

Bard College  
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# BARDIAN

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O'SHEEL SPEAKS  
AT ANNUAL PEACE  
MEETING, APR. 20Irish Poet, Critic Warns  
Against U. S.-French  
British Alliance

## FLAYS MONEY POWERS

Exploding the myths of the causes of war and the means to peace, of isolationism and collective security, Shaemas O'Sheel, poet, critic, and political thinker who resides in Red Hook, warned Bard students against participating in a war for the protection of British and French imperialist exploiters, in Bard's celebration of the nationwide Peace Day, respected by colleges and universities throughout the nation on Thursday, April 20.

Speaking under the auspices of the Bard chapter of the American Student Union, Mr. O'Sheel described the international situation as a conflict not between aggressors and peace-loving nations, Germany, Italy, and Japan against the democracies, but rather between the capitalist exploiting nations and the one socialist republic, the Soviet Union.

## When Is Nation Peace-Loving?

Citing the history of French and British imperialistic expansion in comparison with that of the more recent fascist aggression, Mr. O'Sheel asked "how long after aggression a nation becomes peace-loving." Americans must not be fooled by the "stage-play" leading up to the Munich pact, he said, because the money powers behind both French and English policy have the same thought in mind: the maintenance of their power and the defeat of their enemy, the socialism of the Soviet Union.

Asserting that the actions of Germany and Italy have received the authorization of Great Britain and France, he admitted that the most recent development may indicate a change in the heart of the British lion caused by Hitler's and Mussolini's unexpected audacity. In that case, the European democracies may call the Soviet Union into an anti-aggression alliance for their protection. "Whatever you do," Mr. O'Sheel warned, "don't joint with Great Britain and France to fight a war presumably against Fascist aggression when the destruction of the Soviet Union is the real objective."

EDWARDS TO PRESIDE  
OVER SOCIOLOGISTS

Dr. Lyford P. Edwards will be a chairman this week-end at the tenth annual meeting of the Eastern Sociological Society, which is to assemble in the Berkeley-Carteret Hotel, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Saturday afternoon Dr. Edwards will preside over a meeting at which Dr. Heinrich Infield will talk on "System in Sociology: European and American." Dr. Infield is formerly of the University of Vienna, and of the Teachers' Training School, Tel-Aviv, Palestine.

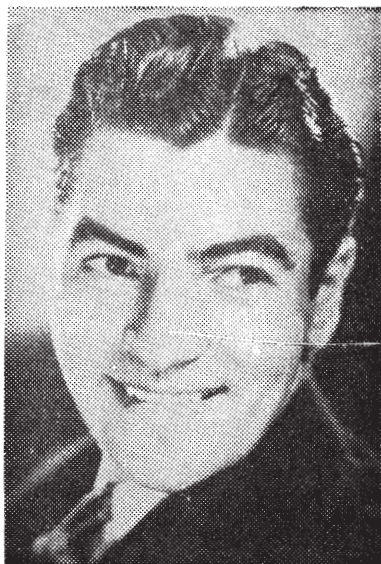
In his brief introductory address, Dr. Edwards will refer to the fact that America, partly because of the Fascist persecutions, is for the first time becoming a seat of extensive culture.

COUNCIL GETS MANLEY,  
LEEFMANS AS MEMBERS

Joseph Alden Manley was appointed representative of the Freshman Class on the Student Council for the rest of the term by class president, George Burnham. Manley took the place of James Starr Nash, missing and feared drowned.

Bert Leefmans was elected Sophomore Non-Soc representative on the Council until the end of the term to fill the vacancy left by Scott MacKeown, who joined the Eulexian Society and thus gave up the Non-Soc position.

## AT SENIOR BALL



TOMMY REYNOLDS

SENIORS CHOOSE  
BAND FOR DANCETommy Reynolds' Orchestra  
Selected To Play  
At May Ball

The Senior Ball committee announced Wednesday night the selection of Tommy Reynolds and his orchestra to play at the annual Spring dance on May 19. The seniors secured the Reynolds outfit through Frank Merriman, a former member of the class of '40, who is employed by Charles Shribman of Boston, band promoter.

Synonymous with the release of the orchestra's name was the official announcement of the complete personnel chosen by the Senior class to take care of the Ball. Don Barrow is in charge of punch; Tommy Stewart, orchestra; Stan Merrill and Wesley Dochterman, program, and Don Sanville and Bill Jordy, decorations. Jordy was elected chairman of the committee.

Detailed information on Reynolds and his orchestra is not yet available. His management was the original promoter of Artie Shaw's famous swing band. Reynolds himself plays the clarinet and got his start in Louisville, Kentucky, where he was heard on the radio. Since then he has been touring the East, and has played at numerous colleges, including Bowdoin, Brown, Harvard, Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst.

Johnston's Aeronautics Speech  
Enjoyed by College Audience

Last Monday evening, Mr. S. Paul Johnston, editor of Aviation magazine and associate member of the Institute of Aeronautical Sciences, spoke on current air research before a large audience in the Bard Theatre at an open meeting of the Science Club.

Mr. Johnston has just returned from extensive travels in Europe, where he visited and observed aviation accomplishments in most of the large nations. His opening comment cited the trend to use this achievement in a military sense, but he said he hoped in years to come it would be directed to peaceful commercial enterprise. Cooperative investigation, he said, would bring lasting developments, whereas military secrecy has only subdued them. He then turned to his subject, first naming the four principal fields of research, aerodynamic, structural, power, and operating.

Mr. Johnston described the "tail-spin" and "glide" wind tunnels for model airplanes used in research, and then called attention to the giant full-sized tunnel at Langley Field air station in Virginia. The ultimate laboratory, he declared, is obviously the flying field itself.

Mr. Johnston then reiterated that we must not overlook the military significance of the research battles being fought today. The threatening European powers have gone the

Yakhontoff Speaks on Japan;  
Reviews Far Eastern SituationRev. Muste To Talk Tuesday Eve On Labor Conflict,  
Possibilities For Conciliation

Reviewing thoroughly the background of the present Far Eastern situation, General Victor A. Yakhontoff spoke to a large audience in the Bard Theatre last Tuesday evening. Now a resident of the United States, General Yakhontoff alluded several times to the experiences he has had in many varied capacities through his life. These include military and diplomatic work in Russia under the Tsar and later with Kerensky.

The speaker felt that we can no longer regard Japan as merely a small insular country, that it has to be considered as an expanding, aggressive power. The "little island," General Yakhontoff continued, has gradually forced its influence to be severely felt in its great neighbor. Taking advantage of the trouble the Western powers were having among themselves in 1915—only one ex-

ample of timing its imperialistic thrusts to crises in the Western world—Japan presented to China the famous twenty-one demands in the form of an ultimatum. Ever since that time, it was stated, the shadow of this small domain has been hovering over and ever ready to devour the much vaster China. It was this basis that General Yakhontoff gave for his statement that the present Sino-Japanese War was not unexpected, that it was only a logical furtherance of earlier policy.

Manchuokuo's "protectorate" has proved expensive, since no real return has been realized from the large investments made there, and as far as the present warfare is concerned, China has been difficult to conquer, much more difficult than was expected, Gen. Yakhontoff maintained.

(Continued on page 4)

BARD TO DEBATE  
VASSAR TONIGHTLiberal Education Under  
Fire; Forum Meets  
Princeton Monday

"Does A Liberal Education Prepare For Life?" Undergraduate opinion on this matter will be forthcoming tonight from representatives of a conservative college and a progressive college when Patsy Bullitt and Catherine Palmer of Vassar and William Jordy and Harry Winterbottom of Bard's Forum will debate the negative and affirmative of this question in the Albee Recreation Room at 8:00 o'clock tonight.

Mr. Jordy, President of the Forum, announced that the next scheduled debate will be with Princeton on the question of whether or not the United States should enter into a defensive alliance with Great Britain. This will take place on Monday evening, April 24, and debaters representing Bard will be Benedict Seidman, Wayne Horvitz, and Harry Winterbottom.

CONCERT SUNDAY;  
SECOND OF TERMSchwartz Outlines Plans  
For Three Recitals  
Before Summer

This Sunday night Bard Hall will entertain the second concert of the semester, presented by the college music division. Beginning at 8 P. M., the performance will feature, in part, Scandinavian music. Mrs. Marjorie Yates, Miss Evelyn Swenson, Mr. Guido Brand, Frank Wigglesworth, and Dr. Paul Schwartz will take part in the concert.

Dr. Schwartz, head of Bard's musical activities, outlined his concert plans for the remainder of the term for THE BARDIAN. He intends to present at least three more of the music recitals, after Sunday evening, one of which will be devoted to the offering of students' original compositions and arrangements. It will be a sort of review of the year's music work accomplished by the students.

A complete chamber music trio will probably furnish another concert later in the Spring. Dr. Schwartz said he will bring the trio to Bard from New York City. The group will give their own concert, unassisted by any of the musicians of the college community. The fourth recital of the term will include double concertos and will be performed by the music division.

STAVENITZ DISCUSSES  
PROJECT DRAWINGS

Under the auspices of the W.P.A. Federal Art Project, Mr. Alexander Stavenitz spoke in the Theatre Tuesday evening, April 11, on the subject "Art and Psychopathology." Accompanying the speaker, there was shown in the Orient Art Gallery the much-discussed exhibit of artistic work done by children in the observation wards of the psychiatric division of Bellevue Hospital.

Professing to be no professional psychiatrist, Mr. Stavenitz explained, in a general way, the theory which is used in interpreting the drawings of mental patients. In the early days of its life, he said, the child gains enjoyment from movement "per se"; but as it realizes the significance of the world around, there arise various meaningful relationships. It is these relationships, the speaker concluded, which the psychiatrist attempts to interpret, usually through certain more or less constant symbolism.

COLLEGE MOURNS  
3 STUDENTS LOST  
ON HUDSON RIVERCoast Guard Quit Search  
Yesterday, Others  
Still Look

## ALL THREE FRESHMEN

All the campus mourned the loss of Carlyle Warner Jones, James Starr Nash, and Philip Quentin Upton on Wednesday, April 12, as classes and campus activities, upset by the shock of the boys' disappearance and the frenzy of the later search, resumed their normal schedules this week and the absence of the three freshmen was particularly noticed. Efforts to find some trace of the bodies of the boys, believed to have drowned in the Hudson River after their capsized boat, empty, was found a day following their sail, continued all week. Last Saturday a Coast Guard launch was stationed at Barrytown, and with this as center, searching parties scouted all parts of the wide river from Barrytown to Tivoli-Madalin. On Saturday, also, an airplane flew over the section in which the boys are thought to have been drowned, but all of the searches have proved fruitless.

The Coast Guard abandoned their search yesterday, it was learned, having dragged the flats and channel of the river with a 15-foot drag. The sheriff's men are still looking, using a boat furnished by Mr. Harold Nash, father of one of the missing trio.

## Active In Theatre

Jones, 20, lived in Yonkers, N. Y. Before he came to Bard, he attended the Loomis School where he was editor of the school newspaper. While at college, he worked much in the Theatre, having appeared in small parts of some of the plays, and acting as stage manager on the staff of the latest Bard production, "Ten Minute Alibi."

Nash, 20, came from Norwalk, Conn., and prepared at Choate School. He was on his prep school crew and wrestling team. At Bard, he was elected class representative on the Student Council and was trying out for the baseball team. With Upton and Norman Ream he founded the Bard Sailing Club recently. He was a member of Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity.

The third boy who has been lost is Upton, a 20-year-old resident of t. Joseph's, Michigan. He graduated from Deerfield Academy of whose newspaper staff he was a member. He was the Star Class sailing champion of the Great Lakes in 1935. His college time was taken up with the soccer team, on which he held a regular position, and THE BARDIAN for which he wrote sports. He was the leader in founding the Sailing Club, whose history was ended with the tragic first-sail of the three. It was Upton's boat—the Club's first and only—which they used a week ago Wednesday. Upton was a member of Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mr. Nash were the only parents on campus since the tragedy. Upton's uncle and several of Nash's uncles represented the families immediately after the disaster. This makes four students who have met violent death within the last year. Bradford Peters was fatally hurt last December as a result of an automobile accident. The student body now on campus numbers 99.

## GUN CLUB RECOGNIZED

A Gun Club was officially recognized by the Student Council at its meeting last Wednesday night. The Club was endowed with the power of making and enforcing rules concerning the use of guns around the campus and was instructed to confine all shooting, except blanks, to a newly created range in the northeast part of the college grounds. The purpose of the Club was said to be the maintenance of safety on campus.

## AIRPLANE AUTHORITY



MR. S. PAUL JOHNSTON

farthest. He described his visit to the remarkable Deutsche Versuchsanstalt Fur Luftfahrt, stating that it was one of four or five such plants

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We are every one of us indescribably saddened by the disappearance of Bud, Phil and Jim. THE BARDIAN joins the entire campus in offering the bereaved parents our boundless sympathy and whatever we can do to alleviate in any way their overwhelming grief.

### CALL TO QUARTERS . . .

IN the next week or so, it will be time to reserve rooms for next year. Attempting to overcome the evils apparently indissolubly bound up with the annual business of conniving to get the Stone Row suites, THE BARDIAN makes the following suggestion: Priority in all events goes to the present holders of the rooms. First choice for next year's vacant single rooms should be given to next year's seniors; second choice, to next year's juniors, etc. First choice for next year's vacant suites, however, should go to the roommates whose combined years in college are the most. E. g., any two next year's seniors, whose college years total is eight, should have first choice for any vacant double rooms. Second choice would then go to a senior and junior roommate combination with a total of seven years in college; third, to two juniors, or a senior and a sophomore, with six, and so on. One need not have spent all his college years at Bard. But one cannot count left-back years. The number of the student's years comes from the class in which he is officially registered next year; so that, even if a senior scholar has gone through college on the five, six or seven year plan, he gets credit for no more than four years. Get it?

THE BARDIAN hopes the administration will take this proposal into consideration.

### EIGHT PAGES . . .

AFTER much worry, consternation, and hopelessness, the Literary Supplement to THE BARDIAN fortunately makes its heralded appearance on time—and with eight pages instead of the promised six. This is the first time within our memory that THE BARDIAN has splurged into twice its average size and probably is the first and last edition of this magnitude for some time. Contributions for the Supplement began to pour in like the April rains and it was decided to enlarge upon the original plan. If there is enough interest, another Supplement—a six-page issue—may be tried at the end of the term. Attempt was made this time to have all divisions of

## Looking Around

WALTER H. WAGGONER

As secretary of the Outing Club, I was surprised and interested to find that my fellow-outers had cooperated with Vassar College on a hike to the Catskill Mountain area. I was surprised because, though secretary (according to the minutes of the last meeting, anyway), I was as innocent of the Bard-Vassar program as the most uninformed student, until it was accomplished, that is, and the outers had returned with gleaming eyes and wind-burned faces. I was interested because, as secretary, I find such activities relevant to my official position. Not that the implication inferring that the whole business was a closed affair is a just one. By no means. I disclose the methods of the club only as evidence of my keen interest in campus affairs. After even a brief investigation, I find that the Outing Club must not be judged in terms of other campus organizations. Did the Science Club aviation enthusiasts whisper among themselves that S. Paul Johnston was to speak? Did the American Student Union scotch the news that Shaemas O'Sheel was the Peace Day speaker? Does the youthful Gun Club hide its activities with silencers? The president of the Science Club was untiring in his publicity campaign for Johnston; the A. S. U. ballyhoos O'Sheel; and the Gun Club may be heard in process any day.

Maybe I'm jealous because times have changed and the Outing Club—not the Outing Club I used to know—has acknowledged progress. Why, according to the tenets of the old gang, woman's place was in the kitchen, not in the mountain retreats reserved for men with ambitious legs and ash-blackened hands! The Outing Club probably made its first digression from the old-guard line when, two years ago, it inflated its membership by 250% and traipsed up to Bennington College for its first intercollegiate, co-educational outing. That was a nasty precedent, completely at odds with the former policy of grueling climbs up and down the Cornell-Wittenberg-Slide Mountain trail across the river, inconsistent with the days when, four years ago, a group of healthy Bard males unofficially broke the Dartmouth Outing Club's record over the same trail, and contrary to the now-forgotten woodsman's motto: "Woman's place is in the home, not the wilds where the bobcats roam."

Next thing we know, the Outing Club will offer its cabin for informal dances or the Senior Ball, and the hills will echo solid-sending swing instead of the bite of an ax or the hum of a two-man saw. John Burroughs will spin in his grave, the beasts will migrate west, and trees will shed their bark.

I wish I were young again so I could interpret—even comprehend—the undergraduate mind at work. Why, for example do students greet one another with the Fascist, and not with the Communist salute? Is it because the first is funnier and easier to manage or does it have the solemn humor of the Seven Dwarfs? (Who pulled that Republican turkey, "Six. Dopey is in the White House?") So long as Hitler and Mussolini are only as near as the Red Hook news reel, it must be fun to kid about the comic seriousness of a man who goose-steps and salutes all over Europe and periodically salts himself away in a mountain to listen to Wagner and cry in his lager. To burlesque this type of man reveals our complacency toward the hoped-for inviolability of our democratic tradition which, some historians and sociologists tell us, raises an insurmountable barrier against this nonsense called Fascism. Admittedly, the appearance of European fascism, with goose-steps and mountain caves, and its American heir, with silver shirts and red, white, and blue feathers in fedora hats, certainly does stimulate our sense of humor, but its meaning soon palls our laughter. Concentration camps, bombings, medieval torture, book burnings, and persecution of Jews aren't good subjects for travesty. They are a shade less funny than a man on crutches. But as we used to say, boys will be boys.

A props the fortnight-old story on the Mermaid Tavern, a discussion arose on the practice of having a nip before dinner, and two schools of thought were immediately discernible: one which applauded the pre-dinner cocktail and the other which snorted and bronx-cheered. (A third waggled a finger and said, "Four- five quick onesh zhokay with me," but was ruled out of order for his extreme views.) The "one before dinner" school says, "It stimulates your appetite and sensitizes your taste buds." The teetotaler warns that you lose the full, rich flavor of the meal. The first agrees, "Precisely." (The ostracized one interrupts with, "Jus' one more, bud, and we're palszh for life," and is silenced.) In the discussion following, religious, moral, scientific, and common sense arguments are rallied by both sides. But the discussion ends at 6:45 P. M. when the teetotaler retires to his room to brush up for dinner and the "just one" school hastens up the three flights of stairs to the Mermaid, where the disorderly third party is found peering thwarty into an empty martini shaker. All of which proves that (1) east is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet and (2) an army travels on its stomach.

study represented in the writing. THE BARDIAN thanks everyone for the cooperation in putting together the middle four pages of this issue and fearfully but eagerly awaits criticism.

## ALMS FOR OBLIVION

THE ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION by Crane Brinton . . . W. W. Norton and Co. . . . 1938.

To an empirical mind perhaps the greatest delight which history yields, is its ability to throw light on the present. If we believe in the determination of events by a vast number of preceding forces, we feel confident that our study of those forces will give us a better understanding of what we are, or should be, doing. Since the scientific method has been the source of so much knowledge where the natural sciences are concerned, it is reasonable to apply it to the social sciences.

Allan Nevins, in "The Gateway to History," has pointed out the limitations involved in this application. One cannot repeat the inglorious performance of the Versailles Treaty, as a controlled experiment for examining the various factors involved. The natural scientist deals in water fleas, wherein the personality factor is nil. The social scientist must cope with such complexities as Napoleon, Bismarck, and Neville Chamberlain.

## Brinton Capable Historian

We are made readily aware of how difficult it is to apply the scientific method to history when we read Crane Brinton's "The Anatomy of Revolution." Mr. Brinton is a capable historian, particularly of the French revolutionary period. One is led to suspect that he is more thorough-going in that field than in his sociological study of revolutions. But it is evident that the true character of revolutions cannot be analyzed, and that similarities of procedure cannot be convincingly traced, in a mere three hundred pages. Dr. L. P. Edwards, Bard sociology professor, wrote a similarly competent though incomplete "Natural History of Revolutions" back in 1927. Yet in spite of the almost summary nature of Mr. Brinton's work, we find it stimulating.

The four revolutions selected for comparative study are the American, French, English and Russian. The contemporary nature of the Russian revolution invalidates it to some degree. There is no material yet available on the trends in Stalinist Russia, objective enough to be used in a scientific examination. Yet Mr. Brinton has freely availed himself of commonly accepted ideas concerning the "conservative" trends in Russia, to complete his case that a period of reaction to the revolutionary ideals, is a post-revolutionary characteristic.

## American Revolt Different

Of the British and American upheavals as good sources, little can be said. Occasionally it was necessary for Mr. Brinton not to mention the American conflagration inasmuch as it unfortunately did not always follow the desired pattern. On the whole the impression is given that the French revolution lends itself best to anatomical study. Probably the author's familiarity with that phase of his subject is a contributory factor.

Some interesting "tentative uni-

formities" which derived are as follows: that the societies which brought on the revolutions are on the upgrade economically; that "we find in our pre-revolutionary society definite and indeed very bitter class antagonisms, though these antagonisms seem rather more complicated than the cruder Marxists will allow"; that there is a desertion by the intellectuals of the old political and social faiths; that the existing governments are inefficient and fail to make essential progressive changes; that the old ruling class loses faith in itself and capitulates to the attacking group. Following the preliminary struggle comes the rule of the extremists, and finally a gradual reaction to a more conservative position.

One is tempted to draw analogies between the "tentative uniformities" of "The Anatomy of Revolution," and contemporary events. Anti-revolutionaries may be needlessly aghast, and revolutionaries needlessly elated. Mr. Brinton has been too brief to be completely reliable, and we are, ourselves, rather the quicksilver behind the mirror than the reflection in it. Only a more comprehensive study of history, and the passage of time will tell us the nature of our own era.

—J. C. H.

PINOCCHIO, produced by Yasha Frank, presented by the WPA Federal Theatre Project at the Ritz Theatre, N. Y.

The Federal Theatre seems always to be exceptionally fortunate at the box-office. "Pinocchio" opened last year and, considering its subject and the usual scope of a Pinocchio audience, one would not have expected the WPA attempt to last very long. But contrarily, the wooden doll still comes to life every night for the Ritz Theatre spectators and the Federal Theatre Project has spiked rumors of its near closing.

This presentation of the saga of the Italian toy-maker whose prayer for a little boy is answered when his toy doll becomes alive is very well performed, and includes many innovations in the way of ballet dancers, tumblers, acrobats and clowns from the WPA's circus stars. Yasha Frank has taken every opportunity to bring in novelty acts that make this children's story entertaining for adults. The music is good and the actors all do their job satisfactorily. Costumes and scenery also help the show.

Fault may be found with the play because it becomes rather tiring and slow at times. The whole production is indeed much more suited to a young audience than to adult Broadway. The doll Pinocchio's experiences and temptations have their best presentation in scenes like the circus extravaganza, with the excellent Negro tap dancers and the amazing midget, and the marvelous under-water, inside-the-whale episode. Pinocchio's final resistance of sin in the last scene,

(Continued on page 4)

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of THE BARDIAN:

The following was sent to me by The Seeing Eye in answer to a letter I wrote asking for further information about the Seeing Eye dog which I had understood would be given to a blind girl after she had saved 33,000 match folders:

"Scores of blind people and hundreds of their friends anxious to help them have been victimized by a cruel hoax which is rapidly spreading along the Eastern seaboard. The rumors, which The Seeing Eye has been completely unable to trace, state that a blind person may secure a Seeing Eye dog by saving from 10,000 to 100,000 empty paper match folders. These stories are entirely without foundation.

"During the past few months The Seeing Eye has received nearly a hundred letters and telephone calls from persons anxious to verify the rumor. Investigation frequently revealed that, although only one letter or telephone call had been received, ten or more persons were actively engaged in saving the match folders. In some cases entire communities

were accumulating match books in the hope of securing a dog for some local blind person.

"Anyone hearing of the rumor should deny it emphatically and report the circumstances at once to Seeing Eye headquarters. It is advisable also to inform any person placing credence in the rumor, that any blind person may make tentative application for a Seeing Eye dog merely by writing the school. The Seeing Eye will then determine if he is eligible for the dog. Once this is established he may make formal application and be placed on the waiting list. Until then he should make no definite plans as he cannot be sure of his acceptance by the school."

Obviously, the campaign I began on campus a month ago has died a natural death in view of this information. But I think it is important that this cruel hoax be exposed; and one of the most practical methods would be for us to follow the advice of The Seeing Eye and deny the rumor whenever we may hear of it again.

—Donald W. Sanville.



With the Squad

Don Worcester

Monday night Mrs. Jack Roper of Los Angeles was faced with a very technical problem. Before the slight skirmish between her husband and Joe Louis, she admitted that she could always tell after the first round whether or not Jack was going to win. Announcers were all ready to give the world the benefit of her womanly intuition after the first chucker. However, Mr. Roper wasn't fighting Patsy Perroni or anyone of similar ilk. In his three recent bouts Joe Louis has limited himself to the first round. After two minutes and twenty seconds it was all over, and Ma Roper never had a chance to predict the winner.

The N. Y. State Boxing Commission has passed on Tony Galento as being in condition for his June battle with Louis. Tony has caused the Commission plenty of worry, and maybe they would be pretty sorry if he didn't come up against Joe Louis. On the other hand, if the New Jersey beer keg's staves are caved in seriously, it will look bad for the Commission for letting the fiasco go through. If Galento is as lucky as the rest of the men who have fought Joe Louis lately, he'll get knocked out right in the beginning before he has time to get hurt very badly.

Rainy weather has kept the baseball team indoors most of the time, and slowed up the work of getting the tennis courts in shape. Baseball practice has gone on indoors, and the boys seem determined to win at least one game this year to avenge aspersions cast upon them early in the season, if for no other reason. Maybe somebody should say something nasty about the tennis team. The University of California crew which ran second to Navy at Poughkeepsie last year, has just beaten Washington in all three divisions on the coast for the first time since 1932. The Cal crew is pointing for the Poughkeepsie regatta in June and for the 1940 Olympics. In the last two Olympics, the United States has been represented by Washington and California.

The Outing Club has had its joint hike with Vassar at last, and from all reports it must have been a success. In the recent Handicap Bowling Tournament, Dan Buckley took first place, and Bob Aufricht, the only one without benefit of a handicap, ran third. The Seniors and planning to repeat their beer softball game with their dates on Prom weekend. Speaking of softball, the Interfraternity schedule will be played out of doors this year, instead of in the gym. Two games will be played every Monday afternoon at four and five o'clock, beginning April 24.

VASSAR GIRL ENGAGED TO DONALD WORCESTER

The engagement of Miss Barbara L. Peck, Vassar senior, to Donald E. Worcester, Bard senior, was announced yesterday by the fiancée's mother. Miss Peck is a graduate of Packer Collegiate Institute and belongs to the Brooklyn Junior League.

Worcester, son of Vassar's Professor Maud W. Makemson, chairman of the astronomy department, lived in Arizona for a large part of his life and came to Bard in his sophomore year, in 1937. He is Sports Editor of THE BARDIAN, a letterman in soccer, basketball and tennis, and a member of the Eulexian Society.

BEEKMAN ARMS

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Bard Nine Aims for Opener Next Sat.

STEVEN'S TEAM HEADS SCHEDULE

Scarlet and White Play 10 Innings Against Local Squads

With baseballphobe Jupe Pluvius "agin" them and the worry warts giving them goose pimples because they haven't had many days of out-of-doors practice, Bard's luminaries pointed toward their first inter-collegiate game with Steven's Tech, of Hoboken, N. J., a week from tomorrow, Saturday, April 29. What little practice that has been done during this past watery week took place, for the most part, in the gymnasium where the boys went through some bunting sessions.

Last Saturday the team played ten innings of baseball, the local lads' first competition of the season. For the first five innings the Ramblers, a Tivoli nine, held the Bardmen to a 2-2 tie. The college men took the next five stanzas from Runt Pease's Annandale team, winning in the last inning, 3-2. The game was a try-out affair, since the boys had been playing outside for only about three days before. Bob Haberman did half the pitching and looked considerably improved over last year. His speed and outdrop were enough to strike out many of the Ramblers, and in one inning four men fanned, the third out having reached first because of a dropped third strike. Haberman's control, noticeably weak last year, allowed no walks during the five innings. Linc Armstrong and Scotty Bowen shared the second half pitching and, while both had speed, they showed some wildness at first.

Krieger, Lambert Catch

Gene Krieger caught Haberman and George Lambert, having played at first base in the first tilt, caught the second two hurlers. Both catchers dropped a few too many balls, but their arms were not bad. Krieger seemed to have the edge inasmuch as Lambert is new behind the plate. During the second match, Fred Bowlan turned in a sparkling job at the initial sack and got one hit for two times at bat in the bargain. First base, however, will probably be regularly covered by Lambert or Charley Wyman, who didn't play Saturday. Bowlan is counted on as one of the throwing corps.

Dan Buckley and Bill Rueger formed the keystone combination and they tentatively start the season next Saturday at shortstop and second, respectively. Third base presented a problem to Coach Harold Phalen and co-captains Rueger and Armstrong. Don Lehmann was at the hot corner most of the time, but didn't have much opportunity to show his stuff. Armstrong came in from centerfield, where he was stationed when not on the mound, to take third at the end of the game.

Outfield Not Busy

In the outfield were Scott MacKeown, left, Hal Altschuler, alternating with Scotty Bowen in right, and Armstrong and Lehmann, center. On-

Vassar Girls Join Outing Club On Jaunt to Bearsville Cabin

Last Saturday the Bard Outing Club, supplemented by girls from Vassar College, made what was described as a "pleasant and joyful" overnight trip to the Club's cabin in the Catskill Mountains at Bearsville, N. Y.

The students who made the expedition and the Vassar girls are John Muller, Norman Ream, Bill Jordy, Jack Honey, Roger Merrill, Susie Klaar, a German refugee, Joan Rothwell, Cora Carrick, Boodie Parker, Patty Dilks. Mr. and Mrs. John Parsons, of Bard, also were in the group.

Meet Mr. Fite

Saturday morning the boys drove in Ream's car to Rhinecliff, where they met the girls at the railroad station. Crossing to Kingston by ferry, the crowd met Mr. Harvey Fite, of the Bard faculty, who was on hand with his station-wagon. Both cars proceeded to the Bearsville cabin where they munched ham sandwiches and boiled eggs. After the meal, some of the party hiked up Mount Tobias, but Muller and Ream and their girl friends, sneaked off from the rest and called on a neighbor, Mr. Simmons, from whom they hoped to borrow horses. But the neighbor explained that his broncos were a bit frisky for amateurs to ride unless they glued themselves to the saddles, and while the two boys were ready for anything, the girls were of a more conservative nature. So the four, according to

Bill Jordy (not an eye witness), took up wrestling or some milder sport.

Late in the afternoon, the whole party reunited at Mr. Fite's studio six miles from Woodstock where they had supper, after "Brute" Ream, clad only in underpants, went swimming in a quarry.

After nine o'clock, the delegation went to the Wilgus Dance Pavillion for square sets and round dancing—twosie-twosie dancing as the natives call it. Intermissions were featured by rounds of beer.

Boys Take Mattresses

In the early hours the group returned to the cabin, where the boys sprawled on mattresses while the girls took to the refinement of sleeping bags. Before seven on Sunday morning every one in turn was yanked out of bed by Ream, who had risen with the crowing of the cock to start a fire. After breakfast, all but Muller, two girls, and the Parsons, climbed into Ream's roadster and headed for Vassar. The remaining few went to church in West Hurley and joined Mr. Fite for lunch. The afternoon they spent on the Fite estate.

According to the Outing Club's head, John Muller, "words cannot describe the joyous spirit of the week-end, and because of its immense success, a definite plan for outings with Vassar will be drawn up for next year." John licked his chops and said he thought this Vassar-Bard cooperation was a good idea.

SOFTBALL ACTIVITIES TO COMMENCE MONDAY

The annual Interfraternity Softball League will open its season next Monday. The league, which in former years played earlier in the semester and in the gymnasium, will move outdoors, and will supplant the Interclass League which used to be played on the field at this time of year. The games will be played in pairs, the first starting at three

ly one fly ball, with the exception of clean hits, reached them all afternoon. So not much can be said for or against the outfield.

The Bard men looked fairly good afield, under the circumstances, and the fact that there were two lone errors, wild throws, was encouraging. It was at bat that the Scarlet and White failed somewhat. Against only mediocre pitching, they struck out too much and missed in the pinches several times. The first part of the batting order did all right; namely, Lehmann, Rueger, Buckley and Armstrong. But after that the difficulties set in. Lambert, MacKeown, Krieger, Bowen, and Haberman finished the order and were not too strong. Of the two later additions, Altschuler and Bowlan, the latter was promising.

Next week's season opener will find a visiting Steven's team, which has lost to Drew, also on Bard's schedule, 4-3. The local lineup in uncertain and the outlook isn't too hopeful, since the Jersey lads will be experienced.

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BUCKLEY FIRST IN 'CAP TOURNAMENT

Forges to Lead, Ahead of Sharp, R. Aufricht In Alley Meet

With an average of 212.6 pinfall per game including handicap Dan Buckley easily captured first place in the individual sweepstake bowling tournament conducted last week on the gymnasium allies. Twenty college league bowlers rolled three games apiece, to which was added a handicap according to each individual average in the final league standings.

It has been pointed out that in such a handicap tournament each participant is placed approximately on a par, the better bowlers getting the small handicap. By this system it is not necessarily the best bowler who wins but the one who is "on" at the time of the match.

Sharp, Aufricht Next

Buckley, the winner, finished the league season in 16th place while Fred Sharp, in second place in the tournament with a 189 average, was 8th in the league standings. Bob Aufricht, winner in league averages, came in third in the sweepstakes with no handicap allotment. The high game of the tournament, 214, went to Buckley while Aufricht took the honors for the high three-game pinfall, 559, which was also the highest officially for the year.

To the three high men in the tournament will go gold, silver, and bronze medals respectively; awards will be made shortly. The records of the first ten men in the sweepstakes are listed below:

Name	Pinfall	H'dcap	Aver.
1. Buckley .....	554	84	212.6
2. Sharp .....	525	42	189
3. Aufricht, R. ...	559	0	186.3
4. Markle .....	452	105	185.6
5. Pickard .....	442	105	182.3
6. Cubberley .....	449	45	181.3
7. Phillipson .....	436	105	180.3
8. Rosenberg ....	509	18	175.6
9. Hoffman .....	476	30	168.6
10. Harris, W. ...	411	93	168

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## 4 NOVELS ADDED TO BOOK SHELVES

### New Library Acquisitions Listed; Get Tables for Astronomy

Dr. Felix E. Hirsch, college librarian, has listed the following recent acquisitions to the Hoffman Memorial Library collection. Under novels, there are J. P. Marquand's "Wickford Point," E. Page's "The Tree of Liberty," John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," and Dorothy Canfield's "Seasoned Timber."

Two notable volumes, the United States Naval Observatory ephemerides for 1939 and 1940, have been added to the science books. These monumental tables are used by astronomers everywhere.

The art division has received H. A. Schmid's "Arnold Boecklin." Under philosophy, Dr. Hirsch mentions W. Jaeger's "Paideia; the Ideals of Greek Culture." The biology department boasts of R. Pearl's "The Natural History of Population."

Some biographies have been obtained, namely, F. C. Green's "Stendhal," Oswald G. Villard's autobiography, "Fighting Years," and another by William Lyon Phelps, titled, "Autobiography With Letters."

### SELLS BOOK RIGHTS

British copyrights on "Trumpets at Dawn," recently published American revolution novel of Mr. Cyril Harris, Bard English professor, have been sold, the author announced last week.

### BARDAVON

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

April 21 — 1 Week

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### Theatre's Next To Set French Comedy To Music

The next production of the Bard theatre will be a free, musical comedy adaptation of Moliere's "The Doctor In Spite of Himself." The play has been translated from the French by students of the drama division and music and lyrics are being written by George Rosenberg and Walter Waggoner.

For its production of Anton Chekov's "Three Sisters," Vassar has borrowed Peter Hobbs and Frank Overton of the Bard theatre. The play will be presented tonight and tomorrow evening.

### INFORMAL DANCE TO BE HELD AT K.G.X. HOUSE

The third informal dance of the Spring semester will take place tomorrow evening from 9:00 P. M. to midnight at the Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity House.

Mrs. John Parsons, in charge of the affair, explained that the larger room will easily handle a sizeable crowd, if as many people come to this dance as have to the first two. Refreshments will be served as usual, and again the music is to be recorded.

According to the original rotation plan of using the frat house for the dances, the next such occasion will probably be at the Eulexian Society house.

### STRATFORD

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

April 22 — 4 Days

Story of Alexander  
Graham Bell

— with —

DON AMECHE  
LORETTA YOUNG  
HENRY FONDA

### LYCEUM

THEATRE  
Red Hook, N. Y.

April 22

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939"

— with —

JOAN CRAWFORD

— and —

JAMES STEWART

April 23 and 24

SYLVIA SIDNEY

— and —

LEIF ERICSON

— in —

"One Third of a Nation"

April 25 and 26

"Fisherman's Wharf"  
BOBBY BREEN

### Yakhontoff Posts Campus On Latest Events In East

(Continued from page 1)

The guerrilla type of fighting, which has now been resorted to, has, in the lecturer's opinion, caused endless annoyance to Japan. More money is being continually bled out of the Japanese people to continue the war.

From all of the facts and conceptions which he considered, General Yakhontoff drew the following conclusions: a new and thoroughly democratic China will inevitably rise out of the present exigencies; Japan will reach its economic breaking point soon, especially if the American source of 54% of the present war material is cut off; and last, there will be no immediate Russo-Japanese conflict since neither wants to be troubled with such activity.

On Tuesday evening, April 25, in the Albee Recreation Room, Rev. A. J. Muste will lecture to the college community on the subject, "The CIO versus the AFL and Chances for Reconciliation." Rev. Muste is minister of the Presbyterian Labor Temple in New York City and has taught at Brookwood Labor College.

### Johnston Addresses Bard On Aeronautics Monday

(Continued from page 1)

in Germany. Johnston also told of his tour of the aeronautical research city outside of Rome. The United States, he continued, has the best research group and equipment, but it needs more working centers. American quantity lags, but its quality is unexcelled.

Johnstone next emphasized the value of operating pilots and ground men, saying that they perhaps constituted the prime research body. In conclusion, he described the significance of research in radio navigation, as in the problem of blind landings. Here he spoke about the new radio reflection principle anti-meter, which indicates actual height above terrain.

In the question period, Mr. Johnston elaborated on de-icing methods. He also magnified on the tremendous superiority and safety of American air passenger transport to any in the world. The gathering then adjourned to Albee Recreation Room for further discussion.

On March 12, members of the Science Club saw Davis brain tumor removal films, including "Cerebellar Tumor," and "Pearly Tumor of Cerebello - Pontile Angle." David Whitcomb, president of the organization, said the club hoped to have chemistry moving pictures and an expert to speak on bees in the near future.

### Alms For Oblivion

(Continued from page 2)

when he gives the beggar woman his last penny, is said to have been high-lighted one performance by a brilliant remark from one of the more mature gallery kids. Pinocchio, hesitating to give his money to the beggar, asks the audience what he should do with his pennies.

"Keep yer pennies," one kid yelled out. "Tell the old lady to go on relief."

—W. F. R.

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# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## The Bardian

### THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD

“Man is Born Unto Trouble, as the Sparks Fly Upward” — Job V:7

by George L. Rosenberg

IT was a high mist—a fog I guess you'd call it; yet it wasn't solid like a real fog. It was patchy so once in a while you'd see a whole clearing with none of the stuff in it.

We walked along—Joe and me—through the woods. The ground was soft under our feet. You could feel the mud just start to ooze over your shoe and then it'd suck away as your foot came up for the next step. Once in a while we'd trip over a low stump of a tree or a branch that was lying in the path that you couldn't see a foot ahead of you.

I guess Joey had been talking a lot—I don't know 'cause I certainly wasn't listening to him. I hadn't heard a word he had said (if he was talking). I was excited—plenty excited. It was my first time. (It was Joey who had taken me to that house up in the city for the first time too. Ever since then I kind of wished I hadn't gone with him 'cause every night I'd lie in bed and I could just see that girl lying there—all short and greasy lookin'—and I'd think how she laughed when I told her it was the first time for me! “You seen the horses, ain't you?” she had asked sort of snottily. Every night I would remember how sore that made me—I don't know why—I just got sore. And then I got onto that creaky couch and I thought I'll get even with her for saying that to me. Every night I think, “I'll bet she never had a guy like me—before or since; I'll bet she'll always remember me. That was the first time too. I never been back, but I think that I'm back there every night before I go to sleep every goddamned night I think about it.” That was the kind of excited I felt about this.

We'd been walking about a half an hour and still you couldn't see anything until you hit one of those patches and you'd see a few tall trees and some stumps. If you looked up when you got to one of those free spots you could see a couple of stars maybe with a sort of hazy ring around them.

“Right ahead there.”

We walked on.

“What'd you say?” I asked Joey.

“There they are.”

I stopped and looked ahead. Nothing. I couldn't see nothing but the fog. It was softer and muddier though (“getting near the swamp” I figured) so it made a loud squidgy wet sound when you picked up your feet. Then I saw two little lights—dim like the stars and hazy—and then with almost every step toward them I could see one, maybe two more of them. Pretty soon (the fog was so thick they looked farther away than they were really) we got so close we saw lots of lights flickering there, about thirty I guess, and I could see men standing around holding pine torches all lit like when we was kids and we used to march around at night with torches like that all fiery. Sometimes a hunk of bark or a loose piece of the wood would fall off the torches and fall into the wet and go out as soon as it hit.

We heard the men talking soft as they stood around the great big poplar in the middle there. We were right next to them almost, but I guess they didn't see us 'cause when they heard our steps, one guy started up fast. “Who's that?” he said—and he sounded scared.

“It's me—Joey.”

“What's that with you?”

I was just going to speak up when Joe answered, “Anderson,” for me.

And that was all—except a guy came up and shoved a couple of pine torches at us—one for Joe and one for me like all the others had.

Joe struck a match with his fingernail. “Hold it up, kid. I'll light it for you.”

I sort of didn't hear what he said for a minute and then I held it out to him looking around all the time trying to see what was going on around the tree.

“Hold it steady, kid; you're shaking like a friggin' leaf!”

The pine caught quick and I could see Joe standing there smiling at me (smiling like the way he did when he said, “Good luck,” and the girl closed the door on him that night at the house up in the city—smiling the same goddamned way like when I came out of the room and he just stood there smiling — a bastardly smile like what I'd just been doing he invented it.) I saw him by the light of the shaky blaze smiling like what we were going to do now he had invented that too.

But I couldn't think about him so much. I kept wondering if it was the first time for any of these other guys—like it was for me.

I heard Joe ask, “Where is he?”

“Don't know. Oughta be here soon though. They said he'd be here at eleven. Pretty near that now I guess.”

I looked at my Ingersoll. Five to. Pretty soon now. My heart was pumping like hell now (just like up in the city).

I was getting used to the funny light so I could see some of the faces there. Most of them I knew. Eddie James from the garage was there. I walked over to him right next to the big poplar. I tried to walk easy like I had been there a lot before. He looked kind of jumpy himself.

“Pretty soon now, huh, Eddie?”

He looked at me and sort of just smiled

like he was saying ‘hello’ and he mumbled, “Yeah. Pretty soon I guess.” And he fished a cigarette out from his pocket and lit it off the red bottom of the knotty end of his torch. “Yeah . . . he oughta show up any minute now. I'm getting damned tired of this. I been here since . . .”

He stopped dead just as his hand was taking the cigarette from his mouth and with the smoke going slow into his eyes he stared right past me like he seen a ghost. Everybody stopped talking.

I turned around and there he was—standing between two great big deputies with stars pinned on their coats as though they weren't going to let nobody forget that they was deputies. If you didn't know better you'd have thought they was a guard of honor they stood up so proud and straight.

And then I looked at him. All I could see from where I stood was his big eyes, staring first from one side of the crowd and then to the other. He was so goddamned black he looked like part of the night. You could see the pine torches reflecting in his yellow-like eyes and the pine fire would kind of flash every once in a while off the handcuffs on his and the deputies' wrists.

Nobody said a word. Two guys stepped out of the crowd which kind of bunched together now. They stood right by him. My heart was pounding so hard in my ears I thought everybody there would hear it (like it pounded when she said, “You seen the horses, ain't you?” and I got so sore). The nigger was scared stiff—really stiff. I bet he couldn't move a muscle in his body.

Nobody spoke or moved when the sheriffs helped the two guys take off his coat and

then his pants. I held back a strange kind of choky laugh as he stood there in his dirty long underwear, his eyes still staring but beginning to close up a little like he was trying to remember something—a prayer maybe.

“Teach the black bastards to . . .”

One of the sheriffs run up quick to the guy that had started to yell something.

“Keep quiet, you! All of you. We got orders to do this thing quiet—and neat, see?”

He walked up to us closer. He looked plenty mean that sheriff. I'm just as glad he was with us.

“You wouldn't want your names to get sent up to the capitol, would you?”

Silence—except somebody shifted his feet and you could hear the mud pull.

He stood there naked now—just wearing his white eyes. Everybody else just stood there too.

Then the big sheriffs pushed him toward the poplar we were all standing around. Everyone got more excited and started to push to see (but it was all quiet) so sometimes I couldn't see what was going on. Every once in a while I'd jump up to see over the heads in front of me. Pretty soon they got to talking first kind of low and then it grew. Now and then one of the sheriffs would yell, “Shut up!”

And then all of a sudden he was up. They had a rope around his neck and over the limb. They stood him on a barrel under the limb so he wouldn't hang—yet. I noticed for the first time that his body was all shiny now and then I saw one guy standing beside the barrel with a brush in his hand—dripping tar.

## MAELSTROM

by David Burke

How do you do? What—?

She was at Southampton.

Oh yes, I remember. How are you? Can you upholster?

Sorry.

Do you know where we could find a chandelier?

The third dimmer has burned out.

How much will a new one cost?

Seven-fifty.

Fix the old one.

Every time I fix it, it blows out again.

“Now as I was saying, Brace, it's most unlikely that he would have said that.”

“Most unlikely, sir.”

“Would you call Miss Findon please?”

“Oh, Miss Findon.”

“Yes, Inspector?”

I've got to build on stage. I won't disturb you, will I?

“I would like to ask you a few more questions.” God Damn it, you can't rehearse with this racket going on!

Heads below!

Can we have rehearsal props tonight?

If you get them yourself. I've got too much German to do.

German, at a time like this.

Yes, German.

Do you want to flunk Drama?

Do I want to flunk German?

Who's got a cigarette?

Thanks. Match?

On stage.

Look out below!

Damn you, Hobbs.

Overton, leave those matches alone, they're props.

Two Days Before

Hurry up in the john!

Mix the glue.

Rehearsal at eight-thirty.

No, no, not “It's him.” “It is he.”

David, we can't do lines with you pounding back there.

Oh, go to Hell!

Have the posters come?

B. J.'s distributing them.

Can I borrow your car?

Haberman has it.

Can I borrow yours?

B. J.'s got it.

Burnett, that clock's two minutes fast.

David, we've got to have the props tonight. Keep your pants on.

What have you done about that chandelier? I reiterate, keep your pants on.

I'm serious.

Seriously.

“That's the heaviest coat that bastard's ever wore!”

Nobody laughed. Nobody spoke.

All of a sudden Eddie James—Christ only knows how he did it—jumped out of the crowd and pushed his torch up against the nigger's belly.

He screamed with pain and everyone else let out the howl they'd been saving up so long. He screamed again—with terrible pain. Lots of guys laughed. He looked like one of the torches. A young guy kicked the barrel out from under the bastard. He pulled at his neck and he swung—back and forth—like a goddamned burning pendulum in an old clock on fire. He screamed louder and faster and he pulled and his eyes bulged like they was going to burst out of his head round and wet and yellow—and his mouth twisted like he wanted to bite the rope off.

And just as fast as it started it stopped. His arms fell and his scream just faded into like when a kitten finishes saying “Meow”—just dwindled out and faded like the end of a dream. And his body swung—back and forth and back and back and back and slower—and he burned in his arm and his head and his legs and his hair and the sparks flew upward and singed the quiet leaves of the giant poplar.

And everyone was quiet and breathing hard. I was pulling so hard to get my breath (like that night on the couch up in the city) I thought I'd fall down to try and breathe. I looked up quick so I wouldn't have to see that goddamned stinking body blacker than it'd ever been in its life.

I looked up—the sparks fly upward and burn the leaves and the leaves drop down and burn the nigger . . . .

\* \* \* \*

I got home somehow.

I lay in my bed and I thought of the night Joe and me went up to the house in the city. I saw her again—like I see her every night—and she looked different: she looked shorter and fatter and greasier and she just lay there. She didn't say nothing about how it was the first time for me—she didn't say nothing about the horses and I didn't get sore . . . I lay in bed thinking . . . and I guess I fell asleep. I don't remember. All I know is I was tired (just like after the night I went up to city with Joe . . . )

Is this color right for the back wall?

Very nearly—a little too green; better thin it down a little.

Notes on the Dress Rehearsal

Overture up on the third crescendo.

George too slow on second entrance.

Justin don't look at chair.

Fix bedroom door.

John's lines.

Chandelier.

Telephone too far up.

Hobbs don't cross legs.

George cut line about three suitcases.

Chandelier.

Property Man's Mind

Metronome Rupert Brooke desk cups polish tea things tomorrow's English whiskey soda two glasses paint chair another gun chandelier line drawer white lamp green rug ten-thirty conference passport suitcase upholster armchair more cigarettes crystal chandelier crystal chandelier rug talcum powder and tea rug talcum powder and tea Oh my God Oh my God—

After the Dress Rehearsal

Crew report on stage 1:30 A.M.

Bartlett, put more red gelatine in the fire-place.

I've got a headache.

There are some aspirin in the john.

I wish I could get my German done.

When do you have it.

Tomorrow at eight-thirty.

Look out below!

I think I know where I can get a chandelier.

Well it's three-thirty and I'm going to bed.

Are you lugs going to stay up all night?

I wish John would learn his lines.

Don't worry, he won't.

Peter, you're too high with that fixture.

It's four-thirty and I'm going to bed; I'm

so tired I can't even see straight.

Be sure and be here at nine.

I can't; I've got an eight-thirty class.

It's getting light.

A new day.

Hello, Bob, had breakfast?

Yeah. Up all night?

Uh-huh. Done a lot, don't you think?

Technical rehearsal at eleven.

Where's David? I want his car.

Looking for a chandelier.

What was there for breakfast?

Good morning, Ellen; studied your lines?

Eggs,—I think.

Tickets

Programs

Money

Miss Barton

Hello, Mrs. Stickles. Have you a chandelier we can borrow?

Overture

Curtain



# WHAT IS THE OXFORD MOVEMENT?

by Gordon R. MacAllister

WHEN confronted with the question, "What is the Oxford Movement?" the average uninformed layman and Protestant clergyman is apt to reply, "The Oxford Movement believes in the moral rearmament of faith in a Supreme Being." Upon further questioning we learn that "house parties are held not infrequently at which members publicly confess their sins and cite numerous examples of how and at what time the Holy Spirit caused them to such and such an act either kindly or otherwise." Such overt and inward acts do not belong to the Oxford Movement but to the Rev. Dr. Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman, onetime Presbyterian clergyman, and his numerous followers, known in ecclesiastical circles as "Oxford Groupers."

The single word *Oxford* has had various connotations in both the religious and secular sense. Persons, unfamiliar with English history, naturally think of the Oxford Movement as originating in the mind of Dr. Buchman and regard him as the chief prophet. But this is not the case. The so-called Oxford Group (the name has recently been changed to "Moral Re-Armament" at the insistence of the Oxford Union together with the Hon. A. P. Herbert, Member of Parliament for Oxford University) has never been associated with the Oxford Movement either in tenets of faith or practice. Geographically, both movements had their genesis within the walls of the University of Oxford, but that is all; and this is open for question in the case of the Oxford Group.

The launching of the *Oxford Movement* can be said to have taken place, on July 14, 1833, when the Rev. John Keble, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, preached the famous Assize Sermon in the University pulpit.

A small band of brilliant young Oxford graduates—all Fellows of Oriel College—were fired with the task of rediscovering the Primitive Church and bent on restoring the ancient truths of the Catholic Faith to a lax, disobedient and gainsaying people. Students of English history will recall with rightful antipathy the state of the Established Church in the years surrounding the Reform Act of 1832. Anglican clergy were known as "fox-hunting parsons." We read of others who, while drawing their monthly pay, lived at a distance of some two hundred miles from their parishes, seldom, if ever, visiting them. Churches were closed for months at a time. Hundreds of children were denied the grace of Holy Baptism. Holy Communion was administered about twice a year—Easter and Christmas. The poor were prohibited from divine worship owing to paid pews and lack of "proper" clothes. Many people simply

viewed the Establishment as the "Tory Party at prayer"; and rightly so.

Before long, the Holy Spirit awakened the hearts and souls of a few of the frequenters of the staid Oriel Common Room. John Henry Newman, John Keble and Hurrell Froude, all young Anglican divines, brilliant scholars, and sons of well-to-do English families, met and accepted the awful challenge.

The aim of these Oxford zealots was not to found a new sect, in the sociological sense of the word, but to revive the Catholic doctrines as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer, but neglected since England became "Protestant" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They pointed to the Preface to the Ordinal as asserting beyond dispute (despite what individual reformers in the sixteenth century had or hadn't thought) that it was the intention of the Church that the three Orders of the Ministry should be continued and reverently used and honored. They insisted that the Eucharistic vestments and other traditional ornaments of the Church should be retained and in use. They claimed that the Communion Service assumed a belief in the Lord's real presence. They argued that the Prayer Book, in ordering over a hundred days to be observed as fast days, and at least eighty-one days to be observed as holy days, meant what it said. They said that the authority for the Sacrament of Auricular Confession could be found in a number of passages in the Prayer Book. They recognized that nowhere in the Prayer Book was the Church described as *Protestant*, but frequently was she alluded to as Catholic. They were convinced and preached and wrote that, however far the Church had wandered from her ideals in practice, her principles were sound, and the practice of them could be recovered.

One of the chief methods of propagating the tenets of the Movement was the publication of a long series of "Tracts for the Times." At first, they were short little pamphlets, and, later on, lengthy treatises on the fundamentals of the Catholic Faith. Many a country vicar found a bundle of tracts on his door-step. Bishops, in the solitude of their studies, pondered over the "Tract on Apostolical Succession," with the door bolted.

It was a red letter day for the Oxford apostles when Edward B. Pusey became associated with the Movement. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he was made Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church at the early age of twenty-eight. His authority did

much to proclaim the influence of the Movement. Known for his scholarship in all the great universities of Europe, Dr. Pusey is particularly remembered by modern divinity students for his four hundred page tract on the Sacrifice of the Eucharist.

Of all the original leaders and writers of the tracts, Newman was the only one who became a Roman Catholic, later becoming a Cardinal in that Communion. True when the Movement grew a number of laymen and clergy "went over to Rome." It is not the concern of the writer to mention them by name and rank, but only to trust that they found peace and happiness in the Church of their adoption.

Nevertheless, when the future wearer of the red hat left Oxford (1845), the Movement ceased to be confined to the University, and it spread rapidly to the cities and towns of England. Such priests as Mackonochie, Lowder, Upton-Richards, Stanton, Dolling, Church and Liddon—men who had received their inspiration and training at the feet of Keble and Pusey—set out to put the Tractarian principles in the great cities of London, Leeds, Plymouth, Bristol, and Birmingham. Needless to say, they all suffered persecution, misrepresentation, and the massed agitation of outraged Protestants. Father Stanton, the youthful curate of St. Alban's, Holburn, suffered the humility of being spat at, kicked and jostled; yet when he died (1913) all London turned out to watch the funeral procession. His biographer writes, "It was a wonderful funeral—perhaps the most wonderful ever accorded to an English priest."

It must be remembered that these young clergy were richly endowed with evangelical fervor, whose passionate desire was to bring the love of Our Lord to His children, and they sacrificed everything to the cause. In scores of parishes the priests of the Catholic Revival have gone looking for lost sheep. Driven from Oxford, long ostracised from the fashionable and wealthy places, opposed by the Court, feared by the Press, the Movement went into the slums where it brought the Catholic Faith and a little sunshine to the miserable lives of Christ's poor and afflicted, and "wrote a shining page in the record of the service of humanity."

It was to bring life and light into the slums that the "Ritualists" then set themselves. Mission settlements, churches with attached clergy houses, institutes, and sisters' houses were established in the Hell kitchens of the

great cities. St. George's-in-the-East with St. Peter's, London Docks, were the pioneers of this type of endeavor. St. Alban's, Holborn, will always be remembered by the London poor as the church where Father Stanton served as a loving curate for fifty years.

When Queen Elizabeth had dissolved the few religious orders refounded by her sister Mary there had been no monasteries or convents until the year 1841. In that year, one lady, Miss Marian Hughes, made her vows before Dr. Pusey in St. Mary's, Oxford. For sixty-three years she lived a religious life in the Society of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, Oxford, of which she became the Mother Superior. Within the next ten years no less than ten communities were started for women, the best known being the Sisters of St. Mary the Virgin (Wantage), 1848; of St. John the Baptist (Clewer), 1848; and St. Margaret (East Grinstead), 1855.

And what about the men? The restoration of the religious life among men in the Anglican Church owes its inception to the Rev. Richard Meux Benson, formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Vicar of Cowley, Oxford. In 1866 he and two friends made their vows to live in poverty, singleness of life, and obedience, thus founding the Society of St. John the Evangelist, known and loved throughout Christendom as the "Cowley Fathers." Other forms of Community received their inspiration from Cowley. In 1891 began the Order of the Sacred Mission, now at Kelham. The following year the Community of the Resurrection was founded by seven priests under Charles Gore (later Bishop of Oxford).

Today finds in the *Protestant* Episcopal Church in the United States, the American branch of the Cowley Fathers with their Mother House, the Monastery of St. Mary and St. John, at Cambridge, Mass., the Order of the Holy Cross, founded in 1884, by Fr. Huntington, with its Mother House at West Park on the Hudson. Holy Cross Fathers founded, in 1905 and 1906, boys' preparatory schools—St. Andrew's, in Tennessee and Kent, Connecticut, both schools enjoying Catholic Faith and practice. The Franciscans have a monastery at Little Portion, Mount Sinai, Long Island, and the Benedictines have recently migrated from England to Northern Indiana. Numerous religious Communities for women are to be found flourishing from New York to California.

A reader might inquire as to where in the Hudson Valley the principles of the Oxford Movement may be exemplified. Most of the mis-named *high* churches, such as the Bard College Chapel of the Holy Innocents, are Anglo-Catholic parishes. In them will be found the life and spirit of Our Blessed Lord and the tenets of the Oxford Tractarians.

## PRAGUE: MARCH 15, 1939

by Robert Haberman

IT was snowing, and if it hadn't been snowing hard or it had been a clear day I don't know how I could have stood it. I don't know how anyone could have stood it.

We knew they were coming. We had known it for a long time, but we never had an idea that they would come as suddenly as they did. We never thought that we would have to give up without a fight, and, when they reached the outskirts of the city, we had helplessly lined the streets and boulevards to watch them come in.

Lots of people were crying, but most of them felt dazed and unbelieving like myself. A plague of bewilderment and uncertainty had made us silent.

We all saw the first lorry, crammed full of soldiers, come tearing down the avenue blowing its klaxon like mad; but we didn't notice the lorry or the soldiers or the klaxon. All that we saw were the two erect-in-the-breeze swastika banners on the front fenders.

This was the first insolent shock, and a few more people about me began to sob unashamedly.

Then we heard the rumbling and clanking. We craned our necks in the direction it came from, but we saw nothing. They had not come into the boulevard yet, but we felt the rumbling come up through the pavement. We heard band music and shouting but we paid no attention. We were silent and waiting. I felt like a small boy expecting a dragon to come up out of the earth.

Then we saw the first of the tanks crawling, rumbling, snaking along. First, there were the tanks, then there were lorries full of grey helmeted soldiers, and then more tanks. All the tanks had Nazi banners across their snub fronts and all the lorries were flying them.

I don't think that any of us thought of the lorries, soldiers or banners. It was those tanks.

The way they came up our avenue made us feel helpless. They were so grim and unnoticing. As they rumbled over our proud avenue I had a feeling of madness and revul-

sion that I've only felt when I've seen a gross, middle-aged man making public love to a fragile young girl.

It seemed that those tanks were rumbling and snaking along over what had once been our freedom.

I couldn't do anything and I got so mad I wanted to break into a convulsion of sobs which would hide the sight from my eyes. But all I could was to stand there and shake and feel my suppressed anger boil up. As the tanks went by every force within me blasted them to hell off my freedom.

Some more lorries went by, but I didn't notice them. I only saw the tanks.

If I should ever hate anyone or anything the way I hated those tanks I hope that I may never see that day. I swore at those tanks, I shook my fists at them, but I couldn't do anything. I couldn't do anything! They were too big and hard. They were too powerful and intolerant. They rolled over my curses and threats. They were too far above me. I was too small for them.

I reached to the ground for something to throw at them. Something to hurt them with. Something to make them see me. I was like a small angry child.

I felt the snow but not its coldness. My fingers clenched around it, and before I knew it I had hurled it at the tank nearest me. Before I could control myself I had another handful and was throwing it. I saw the snowball hit the tank and the tank continue to roll impersonally on. A burst of hysterical anger took me and I bent down for more snow to throw at another tank that was coming. As I did so I saw others of my countrymen, with the tears rolling down their faces, bending down to pick up snow.

I threw snow at the tanks until, exhausted, I collapsed on the white pavement, where I sobbed drily and broken.

And now . . . well now, when I have come to accept my new future, I am sure that if the day had been one of our clear, beautiful days, and if it hadn't been snowing hard, I and many of my countrymen would now be dead.

## FISH BRAINS AND FISH HABITS

by Bert Leefmans

IT is interesting to note the very marked relationship between the habits of various fishes and the development of certain centers in the brains of these forms. It is possible to follow this correlation of brain with habit through series of gradation which, in some families, are nearly perfect in their regularity. This is particularly true in Gadidae, the Cod family, one of the groups which has been studied extensively in this connexion, and which will be used later as an example to show the nature of important material in research of this kind.

Perhaps most valuable at this point would be a summary, necessarily brief, of the more important findings in this field.

The functions of the olfactory and optic centers in the brain are smelling and seeing. As would be expected, these centers vary directly in size and complexity with the amount of use the organism makes of these senses. The olfactory centers are highly developed in those forms which feed in the dark—either at night, in deep water, or in caves—in scavengers, and in some other bottom feeders. Usually the organs of smell and the corresponding centers in the brain are relatively undeveloped in diurnal feeders.

The optic lobes are, of course, small, in forms which feed in the dark. Diurnal feeders, particularly those which take flies, have large optic centers. In general it can be said that the size of the optic lobes varies inversely with that of the olfactory lobes.

The cerebellum is the chief center for the correlation of body movements. It controls equilibrium, motor coordination, and muscular tone. It is large then, in active forms, small in more sluggish fish.

The hypothalamus correlates taste, smell, and visceral patterns and controls visceral activities. It tends to be large in forms which have both the optic and olfactory systems highly developed. It is possible that its development is related to the formation of highly specialized and complex feeding reflex patterns.

The facial lobes are the centers for "skin tasting," as opposed to "mouth tasting" which is related to the vagal lobes, and their

presence and complexity is correlated with the presence of barbels—the "whiskers" of the catfish, filiform pelvic fins, and other cutaneous taste organs. They are large in those forms which feed on the bottom on crustaceans, molluscs, and worms.

The facial lobes vary inversely in size with the somatic sensory lobes which are centers for tactile stimuli on the body as a whole and particularly on the lateral line, one of the more important sensory organs in fish. They are large then, in forms which prey on fish and do not eat at the bottom.

The vagal lobes, as mentioned, are related to taste buds in the mouth and are, like the facial lobes, enlargements of the visceral sensory portion of the medulla. They are large in some bottom feeders and also in fish which, feeding by sight, lack cutaneous tactile and gustatory organs of any complexity. They are particularly large in the Cyprinids (Carp) which have a highly specialized palatal taste organ.

The central acoustic lobe which is present in the brains of some forms is of particular interest to research at this point because its function remains rather uncertain. It is thought by some to control pressure in the swim bladder, the air tank of the fish. It has been noticed that forms which lack this lobe suffer greatly from changes in depth and pressure while the types which do have it are often noted for the great vertical range of which they are capable. This lobe is also found in those fish which produce sounds by expansion and contraction of the swim bladder.

In the Gadidae the various species can be so arranged that very definite trends in feeding habits and in the development of certain brain centers can be shown. Arranging the diets of the different forms to go from crustaceans and worms, molluscs and echinoderms through crustaceans and fish to the diets of fish alone, we find that the first forms in the series are equipped with barbels and have highly developed facial lobes. In the fish eaters at the other end of the list cutaneous taste organs are absent, facial lobes

(Continued on page 4)



## THIS FISH WILL BITE

by Donald Worcester

A SUMMER on the Apache Reservation in Arizona can be full of strange experiences. Excavating an ancient Indian pueblo was in itself something out of the ordinary. But nothing that happened on the excavation remains so firmly in my mind as the day when I thought my end had come, so far away from civilization that archaeologists a few centuries hence would dust off my bones and put them in the case next to those of the Cro-Magnon Man. That was the time my mother and sister and I almost assisted in our own kidnapping.

On Sundays, since there was no work on the diggings, we used to spend our time in search of unexplored pueblo ruins in the surrounding country. Late one Sunday afternoon we stopped at the Pinetop Cafe for a bit of refreshment before returning to the Reservation. Our weekly trips nearly always ended at Pinetop, and the proprietor liked to tell us about pueblo ruins which he had seen. On this particular day he told of a ruin he had stumbled upon once while hunting wild turkeys out of season. Pottery and stone implements were lying about untouched, he said. His words were eagerly received. "Jake," we told him, "you've just got to take us there." Jake wasn't sure that he could still find the place.

While we had been talking unrestrainedly with Jake a grizzled stranger of indeterminate age leaned on the bar, tossed off his whiskey apparently without thought of a chaser, and scratched his stubby beard with one gnarled forefinger as he listened attentively to our conversation. After a while, when we started to leave, he sidled up to me and said, "If you folks are going towards White River, I'd sure like to ride a spell with you."

When we were but a short distance out of Pinetop, the stranger, who sat in the front with me, turned to my mother and said, "Lady, I can tell you're a lady. Where do you hail from?" My mother told him she was from New York, and that she was returning there in a few weeks. He thought that one over for a minute, and then remarked with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of Pinetop, "That guy back there doesn't know anything about pueblo ruins. I know where there is one that no other white man has ever seen." If he expected a response to that statement he wasn't disappointed, for was pounced on him like hungry chickens after a fat worm. Where is it? How far? Do we have time to get there today? It was a few miles past Fort Apache, he told us. Although it was but an hour before sunset, the stranger figured we could make it all right. We should have guessed that it would be a long trip, because on the Reservation there are three scales of miles: white men's miles; traders' miles, which equal three white men's miles; and Indian's miles, which equal four traders' miles. The stranger didn't say just what kind of miles he went by.

The twenty miles to Fort Apache were soon covered, and we started up the high mountain beyond it, following one of the Forestry Service emergency roads. "It's up on top," the stranger had said, after sitting deep in thought for some time. When we reached the top, instead of finding more ranges of mountains as we had expected, we found that the mountain levelled off and stretched for miles into one of those high Arizona mesas. The sun was almost touching the horizon as we hurried along the lonely winding road. Off to the left an aged Apache stolidly sat on a drooping sorrel pony which shuffled listlessly past a few white-faced steers. A light haze screened the distant snow-capped mountains, and long blue shadows filled the arroyos and canyons about us.

After driving for a half-hour east on Circle Prairie, we asked again how much farther we had to go. The stranger seemed a bit nettled by our doubts, and replied vaguely that we'd get there soon enough. By this time each of us was convinced that the stranger had brought us out into such a desolate place for no good reason. All conversation ceased; we racked our brains to think of a way out of our predicament. The stranger stared straight ahead and his hand was nervously fumbling behind the bib of his faded overalls. Once he pulled a plug of tobacco abruptly out of his pocket, and we almost jumped on him in a group of three.

"This is far enough," said the stranger suddenly, as we were entering a rough, almost dark canyon. I stopped the car and got out, taking the keys with me, and thinking as I did, "Just start something, old boy, and I'll throw these where you won't find them." He led off down a rocky slope, and although my mother clamored for us to wait till she found the flashlight, I followed him, believing that he wouldn't do anything unless we were all together.

As we scrambled down over jagged boulders and through squat, scratchy scrub-oaks, I carried a rock in my hand, ready to bounce it off his head at his first false step. We came out into the open on top of a high cliff. From far below in the darkness came the sound of running water. The shrill yip-yip of coyotes echoed and re-echoed through the walls of the canyon. "This is as far as I go," said the stranger, plunging himself down on a boulder. "That ledge there leads out to the ruin." The narrow wall of rock to which he pointed did lead to some sort of a dark promontory which extended out into the canyon. In a moment I was on my way across

## THREE POEMS

by Wesley B. Phillipson

## LIKE CHRYSIS I HAVE DIED

LIKE Chrysis I am dead and feel the soft, warm earth loose in my hand,  
As if it truly were the soil my grave was dug from, rolling down upon my shroud.  
The wine men drink is mine to raise up to my lips and taste, without the sorrow of the broken glass upon the floor,  
For through the earth that I pull over me I hear no sound  
Except the all-but-silent falling of the drops of rain upon the ground that had been softened by them days before.  
Mine is the still repose of life brought to its knees and placed upon a table like a lamp, and with my fingers to control the wick.  
Mine it is to bring the sun into my room, or place a falcon's head upon its trembling subjugated head,  
And suddenly no longer have a use for eyes. And yet when standing, looking at the rising, falling sea, I know that the emotions that I feel are meaningless beside the ties That bind all other men;  
For I have died.  
When I learn from looking in a person's eyes that I am loved,  
I find I have forgot the meaning of a smile, And pain and tears both come together.  
For what right have I to take a life's emotion?  
I am a funeral urn that should be filled with mourner's gifts, the ashes of a life, a dead and pulverized relationship.  
Because, like Chrysis, I have died.

## THE WIND

HE remembered well the words they had said that night,  
Words that hung the air with doubt and swirled it with the wind of waving lands.  
They all had taken quite a lot to drink, but John had taken just enough to make him think of things he usually avoided,  
So he talked, because he hated to be left alone with thoughts like these.  
"The way of the wind," he said, "is not the way of man."  
Of course you all know this, but knowing it, you set aside too rapidly the fact that you are palm-tree fronds,  
And, sadder still, fronds that have an utterly disregarded will.  
Oh, you're all right as long as you can watch a cloud ten minutes without moving from your chair;  
But when the wind begins to make the tall grass bend more than its pleasing to your calm-drugged eyes.  
You weep, crying your tears alone as if you were a child;  
For man in his desire or his eager at the uncontrolled is much the same,  
The broken doll, the cigarette crushed out with trembling fingers and the lips compressed are both within one frame.  
I cannot understand why more of you have not already named the wind,  
And, with this name, accepted it as something unavoidable, or, anyway as there.

Perhaps you have not felt the wind enough as yet,  
Perhaps you think that God is quite unfair And, therefore, should deserve no name.  
Well, when you're ready, call me for the christening; and remember, since we're on the subject of religion:  
Except as literature, never read the Bible. It is a blind man's book written out in braille.  
Read as truth, wide-eyed, by those who pump their hand-car lives out on one rail."  
John stopped, and then the blue-black drift of sky dropped all its silence,  
And the night seeped in as if the words had been a dam that held it back.  
The lake behind them was a stretch of stillness,  
And the wind itself seemed caught far in the darkness of the trees.  
Louise, John's sister, was the first to speak, And with the sound of her the stillness seemed to lose its right to reign;  
And fast upon that muffled cloud's retreat, The wind came, with the trees before it bowing as in pain.  
"I find," she said, "that at the age of twenty-five I am a stone."  
Grown thick and rotten with the moss of useless words.  
If you say to me, 'I hope you have a pleasant time on your vacation,'  
I will smile, because through years of practice that is what I've learned to do.

the natural bridge. Too late, I realized my error. For now the stranger had me where I was helpless. A single misstep and I would test the depths of those purple shadows on either side. The few seconds it took me to reach the promontory were the longest I have ever lived. Each boom of my pounding heart seemed like the shot of the gun which I knew must be aimed at my back. I was positive he had a gun; probably a big forty-four with notches on the handle for all the other dudes he'd brought out to see his pueblo ruin.

I smile although the words you say mean nothing in my brain.

Man's language is not fair to deep emotion. The golfer with his driver in his hand, The farmer with his winter hay just dry, both stand and say, 'Oh, God I hope it doesn't rain!'

The things I say, so few of them are those I really mean;

And yet, sometimes when saying them, I feel a longing to say more

But can't, because too many lights are lit, or someone else besides the object of my pregnant mouth is there.

I have only talked, untroubled by the meaning of the words I said, once in my life; That is, there was no tape across my lips.

It was the only pure, unaltered freedom I have ever known.

And through it I have learned how few of you have felt what freedom is.

It is the wind come through a window With the curtains fluent, wave-like in the wind,

And no land on them but the wind's land. Here there is no light nor any darkness, Here is just the end of unbelieving.

This is the freedom of two voices, with the voices blended,

This is the song without the angles of a changing tune, for here there is no tune at all.

This is the song, which, lost in time, seems to be without an end.

It must be sung in one great rush of words, It must be sung and heard both on one plane."

She looked at them and said, "I see that few of you know what I mean."

Perhaps it is because man's freedom lies beyond what all my words can say,

Perhaps it lies just in the touching of two hands,

Or in the perfect endlessness of walking in the fog.

All I can say is that I've felt it, And having felt it I suppose myself quite lucky,

But knowing that I'm not the least bit happy . . . well,

Your wind, John, is it your wind has done all this to me?"

"I will not answer that," John said, "because I love the wind and am afraid

Of that love's ending and the road I traveled to be walked again.

You cannot know the pain it cost me, or the wonder of my understanding of the wind. I'm in no mood to be a martyr;

I've no desire to help you understand my God;

I only know that what I have is priceless, And like a woman with a jewel she loves hid in the house,

I tremble at the mention of its loss."

## TRAIN GOING

THEY sent him home on the midnight, And the lights along the track were lights he knew.

Death entrained for home and the grass stayed wind-swept, the same grass seen before and seen no more;

A life spilled out and then the vessel taken home;

Long precedents to the end that in time will die and be forgotten, for nothing is eternal but the death of men.

So much this man knew, and, knowing what life had taught him, hated to die.

The end was the finish of so much. It was the cease of sounds that throbbed within him,

No more words, lips stilled, and the sun behind a cloud no wind could brush away;

The faces he had seen gone with the turning wheels along the track.

Towns he knew flashed by and heard no sound from him and did not understand.

How can a death be alone the death of one man, since to that man all men have died?

It was strange with nothing but the wheels and the cold and sudden darkness.

Not granted the warmth of tears and wanting so to cry.

His life that could not end was ended, and all his friends could do

Was shed the tears he wanted And send him home.

Death with tears sent home to tears and quiet sobbing and careful footsteps.

Death sent to a house life knew and loved. Strange dark cloud rolling with lights along its edges and the click of wheels to bring it home;

This is a sign to cry and walk softly with the heels after the toes,

For life has been lived and ended and the curtain rung.

If I hadn't stumbled over a low stone wall in my haste to get out of sight, I would have forgotten what I was looking for. As it was, the desire for pot-hunting had gone, for the fear suddenly struck me that the stranger might send my mother and sister over too.

Cautiously I made my way back towards the three figures which I could barely see in the twilight. When I was in plain sight of them I saw that the stranger was sitting almost at the point where the ledge joined the cliff.

His hand suddenly slid inside his overalls

(Continued on page 4)

## OUR LAND

A Short Story

by Harris Worcester

MANUEL squatted before the entrance of his little shack, his body half covered by the shade from a straggly palmetto tree. He made no effort to brush aside the flies that buzzed around his head and crawled up his arms to his neck. Manuel was not aware that the flies were bothering him or that the sun was hot. He was used to them. At this moment he wasn't conscious that he had a body. He sat there with his chin resting on his chest, defeated by events beyond his comprehension. His dull mind searched for an explanation. He watched a red ant struggling to carry a straw, three or four times its length, across the ground. Each time the ant made an effort to move forward the straw would snag on a blade of grass. The ant would lose its grip and start all over again.

"How hopeless is life," Manuel thought. "No matter what you do it is always wrong. When I am young I work on the hacienda. Instead of earning enough for food and clothing, every month they say I am more in debt. If I do not work I am beaten by the major-domo, and my family goes hungry. Then one day that man comes and says there is a revolution. He has this friend called Democracia who is going to give us plenty of land. So everyone fights for this man. When the revolution is over we come back to live in these huts. Then no more we hear from this Democracia or of the land that was to be ours. Instead we live like dogs, our children die, and us with barely enough corn to live on. How does the padre explain this? Is it for this that we pray to the saints? They make us leave our homes. If we remain we are shot by the Rurales. If we are not shot we either starve in the mountains or we are carried to the mines and haciendas."

The red ant still struggled with the piece of straw. Manuel raised his eyes from the struggle and gazed unseeing down the dusty road at the row of rude huts mantled in silence—unbroken silence that follows the sudden retreat of footsteps fleeing towards an unknown fate; the same stillness that hovers over a small campfire in the desert as a lone being suddenly walks from the flickering light and vanishes into the surrounding blackness.

A week ago those huts had been full of people—dirty children covered with the sores of disease, old men and women struggling to stay alive on the scanty food begged from their families.

"God knows," thought Manuel, "they can't be any worse off. Perhaps if they are dead it is best for them. We are the aunts. Always struggling with a load too heavy for us. If we succeed in moving it, something even more powerful destroys us."

His thoughts turned to his wife and children, whose fate had been the same as the rest. He thought of the hated Rurales who had come to the village a week ago. The people had been told that their land had been surveyed and belonged to a neighboring hacienda. They were warned that if everyone did not leave immediately they would become the property of the hacienda owners. Manuel and a group of the male inhabitants felt that the land was rightfully theirs. Thinking that the mistake could be adjusted by an explanation to the Jefe Politico, they journeyed the fifty or sixty miles to confront him. Upon entering the town all but Manuel had been seized. Manuel had escaped by darting from house to house and retreating across the desert by night. Nearly dead, he had returned to the now deserted village with the one thought burning in his distracted mind that neither Hell nor the Rurales were going to move him from his land.

As he sat brooding on the fate of his people, a band of Rurales came riding up. The dust made by the stamping of the horses' hoofs rose in a fine cloud around Manuel and the horsemen. He could hear their questions and then their laughter, but in his dejection he made no attempt to answer them. He was thinking of the candles he had bought from the Padre to burn on the church altar. He saw the Virgin standing there in front of the white Cross he had always thought so beautiful. Then he thought again of this man Democracia, and vaguely wondered what had happened to him. Perhaps he had been killed at the end of the revolution.

"A stubborn devil," said the leader of the Rurales. "Maybe he won't refuse to squirm for us though."

The red ant slowly dragging the straw, was suddenly ground into the dirt of one of the horses, nervously stamping the flies from its legs.

A Rurale amidst much laughter was slowly raising his pistol. . . . Manuel could see the Padre on his knees before the altar, making the sign of the Cross—the beautiful Cross in the backgrounds.

"How hopeless is . . ."

The Rurales laughing and singing galloped on down the road, while behind them the dust slowly settled on the deserted village.



# JOE IS NO PAL OF MINE

A Modern Parable About Biting Off More Than One Can Chew  
by Walter H. Waggoner

HE pressed the buzzer under the name of Mildred Foster and waited for the voice to come back to him through the speaking tubé. "Who is it?" asked the smooth, sweet voice of the gal who was to keep him company for the evening.

"A friend."

"Who is it," again.

"I'm the friend of Joe Barrett."

"Just a minute."

The lock on the inside vestibule door snapped, and Bill walked upstairs to the second floor. Number 27 was Millie's apartment. Call her Millie, Joe had told him. He knocked, and the same smooth sweetness said, "Come in."

"I'm Bill Spencer, friend and partner in crime of Joe," he said, shaking hands with a doll in a negligee who he thought might be a sister to somebody like Hedy Lamarr, if she had a blonde sister.

She said she was glad to meet him. Any friend of Joe's was a friend of hers, she told him.

"Joe and me are just like this," Bill said, "and I'm on top."

"Wait a minute while I finish dressing, honey," the doll said.

"Pour you and me a drink," she called from another room. "The bottle's on the table."

Millie came out of the room like something to look at but not to touch, Bill thought, dressed from top to toe in a black dress that fitted like a glove and looked all right. Bill told her that.

"I like to dress up now and then," she said. Bill thought she was trying to sound cute.

"You look the tops. We oughta have fun this evening, if you feel as good as you look."

"I always feel as good as I look. Sometimes better."

They tossed their drinks, then Bill took her arm, furred in imitation ermine, warm, soft, and friendly. She walked close to him when they went down the stairs, Bill noticed.

"Any place you'd like to go especially?" Bill asked.

"I'm not fussy. But let's skip the fancy ballrooms if it's all the same to you."

"You don't like crowds either? Neither do I. We've got something in common. I guess."

"Going to a ballroom is like a bus man's holiday for me," she continued.

"How come?"

"I work in the 'Silver Slipper.'" Bill knew the "Silver Slipper"—on 48th—taxi dance hall and call house. "Do you know it?"

"A little," said Bill.

"Swell place, isn't it?"

"Not for nice girls like you . . . Say, you work at night, don't you?"

"Every night, honey, that some nice boy like you doesn't take me out."

"You're losing money to go out with me."

"Don't be silly."

Dont be silly, Bill repeated. "Yeah—yeah, I get it."

Bill opened his ears. Damn right I get it. What's this sound like, he wondered. Who's this chipper who makes money when somebody takes her out?

They drove down the Avenue in Bill's car. Who's losing tonight, me or her, Bill wondered. She's not. That leaves me. *Watch your step*, a little silent voice told him. His heart pumped and sweat made his hands sticky on the wheel.

Millie slid across the seat and pressed hard against his leg and side. Cold shivers made the rounds up and down his spine, and hot needles spiked his right thigh.

"How about the Village?" Bill asked, to break the spell. Beads of moisture dampened his hatband. "Plenty of nice places down there."

"Anything you say, honey. I'm leaving it up to you."

"You've got confidence in me, en, baby? That's all right. You should. Here's a boy that's been around. Salesmen aren't salesmen for nothing," Bill said, lying.

"A salesman like Joe?"

"You said it." So Joe's a salesman, too, Bill thought. That's news, when your best friend is a salesman. "But you've gotten around, too, from what Joe says. You're a salesman in your own right, maybe."

"Meaning what?" the gal asked, her voice now more icy than sweet.

"Deny it?"

"Listen . . ."

"Skip it, baby. Let's have a good time, you and me."

How much, how much, Bill asked himself when Millie crowded close against him. *Keep your distance*, the little voice told him, *or you'll wake up all broken and bruised.*

Somebody's losing money, Bill figured, and it's not going to be yours truly. He watched the doll from the corner of his eye—saw her too-blond curls, her show-card figure. She's all right, though. I'd let her keep her slippers under my bed. But what a price, what a price! Wonder if she's okay? Looks okay. That's right. Joe said she was okay. Joe should know. *Watch your step, smart boy*, the little voice warned, and Bill listened.

"Say baby, you got many friends you know as good as Joe?" Bill asked.

"Plenty, and they're all just like Joe. You know how Joe is. Throws money around like it was dirt. A real gentleman."

There it comes again. Dough. Doesn't that jane think about anything but dough? She's thinking I'm fat tonight, and me with only ten bucks. The joke's on her, but that's not so comforting. Gentleman, Hell. She's no lady.

"Yeah, Joe's a real gent all right."

She slipped her hand over Bill's right arm, and laid her head on his shoulder. Whoa, he said to himself. The little voice said: *whoa is right.*

"I go for boys when they're as nice as you, Bill."

"You flatter me."

"No, really. If you're ever in town—and feel lonesome, drop around and see me."

"That's sure nice of you, baby."

Nice, Hell. She thinks I'm a millionaire.

"I think I'm going to be your little bundle of joy tonight," she murmured, fusing to Bill's side.

"Yeah, man," he said, not knowing what else to say, and wondering. He drew her closer. The voice said: *easy, Romeo. Don't get excited. Don't let a little fun go biological.* Don't worry. I know when to stop. I can draw a line. Lemme see—ten bucks—two for gas back home—leaves me eight—five for drinks—leaves three for you, Millie my sweet, if you care for chicken feed. Care for it! She'll clean me out. Christ, why didn't Joe tell me?

Bill parked his car near "George's Place." He and Millie sat at a table in the corner, near the bar. *Get her so tight she won't know what's up*, the wise voice said.

"What'll you have to start the ball rolling?" he asked.

"I like Black and White straight," she said, ogling at Bill.

Ouch! Fifty cents a throw.

"Two Black and White, garcon. One straight, one with plain water."

"Do you speak French? Say something in French."

"Sure. Parlez-vous francais? Oui, oui, m'sieur. Like that?"

Millie said he was sure smart. She liked men smart like Bill. *Ha*, the little voice said.

Bill nursed his drink so she'd get two to his one. She did, but didn't show them. They talked—about the drinks, about "George's Place," about the Village, about the city. Bill told her she sure looked hot tonight, and she told him to stop his kidding. He said, what do you mean, she had what any man wanted. She asked, did she, and downed another four-bits worth of scotch. Still she didn't bat an eye. They danced for a couple of numbers, she pressing hard against him all the way up and down. The voice said: *keep your shirt on, Cassanova, or you'll wind up behind the eight ball.* Jesus, I am getting warm, Bill realized.

Then she whispered all of a sudden that she'd like him to stay over night at her apartment. The voice said nix. Why not, Bill wondered, muddled. *Nix*, the voice said.

"Let's sit down and talk it over," Bill suggested, sweating now.

At the table next to theirs sat a man—about-townish, grey-haired gent with a mean and glassy stare—Bill thought it was mean. I know what you want, pal, and you're welcome to her, if I can shake her.

"What do you say, honey? Want to stay in my apartment? It's nice and comfortable there." Millie caressed him arm and fingered his lapel. *Old stuff*, said the little voice.

"Well, I don't know, baby. Not that I wouldn't like to stay with you. But you know how it is. I've got a big day ahead of me, and I've got to feel right."

"Don't be silly. Pleasure before business every time, and you'll feel wonderful anyway."

Bill's tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, and he swallowed. *Tell her off*, the voice said.

"Well, the truth is, sweet, I'm a little short of funds right now, and I don't want to take on anything I can't pay for."

"How much have you got?"

The nerve of the bitch, how much have I got. The truth will out.

"Not enough to make it worth your while."

"You've got plenty if you're a friend of Joe's."

"Not tonight, baby."

"Write a check."

*It's your turn*, the voice said.

"How much?"

"Ohhh, fifteen dollars."

"FIFTEEN DOLLARS! JESUS!"

"What's the matter? Tight? I'll give you a good time."

"Not that good, sweetheart. Yours truly doesn't get taken for any fifteen smackers."

"What the Hell do you mean, dragging me around without some money to spend. What do you think I am, a pick-up? You come to town for a good time and I'll give it to you, but not for nothing."

"Have another drink," Bill said, to quiet her.

"Sure, if you can scrape up the change."

"Listen, sweetheart, it's a cinch I didn't bring you down here so's I could sleep with you. If I'd wanted to, I'd have asked right off. I only wanted company and a good time."

"Well, I'm losing a perfectly good night's pay hanging around with you."

The gent with the stare was wising up to the conversation, now loud and obvious. He'd been giving Millie the eye for the past ten minutes, and Bill had seen him. He walked over to the gent's table, and said loudly, "Say, pal, do you want her or not? You look like you do. If you really want her, you can have her."

"Whaaddy mean, I can have her? I'm taking her, see?"

"Not so fast, friend. You're not taking a thing. I'm giving her to you outa the kindness of my heart."

The gent rose unsteadily and leaned across the table, holding stiff-armed on the edge.

"Wanna mix it up, sonny?" he said, thickly. He squared off, fierce and comic.

"Put down your dukes, grandpa, before you fall over," Bill said.

He laid a five dollar bill in front of Millie—enough, he figured, but not giving a damn, enough to cover the drinks and pay for Millie's fare home if this gent didn't take her. He looked like he would. He looked like he wanted her. He was tight.

Bill walked off the floor, leaving Millie wide-eyed and stunned. He was mad at Joe. Plenty mad. So you know a jane who'll give a lonely guy a good time, eh, pal? Yeah? For how much? What a pal you turned out to be, Joe.

## Where?

O the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome;  
That ancient Beauty of which the poets sing;  
Cloistered columns, proudly standing in the sun,  
Beside whose arms Plato paces, and talks of God.  
Even now  
Down the farflung road of the years,  
Sullied with blood and drenched with tears,  
Even now  
Our thought to distant places ranges,  
Seeing things that lie afar;  
Measuring with black, glittering lenses  
The wonder of a star;  
Hurling our minds against this spattered mud  
To solve the mystery of the clay that quickens.  
Even now our thoughts remain  
Harassed, hated, broken, twisted,  
But to run the widening circle of the years  
Turned toward the shores of eternity;  
A figure in which  
The starting is the ending.  
Even now our thoughts return  
And the poets sing the praises  
Of the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

—Scott Bowen

## Sonnet

(Death of Pope Pius XI)

ADVANCE, ye mourners, slowly; in close shroud  
Of sable pail, our holy Pope lies dead.  
Four golden tapers gleam about his head;  
The air is perfum'd with rich incense cloud  
From silver censer; in hush chantry bowed  
Give spirit-wing to your mute orison.  
Ye grieve his death; weep ye that he hath passed  
To blessed immortality at last?  
Nay, peace! though now his mortal state be done,  
Yet hath for him Eternal Life begun!  
So may the vision'd hope, sustained, abide  
Within the secret temple of your heart;  
Faith owns a higher truth, whate'er betide;  
This knowing, worship God, and so depart.

—Ray Schnitzer.

# IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE?

by Walter H. Waggoner

WHO says it can't happen here?

You? Are you complacent and smug,  
Or do you hold some theory  
About the middle-class ballast,  
The democratic tradition,  
Or American heterogeneity?

Look around:

A certain Jew-baiting cleric;  
A certain New Jersey mayor;  
The committee to investigate, etc.;  
The former embargo against former republican Spain;  
To name only a few.

e.g., a small-town organization  
Collected 3000 names in a week  
And sent this petition to a congressman  
Not needing to be convinced.  
Resolved: that the fund for relief be cut;  
Resolved: that more money be appropriated  
for a committee investigating  
COMMUNISM (also fascismandnazism);  
Resolved: that the embargo not be lifted.

## Twelve Hours

GRAY fog levels black hills at night,  
Rising when the rooster crows.  
A man bends to a three-legged stool.  
Milk sings two-toned on the bottom of the pail.  
Heavy-booted, he combs the earth  
Behind the mirror flanks of geldings.  
Hand and slaughter-knife conspire;  
The throat of a running hog grins blood.  
Boots against the risers drop clay,  
Answering the finger of light from an open door.  
Gray fog levels black hills at night.  
It will rise when the rooster crows.  
—Walter H. Waggoner.

## THIS FISH WILL BITE

(Continued from page 3)

when I was about eight feet from him. I stopped, not knowing whether to throw my rock or to dive at him. Directly behind him sat my mother and sister, biting their knuckles in apprehension. Snake-like, the stranger's foot glided out a few inches. A small stone rolled over the edge of the cliff and disappeared. Seconds later it crashed far below on the canyon floor. I thought my heart would stop. If I could only get a little closer, I could . . . But I saw that it was too late, for the stranger had turned toward my mother with the satisfied air of one who has proved his point. His hand popped out with a soiled envelope in it, and he said, "Lady, when you go to New York, will you stop off in Texas and say hello to my folks?"

## FISH BRAINS, FISH HABITS

(Continued from page 2)

minute. It is true that some of the fish at this end of the list have barbels. These barbels, however, are purely tactile in function and are connected with the acustico-lateralis which is well developed in these forms. The somatic sensory lobes in Gadidae vary in size, as would be expected, inversely with the facial lobes, being large in the fish eaters and small in the bottom feeders at the beginning of the series. In Gadidae, as elsewhere, the optic lobes are large and the olfactory lobes small in day feeders, the opposite being true of nocturnal forms.

Perhaps the most striking example of the relationship between brain structure and habit in fish is the lack of development of the optic lobes in the cave fish which, living in the dark, has only vestigial eyes and depends on its well developed olfactory sense in getting food.

That there is a definite relationship between the structure of the brain itself and the habits of its owner has been known for a long time. Only recently, however, has much intensive work been done in this field. New problems arise continually to interest and perplex the searcher. But progress is being made along these lines in England and the United States, particularly. Every new fact adds to the store of knowledge which will someday make psychology a true science and to the pleasure of the scientist who searches for the joy of searching.