss Carol Lombard is excellent as the girl and Skeets Gallagher is a fine example of a publicity man.

"Scandal Sheet" is also a Paramount picture. Newspaper stories are a bit overdone. This one, however, owes its success to the fine characterization of Messrs. Bancroft and Brook and Miss Francis as well as to the excellent dialogue. It is a story of an editor who refuses to suppress scandal stories even when it hits his own wife. He publishes the story, kills the man in the case and, as a result goes to Sing Sing.

"Little Caesar", a First National Picture is one of the best underworld stories since "Dragnet." The picture describes the rise of a man whom the American public will be quick to recognize as one of our most talked about national characters. Edward Robinson has made an earnest effort to look like him. He makes up his mind to become a big shot in the crime racket. His vaulting ambition, however, is his own destruction and he ends his life at the wrong end of a machine gun.

"Viennese Nights" was written for the screen by two experts—Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II. It is a story full of romance, pathos and comedy. The singing is very fine and the recording is beyond reproach. It is the old tale of the rich girl, the poor boy and the titled suitor. The acting of Miss Vivienne Segal is of the best.

"The Front Page" is another newspaper story based on Chicago crime. After the success of the first Chicago crime motion pictures, there was a flood of crime pictures on the screen most of which were mediocre. It is pleasant at last to come upon a picture that is better than the average one on the Chicago criminal situation. The plot of the picture is centered around the press room of the various papers which is next to "Hangman's House." The tenseness of the situations in the story is passed away by the jocular atmosphere of the several characters in the press room. The love element is a minor thing and along with the comedy in the press room it helps to pour a glamour over the real objective of the picture so that it is amusing in spite of the nastiness of the situation in Chicago. Mr. Adolphe Menjou, Mr. O'Brien, and Miss Mary Brian are very convincing in their roles. The picture is indeed well worth your time.

"Trader Horn" is easily one of the outstanding films of the year. It is the story of Trader Horn and his young friend, Peru, of their travels in search of a white girl lost in the African jungles and made a goddess by one of the tribes. And of her meeting with the two white men and her escape with them. The scenes of native life, tribal dances, and animal combats are magnificent. All in all, it is a grand job and an attention compelling picture.

The Gaffer

For two days The Gaffer has been playing "Blue Again" with a new interest. The cars in bandit's row have thawed out with the spring freshets and once more rear for the Post Road. Much fish have sneaked into the kitchen from Shrove Tuesday to Ash Wednesday. The Gaffer watched someone pop a slushy snow ball at a saucy blue-jay. If the sun gets much hotter, he is going salmon fishing in the cold waters of British Columbia (a small offshoot of the mother university only twenty-three miles away from almost anything). The Gaffer can't stand a red, sore, sunburnt nose.

The Gaffer picked up a Vassar Review the other day. He read through twice a human and satisfying defense of Vassar by a Japanese girl. He turned a page

Alumni Day Prom

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tend should notify the secretary A. Appleton Packard, as soon as possible.

All meals will be furnished by the college in the dining commons, while the rooms will be supplied to the individual alumni by their respective groups. Non-society men will be taken care of by the college.

Year Book In May

(Continued from page 1, col. 3)

time, and very shortly will be submitted to the printers. The date of publication has been set for the middle of May.

The executive board of the year book includes: James P. Fusscas, chairman; William A. Meissner and Lloyd W. Bell, business; Guy Pickering and Marvin Parker, Art; Herbert Hawkins and Harrison C. Snyder, Literary; David Scribner, Photography.

Phi Beta Kappa

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opinion, the highest power to succeed as an administrator, speaker teacher or scientist usually resides in that man who has the power to be a scholar. But a scholar does not have to be any of these things. The fact that he is a scholar is sufficient justification for his existence. I should be more than proud if anything in my record and capacities would justify my describing myself as a scholar."

Pan-Hellenic Meets

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said candidate will be able to fulfill that requirement.

The following are the members of the Pan-Hellenic Council for 1931. R. Thomas Blomquist, chairman; Edgar W. Hatfield, Secretary; William Weber, '31; Harold Griffiths, '31; William Good, '32; Wesley Thorpe, '32; John Mulligan, '32.

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and came across an anonymous account by a Wesleyan writer of his experiences at a Vassar Prom. His week-end was supposedly marred by the forced acquaintance of two Brown-St. Stephen's youths who gave an unasked auto-biography—a voluminous and boring account dealing with their ability to fascinate women. The boys from Brown (an institution whose reputation is of venerable standing in Providence, Newport, Boston and elsewhere) are exonerated in the eyes of this particular Wesleyan correspondent by turning out to be from St. Stephen's. The Gaffer, in weighing the degrading criticism pauses to generalize. Effective criticism requires a competent critic. The contributor forgets that in learning about the college girl at Poughkeepsie one is exposed to a reciprocal action on Vassar's. The Gaffer feels that the criticism can be disregarded and directs an apology toward Providence for another's lack of politeness.

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The narrow, high-crowned road twists its dull black macadam length underneath the mist and sputtering street lamp. A four track trunk-line railroad curves proudly by on one side between stagnant, oil covered pools. Out of a waist-high jungle of weeds jut up chimneys of crumbling brick, and rusted machinery. Vast sheds of wood and corrugated iron, with towering smoke stacks lie at frequent intervals along the road, with rows of square, squat, two-storied, double houses grouped around them like huddling children, as a necessary complement to this production of brick. Over this negatively colored landscape, carried by the sticky fingers of the summer's mist, hangs the heavy, nose clotting odor of sewer beds owned by the city, which casts a glare in the north against the night.

In perfect harmony with the strange irony which seems to haunt the paths of men, the road in the dim past had been named Christian Lane—a name which it still bears on street signs crookedly hung from telephone poles. In the old days, pioneers, led by black-frocked holy men, had blazed this road through the wilderness with whiskey, rifles, disease, and piety, and had preached religion to the red man. A Polack boarding house stands on the site of an old fort, which had been the symbol of a militant Christianity.

Tonight in the Polack boarding

house, the lodgers have drunk too much raw alcohol and are on the verge of fighting. The mother and daughter are in the city seeing Violetta de Gambol in "Passion's Flower," and the husband is maintaining the integrity of other men's homes by visiting a certain house near the river front. For it is Saturday night, and the pay checks—twenty-five cents an hour, eight hours a day, five days a week—have just been handed out. The inhabitants of Christian Lane are preparing for another week of life beginning on Monday.

A frame house, the upper windows of which are boarded, lies back from the road in tangled shrubbery, and from it comes savage laughter. Portuguese negroes have gathered for the weekly crap game and gin drunk. A couple struggle for a minute in the darkness outside the door, and with a thud, one slips limply down beside the road in a passive stupor. A year ago, in this same house, four state troopers came to inspect the body of a negro who had been shot through the chest because of mishandled dice.

On a bare hill above the railroad tracks, in a group of apartment houses, stands the dwelling of an Italian boss in the brick works, a bootlegger and owner of the grocery store, wherein he keeps eternal charge accounts and checks up on the pay-checks of the laborers. His daughters are in high school and college and he looks for the time when he can return to the old country. His men bow to him; he bows to his

boss; and his boss bows to the owner, who bows to the banker, who bows to no man.

In a scraggly field of corn, almost killed by kiln fumes, stands a farm house. The farmer has just returned from a trip way out west to Ohio, which he says lies near to Kansas. He has a scraggly white beard, frayed overalls, and straw-like chewing tobacco. He predicts that there will be another war because of the drought, and yet he goes to bed faithfully at eight every night. His family will end with him, because his only son was drowned in a deserted, flooded pit, from which clay had been taken to make bricks.

After midnight, cars come back from the city where the shows and pool halls have closed. From some of these cars there are giggles, and high-pitched, hard voices of girls who work in patent medicine factories, and who are forced to earn money "on the side" in order to eat. It is an accepted fact and a custom among these people.

These girls will tell you that the stars are beautiful and that they must be at least a thousand miles away. They can curse in four languages, and they slave in order to give their priest enough money for a six months holiday in Italy, so that he can see the pope. And they have philosophies of life which are strangely optimistic and congenial with reality. The men begin to talk only when wine is passed, or schnapps, or whiskey, according to their nationality.

Along about two in the morning the road becomes quiet and the

last straggler staggers down it with a carton of cigarettes which he has charged at the community store. In the morning he will sell it for a dollar cash, because he knows a place where he can get a pint for a dollar.

The mist and heavy atmosphere muffle his footsteps as he passes out of sight under a street lamp. There is peace.

Now and then during the early morning hours, a sleek, powerful train thunders by with darkened windows, and the headlights of the engines catch, for brief moments, the legend of a sign board which rises out of the weeds:

Visit Metropolis — Queen City Splendid factory site. Modern Improvements.

We keep in Step with the Progress of the nation.

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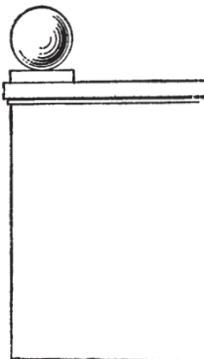
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Dr. J. A. Johnson Lectures Student Body

A recent guest of the College was Dr. James N. Johnson, President of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, one of the most distinguished negroes in America. Dr. Johnson gave a lecture in Hegeman Theatre on "Negro Poets and Their Poetry." The address was excellent, not alone for its fine interpretation of the spirit of the colored race, but it expressed unmistakably the two characteristics which are traditional in all negro poetry—comedy and sadness.

Prefatory to his remarks on Negro poetry, Dr. Johnson indicated the influence which the colored race has had on the development of the American nation. In a passive way, the presence of the defenseless minority in our midst, has involuntarily and unconsciously been a strong influence on the development of the character of the American people. The active influence in contributing to our culture, is best seen in the negro music and poetry. Negro Spirituals are among the finest of all folk-songs the world over. The plantation songs, "work songs," "blue songs" and lullabies may not be great art, but indicate creative genius that later may be turned to greatness.

Paul Dunbar, who died in 1906, may rightly be called the first negro poet of real literary distinction. His wide popularity was due to his use of dialect. Dunbar himself was born in Ohio, and had not been South, but got from his mother the spirit of plantation life, and was able to translate it into song. He founded a school which has had imitators, both black and white. Negro dialect poetry, like all dialect writings, passed quickly into eclipse. Its sentimentality makes it too "sticky" to be read in another age.

In 1917 another school of negro poetry arose, which revolted against Dunbar's school. They wanted to express what the American negro was experiencing at the present time in his life here, not colored by any traditional implications of the plantation. They wrote poetry which made articulate the masses of the negroes, and expressed the disappointment, disillusionment and despair of the period. Claude Mackay was the outstanding poet of the school. He used the English sonnet form for pouring out the rebellion of the race against the injustice of treatment it received.

Five or six years ago another school arose that rebelled against what may be called the Mackay School. Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes were the leading figures. Their works show a marked advance in sublimity of power, but their poetry, too, is motivated by the race problem. Dr. Johnson read with fine expression, several lines of Cullen's poetry, which he described as among the most poignantly beautiful lines of poetry ever written in America—

"Yet do I marvel at this curious thing,
To make a negro black, and make
him sing."

The address ended with the speaker reading two poems from his own book of poetry called "God's Trombones." The first poem was a description of how God made the world, called "The Creation," it was rich in vivid figures of speech, and very expressive of the plantation negro preacher's concept of the biblical story. The second poem, was an account of a colored parson consoling one of the faithful members of his flock, who has lost someone dear. The title of the poem suggests the naive beauty of its content—"Go Down Death."

The latest report from Washington has it that somebody sent Hoover a Swedish Cheese Hound. It seems to me that's the last thing he needs just now.

News From A Jumpy World

(Heard in Bud's Emporium, Red Hook, sometime between 1:00 and 2:00 A. M.)

First Speaker—"I see by the papers that they're going to court martial Smedley Wickersham."

Second Speaker—"What for?"

F. S.—"What, didn't you read the papers? He made a speech in which he said that Greta Garbo ran over Clara Bow and didn't stop to see how badly she was hurt."

S. S.—"Oh, I do remember reading about it. It had something to do with that scrap in Congress over the Veteran's Bonus Bill report, didn't it?"

F. S.—"Yes, I think so—Wasn't it the dumbest report you ever read?"

S. S.—"It was hard to understand and I couldn't make out what it was all about. Half the commission came out flat for repeal and the other half thought the troops should stay in Haiti another year."

F. S.—"Now you're talking—I mentioned, you know, that Al Smith dropped a whiskey bottle on the floor of the senate and the senate immediately elected him President of the Empire State—You know—one of these advertising schemes."

S. S.—"Yes, Governor Roosevelt was for Government operation of Muscle Shoals and Colonel House thought the entire question of whether we should go into the World Court should be left to the Red Cross Relief Fund."

F. S.—"I thought the way Hoover jumped in and repudiated his own fact finding board was awful."

S. S.—"I certainly thought so. Can you imagine after eighteen months of study they came out with a whole lot of conclusions and then the President sat down and wrote a statement in which he defended his appointment of Charles Evans Hughes to the World Court and apologized to Mussolini at once."

F. S.—"Well this world ain't what it used to be. We haven't the statesmen we used to have. You know, Congress is full of them second rate lawyers who never made good at anything. Bad politics. The president should have waited at least a few months until the Seabury investigation decided whether the 'DuBois' girl really stole any of Clara's money."

S. S.—"I guess Coolidge, I mean Hoover, won't be renominated."

F. S.—"How did you figure that out?"

S. S.—"Well, don't you see, if Prosecutor Stueur can prove that Borah sent those mushy telegrams to Clara Bow and that she bought him that slave bracelet the public will be pretty indignant."

F. S.—"I think the worst thing they went and did was when they blamed it on Al Smith. Why don't they leave him alone? I guess they are trying to make up for the favor accorded him when they elected Hoover President."

S. S.—"So do I. It was Grover Whalen who circulated those advertising cartoons about Al and Clara running over Mussolini in a taxicab and not even apologizing."

F. S.—"It seems to me as though the whole world is nervous and jumpy. Anyway I am glad England freed that fellow, you know who I mean, what's his name? Yea, one who is called, er, I forget. Anyway, he is dark, wears linen bed sheets for clothes, never washes and has been in prison in India."

S. S.—"Oh, you mean Mahamel Kemel."

F. S.—"That's the fellow—but what in hell did they do with his wife Helen and his boy Michael?"

S. S.—"Nobody Knows—it is rumored that they sent them both to Russia under the Five Year Plan."

AND SO ON FURTHER INTO THE NIGHT.

So It Seems

It is extremely regrettable to note that the financial situation of the school is such that the first and second chefs were given vacation during Lent. But it's nearly over, Allah be praised.

If the chicken is fowl, what are the beans?

Now that they have some flat bottomed pins down in the bowling alley, the scores seem to be back to normal.

With the advent of Lent (get it?), the roommate borrowed five dollars, consequently I am observing the period of Lent.

Sermonless Sundays are tantalizing, you always have to wake up afterwards. But even at that, some sermons are worse, you can't go to sleep.

When we look at the basketball team's record, we should not overlook the fact that they have been playing six man teams whenever Cowlick attempts to officiate.

By the way, Cowlick tells us that he saw his belt for the first time in four years when he hung it on the wall the other day.

Peaches Bailes is a proud papa and the line forms on the right for the cigars. Two new hairs arrived last week, and Mother Herperdice and the twins are doing nicely.

The Krumpic-Flooeey Ford was laid up for repairs. The question is, was it a lack of fence posts in Morocco, or foot notes on fence posts?

In a cigarette it's taste, in Commons we wish we hadn't.

It seems fitting at this time, since the formal announcement of the lost algebra has been circulated, to express my personal thanks to Boy Scout Troop 34, and especially their patrol leader, Wally Carr, Eagle Scout, for the delightful dances of theirs which I enjoyed—gratis. I would have gone on the sleigh-ride, but my better judgement saved me this agony.

If you like dainty things—try an Eulexian paddle.

Here's a nut for you scholars to crack. A fellow had a date with a Vassar girl, and returning promptly at eleven, found the doors locked. Why couldn't she get in?

Bill Meissner admits having spent a year in Harlem learning his latest steps. His only hope now is to black his face or else learn to dance like a white man.

Why is it that stude and stewed sound so much alike?

Have you heard about Mrs. Mary had a little lamb, She gave it to the Chef. The help and faculty got the meat,

And the students they got left.

Now that the Student Council has the twenty dollars they should admit they were wrong, at least so it seems to

—The Casual Observer.

Epitah

He buried me deep in foot-notes,
I died for want of air;
He left me alone on a dusty shelf,
And nobody seemed to care.

I struggled hard to be interesting,
My struggles were in vain;
He made me what I am to-day:
An intellectual pain.

I longed to be pretty and popular,
He made me cold and drear;
He sold his soul to scholarship
And forty-four hundred a year.

He was my man, but he did me wrong,

He worked his will with me;
I'm only a doctoral thesis,
And he is a Ph. D.

—R. R. R. B.

(from the Cornell Widow.)

"O woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
In face an angel, but in soul a cat!"

—Peter Pindar "The Lousiad."

Sprig Id Here

Do We Have To Ride In That Sleigh

The Freshmen, when cornered, admit that the Winter Carnival of the class of 1934 was the best prom this college has ever been exposed to. To be sure, as the following statements prove, it was one of the most courageous that any thirty men have ever undertaken.

The promenade was held this year in the Memorial Gymnasium, a temporary structure erected at the bottom of the hill for just this purpose. It was decorated in a Chinese motif, with gold metal drapes behind the orchestra, and with turquoise blue curtains draped in a bell effect along the sides. Upon these latter drapes were hung Chinese scrolls of black and gold lettering. The lighting was effected in oriental blue emanating from strings of chinese lanterns hung eighteen inches apart, and the system was indirect so as to produce the proper air of softness and sentimentality.

The dull beat of the drums and the wailing of the saxophones was furnished by the Yale Blue Ramblers. We are informed they played at the Lido Beach, France last summer.

Sleighs with hay racks (?) met all trains and transported the visitors to the campus where they dressed for dinner. This latter function was formal, being served at eight thirty in Preston Hall. (Note: "Dining Commons" between friends). There were seven courses arranged in dainty fashion composed of delicious, spicy, well-cooked foods, served with consummate neatness. The plates were whisked away by soft-footed impersonal wraiths.

Innocuous liquid refreshment was served during the dance and during the intermission a light supper awaited the couples in the balcony. Rumor has it that the girls were to report in their dormitories at three-thirty, leaving a half hour after the conclusion of the dance for astronomical observations.

Saturday morning at ten forty-five, sleighs, filled with merry laughing youth, although drugged and half asleep from the effects of the night before, glided by means of suitable back roads to the Beekman Arms for a four course breakfast. The number of courses varied, for the committee wished to include salt and pepper on the menu. The journey over was lightened by music by Bill Meissner and his "Flat Five." Someone mistook them for the horses' neighing!

The party then returned as intact as circumstances allowed to a tea dance in Preston Hall (Tea dance, because you really did have lunch). The music there was furnished by the popular Catskill orchestra. After the dance there was a basketball game with Cooper Union, which incidentally we won. At seven-thirty an informal dinner was served in Preston Hall prior to the house dances of the various fraternities.

The Kappa Gamma Chi and Eulexian fraternities fostered (!) open-house dances, while the home of S. A. E. served as a refuge for the hungry and weary, and also for those who wished to engage in confidential tete-a-tetes. These affairs lasted from eight-thirty till midnight.

And thus ends our sad sad

story. Once again these ancient halls brooded and leaned protectively over the tinsel, clamour and laughter of young couples, nerve-shattered, frozen, but insensitive to all but the subtle spell of a fairy world. Well, the Greeks did it!

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