Bard College
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SHINY BOOTS
A Story by Gil Maddox

“Look at Jane. She’s been sitting in her sand-shoes since eight this morning,” the expert with sand—my fat, dirty feet. But the sky’s blue, and my sand-box is blue, and I wish Kathy was here, too. And then, but what to do? But, thank God, she has a horse now and she won’t play queen with me any more. She was such a pretty queen too. She had feeling, like a queen, and her hands were just long like a queen.

Her hair was beautiful and smooth, not brown like mine. She says I’m too little to ride a horse. But I’m not too little! They could get a little bit of fun, but I like to play queen. Kathy said a French queen rode a horse, I think Kathy’s a little bit too long to act like a queen. She never cries, and she’s never mean. She must be a queen in a far away country across the ocean. She’s like my best queen, and I could be her maid. And I’d bring her lovely, long dresses and lace like Mummy wears. She’d live in a big castle.

And she’d have a huge room with a throne, a gold throne, and a big, red rug. She would wear lovely, silk dresses, and on her head she would have a beautiful, diamond crown. She could have a horse too—lots of horses. I could have a horse. She would ride a white horse, and I would ride a white horse, too, but mine would be short on top where she couldn’t see. My sister, Queen Katherine. And Mummy and Daddy could live with us. And we all could give Kathy wonderful things—gold things, and a red coat like I saw in the circus.

“Here she comes now. Oh, she’s pretty with her yellow hair, her long, yellow hair. She has boots on. I never saw those boots before. I didn’t think she had any boots. I wish I had some boots. I wish I had a horse too. I’d have a horse, and I could have my beautiful, black, shiny boots! I love boots. I wish I could touch them. I’m going to Kathy if I can. I’d like to see them real close. Kathy! Why she’s—she’s not coming over here. She doesn’t want me to see her boots. My queen doesn’t love me. She knows I like her boots. I’ve given her so many pretty things, and she doesn’t love me. She has beautiful, black boots, and a horse, and a castle, and so many wonderful things, and she’s so lovely. She wouldn’t give me her beautiful, black, shiny boots. I could take her boots. Mummy and Daddy are talking to her and they’ve got a present for her—another present for Kathy. Mummy and Daddy aren’t my real Mummy and Daddy; they’d give me some shiny boots if they were. I hate Mummy and Daddy! They’re mean.

I don’t like Kathy too. She means I hate black boots! I hate their old castle! They don’t mean I like ‘cause I don’t belong to them. I came around that castle. I was a queen with some beautiful, shiny boots. I would be queen here, but nobody knows I’m a queen because I’m not Queen. I’d be queen. I could have her black boots, could have her black boots!...if I was a queen, I could have her black boots if she won’t. I can’t have them now. I’m too little. I even killed her if I was a queen. I’d be queen, and I could have her black boots...”

“Tell Jane dear, Oh Jane, come see what Daddy has for you today.”

18 JOIN FRATERNITIES

After much wasted gas, big words and little Hague conferences, the fraternity situation remains unsolved. Each now it appears that for another year our controversial tongues will be muted. Rushing has been much more trouble added fervor this fall in view of impending threats of fraternal collapse. Even Vassar was bullied into entering the ritual and we have been watching shipments of blondes going back and forth between Poughkeepsie and Annandale all fall. Thursday afternoon’s extravaganza at the Rhinebeck town hall produced by the Sigs was perhaps the most sophisticated function of its type in Bard annals, reminding us vaguely of the Persian Room, while Edeleon and the rejuvenated Kaps have been gorging beer interminably with rushers and over-awed delegates of the other set.

In said and said eighteen men were pledged this afternoon. There are new Johns for new Sigs, even new Kaps and new Edeleons, the big surprise being Kappa Gamma Chi which must have turned on the heat very fast. The rushers and their respective boxes follow:

KAPPA GAMMA CHI: Junius Adam Harald Chamberlin Richard Kennedy Peter Kiltgard Thomas Marshall George Palmer

EDELEON: Donald Watt Gil Maddox

ROUND THE ROSTRUM

Hamlin Fish speaking at the political rally at Bard on October 23.

POLITICAL RALLY

An old-fashioned political debate in the Lincoln-Douglas style was held in the College gymnasium on Wednesday evening, October 23, with Hamlin Fish, Jr. and Judge Harry Stinson, Republican and Democratic Congregational candidates respectively, doing the debate and bally-hoing of Willie and Roosevelt. According to a report in the “Poughkeepsie Eagle” nearly 1000 people attended, but the estimate is nearer five or six hundred. The spokesmen did not stick to any particular subject, but spoke on anything that seemed favorable to their own candidates (and to themselves).

Fish, who said that he was opposed to the New Deal, to the election of Roosevelt, to the third term, and to any dictatorship in the United States, stated: “Jefferson founded the Democratic party; Franklin Delano Roosevelt has dummified it. He drew an analogy between the New Deal and a football team, saying that at one time, under the leadership of its great quarterback Roosevelt, it had been on the way towards the goal line of recovery. Now it has brought in radicals, borderines, and near-Communists, and by doing so it has destroyed confidence. The result is that the public can no longer believe in the New Deal and its one great quarterback hasn’t a single play to start his term on the way back towards a touchdown. His parting remark was: “My own election is unimportant because the main issue is the election of Wendell Willkie as the next President of the United States.”

The writer, who was more interested in foreign policy than Fish, said that if he had been in Congress for the past 20 years, he would have been a leader in disarmament. “I have no use for appeasement. I am a Democrat at heart; I am a lover of the people world over.” He claimed that he was in favor of giving England all possible aid. He believed that we should give all possible aid to England so that, in case of English downfall, that defeat would be postponed long enough for us to prepare for the inevitable attack. Although he was in favor of giving England all possible aid, Stimson said that he was not only opposed to our youth dying for foreign soil, but to dying on U. S. soil. He claimed that to prevent this we must help England.

The speakers were introduced by Gen. V. A. E. Rice of Poughkeepsie, who had been presented to the gathering by Dean Charles Harold Gray. The rally, as advertised, was strictly non-partisan, although many listeners stayed to hear the Senator’s radio broadcast at its conclusion.

DEMOCRACY

Leroy E. Bowman spoke at the general college meeting Wednesday evening in Alber Social Room on “Putting a Floor Under Democracy. He pointed out the fact that institutions existing in democratic states are in themselves not democratic. The American home for instance, he said, is authoritative, which is not conducive to the development of initiative in youth. The schools are too far removed from everyday life, too theoretical, and teach subject matter rather than a feeling for an occupation and for a democratic life.

The home of a child is most important in the determination of character in the persons who evolve from it. Parents are not keeping up with the times. They take little interest in schoolwork, but in schools themselves, or in the development of a morality which, Mr. Bowman said, should necessarily be the culmination of the moral codes of the various groups with which children come in contact.

He realized that in democracy follow- ing is as necessary as leading. He realized that the American people have on its own one responsibility to take care of their private business and another one to take care of the country. He said that if this is true, he is ready for the governing. Nevertheless, he said that the individual must be skeptic. Most of the audience applauded with this statement.

The book of the show shifts the emphasis from the usual romantic “boy-girl” situation which is definitely old hat to the troubled wanderings of two new writers and musical Dramons, Rockwell and Couch. The authors of the show play these two characters and play them very well. As an actor, Mr. Sapinley writes good, biting lyrics. As an actor his colleague, Wayne Horvitz, is absolutely tops. He has written some extremely good songs just as deft as he is a performer whether he is outside the Little Trifly on West 45th St. or in 10th St. He is only peer for top honors is Frank Overton who plays producer Lipsky with a sure and vigorous accent and is funny as hell.

It is extremely difficult to praise any one individual in this show as everyone seemed to be in top theatre-wise form. Perhaps Tony Hecht and Randall Henderson deserve particular mention, but above and beyond individual performances the one sure attribute the show boasts is a remarkable “esprit de corps.” Perhaps the scene in which team-work shows to the best advantage is the Salvador Dali one. In our opinion this is one of the best-staged, original and absolutely top scenes we have seen in any theatre.

To the director of the Bard Theatre and to Miss Felicia Sorel go the last and chief accolades for last evening success. Miss Sorel has staged the universal numbers with intelligence, charm and spirit. Mr. Paul Morris, beginning his fourth season as impresario of the theatre, has not only scored again but has achieved a real triumph, for if this is any man’s show it is his. “Exit Laughing is the Halloween gift to all those who are already ardent fans of it, and ably directed Bard Theatre. It is also the prize package gift to all from those two merry-maids Alvin Sapia and Wayne Horvitz. We are in their debt.”
THE EYE AND THE EAR

MUSIC

Throop Strengin

On Monday, Oct. 27, the Glee Club gave a concert in Bard Hall, assisted by Dr. Schwartz and Albert Smith, day-pianists, Guido Brand, violin, and Bob and Homer Aufrecht, piano-duetists. The concert, with twenty extra (but still not enough) chairs, was in my opinion, a great success. It was divided into two sections: a "serious" and a "light," and although I can’t say which had more "soul," they were equally enjoyable. A highly encouraging glimpse into the future came with the debut of the glee club. This group, conducted by a student, Millard Walker, is new this year. Its performance was good in itself, but most signif-

ificant is the future promise of better in-

ovation, blending and attack. This should come soon, judging by the phenomenal rate of development under Walker up to now; besides, most of the glee club members are

Freshmen.

Two groups of pianists, and of course, Guido Brand, also contributed to the suc-

cess. Dr. Schwartz and Dr. Smith gave an engaging performance; the Aufrecht twins got and deserved an encore. The whole con-

cert was in the tradition of imagination and liveliness, qualities absent almost univer-

sally from the New York "virusous atmos-

phere," forced upon us at Carnegie and Town Halls.

Music will not continue to flourish if it is served only on a silver platter with a halo around it. Things on platters are usually dead, and no matter how sainly the dead is, the living must have a chance. Music, outside the composer, lives only in rela-

tion to the people who hear it, and today, "serious" music is suffering from audiences not listening and program planners not giving enough life to be listened to. To end, I quote a letter from a Vassar colleague of our music department.

"I admire. Bard’s realistic community approach to its musical enterprise, and be-

lieve that in the development of such an attitude lies our musical future."

INTERVIEW

Ray Schonler

In the last issue of the Bardian, it was announced that this column would contain an interview with Giovanni Martellini, well-known tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Due to unforeseen circum-

stances, however, Mr. Martellini was ob-

liged to leave New York, and does not ex-

pect to return for a fortnight. Instead, your reviewer secured an introduction to the distinguished Wagnerian baritone, Friedrich Schorr, who was kind enough to account the principle events in his long and active career.

Mr. Schorr was born in Nagyvarad, Hun-

gary, September 2, 1886. He recollected with a smile, how his parents had had their hearts set upon his becoming a lawyer, a profession for which he evidenced no apti-

dude whatever. "They were hard up to my entering music when they had repulsed all their hopes for me in law. But I would not be dissuaded, with the result that I finally acquiesced." Mr. Schorr arranged to study with Adolph Robinson, an American living in Vienna. After several years of in-

tensive preparation when he was but twen-

ty-two, he made his debut in the role of Wotan at the Graz Opera. Not long after-

wards, by the leading Wagnerian baritone of the Vienna Opera.

Speaking of advantageous accidents, Mr. Schorr told the circumstances under which he made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Whitwell has been scheduled to sing Wolfram in "Tannhäuser," when suddenly he was taken ill. I know the role, and thus was permitted to make my debut at the Met on February 18, 1924. I was not supposed to have made my debut until three months later as Telramund in "Lohengrin."" Mr. Schorr said that the philosopher-critic, Hamlet, in "Die Néléggerin," and which many regard as his finest, both vo-

cally and dramatically (February 23). Three followed, in close succession: Telra-

mund in "Lohengrin" Kurvalen in "Tristan und Isolde" Wotan in "Walküre" Am-

fortas in "Parsifal." It is not generally known that on April 31, 1926, Mr. Schorr

BOOKS

John Marrell

"THE BEST LAWS FOR RETURNS"

In the spring of 1772, Goethe, the great German poet and author, went to visit a city in the seat of the Imperial Chamber or Court (i.e., Prague). The visit was the outgrowth of his father’s desire for his legal distinction that Goethe hardly took the trouble to look for an opening since he soon became acquai-

ted with Johann Georg Christian Kest-

tner, one of the Court’s secretaries and later with Charlotte Buff, the latter’s fiancée. Charlotte, or “Lotte,” was a young lady of great fascination and Goethe became enam-

oured of her almost immediately. In 1815, after forty years under her courtship by Goethe, Lotte, now a widow, came to Wei-

mar to beg Goethe’s assistance in obtaining a position for her son, Goethe did what he could and was kind in every way.

It is this meeting, after forty years, which excited so much comment at the time, that serves as the plot of “The Be-

slowed Returns.” Lotte is now sixty-three. Her husband, to whom she bore eleven children, has been dead for sixteen years. She has lived quietly and without any at-

tempt to gain publicity because of her iden-

tity with the Lotte in “The Sorrows of Young Werther” of the Vienna Opera.

The Lotte pictured in Goethe’s great novel is the same person a title Lotte depicted by Mann. The Widow Kestner has the same golden charm, humor and co-

quetry of Lotte Buff. She affects great se-

cresy at the publicity which heralds her arrival in Weimar, but secretly takes pleasure in it. She is, however, much more sophisticated than Goethe, and portrayed her in “Werther.”

Lotte then有毒 a visit to her sister as a pre-

test for going to Weimar and, accompanied by her pet daughter and a maid, arrives at the inn Zum Eulzi in Weimar. She recognises when she signs her name in the inn’s register, and, the proprietor, becomes enamored at her pres-

cence and after pestering her with ques-

tions and effusive speeches, goes to spread the news of her coming throughout Weimar. During the course of the evening she has three visitors, the first, Miss Cuzel, an ec-

centric Englishwoman, whose hobby is to

derch celebrity and obtain his auto-

graph; then the famous Orson Welles, and thirdly the inquisitive Adele Schopenh-

au, a friend of August Goethe’s whom and lastly August Goethe himself, the only son of the great man, who brings an invi-

tation to dine with his father. In the last two interviews an excellent picture is drawn of August’s character. His inferiority complexes because of his illegiti-

mate birth and the pressures of the years directed at his unfrocked mother (whom his father had eventually married and who had just died) is portrayed in a very sympathetic manner.

Their long conversations, following each other without pause, occasionally grow a little wearisome, due to their very nature. The tone-a-tone with Riemer is particularly offensive in this respect.

Needless to say, Lotte accepts Goethe’s invitation and on the appointed day, ar-

rives at the great man’s home with her family. She is rather disappointed by the meeting, finding her former lover rather pompous and self-centered and the con-

versation at the table somewhat wearisome and tiresome, a feeling which the read-

er might be apt to share.

Lotte remains in Weimar for three weeks and it is felt by the society of that city. On one occasion an excitable young woman rushed up to her, with arms out-

stretched, screaming “Lotte, Lotte, Lotte!” The Widow Kestner, however, is a noisy demonstrator to reason gently but firmly, this being one of their last meetings before leaving Weimar, when he accompanies her home after this show, but this meeting with her alone is as convincing as the one at his house.

Goethe’s character is drawn well, and the chapter consisting of his thoughts on music brings to life the gentleman who, when he has reached old age and his fame is firmly established, He has become rather pompous, and although he is drawn sympathetically, he is not an al-

together pleasant character. Mann has also drawn the post-Napole-

onian society in France very well, showing the depression and discouragement which accompanied the reaction following the war. A vivid picture of French society at the time that it is certainly one of the most remarkable books of its kind.

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SPORTS

With the Bard theatre going like mad at home and abroad—no pun meant but I refer to Vacuum— and the Fraternity chewing their respective fingernails to the elbow in anticipation of the blessed events due today, we of the make-believe athletes' club feel pushed still further into our little nook below the library. There is a constructive suggestion flying around that we should eliminate the referee's whistle, substituting a red light system or a prescriptive horn system instead, in order that no stunts be disturbed in their studies. Not being of this frame of mind, I'd like to blow horns and whistles about the few boys who still deem exercise a necessity. I am taking firm steps and trying to write a column on the subject of sports.

Assuming that the major sports of Bard have concluded forever as intercollegiate activities, let's, for the moment, forget those sports and try to see if there aren't other means of promoting our foreign policy. I believe such a step necessary, as I always have, because outside relationships can only bring more attention to Bard and external as well as internal interest can't do us any harm. Do you realize that we have given up practically all our connections with the outside? And I am not only referring to athletics. We had a debating team once and now our only connection is through their music department. So it seems that we have not only crept into our stagnant stupidities and isolated shell in respect to sports, but that instead, this tendency has been a general trend in recent years.

Now I have a point; perhaps it would be better to call it a struggle, which might relieve this tension. We have at Bard today the basis for a tennis team, a ski team, a wrestling team, a squash team, a rifle team, a golf team, and even a fencing team. I am not suggesting that we branch on a large intercollegiate program with all these sports. The point I am making are these. Each of these sports are based on the individual. Equipment and general expenses are on an individual basis. There is no need for group practice and training. People participating in these sports do so only for their own pleasure and not for the spirit or profit of an expensive sports organization. Training and practice for these sports does not require definite times or interference with other activities. And lastly, what more could the average everyman, asked to individualistic sports in his already-occupied individualistic life on this campus?

As I said, I am not suggesting using all of these sports, I have a better idea. Say we pick three and really concentrate on developing them. Perhaps it would be better

SOUTH-SEYMOUR IN CELLAR

The inter-dormitory football standings, as last published, have been juggled considerably. South-Seymour, which was leading the league, is now in last place after having lost its last four games. Stone Row has stepped into the lead with a straight record of two victories over the South-Seymour team and a tie with Alice. All of the Freshmen from South-Seymour have alomed down to a walk, Stone Row is getting a turn out and the result is a team which does not depend upon borrowing other players, and Alice

INTERVIEW

(continuing from page 12)

...sing his first Italian role as Amneriso in "Nina."

Friedrich Schorr is considered by many to be the greatest living Wagnerian baritone. Whoever has heard his sensitive and understanding interpretation of Sachs in 'Die Meistersinger' or of Wotan in 'Die Walküre' will be little disposed to contest this judgement.

Mr. Schorr's plans for the coming season are about the same as they have been in preceding years. In addition to his very full schedule at the Metropolitan, he will devote himself to coaching young Wagnerian singers.

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