

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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The Bardian

Volume 20, No. 1

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., FRIDAY, September 20, 1940

Four Pages

Kaps Vote To End Active Chapter

The active chapter of Kappa Gamma Chi, as it now exists, voted last night to close the fraternity.

This comes as an almost complete surprise to everyone, including some of the members themselves. The first inkling of such action came on Wednesday afternoon at the Student Council meeting when Dean Gray suggested actively organizing the Non-Socs. At that time he declared that if he were to found a college, there would be no fraternities in it. After he made this statement, Joe MacNair, senior marshall from Kappa Gamma Chi, and Jay Manley, secretary of the council and president of the fraternity, both asked openly why it was necessary to have these social groups. Nothing more was said about it until the direct action was taken last night.

President Manley issued the following statement after the action had been taken.

"We, the members of Kappa Gamma Chi, have come to the decision, after long deliberation, that fraternities are conflicting more

and more with the educational and social aims of Bard College. It is our opinion that since fraternities are out of place here, they should no longer exist.

For this reason, Kappa Gamma Chi has decided to disband in the hope that the other fraternities will do likewise, that in the very near future social distinction will be a thing of the past at Bard College, and that the Kappa Gamma Chi house will eventually become a part of the Bard campus.

"It is also our sincere hope that this action will meet with the full approval of the alumni of Kappa Gamma Chi and of the college community."

(Signed) J. Alden Manley.

This statement represents the majority opinion of what was the active chapter of Kappa Gamma Chi, and it is effective only if the minority is unsuccessful in getting the executive committee of the corporate body, which is made up of alumni of the fraternity, to approve their continuing Kappa Gamma Chi along its former lines.

MUSIC

This year, faithful music lovers at Bard Hall recitals will be gratified by the new interior. The floor and walls are painted and brightened, and far from least important is the brand new Steinway piano. Dr. Schwartz's special pet and the music department's biggest and shiniest addition. Of course, the seats are greatly improved, larger and softer. Monday is now music night, for concerts, glee club rehearsals, and the new activities, for the two-year famine is over. The glee club is large and enthusiastic with plans for consistent work throughout the year; there is a 'cellist and a string quartet.

Mr. Guido Brand will spend more time at Bard, teaching and directing an instrumental ensemble which will work on chamber combinations for strings, flutes, and clarinet. This group, as well as the glee club, will play in regular recitals and in several informal musical evenings during the year. If there is anyone with a forgotten childhood talent for any instrument from bass tuba to tambourine, the ensemble welcomes him. Dr. Schwartz is planning radio broadcasts and concerts at neighboring schools for the glee club, ensemble, and faculty and student soloists.

This fall Bard will be host to the member colleges of the northern section of the Inter-collegiate Music Guild of America. This group, in its third year, has doubled its membership every year. It was founded to give the experience and added knowledge that comes from contact between different colleges and different environments, and to foster the growth of American music in and out of music departments. Vassar, Bennington, and Williams are among the colleges coming for the weekend long fall festival. President of this organization is Bard's Ted Strongin. There will be a series of concerts of student compositions and by student performers. Exchange recitals are planned whenever possible between members of the guild.

Bard recitals will go on as last year, featuring Dr. Paul E. Schwartz, Guido Brand, individual students, and more guest artists than last year. Dr. Schwartz is arranging for some of the Woodstock artists to appear at Bard. So come down on a Monday night; the seats are more comfortable and the walls more cheerful.

FRESHMEN ELECT

Tentative officers were elected by the freshman class on Monday, September 16. The following were chosen by their classmates: president, Harry Montgomery; vice-president, Paul Munson; secretary-treasurer, Stanley Smith.

MAY APPLES

Tis spring again
the sky gleaned blue
for the presence of the sun
from the warm growing clouds
dropping the pellets of soft rains
palleting prime tints
of the brown grass into living green
heliotrope faces from suppliant trees
speckling the trout under the scattering of
glitters on the brook
laughter sprouting from the smiles
of lanes between the hedgerows and the
corners of fields
carrying the breezes waving with curtains
in and out of open houses
glass panes eyeing
tis spring again.

The smell
of hot flanks naive surge of horses
resonant droppings
onto the hymen of the soil
broken by the undimmed plowshares
laying back the curving glint of the earth
warming beneath the strides of feet
of men and birds
seeking in the deep valleys of soil z
a syllabus of things
finding the moist embryo seed
unbruising the womb pear
and grasping the vine umbilical.

And the spring is gone
the dusty summer no more
these hours are stacked haycock in distant
indistinct meadows
and the chill of what's to come
bites and shivers the awareness of the air
and the threshers com ebreathing noise
and silage
over the clean fields in the sun
over the planted rows
of unshaved white crosses
where men hide like lovers
panting and gasping
on the bodies
they shall soon join in the ultimate.

SUMMER SPLASHES

by T. Cook

Those of us who were on the paint gang this summer saw history made at Bard. The amount of repairing and painting done in that twelve-month period made neighborhood cynics stagger, for they told us before the work started that it was just talk. "The college has talked about repairing its plant ever since it was founded," was what they told us.

George Briggs, Bard's master painter and plumber, as well as paint gang philosopher, can tell you the amount of work done in terms of labor. He also can tell you what a job it is to make Bardiens wake up at 6:30 in the morning so they can start work at seven! It was his job to pound on the room doors in South Hoffman every morning. He usually managed to herd us into the paint shop on time to pass out the paint and brushes with a little of his mock anger on the side.

Every faculty house in the circle received two coats of Moore's guaranteed-to-last paint. The Dean's house was the most difficult to paint of this group, as our forty-four foot ladders barely reached the main gable. Such high work was reserved for the team of Church and Leefmans, our high-ladder specialists. From here we attacked Albee, which has been turned into the show-place of the campus in spite of the fact that the new furniture has not yet arrived. South Hall, the Celotex miracle house, also was

STUDENT COUNCIL NOTE

The Student Council wishes to emphasize its ruling on freshman rushing. Heretofore freshmen have been enmeshed into affiliations with fraternities without a total conception of the mores of Bard College. Those who hurried into fraternities, in numerous instances, were dissatisfied with the slipshod method by which they were run. Others were influenced to make too hasty a choice and found themselves maladjusted to the group they had pledged.

More important yet, the Council deems it unwise to push fraternity functions when the whole status of these asosciations at Bard is uncertain.

Thus the late rushing date, which has been designated at November 1.

The branch libraries at night
Are good for bookworms because
They need no light!

COLLEGE MEETINGS

The first of Bard's college meetings was held in the theatre on Wednesday evening when Irwin Edman, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, spoke on "The Humanist in Wartime."

Professor Edman started off by disagreeing with Archibald MacLeish, who has recently claimed that many of our intellectuals are misguided. Professor Edman, on the other hand, developed the thought that the importance of the liberal arts is more crucial than ever.

The reason for being a humanist, according to Professor Edman, is that freedom may flourish, that the educated many may be possessors of the good, that the beautiful may exist, and that thought in all the arts may continue to be spontaneous. All this we must defend, and the best way to do so is not to declare a moratorium on those things which make life worth living.

He then drew an analogy between a liberal arts education and a light which, while growing clearer and more intense, was wavering in the wind, a light which rival forces were trying to extinguish. Since the civilization of a nation is measured by how brightly the light of clear thought shines in its citizens, the humanist in wartime has as his obligation keeping the flame of truth, happiness, and beauty burning. Professor Edman claimed that if this were not done "civilization is lost to us before any bombs drop on our shore."

brightened up, while old Stone Row had its trim changed from a dirty green to a clean sandstone. Perhaps, the greatest change took place in Ludlow, which formerly was Bard's number one gloom spot. After the new Briggs color scheme was applied on the outside, the inside came in for its treatment. Partitions were knocked down in some places and built in others until the place was quite unrecognizable.

The most enjoyable job of all was redecorating Aspinwall's interior. St. Stevens could be heard groaning when the first stroke of yellow was applied on the walls. When the pumpkin (Briggs brand) was put on the floor, Aspinwall reached a new high in its long career. The paint gang defies anyone to fall asleep during a class in the presence of this color combination.

Yes indeed, these were momentous times for Mr. Miller, who had arrived only a short time before from the middle west. He held the wand-like budget that yanked out the old furnace in the library to make room for a new oil burner, which will make possible reading rooms in the basement. Even Bard Hall has been redecorated, and more is on the way.

But the most important achievement of the summer, as far as the paint gang is concerned, was that George Briggs has been promised his first vacation in seven years. Who says things don't get done at Bard?

WAIT AND SEE

On last Tuesday evening, the Bard Theater opened its doors to a throng of amateur theatrical prospects. The occasion was the trial reading for parts in the new musical comedy to be presented here in a few weeks. This production is open to all students who wish to participate.

"Exit Laughing," as it is called, is to be in the Rodgers and Hart style—but definitely better. The script was written by Al Sapinsley and them usical score by Wayne Horvitz, both of whom have played prominent parts in the instigation of the Bard Theater.

The probable leads in the show, which is to be directed by Paul Morrison, will be Al Sapinsley and Jim Westbrook. This is the same musical comedy that was to have been produced last year, but which time prevented from being put on the stage.

Also on that memorable Tuesday evening
(Continued on page 2)

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The editors of **THE BARDIAN** wish to announce the appointment of Scott Bowen and Edgar Anderson as Business Manager and Feature Editor respectively.

WHAT YOU WILL FIND

You are coming to a heterogeneous jumble of dog-eared buildings with plain windows and wooden stairs. There will be no rah rah, no proud stadium on the hill, no Press shirts and saddle shoes, no song and dance.

You are entering a group as diversified in its interests and ideas as Bard architecture. You will hear Straus gushing out of a Stone Row window, a discourse on Marx on the lawn, talk of Proust in the store. You will find pallid intellectuals, a great deal of healthy, normal intensity, and also you will find cases of no intensity at all.

Before you have been here long you will realize that Bard is fraught with interesting sociological portents, that old St. Stevens murmurs sadly out of the Gothic doorways, John Bard's tomb in the churchyard, and the cemetery in the long grass beyond faculty circle, and there will be bewildered St. Stevens alumnae wandering back here in the spring. But you will understand that Bard can draw nothing from their tradition, and has not existed long enough to develop its own. It is a baby association, a tough embryo clinging to life with only the framework of its progressivism to hold it together.

But more than the unique system it entertains and which you all have heard about, more than the college itself, some of you will be aware of the region you have come to live in perhaps for the first time. That is New York state.

You will see the orchards and smell the grapes on autumn nights. You will walk down a country road, hear the shrill warped voices of farmers on their porches at dusk, look across the river at the Catskills and on a warm afternoon think you heard the even, sleepful breathing of Rip Van Winkle. You will see Hudson River Valley as a combination of legend, romance, and reality stored with materials for both the student and the artist.

If all these things are not enough, you had better go to Yale and sing Boolah Boolah...

Dr. Gray's recent address has assuaged the anxieties of Bard men who had had visions of right dress in the near future. But he did not settle the conflict of values that is occurring in students' minds these days. That struggle goes on.

There are many of us here who are beginning to doubt the glamor of wars altogether. War indoctrination has been poor for our generation. There has been nothing in particular to die for in the last decade or so. Moreover we have read *The Three Soldiers*, *Farewell to Arms* and all the other stuff, and we do not feel muscular. The question arises within us, should we obey our minds or our hearts. Which is right? We hear a large band rendering the Star Spangled Banner and we want to fight very hard. We read the sociology books and begin to wonder. There are values and values, and it occurs that the American Flag is not the only one. There seems to be some sense

to peace which is becoming increasingly vital to a contracting world.

But anyone who interpreted the Dean's as an escapist's speech was mistaken. Dr. Gray stressed, deliberate, quiet, and controlled patriotism. The important issue is that, patriotism or not, there must be some value, and that is what worries students today.

FRATERNITIES NOW WHAT??

It's back again—the fraternity rumpus no less. With the disbanding of the Kaps, the question of what the next step will be is now up to the other social groups and to the college administration.

There is a group of die-hards, breathing the stagnant air of tradition, among Kappa Gamma Chi who are doing all in their power to re-open the outmoded organization. The size and make-up of this minority group makes such a thing not only unlikely but almost impossible. They have elevated themselves above all non fraternity members and want to keep their social superiority, if it can be called such, intact.

This action taken by K. G. X. is representative of the feeling on campus. The minority which is trying to re-open is similar to that minority at Bard which cannot look far enough into the future to see that fraternities have and never will have a place here. It is hardly necessary to say that the majority opinion among the former Kaps is representative of the majority, not necessarily among the freshmen, sentiment that the sooner all social distinction is done away in a college with just a little over one hundred students the better.

As it was said last year, the outcome of such a situation is not in the hands of the upper classmen. It is up to the **FRESHMAN CLASS TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT**, to take an unqualified stand one way or the other, preferably the way that will do the college the most good.

THE JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING

By Jean Giono

Reviewed by A. Roe

"The Joy of Man's Desiring" by Jean Giono is striking because of its poetic style. No author could really portray a utopia without being poetic and Giono is thoroughly qualified in that respect. The utopia is earthy as is the book.

The tall ripe grain waved in the warm fragrant air. In the distance were people coming with their sickles and scythes. The men were big and brown; their muscles began to pull and swell and quiver with the joy of work. The whole group was singing. There, on the far side of the field and to the lee of the people came the stag leading his family. He was beautiful and proud as he led his two does and five fauns. The

people stopped to admire him and join in being proud with him, because they had and smelled the odor of joyous men who worked without pain. He turned and led his family to a forest path and disappeared in gotten his does for him. He sniffed the air it. The group began work again with the tireless effort of lambs jumping rail fences and rocks in a fresh pasture.—This is my conception of Giono's utopia.

The book makes us feel drunk with our sensations, sometimes to the point of nausea. It drags a little at the end, but not badly.

The character, Bobi is supernatural. He comes from limbo and apparently in the end returns there. His function in the story is to stop the people of Gremone Plateau from wasting their lives, to get them to live and love one another and make their love for money only a means to an end. Giono reminds us that originally we worked for money for its security. That security is not the greatest that we could have if it was security that we really sought.

At one time children were protection for the aged, but that society is not as safe for the old or the sick as a collective society where all children protected all those who needed that protection. People of the Plateau saved all their money in some dusty little corner where it was wasted the way the hand of a leper is wasted. Bobi is the doctor who cures that leprosy. The cure is bound to leave a scare in some people, however.

Giono is now in a German concentration camp because of his ability to write.

LOOKING AROUND

End of summer, to borrow a phrase from the urban Behrman, brings back—as a matter of sheer mechanics—the upper classman. An upper classman is one who by sheer staying power has managed to keep physically alive during the past two or three years of sudden academic death, destruction, and despair. He has managed to scrape together \$1500 a year either in cold, hard coin of the Roosevelt realm or its equivalent in waiting hours, library service or plain intellectual ability. We shall not, at this time, discuss the market value of intellectual ability.

For the sake of our study, however, we shall state as the outstanding characteristic of the upper classman the following:

Average age in years about twenty. Sometimes he looks older. Certainly he feels older. He is a member of one of the fraternities and hopes to God that the upper classmen in the other houses feel worse than he does. This is particularly true if he happens to be an officer in the fraternity. He wonders why in heaven's name he was ever chosen to rep-

resent his fraternity on the Student Council or head it during another rushing season for he is convinced that fraternities should have little to do with college government and that rushing should be severely curbed and fraternities drastically changed or completely abolished, depending upon how many younger men he can induce to follow him.

The senior of this college is a pitiable specimen. After June, 1941, he sees the army. And all around him he sees Mr. Fuller's "fledglings," who seem to be everything and anything but what the Freshman Class of Bard College should be. True they have money. They come from a class of people that feeds regularly. They have proper thoughts about the war—all possible aid to England. They would vote for a blackamoor bartender from Fresno, Nevada if he happened to be a standard bearer (or is it pall bearer) of the G.O.P.

"What in God's name," the senior asks, "have I in common with these men?" If he stops worrying about the latest news from the United Press, that committee meeting, or when does Vassar open?, he will manage to remember September, 1937. Of course this date has all the immediacy of 1066, but nevertheless he remembers it. He sees a boy who entered this college with him. He hears that youth snarl, "That man!", grumbles about "those damned Communists," and worry about what fraternity he should join. He saw that fellow this morning in the Commons. Over coffee, this old friend confided that he would support a motion to dissolve his fraternity, that he certainly was not for Wendell Willkie and that the forces of evil were not all in labor unions, in Soviet Russia, and in the White House but peculiarly enough might be found in people screaming hysterical, blind hatred for these instruments of many scared people hoping to survive physically and spiritually.

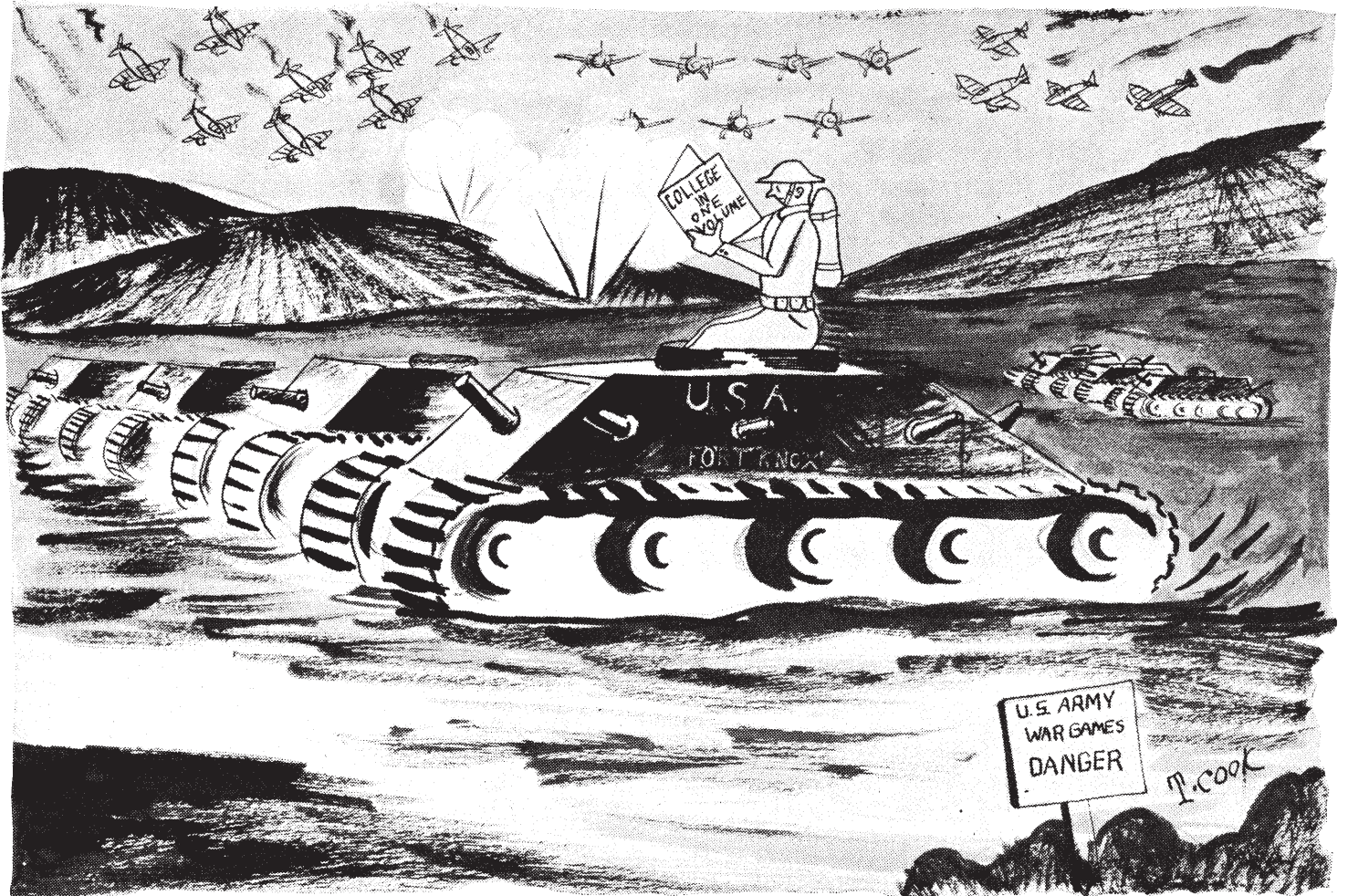
He is sure or almost sure that given the same three years of Bard College minus the terrible days of the second semester of his freshman year and the second semester of his sophomore year when the college seemed to be tumbling about his ears, the Freshman of this year may still be wearing "the old Sulka tie" and those splendid tweeds, but he will be a wiser, more tolerant citizen than he is today.

It is that future citizen we welcome this semester.

WAIT AND SEE

(Continued from page 1)

the Freshman Class of '44 swung into action on the "Freshman Follies," by outlining the plot of the production in a general meeting designated for that purpose. The "Follies," are to be a series of hilariously funny skits in which the whole class will participate. The tentative date for the Freshman performance has been set at September 28, 1940. The parts have not yet been assigned but the Freshmen class promises that it will be the best Freshmen show in the history of Bard.



SPORTS NOTES

Good Lord! Look who has the sports column this year! This is to much! Intercollegiates! Haven't we heard the last of that yet? (Aw, stick with me for a few minutes fellows.)

All I wanted to say is this: tradition, Bard's worst enemy for years, stuck out its neck Tuesday afternoon and proved it still had something to offer. If you don't believe it, I'll explain as quickly as possible. There was a touch football game between Potter-McVickar and Hoffman-Seymour, two dormitories in the inter-dorm touch football league. It is hard to conceive a group of boys giving their all for a mere building, but that's just what happened. Also, one might expect that the Hoffman-Seymour combination, made up mostly of flashy freshmen, would trounce the beer-soaked South Side six. But no, this was not the case; the Potter-McVickar boys felt the glow of spirit and tradition surge up in them from the knowledge that they represented an establishment years older than that of their opponents. And so they went out there and died (nearly) for dear old Potter-McVickar, and it is no wonder that the vanquished, in admitting defeat, gave forth the cheer "Yea, Potter! It is hotter!"

All in all, I think we should be quite pleased with the show of enthusiasm in touch football this spring. The four teams in the league have now played their first games and in every instance there has been a large enough turnout to provide ample substitutes, a thing which in the past has been very rare at Bard. But don't think there isn't room for an even greater turnout! Come on down and join us you intellectuals. Touch football really is good fun and plenty of exercises, and besides, you might as well enjoy this exercise while you still are able to. Marching with a gun is a stinking game. (By the way, I wonder what happened to the faculty team. Sissies, eh?)

Well, with the World Series coming up between Cincinnati and—(take your choice of any one of four American League teams) a certain group of Bardians feel that it is time to start thinking about a baseball team for next year. Silly, aren't they? I guess they feel that if this year's crop of freshmen has brought in a few DiMaggios and Walters, it would be too bad to pass them up. In any case, there is to be a baseball game tomorrow afternoon in order to determine what should be done with the extra Paul Derringer in case we should get two of them. Yes sir, watch the Bard All Stars and the Philadelphia Phillies go next year—if they get material.

As this is the first edition of this column, I'd like to remind the college community that the gymnasium is there for your entertainment. At this time of the year, it is of little use in the afternoons. In the evenings, however, from 7:00 to 9:00, it is open, and there are facilities for ping pong, basketball, billiards, and badminton. As the college year progresses, bowling and volley ball will be added to the list of available activities.

Last year, out of the ninety-nine students in the college, all but sixteen made use of the gymnasium. There were sixty-three fellows who took part in at least one of the intramural league games, touch football, basketball, volley ball, bowling, or softball. Think about those figures. Almost two thirds of the college playing in some sort of game! They weren't all particularly good athletes, but they had plenty of fun, which, after all, is the only reason that they were out there. Nobody said anything if one of them make a couple of blunders—everybody made them. The object of this program is to set up a schedule on the field and in the gymnasium which will be attractive enough to induce Bard students to get their exercise without formal gymnasium classes. As Johnny Parsons says: "The opportunity is here. Take advantage of it if you want to. There will never be any criticism of how you play or the number of times you play."

Linc Armstrong

EDUCATIONAL POLICIES COMMITTEE

Following its first meeting, the Student Educational Policies Committee wishes to state its purpose to the student body. The committee serves as a clearing-house for student opinion on educational policy, program and personnel. It discusses and makes suggestions, always from the student viewpoint. Divisional problems are interpreted through the divisional members of the committee.

The Committee has no definite but many potential powers. Its success depends upon the student body's consciousness and constant use of it. If you have any problems, ideas, or complaints about the educational policy or your courses, and want organized opinion and discussion, bring it to the committee member in your division. The committee is as useful and powerful as you make it. Meetings are Wednesday at 4:45 P. M., on the third floor of Hegeman. Students are invited and welcomed.

The list of members: Languages and Literature, Frank Overton, Scott Bowen; Social Studies, Wayne Horvitz, Harry Winterbottom; Arts, Theodore Strongin, Robert Haberman; Science, Stewart Armstrong, president of the committee; Karl Schleicher, secretary of the committee.

ALBEE LEADS DORM LEAGUE

The Bard College inter-dormitory touch football schedule began on Monday, September 16, with Albee, which is now in first place, taking the opening game from South Hall by a 13 to 7 score.

The Dorm League is composed of four teams, South Hall, lead by Scott Bowen; Albee, whose captain is Rod Karlson; the combination of Seymour and South Hoffman, which has co-captains in Roy Richardson and George Dalton; and Potter-McVickar, another combination team, captained by Linc Armstrong. The schedule, as it now exists, provides for a double round robin tournament between these four teams, with the winner to be determined by percentages in games won and lost.

Yesterday a game between Potter-McVickar and Albee for the temporary leadership of the league was won by the Albee team, the underdogs in this particular game, by a 10 to 6 score. Albee scored in the first half, but failed to get the extra point. Two plays later the procedure was repeated by Potter-McVickar. The game continued in a deadlock until there were only five minutes left to play. Albee scored four points on two safeties in

rapid succession, and an upset was accomplished.

The team standings:

Team	W	L	Pts. for	Pts. Ag.	%
Albee	2	0	23	13	1.000
P & M	1	1	19	10	.500
South	1	1	20	19	.500
S & S. H.	0	2	6	26	.000

The race for scoring honors, which last year was won by Bob Potter and Al Underwood, members of the crack freshman team, seems, at this point of the schedule, to be narrowed down to the limited few who have scored at least one touchdown. Linc Armstrong has the temporary leadership with eighteen points, but Rod Karlson and Harold Chamberlin, with twelve points apiece, are in hailing distance.

The list of high scorers:

Name	Team	Points
Armstrong, L—P & M		18
Chamberlin—South		12
Karlson—Albee		12
Conway—South		6
Marburg—S & S. H		6
Sagalyn—Albee		6

FROM THE EASEL

The Bard art department branched out last summer when it sent exhibitions to various schools which included the Lenox School and the Fairfield School. In Orient Hall there was a similar exhibition open to summer visitors.

The work included in these exhibitions was from the architecture class, photography class, sculpture class, and from the art 1-2 class. In architecture there were many plans of houses, including possible plans for new faculty homes. Most of these were in the modern vein. The photography class, which started last year, produced work which they themselves found many faults with, but which the layman looked upon as pictures finished to perfection. There were many pencil, charcoal, lithograph-crayon drawings and water-color pictures representing the work accomplished in art 1-2. Several of the students, Westbrook, Cook, and Belknap for instance, were so encouraged by the success of these exhibitions that they are planning study in advanced technique which may include oil-colors, particularly murals.

Burns, who did stage design last year, displayed miniature stage sets and water-color scenes of last year's plays. The introductory art course exhibited linoleum block prints which were originally designed as Christmas

cards but were also suitable for summer display. Ted Cook exhibited cartoons on labor and political affairs which were noteworthy for their subject matter.

The pleasure that Bartlett and Paget take must be in our perplexity rather than in their actual designs. What these geometric designs and figures represent, other than themselves, we have little hope of finding out. The sculptured figures by Dalton and Castelli continued to be of increasing interest to the college and many of its outside followers.

Whether or not the architectural designs for faculty houses materialize further than their value as practice is dubious. The photography class is sponsoring a pamphlet showing the outstanding activities of Bard life. The class started too late last spring to finish work on the pamphlet at that time, but is attempting to complete it early this spring.

The photographers, painters, and students in design, who have by this time had added experience, ought to be able to fill in the blank walls of the dining commons, brighten up the gloomy reception room in Ludlow, and supply suitable athletic scenes for the lobby of the gymnasium.

A. ROE.

First

National Bank

●

Red Hook, N. Y.

WILLIAM C. AUCOCK

ESTATE

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Meats Groceries

Bird's Eye Frosted Foods

Red Hook Phone 63

College Delivery

Compliments of

ABrial Liquor Store

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Holsapple Electric Supply

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Sales and Service

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VISIT POUGHKEEPSIE'S LEADING THEATRES!

BARDAVON

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(1 Entire Week)

"He Stayed For Breakfast"

with

Melvin Douglass and

Loretta Young

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