

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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The Bardian

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1940

FOUR PAGES

OCCUPATIONAL CONFERENCES

The administration informed "The Bardian" that a series of occupational conferences will be held throughout the remainder of the semester. Distinguished men in various fields of the business, professional and industrial world will address the members of the student body. Speakers scheduled thus far are as follows:

On April 24th Mr. H. L. Davis, vocational director of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, N. Y., will speak on "The Problems of Job Seeking."

On April 29th, Howland Davis a trustee of the College and Vice President of the New York Stock Exchange will reveal "The Opportunities in the Securities Market."

On May 1st, Fred M. Rossell of the Personnel Department of the Melville Shoe Corp., will speak on "The Opportunities of Merchandizing."

Final speaker will be Edward N. Hodnett, the Editor of the Columbia Quarterly and Director of the Public Discussion Council of Columbia, who will tell his hearers "What to Do with Writing Ability." He will speak on May 6th.

Meetings will be held in Albee at 8 p. m.

STUDENT COUNCIL

At the student council meeting of April 10th, the council met with the calendar committee to discuss in detail the series of occupational guidance conferences to be held this spring at the college through the co-operation of Columbia University and leading authorities in New York in various fields.

The matter of changing the supper hour from seven to six o'clock was briefly discussed and shelved for future action. Due to student approval of music in Common's at supper the possibility of having a paid student operator conduct the programs is to be taken up with the Dean. Other routine matters discussed at recent meetings have included window breakage, financial allotments, etc.

COMMUNITY FORUM

The recently formed Community Forum, under the acting chairmanship of Theodore Strongin, has sponsored within the last few weeks a series of talks and discussions with regard to the educational program of the college, the various aspects of the international situation, with special reference to American neutrality and the Monroe Doctrine. Discussed also were evolution and character of the Cardenas regime now in power in Mexico.

Dean Gray was a guest speaker of the Community Forum at one of its meetings prior to the Spring vacation. His subject was "Bard College and Its Critics." Mr. Roberto Haberman, Sr., a representative of Mexican Labor to the American Federation of Labor, spoke to a college meeting on the recent developments of Mexico's social and economic history.

MUSICAL EVENTS

This weekend Dr. Paul Schwartz, professor of music, Millard Walker, Theodore Strongin, and Frank Wigglesworth will journey to Bennington college where the students will play their own compositions before a gathering of the Intercollegiate Music Guild of America. From Friday to Sunday students from all member colleges will perform any type of music they have been studying. The Bard group, staying the whole weekend, will play Saturday night.

Monday night Fritz Magg, cellist in the orchestra of the New Friends of Music and cellist of the Gordon Strings quartet, will join Guido Brand and Dr. Schwartz in presenting an evening of chamber music. The first two selections will be works of Bach and Brahms, and the final number will be a Trio for Piano, Violin, and Cello, composed by Dr. Schwartz. In four movements, this work was begun by Dr. Schwartz while he was in Europe and completed in this country. It is in style a combination of well-established forms and modern harmonic effects.

LICHTENBERGER

A famed Sociologist, Dr. James P. Lichtenberger, addressed a meeting of the college community just before the Spring recess. An old and good friend of Bard's Professor Edwards, Dr. Lichtenberger, spoke on two contemporary problems of which he is an acknowledged expert—marriage and divorce. His general thesis was an optimistic one. He predicted that there will be no revolutionary change in marriage, that there will be some reduction of the marriage rate and although we have not reached the peak in the divorce rate he cheered his listeners by predicting that there will be "fewer but better marriages."

College Musicians Meet at Bennington

by Frank Wigglesworth

This weekend from Friday evening until Sunday morning, the Intercollegiate Music Guild of America will hold its second annual festival to be held this year at Bennington College. The Guild, which at present has a membership of nine institutions—Sarah Lawrence, Bennington, Westminster Choir School, Vassar, Smith, Columbia, Williams, New Jersey College for Women, and Bard—was originally conceived by a group of students from Westminster, Sarah Lawrence, Bennington and Bard in order to further their ideals in regard to music and musical activity. The best way to state these ideals, I think, is to glance at part of our constitution, which represents almost three years of solid work by many students from all the above institutions as well as outside help from people such as Roy Harris, Walter Pisdon, Otto Leuning, and William Schuman. It reads as follows:

Preamble
We, a group of college music students in America, in order to become one articulate voice, and to actively participate in advancing the musical culture of our generation, do hereby constitute ourself an organized body, to be known hereafter as the Intercollegiate Music Guild of America.

Article I
Sec. 1. We believe that the quality of tomorrow's audiences depends upon the understanding of music attained by the young people of today.

Sec. 2. We believe that music has an intrinsic value of its own, as opposed to its worth as a commercial commodity.

Sec. 3. We believe that the emphasis on importation of European music and talent was hindered a natural growth of musical culture in America.

WALLS

Driving in northern Connecticut where it is hilly, barny, wally, Bill turned to his wife, Brette, and said suddenly, "You know, I like stone walls. Whenever I'm in the country I look at the walls. Isn't that funny though?"

Brette threw him a queer glance and looked at the road again. "You do?" That was all she said.

It was a nice June day. They were driving up from the city to see some friends who had a house near a place called Twin Lakes.

Bill went on. "These people can build a wall anywhere. I've never seen anything like it. If you don't see a house for miles you still find walls, crooked walls, straight walls, broken down walls—" He looked at Brette. She didn't seem to care much. Under her hat behind her ear the wind was tugging her hair. It was city hair fixed in a beauty salon once a week. The wind coming into the open roadster made her squint and threatened her wave.

Bill wished she cared that he liked stone walls, but he kept quiet. He looked at the country going by. It was knotty, shut-in Connecticut country, full of little lots, barns and rocky hills. Along the road were small farmhouses with patches of young corn beside them and clothes out to dry. Sometimes there were cows in a field, or a solitary horse grazing. But always there were walls. They said something to Bill, he didn't know quite what. Perhaps if he could look at them long enough he'd know.

"You don't understand," He addressed his wife once more, "why I like them."

"Why you like what?"

"Why I like the walls."

"I don't understand it at all, no." She said. "I've never heard you talk this way before. It sounds very odd."

"Yes, I guess it does, doesn't it." Bill agreed. It came to him clearer than ever before that she did not know all of him. He thought there is a part of us that never gets known to anyone but ourselves. She never knew the part of me that likes rambling walls and things.

They drove on silent for a time. The wind hit the sides of their faces, and sun was on the hills. Bill felt good. Suddenly he turned to Brette again.

"Will you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"It's an awful thing to ask. You don't

mind if I just ask?"

"Well what?"

"Will you take your hat off?"

"Bill, are you crazy?"

"That's what I thought you'd say." He was quiet for a moment. Then he said, "You know, our courtship never got out of doors. Sometimes now I think about that. It was all in taxicabs, in bars, all walled-in. But those walls were different. . . ."

"Different?"

"Yeah, different, walls we couldn't see over, walls that we were in and that were in us." It was hopeless, trying to tell her. She would never get it.

"We never did get out much at that," Brette was saying. "I never really thought about it. Look—I'll take my hat off."

"No no I don't want you to do it now. It was a silly thing to ask. Really old girl." Now he wished he had been quiet. He saw how impossible it would have been for her to take the hat off—chaos for the fifteen dollar permanent. All of a sudden Connecticut with its stone fences, hills and barns seemed empty and meaningless, and he laughed softly to himself over his little stab at revolt.

Just then he saw it! It came darting out from the brush at the roadside. He knew they were going to kill it. He jammed down the footbrake, but it was too late. He never knew what made him jump out of the car and run back to it. It was a small, brown rabbit, flattened out, with wide eyes. Bill started to shout. "There, you see, we killed it. Do you see—us—us—we killed it. Even the poor little rabbit couldn't get away. Brette sat bewildered in the car watching him pick it up and lay it in the grass beside the road. Then for the first time Bill noticed the walls. There was one on each side of the road. WALLS, he thought. Even the rabbit got caught between the walls. But they were not these walls—they were his and Brette's—

When they started up again he was frowning. He wasn't looking at the country anymore. He knew that he would never be able to understand it as long as he lived. Suddenly he mumbled, "To Hell with Connecticut. I'll be glad when we get back to the city where we belong."

"Oh come now," said Brette. "It was only one rabbit. There are plenty more." She patted his hand cheerfully. "Plenty more."

"Plenty more!" Bill gave a quick loud laugh. "HO!" Then he said almost to himself. "Maybe." —JAMES WESTBROOK.

A Message from the Dean

Bard College students came through in such an overwhelming burst of cooperative spirit at the Spring testing sessions that I cannot help congratulating them and all of us. Never before in the history of St. Stephen's or of Bard has there been such a record of attendance at these tests. Every student in college was either there or excused on account of illness. This record is a sign that a real understanding of our primary purpose has got into the whole student body. Nothing could promise more for the future than this has done. I cannot help expressing my appreciation and the thanks of the Faculty and Administrative Staff.

C. H. GRAY,
Dean.

FROM THE EASEL

by Theodore N. Cook

After having seen the exhibition of work by Hudson Valley painters which was on view in Orient Gallery from March 18 to March 30, there can be no disputing of one fact, at least: there is certainly no Hudson Valley "school." There were no similarities either of technique or attitude. And this is a good sign, for "schools" often have an uncanny way of stifling good art in record-breaking time.

J. E. Costigan's "Mother and Child" was probably the best lithograph in the show. Costigan, who is one of the popular members of the Associated American Artists, is self taught. He has mastered light and shade, and he has a full, easy, and simple technique for portraying form. His etchings, "Ida," a portrait, and "Flood Water," a group of flood refugees huddled in a driving rain, show the same interest in form. In "Flood Waters" the wetness of the scene can almost be felt. The rain slashes convincingly in firm, sharply etched lines.

There were two drawing by Henry Varnum Poor, who needs no introduction. But I am sure that if I had not recognized his signature on both of them, I would have passed right by them. Unlike his paintings which are quite firm in technique, his drawings were haphazard in execution. One, however, had just a bit of the fine in it. It was a portrait, and in many places Poor's feeling was comparable almost to that of Rodin in some of his sculpture sketches. The line really searched the characteristics of the face.

Someone once said of Kunikoshi that enjoyment of his paintings, like the taste for olives, isn't acquired instantaneously. That seems to be true. His circus print was not very popular at this show just because of that fact. His work really should be followed though, because he is one of the few artists who possess the ability to raise what would be rather sensuous subjects to a high intellectual plane.

There were other good works in the show, some signed, other unsigned. But I felt that a few of the drawings were not too serious in craftsmanship, and did not even approach high school art level. I am sure that there is better art in the Valley.

At long last, the two-section mural by William Jordy has finally reached a resting place after two years of wandering from dark corner to dark corner. It is now giving much needed life to Albee Recreation Room. Some members of the community have called it "mighty wild looking," but after all, it would not be a real mural unless it drew comment. Jordy's art seems to have been influenced a bit by Mexico's Orozco. However, it is not a copy and has an individuality of its own, whether you like it or not. All that I ask is that someone please move that sad looking gilt floorlamp from in front of the left panel—it doesn't add a thing!

A selection of watercolors by Edgar I. Williams went on exhibition April 17. Williams is an architect who has had drawings published by Pencil Points.

The choice of subject matter, the point of view, as well as the rendering is, of course, that of an architect. As brilliant as are the colors, and as excellent as the technique may be I felt that the extreme correctness of the drawing distracts from the work. Perhaps it would have been better to relieve the monotony by including looser work along with his. Here and there evidence is seen of a temporary relaxation on the part of the artist, and a nice not-too-technical painting has resulted. These works stand out.

The show, however, should be seen. For crisp, vivid architectural rendering in water color, Mr. Williams is hard to beat. Due to careful hanging, there is as much variety as is possible considering the more or less sameness of the work. My only criticism is that the artist should let down his hair and relax more often, because that seems to be when he does his best work.

Ever since the beginning of the Spring semester, the Monday evening Life Drawing class has had an opportunity to draw from a bona fide artist's model. For that the class is very grateful.

However, there is something a bit strange
(Continued on page 2)

SPRING TESTS

The annual Spring tests were given to the entire student body on Thursday in the college gymnasium. The tests were similar to those given at Columbia and many another college throughout the nation.

From 9:30 until 12:00 the Co-operative English Usage test was carried on. After an hour and half for lunch the General Culture hurdles—Art, Music, Drama, the Social Sciences and Mathematics were given.

The Registrar was heard to remark that an unprecedented number of students appeared to participate in both examinations.

A PREMIERE

This evening at 8:15 the Bard Theatre will present its experimental production of Charles Vildrac's "S. S. Tenacity." It is the first production this year to be directed by a student. He is Frank E. Overton, a junior. Miss Latesha Hughson, of Vassar, will play one of the leading roles. Other members in the cast are Robert Haberman, James Westbrook, Randall Henderson, Mrs. Branin, Peter Hobbs, Robert McQueeney, Alvin Sopinsky, William Hale and David Livingston. Bert Leefmans is stage manager, Edward Bartlett will be in charge of lights and William Hale, the props.

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EDITORIAL

The Northern Phase - - -

According to political pundit Walter Lippmann the attack by the Germans on Denmark and Norway fits in with Allied war strategy. Mr. Lippmann has stated in the Herald Tribune of last Tuesday that this is but a culmination of a series of German changes in policy, military and economic, and that this final change has been the result of Allied strategy and the German position. This may well be. But his neighbor on the Herald Tribune, Major George Fielding Eliot, the military expert, while not accepting Mr. Lippmann's thesis, seems to believe that the German occupation of Denmark, the swift and extraordinary passage of so many troops under and above the grey noses of the great ships of the British Grand Fleet is probably the most brilliant feat ever carried out by German arms.

Again, at the crucial hour, British hesitancy, blindness and ineffectiveness has been swiftly countered by German speed, resourcefulness and able generalship.

Henderson's Failure - - -

Another illuminating bit of disheartening evidence of the present British decline are the memoirs of the former British Ambassador to Berlin, Sir Neville Henderson, which are published today under the title—"The Failure of a Mission." From reading most of the material when it was published piecemeal in "Life" we could not avoid concluding that, almost to the very last, Sir Neville and other leading representatives of the English ruling class were ready to make any deal with Hitler in order to preserve their own security and political power at almost any cost.

In his attitude toward most of the Nazi bully boys, their fantastic behaviour and their lust for European conquest Sir Neville was most circumspect. Unfortunately he probably created in Berlin what he creates in these pages—an impression that the class that he represents and that was running England did not care a hoot for Europe, for democracy or in stopping Hitler. All they wished was any arrangement that would guarantee their own political and economic security.

FROM THE EASEL

(Continued from page 1)

about the whole matter. It seems that the Art department has not been allotted enough funds to take care of the entire cost of having a model. The result is that at the present time, the class is depending partly on fees collected from faculty, people from off the campus, and students not formally enrolled in the Art division.

It isn't that the class is not grateful for the opportunity to work from an experienced model; that is not the case at all. The point is that Life Drawing is listed in the catalog as a regular course. It should be possible to assume, therefore, that it be allowed to have essential equipment, as it were. For this type of drawing a good model is needed far more often than a mere two hours a week. Yet, even under this arrangement, if the faculty members and out-siders suddenly decided not to come any more, the class would literally be out on a limb. We all hope this will not happen. Next year, though, sufficient funds should be made available. To list Life Drawing as a regular course, and then leave the task of maintaining a model to people from off campus and kind faculty members is hardly the way to develop a good art department at Bard.

LOOKING AROUND

There are times when everything seems to go wrong. You slaughtered a translation in French; you have a paper due for an American history conference tomorrow; your girl just wrote you that she won't come to prom with you; and the awful deadline for the senior project is drawing near. Everyone seems to be unfriendly to you all of a sudden. And even the Yankees lost a ball game. You're just getting fed up with everything.

So you pick up a newspaper and try to escape. But you can't escape through the newspapers these days. For in place of your little, temporary dissatisfaction you find what you might call a big, permanent dissatisfaction; everything's going wrong outside you, too. The newspapers tell the story of a change that's coming and it's a change that we don't think we're going to like, that we won't face or admit. The change is this: the flourishing period of democracies—the individualistic, capitalistic governments we have come to take for granted—is about over. The new day that is dawning is the day of the totalitarian—perhaps we should say collectivist-state. The whys of the change are arguable; the democratic system in practice today simply permits too many evils. The fact of the change is plain. Ever since Japan entered Manchuria, the forces of the totalitarian powers have swept unhindered through victory after victory, both in the diplomatic and in the military field. Since the Great Depression, which seems the final failure of the capitalistic democracies, collectivism has been the dominant, the most successful theory of government in international politics.

Now another wave in the flooding tide is rolling in as the Nazi war machine thunders over Scandinavia, apparently with less trouble than we democrats could hope for. The second World War is not the Allied push-over theorists on this side of the Atlantic had it figured out to be. The newspapers don't like to tell us but it doesn't look too good for England and France. We must hope the Allies are successful because, as soon as they are not, the United States will inevitably be drawn into the conflict to "protect" itself as well as its kindred countries in politics, finance and what-have-you. Yet despite our hopes it is very possible there will be a gigantic war between Germany, Italy, Russia, Spain and Japan on one side, and England, France and the United States on the other. Ow! let's not look that in the face just yet.

The change is coming even if the Allies win this war. It can be seen in the internal development in this nation since the New Deal. The form of collectivism that hits the United States may not be that of the fascist or communist state. It may be a peaceful transition into a socialism or a democracy controlled by the organized workers. In fact, if we manage to keep out of the war, we might very well accept the change in this country in this way without as much friction and strife as armed revolutions cause. Of course, any nation under stress of war becomes collectivist.

No, we don't like to admit this change—even in the fact of the news reports. In spite of the defects of democracy we don't think we're going to like the new system. How does such a change get its impetus if people don't think they're going to like it? Someone has suggested that the new theory brings with it a popular faith that the old theories have long lost, and that here's the impetus. It may be true. There is no popular faith in England, the United States, France. The countries are too well-fed and sophisticated for it. But there's faith in a national destiny in Germany; in a world-wide panacea in Russia.

You get to thinking about these things as you read the paper and your dissatisfaction turns into a sort of melancholy. For you see men dying for principles and ideals, their descendants resting indifferently on the resulting laurels until other men come along to die for other ideals. You wonder at the purpose of history and you feel deeply the lacrimae rerum. So you turn from the papers to your little self and your little grievances don't seem so large. You remember the good translations you made in French; you begin to write your history paper with a zest; you think you know another girl who's a lot of fun and has a pretty smile; and you reflect that somehow the project will be in under the line. Besides the Yankees are winning again.

"THE MODERN AMERICAN DRAMA SINCE 1918"

by Joseph Wood Krutch

Christmas time brought a flurry of play anthologies, theatrical history and criticism. And the nice thing about it was that the majority of them picked out the American theatre for their subject instead of the oft-aped and referred to continental stage. The American theatre has its own lore and its own distinctive features; it is a theatre which in its more recent past has contributed much in the way of experiment. Perhaps it has borrowed much from the experimentation in Europe since the time of Appia and Craig and Stanislavsky in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, but it has not all been base imitation, we have had our own pioneers. The factor, in this country which has been apt to obscure the actual development of the legitimate stage is the rapid rise and popularization of the movie industry. The revolution of ideas pertaining to the theatre did not occur in Europe until the close of the nineteenth century and by the time it had gotten over to us the cinema was already establishing itself and beginning to afford entertainment more spectacular and varied than any troupes of actors could supply the rural districts.

There has been this conflict which has detracted from the theatre's proper rise to glory in the popular conception. And also another point which Krutch emphasizes in the first pages of his books, and that is that the revolution of ideas in the theatre abroad was not a thing apart, but a concurrence with a general revolution of ideas in literature and art and the conception of society. This general reconception preceded, naturally, the specific manifestations in the various fields. The general movement in this country was first felt in literature and social thought, so that the public changed its mode of thinking without the aid of the theatre. The theatre lagged continuing to put on innocuous shows imported from England until a late awakening in 1918 when a "new group calling themselves the Washington Square Players wave a solemn manifesto in the faces of the New York Drama critics and opened the Bandbox Theatre on 57th Street. A year and a half later and the Provincetown Theatre came into being and produced O'Neill's "Bound East for Cardiff," and the reformation of the theatre was on its way. After the war the Washington Square Players reorganized as the Theatre Guild and moved uptown to successfully compete with the established commercial theatres of the time. A few years later the Group Theatre grew out of and broke away from the Theatre Guild to make its own distinctive way. The active theatrical spirit of the times was a revolt against the old conventions of stage presentation, and no group could be quite "free" enough to satisfy all its impatient members.

Krutch excitingly tells of this intense activity and experimentation in his first fifty pages in a literary style which makes the reader share the enthusiasm of these early pioneers. He does, however, make this point that the public did not quite share this enthusiasm for the reason that the radical ideas they wished to impart were not new; they had been already expounded in literature. The theatre as a didactic medium was missing its cue; it was rehashing with a vengeance ideas already current, hammering the nail after it had been driven. Krutch may exaggerate the true significance of the situation, but his exaggeration lends emphasis and constructs an acceptable foundation on which to lay the short history of the American theatre in its own right. Any over emphasis he may be guilty of is, after all, in good effective theatrical taste and by such means he certainly makes what might have been a dull reaction very dynamic both for the layman and professional.

After the introductory chapter of The American Theatre, the book to its length of just three hundred pages is divided into five sections, each dealing with a specific aspect of the history. There is also a complete index in the back of all the references made to playwrights, plays, and other people. Krutch's qualifications for writing such a work are manifold; first among them is of course the fact that he has been a dramatic critic for just about as long as the modern theatre has existed in this country. He has seen most of the plays and has known the people that did and are doing them in New York. This intimate knowledge of his subject coupled with definite opinions of his own written in a fast moving literary style makes of "The American Drama Since 1918" a chronicle at once entertaining and informative.

—FRANK E. OVERTON.

A REVIEW

JOHN DEWEY, An Intellectual Portrait. By Sidney Hook. 242 pp. New York: The John Day Company.

With his "Intellectual Portrait" of John Dewey, Professor Sidney Hook has contributed his bit toward honoring Dewey on reaching his eightieth year last October. It is an impressive piece of work, especially since it is admittedly limited to "an introduction to Dewey's philosophy in which particular attention is paid to the kind of difficulties likely to arise in the minds of readers."

In writing this type of general coverage of an immense field, it is only natural that Hook should write most fluently of those aspects which first appeal to readers as they approach the study of Dewey's philosophy. These would be in the field of moral conduct and in education; but it is here that the chapters shine forth as splendid examples of what Dewey himself has continually attempted to avoid. For Hook's style is completely free, even verbose at times. Now one of the characteristics of John Dewey which is probably most often the target of intense criticism is his literary style. It is said to be heavy, cumbersome, a barrier to comprehension. But, on the other hand, by writing entirely freely, Sidney Hook tends to lose much of the exactness and precise modification possessed by the original. As a popular introduction it serves its purpose; but as an explanation of a philosophy, it lacks an essential element.

The section entitled "Logic and Action" (as well as those on "The Nature of Ideas" and "Truth") is perhaps less subject to the above comment than any other part of the book. Hook feels that Dewey's "basic doctrines and most fundamental contributions have been in the field of logic" and so he presents these conceptions in a straightforward, well defined manner.

Dewey's own greatest interest lies, of course, in the field of moral values; he is essentially a moralist. His feeling is that "the central problem of philosophy is the relation that exists between the nature of things using that word to designate whatever is taken natural science to beliefs about values—using to have the rightful authority in the direction of conduct." It is a scientific approach to the problems with which man is particularly concerned. And, Dewey believes, man is not primarily concerned with the metaphysical and epistemological problems that have bothered philosophers for so long. Philosophy, then, should turn its attention to an evaluation of man's activity; it must become embroiled in life itself and not escape to the supernatural.

From this point, one step carries us to the places where philosophy may act, and education immediately looms as a central figure. Since Dewey's influence in this field has been so tremendous, I feel that it is strongly advisable for every student and faculty member of any progressive school to read Hook's. In these few pages there appears at least chapter on "The Frontiers of Education," an indication of the completely new attitude that Dewey represents. It makes education a part of life, a "growth process" so that it assumes far more than merely a "pouring in" of specialized knowledge. The connection with social problems is inevitable; the educated person cannot ignore them, since they are an integral part of his civilization.

After hearing his philosophy critically examined by two eminent professors last December at an American Philosophical Association meeting, Dr. Dewey arose to say that the two men had merely reflected themselves, rather than criticized his work. I could not help recalling this incident as I read Hook's final evaluation of Dewey, "the Philosopher of American Democracy." In this section, the writer attempts to justify Dewey's every turn, his every attitude. And it would seem that he fails utterly. It is almost a group of Hook's hopes about Dewey! The philosophy of such a man as this cannot be justified or even improved by calling his critics names. Dewey has made mistakes—unfortunate mistakes—such as his indifference during the World War. These cannot casually be chalked up to "experience" and thereupon discarded. Indeed, Dewey himself would be the first to vehemently deny that he is immune to the faults of mankind. Hook's attempts to deify his subject are best refuted, I feel, by the subject himself.

On the whole, however, Sidney Hook has translated in Hook's style loses scientific done a commendable bit of writing. Dewey preciseness and emerges with Hook's personal emphasis. Yet a difficult and comprehensive topic was undertaken with the purpose of stimulating the reader "to make a study and independent evaluation of John Dewey's own writings." It is in this respect that the book probably serves its most valuable function.

—DOUGLAS SCHULTZ.

SPORT NOTES

With the opening of the baseball season, the annual question has arisen, "Who's going to play the Yanks in the series this year?" The only sour note seems to come from the one-again-hopeful Boston fans who tell us that the Red Sox are going to walk away with the pennant this year. They usually reinforce their arguments by pointing out that the Yankees are only lucky. If seventeen games is luck, I'd hate to see what the Yankees would do to the league if they had some good ball players!

We were discussing this situation with Oscar, our pet pack rat up in Orient the other night while waiting for an entrance cue, and he agreed with us. Then he suddenly ran off, and returned, bringing with him the following poetic rebuke from his hoard. He said he had picked it up in South Hall in exchange for two peanuts and a Freshman cap. (So that's what happened to them!) The only trace of the authorship is the signature, "PAHLIVLAHIP," which leads us to believe that it must have been written by some ancient Greek seer, living somewhere around North Hoffman. Here it is, exactly as Oscar gave it to me:

"Ode to a Red-Sox Fan"

"I'm sick of hearing how, each year, the Sox will beat the Yanks.
According to the Boston fans, New York will draw a blank.
They'll argue morning, noon, and night the qualities of each,
And reach the same decision, 'The Yanks are on the beach.'
'Now look at Foxx, he's going great, he never will be stopped,
And Moses Grove is doing fine, why he will never flop.
Now take the Yanks, they're getting old, they're creaky in the limbs.'
But now I come to think of it, Foxx-Grove aren't full of vim.
'The Yanks are getting all the breaks, the Red Sox not a one.'
The Yanks are the team that makes the breaks.
'Now Williams is by far the best in driving in the runs'
But Keller, please remember, friends, put the Reds on the run.
Oh, when will Mr. Yawkey learn that teams are helped by catchers,
And most of the teams that win to-day are aided by good pitchers?
So let them shout and hoot and cheer for men in their own ranks,
When 1940 comes to a close, the champs will be the Yanks.
They have the pitchers, catchers, men; they have the batting power,
They know just when and where to hit, and never become sour.
They've got a manager who knows the secrets of the game,
A trainer who knows how to take the kinks out of the lame.
Because of this, the 'lordly Yanks' are accused of being 'lucky.'
For God's sake, Mr. Boston Fan, the air is getting mucky.
If all the Red Sox fans could have their deepest, fondest wish,

Deep in their hearts they know they want the New York Yankee dish.
And there are those who say, 'Why we don't want the Yanks.'

Our Sox are plenty good enough. Ha, seventeen aflank!
And when they read this paper, they'll be in misery,

The Sox are seventeen behind, instead of in the lead.

So stop your claiming that the Sox will ever be the champs,

When deep down in your hearts, you want a team just like the champs"

This is not a very literary composition. And yet, despite the fact that the grammar is bad, the metre is worse, and the rhymes, well (!), we have published it here because it gives a viewpoint with which we agree. It may be taken as a prophecy, and is the only prophecy as to the outcome of the baseball season that we will make. We would have been afraid to make this one, but Oscar recommended it, and, after all, when it comes to picking the autumn's winners in April, who has a better chance of guessing correctly than a very intelligent pack-rat?

—FRANK BJORNSGAARD.

BASEBALL TEAM

Eleven men have turned out for the unofficial Bard College baseball team. Of this group, only four played on last year's team.

The team does not plan to play any inter-collegiate games. It is composed of fellows who want an opportunity to play more than softball. They feel that they will have the most fun playing teams of their own caliber. Since only one man on the team will graduate, co-captain Rueger, there is a possibility that next year they will engage in intercollegiate for there is a very good chance that by that time they will be able to meet some of the colleges on an equal footing.

The team has played one practise game with Red Hook High School, and it is planning to play as many more possible with them before it meets any regular competition.

The four returning lettermen are co-captains Bill Rueger and Lincoln Armstrong, George Lambert, and Donald Lehman. The seven new members of the team are Al Underwood, Bob Potter, Bob Cole, Rodney Karlson, Bob McQueney, John Shapiro, and Bob Seaman.

BASKETBALL

The unofficial Bard College basketball team ended its season on Saturday evening, April 13 with a defeat at the hands of the Alumni by a score of 38 to 22. The Alumni were definitely the superior team, getting stronger as the game progressed. High scorers were Scott and Filsinger of the Alumni, with ten points each, and Sharp of Bard with eight points.

Five minutes of the game went by before the scoring started. Stearns sunk a foul shot for the Alumni, and the scoring began. From then on the Alumni held the lead; the nearest the Bard team came was 10-12 in the second quarter. Weissberger, Bates, and Picard also played for the Alumni.

SOFTBALL LEAGUE

The first game of the spring softball league will take place on Monday afternoon, April 22, when Kappa Gamma Chi meets the Non-Socs, and the league will continue until Thursday, May 23, when the Non-Socs and Eulexians finish the season.

Unlike previous years, the season will not be divided into two halves, the winner of the first meeting the winner of the second in the playoffs. Instead, there will be a double round robin, each team meeting each other team twice, the winner being the undisputed champion. Each team in the league, which is composed of the Faculty, Non-Socs, Eulexians, Kappa Gamma Chi, and Sigma Alpha Epsilon, will play eight games.

Winners last year were the Eulexians, who won both halves, going through an undefeated season.

VOLLEYBALL LEAGUE

The Faculty emerged victorious in the Volleyball league which terminated on Tuesday, April 9. It was a round robin tourney and the Faculty went through their schedule without a defeat. Members of the winning team were John Parsons, Kenneth Bush, William Frauenfelder, Edward Fuller, Olindo Grossi, Maurice Levy-Hawes, and Jack Lydman.

The Non-Socs, who won all their games except the one against the Faculty, challenged them to an outside match on Thursday, April 11. They were beaten. The Eulexians and Sigma Alpha Epsilon did not play their scheduled match.

Team standings:

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Faculty	4	0	1.000
Non-Socs	3	1	.750
K. G. X.	2	2	.500
Eulexians	0	3	.000
S. A. E.	0	3	.000

The table tennis tournament came to a close on Wednesday, April 17 with Kappa Gamma Chi the winner. The Aufrecht twins, Gabor and Bob, Fred Sharp and Philip Gordon were on the winning team.

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
K. G. X.	13	3	.813
S. A. E.	12	4	.750
Non-Socs	10	6	.625
Faculty	3	13	.188
Eulexians	2	14	.125

COLLEGE CATALOGUE

The Art Department is undertaking to compile photographs for a new pictorial college catalogue which will be issued next fall. Olindo Grossi, art instructor, and students in the department welcome suggestions from faculty and undergraduates.

Architecture students are making a study of campus buildings with the point of view of planning small additions and alterations to existing physical equipment. Garage and dining commons conditions are receiving special attention at present.

THE COLLEGE CALENDAR

- April 20th—Saturday
Theater Production: S. S. Tenacity.
- April 21st—Sunday
Morning Chapel: Preacher, The Rev. R. N. Rodenmeyer of Gloucester, Mass.
- April 22nd—Monday
Eighth Recital in Bard Hall.
- April 23rd—Tuesday
General College Meeting.
- April 24th—Wednesday
Faculty Meeting.
- April 25th—Thursday
Educational Policies Committee Meeting.
- April 27th—Saturday
Moving Pictures.

MUSIC TALK

Ernst Krenek, professor of music at Vassar College, spoke before the Bard community Tuesday evening, April 16, on "What Everyone Should Know About Modern Music in America." Mr. Krenek stated that barring the obstacles of traditionally-minded institutions and a popular commercial radio, modern music has a great chance in America, backed as it is by societies founded for its propagation.

STORER MARIONETTES

James A. Storer of Watertown, N. Y., brother of Andrew Storer, '40, gave a talk in the theatre on Monday evening, April 8, on the history of puppetry. Following his talk with a demonstration, Mr. Storer presented a puppet vaudeville show which included dancers, a singer, a juggler, a strong man, a piano player, and ended with a dance by a skeleton.

HIRSCH PAPER

Dr. Felix E. Hirsch, college librarian, will read a paper before the American Library association annual meeting in Cincinnati on May 31, his subject being "The use of the book collection in the teaching program of a progressive college." He will base his statements on his experience at Bard. Discussion following the reading of the paper will be conducted by Miss Florence King, librarian of Columbia college.

THE FRATERNITIES

Dean C. H. Gray discussed the relationship of the Faculty Advisor and the Fraternity at an Inter-fraternity meeting at the Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity House on the April 11th. Mr. Gordon MacAllester, recently elected president of K.G.X., presided. Various members of the different fraternities participated including Mr. Warren Harris of S.A.E. and Herbert Carr of the Eulexian Society.

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THREE DAYS

It was the twelfth of November, 1931. We were all sitting in the big assembly hall of our school. It was my first year in high school and I had been there for only two months. A man got up, apparently a teacher, in order to address the six hundred students and faculty members present. "We celebrate today," he said, "the thirteenth anniversary of the foundation of the democratic republic in Austria. Thirteen years ago the Emperor was forced to abdicate and the power of the ancient house of Habsburg was broken forever. Never again shall we in Austria have any sort of government that will not guarantee all civil liberties to us. Instead of one ruling party sponsored by the Habsburgs we have today nearly a dozen, and everybody is free to join one or the other." In this spirit he went on and on. He described the meaning of a democratic republic, which he correctly interpreted as a state based on fundamentally socialistic ideas.

He was a little man and his name was Pepper. He had a snarling voice and sometimes his voice would suddenly change into a high pitch and fall again to a low bass the next minute. He wore big round glasses and his eyes were twinkling steadily behind them. One could not help thinking that he was looking out of a window, but the window was moving all the time and he could never get

a good look. In his buttonhole he had a little red flower.

"He is a red," my older neighbor whispered, "in fact, he seems to have a great influence on the left wing of the social democratic party in this city. This speech will be very much appreciated in party circles."

He spoke for about an hour. I was still too young and uneducated to understand the main points of the speech. But I had a definite feeling that he was very enthusiastic about his liberal ideas. Then the dean of the school got up. He thanked Dr. Pepper for delivering his speech and assured us that we hardly could have gotten a better man to talk to us, as Dr. Pepper's active interest in all the discussed matters was well known. He had really nothing to add and stressed only a few of the first speaker's words.

"He was the mayor of a fairly big town," my neighbor explained. He was elected as the candidate of the socialists." At the end of the meeting we sang the national anthem and a song dedicated to the working youth.

It was the first of May, 1935. Again Dr. Pepper stood on the orator's platform. Nothing had changed. Only this time he wore, instead of the red carnation, a little ribbon in his button hole, which showed the colors red, white and red, the colors of Austria.

"Today we celebrate the first anniversary of our new constitution," he said, "which the

late chancellor gave us as his will, two and a half months before his heroic death. For fourteen years after the war and the unfortunate revolution, Austria had lost its faith in itself. He helped us find it again. The domination by a few demagogues who made us believe that they represented the working classes is over. Likewise foreign influence in our internal life belongs to the past. We stand today for a free and independent Austria. No parliament or parties are necessary. You only have to be good Austrians and trust your government."

"He seems to be pretty enthusiastic about all that," a younger boy next to me remarked. "Has he been in the patriotic movement for a long time?"

The dean got up again. He praised the speaker and pointed out that he was extremely apt to talk about the subject of authoritative government. He warned us not to join any party or organization unless we had asked the school previously for permission. The meeting ended again by singing the anthem. Only this time a song was included which asked the youth to protect Austria from all foes, internal and external, if necessary with their blood, the way the late chancellor had shown.

The third and last important day was the twenty-first of March, 1938. Once again Dr. Pepper stood in front of all the students and faculty members. Only this time he wore a

tiny little swastika in his buttonhole.

"The day of our liberation has come," he exclaimed. "At last Austria has returned into the great German Empire. For twenty years we were struggling along, knowing very well that it was impossible for us to live as an independent nation. Only a small minority prevented us from accepting the helping hand of Germany and her great Fuehrer. They tried it by means of arms for five years. We, however, will attempt to be as good National Socialists as our German brothers have been during that time."

"He must have been illegally in the party for a long time," someone said, "otherwise he would not have been able to speak today at all." Then a man got up. He wore a black uniform and a large red swastika was fixed around his arm. "In my function as new dean," he said, "I want to thank Mr. Pepper for his able speech."

"Where is the old dean?" I shyly asked my neighbor. "Didn't you realize that he was a Jew?" came the rough reply.

Again the melody of the anthem was played. But this time different words were sung, words that stressed the idea of a big powerful Germany, that would be united for all time. A second song was sung in honor of the youth. This time it advised young Germany to fight, to fight to their last drop of blood, to fight for the honor of Germany now and in all the future.

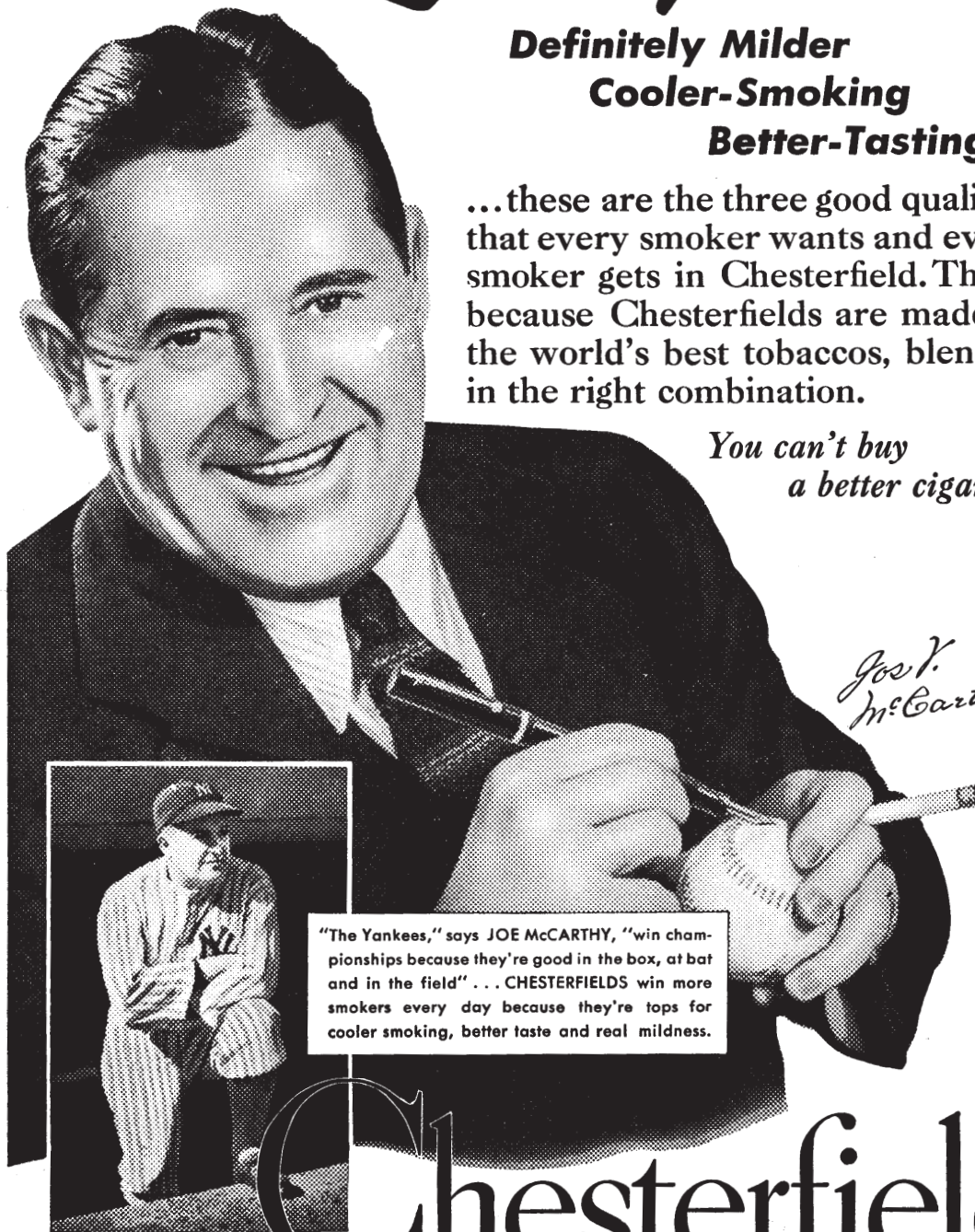
—ROBERT B. REDLICH.

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