

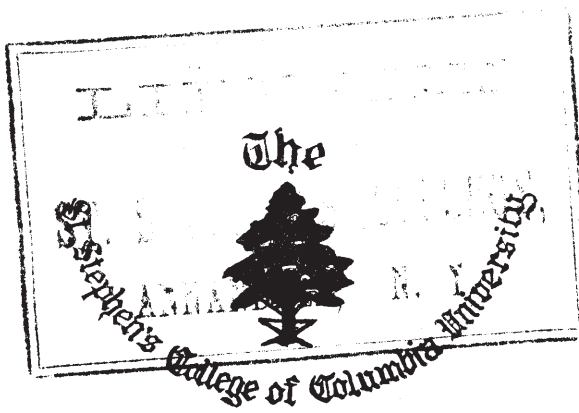
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LYRE TREE

Vol. 11 No. 9 February 19, 1932

Page 1	Fraternities For Against Dr. Edwards At Barnard Junior Varsity Loses Twice Amherst Five Defeats St. Stephen's Five Chapel Again "A Series Of Letters In The Churchman" by Dr. Bell And C. C. Cabaniss, Rector Of A Church In New Haven Organ Music At St. Stephen's Dr. Butler Honored Thirtieth Anniversary As Columbia President Celebrated— Warden Bell Attends Festivities Waiters' Strike Is Ended Dr. Phalen, Arbiter, Suggests Satisfactory Compromise Rocket Test
Page 2	A Statement Of Policy Pro And Con Exchanges Of Buttercups Our New Nurse
Page 3	? Merely 40 Per Cent Exchanges



FRATERNITIES

For

When one enters upon a description of a fraternity he is hampered both by his vows and by the very abstractness of the subject. That they are good is born out by history; and it is only on history that we can base any argument concerning the psychological processes of the human mind. Fraternities are certainly founded mostly on some psychological relations between men. From our very entrance into the world we are continually gathering in groups around some standard. The standard may be a common interest in intellectual endeavor, it may be merely an opposition to some group already formed. But certainly it is always a common interest, lively enough to activate men usually too lazy to stand by themselves.

As groups form they gradually change aspect, develop a unified, clearly defined, sentimental significance, while the original unifying force fades into the background. King Solomon, that wise and judicial ruler, gathered together the masons of the land. So well did he found his fraternity that it now constitutes a force recognized in every nook and corner of the world. It was founded to protect the then precious secrets of a trade, but its ideals have gone through a gradual sublimation until now men from every conceivable trade and profession are bound together by ties almost religious. And the society is no less effective because of its ancient and prosaic beginnings. Men of character still have faith in honesty, beauty and in their vows. Thus it is with fraternities. They can and do play an important part in this world of narrow and selfish materialism. A fraternity gives a man a chance to forget himself and to give vent to his generous instincts. Perhaps any selfish motives he might have are squelched by material worries and mental smallness. Then, indeed, the fraternity can accomplish wonders in allowing the man to forget himself in group activities. If a fraternity is strong, if its principles have been rigidly enough stratified, an individual in need of an outlet for wholesome sentiment is allowed to wax as sentimental as he pleases. In a fraternity (Continued on Page Two)

Against

The non-fraternity man finds himself outside of fraternities due to reasons that differ with the individual and the college. The three chief reasons for his being a non-fraternity man are individuality, unpopularity, and maturity. By individuality, I mean that the man does not conform to the group standards of the fraternity; unpopularity signifies non-conformity offensively flaunted, disgusting either in an inferior or superior manner; maturity stands for maturity in experience, not necessarily intelligence, since it can not be denied that fraternities have more of an appeal to young blood. There are minor phases of the question which don't have to be considered here.

The difficulty in writing about fraternities for a non-fraternity man is that it is very human to look at fraternities from the point of view of the individualist, which may not be the true perspective. It is hard to admit unpopularity, and as for maturity - are we the great hulking cynics, too old to catch the smile of youth? No, we must assume that fraternities don't appeal to us because we are different, though we don't want to offend by saying so.

Just what is there in such an argument, that fraternities set up group characteristics which break down perfectly good individual characteristics? Personally, I think it is a serious charge. An American has every right to be an individualist, and it hurts to see mass conformity everywhere. The forces that introduced friend Babbit got underway in the middle of the nineteenth century. Is it just a coincidence that fraternities blossomed in American colleges at the same time? Didn't Babbit join the Rotary for the same reasons that a man joins a fraternity, and vice versa? There seems to be an un-American liking for sameness, thinking with a group instead of thinking alone. We are still a young nation, fathered by independent pioneers, and we should still have fresh blood in our veins. The argument is used that fraternities make a man a social being. The highest type of social being is a gentleman and a refreshing feature of gentility is that (Continued on Page Two)

Dr. Edwards At Barnard

On Friday morning, February 12th Dr. L. P. Edwards, Professor of Social Science, addressed the sociology students of Barnard College on the subject: "The Social Meaning of Style and Fashion." This was the result of an invitation of nearly a year ago from Professor Robert M. Mac Iver, head of the Department of Social Science in Columbia University. Dr. Edwards reports that the young ladies at Barnard were not only intelligent but attractive and well dressed and he is seriously considering Dr. Mac Iver's invitation to give another lecture there at a future date.

Junior Varsity Loses Twice

On Wednesday, February 10th, the Junior Varsity basketball team lost to Red Hook by a score of 23-33, and on February 16 to the same team 18-19. Both games were played on the St. Stephen's court.

In the first game the Jayvees were slow in getting started and the half ended with the score 18-4 against them. At the beginning of the third period, they opened a determined attack and succeeded in cutting down Red Hook's lead considerably. For a while they were threatening, but Red Hook rallied and held her lead to the (Continued on Page Three)

Amherst Five Defeats St. Stephen's Five

In the fastest and most exciting game played on the home court this season, the St. Stephen's basketball team tonight went down to defeat at the hands of the Amherst quintet; score 37-34. The game was close throughout, the home team exhibiting an alertness which has been lacking so far this winter. Interest among the spectators was keen and reached its peak in the last minute of play with the score 35-34 in Amherst's favor. Although the team has almost reached the end of its schedule, the form displayed to-night allows for a very reasonable hope for a successful season in 1932-33, since very few of the squad are to be graduated this June.

Chapel Again

A Series Of Letters In The Churchman by Dr. Bell And C. C. Cabaniss, Rector Of A Church In New Haven

WORTH PONDERING

To the Editor of The Churchman—St. Stephen's College offers unique opportunities to the proper kind of young man, for undergraduate training in the liberal arts and sciences. It has all the intimacies of this country college plus the teaching expertness of a great metropolitan university. Those who teach here are members of the faculty of the university detailed year by year to instruct in this college. This and the fact that we grant a Columbia University Degree makes St. Stephen's entirely different from the ordinary small college.

Furthermore, this is one college which believes that no one is truly educated unless he has submitted himself both to the scientific and the religious disciplines. The Commission appointed by General Convention to investigate certain colleges reported that at St. Stephen's there was an extraordinary vitality in religious life and thought among the faculty and students, a vitality all the greater because the religious issue is never forced upon anyone.

I find a great deal of reputed concern on the part of the clergy and the laity because their children come back from college with little or no religion, I have yet to notice that this makes much difference in their choice of a college for their sons. Perhaps they think that church colleges are not really as good colleges as secularized colleges are. St. Stephen's is intellectual training plus religion.

Do Episcopalians want such a combination for their sons? Every year our enrollment grows, and every year the percentage of Episcopalians gets smaller. This is a strange thing, worth pondering.

Bernard Iddings Bell, Warden St. Stephen's College Annandale, N. Y.

(Continued on Page Four)

Organ Music At St. Stephen's

We are all familiar with the type of organ music that is played in the chapel. Even a casual look at the bulletin near the entrance makes one acquainted with such names as Bach and Franck. Yet how many of us realize how systematically and painstakingly these organ programs are woven into a course of music appreciation in order that we may have the opportunity of orienting ourselves with respect to the art of music as a whole?? It will be the purpose of this and seven subsequent articles to show how these programs are knit together and also to review briefly the contributions of the more important composers for the organ.

We recognize the need for the sciences as a training for clear thinking and as a guide to structure and behaviour in the physical domain. But we turn to music as the most effective means the race has found for recording man's emotions and moods. To take a concrete example it has been said that the Prieure of Cesar Franck is the most profound and deep-felt prayer ever uttered in any medium. It is music of this sort that brings inward calm at the close of the day's work.

It is well to view the year's program as a whole, which to be helpful must be followed faithfully. Above all, we must not be discouraged if, at times, the music is "over our heads," for appreciation of music is not a gift of the gods so much as it is the result of patient listening to good music.

Not only is the whole field of outstanding organ literature covered, but there are transcriptions of many of the classics by certain composers who, unfortunately, wrote little or nothing for the organ. These transcriptions deservedly take precedence of organ works by second-rate composers. In order to provide us with the best material possible, Dr. Garabedian spends much time and no little money in examining domestic and foreign publications.

(Continued on Page Four)

Dr. Butler Honored

Thirtieth Anniversary As Columbia President Celebrated —Warden Bell Attends Festivities

In connection with the Annual Reunion of the Alumni of Columbia, held last week-end at the University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's thirtieth anniversary as president of the institution was commemorated. Meetings, luncheons, dinners marked the round of activities. At all, President Butler was praised, for his able and enterprising management of the University, for his efforts in connection with the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace, and his numerous other accomplishments.

The dinner given at the Waldorf in his honor by the Columbia Alumni was attended by over two thousand alumni, professors, and friends. Warden Bell, of this college, was among them.

Waiters' Strike Is Ended

Dr. Phalen, Arbitrator, Suggests Satisfactory Compromise

The basketball team left campus last Friday afternoon for a trip to Upsala and Long Island V—ty. With it went three waiters. On Sunday night the team returned, but not the waiters. At least they were no longer waiting. Or rather they were waiting. At any rate, they did not get what they were waiting for, so now they are waiting again. Meanwhile, the substitute waiters, who waited while the three regular waiters were not waiting—or waiting, as you prefer—, have not received what they supposedly waited for and now they are waiting for that. Do you follow me? It's just as well. I'm merely trying to fill up space. (I wouldn't have said that if I thought anyone would read this far. But if you have, I don't care what you think. You probably don't.)

Well, to get on with the story. The head-waiter in Commons (name withheld by request) had repeatedly informed those waiters who play on athletic teams (names withheld out of sympathy) that they would be obliged to provide substitute waiters (names withheld for lack of space) during their absences. In spite of this, those waiters (names withheld because of the depression) who, being members of the basketball team were not on duty last week-end furnished no substitutes. It is alleged that they intimated previously that they did not intend to, but this cannot be verified. Upon their return Sunday night, the headwaiter (see above) notified them that they had been assigned to new tables. Inasmuch as previously, all three had been in charge of perhaps the most desirable (from a waiter's viewpoint) tables in Commons, they were somewhat disgruntled. So much so, in fact, that they refused to work at all until their original positions were reassigned them. An impasse was struck. The headwaiter backed by the authorities (Continued on Page Four)

Rocket Test

A seven-foot rocket, theoretically capable of ascending several miles, constructed under the auspices of the American Inter-planetary Society, was displayed publicly for the first time last night at a meeting of the society at the American Museum of Natural History. The rocket will be shot, in a test flight, from the Society's proving field near the neighboring town of Red Hook. The event will take place in the early spring.

Fueled by liquid oxygen and gasoline, the rocket is equipped to land gently by parachute. It is built of aluminum and alloys of that metal and is intended for vertical flight. It probably will not be shot to the limit of its possible altitude because of the difficulty of finding a large enough clear area near New York. The society's purpose is to try out improvements which will be utilized later in a more powerful rocket.

THE LYRE TREE

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A STATEMENT OF POLICY

The Lyre Tree of St. Stephen's College has a difficult function to fulfill. Some of its hardships are borne alike with other small college newspapers; others are of a more unique nature. The Lyre Tree can not be issued on a news basis alone—news to be interesting, must be unknown. The paper has had the torch of the now defunct Messenger thrown into its none too eager hands, and, in theory at least, a certain literary quality is expected. Finally no other release value for collegiate humor presents itself other than these hybrid columns.

On its present basis, The Lyre Tree is opened to contributions from all undergraduates in good standing, who can convince the editor of their seriousness and reliability. Such an arrangement is admittedly autocratic; it can only be said that it is temporary. There is a definite attempt to recommend a feasible plan of operation to the consideration of the future governing board of this paper.

Criticism is repellent to the sentimentalist, to the man with illusions. Criticism can do a world of good, however, if received with an open mind. The Lyre Tree will publish all communications concerning its organization and administration.

The Lyre Tree admits that a certain amount of grievances are aired on campus no more perhaps than in any other social group. Discontent and mutterings vary in frequency and intensity. When such occasions arise, it will be our duty to criticize as we see fit. But it shall be our policy to criticize constructively, in spirit at least, if not in reality.

PRO AND CON

Two stories are run in this issue on fraternities, both written in good faith. The reader is invited to comment on the validity of the points the two authors discuss. It was felt advisable to let the protagonist and the antagonist plead their cases independently of one another, to see how many points would be taken in common. Fraternity reform and fraternity abolition sweep the country in waves, "Hell week" is a thing of the past. Fraternity charters have been taken away by college authorities in the effort to put fraternities in a more balanced position. A burlesque of fraternities, "Rho, Dammit Rho," gained instant approval to the glory of College Humor. Fraternities are getting into the lime-light, willy-nilly; arguments pro and con are coming to a head. Some day there will be an explosion, and another item will be checked off the editorial list. Either that, or the press will be blown sky-high.

Exchanges

Another institution of higher learning has been established in New York City. This was "started by a convention of hoboes. These knights of the road are laying plans for the establishment of a hobo college, which will cater exclusively to the hobo students." It is thought that the "Hobos' Meal Ticket" will soon be among the college newspaper exchanges.

* * * * *

Thinking that you may not know what mid-year exams are, here is a definition taken from

The Tomahawk. These exams "are but an infinitesimally small part of the science of education being used as a norm to gauge the progress that has been made in the students' mental training."

* * * * *

Because the students at John Hopkins University have such a horror of lectures, the professors find it necessary to disguise their speeches behind such semi-farical titles as "Electrons at work and play" in two acts. A research engineer of Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., won the prize for this one.

Of Buttercups

"A bird that wakes a fellow up Should have been a buttercup."

Intellectual fads are quite like flies in a day-coach. Solemnly does the fly sit upon the back of a seat, or hopefully does he fly back three seats nearer to New York, only to find when he gets there that he is nearer to Albany. To himself he seems quite capable of flying east or west at will, or to remain firmly intrenched upon a window ledge. May he be happy in his illusion - for to Albany he must, will or no will, driven by a force greater by far than that of a million of his fellow creatures. In the day-coach we have recently seen the fly of the New Humanism, basking in Nature's sun (unaware, perhaps, that it came to him thru an ugly stained window pane) and basking in his own power. But he has gone - now he seldom walks across the front cover of the "Forum." In his stead we find a small fly - observation discloses that he is garbed in a toga and that he speaks Latin and Greek fluently. He talks of going to Albany but when we are not watching closely, he hops three seats nearer the rear of the car. But, perhaps unaware, perhaps dimly conscious, he rushes on where stocks and bonds, steam and electricity drive him. Thus are the advocates and the indifferent driven along the same path, by human nature, blind impulse, passion, or, more safely, the "temper of the times."

Specifically, what have we to say of this Graeco-Roman fellow, bent upon bringing our educational system back to sanity? He belongs to a larger group who feel that our modern life has lost the zest for the aesthetic. This is the ultimate cry of educational reformers, religionists and humanists. They insist that we pause in our moneymaking, and our scientific development - pause in our action - just long enough to consider the buttercup in life. Thus we are to appreciate more fully the life which we must lead, and develop that life so that it may smack of achievement—yes—but most of all, of culture.

The people shout them down and even most intelligent opinion joins the opposing ranks—outnumbered, they are swept along in a life far removed from their cherished dream. All around them is action, and their attempt at pause is rudely interrupted by the violent mob.

The fly in the coach, preoccupied with his own virtue, is seldom conscious of the virtue of the locomotive. Perhaps there is virtue in this temper of our times. The men who are in sympathy with it are, quite naturally, studying the locomotive. They have reduced it, and the force which drives it to wondrous symbols upon a scrap of paper. They have pondered those symbols, found them good, and with them have discovered great things.

Do these men lack feeling, virtue, a sense for the aesthetic, and culture? The humanist, the classicist and the religionist can never appreciate the scientist, for they can never feel the glowing, animating power which springs, for him, from his wierd symbols and his fragile instruments. Here, most assuredly, is aesthetic feeling of a wonderfully poignant type - but it is a bird that wakes a fellow up, and puts him into action. The few shake their heads and pronounce his song harsh and material. They can not hear it as a song and so, naively, and like our fly in the coach, they bewail the state of this bird, and say, over and over to themselves -

"He should have been a buttercup."

Against Fraternities

(Continued From Page One)

there is such a thing as a self-made gentleman. Therefore, it is better for the individual if he attains to the highest type of social being through his own efforts and not by imposed group restriction. An outstanding reason for dislike of fraternities is their artificiality and childishness. Vows, sanctum sanctorum, mystic nose rubbing and handshaking, all under the cloak of secrecy—it is more fitting to think of children playing make-believe. As for secrecy, think how foolish many respectable citizens feel today, when cleaning the attic they come across Ku Klux hoods of ten years ago. What really amazes a non-fraternity man is how any graduate can take part in fraternity life. The artificiality of a fraternity is apparent, particularly of a large fraternity, to even the casual observer; forty or fifty men living together all in perfect and touchingly tender harmony—brothers. What about the "attic" gang, the group that is put upstairs, mentally if not actually, everytime a prospective pledge comes around? You hide your dislike for some of the brothers, due to the fraternity loyalty—"Pro bonum fraternitatum." The fact remains, it is artificial. In later life you pick and choose no admission combines (you take him, I'll take your man) and if you have misjudged, you can choose again. There are still other points that bother a non-fraternity man, make him wonder when his associates are going to mature, at least as far as he has. But enough has been said, except this: to say that fraternities are all wrong, since they stamp out individualism, overemphasize sentimentality, and afford a training worse in crooked politics, is foolish, since men have been seen to benefit by joining a fraternity.

Our New Nurse

She admits having a middle name, but would only divulge The Helen Fisher part of it. A fascinating person to talk to, as well as charming and efficient in her role as nurse, she told the star reporter several interesting things about herself.

She trained at St. Luke's in Chicago, her home being in Macomb, Ill. From there she went to the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn as Assistant Superintendent. Next she spent four years at Rumsey Hall School at Cornwall, Conn., where Bernard Lee Bell preped. After three years at the Lawrence Hospital in Bronxville, also as Assistant Super, she arrived here, and declares she is ready for anything.

Those who contemplate being ill, and would care to know more about her may be interested to learn that her favorite color is lavender (in which I may say, she looks charming), her favorite flowers are yellow roses, although she is very fond of all varieties of flowers, especially ferns, her favorite food potato salad (without onions, which she dispises), her favorite poet Kipling, her favorite authors Hugh Walpole and Warwick Deeping, and her favorite game contract bridge in which she uses her own system, described most accurately as the points of both the recognized ones.

She sings soprano and plays the piano, and as she said "has dabbled the organ." She doesn't like detective stories or, slushy fiction, and hates jazz, her favorite composer being Wagner. She likes women better than men, and as far as men go has no preference between blondes and brunettes.

Miss Fisher is neither a Republican nor a Democrat, but is "always for the best man." She thinks that Ritchie will make the best president, although Hoover is

For Fraternities

(Continued From Page One)

house no one ridicules honest enthusiasm—it is called loyalty and a man is lauded for it.

Modern fraternities furnish a constant social outlet for those who like to entertain or be entertained. In a fraternity a man is on equal footing, or should feel so, with his brothers. In the house can be found or manufactured jolly amusements.

But let us consider what part fraternities play in this our own college. Just as ideals may change and become better so as well they may be permitted to wreak all sorts of havoc. That is true, but we need an active fraternal element in our group of one hundred and thirty fault-finders. Because we live so near each other and know each other so well, it is most necessary to look for some group which furnishes a common denominator for many of our ideas and actions. We know the man across the hall, and he knows us. Perhaps he is a stout friend. But different fraternal affiliations furnish just that needed element of mystery and distinction to keep two people mutually interested without the danger of complete mutual knowledge and consequent contempt born of familiarity.

Fraternity life gives a man a chance to exercise any slight executive ability he may have, which opportunity he is likely to miss otherwise. Some time during his career as a brother he will surely be asked to serve as chairman of a committee. Then he must plan and compute, look ahead, cut expenses make deals with tradespeople, and finally have the satisfaction of having engineered a function through to a successful end. There is no training to be compared to that of getting people to do what one wants them to do, and at the same time making them think that they are the chief functionaries.

The refreshing sentimentality may appeal to some: the chance for individualism in self-expression and executive activity intrigues others—and many there are to whom the superficial social activity holds out a welcoming hand. If there is a group which can offer a berth to such men, then that group is a necessary and welcome complement to an institution where the eternal struggle for high grades would otherwise obliterate the more noble aspects of man's natures.

Princeton this fall will dedicate a new scientific building erected in memory of Dean Henry Burdard Fine, former Princeton mathematician. One of the features of the structure is the mathematical equations and geometric figures which appear in the stained-glass windows.

Turtle racing is one of the latest fads at the University of California.

A professor of Carnegie Institute of Technology when interviewed said, "We don't make exams difficult; all we want is to find out how much the student has gained from the course."

all right.

She is an Episcopalian and prefers low church. Admitting that she didn't go to church every Sunday, nevertheless she redeemed herself by saying that she always put a dollar bill on the plate.

As much as she saw of the place, she likes our campus, our students and our faculty very much. In closing she said that "Everybody here has been most cordial and lovely to me."

We are more than glad that she is with us and hope and trust that her stay here may be long, and as pleasant—as it has started out to be.

Junior Varsity Loses

end.

In this week's game, half-time found St. Stephen's leading with a score of 11 to Red Hook's 4. But within the first few minutes of the second half the visiting five sunk two baskets and a foulshot. thereafter it was nip and tuck all the way, with neither team ever leading by more than three points. With only one point difference in the scores, the last moments of the game were particularly exciting.

Kates was the high scorer for St. Stephen's in both games, accounting for eleven points in the first game and six in the second.

The lineups:

First Game

ST. STEPHEN'S

Bold, r. f.
Kates, l. f.
Schmidt, c.
Lewis, r. g.
Maldonado, l. g.

RED HOOK

Raleigh, l. g.
H. Kane, r. g.
Colton, c.
Metzger, l. f.
J. Kane, r. f.

Substitutions:

St. Stephen's: Mason for Bold, Y. Clarke for Kates, R. C. Clarke for Schmidt, Hancock for Lewis, Y. Clarke for Maldonado, R. C. Clarke for Y. Clarke, Economos for Hancock, Hancock for R. C. Clarke.

Red Hook: None.

Second Game

ST. STEPHEN'S

Bold, r. f.
Kates, l. f.
Schmidt, c.
Lewis, r. g.
Maldonado, l. g.

RED HOOK

H. Kane, l. g.
Carr, r. g.
Hyde, c.
Colton, l. f.

J. Kane, r. f.

Substitutions:

St. Stephen's: Mason for Bold, R. Clarke for Kates, Y. Clark for Maldonado, Kates for R. Clarke, Bold for Mason, R. Clarke for Schmidt, Kates for R. Clarke, Bold for Mason, Schmidt for

Lewis.

Red Hook: Metzger for Hyde, Hyde for H. Kane, Norton for Colton.

Left-handed ping pong is being instituted at the University of Minnesota to cure stammering students.

According to the Syracuse Daily Orange, more than 50% of the undergraduate papers in the American colleges are censored by student or faculty councils.

"Twenty-one decimal four hours per week is the average amount of studying done by the students of this university," announced Professor S. N. F. Chant, of the University of Toronto.

?

By way of illustration that education has its own idiosyncrasies, the following clipping from the February 9th issue of the Boston University News is given in full:-

MERELY 40 PER CENT

To the Editor of the News:

Some time ago your estimable paper in an uncalled editorial, made public the fact that six of the fifteen members of Lock, honorary society were put on scholastic probation.

These men, outstanding in the sophomore class, were busy with extra-curricular activities at the time they received their low grades, and for that reason the men did not deserve censure of the paper.

An inquiry into the present academic status of these leaders will undoubtedly reveal that the honor men have justified themselves in the eyes of their fellow students by their high scholastic standing.

Incidentally, if the NEWS takes such an unwarranted attitude toward Lock, why does it not publish how many of its own staff are on probation? They dare not!

(Signed)

A. A. B., Sophomore, C. B. A. (Ed. Note: From official sources it was learned that of the 15 men in Lock, six are now on probation. Five of these six were also on scholastic probation during the first semester. Only one Lock man was removed from probation; his place, however, was taken by another member. This leaves the percentage constant at forty per cent.

There are no NEWS men on probation. The average of the staff is 3.7 according to the point index system.

According to page 31, section 15, paragraph b of the C. B. A. catalogue, "a student on probation will be required to withdraw from the college if his term index is lower than 2.0." This means that five members of Lock are automatically required to withdraw from college,—if the rules of the college are to be observed.)

Exchanges

One of the courses offered to students at Oklahoma A. and M. College is "nut culture." This sounds like a very absorbing subject, but in order to prevent any misconception in the matter there is a note in the catalogue which says, "Study of pecans, etc.; not maniacs." For us the study of maniacs would be much more fun.

Dr. A. A. Brill, a New York psychoanalyst, took to task American students who affect the clipped accents of Oxford and Paul Mall. "The Oxford accent is merely an embellishment of plain speech used by people who feel inferior," he said. "They use it to divert attention from some other defect. An analysis of the mental conditions of these people usually reveals schizophrenia (which is not misspelled), or dementia praecox, the most common form of insanity."

A professor in the department of bio-chemistry at the University of Toronto claims that war, epidemics, birth control, and the fact that man is becoming tired of living, may very probably result in the extinction of the race.

An anthology of poetry written during the last thirty years by undergraduates at Tufts has just been published.

At Oberlin College, coeds are allowed to smoke in their rooms if they provide fire extinguishers.

"LUCKIES are certainly kind to my throat"

HOT TAMALE!

Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play . . . But now she has nine fur coats, 15 canaries, the world's loudest lounging pajamas, and dozens of men ga-ga about her . . . We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years . . . There was no —what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement. Gracias, Lupe!

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a LUCKY fan. There's no question about it—LUCKIES are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Walter Winchell, whose gossip of today becomes the news of tomorrow, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

Organ Music

(Continued From Page One)

And even when the selection is made, there is yet a tremendous amount of time to be given to preparation for performance. Generally, the bigger the composition is, the more time it requires for practice.

As we know, our organist is trying the experiment this year of virtually giving a recital every night comprising a ten-minute

The Chapel Again

(Continued from Page One)

"WORTH PONDERING"

To the Editor of The Churchman—
I did not receive one of the letters sent "to a number of the clergy whom I know," by the Rev. Dr. Bell of St. Stephen's College. But as the president of this college suggests, I have pondered it a length in the columns of "The Churchman" for Jan. 23. It is

paper of Feb. 6, in which Rev. Charles C. Cabaniss says that he thinks that my statement - or rather that statement of The Church College Commission headed by President Hulliken, University of Delaware—that we do not force the religious issue at St. Stephen's College Columbia University, is inconsistent with our requiring our students moderately to attend the services in chapel. Mr. Cabaniss seems a little confused, I think. Would he say that

the policy of the College seems to include a well-taken point. It does appear to outsiders, and even to a few students, that chapel attendance and the religious issue are forced upon the undergraduate body. But the Warden's reply seems logically sound, when he states that the students of St. Stephen's voluntarily submit themselves to the whole system of the college. It is now quite commonly believed that the greatest benefits of religion come most fully

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FOR SENIORS ONLY

Undergraduates who will receive their sheep-skins this June have the enjoyable distinction of graduating into a lop-sided old world, whose health chart reveals a new low for the decade. The embryonic man of the world steps forth into an acutely grave life outside, an existence of unemployment, poverty and chaos. He is told by his betters that world wide depression makes his case unusual, and that it would be better for every one concerned if he would lay aside his ambition to become a captain of industry for another two years, becoming even more specially trained by going to graduate school. Thus, his postponements of searching for a job will relieve the gravity of the situation, and at the same time further his own ends by inspiring a better position, greater income, and happier life when he does go into business.

The latest talking blow to the man who is about to become self-supporting is that a very illustrious critic, Dr. Flexner, has at last found the curse of the depression, Gentlemen, it is the graduate schools. Many of the reasons that are influencing young men to devote a few more years to becoming better educated are illogical, to Dr. Flexner's way of reasoning. The last-line fortifications are cracking up. The senior is told not to go to work, not to go to graduate school. What remains? It's a tough life in 1932.

Bed Time Story

Once upon a time Mr. Sun was going to bed behind the green forest, and dark shadows were creeping up the laughing brook from the smiling pool,—yes, dear, they had to creep from some place,—Grandfather Frog was seated on his great big lily pad—well, honey, I know you can't, but frogs always sit on lily pads,—and the merry little breezes were gathering up great big bottle flies for him, so he would tell them a story.

Chuggerum said Grandfather Frog—yes, I know, but this frog said Chuggerum—and snapped a big fly into his mouth. At this point the rabbit blew in sat down, and said "howdy"—I mean Peter Rabbit came lipperty-lipperty-lop through the green forest up to the smiling brook, and, coughing

Anticlimax Department

Headline in the Boston Herald: Yale And Vassar Merge Temporarily To Produce Four One-Act Plays.

If banks would stop crashing down upon the heads of the depositors and stockholders, people might pay more attention to Mr. Hoover's earnest appeal to end hoarding.

Some one suggests that the actual increase in shoe manufacture may offset the anticipated activity in the motor car industry. Both commodities are used to get people places and in time like these the cost of gasoline plays an important role. It is reassuring to learn that there are persons who can buy shoes.

De Profundis

Two interests prompted the author recently to do a little research work on fish, to find out their life and loves, in fact to acquire a tinge of jealousy for the interesting life of a marine biologist. The Lenten season, with fish served Wednesdays and Fridays, had no small part in directing the author's attention seaward. Aside from the religious significance connected with the subject, it came to attention that there is a growing vogue, a vogue that involves purchasing goldfish, bowls, food, ferns, snails, turtles—all for the end of brightening up the drabness of a room. Possibly the sophisticated twentieth century is turning back to Rousseau. Thoreau, romanticism, and naturalism. We read that the modern mechanist's greatest triumph, the sky-scraper, is to be blessed by a bit of nature carried on high. Engineers of Radio City have at last succumbed to a popular demand for something other than straight lines, and lofty planes, and are staying up nights trying to devise a means of mooring forests on the tops of sky scrapers. Science kneels at the roots of the monarchs of the woods.

Goldfish swimming around in a constructed bowl are not particularly inspiring. Gaudy-looking castles may be purchased, which temporarily break the monotony of a goldfish life. But the real value in owning goldfish is that it is a step in the right direction. One is exposed to what seems to be a fascinating hobby, collecting and stocking a man-sized aquarium. Interesting things, fish, if you can forget the cold, flabby cuts spread out on a fish-monger's slab. Watch them in their natural element and listen to the observations of a scholar who knows them, E. G. Boulenger, director of the Zoological Society's Aquarium in Regent's Park, London.

Man's first attempt to keep fish under observation probably amounted to the blocking up of some rock gully, to keep the fish inside for future consumption. The old Roman fish-pond was the ancestor of our modern great aquariums, such as that in London already mentioned, and those of Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Naples, Vienna, New York, Boston, etc. The Romans farmed fish on a large scale, sometimes connecting their ponds by canals to their banquet halls. The Chinese were actively engaged in breeding fish, carp in particular, obtaining the fantastic show goldfish that they export today. The moat of a mediaeval castle was not only for defense purposes but took the place of a Frigidaire. Scientific control of aquariums, balancing the oxygen content of the water with the consumption of the fish, dates from Priestly. The first aquarium was established in 1850 in what is now the Wading Bird House in London. The Aquarium in London is so constructed that diffused light does not counteract the illumination of the tanks. The visitors standing in darkness enjoy a series of brilliantly illuminated pictures of the underwater world. Now, service galleries have been constructed connecting the tops of the various tanks to aid the custodians in removing decaying matter, cleaning the glass side

to attempt to describe even the most common families of the above classes in a paper of this length; accordingly, only some of the most interesting fish will be mentioned. Jelly-fish, sea-anemones, and corals are all members of the Polyps family. The strongest family resemblance appears in the matter of procreation; all polyps are endowed with three ways of getting little polyps. They may "bud off" from each other in the manner of bulbs; they may lay eggs; or they may increase by the method of 'alternation of generations.' The largest jelly-fish, found in Northern latitudes, weigh nearly one hundred pounds—almost a hundred pounds of water, for the animal is 98 per cent fluid. The Portugese Man-of-War, tinted all the colors of the rainbow, has a sting that will lay a man up for weeks; yet they are attacked by turtles who only take the precaution of closing their eyes when going into the fray. Some types of anemones attach themselves to stones several inches below the sand, and only their brightly hued tentacles protrude from the sea-bed. The shrimp that attempts to flit before the tentacles is checked in its stride and disappears from view forever. If the shrimp does not rest well on the anemone's stomach, the latter disengages the whole of its stomach, turns it inside out, and tries again. Hang-overs and Bromos are unknown.

Star-fish as we know are descendants of prehistoric hulking brutes, who had an estimated "finger" spread that would outspan the largest round table ever constructed. Not so long ago, oyster farmers were ignorant of the regenerative powers of the star-fish, his most hated enemy. As they dredged up enormous quantities of star-fish, they expressed their wrath by tearing the hated fish in two and hurling the hated animal overboard. The two halves, instead of sinking down to die as any decent fish would, developed in time into two perfect star-fish, very capable to kill two more oysters. And the oyster farmers blamed the depression on the President. Some star-fish are so brittle that they part with their limbs at the slightest provocation. Many a rare fish has shattered its soul away in a collector's hand. The Cotton Spinner has a neat defense mechanism. The Cotton Spinner itself looks like a fat white grub that has stuck its head into a magnified snow crystal. When the creature is bothered it ejects a vast quantity of sticky threads, which immediately swell on exposure to the outer wall and form an entanglement from which a fish or crab seldom escapes. There is a ribbon worm which ordinarily looks like a piece of liver. It hides itself under an overhanging rock, and as a fish swims by, it shoots out a sucker-like mouth which seizes the unsuspecting prey. The fish, startled, darts off; but the worm when active may extend himself 90 feet. A live fishing line plays the fish, until the exhausted creature is overpowered and engulfed.

The Giant Clam is to be found in tropical waters on barrier reefs. Stories are told of divers walking

will never deliberately attack a human being. Any such casualty reported is due entirely to the shock aroused by the octopus' sinister appearance.

The word "shark" is loosely applied: a dog-fish is a small shark, and a shark is a big dog-fish. A skate looks like a dog-fish that has been put through a clothes-ringer and survived the ordeal. The Bottle-Nosed Skate may reach a length of 9 feet and an equal width. Such a skate recently cut open was found to have eaten three mackerel, two skate over a foot in width, a four pound lobster, a coal-fish, a quart of assorted crabs, and a number of small plaice. The Torpedo Ray is possessed with a kidney-shaped electric organ, a galvanic battery which produces enough current to make a lamp glow, magnetize a needle, and emit a spark. In the Middle Ages the Ray was used for a cure for rheumatism, the patient being made to stand barefooted on the living fish. The cod-fish in the fish market is a colorless mass of flesh. In the aquarium the cod shines in vivid greens and browns, shot with little blotches of pearly white. The mackerel represents fish-form in its most perfect aspect, since it is built for attaining the maximum of speed with the minimum of effort. One of the queerest of the fish kingdom is the Mud Skipper, a fish of great adaptability, whose pectoral fins are developed into regular limbs and not only spends long periods walking over the dry land, but even climbs trees and bushes, where it varies its normal diet of shrimps and baby crabs with a tasty snack of butterfly or mosquito. The Stickleback has "cave man" tendencies. During the breeding season, the male weaves a nest out of seaweed, and then uses every possible device to entice the female into the nest. If his invitation is spurned, as is often the case, he grabs the female by a fin and hauls her in after him. The Angler fish lure their prey into their mouths by means of a number of fishing rods evolved from the first few spines of the dorsal fin, which carry bait in the form of flaps of skin. By wiggling these, small fish are attracted near the Angler's large mouth, which is suddenly opened and the inrush of water carries the victim inside.

During the Middle Ages a certain form of perch had the unfortunate reputation of being in league with the devil. The pious men of those days, having enjoyed a protracted orgy of devotion, went forth with rod and tackle to "cork the pope". This cruel and senseless sport consisted of catching the fish and tying a cork on to the highest spine of its dorsal fin. Each fish so incapacitated was considered a "pope" doomed to starvation, and the boys on the banks howled with glee. Two male Fighting Fish inserted in the same bowl used to take the place of cock fights, and the onlookers were accustomed to wage all their personal property on the outcome. Just how long a pike will live is not settled but specimens weighing 60 to 70 pounds are probably that old. There is an authentic instance recorded of a pike engulfing the head of a swan which happened to be groping for water weeds at the time.

And so it goes. The more one reads about the fish world, the