

# LYRE TREE

Vol. 11 No. 2 October 23, 1931

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## PREPARATION UNDER WAY FOR AUTUMN PLAYS' PRESENTATION

"Master Patelin" And "Lover's Meeting"  
Soon To Be Given In Original Manner

Two stage plays are under preparation now for the annual autumn production at St. Stephen's. This year the featuring play is entitled "Master Pierre Patelin", which is supported by Laurence Hausman's "Lover's Meeting". Both are under the coaching of Dr. Bell, and no definite date has been officially announced for the entertainment as yet.

"Master Pierre Patelin", introduced in the latter part of the middle ages, is one of the earliest secular plays known. Its first production was in 1424. Originated in French, the authorship of the three act play is unknown. It is a typical farce of rougerie, however, all of the characters being distinctly rascals. An excellent translation from the old French has been produced by Professor Richard T. Holbrook. In presenting "Master Pierre Patelin" at the college, Dr. Bell is as far as possible complying with the ancient medieval manner based upon Mr. Holbrook's translation. Rudimentary scenery is being constructed by the college carpenters following the designing of Mrs. Stanley Brown.

The supporting play will appear as an interlude or after-piece to the other, being only one act in length. This is one of a cycle of eighteen plays about St. Francis. In it Mr. Hausman deals with the meeting of Brother Giles and Louis, King of France, in 1240 at Perugia.

Both casts are representative in personages, chiefly composed of upper classmen altho' several new men are taking parts. For "Master Pierre Patelin" the cast is as follows: Patelin, the lawyer, played by Mr. Pickering; The Lady Guillemette, his wife: Mr. Jordan; Joceaulme, the draper: Mr. Perkins; Lambkin, the shepherd: Mr. Lowther; Judge: Mr. Mulligan; and the Crowd (to be selected later). The players in "Lover's Meeting" are to be: Brother Giles, depicted by Mr. Trefry; Brother Rufus: Mr. Joseph; Brother Jumper: Mr. Atkinson; Brother Humble: Mr. Brownell; The Prior: Mr. Gildersleeve; The Beggar: Mr. Hancock; The Squire: Mr. Burgeman; and King Louis of France: Mr. Knapp.

### OUR SYMPATHY

"The Lyre Tree", on the part of the College, extends its sincerest sympathy to both Thomas Riley and Francis Harr who are mourning the passing of their fathers, and to Dr. Francis Flournoy whose sister died recently.

We join our fellow-countrymen at this time in their bereavement at the deaths of two of America's, and the entire world's, most prominent and worthy men, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow and Mr. Thomas A. Edison. The statesmanship of the former and the marvelous inventions and developments of the latter will be outstanding both now and for all years to come.

## PHILLIPPINES

Story of Missionary Work  
There By Rev. Hubert

Continued From Last Issue

These Christians, who have been emancipated from the fear of the evil spirits and innumerable superstitions, testify to the effectiveness of what St. John wrote, "Perfect love casteth out fear." On this showing alone, one cannot but believe in the need and value of carrying the Good News of the Gospel of God's love abroad. Most of us learn, sooner or later, that happiness and fear never meet. Many of our Igorot Christians know what the gospel of love has done for them while lost in the darkness of fear and superstition. The fruit we look for and teach as the great end is, to be sure, love from God working out in love for one's fellows in greater forbearance, kindness, patience and unselfishness, rather than mere conformity to a formula or accepted system of belief and practice.

I have referred to the dancing but feel that this article would be incomplete with only a passing reference. The people like to dance on the slightest provocation. The men seem to work the hardest, dancing for long periods while they beat the gansas. Seven or eight or more men form the circle while dancing, while one or two girls dance inside or outside of the circle, according to the nature of the dance.

During the first few months of our life here, I was spending a night in Bila, an outstation far removed from Sagada. The bishop was with me, and the people, especially happy because the great Apo-Padi from Manila was with them, wanted to express their feelings in the best way they know. It was a glorious night; the moon was almost full and shone with brilliant luster. The people began

(Continued on page 4)

## GERMAN CLUB REORGANIZES

The students of the various German classes met with their professor, Dr. John Krumplemann, in the Student Recreation Room in Albee Hall on October nineteenth for the first meeting of the year. The chief business of the organizing meeting was to elect the officers. President is Alexander Abramowitz; the vice-presidency was given to William Good; and Herman Seaver was elected secretary-treasurer. Twenty-eight men were present. Everyone was required to exhibit his talents, if only a few words, in German. The numerous "prosits" were responded to with regular dry "hocs", cider being the beverage, from the members. Pretzels accompanied the fall tonic. The German Club will meet regularly each month for one such gathering.

## COMMONS CLOSSES

Hints To The Sophisticated

Now that I have your attention, I will explain that the Commons closes each night and is opened again in time for breakfast the next morning.

However for the benefit of the newcomers and any others who feel that their table manners are not all that they should be, I feel that I should impart to them my vast store of knowledge on this subject. Emily Fost told me confidentially that as a college our table etiquette is at least ten years ahead of the rest of the civilized world. Nevertheless the finer technique of eating in Commons is not completely familiar to all of us.

When one first enters the main dining room, he hurries to his seat as noisily as is humanly possible. Having found his place, he immediately helps himself to all the butter that he dares, fills his glass with whatever there is to drink, being careful to use the milk which is for tea, takes all the salad or other food already on the table he wants, looks around and says loudly, "Come on, let's get going!"

During the meal which must be eaten as fast as is possible, the really correct student while totally ignoring all requests and imploring to pass anything, demands loudly that food and condiments be passed him, encouraging his table partners with sarcastic and insulting remarks. A few typical choice ones may be had on personal request to the author. When he has eaten all he can possibly stuff, he leans back, lights a cigarette which he bums from a poor unsuspecting soul who hasn't learned that cigarettes shouldn't be brought to meals, and then either attempts in a loud tone to sing, or else hisses someone else's attempt, according to his status as a student or degree of sophistication. The proper exit is not through the front doors, but through the kitchen, where the chef is waiting to hear just how lousy the meal was.

There are a few specific rules in regard to eating which should never be broken. First, whenever soup is served or a citrus fruit placed before one, the plate should be turned over before attempting to eat said fruit. This leaves the face of the plate as fresh and clean as when it came on the table, which isn't too fresh and clean. Second, as a means of personal hygiene, each piece of silver should be wiped off with the napkin (clean ones Wednesdays and Sundays) or the corner of the table cloth. Third, it is forbidden to use napkin rings, the proper way of keeping them being to tie them to the leg or back of the chair. Third, whenever any announcements are made make as much noise as is possible, the announcer wants competition. Fourth, play as many practical jokes on your table companions as you can get away with, it keeps them feeling fine and dandy. These are a few of the most important rules of correct table manners. If there is any particular problem which especially bothers you, please address your inquiries to Reginald, care of the LYRE TREE and they will receive prompt answer in this column.

## Soccer Eleven Swamps Seth Low Booters in Fast Game

Saints, Playing Best Of Season To Date, Excite  
On-Lookers With Score Of 5 To 1

## PLEDGING RULES

Rushing Period  
Opens January 29

Feb. 3-4 Pledge Date

By the act of the Pan-Hellenic Council, three new rules regarding rushing by the three local fraternities were issued recently. As is already known, this organization is composed of two men from each fraternity to govern interfraternity competition, rushing, and pledging. The present Council consists of William Good and John Mitton, Kappa Gamma Chi; John Mulligan and Thomas Bigham, Eulexian; and Ward Courtney and Wesley Thorpe, Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Officers are, president, James Paul (president of Convocation) and Thorpe, secretary. The new list of rules, chiefly concerning the time and conditions of fraternity rushing and pledging this year, follows:

- No fraternity may pledge a new student at the first semester or make any verbal or written agreement with him, prior to February 4th, 1932 at 7:30 P. M. Students entering at the second semester may not receive bids until after Easter.
- Fraternity bids are to be placed in the mail boxes of the men concerned on February 3rd, 1932, at midnight. Between this time and 7:30 P. M. of the following day, no agreements may be entered into, nor fraternity matters discussed, between any representatives or members of any fraternity and any new student. Men bid are to return written answers to the Fraternities extending the bids, through the Student Council, at 7:30 P. M., February 4th.
- Under no circumstances is a new man to be invited to any of the fraternity houses until the 29th of January, 1932, except at official open house. The "rushing period" will be from that date until midnight on February 3rd, when the bids will be placed in the mail boxes.

## Captain Good Stars

On Wed., Oct. 21, St. Stephen's soccer team scored its initial victory of the year on the home field in the best game so far this season. The final score in the fourth was 5-1 in favor of the Saints when the referee, Axtell, called the game on account of darkness. The crowd along the sidelines remained especially enthusiastic throughout the contest and did much cheering.

Seth Low, after keeping the game tied at 1-1 for the first half, was unable to cope with the Saint's attack in the second half when four goals were rushed past goalie Bernstein.

Seth Low was commended to play the defensive the greater part of the game against the Saint's powerful front line and half backs. One of the things shown up by the game was the fine material possessed by the Saints in the part of the last half of the game. All of the goals scored by St. Stephen's with the exception of White's penalty kick were the result of careful executed plays. On Saturday the Soccer team will go to Troy to play Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute which has always been our chief rival in all sports.

In an interview with Coach Leeke, after the game, he stated that for the first time this year the scarlet team played hard and consistent through the entire game. In previous games the team had played hard but spasmodically. Captain Good in Coach Leeke's estimation led the team admirably by scoring two goals. Several of the new men also seemed very promising to him. White appeared to do well in his new position and the coach anticipates him to be a tower of strength in the forward line.

Goldstein made a spectacular and difficult stop on a penalty kick and almost succeeded in blocking their other one. Gilreath made a good team-mate for Paul in his new position of left full back and Keppler played his usual steady game at center half. The front line in the coach's opinion improved enormously in regard to their passing but were still weak in the passing to the outside forwards.

The line up:

St. Stephen's		Seth Low
Goldstein	G	Bernstein
Paul	RFB	Monigsberg
Gilreath	LFB	Cohen
Keppler	CHB	Gitlin
Dienst	LHB	Morgentine
Good	RHB	Brooks
Spahr	OL	Kaniringeisser
White	IL	Weisenfeld
Mitton	CF	Bolstein
Savage	OR	Kahn
Oustinoff	IR	Meyer

Goals: St. Stephen's—White, Good, 2; Oustinoff, Stetson. Seth Low: Kahn.

Time of Periods: Twenty-two minutes.

Referee: Axtell.

(Continued on page 4)

## K. G. X. RECEIVES LARGE LEGACY

Plan Parking Space

The Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity has received from the estate of the late Bishop Vinton a legacy of \$5000. This has been added to the Endowment Fund of the Fraternity.

All work on the grounds around the Chapter House has been completed, with the exception of the tennis court. It has been decided to postpone the completion of the tennis court for the present. Plans are now being drawn for the construction of a parking space at the left of the drive which was completed last year.



**Fraternity Notes**

Kappa Gamma Chi has pledged Samuel Lowther, a special student, of New York City.

New York Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon has pledged John Migliori, class of 1934, of New York City.

Eulexian has pledged Edgar Bailes, class of 1933, of Pittsburgh.

New York Sigma Phi Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon held a formal dinner at the Beekman Arms, Friday evening, October second.

Kappa Gamma Chi gave a tea for the faculty Sunday afternoon, October tenth. Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Crosby were the hostesses.

**"SAVERIO"**

— Part II —

Nearly every morning we walked down to the sea to bathe—Padre Ruffo under his black umbrella, I under my broad straw hat, Saverio under nothing at all and carrying the bag which contained two bathing suits and half a loaf of bread. In the shade of a lofty, fantastic archway that cut through a narrow fork of tuffa cliff jutting out into the African sea, Padre Ruffo and I found natural dressing rooms. Saverio was allowed only to wade; but by one of those mysterious medical edicts it had been declared that submersion in sea water would "fa male"—do harm—to this sturdy youngster. Consequently, Saverio had to content himself in

the shallow water near the shore, shouting strange things in dialect to the teamsters in their gaily painted carts, or sailing a bit of driftwood on a string while he eagerly waited for the shell fish and polyps which the Padre and I gathered among the rocks and tossed to him. And when the padre called out that he had found another "family" of ricci, Saverio would shout and dance for joy, and imperil the medical edict by coming out a little farther into the sea. Later, on the beach we ate these shell fish raw, with the bread. I believe Saverio's greatest thrill, however, came the day I brought along my camera and took a snapshot of him standing beside his Padre. It was his first experience of the kind, and the way he eyed the machine recalled those descriptions one reads of the

Indians' first sight of fire-arms.

Saverio's enthusiasm for action seemed to culminate in his service at the altar. A novena of the Madonna delle Grazie was in progress in the little chapel, and I had ample chance for observation each evening as I stood or sat in the nave of the great church beyond. Through the high connecting arch I had an excellent view of the reed organ, choir, and altar of the little chapel, the latter blazing with candles. The unusual eloquence of Padre Ruffo's sermon was matched by the zeal of the little Saverio when his turn arrived. His bare feet now thrust into shoes, his patched trousers, sketchy little shirt, and tenuous suspenders hastily veiled by his little cot'ta of white lawn, he watched and listened with the

(Continued on page 4)

**Campus Glimpses**

Ho hum, another Friday, fish for supper and a column due, no ideas, but our public must be served; so dear public, get this. We know that:

Kind hearted Mr. Mauzey called off one of his classes so they might listen to the World Series.

Jaci; Calkin's teeth are not all his own.

Dick Nale got scalped in Red Hook.

Pinkie Bailes is now Eulexian. Thorpe is not the shortest man in college.

Mulligan got discouraged trying to grow a mustache.

Feiker has started commuting again.

Symons, as usual, got the first duck of the season.

George shot a thirty-four the other day. He expects to try the second hole next week.

Beckford and Sowers lost a car over the week end.

Jim Paul already has three women begging to be brought to the Junior Prom, and Vassar hasn't opened yet.

Doc has given six bridge parties so far this semester.

Trefry doesn't care for Russian Dressing as a Soup Course.

Maldonado has two gray shirts. Now we have OFFICIAL press correspondents.

The Aspinwall Frosh are readily learning where Scribner lives.

Bill Jordan went into the Anthropology class with his hair combed and Trotsky thought he was a living exhibit.

Dale Clarke has fallen away to a ton.

Although Dr. Garabedian's hexagon has collapsed it is now in the process of reconstruction.

Perkins is taking in washing due to the depression.

The Non Socs wish to be known as the Nu Phi's. (No Frat)

All the Fraternities are doing a rushing business.

Robert Clarke hasn't had time to curl his hair lately.

Although Hansfield is from Princeton you'd never know it.

There are five men on Campus from Wilberham.

Those with money eat out on Fridays.

Hirst had his first trip to New York.

Gerritson is the happiest man on Campus. They haven't quarantined the High Schools.

Mac Wallace gets his Sabbatical next year.

Although Beckford is free, white and twenty-one, he doesn't speak the language of the natives.

Spath has the biggest feet on the Campus.

Calkin hasn't had a hair cut since August twenty-ninth.

Father Hawkins' position as oldest student on Campus is still unchallenged.

MacLean's laugh can be heard a mile and a quarter away.

Even our Warden patronizes the College Store.

Dick Nale has received his first injury in three years of sports.

Mr. Libaire received a letter addressed, Ann & Ale on the Hudson.

Now that he found out it would run, Feiker is sorry he sold his car.

Jim Everett was a doorman for Publix this summer.

Dr. Harry completed fifty years of teaching, while Dean Upton nears his thirty year mark.

The chef is as good as a linguist as he is a cook, he can speak five languages.

There are no Smiths, Cohens, or Kellys on Campus.

One Frosh was reprimanded by his family for staying up until 11:30 p. m.

We have a Good, Better and Best in School.

Our column is finished.

Signed:

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*Dorothy Mackaill*



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FRESHMAN CLASS ORGANIZES AND HAS ELECTIONS

Following numerable preliminaries, the St. Stephen's Class of 1935 met in the Hegeman Theater on the evening of October twelfth and elected its officers for the rest of the year. For two weeks preceding this Robert Booth of Burlington, Vermont, had acted as class chairman while the freshmen determined their choices for the respective offices.

The election involved the usual amount of discussing and politics but on the whole went off very smoothly. Kenneth Bolton, Cleveland, Ohio, was elected president; Peter Oustinoff, New York City, will hold the office of vice-president; Carleton B. Hovey, Bradford, Massachusetts, was chosen secretary; and the treasurer elected is Clifford Burgess of Wilberham, Massachusetts.

“SAVERIO”

greatest attention, striding back and forth, genuflecting, nodding, advancing, retreating, now swinging the censor, now holding one side of the Padre's cope, now prompting the other boy and sometimes giving him a most obvious shove in the right direction—all done in a rhythm most like a dance, with that engaging animation and yet careless lack of precision which make the ritual of southern Italian churches a thing of wonder. But if Saverio ever made a mistake his manner never betrayed the fact; whatever it might be, he carried every movement through—there was no turning back with him. The supreme moment was reached when he made the dash for the Sanctus bell, which hung in a corner by the big arch, some distance away. To reach the cord it was necessary for him to thread his way among the women and children crowded close to the dias upon which stood the altar.

become enraptured with gazing upon the Madonna in her golden crown with the Child upon her arm. . . Then the benediction.

When Saverio was not at the altar he was never idle. Beside passing the collection plate he must watch the chairs out in the nave and those who sat down upon them, to see everyone paid his just penny of rent. And afterward he always carried the chairs back to their pile against the wall. One evening he flew into a group of boys of his own size and larger who had taken some chairs into an unwonted part of the church during the service. He scattered them as hawk scatters chickens; then rounded them up and made them take the chairs back where they belonged. He knew and the boys knew that the Lord was on his side. And once while a procession was forming in the church a youngster much bigger than himself was cutting some caper that delayed the work with the smaller boys. Saverio remonstrated with him, and when he did not desist he gave him such a boxing that he needed no further check. No watch dog could be more attentive to the property of his master, and though he moved between duties, he was always on hand at crucial moments, for even work seemed to be play for Saverio.

“And will you make a priest of Saverio?” I once asked Padre Ruffo, who I knew was secretly proud of the zeal of his little helper.

The priest smiled thoughtfully and shook his head. “He will be whatever he likes,” he replied, “but I have a feeling that he will not choose to be a priest.”

My last evening in the town the Padre came as usual to sit and converse with me while I dined on the terrace of my hotel. When I told him I had decided to take the autobus at dawn for Palermo, instead of waiting for the nine o'clock train, his good-natured face became sad. He regretted that he would not see me in the morning, and added: “Saverio has gone to bed thinking he will see you at the train to say his ‘Boun viaggio.’” I was sorry but there were good reasons for my wanting to reach Palermo early in the day; so I sent by the Padre my goodbyes to the little fellow who had given me so many moments of entertainment and such attentive hospitality. After our usual walking conversation in the Piazza, the Padre and I made our farewells, and I returned to my hotel to pack. I felt a little depressed. . . Saverio was going to be disappointed. . .

At five o'clock next morning, as I was about to step into the autobus in the gray, deserted street, a little figure suddenly appeared in front of me, bareheaded, barefooted, his two simple garments held together by the tenuous suspenders, his closely clipped head tilted back, his eyes still a little heavy with sleep, although he had run nearly a mile through the fresh morning air.

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PHILIPPINES

to dance about nine and carried on well into the morning hours. We were sleeping in the church—that is, trying to sleep. But sleep is well nigh impossible with many ganzas clashing just outside one's window. Who would care about sleep on such a night and amid such surroundings? Removed as we were from all traces of civilization; surrounded by groups of primitive mountaineers wrapped in blankets; the incessant, syncopated clanging of the ganzas, and the tum-tum of the tambaal; it all added one more bit of charm to a life always full of romance and reality. In the soft light of the moon, fantastic figures and shapes appeared more weird. The men have now put aside their blankets and are crouching in a circle. There they go, advance and retreat, to the side and back, crouching and leaping, a pause; and then the movement begins again with its springing, panther-like tread. The women, arms flexed above their heads, posturing with the whole body in the most graceful of poses, sway in a slow, almost imperceptible shuffle. Fascinating, it well nigh defies description.

In this mission we have ten outstations in addition to the two central stations. These stations cover an area that is far-flung and practically diocesan in it's extent. Travel is by horse-back for the most part; there are trails which the sure-footed pony can not negotiate, which means we must walk to the station. Some stations are so remote that it means staying overnight. Food and a cot are carried along and we sleep in what passes for a church, a wooden shack with a grass roof. At this time of the year and until next December, the trails go out easily and quickly with an afternoon's hard rain. Travel is most difficult, but rainy season or dry season, there are the climbs up the sides of the mountains, always terrific and exhausting. However, there is an advantage in those climbs, especially for one who sees the possible “fat and forty” age not many years in the future. Of the 240 people I have baptized this year to date, June 6th, all but sixty have been baptized in the outstations. (To Be Concluded Next Week)

“Buon viaggio, Signore,” he said, smiling breathlessly and giving me his hand. “Arriverdere presto!” The car began to move, Saverio stepped back, came to attention and gave the ancient Sicilian salute, his right hand raised above his head, palm open outward. Then he turned and ran toward home as suddenly as he had come. —Edward L. Voorhees.

Quarantine at Vassar made it necessary for Dr. James Wilson to postpone a tea dance and party planned for sometime the middle of this month at his apartment. When the quarantine is lifted after the first of November, Dr. Wilson intends to have some Vassar girls here for such an affair.

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