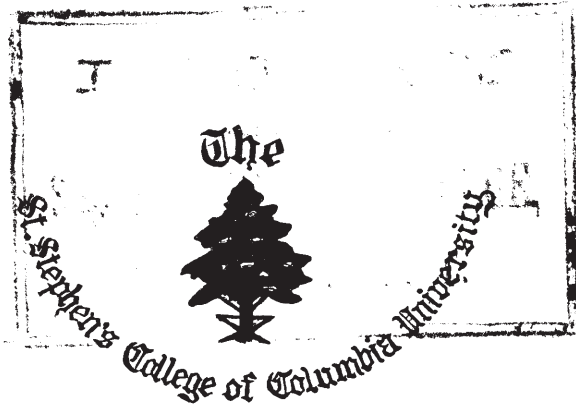


LYRE TREE

Vol. 11 No. 12 June 3, 1932

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Athletic Banquet

On Wednesday, May 25th, the annual Athletic Dinner was held in the Dining Commons, at seven P. M. Mr. M. A. Tufts, A. B., Brown, a member of the Football Rules Committee, and a popular inter-collegiate referee, was the guest of honor, and Dr. H. R. Phalen presided.

Mr. Tufts was the first speaker, and opened his address with several amusing incidents from his long service as a football official. Basing his remarks on practical experience, he lauded the ideals of good sportsmanship and athletic training, as being conducive to a healthful successful life in the world outside of college. He stressed the importance of ability to give and to receive orders, and emphasized the necessity of clean play on the field. He remarked in closing that a team need not win a majority of its encounters in order to justify its existence, and that success is measured by the enjoyment of doing one's best and having a good time at it, win or lose.

After a few short speeches by the captain-elect of next year's teams, in which they outlined their plans for the coming season, Dr. Phalen called on Coach Leeke to speak, and to announce the awards for spring sports. Mr. Leeke, in a sincere, convincing talk, complimented the players on the teams for their excellent cooperation throughout the year. He then proceeded to a well-merited criticism of campus attitude toward the teams, and concluded with an earnest request for less derision of the honest efforts of those who make teams, and for fewer "self-appointed assistant coaches". He asked the wholehearted support for the men in the games they lose as well as those they win, and hoped that just the one mention of the matter would suffice to bring about a change of attitude, beginning with next fall. The gathering broke up after the announcement of basketball and tennis awards, which are to be found elsewhere in this issue.

The Phi Beta Kappa oration will be delivered tomorrow evening at dinner by John Erskine, Ph. D. L. D., Litt. D., professor at Columbia University. Prof. Erskine is also president of Julliard School of Music, and the author of numerous well-known books. The title of the oration will be "Art and Tradition."

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The three fraternities and the non-fraternity group have chosen their representatives to the Student Council. Together with the President and Vice-President of Student Convocation, elected May 9th, these four will serve on next year's Council, whose full membership now is: President—Marcus B. Mallett Vice Pres.—John Milton Eulexian Rep.—Gordon White K. G. X. Rep. A Monroe Bold S. A. E. Rep.—Edw. M. Fried Non-Soc Rep.—Chas. Knapp

Seventy-second Commencement Program

Saturday, June 4th.	8:30 - 12:00 P. M.	Faculty Dance, open to all students and guests, in the Gymnasium.
Sunday, June 5th.	10:30 A. M.	Choral Eucharist and Baccalaureate Sermon, by the Very Reverend Philemon F. Sturges, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston.
	3:30 P. M.	Senior Teas, in the Fraternity Houses, open to students and guests.
	5:15 P. M.	Phi Beta Kappa Initiation, in the Warden's Room.
	6:00 P. M.	Vesper Service.
	7:00 P. M.	Phi Beta Kappa Dinner to the Trustees, Faculty, Students, and men guests, in Preston Hall Orator: John Erskine, Ph. D., L.L. D., Litt. D., D. S. M., Professor of English in Columbia University.
	9:00 P. M.	Class Day Exercises.
Monday, June 6th.	10:30 A. M.	Meeting of the Board of Trustees, in the Warden's Room.
	1:00 P. M.	Luncheon for the College and guests, Preston Hall.
	2:15 P. M.	Seventy-second Annual Convocation of the College, in the Chapel. The conferring of University degrees. Awarding of prizes.

French and German Organ Music

Since our series of articles on organ music must be concluded with this final issue of the "Lyre Tree," it is only natural that we should say a brief word about both the French and German Schools. In the articles on Bach and Franck we have become acquainted with the founders of these schools; it remains to consider a few of the greatest French and German composers for organ since Bach and Franck.

Perhaps the outstanding figure in the modern French school is Charles-Marie Widor, who was born at Lyons on February 22, 1845. He was appointed to St. Sulpice, Paris, in 1870. He succeeded Cesar Franck at the Conservatoire as organ professor, and later followed Dubois as professor of composition. His chief organ works are his eleven symphonies. This great French organist has repeatedly said that the organ at St. Sulpice has been the inspiration for his symphonies—works which have won for him the title of the "greatest living composer for the organ." Early in 1930, Widor received from the city of Paris a medal in honor of his sixtieth year of service as organist of St. Sulpice.

Louis Vierne, the blind organist of Notre Dame, born in 1870, celebrated last year his thirtieth year of service. He studied theory with Cesar Franck and organ with Widor. Naturally, his organ music shows a good deal of the influence of these two teachers. But he has his own idiom, characterized by an admirable use of canon, skillful combination of themes, excellence in development, and daring harmonies, at times bold to roughness. His music is earnest and substantial and lacks neither poetic feeling nor originality. He has already written so much that is strong and original, that there can be no question in placing him in the front rank of organ composers.

(Continued on Page 3)

SENIORS HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET

As the Catskills swallowed the sun, last Friday, thirty seniors, rejoicing in the nigh completed four year's race against education, happily in the secure knowledge of jobs awaiting them after graduation content with the aims-giving universe, and brimming full with merry spirits because of all these glories, walked into Duncker's on the Post Road to eat and drink their praises to the benevolent gods.

They celebrated the brotherly unity which has bound them so faithfully together throughout the adverse years, and even at the last, with the end in sight, not one note of discord marred their midst. As the last rays of the setting sun peered thoughtfully through the curtains across the festive board, knives and forks glittered while the solemn youths stabbed themselves over the meat bread, and wine.

Light footed waitresses, fair as Arabian houris, whisked plates back and forth skillfully in soothing silence. The candlelight shone tenderly on the clean brows, the poised graciousness of this new batch of manhood soon to storm with upright hearts the citadels of the world's intolerance and bigotry, soon to proclaim a new regime on earth because they were filled with that tolerant love of religion which only compulsory chapel can bring.

There sat an honor's man, and next to him one not quite so honorable, the both of them feeding each other with solicitude. Here again was expressed the spirit which has animated the class since the day when, as raw material, it wandered awestruck through these portals (the college's, not Dunker's) for the first time.

As coffee was served, the toastmaster extricated himself from beneath the table, and, after the waitresses were requested to leave shutting the doors behind themselves, because strangers would have been out of place in this lovefeast, the speeches began. Eckel's was the longest, he

Dragoons Entertain At Beekman Arms

The Beekman Arms scarcely appreciated the honor which was bestowed on it the other night when it entertained the widely known order of the Dragoons, the mighty crew of intellectual curiosity, which is commonly and traditionally known to be existing on the campus of Stephen's College for Men (and Women when we can get them!) But, seriously speaking, the club is not for all. Those who have been exceptionally good at leg-pulling and other quaint college customs, such as patronizing the library more than once a week, are the only ones elected to the club. It is an honor, a great honor when the members graduate, if they are lucky, they find themselves a job.

To get back to the point of speaking, and there were many Monsieur Abramovitch, (how he changes nationality over night has ever been a mystery to all of us,) told the boys gathered that to them had fallen the task of carrying on the intellectual renown of St. Stephen's, located in the country, and giving a degree, (once in a while.) The meeting ended with the passing of a motion for bigger and better A's, for they said that when bigger and better A's shall be given, the Dragoons will get them. Incidentally they gave three long cheers for the faculty, since that has been their yearly policy ever since the club began; in fact, it is rumored that the original all day sucker founded the Dragoons. Well, we wish all the Dragoons well when they get out in the wide world, and there is no nightly chapel to protect them from evils thereof. So long, boys, come again and tell us how you used to raise the devil every Saturday night by walking to Red Hook and buying a soda.

evening. So, after a toast to Alma Mater, and the singing of her song, the class walked out into the fresh lilac, scented twilight, glorying in the cleanliness of body and soul.

Athletic Awards

The College Athletic Advisory Committee has announced the following awards for participation in Spring sports:

Baseball: Letters

Captain Harry Trefry
James A. Paul
Edward Fried
Eduardo Maldonado
Clinton Spahr
John Keppler
John Burgevin
Frederick Lewis
Herbert Dienst
Byron Weaver
Manager Vernon Emerick

Numerals

A. Monroe Bold
Harry Jones
Paul Woodruff
Martin Goldstein
Richard Stevens
George Jastram
E. Yale Clarke
Harry Mason
Homer Economos

Tennis: Letters

Captain Kenneth C. Kates
William Jordan
James Everett
Wallace Carr
Arthur Kent
Thomas Riley

Numerals

Robert Rudge
John Haynes
Francis Norworthy Gilreath
Hugh Hansfield

STEPHEN BAKER TO SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTLER

In the place of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who cannot appear at the commencement exercises on Monday because of pressing political engagements, Mr. Stephen Baker, senior member of the Board of Trustees of Columbia University, will address the convocation Monday afternoon in the chapel. Mr. Baker is a prominent banker in New York, and chairman of the Board of Banks of Manhattan.

SPAHR AND JORDAN CHOSEN 1933 CAPTAINS

At a meeting of the letter men of the tennis squad, William E. Jordan was elected captain of the 1933 team, and at a similar meeting of the baseball team, Clinton Spahr was chosen captain.

Bill Jordan has been a strong member of the tennis team for two seasons, and this spring he won more of his matches than any other member of the team.

Clint Spahr has been outstanding in athletics throughout his college career thus far, having won his letters in soccer, hockey and baseball. His batting average was one of the highest on the team this season, though he was handicapped by a hand injury for several games. The Lyre Tree wishes Jordan and Spahr the greatest success for next year.

Bostwick Ketcham was appointed as baseball manager, to succeed Vernon Emerick, and as yet no tennis manager has been selected from the eligible candidates.

THE LYRE TREE

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WELCOME

The Lyre Tree wishes to extend a hearty welcome to all those who are guests of the college and of the graduating class over this seventy-second commencement weekend. Returning alumni are cordially invited to participate in all the activities and exercises of the occasion.

The Lyre Tree also desires to thank those students who have given valuable assistance at a most inconvenient time, that this issue might appear.

THE FACULTY

The editor told us to be sure not to forget the faculty, as though we could ever do such a thing! The faculty are a great bunch of guys; they keep us awake nights, and it is only fair that we should do the same for them once in a while. But they are quite a cosmopolitan group! In fact, they have an organization known as the Soviet, probably suggested by Doc Edwards, also lovingly known as Trotzky, for he is renowned as being sympathetic with the Roossians. Well, as the Dragoons so well expressed it, the faculty are a swell bunch, and not a word against them shall ever issue from our mouths, not until we graduate, anyway. But the new and sprightly Mrs. Leeke, famous for her wit and good looks, much to the worry and jealousy of her husband, Mr. Leeke, has sponsored the faculty dance, given in behalf of the students, believe it or not. It seems too good to be true that the faculty are at last going to have something to which the students may come. Heretofore their organization has been a closed corporation. But lets get back to the dance, and leave the faculty alone.

GRADUATION

The public notices with causal interest at this season of the year the annual exit of students from the colleges and universities all over the country. Baccalaureate sermons, commencement addresses and the ceremonies of graduation are even given some attention in the daily papers. A turning point in life has been reached for those who are about to be graduated. Commencement day is a day of endings and a day of beginnings. It marks the end of undergraduate existence, a breaking with a life that was full of happy associations, close friendships, and work and play. With the usual symbols of academic success, a cap, gown, and diploma, the seniors will leave the halls of wisdom to take their places in the world. There will be no welcome for them this year in a world which is already over-crowded with unemployed.

To view the scene dispassionately and without illusions is wise and necessary. Those who have had on thinking caps for four years must take their places in a world where wisdom is impotent against human stupidity, in a world where reason has long since abdicated if it ever did once reign. Chance majorities and an untutored public opinion are apparently in control. Is it not to be expected then that thinking aloud will be looked upon as literature, public office as an opportunity for exploitation, and big business as merely a means to accumulate a fortune? One is reminded of that little verse from the Rubaiyat-

"Ah youth, could you and I with Fate conspire
To change, this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits and then
Remold it nearer to the heart's desire."

But this is commencement day. Let us be happy for a moment in the illusions which have filled the past four years and made them unforgettable.

The Effects of
the Deceased

The body was recovered a week after the accident by a wandering shepherd, who reported his discovery to the prefect of the village constabulary. Interment was witnessed by the immediate family. A week later, the family attorney, following instructions of the deceased, called to his offices all relatives only three degrees removed from the family, the vestrymen of the deceased's church, the local statesmen, and representatives of the more conservative press. When all concerned were assembled the attorney began to read the will:

"I, Rufus, being sound of mind and body, fully aware of what I shall subscribe my hand to, do hereby give my last will and testament. I have called my good friend, Dr. Cookingham, my friend Mrs. Kurek, and my man-servant, Max, to witness and attest for my deed. I submit myself to their mercy and the goodness of the Lord.

First, I have had a presentiment for several months of a strange death. If fate so decrees that I come to a violent death, I hereby impose upon my personal friends the task of halting my evil-doers within the pale. I find strength and consolation in the belief that even today the wrong shall suffer for their crimes. I realize that I am alone in my views but my soul would not rest if I die unavenged. I command that in case my darkest fears are justified no trouble shall be spared to retrieve my remains. I desire that my earthly body shall be cremated some beautiful spring evening in the cremation plant connected to the main dining hall of Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. My ashes are scattered to the four winds at a position just south of the ticket booth on the Zabriskie playing fields. One mangy, piebald work horse is to be sacrificed every Walpurgis night to commemorate the event. All military or naval parades within a radius of ten miles are to halt for ten minutes while the national anthem is to be whistled on the necks of empty gin bottles. Afterwards the parades are to continue.

Second, all warrants, liens, drafts, and assessments on my person and property are to be turned over to mine host, the general of Upper Red Hook. He is to have full rein in the destruction of said warrants, liens, drafts, and assessments. My much travelled check of high rubber content, is to be set aside for a sinking fund for the hockey rink. I expressly forbid the destruction of all certificates of chapel attendance. They are to be preserved for posterity and my biographers as source material of Rufusiana.

Third, I bequeath my religion and Greek papers to those poor fools, the incoming freshmen. May they read and sweep. I tenderly bestow my sun-burn to the low toff who steals my gowns as fast as I can get my hands on another. I hope he ends up in a sweat shop. My much cherished fly paper is to be given to all those commoners who address the chair from the back of the house to the miserable strains of "Happy birthday, dear Rhinehart." Their ugly voices affect me yet. I am troubled to know how to dispose of my room furnishings. Perhaps it would be best to return my smoking stand to the Nelson House, my settee (for I am a loss how else to describe it) to chapel, my tea service to the scullery, my chairs to the Palace, my socks to the gym, my signs to the Bronx River park commission, to College View avenue and Four Corners, to the Bell Telephone company, my wooden Indian to Hudson my police billy to the Southampton force, my chef's hat to Symons to Pittsfield, my pass keys to Eckel to Chance, my writing paper to the Beekman Arms,

HOMO SAPIENS

The German club wound up its season's activities with a party for all its members in the recreation room. A good time was had by all, at least they said so, for before the evening was over the party got quite hilarious on the near beer served after the German fashion. The only cloud on the horizon was that someone forgot the pretzels, and no one could think of the German word for beer without pretzels. However, under the nonchalant leadership of the genial president, Herr Abramovitch, the matter was overlooked, and the matter of electing a new president to relieve the overburdened Herr Abramovitch was quickly and lightly proceeded with. We extend our congratulations to the new president of the august body of beer drinkers, one Herr La Barre. Who was it that said that Germans were not all Germans, or something to the effect that there is nothing in names?

Rumor has it that the French club, not to be outdone by the German club, went off campus where they could drink and make merry in peace. A place called Kreuger's island was obtained for the festival, far from prying eyes and ears of detective sergeants, although it is doubted very much if the latter can understand French. The two clubs have very much in common, for the eligibility to both is based on the ability to speak the languages fluently! The French club was fortunate as one of its members had a sudden brain storm and remembered where the freshman "Algy" had been buried, so they dug it up and drank the wine. The guests of the French club's picnic were, besides the ants and mosquitoes, a few "townies" from the village, who sneaking up behind our heroes, spied on their activities, as they wanted to know why a group of so-called men wanted to go off to such wild place as Kreuger's for a stag party. We'll bite, why did they?

and my stamps to the advertising committee of the Sketch Book. If the over-indulgent proprietor of a speak on 5th street wants to know where his French phone went to which I helped him look for, will he communicate with my heirs.

Fourth, all my negotiable property is to be split three ways on the dollar. What remains is to revert back to the original, bearing interest on the first, third and fifth declarations of rights and purposes, not withstanding all statements to the contrary in the proxies of non-voting stock holders. A notice to this effect is to run indefinitely in the Portland, Oregon, Press-Dispatch.

I, Rufus, being still sound of mind and body, notwithstanding and in spite of all rumors to the contrary, hereby declare all provisions above and herebefore null and void under the state and federal provisions for undecided benefactors and, in the best traditions of hidden dispositions, refer all who are interested to a codicil to be made public 99 years after the Trek to the country of the undergraduate body of Columbus University.

Done, by God, the first day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1932. Witnessed

The monotonous voice of the family attorney ceased and there was an appreciable period of quiet. At last the family and relatives broke away from the attorney's office, communing with themselves and marvelling at the goodness and intelligence that once belonged to Rufus.

Believe it or not, that 277,000,000 years old rocks picked up in Connecticut the other day looks almost as new as some of this years' rocks.

A FABLE

Once upon a time in the mythical college of Stephen the Saint spring came to the campus. It was the usual kind of spring at the usual time of the year and it brought the usual spring fever with it, so much so, in fact, that all the hard working faculty wives poured another cup of tea, related the choicest bit of gossip, and yearned for the open spaces of the golf course. After they had recovered from the initial shock or spring a few of the younger ones who could still walk nine holes decided that the weather was much too nice to work over a hot diner and then have to go to Commons, so they convinced their respective and more or less respectable husbands that it was time to have a picnic. Notwithstanding their husbands' cries of "Montaigne on the roads of upper Vermont, and the parks of Germany," not yet the fact that the library must be kept open in the evening, three and one half couples gathered. (NO, tomorrow night you shall hear about what is half a couple. Don't interrupt your uncle.) Since, as was the custom of this venerable institution, afternoon classes were held, the ladies set out early to have a fast foursome, leaving behind their more or less trusting husbands holding the bag of potato salad which they had swiped from the chef. Merrily the women went their way, and stopped at a roadside delicatessen to buy provender for their evening meal, and a bottle of pop (?) for the two thinnest ones. Then refreshed and gay, they played their golf and met their husbands. Then all together in a big happy bunch they went miles and miles up the river, vainly trying to get into the vast estates which lined the river. Finally, miles away from any sight of human habitation they found a place, and one of the professors who had been a Boy Scout built a fire on a box of matches, and they sat down to eat. (Wake up, son, what do you think I'm telling this story for?) But alas there was no food. What do you think had happened? Those women had gone off and left the food there in that roadside delicatessen after paying their husband's cash for it. And so the husbands sat down and merrily ate the potato salad and ants, and all they gave their wives was food for thought.

All of which goes to prove that as housewives and golf players faculty wives take the prize rubber handled nible. And next year, if I don't graduate, I'll take great pride in telling you a much more pointed story than this—that is, IF I don't graduate. I guess they'll let me out now.

PRESIDENT'S AIDE



Capt. Walter Newhall Vernou, U. S. N., commanding officer of the U. S. S. Northampton, who has been appointed to succeed Capt. Charles Russell Train as naval aide to President Hoover.

FRENCH AND GERMAN ORGAN MUSIC

(Continued from Page 1)

ers. Vierne is still in his early sixties and much more good work is expected of him. He has just published a sixth symphony which is said to be the finest of all his works.

Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was born on February 3, 1809 of wealthy and cultivated family. Their Berlin home was a social center, and the careful training under tutors was constantly supplemented by contact with writers, artists, and musicians. In his precocious childhood, he was the idol of a wise father, of a fond mother, of brothers and sisters who shared his tastes and in some measure his abilities, and of a circle of literary and artistic friends at the head of which was the aged Goethe. In later years he had all the advantages of a university training, the best teachers in music, foreign travel, a happy marriage, and a fame extending to all corners of Europe. Few instances can be found in history of a man at the same time so amply gifted and so fortunate in his environment. In 1820, he began the systematic series of his formal compositions, and at the age of sixteen he was already a finished performer of piano, organ, and viola, and a master at composition. An extremely strenuous life brought about his untimely death in 1847.

Mendelssohn was the first to interrupt the flow of mediocre organ

literature which followed Bach's death. In Mendelssohn's "Three Preludes and Fugues" and "Six Sonatas" we have, says Harvey Grace, "works which are not only among the very best of those written for the organ, but which also seem destined to be the longest lived of his efforts."

Josef Gabriel Rheinberger, distinguished organist, conductor, composer, and teacher, was born at Vaduz in 1839 and died at Munich in 1901. At an early age he showed extraordinary musical aptitude, and when but five years old had attracted much attention. The organ pedals being beyond the reach of his little feet, his teacher arranged a second pedal board for the convenience of his young pupil. In 1846, when only seven years of age, Rheinberger was appointed organist at Vaduz parish church; and during the following year, his first composition—a three-part mass with organ accompaniment—was publicly performed. Shortly after this event, the Bishop of a nearby town invited Rheinberger senior to bring his son to the cathedral in order that his musical ability might be tested. A "Salve Regina" for four male voices and organ was placed before the young musician, and he was requested to play while the bishop and clergy sang. The performance, however, was brought to an unexpected conclusion by young Rheinberger, who abruptly ceased his accompaniment and exclaimed: "But, Herr Bishop, you continually sing out of tune!"

Harvey Grace, in his "Organ

Works of Rheinberger" asserts that "in Rheinberger's twenty Sonatas and eighty-nine short pieces, we have a mass of fine organ music for which no parallel can be found outside Bach."

In Johannes Brahms, born at Hamburg in 1833, the illustrious line of German composers of the first rank seems to have come to an end. His father, double-bassist in the Hamburg Stadt-theater, was the boy's first teacher. Brahms began to appear as a pianist at the age of fourteen. At twenty he was warmly received by Liszt at Weimar and by Schumann at Dusseldorf. His hold upon the general musical public grew slowly, however, since as a performer he made little use of ordinary means of impression, and since as a composer he seemed at first over-intricate. Those who criticized Brahms for his "dryness," "over-intellectuality," and "lack of emotion," soon succumbed to the true depth and warmth of feeling in his music which familiarity was bound to reveal. He has shown himself one of the most important of Bach's followers in his manner of attaining great effects by polyphonic means.

Brahms wrote little for the organ. He left only a few preludes and fugues and the "Elf Choralvorspiel." But in his eleven chorale preludes, his only posthumous work, he gave the world music of supernatural beauty and of profound spiritual significance. As Bach dictated a chorale prelude for organ from his death-bed, so did

Amelia Earhart Flies Ocean Alone



New photograph of Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam who flew from Harbor Grace, N. F., to Culmore, Ireland, near Londonderry, the first woman to make a solo flight across the Atlantic ocean. Her goal was Paris but the exhaust manifold of her plane burned out and her motor was straining, so she landed in Ireland.

Brahms turn to the chorale prelude as a medium of expression when he found himself dying slowly of cancer.

W. J. S.



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When Greek Meets Greek

The Case Against the Fraternities

When Hamilton Holt was called to the presidency of Rollins College, he favored the Greek letter fraternities and helped their establishment at that institution.

Since 1925, the national fraternity has six new competitors on the campus, and local groups have also been established. Opposition to this policy has developed, and a faculty committee was appointed to make a survey and report.

Three of the four members of the committee is fraternity alumni but the committee brought in an adverse report, with a severe arraignment of the fraternity system.

1. That the system is undemocratic and therefore out of harmony with what American college life should be, and with Rollins in particular.

2. That the system subordinates individuality to the group and pro-

duces types, not personalities.

3. That the rushing season emphasizes the undemocratic nature of the system, disorganizes college work, and mentally and physically unfits the student for serious application to more important duties.

4. That fraternity secrecy and symbolism results in immature attitudes at variance with modern educational standards.

5. That the menace of undesirable leadership is increased by reason of the peculiar form of fraternal organization.

6. That the fraternity sets up a divided loyalty which is highly detrimental to the college and may be to the student.

7. That the consequences of withdrawal are so serious as to amount to a practical barrier against it.

8. That the playing of college politics by the fraternities in their own clannish interests is an evil that will grow with the growth of fraternity groups.

9. That the fraternity system is

expensive and results either in the expulsion of poor but deserving students or in an unfair form of subsidy by the college, as well as in larger amounts of money going into national organization treasuries.

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