

# LYRE TREE

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# Lyre Tree

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JUNIOR

## Literary Supplement

PRCMENADE

### THE ISLAND

In the very middle of the river of life there is a truly unique island. Its importance lies in the fact that its one fixation is the river of life. Don't let a spatial problem trouble you so early in the story. The island can be moved anywhere with the acquiescence of the river. This is not what you would call a positive island, a real concrete island of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen and possibly a molecule or two of silicon. But the island is there, for lucky people to think about. A long time ago, just how long it doesn't matter for the later it will seem as if it were yesterday, the Greeks got together and managed to save a surplus of economic goods such as women. With a fortunate distribution of wealth they could pawn queens as the occasion arose and have time to turn over on their backs and float. Mind you they didn't create the island; it has always been in universal totality along with the river. But ever since they climbed out of the river sleek and wet and shivered with awe at finding a log to sit down on before harkening once more down-stream it is only a matter of imaginary physics that they left their virgin foot-prints on the sands. Many people later drifted ashore for a pause and some even sat on the log, but it is written, and perhaps wisely, that no one sat as long or as comfortably as the Greeks.

Why name the island? To-morrow only a humanist and one or two Sanskrit specialists would be able to approach an understanding of the nomenclature. Popular teaching would be censured by Allied Business, Inc., as having no direct bearing to applicable knowledge. Little enough is known about it and they who pass. It is easier to study the progress of your predecessors and to hear their echoes float back over the surface of the water than to develop a technique for coming ashore. Only relatively easier, for all activity other than that of immediate nature has inherent difficulties. To get a good view you must have your own head out of water according to your own method. That you will eventually pass the island is pre-ordained. But your approach is individual. You are hampered to some extent by others in the river, and you will probably run afoul of the more ingenious swimmers of your school. You have the advantage of seeing what happened to those beyond the island and profit if you so will.

Most of the people for practical purposes may be thought of as being under water all the time. Of those on top, a serious number have no association with the island. Some feel the allurements but overcome it. Life for them is a matter of swimming individually alone. A few as they approach the island buck the current and try to show others that it might be worth while to get ashore. A very few have that desire even when far upstream. When they

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### CONTRAST

Dusk, with the sun sinking  
In a violet ash.  
Dark, with the moon winking  
At a meteor's flash.  
Morn, the horizon flaming  
With molten amber.  
Eve, eating an apple.

### TRUTH

Is life a senseless waiting,  
A few hours of saddened mirth.  
Varied by a mating,  
And continued by a birth?  
Or is it just a searching,  
For a bliss not yet conceived,  
An abstract past all knowing,  
A fleece yet unachieved?

### WOOD-WIND

An air-gust struck at a tree.  
But never struck at me;  
Tore at it's boughs,  
Never touching my arms.  
Lifted it's leaves,  
Never stirring my cloths;  
For it sung to the tree,  
And not to me.  
The tree understood,  
And if I were wood,  
I could know too;  
Maybe.  
But all I can do,  
Is wonder who,  
And why.  
Then cut off a bough,  
And make a wood-pipe,  
To blow my small wind  
Thru a small tree,  
And tell myself,  
I know music.

—Carlton Geist. '24

### SCAR

You told me of little singular scars,  
How each experience of a life  
Would leave a livid scratch in me,  
And how the scratches would turn to scars.  
But the scar YOU would leave—  
That—you never told me.

### GOOD BYE. CAPE COD

You have been good to me, strange soil.  
In your myriad sand full of silver whiteness  
I have found freedom of strength; and in your  
waters,  
Emerald green and filtered with sunlight,  
Dark blue and laden with feg,  
And murkily phosphorescent, blurred by night,  
I have washed myself pure from convention,  
Somewhere in your forests, fresh with youth,  
I have left forever memories of sad yesterdays.  
Your newness has been as a sharp scimitar  
Cutting sepulchral scars from my mind.  
I leave you, region of beautiful mystery,  
Different from what I was.  
You have been good to me, strange soil,  
With your strength, and youth, and purity.

—F. St. M. Caldiero, '31

### PROGRESS

Science has made a million things,  
Where art has made but one,  
A million motors, a million radios,  
A million gyrations, a million unique noises,  
Millions of shares, millions in dividends,  
From millions of duplicates of a million conveniences—?  
And art has made but one Venus of Milo,  
One Mona Lisa, one Parthenon,  
One Taj Mahal—but why go on?  
Wasn't art wasteful to use one whole genius  
On each of these, when science can  
With one machine and Anyman  
Turn out a million kewpie dolls  
While you wait?

—Rubadub.

### REBOUND

Somewhere, a clock struck eleven.

I stood blinking, rather foolishly I suppose, at the flame of the candle which wavered dangerously in the draught caused by the opening of the door, and threatened momentarily to go out and leave me in total darkness. The possibility was not a pleasant one to contemplate, and in view of this contingency I quickly shut the door, and turned once more to face the flame, which by now had righted itself, and was burning brightly and steadily in its candlestick on the table in the center of the room. The stillness of the place was oppressive. Faintly, through the silence, I heard the sound of gentle breathing, faint and irregular. The sound caused me to decide upon an exploration of the dark regions on the other side of the table, and I had ventured a step in the direction of the flame when I suddenly became aware that a pair of eyes were staring at me from the shadows beyond the candle. To say that this apparition was startling would perhaps be an exaggeration. But I will admit that the sudden appearance of these eyes out of the darkness was, to say the least, disconcerting. A sense of familiarity with the eyes across the table struggled for expression in my mind. Somewhere, someplace, I had seen these eyes before. Suddenly the association dawned on me. It was remarkable that I had not recognized them immediately; for I had seen them no later than that very morning in the mirror over my shaving lather. I decided, then, that the eyes were an hallucination. There must be a mirror on the opposite wall, and I had undoubtedly been startled by my own reflection.

No sooner had this obvious solution dawned on me than it was shattered in the most unexpected manner, for the eyes were moving slowly toward me through the darkness. I blinked rapidly several times and looked again. Yes, the eyes were surely advancing. What in the world could ail me tonight? Ever since the first ringing of the telephone had summoned me from the side of my happy family group, and the joy of Christmas Eve with my children, I had been nervous, unreasonably and unaccountably nervous. And now the sight of these eyes, unattached, or so they appeared, from any visible anatomy, moving slowly and deliberately through the shrouded darkness startled me considerably. The eyes, meantime, had advanced, until they now stood just beyond the flame of the candle, and the comforting fact that they belonged to a face, and the face to a body, became visually apparent. The eyes belonged to a child. After careful observation, however, it might have been more accurate to say that the child belonged to the eyes. For he seemed to be all eyes. His eyes dominated all his other features, and held me for a moment in their spell, transfixed. Never had I seen eyes more like my own. They were wise, mature eyes for a child.

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# The Lyre Tree

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Carlton Geist... '34

## REBOUND

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They told a vivid story of wisdom beyond their years, and the sadness in them was painfully apparent as they gazed into my own. I wondered whether the child had noticed the resemblance as markedly as I had. For some curious reason I hoped he hadn't. I studied the child's face, his skin was almost transparent in its paleness, and his brown hair fell in unruly, crinkling curls upon his forehead. I raised a hand to brush back my own unruly brown hair, and as quickly withdrew it, leaving the action uncompleted.

He studied me no less attentively than I studied him, apparently weighing me in his mind, undecided as to whether I had come on a mission of mercy or malignity. After some minutes of this studious analysis on both sides he seemed to decide in my favor, for he took a step forward which brought him into the full illumination of the flame of the candle. It was then I noticed the crutch. I glanced downward in an effort to discover the reason for its use, but the darkness below the table was impenetrable, and I was unable to decide as to whether the boy was lame or deformed.

The whole adventure seemed unreal at that moment. The room seemed a thing apart from the rest of the world. Why, only a short block or two away I had lately left groups of hustling, bustling humanity, scores of happy children gazing rapturously into the windows of brilliantly lighted shops, eagerly devouring with their eyes the elaborate displays of Christmas toys. And Santa Claus?—why I had passed one on every corner. Surely, I must be dreaming. I blinked again, foolishly no doubt, for at this ocular gesticulation something resembling a smile stole across the boy's features. The tension was broken, and I was about to identify myself and broach my mission when the silence was rudely shattered by a low, but unmistakable, groan proceeding from the darkness in a remote corner of the room. At the same moment a draught of mysterious origin blew the flame of the candle, and momentarily threatened to extinguish it.

The boy had turned quickly at the sound, and disappeared into the darkness from whence he had come. My eyes by this time had grown accustomed to the gloom, and following the boy's movements, I saw him approach what was apparently a low couch upon which a thin and unsubstantial looking form lay straight and motionless.

THUMP - THUMP - THUMP - the sound startled me unreasonably. It was the beat of the child's crutch as he made his way to the table upon which a glass and some bottles were set in apparently methodical order. I made my uncertain way to a chair which was standing in the shadow at the head of the bed.

THUMP - THUMP - THUMP - again the sound startled me. The

child appeared at my elbow. Gently, he placed his arm under the figure on the bed, and tenderly raising it he poured a few drops of a brownish medicine between her tightly clenched teeth. I say "her" because I had distinctly seen the face of the patient as the boy raised it from the pillow. It was so emancipated that the act of raising the head somehow suggested that it might come off, like the head of a mannikin. I had made an involuntary motion to prevent this catastrophe, when the boy turned, and I saw that the tears were flowing, unchecked, down his thin cheeks. Overcome with grief, he fell upon his knee at the side of the bed. There, with his face buried in the woman's breast, he sobbed unrestrainedly, in great, choking gasps.

Again a breath of air passed the candle, which by this time had burned within a half inch of its end; it wavered dangerously, and once more threatened to leave us in darkness. Finally it triumphed, righted itself, and resumed its steady burning. All was still save for the muffled sobs of the child kneeling at the bedside.

Once more that sense of unreality stole over me. This was the end. I had known from the beginning that it would come unexpectedly, in just this way. Now that the time was actually at hand I seemed to detach myself from it. I assumed, for the moment, the role of a spectator watching the unfolding of the climax of a great drama, a drama that from the beginning was destined to end in tragedy. I shook myself quite literally, and prepared to perform the duty for which I had been summoned. I opened the little bag at my feet, and made the necessary preparations. As I drew the little table to the bedside I spoke in a low, quiet voice to the boy. The sound of my voice seemed to soothe him, for his sobbing gradually ceased, and he raised his two sad, tired eyes, and watched in fascination as I prepared to perform my duty. Almost without realizing the import of my words, I enquired of his father. He had never known his father. Our eyes met, and held for a moment. And in that moment I knew, and I knew that he knew. This was the wisdom of years, the pain of ages, that I had read in his eyes when I first saw them in the darkness.

His words echoed, and re-echoed through my mind as I turned to the table and finished my preparation. A murmur caused me to turn quickly to the bed. The woman's eyes were open. I approached reluctantly. Tears of sorrow and remorse blinded, and threatened to overcome me. I turned and knelt in the shadow at the side of the bed.

The eyes that she turned on my face held no spark of recognition. The passage of time, and the darkness of the room contributed to the peace of her last hour. She murmured a faint, but unmistakable, prayer as her eyes rested on the crucifix which I had placed on the table. Strange visions flashed through my mind. My happy family, gathered as they were that night around the Christmas tree, and something I must bring home with me—tinsel or holly—I couldn't remember which. I was always forgetting such things. The woman stirred restlessly. The room arose around me and enveloped me. My brain was in confusion; a mist rose in front of my eyes. The candle burned very feebly, and reading was difficult.

"Almighty and everliving God", my own voice intoning the prayer sounded strangely hollow and unreal to my ears. I hurried as the candle was wavering dangerously. I was conscious of the child's eyes, staring—staring—as I proceeded. "For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third or fourth...", a lump

arose in my throat as I felt the hand that I held tighten convulsively. I was obliged to wait a moment before I could continue. "The body of our Lord which was broken for you, take—eat," she received the bread; "and in like manner after supper He took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He gave it"; she sipped the wine.

My voice went on, mechanically it seemed, the words continued without my aid. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth in Him who sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." A peaceful smile passed over her features; the hand which I held became limp. Strange it was how the quality of the silence seemed to change at that moment. Something seemed to have passed. "For whomsoever repenteth of their sins is passed from death into life." I passed my arm around the child's shoulder, and held him close for a moment, as if to prevent her from taking him with her as she passed. Peculiar indeed was it that I should do that.

My voice continued in a feeble whisper as I intoned the benediction. The candle was now burning so feebly that reading was impossible. My memory served.—"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding,—be with you, and remain with you,—always." A smile of joy or vision passed for a moment over the woman's face, and then she lay still.

I remained kneeling, unable to move. The silence remained unbroken. A breath of air touched my face as if someone had passed; the candle burned brightly for a moment, and then went out. The darkness was impenetrable. My collar was choking me. Slowly, I raised my hand and removed it. Faintly, through the stillness, the chimes of a cathedral rang out the Christmas carol.

Somewhere a clock struck twelve. —'32.

## THE ISLAND

(Continued from page 1, col. 1)

come within striking distance their kick is practised and they can avoid snags. It is almost a religion with them to strive to hit dry land. All in all, it may be said that the swimmers are of a queer sort. Beyond the island there are a few whose powerful build makes them stand out. The nearest in sight is a short man with a military mustache and a prussian helmet. The heavy helmet has tired him and he swims laboriously. But the muscles in his forearm indicate that he should be classified with the owner of the cocked hat who swims beyond, the hat's three-colored plume concealed by an imperial crest. These men grabbed the necks of those around them, submerged them, climbed upon their backs. Such was their comfort that they never bothered about the island. At present bearing down on the island comes a group that seems better nourished, more capable. A greater proportion of heads show themselves. More swimmers have turned over to float. More are bucking the current. Whether more desire to climb out and sun themselves is a moot question. Many of those in a position to do so are certainly definite in their contempt of the island. They swim faster than their predecessors and make more of a splash; you know, you can't help but swallow some of their splash.

You must recognize the surface divers, those who spot the island and feel that more people should have a chance to get ashore. They have been invariably kicked in the belly by the strong and contemptuous swimmer. Their reaction is natural, and though they

sink they are hardy, and each time do they bring up new arrivals from the lower levels. Before you reach the island you may well find you are swimming in a new group.

What the lure of the island and log may be resists definition. You are a swimmer of sorts at consciousness. You seem to defy the scheme of things in wanting to get ashore. The river rolls on. Countless numbers will pass. If after a hard struggle you should ever find yourself resting on the log would there be room on the

island for many more? Should you attempt to pull others up after you? The Greeks are there in spirit, along with a select few from each group. Their influence lies in the fact that they too were good swimmers, yet they choose to come ashore. Why the stream? Why the crowd, the struggle, the opposition of the natural, the futility, the lure of the island? The answer is to be found when you arrive, and your arrival is the answer.

—F. Winslow Stetson.

## FUTILITY

Oppressed by the small cares of life I felt so sorely,  
I sought refuge from man, who had crushed my soul,  
And wandered far throughout the countryside,  
Seeking I knew not what.  
I failed, in my great restlessness, to find that which I sought.  
Until, suddenly, from a high hill,  
I beheld all nature unfolded beyond me:  
Beautiful, peaceful, serene,  
Its aspect free from that bane wrought by the hand of man.  
I stood enraptured, and motionless beholding all this, divinely happy.  
Until something came,  
Which made my soul  
Cry out within me  
At the approach of that  
Which drove all peace and beauty from the spot.

'34

## STRUGGLING SCRIBES

Bronzed God of the rippling Word-Waters.  
Hark!  
To the throb of brain-drums,  
To the tinkle of soul-bells,  
Hark!  
To the crunch of ambition.  
Goddess of pattering Language-Rain  
Hear!  
The blood-pulse tom-toms,  
The soul-streams gurgle,  
See!  
The sweat of the scrivener.  
Oh! God Oh! Goddess  
I embrace you,  
Give me of your Expression-Treasurers.  
Let their golden glow bathe  
The spiritual Me,  
Making that Me free  
Even as thy silver streamlet,  
Word-Waters

—Carlton Geist, '34

## CLIPPER HEAVEN

Sunlight on sails,  
And the waters lapping  
In the crisp, clear morn.  
Deckhands with pails,  
And the canvass flapping  
Half-reefed for the Horn.  
Men in the tops,  
Spider-like in the sky,  
Faces lashed by the wind,  
Swabbers with mops,  
Overhead a gull's cry,  
Waves churned white behind.

—Carlton Geist, '34



### On The Necessity Of Making One's Past Artistic

"As we are, we are." So spoke Medea in the tragedy. She did not raise the plea that we be ourselves; rather, she admitted that we can be nothing else. And was the past that she created artistic? Surely it must have been, for it inspired Euripides to write one of the greatest dramas in literature. So we may say that to make one's past artistic cannot be regarded as a necessary end toward which one must consciously strive, but as a natural occurrence, over whose presence or absence we have no control.

And how is one to know whether one's past is artistic or not? There is no way. The acts, thoughts, and decisions of the everlasting present moment are the materials out of which the past is built; and it is a peculiar characteristic of the present moment that it always seems the most inartistic thing we know. Art cannot exist without perspective, and only time can lend this to our present acts. It is said, "All martyrdoms looked mean when they were suffered. Every ship is a romantic object, except that which we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel and hangs on every other sail in the horizon. Our life looks trivial, and we shun to record it."

So, how are we to know what our pasts will look like? Do we act totally in the dark? Let us consider more closely the artistic aspect of people's past history. Viewed from this artistic angle they fall into two classes; those that are striking enough to be remembered, and those so drab that they never had a chance even to be forgotten. Needless to say, the aesthetic value of a past varies directly to the degree with which it coincides with the first class. And, I say again, how are we to know? Are we helpless when it comes to giving our past the consciously striking touch? We are, indeed! And we can do no better than follow Medea's example, that of being ourselves and nothing else.

Whether fortune has made us of such stuff that we may take the central part in some undying famous tragic drama, or whether she has made us a member of the numberless mediocre majority, is not for us to determine. But, whether the stuff in us used to its fullest possibilities,—that, perhaps, is under our control. In that case, we can do nothing better than to follow the advice of Goethe: "Meet fully the demands of each moment" and of the Florentine Medici: "Do nothing by halves." Incidentally, we will find that only in this kind of living we are truly ourselves, and also, strange to say, that we are truly happy.

—J. W. H., '31

### PRO

There are two ways to criticize acting. One may go to a play, return home, get out the typewriter and say, "Mr. So-and-so was unconvincing, while Miss So-and-so was convincing . . . ." That is, one simply considers the play as a whole and tells his impressions. There is nothing wrong with this type of criticism, and probably an excellent professional production should be able to withstand it, but it is hard on the actors. A far more helpful way to criticize is to consider the difficulties which presented themselves to the actor, and to see to just what degree he overcame them—at least there is nobility in defeat.

As to Mr. Pellegrini's "unconvincing" performance as the heretic in "In April Once," we imagine that the most difficult thing in the world is to discover one has leprosy when one hasn't, and the second most difficult thing is to be a religious fanatic when one isn't.

Then, too, there is always such a thing as restraint in acting. Mr. Pellegrini was up against a real difficulty, which, although it was not solved, was much better controlled than it might have been. It is more praiseworthy that the actor tended too much towards restraint than if he had tended too much in the opposite direction—the result of which we had adequate examples in last year's fall plays.

Again, in the case of Mr. Milton as Felice, a difficulty of another kind presented itself. Felice made his first appearance on the stage at the very climax of the play—all the other actors were worked up to this point; they had had ample time to get into the spirit of the piece, but Mr. Milton had to suddenly project himself into a highly emotional situation. The very emotion of the other players, and the necessity of standing back-stage for so long a time must have had a psychological effect which was difficult to overcome. And to cap the situation, Felice was forced to recite a bit of sentimental poetry over the dying Guido upon whom the attention of the audience was. One felt that those last lines of Felice were like a "Dangling participle"—they somehow were not at unity with the rest, and one feels that the fault was rather with the author than the actor. Mr. Milton was more than adequate in a difficult role, made more difficult by the fact that it was so short.

When one considers Mr. Paul's part in "Lend Me Five Shillings", one is reminded of Romeo, far-fetched as that may appear. The best of professional actors have been completely floored by the part of Romeo. It is thankless, and almost characterless—to act it is well-nigh impossible because there is nothing to act. Some of Mr. Paul's lines were so bad that we imagine that he was embarrassed to say them—particularly the scene with Mrs. Captain Phobbs. The whole part was stupid—one of those parts which the playwright is forced to put in for the sake of his story. We admire the attempt that Mr. Paul made with the part.

Mr. Kendal and Mr. Geist had no particular difficulties to overcome, but we believe that this was their first attempt at the art of the stage, and considering all things, the parts were well done—particularly that of Mr. Geist. He will do something much better the next time.

This is just another point of view—perhaps it is too optimistic, but the reader is privileged to take it or leave it.

### CON

On Thursday night, November 13, in the Memorial Gymnasium, the Oral English Department of the College presented two one act plays, under the direction of Dr. Bell, Dr. Crosby, and Mr. Voorhees.

The first play, "In April Once," a romantic tragedy, was written by W. A. Percy, one of our leading American Poets. The scene is laid atop a bastion of a castle near Florence; the time is late afternoon in April about 1220 A. D. The play itself is concerned with one Guido, a romantic adventurer in love with Life. When the play opens we find Guido in prison and on very friendly terms with his jailer David. Guido persuades David to bring some of the other prisoners onto the court so that they might enjoy the sunlight, and so that he, Guido, might listen to their tales of adventure. First comes Hugo, a carnal adventurer; with much gusto he tells tales of lands far from Florence and how he sold the youths of the Children's Crusade into slavery. After a scurry with David, because he was a child crusader, Hugo is sent

back to his cell. Next comes Serle de Lanlarazon, a spiritual adventurer, called by the others a heretic. He tells of his adventures and persuades David to escape with him and be his disciple. Here the action of the play reaches its peak. Just as David and the heretic are about to escape, the guardsmen arrive on the scene. Guido holds them off with his trusty blade until his friends are safe beyond the castle wall. Poor Guido is mortally and dies in the arms of his page, Felice, who has just come to announce that Guido is free to return to his beloved Sicily.

The play offers many chances for fine acting and stage pictures, chances which were a bit neglected in this production.

Honors in this play must be divided equally between, Mr. Feebles as Guido and Mr. Perkins as David. Peebles was remarkably good with the exception of his long speeches when he hurried his lines and lost the charming voice of Guido. Perkins, on the other hand, kept his character throughout the play, giving one of the best pieces of amateur acting seen here in a long while.

Mr. Pickering as Hugo, the adventurer who would throw little ducks overboard in six feet of water, lived up to his past performances as St. Stephen's "heavy". We must say that he looked a bit ruddy for a man who had spent the past ten years in a dungeon far from sunlight.

The remainder of the cast was composed of Mr. Pellegrini as the heretic, who struck us as being unconvincing; and Mr. Mitten as the page, who, in our mind, was adequate.

The second play, a farce, "Lend Me Five Shillings", by J. M. Morton, was much more to the liking of the audience than the first. The scene was laid in a public ballroom in England and the time was about 1840. The play was concerned with the difficulties of a Mr. Golightly in raising five shillings; the price of entertaining the "vie de sa coeur."

Mr. Lowther, played the difficult role of Mr. Golightly in great shape; his previous knowledge of "vodvil hokum" frequently came

to his rescue in putting across his less interesting lines. We suggest that before he plays another part, he rid himself of the bad case of asthma from which he seemed to be suffering. On second thought, the gasps may have been a mechanism to allow time for thought. In any case they were bad and should be dispensed with.

The leading female role of Mrs. Major Phobbs, was played by Mr. Jordan; and with great success too.

We were sorry that Mr. Mallet as Mrs. Captain Phobbs, did not appear more often, he is quite the most attractive (female?) who has graced the boards of St. Stephen's for some time.

Then there was Mr. Fuscas, delightfully cast in a small bit which he did well.

The rest of the cast which ranked from so-so to fair to middling, which after all is no rank at all, were Mr. Paul, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Geist, and Mr. Caldiero.

The scenery and costumes for both plays were excellent while the lighting left much to be desired.

In spite of this seemingly harsh criticism, the plays, from an amateur standpoint, were excellent. Too bad that so much work should be spent on one night's entertainment, still there is the three academic point reward for the actors.

### "I Am Sir Oracle—"

Like an aged prophet crying out of fire and destruction, Mr. Bertrand Russell speaks of a future world. It is a world of mechanism that throbs not with the energy and unrest of the peoples, but with the regular and insistent beat of machinery. This age is to be disastrous to the human race because all zest for life is to be taken from it. Life is to become a machine itself. All things are to be attuned to mathematical perfection and people are to be worshippers of science; feeling neither rapture nor agony nor beauty.

How could that ever be? If we could only speak quietly and intimately with prophets and discover the bewildering paths their minds have pursued to their rev-

elations, we should be able to more easily apprehend their oracles.

But this prophesy, how is it compatible with the nature of man? Human nature means three things: the ever renewing joys of childhood; the fire and longing of youth, youth that dreams with great desire for the accomplishment of deeds, youth inarticulate, caught swiftly in mystery and enchantment; and man, conscious of power, expectant of that same power in his children, and for the most part, eager for the beautiful. That has been the cycle from the beginning . . . through ages of beauty, as of Greece . . . of militarism, as of Rome . . . of exploration, of endless warfare, of degeneracy . . . all of which have left their marks, but none of which have dominated history. It is men's minds that determine what the age shall be, and the freshness and wonder of the succeeding generation that tempers and saves what is worthy in life. This is the age of the machine, but neither will it dominate, because of the minds which are still lifted in question. The "worship of the machine" need not be feared. It is not so great a sin against beauty as we are persuaded to believe. A machine is the nearest thing to life that a man can create.

What of the ecstasy and power of genius? What of genius that inflames itself and all who listen? In every nation and every age there are men who see with keener eyes and feel with quicker senses than do their companions. The visions that are clear to them they can give to others inscribed in living words or carved in lasting stone.

It is genius that has taken the "thought design" of the world and changed it from a stamped pattern to a figure of ruthless beauty as daring as the caprices of the wind, as varying as the outline of the tree bends before it. Are all these things to die before the machine world comes? If it is the minds of men that govern the future, then the future will safely retain agony.

What will become of religion? Belief in this portended world must imply a lack of belief in God.

(Continued on page 4, col. 1)

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bottom dollar —

They  
Satisfy



ONE will always stand out!

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ISSUANCE

What is a fossil? T'is the dirty shell  
Of some weird awful prehistoric beast  
Or minute trace of snail or mussel creased  
In flintlike corpse of former muddy well.  
TheWhat is a fossil? All thatthas been left  
Of cultures come and gone from face of earth,  
The former things from which have come in birth  
The variegated motley warp and weft  
Of this queer human orb whereon we live.  
The primal thing, the one that oft has proved  
Why men are beasts. As such their minds are grooved  
But with this hope, the which our faiths us give  
That men by Godlike lives may reach the height  
Of heaven on earth, and God in Human sight.

'33

PROM GIRL

If I sigh, her eyes fill with tears;  
if I smile, they darken with longing;  
and when I touch her, she turns pale and  
trembles. But in tormenting her, I grievously  
torment myself. I draw very near. I wait . . .  
When I feel her smooth skin love surges  
through me and I quiver with desire . . .  
She gives herself up utterly and I close my  
eyes. Her head falls back upon my arm.  
Her eager lips unite with mine.  
Then my arms creeps softly over her  
Shoulders and, because I love her, I hold her  
closely and will not let her go.

—D. V.

TURMOIL

Shadow on a darkened wall  
I see, if only as a passing fancy.  
It has a wide forehead,  
Chiselled nose, and parted lips  
And Chin that shodows will not weaken.  
From memory of one gay night.  
Her profile, how it sprawls  
Bravely against a sombre panel!  
Shadow on a darkened wall  
I see, if only as a passing fancy

—Frank St. M. Caldiero—'31

"I Am Sir Oracle—"

(Continued from page 3, col. 5)  
Here the deist must tread softly  
because his argument does not  
hold for everyone. Granting the  
existence of an Eternal Force, we  
must question the purpose of man's  
creation, if he is to come under  
the power of his own machines.  
The soul was made to experience  
agony and rapture and beauty.  
The mind of man was intended, in  
the words of an ancient writer, to  
become keen and still, like a point-  
ed flame. What, then, is man to  
meet when he finds himself and  
his life brought to mechanical per-  
fection? A persistent sameness  
of living, a death to the senses and  
the imagination? Dim bewilder-  
ment? Unhappiness? Uncons-  
ciousness? Will the earth be a  
quiet place where unseeing people  
pass in silent streets; or will it be  
made with thunder, not from the  
heavens, but from the rumbling re-

bellion of a world torn by unnat-  
ural vibration and pain?  
Science can conquer many things  
but it cannot touch nor change  
these close, intangible, qualities in  
the nature of man. If people were  
actually as they are described,  
that is, hard, selfish, and cynical,  
the mechanical world would not be  
inconceivable. However, with man  
as we know him, faithful to his  
brother, eager with hopes, and  
conscious of the beautiful, this su-  
perimposed mechanistic faith is  
decidedly impossible. Science may  
attain the highest degree of per-  
fection and accuracy. It may come  
to dominate life more than it does  
today, but man himself will be  
fundamentally the same. Where,  
then, is the unbearable victory of  
the machine?  
Agony lives close to us forever;  
rapture and beauty can always be  
snatched down from the heavens.  
—W. A. T., '32

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