

Bard College
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BARDIAN

Vol. 19 No. 10 March 22, 1940

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The Bardian

VOLUME 19, No. 10

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1940

FOUR PAGES

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

One evening last week the Student Council received a petition signed by thirty undergraduates who agreed that the state of the Council and student opinion made it necessary that the Council appeal to the men who elected them for a vote of confidence.

During the last few days the various social and class groups re-elected their representatives.

Since Junior George Dalton was re-elected as a Non-Soc the Sophomores had to choose a member of K.G.X. They chose Scott Bowen. Mr. Beringer was not re-elected to the Council.

Last night the following officers were elected to head Kappa Gamma Chi for the spring term: Gordon MacAllister, president; Gifford Marshall, vice-president, and Philip Gordon, secretary. Charles Bevers, treasurer, holds his position for the entire year.

The criminal element of Bard went into hiding on Tuesday night, March 1, when A. K. VanTine, psychologist of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, brought his famed lie-detector to the campus. Telling of many instances in which the detector worked, Mr. VanTine nevertheless had difficulty in apprehending criminals here. The foursome, Dalton, Sharp, Hull, and Schleicher staged a neat robbery behind the scenes of the theatre, and though he traced the stolen money, Mr. VanTine did not solve all angles of the case.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

In the student council meeting two weeks ago the council accepted the student petition requesting the re-election of the council as a vote of confidence. These elections were held by the various groups this week and resulted in only one change in council make-up. Action was also taken at this meeting on the placing of a drinking fountain near the post-office which will be installed after vacation. Several complaints against student conduct were assigned to council members to take up individually with offenders.

In this week's meeting on Wednesday the matter of having a series of occupational guidance speakers at Bard was discussed and will be taken up in conjunction with the calendar committee. The practice of charging prospective students for meals was presented and disapproved. This matter will be presented to the Dean for his consideration. At a request from the newly formed Community Forum Club, twenty-five dollars from the club fund was granted for their lecture expenses. In an effort to raise the morale of the dining hall, it was suggested that music be played during the evening meal. The Council unanimously approved of this and decided to try it to get student reaction to the plan. It is tentatively planned to try this next week several times. The Mestre, Nash, Upton, Jones and Peters scholarship fund was further mentioned and shelved for future discussion with the Dean.

The Council also decided to announce to the students that they are always more than welcome at Wednesday afternoon council meetings to present any problem and urgently invites such attendance.

THE COLLEGE CALENDAR

- March 24th—Easter Sunday
Chapel service at 10:30 a. m.
Dr. Lyford P. Edwards, presiding.
- March 25th—Monday
Meeting of the Science Club
At 8:00 p. m.
- March 26th—Tuesday
General College Meeting,
Professor Jas. P. Lichtenberger.
- March 30th—Saturday
Beginning of Spring Recess.
Bard Music on the Air
- March 31st—Sunday
4:30 p. m.—Station WGNV.
- April 8th—Monday at 8:30 a. m.
Spring recess ends
Science Club meeting at 8:00 p. m.
- April 9th—Tuesday
General College meeting
Mr. Robert Haberman is tentatively scheduled to speak on "Mexico—Our Good Neighbor."
- April 13th—Saturday
Informal dance at K.G.X. House
"The Mikado" in the Theatre

INFORMATION PLEASE

On March 5th, a most successful "Bard College Information Please" was held under the interrogatorship of Jack Lydman of the faculty. The Seniors represented by Richard Koch, Frederick Sharp, William Rueger and Frank Bjornsgaard had a slight edge in the final scoring over the underclassman team of Wayne Horvitz, Frank Overton, Bert Leefmans, and Robert Cook in the eighteen questions asked on all types of intellectual topics.

THE NEW "BARDIAN"

The determining factors peculiar to the publication of a news organ here at Bard have long convinced the younger members of the staff and the present editor that our need was not for a newspaper but rather for a fortnightly review.

This issue of THE BARDIAN is an attempt to fill that need. Obviously it warrants criticism. It is our hope that the members of the community and particularly the proprietors of this paper—the students—will continue to generously contribute advice and criticism for this is the assistance needed if we are to build a truly vital and imaginative journal of student life and opinion.

—THE EDITOR.

BARD THEATRE

The Bard Theatre will present two productions sometime shortly after vacation. The dates are tentatively set for the first and second weeks, but this is subject to change. The first production will be a new script entitled "Adolescents" by John Boruff. The plot is laid in and about an eastern prep school. The sets which include two exteriors have been designed by Dick Burns, a member of the course in theatre design. The other play which is also in production at the present time is Sidney Howard's translation of Charles Vildrac's "S. S. Tenacity." The single setting for this show is being designed by other members of the design courses.

"The Adolescents" with a cast of sixteen men and one girl is being directed by Paul Morrison. The large size of the cast makes the production a difficult one. The script has been considerably revised by Mr. Morrison.

"S. S. Tenacity" by Vildrac is being directed by Frank Overton and will probably be done the week following the presentation of the "Adolescents." The cast at present includes James Westbrook, Bob Habermann, Randall Henderson and Jack Dalton. "Tenacity" was first done by Jacques Copeau at his Vieux Colombier theatre in Paris in 1920. It was first done in this country in 1922 and has since been revived by the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York City.

According to latest reports there are plans for a musical production that will probably be produced late this spring.

COMING EVENTS

"Common misapprehensions about marriages and divorce" will be the subject of James Pendleton Lichtenberger, professor of sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, who will address the college in the theatre Tuesday evening, March 26.

America's greatest authority on divorce, Prof. Lichtenberger was secured as a speaker here through the efforts of Dr. Lyford P. Edwards, professor of sociology. Prof. Lichtenberger is the author of a 500 page book, "Divorce—A Social Interpretation," in which he treats his subject without moral bias.

Awarded the degree of Ph.D. by Columbia in 10, Prof. Lichtenberger is a present secretary of the American Academy of Politics and Social Science.

COMMUNITY FORUM

In response to an undercurrent of student and faculty opinion for some group in which informal discussion of social problems could take place the Community Forum has been organized.

Two business meetings have been held for purposes of formal organization and general discussion of what are objections of the Community Forum and how they can best be achieved.

It was decided that the group would function as an agent through which opinions on local, national and international issues of import could most informally and efficiently be exchanged. The procedure and organization are designed to stimulate intelligent discussion and thinking by means of: Panel discussion in which different viewpoints will be presented in short prepared speeches by different members, this to be followed by a general discussion and by outside speakers whenever it is felt necessary. It is believed that the success of the organization depends greatly upon whoever presides at a meeting. Those best qualified for the particular subject will be selected from the group.

In the past many campus organizations have failed because of no adequate "machinery" to take care of the details and dirty work. To provide for this an executive or "steering" committee was chosen. The purpose of the committee is to: organize the meetings, publicize discussions, act as a collector of opinions and topics for discussion, contact speakers, keep in touch with and report on current magazines, and all miscellaneous details.

SPORTS NOTES

The efforts of the unofficial Bard College basketball team have brought back to the fore the question of intercollegiate athletics. It is too late in the season for the basketball team to make any move which will clarify the situation, but there is an embryo movement afoot to organize a basketball team which will, whether it has a regular schedule or not, make an effort to play some outside games.

The movement now seems to point to the fact that there is a strong desire on the part of some students to engage in athletics other than intramurals. Out of this group there are a few who would like to see a return to intercollegiate. Diametrically opposed to them is a third school of thought which believes that Bard should stick strictly to its program of intramural sports and steer clear of outside games. These three camps are all clearly divided from one another and each seems to ignore its own disadvantages while harping on those of the other groups. A clear presentation of both the advantages and disadvantages of each group might help to clear up the situation.

1. The Isolationists, those who believe that Bard should stay in its own back yard and keep out of all entangling connections with outside athletic organizations, do not take into consideration the fact that there is and always will be at any college, no matter how small, a few students who look at athletics as a means of letting their excess steam escape, who feel that intramurals do not offer them enough opportunity to display their collective competitive spirits. The isolationists' main idea is that there is no place in Bard for the rah-rah spirit, and that this spirit will come arm in arm with any step in the direction of an outside sports program, intercollegiate or not.

2. The Imperialists, those who believe that Bard should step out from under its confinement in Annandale-on-Hudson and conquer other colleges through the medium of athletics, do not take into consideration the fact that they are not going to conquer but are going to be conquered. (The days when David felled Goliath for the count of ten are a thing of the past as far as the history of the world and the history of the college are concerned.) The idea of the Imperialists is sports for sports' sake, the results are immaterial.

3. The Moderates, those who believe that Bard should be concerned first of all with its own system of intramurals and then should worry about outside athletic contests with collegiate and other teams, competing with them on an equal basis, do not take into consideration the fact that such a program is apt to lead to a definite participation in intercollegiate. The Moderates' idea is that there is a need for outside athletics, but that need is not so great that we should compete with teams that are far above our standards.

Of the three groups, the Moderates seem to have the most reasonable plan. There is bound to be some fellows who are interested in athletics at Bard. When that interest goes beyond the limits of common sense, that is, when that interest goes so far as to demand a program of intercollegiate with colleges who are far above us in athletic standards, there should be no place for these advocates of the antiquated rah-rah spirit we have already mentioned.

Then there is the question of cost. As soon as we attempt to compete in any games away from home, there are transportation costs to be considered. If students are interested enough in athletics to support a program of participation in athletics other than intramurals, they would, supposedly, be willing to help out in the transportation problem with the many cars that are on campus.

The students also are important in supplying the solution to the problem in two other fields. First of all, there has always been the criticism that the advocates of outside athletics are not willing to cooperate in regard to training and practice. Secondly, we can have no team that is capable of defeating even a high school team unless there are more than one or two students of athletic ability and unless there are coaches who are experts in the individual sports. No one coach, no matter how good he is, is qualified to teach every sport.

The conclusion is that there is one group which has the correct idea, the Moderates, and that for this group, or any other, to succeed, the students must give their whole-hearted cooperation.

—PHILIP GORDON.

COLLEGE MEETINGS

Quietly addressing a large college audience on the evening of the 12th, Finnish-born Professor Wuorinen, of Columbia, explained the reasons, as he understood them, for Finland's dogged defense of her integrity against the invading Russians. Thirty minutes before he rose to speak, the flash came that representatives to Finland had accepted Russian dictated terms of surrender.

SPORTS

The intramural Bard College bowling league is coming to a close with the Help out in front by a not-too-comfortable margin. The deciding matches of the second half will occur on Monday of next week when the Help come up against Kappa Gamma Chi, which is their closest rival. Sigma Alpha Epsilon, which tied the Help for first place in the first half, will meet them for the deciding match on Wednesday night.

Kappa Gamma Chi broke the existing records for the year on Monday, March 11, when Fred Sharp bowled 233, tipped 536 for high three games, and when the Kap team rolled a total of 537 for a match score.

Team standings:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Help	11	1	.916
K.G.X.	9	3	.750
Faculty	7	5	.583
Eulexians	7	8	.466
S.A.E.	3	9	.250
Non-Socs	2	13	.133

Ten high bowlers (in more than twenty games):

Name	Team	Games	Ave.
Alexander, Help		21	158.8
Aufrecht, R., K.G.X.		27	152.8
Sharp, K.G.X.		21	149.3
Pease, Help		27	147.8
Hoffman, Help		27	147.4
Karlson, Eulexians		27	140
Armstrong, L., Eulexians		26	137.8
Harris, S.A.E.		27	136.5
Davidson, Faculty		27	136.4
Parsons, Faculty		26	133.3
Artinian, Faculty		21	132.9

The first game of the newly-organized volleyball league took place on Monday afternoon with the faculty taking the Non-Socs in two straight games. Up to date the Faculty and Kappa Gamma Chi are leading the league. Each team will meet each other team only once.

The standings to date:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Faculty	2	0	1.000
K.G.X.	1	0	1.000
Non-Socs	1	1	.500
Eulexians	0	1	.000
S.A.E.	0	2	.000

The Bard College basketball league came to a close on Tuesday, March 12 with the Eulexians winning. Surprise team of the league was the Non-Socs, which took second place from Kappa Gamma Chi towards the very end of the schedule. Undisputed holder of the cellar was Sigma Alpha Epsilon, which won their first game of the season.

League basketball results:

Team	Won	Lost	Pts.For	Pts.Agst.	Pct.
Eulexians	10	2	342	202	.833
Non-Socs	7	5	256	219	.584
K.G.X.	6	6	261	186	.500
S.A.E.	1	11	149	401	.063

Individual statistics:

Name	Team	Games	Points	Ave.
Karlson, Eulexians		10	150	15
Armstrong, L., Eulexians		9	111	12.3
Sharp, K.G.X.		11	83	7.6
Underwood, K.G.X.		10	82	8.2
Hale, S. A. E.		8	81	10.1

High single game scorers:

Name	Team	Points
Sharp, K. G. X.		32
Armstrong, L., Eulexians		26
Karlson, Eulexians		24
Haberman, Non-Socs		20
Crawford, Non-Socs		18

An unofficial Bard College basketball team has engaged in three contests, winning one and losing two. It started its season on February 23 against the Rhinebeck A. C. and came out on the short end of a 45-25 score. The showing was favorable considering the fact that they had had no practice sessions. Lincoln Armstrong was high scorer for the Bard team with 8 points. Dan Buckley, Bard alumnus, and his brother Jim led the Rhinebeck attack with 14 and 16 points respectively.

On March 7 the Bard team defeated a Red Hook quintet 42-31. High scorers were Rodney Karlson with 13 points and Armstrong with 12. The following night they played Rhinebeck a second time and lost 64-26. Hale, with ten points, led the Bard scorers; Witaker of Rhinebeck hooped 25 points to be the game's high scorer.

THE GYM

A new system of lighting has been installed in the ping pong room of the Memorial Gymnasium. The lighting system was holding up the proposed ping pong tournament which will not start after the spring vacation.

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EDITORIALS

Within living undergraduate memory — that is almost exactly three years ago come Easter Sunday—THE BARDIAN appealed for a fundamental change in our student government. The reasons given then may seem familiar and to us they seem as valid now as they were in the spring of 1937.

This journal stated that the Council was not a truly representative one. The fraternity men had three senior marshals and three underclassmen while the non-society men, who comprised a group as large or even larger than two of the fraternities combined, had but one senior marshal and one underclassman representing their views. That criticism still stands.

We believe it to be one of the basic reasons for the failure of the Council to be an effective and swift co-ordinator of student opinion and of community effort. Granted it is that some members of the present Council seem a little more sensitive to both liberal ideas and all phases of student opinion, but we believe that they are hamstrung by the form of the government of which they are a part and if they do not suggest a means of change then the students themselves should do so.

Some of the reforms suggested in 1937 were accepted and have proved to be effective toward the establishment of a more honest government. The freshmen were allowed to send a representative to sit with the Council and advise it of freshman opinion during the first semester of the term and cast a vote upon all issues during the second half of the year. Unfortunately that was as far as the standard of reform was carried against the citadel of fraternity-ridden traditionalism. Three years have proved that effective and honest student government is still bogged down in the morass of inertia of that traditionalism.

It will be stated that the fraternities rarely stick together on any issue against the non-society men but that is only a half-truth. If the experiences of last year are any criterion as to what does occur on any important division either in the Commons or in Council it is that the members of the Eulexian Society and the Non-Society men usually band together in order to maintain the balance of power and secure the margin of victory over the other social groups on the campus. Every informed person knows this to be true and it may as well be stated publicly. Political jockeying is not conducive to good government and we feel that government here at Bard should be based on honest promises rather than on greed for power.

A new low in pressure politics was reached within the last week when the junior room "Junta" joined with some other guardians of liberty and organized the petition that they thought would "force" the Council to appeal for a vote of confidence. Fortunately the Council which constitutionally did not have to go to the electorate, called the bluff of these would be Wolseys and achieved a thumping victory.

THE BARDIAN believes that the basic problem still confronts us. We therefore appeal to the members of the Council and all those who are interested in establishing an honest and effective community government to accept this first premise—that student representatives should be chosen not on the present basis of social groups but on a proportional basis. We do not present a neatly wrapped blue-print for a Utopia. That should be the concern of the students themselves. We suggest that those who expressed an interest in the establishment of a system of this sort in the class meetings join together and evolve a definite plan of reform that could be discussed first at a weekly meeting of the Community Forum, then considered by the Council and presented to the Convocation for its decision before the spring elections.

We can but re-echo the final paragraph of the appeal for reform of three years ago. "The plan will meet opposition—all changes do. But the fact that the Council carries

little prestige on campus, that its amblings have rarely led to anything beyond a condition of righteous indignation, that several Council members themselves are dissatisfied with the organization of which they are a part: these facts point to one need—a new and real Student Council."

The initial success of Bard's Community Forum is evidenced by the large attendance at Wednesday's evening's meeting in the theatre and in Albee is heartening to those who have long hoped for such vigorous expression of student interest in the world beyond Annandale.

Mr. Alfred Romain, of the German Library of Information, a civilized and adroit speaker presented one of the weakest arguments for National Socialism we have ever heard. British Imperialism, French craving for security, Allied war of attrition against Germany were all evil and unjust. German imperialism, the vicious lust for "lebenraum," the utter disregard for any basic human values, all these were wise and necessary if they furthered Nazi aims and were necessarily "strategic." Perhaps Mr. Romain has no better case to make. Perhaps he proved that he was not a "horrible Nazi." He did not prove that he was not an unfortunate one.

—WILLIAM RUEGER.

LOOKING AROUND

"The time has come," the Council said,
"To talk of many things:

Of scholarships—and breakfasts—and

A dining hall that sings—

And why we always chase our tails—

And run around in rings."

—with apologies to the Walrus.

Things were getting dull. Here it was February, March; the Reading Period was over, but it wasn't Spring yet. And you wanted to do something. You couldn't find much in the new dean and his wife to gossip about. The college didn't need saving—that is, financially, and God! the fraternity argument was getting to be a bore. What to do! Ah, the Student Council. Good old Council! There's always the Council. So someone threw a roll in commons and someone else said, "What a Council!" and before you knew it things weren't so dull. For "the time had come" and it was up to the Council. Like an old warhorse, it responded to the periodical summons to action and went into its familiar but always-good-for-a-laugh routine.

You remember what happened. For the first part of the act, the Council had to justify itself. So the members dug up about twenty-five bucks and called it a memorial scholarship fund to help poor students who couldn't afford \$1,500 to come to Bard. Then they inaugurated bread-and-coffee, help-yourself breakfast for the four students who miss the regular morning service. That was enough to start things rolling. A petition and new elections put about the same men back on the Council but kept the restless students occupied for a while. Then the Council sat Dalton on the balcony playing records for dinner, as the latest comedy-relief. The idea of music with your meals sounded good when you were told about it; when you reached the dining commons, you changed your mind. It isn't too bad an idea, though; maybe with suitable records it'll work.

For all the labor it takes, the mice the Council brings forth aren't worth it. But you can't convince the members of that, and it's probably a good thing. For as long as they are straining hard to find out why they are and to prove it, the campus has something to while away its time during the dull months. It is unfortunate, however, that the student body doesn't concentrate its thought upon the biggest issue before the college; namely, the improvement of the educational morale. This problem has two phases: what to do with the present make-up of Bard; and what to do about the future make-up.

A strong and apparently successful attempt at solving the first phase has been contributed by the founders of the new discussion group. "The Bardian" complained last issue of the inactivity of the Forum and the Science Club. It is gratifying to record that the latter is back at its post, fulfilling its duty to the extra-curricular educational needs of the college; and in place of the defunct Forum the new group is serving very well. To get off on a liberal foot, it invited a Nazi speaker and didn't boo him. With a little money in its jeans, the organization is all set for an active last quarter of the year. Instead of a guest talker, one meeting could be devoted to a debate on current issues between two teams, both composed of faculty and students. The college would have the advantage of faculty addresses (tried once before at the time of an international crisis) in addition to the chance to debate.

Most serious problem facing the dean and the college is the caliber of the students of the next few years. It may be you can get good scholars to come to Bard for \$1,500, but you can afford to be doubtful of this. The lowering of the tuition would seem to be the first step toward guaranteeing a worthwhile freshman class next year. Money isn't exactly plentiful around here yet but it's not as scarce as it used to be. Plans are be-

ing made, so goes the talk, to repair the buildings and general plant of the college for next term. Before spending any money in any way, it would probably be best to earmark a lower tuition as the first expense. True, careful selection by admissions men will secure a better type of student. But what a much handier bait for any admissions committee \$1,200 is than \$1,500! There's not been much discussion of next year's college yet and there's been no mention of the tuition. The educational standards are the college's greatest bug-a-boo and the size of the tuition—inasmuch as Bard is not yet established quite as firmly as it might be—has a lot to do with them.

ART REVIEW

The most definite merit of the Reading Period art exhibit now in the Green Room is its vitality. Everything there is done with enthusiasm and vigor all the way from Dalton's stark and rather brutal bust of Mau-passant to the socially documentary cartoons of Ted Cook. It has an immediate effect on the visitor. He is interested right away, and this is something in itself. He looks!

There are contributions in sculpture, photography and cartooning. As you go in the door the first thing that strikes your eye is a series of photographs of New York city's waterfront. Here Don Belknap has caught an aspect of the city which many of us have not had the occasion to know in our connections there. The pictures show New York at its burliest. There are portraits of fishermen, shots of nets drying in the sun, bastard fishing boats, the icy harbor, and squat markets against a background of taller Manhattan. Evident in all the photographs is a keen sensitivity to lights and darks, and composition, combined with boldness in experimentation. These are qualities essential to every aspiring photographer and already Belknap seems to possess them in a good measure.

When you have finished with the waterfront you turn and find yourself opposite Mau-passant. He is staring at you, and you at him, and you stay that way for a while. He is stark and interesting. The head is big and bold and has a naked essence, as if his forceful and, in many ways tormented, soul of the man were speaking out of the face. Dalton spent most of his field period working on it and has created an energetic piece of sculpture.

Lastly we come to the drawings of Ted Cook, done in charcoal and Sanguine Conté. They run the gamut of American social distress from war to the Dust Bowl. They are done with a hard clear, touch, and although they are not first hand reporting (as the artist admitted) they are graphic and convincing.

If the exhibit as a whole is smaller than was to be expected it gives the impression of sincerity and intensity in the students participating. There is no dilution here. What they may lack in technical equipment at this stage of the game they make up for in enthusiasm. What is more they are using art as a vehicle for looking at life. With the exception of Dalton, all deal with the contemporary scene in one aspect or another in America.

—JAMES WESTBROOK.

A REVIEW

"Kitty Foyle"—A Novel

By Christopher Morley

The first time I saw Kitty Foyle was last semester. I was walking down Chestnut St. to have lunch at the Copper Bar when I noticed a whole flock of Kitty Foyle's on display in a book shop. So I stopped in and started to look through a copy. I missed lunch and my date was crispy but it was worth it, for Kitty Foyle is one of those rare experiences which can throw your sense of proportions overboard—I mean like missing lunch with a blond.

The fundamentally amazing thing about Kitty Foyle is Morley's intimate understanding of women and his ability to create a character so vivid and so human that you have to pinch yourself to realize it isn't an autobiography but a novel. No one can help loving Kitty's father too—a grand guy whose life was an incoherent mixture of Merion Cricket Club and shanty Irish and whose troubles Kitty summed up as "Rum, Rheumatism, and Rebellion." It was he who introduced Kitty to Wynn, a swell person, who was smothered by the stuffiness of this Main Line conservatism. Wynn and Kitty's affair is a beautifully realistic thing that makes ordinary living dull by comparison.

But what will fascinate the women who read this book is the way Morley has so brilliantly portrayed the intimate workings of a woman's mind. They will be slightly annoyed I think, that a man was capable of writing such a book, and will feel transparent after they read it as though all their secrets were let out of the bag. Which is exactly the case, and, I suppose, nothing comes closer to unsettling a woman's emotional apperception more than having a man understand what they actually are thinking. Women are mysterious creatures whom men traditionally do not, and cannot fathom; that's why this

perfect feminine understanding of Morley's causes them to grab their girdles in alarm.

Most men, however, will not be so surprised that Morley understood women because most men feel that they do too. But they will be perplexed by his ability to write the way a woman would talk, and they will feel it a bit unethical to leave the girls' most intimate secrets lying around for everyone to read about.

The technique of the writing is the author's use of our informal language—the one that seldom appears in print and always in bedrooms. And just between you and me, I am curious as hell to know where Morley learned so much about it.

One of the best aspects of Kitty Foyle is its provincialism. The author's knowledge of Philadelphia is as accurate and his information regarding the speakeasies of Burlington County, N. J.

This reviewer believes that to reveal what happens when Kitty and Wynn fall in love, what happens to their families, their lives, is to spoil what is one of the finest stories of the year. He advises all the readers of this paper to find out for themselves.

—HARBERT JAY CARR.

RECEPTACLES

In front of me on my desk stand two shells of holding—pencils.

They are brass grained

With age dull stained.

Struck they tinkle like bells

no tingling reminiscence of hell.

Tinkered out in brief

is a four-clover-leaf

on the other a single flower

hiding the fraction of an hour—

handling, slamming into the breach

tunnel, intercourse of the pin

explosion, screwing screech

and whining past the wind.

Finally thudding

with budding

in some gut bin.

The tinkered pocks and marks disguise

the eyes of he who dies

he who tries

and yet tells

that in front of me on my desk stand two

shells of shells

(But where did you bed

your dead colored lead?)

—ROBERT HABERMAN.

HIS GREAT ADVENTURE

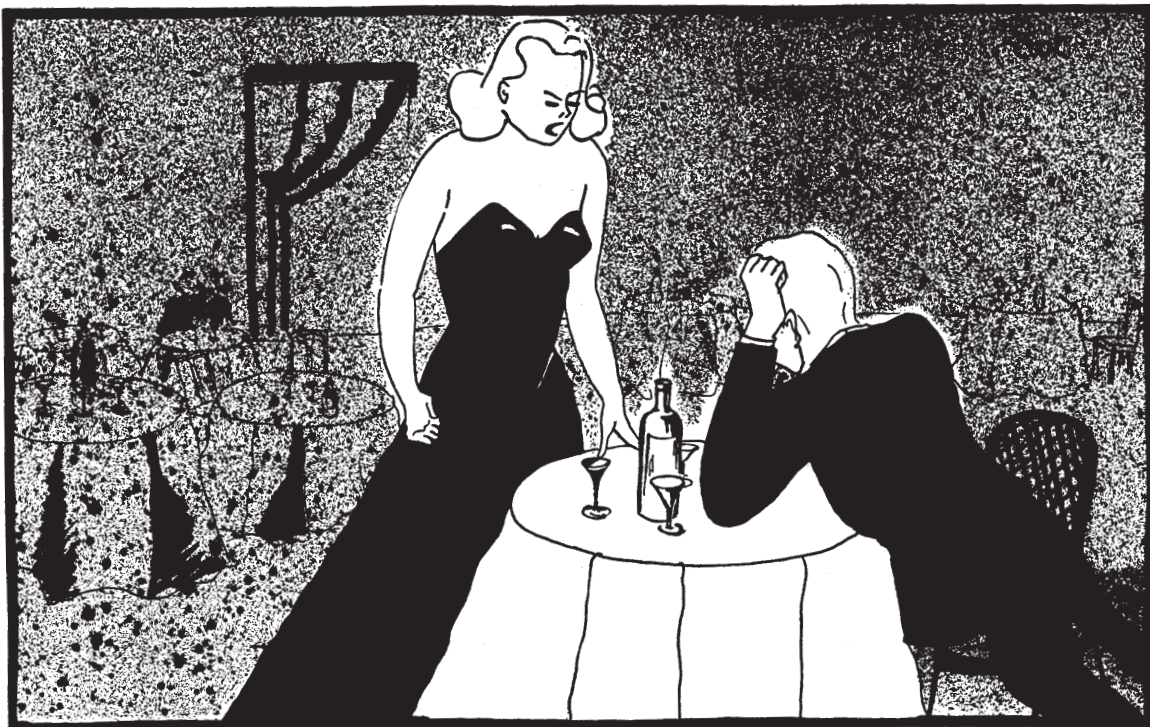
She was the hard to get type. That was clear enough. But I got her. Not that I didn't have a tough time doing it, for I did. I met her a few weeks ago. And after a few hours of being near her decided that I wanted to fool around. I could tell that it would be a hard job getting something out of her and that in itself made the thing more interesting than it otherwise would have been. Not that she isn't attractive because she is, very. And beside that, I think I liked her pretty well.

Now I've found out that when I want to I can pretty readily make a girl think I'm interested in her. And it seems that when they think I'm interested, they right away start being interested themselves. And my best tool I've found, is my eyes. I look at a girl in a sexy sort of way and generally after a couple of tries, she begins to notice and to do the same thing back to me. And pretty soon, if I don't let her see that I'm too excited, she begins to come around. And when even we have a chance to get close together, she gets closer than necessary. I do it too after letting her start it. And then pretty soon things get to the point where, if the guy she's with gets a little drunker than necessary, she'll let me take her home. And of course on the way home, she sits quite close to me in the front seat—claiming its cold or something—there always has to be an excuse for everything. But of course I know that's only an excuse and pretty soon I stop the car—generally having an excuse handy for that too.

And it seems that being sort of poetical or sentimental or something, is good too. They fall for that stuff. So, when we're sitting in the car, waiting for something to happen so we can start necking, I get talking about the moon or the stars or beauty or something like that. And then pretty soon I either put my arm around her to see whether she'll come closer or else as sometimes happens if I've been smarter than usual in getting her going and if she's in the right mood, we both sit still, thinking hard about each other to sort of warm things up and then suddenly we both jump at once and get necking like hell right off.

But what happens from then on depends more on the girl than on me. It seems that no matter how hard I work or how smart

(Continued on page 4)



—Ted Cook.

UP AT OUR COUNTRY CLUB

Betty comes down the hall alone, hearing the dance music, watching the party. She is a big girl, big shouldered, with a heavy face. She has come from the bar and her walk is shaky. Standing by a potted fern in the door, she watches the dancing. Watching is more restful leaning against the wall. The woodwork is cold against her arm and shoulder. She squints her eyes to find people on the oor. The people and the music are all mixed up. Beyond glasses on tables glisten. That is where the people will go when the music stops; back to the tables with the glasses.

Betty turns goes over to the desk and orders a pack of cigarettes, signs the slip for it in loose handwriting. Then she opens the pack, puts a cigarette between her lips, lights it and tiredly drags on it. Walter and the young Gallagher fellow are watching her at a distance. They are college fellows with pink cheeks. They keep watching Betty. Then they go away. The smoke doesn't taste in her mouth—from the cocktails—but she can feel it hit her lungs.

Then she sees Henry coming toward her. He can hardly walk. He is bumping people coming towards her, looking befuddled. When he reaches her she turns on him. "Why don't you go back to her, Henry? Why don't you take her upstairs if she's so much fun?"

"Don't be an ass." He articulates thickly. "Don't be a baby." Henry turns away, floats off somewhere.

Betty puts her hand over her face for a minute, takes it away. Too tired to bother with him. But the hurt shows faintly in her eyes.

Someone is talking to her. Walter and the young Gallagher fellow. They have pink cheeks and eager eyes. They are smiling. "Hello, Betty," they are saying. Behind the twinkle their eyes want something. First Walter dances with her. It is hard to push her around when she is tipsy. She flops over him, holding on tight, her breath heavy on his neck. Then later Gallagher is dancing with her and then Walter again and so on. They are awfully attractive, the two youngsters. They want her to go upstairs with them.

"Oh, No, I couldn't do that." She is embarrassed. She looks into their pink-cheeked, twinkling, asking faces. Then something little there penetrates her. Suddenly she stumbles up. "Do you think I'm a whore!" She leaves them sitting there looking surprised and stupid.

Henry is at a table with some people he doesn't know. There was an extra chair and he sat in it and nobody paid any attention to him. He has asked everybody at least three times, "Have you seen my wife?" And nobody has seen her and now he sits looking boiled, starring straight ahead. Presently the girl on the other side of the table turns toward him, yells harshly, "Hey, Handsome, why don't you go sleep it off somewhere?"

"I can't find my wife," Henry answers weakly. Nobody cares. The girl across the table has turned her back on him again to talk to her friends. He begins to hate them. He sits quiet and hating. He is young but his hair is already gray. His hands are strong and the fingernails are dirty because he is just starting over at Bullards and is working

with machines. Beneath the alcoholic veneer there is something bitter, and pained in his face. He has become too full for his dress clothes which he got when he was in college. In the distance he is hearing the music and the buzz of voices and to see something he has to focus and refocus his eyes and what he wants to see is running away. Now the people at his table leave to dance, and he is sitting alone at the table and that is where Betty finds him.

She sits down next to him not looking at him. "Here you are." She sounds flat and tired. "God, you look noble." He doesn't answer and she looks hopelessly at the people dancing and the tables and the people laughing and drinking and having fun.

Have you enjoyed yourself? She asks him at length. "Was it fun? Someday—someday I would like to go to a party with you and have a good time. It's a dream I have—of you and I going together and—"

He isn't listening. He was slumped over the table, his head in his arms. The people come back and see them that way. He draped over the table, she looking helpless. One of the men helps her to get him on his feet. He leans on her all the way out to the car from the checkroom. In the car his head rolls against her shoulder as she drives.

All the time she is thinking about him and her. "He is like an astonished child," says to herself. "Can't quite see around him. Can't see—me neither"—says to herself. She would put him to bed, and tomorrow things would be all patched up because it would be necessary. He would go to work with the machines and come home all worn out and there would

be no use in assailing him. At length the thought comes to her that they are young. It is something she has almost forgotten. From way off somewhere the truth.

It is something he has almost forgotten, emerging from a remote place. Young. All of a sudden she is aging looking over the wheel at the road.

—JAMES WESTBROOK.

CROWNS

Ah, if ancient crowns could talk
What visions would unfold,
What clouded depths of history
Would melt to form the old
To hear them speak of bearers
Of splendors and of lust,
To hear them whisper silent dreams
Of kings that lie in dust.

THE LOCKET

But one who dwells in heaven
Could dry a gentle tear
That falls with crystallized memories
Upon this crystal sphere.

Now pallid in your paint and rust
Calm in your smothered stare
You live again beneath its dust
A life in attic air.

A smile, perhaps a whispered sigh,
A glance—perhaps a lane
Where minds explored the wilderness
Of hearts, of bliss, of pain.

BLUE POOLS

Blue pools of liquid laughter
Have lingered at my door
Destiny had set their fate
Blue pools will laugh no more.

Wet winds will cloud a purple night
And I shall shed a tear
But only I who saw blue pools
Will think of her this year.

The blue—a flash,
A drop of blood,
A flaming arrow,
Yellow mud.

A cry—the rain,
The clash of swords,
The dead and dirt,
And valiant lords.

A groan—the blue again,
The twilight gloom—
The earth—a tear—
The hollow tomb.

A silhouette of shadows,
A dirge of silver light
Guards the passings of the sun,
And silhouettes the night.

—ROBERT McQUEENEY.

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(Continued from page 2)

I am I can never carry it much further than she wants it to go. What I mean is that I can always get things started, if I try hard enough, but it's always up to her how far I get.

But with this girl I'm talking about, I sort of wondered whether I'd even get to first base. She had the reputation of being a tough one to get to, and more important than that, I could tell pretty well that I was going to have to be much cleverer than usual. She took the preliminaries very well. Whenever I'd look at her like that, she'd always look back and every time she'd stop what she was doing, like when she was talking she'd always stop when we got looking at each other. So I figured that so far everything was O.K. But there was no chance for us to get off together that night, so I had to be patient and wait for the next time I could see her.

But meanwhile I heard more stuff about how hard to get she was, so I decided that I'd have to get a date with her and have some more preliminary stuff before I could get anything out of her. So I called her up one night and went over to her place and then we went out to a roadhouse and we talked a lot of crap—the kind they like—all sentimental sort of stuff, that gets them in

a wishy-washy kind of mood when they went to get friendly with some guy. And always I kept looking at her and she looked back and when we were talking we'd lean over close together so that our bodies touched and I began to get impatient as hell but I was afraid of breaking the mood I'd got her into so we had to stay a while longer. But finally I figured the time had come so we left the place and drove sort of out into the country, me picking the loneliest roads I could find. And then I said something about let's stop for a while and listen to the radio because it's early yet and she said O.K. let's. And then I put my arm around her, expecting her to quick come in where we could get something going. But she was pretty stiff and while she didn't make me take my arm away she still wasn't very cooperative about it and said to myself that I guessed the guys were right about her and decided that I'd better start slinging crap again to get her softened up a bit.

The band on the radio was playing right in the groove and I liked it and wanted to jump a bit with it, but I knew that she didn't go for that stuff so I said let's change the station and get something that somebody other than morons might like and I did and we got some very sweet thing that she seemed to like much better and right away she came in closer to me so I figured that I was on a good line and said some more things about what kind of people liked swing and how good

this sweet stuff was. And then I all of a sudden kissed her and she kissed me too, but not very hard, but I guessed that was all right because after all that was the first time. And then we listened to the music for a while, not saying anything and then suddenly I kissed her again and that time she kissed back, as hard as we could. So then we kept on for a while doing nothing much but kissing until I decided to go on a bit further. But when I tried to put my hand on her breast inside her dress she said No don't do that and from the way she said it I could see she really meant it and since as I said I think that how far a guy can go depends on the girl, I kissed her a couple of more times. And then I said let's go home I'm tired and she said yes we'd better so I took her home.

Of course I haven't seen her since then because what's the sense in going out with a girl that won't let you do any more than kiss her. But anyhow I got to first base which is pretty hard to do with her according to what all the guys say, so I am glad I tried it but of course I won't ever have another date with her, unless I get much more hard up than I've been in a long time.

It was funny though. Somehow when we were listening to the music and I was holding her and just kissing her I didn't care nearly as much about making her as I generally do

with a girl. I was kind of content I guess you could call it.

Hello, operator, give me Brunswick 621 will you. Jesus Christ!

—BERT LEEFMANS.

AN INVITATION FROM DEATH

I was dreaming of a sea;
A sea of stars and me—
And swimming, whether in it or above,
I felt it pounding on the moon.
I bent my head—
And with all of human force swam on—
To reach—my bed.

ROBERT McQUEENEY.

A dance open to the entire college will be held at the Kappa Gammi Chi fraternity house on April 13, the first Saturday after vacation. Music for the occasion will be informal, furnished by records.

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