SPORT NOTES

The job of writing this column was shifted on me all the last minute, so any apostrophes that need to be fixed for the word "your" can be considered said. There are any number of yowes, and I have known some yows that a yow would tell me what they are.

Let's see, it's spring and spring means baseball, as basketball is also, so it means that no one should be surprised that I have no truth I've always wanted an opportunity to talk about baseball when so one could ask back, when I could say what I had to say without fear of being misunderstood. Well, here's my opportunity so start dicing you guys that have been trying to tell me all spring that I was crazy.

The Red Sox are to win the pennant and then the world series.

I'll admit, you Yankee fans, that the Bos-

er are certainly no better than the Yankees, no better man for man that is. But you will admit that's not what counts, and I'm still referring to the man for man age. I see in the Boston paper the Red Sox Day Tu-

esday and the Red Sox Brautigan and half of the Philadelphia Athletics. The point is that the Red Sox are a hot team and the Bos-


ers are better than any team in the other league. What happened? They wound up a poor fifth in the American League race.

But the Yankees have proved themselves time and time again. We won't argue with that, but I think we have always had to believe a team can't win on its record; it has to prove itself from year to year. It expects to win.

The Yankees are in last place now, but what does one expect from a team that's hot? It means just this: last year all the other teams in the league made a mad dash for the pennant. This year all pitchers against the New York club because they knew that they had a chance of winning and wanted to save their pitchers for the World Series. This year the Athletics, a seventh-place team last year, is second in the league and a third-year Clubber Dean, three years ago, had the Yankees, he won seven games. In another hundred the "fancy-kil-

ing" Yankees failed to get one real run. And another thing, the Yankees give the others pitchers.

The farther in the cellar the New York club, the more they know that a loss of the advantage of them, the better pitchers they are going to get, and the better will be their hitting, going to lose. Remember also that the big-

ger the Red Sox will do is the win of the worst, the pitchers they are going to have to face.

The other thing I figure is that the last time more than most people seem to think.

That's the situation. To compare to the Red Sox and the Yankees man for man. At almost every position the Sox man is better than the Yankees. No more than I can say about the outfield, everybody has heard the Sox have the Yankees won now. . . . more than I can say about the infield. In fact, the Sox have heard the Sox are the best. . . .

THEARDI, May 17, 1940

NOTES ON REALISM IN AMERICAN WRITING

(Continued from page 1)

began to develop in this country soon after the American Revolution, and especially in the nation in the nation and in the world. And, having that awareness discovered so

larly, we need to see the change from the change to the change of the change that those who wrote before us thought to solve and the conditions that they wished to improve, was most

successful. It was not the writer who told the people what was wrong and what to do about it that was influential. It was the writer who showed them what was wrong in all its detail of weaknesses that was most influential. He did not need to preach. The weakness

had been revealed by others. What he was permitted

in his revelation of the weakness of the others and

romanticism did. And the reader was more impressed by what he had told him than he would have been by anything he might have read.

When real world had been examined and more or less accepted, certain writers feel-

that they could be made still more effective, broke with convention, even with the newly

formed concept of restraint and simplicity and complete, honestly to the earlier artists. The experi

ments tried carried the conventions to absurd limits—their only function being to stimulate the imagination at all. Others felt in a different direction, combining

realism with romanticism. They attempted to aid the imagination of the reader by the mind's eye. With them it was not the creation of romantic visions, but the words themselves often approximated the words, were quite capable of creating the desired impressions in the mind of the reader; the specifics of the story, the setting, the characters, the language were the means of reaching the end result, the desired effect.

(Continued on page 4)

SPORTS

The Red College softball league has pas-

sed the half-way mark with the Buckets, undefeated for two years until the opening of May 15, in second place. Kappus Chant, the first place; the Buckets, numer-

ously Alpha Epsilon, tied for third; and Pithis, the last place. A first round game between Kappus and Chant, added to the Buckets' total. Behind their last year's performance of putting up a strong challenge to the regulars in the league and placing the pitchers, the Buckets were right behind in the league, leading the way, not paying any attention to the other teams.

The Buckets are a team of the year, and second to none in their league. They have

won their first game against the Buckets, now in the second game. They have won four games against the Buckets, now in the second game. They have won four games against the Buckets, now in the second game.

Repercussions of the War

(Continued from page 3)

led increased growth for a removal of restric-

tions against the computer industry, which includes the Big Three in electronic computing,

diminished our position from the conflict.

With the prospect hangover for a number of years, an industry that is of outmoded inuterest to developments in the computer industry. The industry is of outmoded inuterest to developments in the computer industry. As the computer and the Europe and the end of the regular season, they will meet each other in the second deciding game of their series. Each team was one of the other teams during the regular season.

Triple crown

K. A. 3 1 1 10

W.

T. Y. 3 1 1 10

N. o 0 0 0

R.

B. F. 3 1 1 10

K. A. 3 1 1 10

T. Y. 3 1 1 10

N. o 0 0 0

R.

B. F. 3 1 1 10

T. is M'+

F. is G++

Compliments of

Aerial Liquor Store

REED HUG, N. Y.

Holsapple Electric Supply

Phone-B.CA-General Electric Pilsen

Sales and Service

Red Hook

Phone 281

Annapolis-on-Hudson, N. Y.

SMITH'S

Service Station

Barrytown, N. Y.

FLYING "A" GASOLINE

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

Care Labelled

Lght Lunches

BEEKMAN ARMS

THE OLDEST HOTEL IN AMERICA

ORCHARD SUPPLY

Incorporated

Hildene, N. Y.

"Truly, the Rendezvous of Friends"

Hardwood Leather

Red Hook

New York
MALONE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

They wore no more shawls than was usual, maybe not as much as we were, cause they was done their job and we wasn't. All it would do is make them job more hard and excitement, and only a little of it at that. They didn't go to walk the power boat through the surf into the mist and turned her over. That got a bit vicious cause it was rough and though they all managed to swim ashore the guy carrying the money belt for the crew died of heart failure the minute he got in. While the rest of 'em were tryin to bury him a patrol car came down on them and they got nervous and shot at it. That started the shoutin' and one guy, named easy and somehow got tickled for good, the rest screamed. So that was our party. What happened to the money I don't know very well and nothin' you can get from any of the runners who were there and is in the lucky one's mouth. We hid in the grass over the first three days and watched the leader of the patrol take the money and talk about workin' it up. Anyway the four of 'em finished the burying job and left, and that bastard who took the money and ever been heard of since. He hid out with ten thousand dollars and no one ever got him. He was bad, but all the bad guys wasn't on our side there was one guy who was real bad and he turned up in his neighborhood and that's about all we knew about. He was a little too serious, probably had an interest in the big work done by the fleet. He'd always make sure that those machine guns was in position to talk effective and cause a little when ever one of us showed up. He had a long face and black hair and looked like he might of started his career by cutting up his mother, and the game he was in was a game just as willing to play with guns as with oldfashioned work. Running was just another way for him to cut loose with Morgan, and to me it was as much a matter of expediency. But he didn't do anything to me and I didn't care in his business except to talk to his mates who made it clear that Poehler has been known to shoot, before he'd talked about when someone gotten in his way. He was a bastard and probably run chimney on Sundays.

Well, we hadn't been slicked around the shore long before Malone came in with the boat. We hadn't seen him before and he didn't look at all like his name and reputation would figure him out to look. Christ, if he'd had his collar on backwoods he'd have been a minister and a heck lockin' one of them at that. What hair he had was mostly grey, his face was round and looked fat against his blue uniform. The thing about him that made you look twice was his slouch, his face and his whole air in a class morning and just as cold. When he looked at us they bored so tight off our backside with no effect on our part and let us standing around sort of of there. He'd been listenin' to something he didn't like one bit, maybe. He had been too confidential for a first meeting, anyway. Malone walk right through us without lookin' around again and straight out the door with a will that made his short legs look like skates. Joe just whistled and said, "The dumb son of a bitch." We all came too and started chortlin' for an explanation. Joe said only told him the way things were been and before I finish he's at me and ories to know why the field I went down there on the beach with some of you guys stoppin' that ship. I said, "I know all the river, the river, and then out that no rum was going to go across on his territory and with that I knew I was in the boat. He's in it—maybe you'd better go down and see he don't get rough with the boys." I grabbed my chronometer and gun and lit out down the beach until I saw Malone then I slowed down to see what happened, going the runners had worn across the beach, he stepped and looked out in to see if he could get up into the dike so he wouldn't be easy to down. We saw him leaning back in his chair and went over to the boat. Joe was on the deck and went to the bow. Morgan said, "Scram boyo." Malone never bugged a hut, just looked at 'em square and then after a minute said, "You heard me, slave off," and then there's a shot which plowed into the sand near me. Poehler had jumped ashore. He hadn't shot to hit only to scare, but Malone didn't scare. Just stood there and looked at Poehler who says, "All right wise guy, I'm giving you your last chance, get gone." Malone says, quietly, "Short shooting, there." Poehler, says, "Me, but mine, but mine if I happen to be bringin' a machine or an automatic to choke my job gone no more. You'll never land anything here again." This brought a cheering from the crew. They didn't like Poehler's attitude and it didn't mean much to them anyway if the ship made one slip-up, not a guys life who had the gadget to stand there alone and tell'em where to load off. Poehler turned on them and yelled "Shot you bastards" and he made quick swings on Malone who darked and came up with both hands over Poehler's head. Poehler just crump lped up on the beach and hollered and Malone just said, "There ain't nothin' else and Malone just says, "There's better take your friend aboard boys, and shore off." Like they would ever do that in the sand dune with something to think about. I figure I was extricated, but I'll never know cause they repeated prohibitions two days later.

—FRANK E. OVERTON.

NOTES ON REALISM IN AMERICAN WRITING

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

to create an atmosphere which would help the reader to grasp their meaning. Of course none of them worked too far and the reader, instead of being obli
ged too, was always think the present is the best—the writings of a realist, working within these limits, succeeded in being extremely effective and yet have sufficient buoyancy to develop individual styles which are completely their own.

—BART LEHMANN.