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THE BARDIAN

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Some Aspects of Post-War Planning

In the last issue Lloyd Marcus' article "Preparedness and the Future" pointed out the great necessity that there is today of doing some thinking along the lines of post-war planning. In this issue we have tried to follow up that article with some concrete planning.

In the last war the necessity of any such thinking on the part of the people as a whole was not nearly as great as it is in this one. In 1917 President Wilson outlined for the people of the United States their peace aims, and his policy was so definite that it did not leave much need for further general thought. But so far in this war President Roosevelt has given us only the Four Freedoms, which are war aims much more than definite peace aims. We know that he is working on the question but he has not yet committed himself, leaving the problem to the people. The Post-War Planning group, which Lloyd Marcus has started, is making an effort in this direction, and in future issues, the Bardian hopes to publish some of the work that comes from that group.

Mr. Livingstone, Mr. Redlich, and Mr. Shapiro are all seniors in the Social Studies Division, and therefore well qualified to write on this subject. Mr. Redlich has drawn the material for this article from his work on this question for his senior project. Since we have no apparently articulate Russian Communists in the college, we have asked Mr. James Silverberg of the University of Wisconsin to represent this point of view, which will certainly have to be considered, because, if the United Nations do win the war, it will be the Russians who had the most to do with it. If we tread on anybody's toes by calling in an outsider, we apologize and hope to hear from them in the future.

Foreign Policies

by Robert Redlich

Post war planning at this time must be done with the thought in mind of avoiding the mistakes which were committed after the last war. At that time indecision and compromise resulted in a solution that ultimately neither weakened nor helped the defeated nations. It resulted in antagonism and hatred, which played an important part in bringing about the present conflict. It left Germany too weak to stand on her own feet and rebuild her economic and political structure and too strong to perish forever from the European scene. It created or helped to create a series of small independent states in the Danubian Basin which had no economic foundation and which were almost hostile to each other, thus unable to withstand a strong onslaught which was launched against one after the other by the re-expanding Germany.

There is one fundamental difference between the two wars. Then it was mainly Europe which had to be reorganized and France was strong enough to enforce the "new order" at least for a while. Now the whole world will have to be dealt with and the powers who will want to control the new set-up (assuming of course, that the United Nations win the war) will have little or no footholds on the continents in question.

Let us for a moment consider the different principles which could be the guiding elements in the setting up of new states. After the last war the principle of self-determination was widely accepted. Yet the new states were also composed of minorities, that were in many instances carried away by their hatred of their former rulers. As it turned out it was almost impossible to satisfy the demands of all nationalities because the boundaries of their claimed countries overlapped in most cases. Hence there might be other principles to consider.

It has been suggested that a state be created which could comprise economically self-sufficient areas and regions. This guiding principle might be applied in Europe as well as in Asia or Africa. How far such a thing is possible is still in the realm of theory. And whether or not the population of the earth will benefit by it is also still questionable. Furthermore the objection raised to such a scheme might serve as indictment to those states to wars, since they are liable to find themselves very soon in a position where they can fight such a war with a minimum of outside help. Nevertheless it should be well considered, since it might create a certain amount of prosperity which in turn would tend towards stabilization of international conditions.

A different plan for reconstruction, which has been discussed lately provides for independent states for those people, who are "worthy of democracy." That might perhaps be hard to define, especially since the concepts of democracy are different with different people in different parts of the earth. In addition to that, it also seems a gigantic task to supervise the functioning of democratic processes throughout the world. One can occupy and govern a state easily, but it is extremely difficult to protect its institutions from opposition among its own people.

Another and equally important factor is the distribution of potentially weak powers in the neighborhood of the strong world powers. A series of small, independent nationality states in Central Europe for example, will always be under pressure from either Russia or Germany, regardless of how much Germany is weakened after this war. If the Slavonic states should be in the majority (which they are likely to be according to the population) then a strong pan-slavic movement originating from Russia might bring them completely under Russian domination, which would extend Russia's power right into the heart of Central Europe.

I have mentioned those different plans for setting up states after the war to point to the obvious fact that it seems impossible to devise one unified scheme by which to start a reconstruction of the world after this war. Yet at the same time, the concepts of liberty and the four freedoms for all are insufficient to even be the guiding ideas. Economic stability, protected nationalities and a democratic constitution should be among the principles which will aid in building up countries and nations in the new order.

It seems inevitable for the U.S. to control actively the distribution and splitting up of countries after this war, if choas is to be averted. Great Britain will hardly be in a position to do so and Russia has to be dealt with cautiously, lest her political ideas be forced upon people who would not accept them under natural circumstances. Yet to say much more would fall in the realm of speculation: a great many things will depend on when and how the war ends. We can only hope that President Roosevelt's word will be accepted, that "this time we are determined not only to win the war, but also to maintain the security of the peace that will follow."

American Policy

by John Shapiro

The course of future world events must necessarily rest upon the turn of internal American affairs. This nation will have the major voice plus the final veto with regard to decision concerning the critical future years of the European and Asiatic reconstruction period. Therefore it is essential that we develop some world viewpoint or weltanschauung behind which the American people and their leaders may rally in time of crisis.

We have rejected the German and Japanese conception of world ideology while never sanctioning the British domininion policy with its more or less closed economy reinforced by a large navy. In allowing other nations to work out ther own conceptual destiny, the United States has never become committed to advocating more than approval of the elements of Jeffersonian democracy.

Besides not having become involved in any complex of world affairs, the United States still remains the sole great nation respected and admired by the peoples of all countries. It is clearly evident that the next peace conferences will be controlled and directed by Americans. Upon these statesmen and politicians will depend a future generation of world events. These leaders in turn will be responsible to an American public which so far has shown no inclination as to what it wants.

Vice-President Wallace has sounded the clarion call for the administration and lesser lights have also sounded forth. The sole result of these speeches has been general public apathy. The most gratifying accomplishment since the war has been the abandonment of isolationism by the Republican leaders.

A long war might have the effect of forcing the American people to readjust their values. The complacency of the public in "war as usual" might be shattered when automobile tires, silk stockings, time and one-half for overtime and summer vacations no longer exist. Luxury has overcome us and when the simple commodities for survival are all we have perhaps then we may do some thinking about what can be done. This war would have a beneficial aspect if through it the people could act and think more about reorganization of the world's frontiers along more amicable lines.

What do we need to do? First there must be a reawakening of the American people for it is through them that their leaders act. A critical time approaches as we prepare to invade the continent once more. While all the cards are on our side, we have no players. A glorious opportunity for a true contribution to humanity is in prospect for this country.

We must realize that the war against reaction and fascism is not won merely by military victory in 1944. A sizeable American post-war army must be stationed in both Europe and Asia. Then a strong navy with suitable facilities and bases for itself must protect our foreign land forces and supply them with their necessary commodities and supplies. Air power must be ample for both the army and navy, and the United States must shrewdly secure and maintain control of selected and strategic air fields on all continents. With this much accomplished we will have shown all foreign peoples that we intend to back up our promises and pre-war pledges to allow freedom of speech, liberty, religion and government to minority groups.

Once the peoples of Europe and Asia are free to express their opinions without reprisals, they will definitely develop democratic governments of their own. The freedoms of speech, thought and of the press are the keystones upon which democratic government is founded.

It is by a judicious use of our armed might that this country can promote such freedoms in Europe. Without the threat of force, the unfortunate results of the last war would be reenacted. After the formation of the new democracies and their establishment, we could grad-

ually withdraw our armed services. Then perhaps one can envisage the time when collective security would be dynamically and conscienciously made to succeed.

Unless we realize that this time it is for us to act and assert our position and assume our responsibilities in this manner, we shall find ourselves again helplessly embroiled in the power politics machinations of Europe and Asia.

International Trade Policies

by David Livingstone

A review of America's foreign trade policy since the last war reveals a confusion of thinking, of objectives and of policy-making technique. The vicissitudes of our commercial policy reveal not only ignorance of the acute necessity for careful scrutiny of every implication both political and economic of our trade policy, but also of the necessity for consistency between our tariff policy and foreign loans. Neglect of these things has been chiefly responsible for America's unaccountable actions. It has promoted the retreat to anarchy abroad and has added another confused chapter to America's already hectic foreign commercial policy.

If it is tedious to repeat the story of America's isolationism it is equally necessary to an understanding of our past failures and the prospects of our future.

In great measure the destructive Hawley-Smoot tariff was the result of an intellectual and emotional lag. The psychological climax of the early thirties as in later years militated against intelligent consideration of national interests in an inter-national world. Petitions from some thirty-six countries asserting that the passage of such a tariff would result in a drastic reduction of their exports to the detriment of their national level of income failed to convince the congressmen that their activities were of more than local significance. America's importance and influence in the world was, however, hardly to be discounted in the minds of foreign powers by murmurs of isolationalism. On the event of the bill's passage more than forty countries immediately set up tariff barriers of their own in an effort to adjust to the situation brought about by the United States.

Perhaps the greatest defect of our policy making, however, has been its all too sensitive responsiveness to the political party ruling at the moment. Democratic victory at the polls has almost invariably resulted in low tariff rates while the opposite is true of the Republicans. Significant as this may be to a democratic way of life, it is highly inconvenient for foreign powers dealing with this country. They may feel considerable reluctance to conclude a long term commercial treaty with a country whose next move is as unpredictable as its political elections. Erratic as is our policy because of this, it is rendered even more volatile by the paradoxical desire of most Americans to avoid foreign entanglements even while engaging in entangling commercial treaties. As a result even those positive and useful steps in our foreign trade policy such as the Hull program have been made less useful than they might have been.

Also the more general problem of world wide fluctuations in unemployment and national level of income must be considered. Although the exact extent to which governments will control foreign trade is unpredictable it is reasonable to expect that they will retain firmer control of it in the post-war years than ever before. The question then becomes a more practical one. "In what way is this power to be used, what objectives are to be obtained."

The necessity for planning need hardly be stressed. If the destructive competition by anarchic states is to be avoided it becomes necessary to use planning to avoid exactly those evils which brought the anarchies into being. The objectives thus come into focus. The elimination of unemployment must become subject to international planning, equal access to resources must be guaranteed, and a further step toward fiscal policies in all countries must be closely coordinated. Investment and lending policies must be placed on a different basis. The old technique of foreign lending by private persons is perhaps less desirable than lending carried out by government agencies whose objectives are in conformity with the long term objectives of our policy as a whole.

Further Foreign Policies

by Jim Silverberg

Ex-president of Young Communists League
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To plan constructively for the peace let us understand that the war is the crucible of the peace. "Winning it and doing certain things or failing to do certain things in the conduct of the war are the primary factors in determining the shape of the post-war world. This implies certain simple things—so simple and obvious that they are as a rule ignored by the post-war planners. Nothing in the immediate future could so effectively determine the character of the peace as the opening of a Western Front in Europe within the next few weeks. Why? Because without it there is no guarantee of victory, and without victory there can be only the peace of death. And even should we escape defeat somehow, failure to open a Western Front soon would unnecessarily prolong the conflict so that the peace might find all nations completely exhausted and the conquered people prostrate, enormously complicating the problems of reconstruction. Secondly, cooperation among the nations of the world in the peace can best be built on the basis of the closest cooperation in the war." Lend-lease pacts, Atlantic Charters, the United Nations pacts and declarations, the Anglo-Soviet mutual assistance treaty are weaving the pattern of the peace.

(Continued on page 10)

Through Tunnels

by Ian Thompson

Waking to the day was a gradual process, as through tunnels. He was conscious of his heart, and his stomach trembled just as in astonishment. The eventful and populous evening swarmed in him. Finally he lay broad awake behind his eyelids, wondering had anybody but himself said a word, or laughed.

Pictures, vague around the edges, brushed through his mind. They were of last night or a week ago; the music and a large table, the German music and many people at the table. The village night club was packed; he had won the bottle of champagne. It was cheap champagne. He had left the waiter a small tip, for the bill was large. But that was Wednesday, not last night. The German music was last night. His brain kaleidoscoped scenes, refusing to divide or differentiate the past from the present. Vaguely, there had been his joke, the next table had laughed very loud, explosively, at it. He had bought them a round before they left.

Very carefully something was put down on his table. Something that rang, clearly, softly. Then he heard and felt his young wife get in beside him. It must be late. He began to turn over, hesitating at the very conception of the movement. Kids were yelling in the street.

That small sound as of clashing chains was from roller skates. A truck hummed, coming or going. The hum increased and increased and hummed against the four walls.

At his back his wife spoke, "Headache?"

"No, not much."

"You'd better drink what I brought. There's ice in it."

He opened one eye and drank; considered what it might be, as if listening, drank the remainder placidly. Some of the dog. He sank back, having seen his black pants neatly folded (only the wrinkles a reminder of them awry and limp where he had laid them). He shut his eyes to observe two leisurely processes: one of remorse dissolving; the other, the flow of a peaceful health into all his members.

"Thanks," he said, "You're an angel." He opened his eyes, looking at the pants on the chair. "Was I . . . ?" Oh, the hell with it, he'd better not begin by apologizing again; the thought felt sour in his mind. He closed his eyes.

The silence broke with: "You talked a lot." Her voice was fresh and cool, and a very young voice. "And you were charming."

"I'll bet I was."

The trucks had never been so frequent. It really seemed they were riding through the room; between the ceiling and the floor. It was the city; that vibration, noise, the child of the city; the eldest son. His thought suddenly bright and defined, included an unpainted barn; it was not a remembered barn, just a vivid barn, all black as felt because of the night's rain. He thought of his wife, her face bright as a smiling kitten, gazing out to the water from the picnic laden hill; with ants on her stockinged leg—three months ago. It was clear in the smoke of intervening time.

And that started it. Easily he conjured country quiet, saw the brightest sky, the roundest hill—in a simplified reality, bright as happiness. His eyes were closed; through the lids was the vivid picture, more true than the room in which he breathed.

His wife asked cautiously, "Are you asleep now?"

"I'm finishing the story I whispered to you in the dark, when we talked the other night." He smiled with his face and a warm feeling moved softly up from his hip bones.

She moved a little, "All right." It was closer. "You and me."

"Yes."

"And the house we're going to have—remember?"

"Tell me, darling."

He smiled into his pillow. "First off, think of a square cut privet hedge, and a white gate, curved on top."

"Yes, I see it."

"Something is moving behind it; a sail, so small you see its whole triangle behind the palings. The slope this side of the harbor you can't see because it starts down just beyond the gate; do you see?

"The garden path is white, crushed oyster and clam shells, it's very white; and on both sides of it are pinks, all the kinds there are, and shasta daisies, columbine, the white and the yellow sort.

"Near the fence, a hell of a lot of delphiniums, all dark blue, far as the hedge; but the nicest thing, and the queerest thing, is that though there's a clear strong wind blowing through the world and round clouds are bowling before it, inside our fence nothing it moving. The delphiniums aren't bothered."

"That's good," his wife said, "Am I there?"

"You are walking toward the gate, in a blue dirndl, and you look down, thinking about weeds; your face is funny and intense."

"Yes." He knew she stretched herself. Maybe she was smiling. "Where is the house?"

"Your back is to it; a long low house of gray stone, the porch not built onto it, but into; you know the kind, like a cave. Over there, going down a little, is the barn, silver gray where it has dried from the rain. From in there you can hear the good sound of a mallet on wood. I am making something."

"What?"

"I don't know."

"Yes, tell me."

"A little square table, about knee high."

"Then I've had a baby."

"Long ago. She—"

"She?"

"She follows you, repeats what you do, looks down at the shells, puts her fat little hands at her back. She has no hat and when she stoops to sniff a flower with a wrinkled nose, her hair, white-gold and silky, falls across her cheek and she brushes it back with spread fingers; and her cheek is round and smooth as a plum, pink as the rosebuds printed on her calico dress.

"Because she is silent for two minutes you ask her what she is doing. 'I am thinking' she says, 'about my father. I am thinking I will visit him.' You say, 'Your daddy is busy.' All the same she starts off toward the barn . . ."

"No, please."

"Oh, yes, she does, and though you call she goes on her way. And just then her dad shoves the big doors apart and comes out."

He thought back over his hill top world, heard its crystalline silence, felt its weight. Suddenly he wanted to get away from it.

"And then?" his wife said.

"I don't know."

"Of course you do. Please."

"No, that's all there is to it. That's the end." He was sick of it now.

"But you must tell me more," she insisted.

Like a witch's pregnancy, resentment moved in him. He had given her just the kind of house she wanted, and garden; not that she knew much about gardens. Wasn't that enough?

Oh, if she insisted. "Baby," he began again, "is busy picking a bouquet for her daddy, so busy that she is quite red in the face, but the bouquet is one of those kid affairs, a useless heap of broken, stemless blossoms." His mind, behind his eyes, leered at that clever realistic touch.

"And when you show me what you have been doing, I am rather surprised because they weren't weeds you pulled, not wild carrot, but seedlings I had sown. I say nothing, though I do grab baby, and she begins to cry, kicks out at me."

He thought for a moment, viewing the changed landscape. The very air was less pleasant, and the delphiniums were harassed by the wind.

"That's all," he said. "Was it a good story?"

After a long silence he turned to look at her. Her cheeks were wet, her eyes closed. Something, his heart, moved with an actual physical pain.

"I'm sorry," he said.

But being sorry wasn't enough, nor even her forgiveness, nor, a little later, her happy laughter.

That evening he brought her presents, presents that delighted her, but they were things and could not replace what he had destroyed.

They went out again that evening.

Review of the Plays

by Andrew Eklund

It is not difficult to see why "In the Zone," by Eugene O'Neill, is so frequently performed by theatrical companies, and last Saturday night it had its inevitable performance at Bard. It was the work of the first quarter of the acting seminar, and as such should be evaluated with the aims of the seminar in mind. Since the course teaches acting as a creative experience, Paul Morrison does not direct in the usual manner. What he does is to give each actor as much freedom as possible in working out his own conception of the character to be portrayed. This perhaps accounts for both the failures and successes of the production of "In the Zone."

The deficiencies were several. It went too slowly. It had a tendency to build up to brief climaxes followed by almost tiresome lapses which made it lose the full attention of the audience. It did not have the steadily rising tension and violence which are necessary for the full impact of the denouement.

To the credit of the production were a number of good performances, and a few few fine taut moments. Randell Henderson as Davis was properly old-maidish; Francis Whitcomb as Jack and Gregory Lindin as Driscoll were particularly right in their parts. The invariably proficient Al Sapinsley was there, as was Tony Hecht, who did his best with the completely unrewarding part of Smitty.

The second production of the evening was "The Bear" by Anton Chekov, the first of three plays which Randell Henderson is directing as his Senior Project. "The Bear" is a play which is extraordinarily funny if (to be trite) you like the humor of Chekov. I do, and I enjoyed the play thoroughly, with only a few reservations.

The direct exposition by a character of his emotions is a tricky thing to handle, and it was done with considerable charm by the players. Elsa Hirsch did very well with the not too subdued harlotry of Elena Ivanova Popova, and Lewis Pessin was exuberant to the right degree as Smirnov. The honors, however, properly belong to Bernard Baker, who was delightfully funny as Luka, even when he deserted Anton Chekov for Milton Berle.

It is hardly necessary to mention that the settings by Richard Burns were excellent. They have never been otherwise to my memory. Randell Henderson deserves a commendation for his direction, for I can think of only two regrettable things about "The Bear." One was the fact that the actors were somewhat free with Chekov's lines, and the other was the fact that when Lew Pessin as Smirnov remarked that he hated all women a certain professor whose identity I will not reveal except to mention the fact that he is the unwilling adviser of Al Roe's Senior Project, chose to descend into personalities by uttering a loud, uncouth laugh.

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Editorial

Up to now the Bardian has been rather lax about declaring its policy. And for the very good reason that what little policy it did have did not need to be declared. But now, since some very good suggestions have come in to us, we feel that some sort of statement should be made.

The only definite policy we had to start with was that there should be a higher percentage of students in the college who had had their work published in the Bardian. And in this issue for the first time that policy becomes apparent. It is not easy to get more people's things published here because so few people make it known that they are writing. We would like to make a plea that all those people who are doing any kind of writing at all, or would like to, should come and let us know about it. We want to publish new people all the time, but we can't go digging around in wastebaskets all our lives to find out what they are doing.

The other day someone came to us with a very excellent suggestion about the expansion of our policy. He thought that the Bardian should be an instrument whereby the various groups in the college could be made more familiar with each other. Nobody can deny that a member of the literature division, for example, has no conception of what some senior in the Science Division is trying to get at in his senior project. And it is not impossible that a literature major would be capable of understanding some senior project in science if it were placed before him in terms that were not too far over his head. There is certainly a lack of understanding between the divisions in this college, and the Bardian could very well be made to supply that lack. "Some Aspects of Post-War Planning" does give an idea of what three of the seniors in the Social Studies Division are thinking about and doing. And we would like to say that this policy will be maintained much more strongly in the future. The Co-ordinator of Bardian Affairs.

But Only for a Night

by Donnie Watt

From behind the improvised bar where he was mixing and pouring Martinis by the pitcherful, Harry saw with pride that the party was going beautifully. There were not too few girls or too many, and around each one were gathered two or three boys in the eager conversation of those who have not seen girls for a long time. Of the four girls that he had brought in his car from Vassar, he saw the two prettiest apparently happy in the midst of their attentive groups.

When he had mixed the next batch of drinks, his attention came back to the people in front of him at the bar. He saw that the pimply freshman who had already taken too much was back again for more, and told him to go away. Too drunk to know what was good for him, the freshman did not go, and Harry had to signal to Phil Johnson, who was wandering around being generally sociable and hostlike, to take him away.

Having got the freshman off his hands, he went back to his pouring, and noticed the girl who had ridden up next to him watching him with an ironical smile.

"That was pretty neat," she said, nodding toward the door through which the drunk had been taken.

"Well, we figured there'd be some of it," Harry answered laughing. "Most everybody does the same thing when he's a freshman. It's a good policy for us, too. If we can get them drunk on our liquor, the chances are better that they'll join our fraternity." Her date laughed uneasily, and Harry was aware that he had made a slight mistake in leaving him out of the conversation. He was too happy about the party to care. He refilled their cocktail glasses, and as they went away, said to the girl, "I'll see you later, Margie." She smiled back at him, and he remembered how comfortable her small figure had felt next to him in the crowded front seat. She wasn't pretty, but she was alive and had things to say.

The climax of the cocktail party was quickly over, and people were moving to one of the other fraternity houses for a picnic supper. Harry went around and gathered up the cocktail glasses from all the niches and window sills where they are hidden in a casual moment, half-full with lip-stick around the rim, or with a cigarette soaking in the dregs. He talked to the few dull ones who remained, not having the sense of timing which tells an experienced party-goer just when a party is about to break. After a few cordial words, he recommended that they go on to the next attraction. When he had assembled all the glasses in the sink and wiped off all the tables, he sat down with Phil and had a cigarette.

"By God," he said, "I guess there's still nobody in the college who can put on a cocktail party like ours. That was the best one I ever saw anywhere."

"Yeah," Phil said, "it was a honey all right. And you did all right getting those girls, too. How did you do it?"

"A friend of mine at Vassar, Connie Morris. I met her last year at one of our rushing parties, so I guess she understood the situation. She was swell about it."

"I wish I had a date now that I see all the girls around," Phil said. "I'll think I'll see what can be done with what's already here." Harry laughed. They threw their cigarettes into the fire which was almost out, put the screen in front of it, and left.

Harry saw with malicious pride that the supper party was definitely an anti-climax after their cocktail party. He wandered around among the guests, talking to some of his friends among the freshmen, and sat with Margie while he ate his potato salad and barbequed roast beef. Still happy at the success of the cocktail party, he was in a high mood, and was talking and laughing and making a good impression on her, he knew.

When the party moved on to a third fraternity house for the dance, Harry left Margie and her date for a while in a qualm of fraternity-spirit, afraid that he would completely ruin all chances of having Margie's date as a future fraternity brother. He drove over with Phil and another fraternity brother and they gloated over the failure of the supper-party and their success.

For the first few records, he stood around feeling silly and impotent as male wallflowers always do. Then, seeing that Margie had not been cut in on, he decided that that was not good. He went over and cut in.

Margie seemed very small as she smiled up at him. As they started dancing, she came close to Harry without any hesitation, and he was surprised at the feeling of old familiarity which had already come up between them. Making conversation, he asked, "Well, how do you like your date?"

"He's very nice. I think he's still lost here, though. He said something about not being able to understand what kind of people went here. He says he's already seen drunkards and tea-totalers, intellectuals and athletes, scholars and loafers. It sounds like a wonderful place to me."

"It is wonderful, but it's kind of screwy, too," Harry replied, thoughtfully. "There are so many different kinds of people, like he said, and they're all going in different directions, so that it leaves a kind of vacuum in the center where college spirit or something like that usually is."

"It's a lot better than what we have down at Vassar," she said resentfully. "The girls there aren't going anywhere, and the center is mostly hot air and tradition. There are so many there, and most of them are so dead that you never can find out if there are any that are interested in learning anything or not."

"Hey, I like the sound of that," Harry said. "I never could make out why anyone would want to go to a college like Vassar. But you're the first girl from there I've ever met who didn't think it was the only college on earth."

"Well, I sure don't. The worst thing about it is all the rules. I went to a progressive school, and there are more restrictions at Vassar than there were at school. Signing out and all that stuff seems so silly when you were trusted for it in school."

Harry laughed at Margie for getting so excited. "You'd better come over and get some beer," he said. "You need to be calmed down. And maybe beer will help you to forget about it for a while."

They stood with their beer talking for a while, and then danced some more, until Margie's date cut back in on them. Harry danced with the other girls that he had brought up, and then, as they seemed to be well taken care of, he forgot about them. He was watching Margie with her date and with the other boys who cut in on her. Although she seemed to be having a good time with them, whenever she caught him looking at her, she gave him a smile without hesitation which asked him to come back and dance with her. For a while his idea that it was his duty not to have a good time for himself but to leave her to the freshmen kept him away, but not long.

Finally he knew that he had waited long enough. There was no hesitation or embarrassment in him as he went up to Margie and cut in. Sometimes fear of the boy's being mad or of the girl's not wanting him to cut in made him uncertain. But not this time. And when the boy had gone, he did not wait for her to come up close to him. He took her to him. For a while they danced without saying anything, enjoying the feeling of solid certainty that each gave to the other.

As the record came to an end, her eyes came up to his and held. With a strong certainty which though new was more his than anything he had ever known before, he said, "Let's get the hell out of this hothouse. There's too much people here." Separated, not needing to hold hands as in doubt, they walked out the door.

The moon cooled them. In the light that was on the smooth lawn before them and on the trees, their hands flew together as they would not have had to on a close clouded night.

"God, I didn't realize it was like this out here," Harry said. "I wouldn't have stayed in there a minute if I'd seen this."

"Those people in there are just dumb," Margie said aggressively. "They probably wouldn't ever stop long enough to look around them and see that it's much nicer out here."

They were walking along the road, under an archway of trees that were bewildered with the moonlight. "God,

(Continued on page 10)

Sports

by Tony Petrina

A very old issue has been stirred up again, largely due to PM's swivel stick. Bill Benswanger, president of the Pittsburg Pirates, has declared that he'd be pleased to have four of the top-notch negro players try out for his club "sometime in the middle of August or early September." Immediately people asked, "Isn't there a law against negroes playing in the big leagues?" Commissioner Landis settled that right away by saying there ain't. So what's the catch, why haven't the darkies been given a chance?

Larry McPhail, a big and noisy figure of the baseball world hinted that there was an unwritten law prohibiting colored players in the majors. Then he said that the main reason why negoes don't play in the big time is that it would be unfair to negro baseball clubs, that the owners of such clubs have expressed the disapproval of having their players lured away. If that isn't baloney it sure has the same smell.

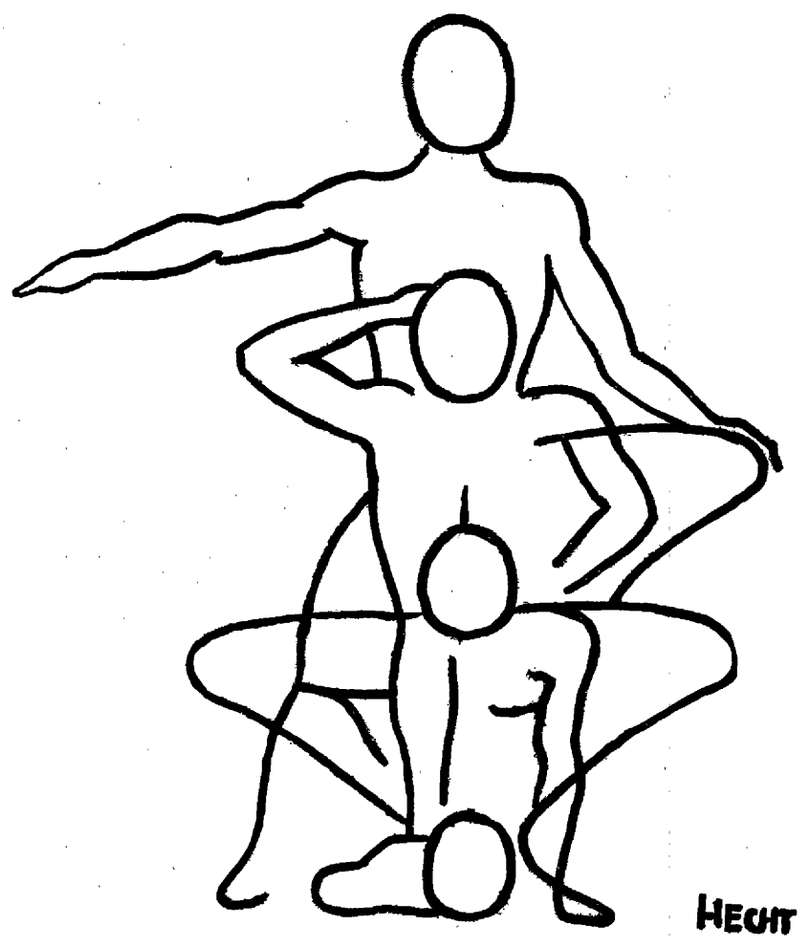
The whole mystery as I see it is the public's reaction to what has been going on. The public pays to see the best possible. And in nearly every other sport that has a big gate, negroes have participated. In football, there have been names like Kenny Washington, Brud Holland; in track Jesse Owens, Barney Ewell and John Borican; in basketball Dolly King; in boxing Joe Johnson, Henry Armstrong, Ray Robinson, and isn't there a guy by the name of Joe Louis? Come on, you guys who sit in the bleachers in Ebbets field, Yankee Stadium, Fenway Park or Crosley Field: why should you be prevented from seeing the great negro athletes have their stake in the major league simply because of a Jim-Crowism which still remains like a bad tooth?

* * *

Excuse that little somber note. Yale Newman arranged quite a swimming tournament on prom weekend—quite a tournament. The Blitz Kids won, with the Happy 4F's close behind, and the Commandos and Reserves followed in that order. Largest individual point-makers were Maddux, who could be considered the champ of the event, Jahoda, Kennedy and Eklund. But no one can convince me that the Blitz Kids are not the prohibitionist faction on campus. How else could they have won so easily? Most of the other participators in the tournament woud have been much more at home in a bathtub full of schnaps.

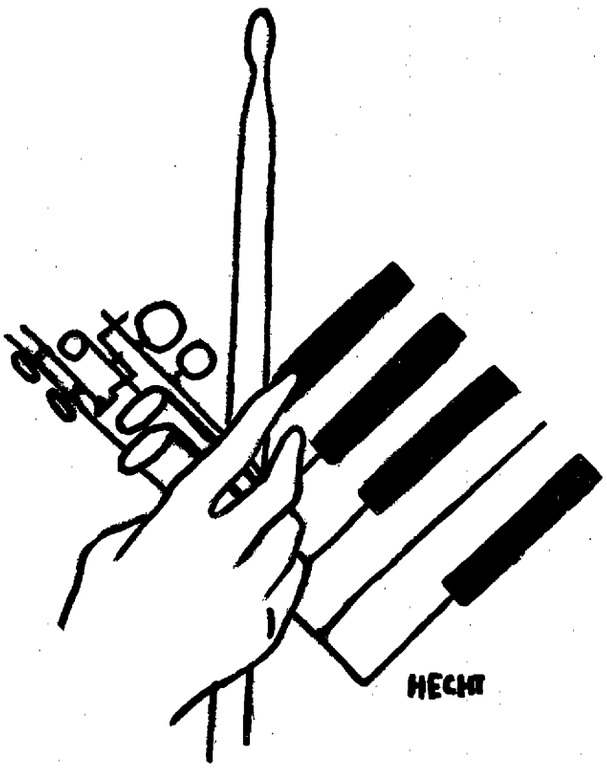
The Commandos have won the first round championship! Some ball club. They have won eight out of eleven ball games. The standings of the others are as follows:

	Won	Lost
Happy 4F's	6	5
Blitz Kids	6	5
Faculty	5	6
Reserves	3	9



Note: There remain two games of the first round to be played off: Faculty vs. Happy 4F's, and Commandos vs. Blitz Kids. If the Faculty and the Commandos both win there will be a three way tie between the 4F's, Blitz Kids and the Faculty. But since the Commandos will probably win and the Leighton boys will probably lose, count on the 4F's to take second place.

This bit of complication was explained to me by Yale Newman, and I hope you find it easier to follow than I did.



From Bard Hall

by Dana Blanchard

The second concert given in Bard Hall on August 3rd was one which most certainly was worth remembering. The program was entirely made up of compositions performed by students of Mr. Brand and Dr. Schwartz. The performance was one which should stimulate student interest in future recitals.

Norma Frisch's interpretation of the Prelude and Fugue by Bach, although it was a little rushed at the start, was in good tempo and led from the Prelude into the Fugue with ease and smoothness, and the entire composition was interpreted in a fashion that justly complimented the pianist. Also, the Variations on the Harmonious Blacksmith were most enjoyable and were played with a freshness of which Handel might well have been proud.

Merrick Danforth's treatment of "Where'er you walk" showed what training can do for a natural gift for singing, accompanied by poise and confidence. Although he was once or twice a bit vague on his words, his voice and presentation showed maturity of tone and deliverance.

The Preludium and Allegro for Violin was the most outstanding number on the Program. Morton Leventhal gave the audience at Bard Hall something to remember. I think that I can safely say that Leventhal has started a tradition for present and future violin students here which will be extremely hard to live up to. His performance contained all the qualities of a natural-born violinist, in perfect pitch and tone.

Seward Slagle did justice to an instrument that is most difficult to play, and played the Mozart Concerto for Flute with good tone and showed that it is an instrument which is not heard as often as it should be.

As a finale, the Trio played Beethoven's Trio for Piano, Violin and Violincello, and although they were not at first together, they found themselves and continued with success. The music moved along at good speed and was well worth hearing.

All considered, the program was one that every student would have enjoyed, as it showed that there is considerable talent here, and I, for one, would try to urge more of the College to attend these concerts in the future.

Open Letter to the Chef

For many years now Chef Halverson and his staff have been working in this college, and for as many years this community has more or less taken them for granted. Often he has come to the rescue and has made possible picnics and special dinners on short notice, and nobody much thought to thank him for it.

On the Friday of Prom weekend, the chef did not know until two hours before the time at which supper had been scheduled where and how it was to be held. But within two hours he had a supper ready for us at the Eulexian house, and no one can deny that it was a good one.

When word of this oversight came to the Community Council, it was a big aghast. And it remembered similar, if not so flagrant, acts of carelessness in the past. And the Council would like to take this opportunity to apologize to the Chef and his staff for the many times when it has inconvenienced them or thrown more work work on their shoulders. And they would like to thank the Chef for the many times when he has done more than his part in making our parties a success.

Finally the Council would like to assure the Chef that they are doing their best to work with him in a way which will be more convenient for him, and which will not permit incidents such as the one mentioned above to happen again.

Signed,

The Community Council.

BUT ONLY FOR A NIGHT

(Continued from page 7)

it's wonderful to be out here in this," Harry said, washing her thoughts of the other people out of his head. He put his arm around her shoulders and drew her closer to him. "This is the kind of time when you know that what you want to do with your life is right, and you know that you can do it."

"What do you want to do?" she asked.

"I want to write poetry." He was even surprised at himself for the confidence with which he said that. Usually he felt obliged to laugh apologetically whenever someone forced him to give a definite answer.

"I think I knew that without your telling me," she said.

"How?" A twitch of resentment tickled his stomach. It was something he wanted to have for his own to tell; he did not like to think that he wore it on his face. He did not want to feel resentment, and pulled her to him in compensation.

"Oh, I don't know. Something about the way you talked, I imagine."

"You're probably right. I feel as though there were all sorts of things to write about, and all I have to do is to sit down and get to work. Usually you don't know where the next word is coming from, but tonight, it doesn't feel as though there would be a difficulty in the world."

They turned down a little side road, and Harry felt strength in his feet and legs as he walked on the soft dirt. He drew her to him to try the power of his arm. When they were far enough from the main road, he stopped, pulled her around to him and kissed her. At first he felt the hardness of surprise in her, but quickly she softened. She put her arms around his neck and came up to him.

After a minute they sat down in the grass beside the little road.

* * *

Later, when they got back to the fraternity house, they danced a few steps, and then it was time for the girls to start to think about getting back to Vassar. Margie's date cut in on them, and Harry let him dance with her for a few minutes while he reluctantly told the other girls to get ready to go after the next couple of records. Then he cut back in, and with Margie went out to the car to wait for the others to come.

When they were sitting in the car, Margie, not understanding Harry's silence, said, in a doubtful voice, "I hope you didn't do something you didn't want to just because you were with a girl for the first time in a long time. I hope there's nothing you'll be sorry for."

Harry was wrenched into separation from her by her failure to understand the silence, which had been for him one of complete security in the strength he had found in that evening. He said, "Hell, no. I've never been so happy about anything."

She made it worse. "It's so awful being penned up in that female prison. When you get away from it you have to let go." After a pause she added, "Not that I'm sorry for it either."

"I hope not," he said, being sincere from his isolation.

Phil Johnson appeared at the car window with a silly grin on his face, and asked if he had an empty place so that he could come down to Vassar with them. Harry laughed, seeing that Phil had done what he said he was going to, and answered, "Sure, that'll give me some company for the trip back."

As they drove off, Harry looked down at Margie for a second, and wondered whether he would see her again.

FURTHER FOREIGN POLICIES

(Continued from page 3)

"In developing close cooperation among all the United Nations there are two areas of special problems," warns Mr. A. B. Magil, "one comprises the relations between the capitalist world and the Socialist world of the Soviet Union, the other, the relations between the capitalist world and the colonial and semi-colonial world in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. The future is the child of the present; to the degree that we strengthen relations with our great Soviet ally today, we will assure close and warm relations in the difficult trials of the post-war period. In this sense the historic significance of the Washington-London-Moscow agreements is incalculable." Much remains to be done by way of understanding what Prof. Allan Nevis has called "the thirst for equity and progress that has somehow rendered (Soviet) Russia a vast brotherhood."

"In the relations between the capitalist world and the colonial and semi-colonial world many changes are taking place and there can be no return to the past," Mr. Magil concludes. To put it as Mr. Sumner Welles has: "If this war is in fact a war for the liberation of peoples, it must assure the sovereign equality of peoples throughout the world, as well as in the world of the Americas. Our victory must bring in its turn the liberation of all peoples. Discrimination between peoples because of their race, creed, or color must be abolished. The age of imperialism is ended." Words alone will not suffice, however. Nor will words plus good intentions end the age of imperialism. The peace and the war both demand immediate needs. The United States are today suffering in the Far East from the imperialist policies of the past—and the present. The British offer to India, though not too late was certainly too little. Without wishing to condone the narrow, one-sided attitude of certain Indian leaders, the primary blame falls on the British govern-

(Continued on page 12)

JOINT MILITARY BOARD COMPLETES TOUR FOR ENLISTED RESERVE PLANS IN COLLEGES

The joint Army-Navy-Marine Corps College Procurement Committee has returned to Washington, D.C., from a tour of the country, in which it discussed with educational authorities the plan of the armed services to work in close cooperation with each other and with the colleges to effect uniform procedures for the enlistment of college students in the reserves of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

The objective of the joint plan is to channel into the armed services a continuous and regulated stream of college-trained manpower.

Students who enroll in the enlisted reserves, are actually members of the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps. While they maintain an inactive military status for the time being, they are regarded by the services as cooperating patriotically in the fulfillment of an important phase of the over-all war effort, for they are being qualified to fill definite needs. Although it is not contemplated that they be called to active duty until they have been qualified by their college training, they are subject to call at any time if the exigencies of the war situation demand it. This is specifically explained to them, as well as the fact that any student in the enlisted reserves is subject to call to active duty as an enlisted man if he fails to graduate with his class or to meet the standards set by the respective services for officer material.

It was emphasized that the Joint Procurement Committee was set up to obtain a definite number of men each year possessing the necessary qualifications for specific military and naval duties, and therefore the plan goes only as far as the actual needs of the services demand. Furthermore, the needs of war industries for men with certain types of training must be taken into consideration.

Implementing further the cooperation of the Army and the Navy in the recruiting of reserve manpower at colleges, arrangements have been made for the establishment of nine joint Army-Navy Marine Corps Boards, which will visit all accredited colleges. The districts covered by these Boards correspond to the area of the nine Army Service Commands. While the Naval Districts do not correspond with these, the Navy and Marine Corps have designated officers to work with the Service Commands. Each board will consist of five officers, one representing the Army in general, one the Army Air Forces, one the Navy in general, one the Naval Air Arm, and one the Marine Corps. In each case, the five officers will visit the same college on the same day, to give the students an opportunity to learn the details of each enlisted reserve plan. These meetings with student bodies will begin as the colleges open for their autumn semesters.

It was further announced that the Army, Navy and Marine Corps have jointly invited representatives of the various colleges concerned with the training program to visit the service schools, technical schools, and officer candidate schools run by the respective services. Each college has been asked to delegate for this purpose one faculty member, who will later be the local representative of the Joint Board. Having seen the workings of service schools in action, he will be in a position to answer from a practical point of view many of the questions that college students ask about the advanced military studies for which they are being prepared.

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FURTHER FOREIGN POLICIES

(Continued from page 10)

ment. "A national government for India and equal partnership in the war effort would unleash powerful forces against the Axis and help underwrite a free future for all peoples. And our own relations with China—against whose people we discriminate shamefully—and our relations with the Philippines, Puerto Rico, and the republics of Latin America still lack that full equality which the war and the peace require. Third, within our own country the present is shaping the future. Let us not be blind to our own India: the Negro people." Though there has been much improvement, much more is demanded by both the peace and the war.

"The future," Mr. Magil emphasized, "will not be fashioned by a few individuals no matter how gifted, sitting down and cutting ingenious patterns, nor even by the efforts of governments alone. It is being fashioned by the action of the peoples of all countries, by their blood and sweat—yes, and by their vision too."

With this approach in mind then, we are not avoiding the question of postwar planning. In a sense very much more real than those who treat the problem in an exclusively abstract manner, separating it from immediate matters of fighting the Axis, we are dealing with the peace now, not through talking alone, or planning alone. The future of the world may lie in the mature decisions of a peoples' peace. A peoples' peace rests with the people.

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