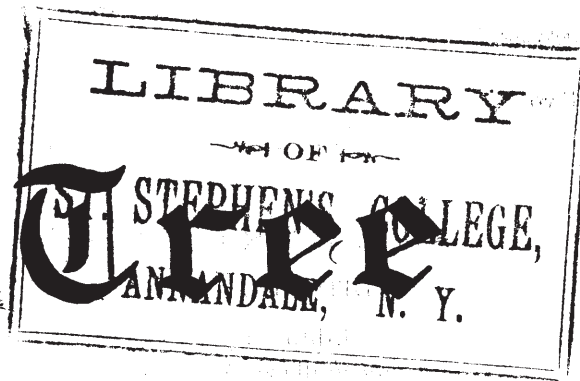


LYRE TREE

Vol. 11 No. 1 October 2, 1931

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Lyre



Kal Kool Says

Annandale-on-Hudson—To us who are mature in the ways of this institution, the arrival of another freshman class often means another academic year has started. To them we offer our congratulations, yet our voices are faintly tinged with sorrow. They should well be proud of their red crests, proving to the world their valor and courage, yet they should not forget that there are those among them who will fall by the wayside, and drag that proud crest in the dust.

No matter how hard their trials may be, they should remember that those who are able to stand will find their position reversed next fall. Life is short, and the pains of youth are but momentary. Keep ever the old adage, "Well begun is half done." Before your eyes, my boys, and some of these days you too may be qualified to advise those who will undoubtedly follow in your faltering footsteps.

KAL KOOL

Mr. Leeke

It is a well known fact that a certain amount of physical exercise is as indispensable to a college man as any other of his scholastic duties. Athletic competition helps to produce in youth a spirit of sportmanship, which is one of the finest qualities of manhood. To that end St. Stephen's college has included in its curriculum a sensible and beneficial instruction in athletic games and gymnasium work. That this important phase of undergraduate life might be carried out to full advantage, the trustees of the college have called to be Director of Athletics, Mr. Stanley H. Leeke.

Mr. Leeke comes to us highly qualified for his new position, having had extensive experience in athletic work. He was graduated from Trinity college, Hartford, Connecticut, in 1920 with the degree of B. S., where he had been a member of the varsity baseball and basketball teams, earning his letter in both sports. After graduation he became a member of the National Recreational Association and took up recreational work in Richmond, Indiana, and, later, in Dunkirk, New York. In 1923 he was appointed Director of Athletics at Northeast Harbor, Maine, where he had charge of the coaching of all the High School Athletic teams. He returned to his alma mater in 1924 to assume the duties of Graduate Manager of Athletics, to become coach of soccer and tennis and assistant coach of baseball and basketball. In 1928 he held the position as Superintendent of Recreation in Hampden, Connecticut, a suburb of New Haven, until he came to S. S. C.

Mr. Leeke, because of the efficient and self-confident manner in which he has reorganized the athletic department, has already gained the confidence and admiration of not only the students who meet him in his official capacity but also of those not directly concerned in athletics. The lettermen have a new enthusiasm, inspired by him, in observing the rule of training. Very seldom has such harmony, as now prevails, reigned among the aspirants for regular positions on the soccer team. With such a man to give the college athletes new self-assurance and self-discipline, the

Soccer Men

Soccer men were called out by Coach Leeke to the initial practice Monday afternoon, September 21. Many candidates led by Captain Good responded to the call. Among these were ten letter men of last year's team, Capt. Good, Symons, Nale, Paul, Gilreath, Maldonado, Spahr, Keppler, Mitton, White and Savage. Other members of last year's squad who appeared and are doing good work, are Lewis Stetson, Perkins, Lockwood, Yale Clark, Best, Crabbs, Van Vliet, and Knapp. Among the new men who are showing up well are Oustenoff, Dienst, Economos and Meers.

Coach Leeke in an advance statement said that the material looks good, but that there is one great problem. The team is made up largely of seniors, who, when graduated, will leave many gaps to be filled. With this in mind the coach will take every opportunity to use the new men, in order to give them experience.

Every candidate is fighting hard to obtain a regular berth on the team. There is plenty of competition for goalie, with Gilreath, Deinst, and Clark all doing fine work. Except for a weakness at left half, the half back and full back lines are quite strong. The forward line is doing well, but there is still plenty of room for development. Coach Leeke said that several sets of forwards would be used in the first game, which is with East Stroudsburg Normal, Saturday, October 3, on Zabriski field.

With a coach and a captain who hold the confidence of the men, the soccer team bids fair to make an admirable record this season. We hope that the student body will help to make it a successful year by turning out en masse.

The following stout schedule has been arranged for the 1931 soccer eleven to meet:

Oct 2	E. Stroudsburg	-----	Here
11	Williams	-----	There
16	Connecticut Aggies	-----	Here
21	Seth Low	-----	Here
24	R. P. I.	-----	There
28	Stevens Tech.	-----	Here
Nov. 7	Hamilton	-----	There

J. M. prospects for the teams in sports are more favorable than they have been in the last few seasons.

College Enlargement

During the past summer Columbia University conducted a series of careful studies and investigations to determine what would be involved in doubling the size of St. Stephen's college from an enrollment of 125 undergraduates to one of 250. Each a broad change in the college was finally recommended, providing the necessary financing could be assured. Four investigations were instituted to ascertain the exact costs of these possibilities.

Dr. Adam Leroy Jones, Director of Admission of the University, supervised the first investigation, to see whether the college could secure 250 undergraduates without in any way lowering the standards or changing the methods from its present program. The satisfactory conclusion was reached that this could be done with ease and safety. This would mean that, if enlarged, the larger college would retain all of the present distinctions and advantages.

In carrying on the second investigation, Dean Herbert Hawkes of Columbia College officiated with the cooperation of Warden Bell of St. Stephen's. This study involved the requirements in the teaching staff necessary to instruct 250 undergraduates, including the number of new instructors to be added and increases in the salaries necessary for the professors already at the college.

The problem of building to house 250 undergraduates men was investigated by Mr. Henry Lee Norris, Director of Works of the University, who has had direct charge of erecting all the buildings on the Morningside campus and those of the medical center. He was assisted by Mr. Clarence Gardiner, architect of the college. It was found that in order to furnish the necessary equipment, one million dollars worth of construction work would be required. This would include new dormitories... rooms and suites... for 130 men, seven new faculty houses, and another dining commons, which last alone would cost \$320,000. The present dining commons would be built over as a theatre for lectures, entertainments, and theatrical productions. St. Stephen's library of the present would be doubly enlarged under this plan, and the length of the Bard Memorial Chapel would be made double what it is now. Further, the erection of new quarters for the domestic help would be requisite, as would an enlarged heating plant.

As the fourth and last of this series of investigations, the ways and means of possibly financing the enlargement of St. Stephen's was considered. Mr. Frederick Goetze, the treasurer of the University, prepared the papers for this work.

The reports of these four investigations have been placed in the hands of the trustees both of the University and the St. Stephen's College. They are being considered and will form the basis for a series of lengthy discussions to be held in New York during this autumn. Whether enlargement of this college can be made at this time, under existing economic conditions, will be determined and announced by the fifteenth of this coming December.

Mr. Abramowitz

Alexander Abramowitz, former Business Manager of the Lyre Tree, who was forced through illness to leave St. Stephen's College during his Junior year, has returned here this fall to complete his college course.

A spinal illness, brought on through a severe spinal injury, compelled Abramowitz to leave college, prevented him from graduating with his class, 1931, and obliged him to spend seven months on his back in the Montefiore Hospital in New York. Hospital surgeons found it necessary to perform a most serious operation on Abramowitz's spine. After a long period of recuperation, he has recovered quite completely and is continuing his work for honors in Biology at St. Stephen's. Upon his graduation Abramowitz ex-



Alexander Abramowitz

pects to take post-graduate work in this science.

The Lyre Tree, acting as spokesman for the college, welcomes back Abramowitz to the campus and extends to him best wishes for success in his work so unfortunately interrupted.

Cross Country

To those who have followed the fortunes of the Saint Stephen's cross country team for the past four seasons it seems decidedly queer not to witness the ground consuming strides of Bill Weber during the nightly practices. Nevertheless the prospects are very bright, not only for the present year, but for several seasons to come. There is a goodly amount of talent in the freshman class and a lot of interest and Capt. Bell finds himself with eighteen men to thresh out for the opening race with Hamilton on October 10th.

In addition to Capt. Bell there is but one letter man, Kates, on the squad. With these two to set the pace the pack of harriers will grind out the weary miles that go into the upbuilding of a team.

The other experienced men who have actually participated in intercollegiate meets are Morrell, Courtney, Carr, Kendall, Meissner Migliori and Houghwout.

Among the new men there are four who have had considerable track experience. They are Rodda, Bolton, Cornwell and Beckford, a transfer from Amherst. Rodda placed well up in the interscholastic cross country meet at Harvard last fall, Bolton was a prominent athlete at Milton Academy, Cornwell has a record of 4:36 in the mile, made last May in California interscholastics, and Beckford made his numerals in cross country at Amherst. All this is in the past, however, and the future alone can tell just what these boys can do in actual, punishing competition. No time trials have as yet been made over any distance except short sprints. On Friday October 2nd there will be a timed race over the famous three mile Whalesback course and after that is over some positive information will be available.

The cross-country contest schedule is a real one:

Oct. 10	Hamilton	-----	Here
17	Middlebury	-----	There
24	C. C. N. Y.	-----	Here
31	Williams	-----	There
Nov. 7	Massachusetts Aggies	-----	There
13	Connecticut Aggies	-----	Here

Favorable Comment

In the September issue of the Liberal Arts College Bulletin a favorable comment and approval has been given to the system of Special Curricula instituted here last spring.

"The most interesting feature of the work now being conducted by Columbia University in St. Stephen's College, its country college or arts and sciences for men, is an arrangement by which a special curriculum is being devised at the end of the freshman year for each student in college. The general objective at St. Stephen's is to free each student and to force each student to work at a maximum of self-propelled efficiency, as a responsible and self-directing individual. There are no lecture courses. The staff regards itself as a group of helpers to those who will help themselves to learn. By an arrangement entered into this year, men who have not shown such confidence are gently, honourably and firmly sent home, and a curriculum is then made individually for each man who has shown competence. The student's temperament, intellectual ability, home environment, and general information are taken into consideration in determining with him the specialization to which he gives himself. He is treated as a man, and no attempt is made to cram him into a curricular mold. Each curriculum is made up of a selection of studies from the departments in which this college gives instruction. There are no electives."

The advantages of this method, apart from those mentioned above, are these: that the student understands and appreciates the reason for studying the subjects which he is taking; and that through consideration of the possible curriculum he is brought to face his own vital and intellectual problems."

In the past few years there has been much interest in intellectual circles concerning the experiments of different colleges with their curriculums. To express the more modern view of education, college authorities in general are nowadays inclined to base their admission of men on proven ability, diligence in work, earnestness of purpose and good character rather than on the possession of a measured amount of knowledge of prescribed subjects. So likewise are the more advanced colleges changing their curriculums with the object in

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EDITORIAL

Welcome To The Freshmen

We are the last to bid you welcome, and while doing so, would like to mouth a few truisms in order to appease the conscientious desire to aid you which grows clamorous in those more accustomed to this environment.

No pettiness, no snobbery, no temperment can rest easily on any student's shoulders here because the college's very smallness demands that its members live in the maximum of concord and peace which can exist among humans. But although, because of our isolation, a closer intermingling than is commonly found in college communities is demanded, the individual is developed and not submerged.

Putting aside sentimentality it must be admitted that there is a serenity in the quiet of these ivy-covered walls which develops a clear perspective of our part and place in the structure of civilization. The reality of the modern age in all its harshness is close enough to be viewed impersonally and yet not close enough for entanglement.

That there should be imperfection is inevitable, but those of a philosophical nature will recognize immediately that in dealing successfully with these imperfections we grow stronger. The very nature of the college, of the student body, and of the courses offered demands of freshmen that they adjust themselves quickly, that they throw overboard their prejudices and intellectual conceit, that they face without fear the new horizon, that they see beneath the faults the far more wealthy values.

FAVORABLE COMMENT

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 5)

mind of turning out men capable of thinking for themselves, rather than forcing on the world, men, who to quote Dr. Bell are mechanical robots.

Another of the more advanced colleges which has made an interesting change in its curriculum, is Hamline University. Their plan, in the case of freshmen who enroll

Sacrilege

It is a common experience to open a library book, particularly the more learned tomes, and discover that some previous borrower has underlined sentences which impressed, has written comments in the margin or has corrected the author's mistakes in spelling and grammar. This a fault of not only students but also of those who are supposed to lead into better ways these same students. In time, after the books have passed through numerous hands, some have whole paragraphs and even pages with every word underlined, just as the author originally intended.

No matter whether a reader is delighted to jot down for posterity some interpretation he has made, or if some mistake has slipped into the printed page, it is an insult to anyone's intelligence and sense of value when he opens a book and finds pencil scratches intended either to aid him in his search for knowledge or to demonstrate the ego of the person who made them.

Furthermore, students use books for door-jambs, window props, and weapons. They dog-ear the corners of the pages, or break the backs of the books in order to make easier the taking of notes.

Books are the storehouses of man's knowledge. They are the temples of his intellect where he enters to worship the great minds that have aided in the amassing of culture and learning. If it is a sacrilege to deface churches, which are temples of the spirit, no matter if they are ugly and grotesque or cheap, it is as much of a sacrilege to deface books, which are the temples of the intellect however ugly, grotesque or cheap the latter may be.

for professional work, is to do away with accumulation of credits or grade points and base the granting of degrees on comprehensive examinations. However this system is merely a revised Honors System which was introduced a number of years ago at St. Stephen's. The only really new feature is that they divide their institution into a Junior and Senior college. The Junior College is the trial period after which men are

Communism And Propaganda

With an economic depression settled upon the world, the quick thinkers in Moscow have been ordinarily active in the much talked-about and little-known propaganda field. They haven't been and are not now the sole agents for the distribution of propaganda. In the first place, there are all sorts of propaganda; the so-called "capitalistic" countries of the world have always engaged in certain kinds of "press syndication," and they too, are just as busy as the Bolsheviks at the present time. Great Britain, through its Home Office and its Foreign Office, is well occupied in the business of keeping up the spirits of the British Empire with optimistic and rather groundless assertions, from time to time, that British prosperity is returning to stay to the cotton mills of Manchester and Birmingham. France, a country far better off than the rest, rigidly censors all despatches to the French press, and, if it becomes necessary, inserts pretty bits of favorable industrial data, small sections of "bull market" booms culled from the newspaper files of 1928 and 1929 in all the French newspapers. Under the expert supervision of Mussolini, Italy does the same, only with even greater intensity. The United States however, leads the list in this direction; the very convenient Associated Press never misses a single day but what it flashes across the country on its huge network some choice morsel about the reopening of this or that factory, the commencement of some gigantic building program, or the beginning of the "upward trend." What the Associated Press leaves out, of course, is the fact that whereas in the past, such and such a plant employed two thousand men, the same corporation is now employing one thousand men -- with the likelihood of still further reduction in personnel -- and that, although this or that road construction job employs five hundred men, those particular workers are receiving less than half what they got in "good times." Being a vast and powerful as well as a keenly logical propaganda unit, the good old "AP" forgets to mention the salient facts of the case.

But even so, even though the oligarchs of the foremost nations of the world are deplorably "forgetful" as to certain conditions that prevail in their domains, and even though they push the "upward trend" psychology in their newspapers, and even though they are sometimes rather slow to recognize the need of providing assistance for the unfortunates under them, I still prefer to take my chances under the capitalistic banners.

Why? Because up to date, no better form of government has been revised.

Let us look into this communistic idea. Shrouded in a thick covering of propaganda like a swamp in a Connecticut fog, the Social Soviet Republics of Russia lie lifeless and practically dormant. We behold a nation of one hundred and fifty million able-bodied peasants wasting their energies toiling in the fields on community farms to earn a few mouthfuls of the most wretched food a day and provide sizeable profits for a dozen or so of Soviet officials in Moscow;

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

advanced to the Senior college after comprehensive exams. To do their specialization work. Their Junior college work is based upon survey courses in fine arts, social studies and humanities.

The St. Stephen's special curriculum which is planned separate for the individual is the most advanced step in modern education. It is an expression of the college's interest in the student as an individual versus the student as a part of some huge complicated machine.

University "Stills"

By following a suggestion of Dr. Albert Jay Nock, which he makes in his Book of Journeyman, it may be possible to solve the economic and qualitative liquor problem. Dr. Nock suggests that the university students of America distill, prepare, and sell good quality alcoholic beverages to the end that a revolt of the thinking youth of America might awaken the rest of the country to a more balanced and reasonable attitude toward prohibition.

If university students were to manufacture good alcoholic drinks, and sell them at a reasonable rate, there would be more normal enjoyment of alcohol, less poisonings and more money for bribing the "policemen" for personal or property protection. As it is, all the means of an ordinary man are necessary to pay the bootlegger and the police. Last Spring, a man in one of the New Jersey Oranges was told by a cop that he would have to come across with some money now and then if he didn't want his store windows smashed. He has been paying ever since, and will continue to pay, if he knows what is good for him.

With university liquor on the market, the racketeer might ask the cops to charge the business man more protection, but there would be substantial saving on liquor costs, and fewer deaths from "bad stuff." Then the public would, at least, learn how much money the gangsters have to pay prohibition officers for raiding the university "stills."

This revolt of youth should move the government of this country against the prolific, though nurtureless, mother of most of the contemporary Crimes, little and big, that are consuming the substance of that poor "cat-with-too-many kittens" -- America. She who is in such a nervous state that she crouches in a corner and spits at the fatal red dog of Communism, rather than walking, in all dignity, by the enemy, and ignore him until he dies of old age or starvation; but she continues to catch rabbits for him which he could not get otherwise. This nervous state is not healthy, and the breakdown will come if this parasitic generator of crime, the Eighteenth Amendment, is not placed, alongside its many other blue-complected brother-laws in a quieter underworld.

The world now regards the American University as incapable of anything other than football or queer butterfly chasers. The undergraduate in this country is a rebel only in his own mind, as he listens half-enviously to revolutionary lectures from professors. He likes to feel naughty, but he never thinks of risking a spanking. If the state militia had to be called out to quell a college uprising, many parents would die of fright, and many professors retire quietly to a place where people would not notice that they were having hallucinations. If half of Mother Columbia rioted down the streets of New York, the gangsters would probably submit to jail sentences... self-accused, but Europe would send messages of apology and congratulation to Dr. Butler. College men become gangsters, but is it not possible apparently, for them to get tough about asserting their rights. Instead of working off their spite in undergraduate days, they save it up for undesirable outlets after they are graduated.

If a few of our students should sell some of their hooked-rugs, crochet work, knitting, and embroidery, they could buy the materials and make a couple of good "stills," then start in business. When they are raided, let another college try it, and so on-making a second start as soon as possible. How long would parents, and those interested in college men, and possessed of an understanding of the mess, stand for their being jailed?

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

Saverio

Saverio is eight, rather small for his years, and as lively as a mon-goose. He has the undershot jaw, pointed teeth, and fierce, darting gray eyes that remind one of an intelligent monkey, with the high cheek bones and the broad, flaring nostrils of the Moor...perhaps the coinage stamp of some corsair ancestor who swooped down upon the coast of Sicily centuries ago. In spite of continual exposure to the terrific heat which blows in from the African sea, Saverio's close-cropped bare head and tough skin show no signs of sunburn nor of tan, but remain the color of pale parchment. In the dazzling July sun he is as active as the lizards that scurry to get out of his way. He runs as readily as other boys walk, and the ease with which he changes from slow to fast suggests the coordination and balance of a four-footed animal or the gliding swift power of a small but perfect machine. His gestures are sudden, wide and bold; his "si" and his "no" are muscularly emphatic and accompanied either by an intense frown or by a smile of pleasure which he unsuccessfully attempts to conceal. In short, there is nothing neutral about Saverio--he either emphatically agrees, vigorously protests, or keeps silent with an emphasis that is eloquent. He either hates or he loves. But he has a profound respect for form, and his existence is a battle between his exuberant animal impulses and his developed sense of decorum.

For Saverio is a cynosure of the public eye. His position in the town as altar boy, errand boy, and piccolo factotum to Padre Ruffo has raised him to an eminence fearful and wonderful to the other boys and to himself. His alert and awed expression seems to testify to a perpetual wonder at the fact that the parish priest chose him, a fatherless waif from the waterfront, to that important and exalted position. But having so chosen, he doubtless identifies the Padre with God, and is determined to maintain this honor-at-the-right-hand against all comers and to make his position a thing of unassailable dignity.

The sturdy joy and confidence with which he shoulders this responsibility is so immediately evident that from the first moment I laid eyes upon Saverio I was fascinated. It was the afternoon of my arrival. Padre Ruffo met me at the train, and after he had seen to it that I was comfortably situated at the hotel we dismissed the carriage and walked together through the narrow winding street of the ancient town, up the long flight of stone steps to the ramparted space in front of the Padre's church. It was here that the small boy suddenly appeared before us as though out of the ground, greeting us with the salute of the palm raised above his head while he regarded me with a fierce attention. I caught the name "Saverio" from the Padre as the little fellow followed us like a shadow through the little chapel into the high silent nave of the old church, through the door by the high altar in the sacristy, and hence into the living quarters beyond. Here, while I was greeting the Padre's mother and sister, Saverio was darting about obeying the priest's quick impatient orders in dialect, bringing chairs to the table and rushing in with cracked ice for the muscato. Then he retired into the background and with wide eyes for further orders.

By next day he had become somewhat accustomed to the visitor from another world, and at dinner, to which I had been invited, he carried dishes in and out with all the dignity, if not the uniform, of a royal seneschal. Then, suddenly, having overlooked some trifling thing, at a word from the Padre he would dash out after it with speed of the messenger.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 4)

Philippines

The following article is the first part of an account written for the Lyre Tree by the Rev. W. Hubert Bierck, a former student at St. Stephen's. The war interrupted his academic career, and after active service he went to the Philippines as a missionary. He writes of his work among the natives of the Mountain Province of Northern Luzon. These natives, Igorots, were savage head hunters only twenty-five years ago. The concluding article will appear in the next issue of the Lyre Tree.

Romance mixed with reality. But this is life, although different to be sure from life in a parish in the States, but a great life. Calm with captivating contrasts. First

let me tell you where Sagada Mission is located and something about the origin of these peoples.

The island of Luzon is the largest of the many islands that form this archipelago, the Philippines. Away to the extreme north of Luzon is the Mountain Province wherein lies the Sagada Mission, about mid-way from the north and south boundaries of the Province. Manila to Sagada is a distance of three hundred miles, which will mean next to nothing of those of you used to easy and fast modes of travel. Two hundred of these miles may be traveled by train. The last hundred miles must be made by motor over a trail wide enough for a single motor car; a trail that winds back and forth and up to an altitude of 5000 feet

before one reaches Sagada; a trail with constant mental hazards and physical risks due to the sheer drops of thousands of feet in many spots. Historical events, known to any American school boy, give the preeminence of Manila, but we are convinced that the last hundred miles of travel over our gorgeous trail will make the impression on a newcomer that even the glamor of the capital city of the Islands will find it hard to eradicate.

All the native inhabitants of the Philippines belong either to the black race (Negrito peoples) or, to the brown race (Malayan). We are told as concerns the latter, "the original Malay blood has in many instances been materially modified by intermarriage with Negritos, Mongolians or Caucas-

ians, although a considerable number of the mountain tribes have intermarried little with the Negritos, less with the Mongolians, and with Caucasians hardly at all. Indeed, among the Bontoks in the earlier days, when motherhood was sometimes forced upon the woman by white invaders, it was the custom to kill the resulting "mestizo" children."

As I sit here writing, three women are passing by, rain-soaked, and carrying, on their heads, huge baskets heavily laden with camote-leaves. Despite their dirt, there is a grace and winsomeness about these women and girls that fascinates. They are homeward bound after hard toil in the fields. And what is home like? The Igorot hut is made of boards on the sides and has a grass roof

which overhangs the side walls. The interior of the hut is quite low, so that a white man going in must stoop and squat after gaining entrance. It is altogether dingy and filthy, because of the cooking of the meals over a smouldering open fire, and no proper means of ventilation. There is a storeroom in the roof for the rice and other food stuffs, and, in the larger huts the second floor is used for sleeping quarters while the ground floor is used for cooking purposes. Even when the lovely tropic sun is pouring forth its brilliant light, these huts are dark and dismal. The parson notices a difference when "making calls," between such homes and the dwellings of his city or big town flock in America. In fact we use the "front porch," which consist of many flat rocks placed to form a level platform, where we squat on our haunches and chat. Our visits inside are restricted to such occasions as carrying the sacrament to the sick.

The Igorot lives on rice, camotes, the leaves of camotes, string beans and fruits. Rice and camotes are the never-failing items in their diet. I often wondered at the obesity of the very small children, just old enough to walk. The boys tell me that it is a "camote-stomach."

An example may indicate how fear-religion causes the opposite of satisfaction. A non-christian Igorot we shall assume, owns two pigs. He wants to kill one for food, or, to barter it for rice. But pigs are dear in the sight of ancestors who have passed on. They demand that the pig be saved for the canao, the sacrificial feast. By tradition, a portion, is their right at the feast and should be saved and set by. It doesn't matter that the rats go away with the piece saved for ancestral consumption. They have their ways of reconciling difficulties and obstacles. So the non-christian must keep his pig and not sell or exchange, even though it means food for the family. Those who have been set free from the fear of persecution by the "anitos" do sell and trade their animals as the need arises. This is but one of many examples of the way in which the "religion of Lamaoig" works out.

Perhaps the hardest thing to contend with in making converts is to wean the people away from the idea of the canao, and to keep them in the way of conversion. The canao, common throughout the Mt. Province, is a feast and a sacrifice of chickens, or pigs, carabao or other kinds of animals offered to the Igorot god, "Lamaoig." It always affords opportunity for free food, so it is not only a case of opposing a deeply ingrained fear of "anitos," evil spirits and the means of propitiating, but also it means opposing an elementary instinct of man, food-hunger. They are poor and they work hard. One can hardly blame them for wanting a free and hearty meal!

Canaos happen for the big, as well as little events, of life. The big canaos are held at times of birth, death, marriages and to ask a blessing on the fields and crops. Also in commemoration of the wars with former enemies. All sickness is attributed to the evil-spirits the "anitos," spirits of the dead. Great faith is placed in the virtue of the sacrificial feast to propitiate the evil spirits. The canao for those about to be married, or, for the dead, varies in duration and grandness according to the custom of the different townships and the standing of the persons. The ganzas, or brass gongs used throughout the Orient, play a most important part in these rites. The music is far from soothing or soft, yet, to hear seven or eight going at one time is fascinating. The dancing is incomparable.

(To be continued next week.)

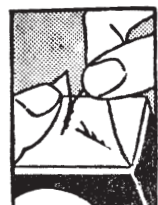
Oh! You Lucky Tab!!

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HUMIDOR
PACKAGE

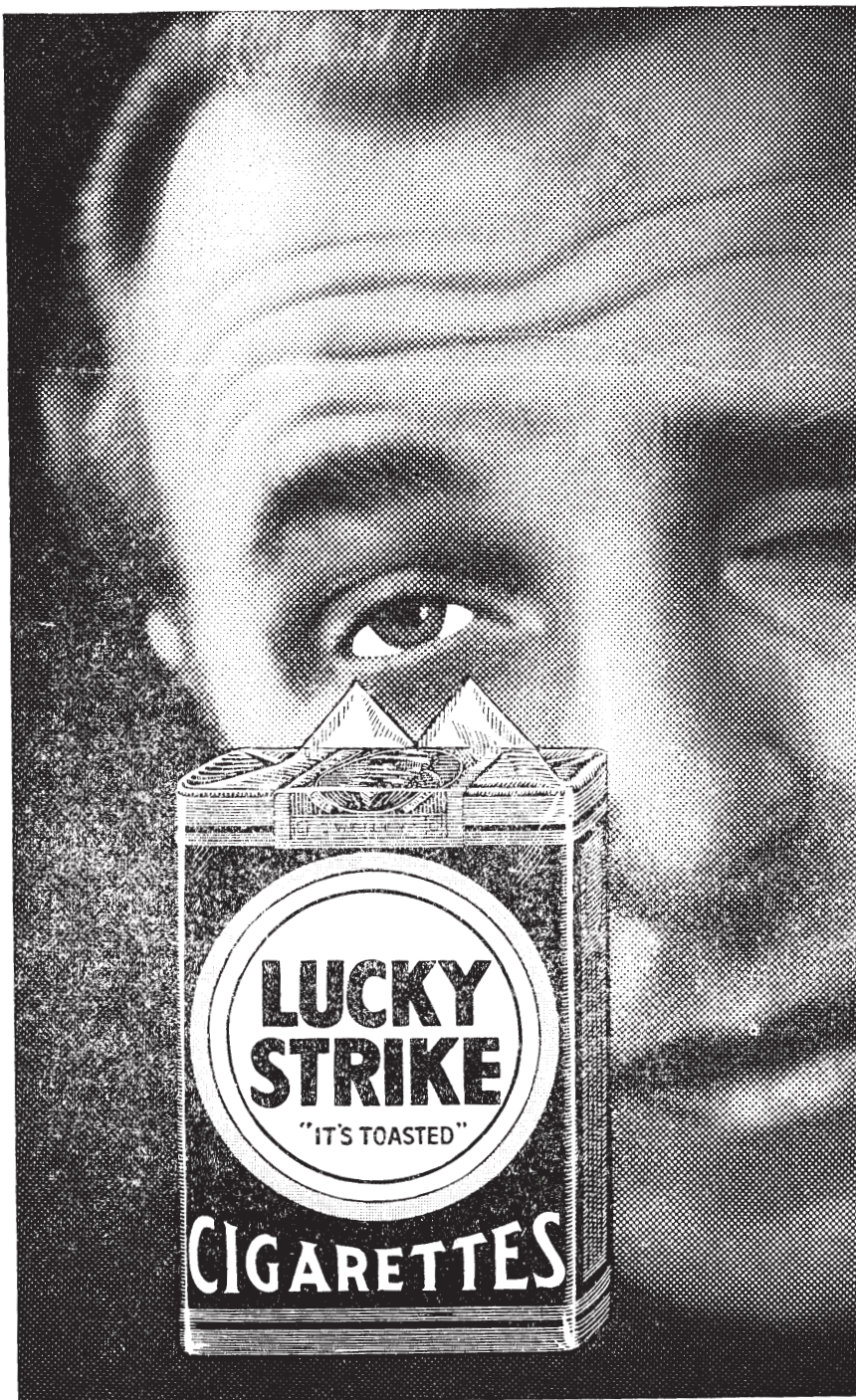
Zip—

and it's open!



See the new notched tab on the top of the package. Hold down one half with your thumb. Tear off the other half. Simple. Quick. Zip! That's all. Unique! Wrapped in dust-proof, moisture-proof, germ-proof Cellophane. Clean, protected, neat, FRESH! — what could be more modern than LUCKIES' improved Humidor package — so easy to open! Ladies — the LUCKY tab is — your finger nail protection.

Made of the finest tobaccos — The Cream of many Crops — LUCKY STRIKE alone offers the throat protection of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays — the process that expels certain biting, harsh irritants naturally present in every tobacco leaf. These expelled irritants are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE! "They're out — so they can't be in!" No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

TUNE IN — The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

Alors, Paris

"Monsieur le concierge, one feels blue and broke to-night. Where is it that it is that one should go?"

"Mais oui, it is a different monsieur of the top-hat and many francs last evening but since it is that which is that it is most surely one goes to Montparnasse."

So one strolls past the Opera, a large, dark building of stunted spires and besmudged frescoes and crosses the boulevards, where above the ripple of many tongues from gaudy pavilioned sidewalk cafes, red Neon signs splash crimson light on the dirty brown facades of dingy offices.

Leaving this section where cafes, American bars, hotels, tourist offices and shops of every description crowd each other in their eagerness for gold, one comes to the spacious magnificence of the Louvre gardens.

There in the brush, the fragrance, and the moonlight, one feels with a catch of breath that he has been taken back to the French Renaissance. He hears again the faint strain of a minuet, the tinkling laughter of the silken-clad men and women running thru the flower-beds playing blindman's buff. Facing right one may see thru the long columns of trees the wide stretch of the Champs-Elysees upon which the little light-automobiles seem like fireflies being swallowed up by the Arc de Triomphe. Facing left, the great horseshoe structure of the Louvre comes into view. Once a palace of both Bourbon and Bonaparte its architecture is commanding and its frescoes exquisite.

Knowing the art treasure within its walls, and encompassed by the loveliness of its gardens, one cannot help but feel that herein lies the kingdom of Beauty, the Beauty of Man and Nature.

From the Louvre one comes to the Seine where dilapidated riverboats ride at anchor and a stale stench rises into the night air. Pale lights twinkle from creaking barges, and a few crumpled figures with unheeding nostrils sit staring at the water. Crossing the bridge one comes to a long dark and rather deserted street lined on both sides with rows of stucco brownstone five-story houses which are both pensions and private. This is a typical city residential district with few scattered corner stores and sidewalk cafes. As one strolls along he sees people in evening clothes getting in their cars bound for the Montmartre night-clubs, or the more chic Lido on the Champs-Elysees and the Les Ambassadeurs in the Bois. Gradually the houses become more and more mediocre, and then, with a blaze of light, Montparnasse reveals itself.

One is swallowed up by the large crowd of passers-by who throng the sidewalk, and makes his way to an outside table in the largest of the six cafes, the Cafe du Dome. If one wishes to be observed he orders champagne, but if on the other hand he wishes to be the observer, he orders the non-intoxicating and inexpensive Vermouth case, and turns his attention to the passing panorama of humanity.

Here all the types and nationalities of the world seem to converge. Parisians in black slouch hats and checkered suits, their faces ravaged with disease and dissipation, slink along the curb, while dark-skinned richly-attired potentates of Morocco sweep by, the gold tassels of their fezzes swinging in rhythm with their steps. At one table a much-bejeweled Turkish woman smiles dotingly at her gigolo escort and displays her ugly teeth stained brown by betel nuts. Many glances, bold, languorous and disdainful pass between both sexes. Many voices, high, guttural and boisterous rise above the fluctuating hum. Somebody is singing "Eli Yale" inside the cafe. Two young Germans with faces scarred by many a Heidelberg duel start "The Watch on the Rhine," and are promptly ejected.

Campus Snoops

Right off the bat we would suggest that R. Clarke, the senior, R. Clarke, the freshman, and R. Clarke, the iceman, invite Y. Clarke to change his name in order to go the Marx brothers one better.

This always has been a great college for brothers. Just when we were lamenting the loss of a Meissner, Geist brings along little "Syd."

Why doesn't some enterprising frosh get the ferryboat concession between the steps and the door of Commons on rainy days.

We're glad to see that someone takes us seriously. This morning the breakfast bacon actually sizzled.

These frosh sure are polite. We, in our snoopings, actually heard one of them thank a senior for having only three trunks to be moved. My, ain't we elegant!

In their scarlet dinks the frosh last year resembled jockeys. This year we'll offer one shiny dollar for the best comparison.

Seldom do you see a faculty with such enthusiasm as ours. Certainly Dr. Sottery started the year with a bang.

We wonder why Mr. Libaire didn't speak on his chief interests aboard. Possibly he was just mucking around.

The "Lyre Tree" staff has been reorganized, but we note the paper remains as bad as usual.

We were startled to hear the amount of last year's collection. Who says you can't get by on buttons?

We have been told that Don Griffith is taking four lab. courses. And they called Ceasar ambitious.

We hear that in recent announcements Jim Paul defeated the faculty soup-suckers in three out of five engagements.

From Yonkers comes a young man

Who has fuzz on the edge of his pan,

An inch from his cheek

It looks rather sleek,

Just like the palm of his hand.

We snoopers have a good time writing this column, but we don't dare print the best, lest our snoopings be snippel.

We understand Scribner has been invited to the Whitney stables in Kentucky. On account of the depression it is possible that the Social and Stud Registers have amalgamated.

Calkin tells us he's again in love. But he should look up her Bradstreet rating before committing himself.

Feiker now smokes Listerine cigarettes. Who dared tell him?

The bachelors bemoan the loss of "Obie." As our outstanding contemporary would say, he "center-aisled" it.

Although he understands that Vassar will be under quarantine for three weeks after it opens, Gilreath feels certain that a great many will risk expulsion in order to see him.

In our own modest way we welcome Mr. and Mrs. Leeke. We have discovered that they are in no way related to the large family of Drips.

From our snoopings about the suite of Mr. C. Le G. Geist we have learned what the well dressed man will wear—if not carefully watched. What ho! ! that checkered vest.

Oh, yes, one thing more. If you think this is an easy column to write, you snoop awhile and send your results to:

THE SNOOPERS

Then one usually meets somebody he knows; he may only recognize the face or nationality but either is enough. "Why, didn't I see you somewhere in New York? Yeah!...Well let's go over and hear that blue-singer at the Angel Noir." So one locks arms with his country-men sings out "C'est la vie, ce Paree!" and has no thought for the dawn.

C. G.

Extra! Extra!

The Curse of Annandale Obliterated Praise Due to Sunrise Express, Inc.

Ever since the rural free delivery from Red Hook was supplanted by the granting of a sub-postal charter to one E. Smith, merchant, the communication between St. Stephen's and the outside world has been very much a once-a-day affair. Improvements have crept in. Durin the bad snowstorm, '83 to late '87, postal authorities in Washington made arrangements with the warden of Ward Manor, and the inmates turned out in force to keep the trail open for the horse and buggy. The next summer the new road was put through. This so speeded up the service that a post card could be dropped at the saloon, where the library now stands, every alternate Tuesday, and, almost before you knew it, the card would be in Albany not quite a week since it was mailed. From Albany the card would be rushed down to Poughkeepsie where it was going in the first place. Occasionally a card would escape the conductor's notice, and, by joining the Central, would see the world. The story is told of an old blade, class of '93, who is still waiting for an answer from Poughkeepsie. In his own words, he says, "I don't mind being cut out, but, dum it, she ought to let me know."

The highest efficiency in handling out-going mail will be obtained with commencement of operations of Sunrise Express, Inc. The company consists of three undergraduates, working their way out of college, Messrs. Mulligan, Symons, and Stetson. On the morning following the issue of the Lyre Tree, Sunrise Express will be prepared to transport out-going letters, parcels, and laundry cases from college to Annandale in time to catch the 7:30 mail for New York. This service will be maintained every morning with the exception of Sundays. Mail and remuneration will be accepted the night before the Albee 1. There is a flat rate of five cents per person for letters and ten cents per person for laundry cases and packages of bulk. It is a cash and carry proposition throughout, since Sunrise Express cannot afford the overhead in keeping accounts.

The convenience of the service is obvious. No longer will letters to Vassar be put in bottles dropped in the Hudson in lieu of the late afternoon mail. Letters can be written the night before and in the small morning hours while the college sleeps Sunrise Express will be in action, insuring delivery on Vassar campus before noon. There is a saving of fifteen hours by using this special service. Think what that means to those whose laundry is approaching zero and need immediate refurnishing from home quarters. Sunrise Express meets a real need on the campus and confidently awaits your patronage.

UNIVERSITY "STILLS"

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 4) Fines should be refused, and jail sentences by the students. Such a movement all over this country would arouse no little discussion on the real value of prohibition. The men in our government have boys in our colleges, and when sonny does something rash, parents always make an effort to understand. The number of parents in this country is remarkable, our census tells us that. The relationship is easily seen, between student revolt and government reform. One can almost hear the cries:

"Shall we let our sons rot in our country's jails?"

"Out with this law, that makes criminals of our sons!"

"Making criminals of our sons, that is what the law is doing at present in a real sense, but so

Communism and Propaganda

(Continued from Page 2, Col 3) Soviet officials who seem to be able to afford to spend quite a lot of money on clever newspaper writers and propaganda orators throughout the world; Soviet officials who seem to be able to amass enough money to purchase chateaux in France and . . . Turkey, only to retire thither when their luck turns against them in Moscow. We see Soviet officials who receive salaries of two hundred dollars the month from their government and who seem to be able to afford an outlay of five thousand dollars the month on week-end trips to Berlin and Paris.

Led by an assembly of one thousand representatives from all parts of the Soviet state, who, in turn, are led by one hundred advisors from the Party Council, who, in turn, are led by a cabinet of thirty-six men, which is controlled by no other than Mr. Joseph Stalin, the Soviet ship of state continues on its way. The only difficulty is that it hasn't the slightest idea where it's going.

To the foreign traveler in Russia, it is plainly evident that the Russian people do not want Czarism again, but it is just as discernible that they are not satisfied with Sovietism, either. What to do about it is a different proposition. The peasants at this date happen to be engulfed in the throes of Soviet militarism, and, needless to say, what with frequent poignant proddings from the publicity bureau in Moscow, free evening movie lectures on the virtues of Communism, and the ever-present threat of death for insubordination, they are still hoping for the best.

No, it's not going to work. The basic principles of all rational government so decree. Every man is born or at any rate ought to be born with equal rights to achieve as much success as he is physically and mentally able to procure. No state can dictate the salary which an Edison or a Morgan shall receive. Certainly, it is bound to be considerably larger than that of such mediocre talent as you and I. Indeed, the guiding lights of the present Soviet "Republic" recognize this fact—not openly, of course—and act in accordance with it. When the snow clouds and ice ridges had disappeared from the banks of the Volga last spring, a very worthy gentleman named Michael Borodin left Mentone on the Riviera and returned to Moscow to draw his bi-annual pay checks; a rather insignificant—for him—little draft for forty-five thousand dollars. I may refer you to The Spectator, of London, England, for truthful corroboration of this assertion. Michael Borodin, the cleverest of all the vast army of Soviet agitators and a brilliant publicity man in the bargain, and Joseph Stalin have combined to rule the Soviet Council and Assembly. In truth, it has been going on for some time with the Inner Council itself in ignorance of the real state of affairs. Do they, too, receive two hundred dollars the month apiece?

Then finally, there is the ever-present problem of religion. The Soviets, as you probably are well aware, prefer to prostrate themselves at the feet of the demagogue, Lenin, long since passed away, rather than to worship God. There was never a country and in all probability never will be a country so bigoted.

Far from evolving into the salvation of the modern world, Communism has not even proved a partial success within itself, but rather, I should say, an obvious and distinct failure.

William H. Rush '35

quietly that no parental indignation is aroused. "Son is making good money, anyway" is the old rationalization! Parents should not be given a chance to rationalize, but they should rather be brought to their reason with a rush.

St. Stephen's College Preachers 1931-1932

St. Stephen's College, Columbia University, has the honour to announce the following preachers the academic year:

September 20—The Rev. Bernard I. Bell, Litt. D., Warden of the College.

September 27—The Rev. Kenneth O. Crosby, S. T. D., Associate Chaplain of the College

October 4—The Rev. Cyril Edward Hudson, M. A. (Oxon), Director of Adult Education in the Church of England.

October 11—The Rev. J. Brett Langstaff, B. Litt. (Oxon), Rector of St. Edmund's Church, New York City.

October 18—The Very Rev. Milo H. Gates, Litt. D., Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City.

October—The Rev. Herbert Hawkins, O. H. C.

November 1—Warden Bell.

November 8—The Rev. Hughell Fosbroke, D. D., Dean of the General Theological Seminary, New York City.

November 15—The Rev. Wallace Gardner, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Flatbrush, Brooklyn, N. Y.

November 22—Chaplain Crosby.

November 29—Warden Bell.

December 6—The Rev. Shailer Mathews, D. D., Dean of the Graduate School of Religion at the University of Chicago.

December 13—The Rev. A. L. Lilley, M. A., Canon of Hereford Cathedral, Paddock lecturer for 1931

January 10—Chaplain Crosby.

January 17—Warden Bell.

January 24—The Rev. Lyford P. Edwards, Ph. D., Professor of Social Sciences.

January 7—The Rev. George Arthur Buttrick, D. D., Pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City.

February 14—The Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, M. A., Rector of Trinity Church, Newport, R. I.

February 21—Warden Bell.

February 28—The Rev. Lauriston Castleman, M. A., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Brooklyn, N.Y.

March 20—Warden Bell.

March 27—Easter Day - no sermon.

April 3—The Rt. Rev. Samuel Booth, D. D., the Bishop of Vermont.

April 10—The Rev. W. M. V. Hoffman, S. S. J. E.

April 17—Warden Bell

April 24—Chaplain Crosby.

May 1—The Rev. Henry B. Washburn, D. D., Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.

May 8—Rev. H. H. Hawkins, O. H. C.

May 15—The Very Rev. Philemon Sturges, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, Mass.

May 22—The Rev. Charles MacAllister, D. D., Rector of St. Luke's Church, Evanston, Illinois.

SAVERIO

(Continued from Page 2, Col. 5)

ger from Marathon. When we had been completely served, the Padre handed Saverio a bowl and a plate filled from our table, and smiling proudly the boy retired to the top of an old chest against the wall, followed by the cat. And the Padre saw to it that he had a taste of every extra dainty which the presence of a guest had brought forth, including all sorts of preserved mysteries of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and finally even a small glass of the liqueur. At this Saverio grinned and rolled his eyes with pleasure: this was living!

(to be concluded)

Edward L. Voorhees