The success of such an expedition as my recent trip to the Middle West will eventu-
ally, of course, be measured in terms of
the number of new and interesting people by a college representative, however,
contacted. Often he can get his foot in a door, so to speak, and, mingling metaphors,
turn his opportunity to best advantage. Occasionally he can get acquainted with
headmasters and principals of large and prestigious secondary schools in the
area as an agent. If they can get a foothold in the middle seats of the
Bard College and can be eased also to some enthusiastic approval of our
plan of education, they have in their power to suggest to Bard students and
parents at the moments when decisions are being made. In the same way our own
students can be of assistance by re-educating their friends in the
interest of this program and of students to individual
teachers. At the same time, the technical work
was not that of making a great effort to
please everyone who saw the paper. The
result was that he not only got enthusiastic
for himself but also for his friends. How
hard the word gets and how it works will show in the applications
that are being made.

The schools visited were the following:

- The University School, Shaker Heights School,
- Hudson, Ohio: Western Reserve Academy,
- Detroit: Country Day School,
- Detroit: Cranbrook School,
- Troy: Academy and vanity: Francis W. Packard School,
- Evaviston High School (Evaviston),
- North Shore Country Day School (Win-
netta),
- Newport Township, Pennsylvania: (Win-
netta),
- Lake Forest Academy (Lake Forest),
- The Todd School (Woodstock),
- St. Louis: St. Louis Country Day School,
- John Burroughs School,
- The Taylor School,
- High School,
- Cincinnati: The University School,
- Cincinnati Country Day School, Walnut Hill

Those who serve.

I am a waiter, and I am hereby taking
over the position of waiting for
wait on just exactly what I think of you,
whatever I think of your digestion, my dyspepsia, my permanent
heart condition, my shaking hand,
your heart, You on my existence at this
institutions. You, when I cater to,
hand and foot, three meals a day,
over a twenty-one meal a week. You,
I am a waiter, and I am hereby taking
over the position of waiting for
wait on just exactly what I think of you,
whatever I think of your digestion, my dyspepsia, my permanent
heart condition, my shaking hand,
your heart, You on my existence at this
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your heart, You on my existence at this
institutions. You, when I cater to,
hand and foot, three meals a day,
over a twenty-one meal a week. You,
ONE MORE FLING

We are going home to Christmas at electrical Christmas to suburban streets glittering Kresge colors on shrubs and hedges did and the Gothic Christmas of the going home to the seedy Santas ring-20 large, trimmed trees by a snow- dusted, and the First National Bank's annual tree. To how much will Aunt kooky through and lashed papa and presents and Christmas cards and fried chicken egg-nog. To New Year's promotions and all the mad immediates. A good many pretzels are going to mean to how delusions of grandeur, and an annual entime. Going home to last some- thing or other of the revelation that once was and now is not, only half regained in little way of the miseries and candy on the tables and red candle.

We recollect what an enchanting organism Christmas used to be and wish we could have it back. Each year we make a couple of it at state. We dress the tree, stay in on Christmas Eve, tell ourselves we are not bored and wish to hell we still had it. Yet such year we come back with enough imagination to think this time we will do something else. Well, some of the polynia for us is sup- posed to be in the fact that it will crack at the Bardian staff is going to wish everybody a Merry Christmas and hope we have done something for the community for its unprecedented enthusiasm and cooperation.

BOAR'S HEAD DINNER

Gentlemen, this is the night of wine, song, and no women—but mostly wine and no women. Make the most of it, celebrate to your household's content. It is the climax to a busy and pregnan
t semester. We need not be told to celebrate, but at least we can do so with good conscience, for most of us have contrib-
uted to the hardworking and academic life. Tonight there will be speeches—not long ones we hope, and there will be an abundance of good feeling. Students and faculty will sit together and dinner will be three hours out for us. They will eat and drink together they will gossip and laugh.

The night will be cold and clear—

perfect. We will forget about wars and academic and reading peri-

ods. We will be noisy, but nobody will mind it. The food and en-
tertainment will be good, and our spirits will be high.

The Boar's Head dinner is the end of a semester that has been lively and pregnant because we made it so.

The Vulnerable Bede

The Vulnerable Bede feels that the end of a college semester is a good time for a summing up and for a clearing of what-

ever. In conjunction with this, the Bede proposes to consider the existence and to correct any misapprehen-

sions that may have affected its attitude toward the college.

In its first column the Bede stated cer-

tain positions that it had held and that it hopes and feels that perhaps it can, while brightening the lives of the community, can change. We think that the attention of the college certain matters and that this is one of the first things we can be aware, and it is the best way to approach the things that are in the capes in the chest. Let us be willing to look at ourselves with a sense of humor, for we are all funny.

We feel that these aims were quite legi-

testimate ones and that none have engorged them. We have felt justified in laughing at individuals and at groups, for we have not laughed willingly. It is to be noted if those about whom we have written have occasionally taken our jibes in a spirit other than the one meant. But we do feel that our method has not been too seriously quizzed and that we have not amused you. We have made you read the Bede, but you have not made us read the Bede, and this was perhaps the most important reason for the founding of the column.

Harry Wintertonbottom

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE BEDANS:

Gentlemen, I am writing you again, but entertain few hopes of seeing this letter published, for it runs the risk of not being "Interesting".

The fact that my original letter was not published is, according to the dictionary, simply because it was not literature. You do a fine job, a remarkably clever job, of making your columns appear above, but you fail to answer my specific charge.

The most regrettable feature of your argument is that it is not valid. We are, you, two clear-thinking, unbiased editors have shifted the responsibility of replying to the correspondent, and not Bede what is actually a highly partisan group of self-

styled intellectuals who detest everybody whose opinion is not theirs.

Yours as ever,

EDGAR A. ANDERSON.

Your letter is being published, Mr. Anderson, and we offer our apologies for having your last letter answered by an anonymous columnist. You will find, how-

ever, that this week that columnist is signed. You do a fine job, a remarkably clever job, of making your columns appear above, but you fail to answer my specific charge.

The most regrettable feature of your argument is that it is not valid. We are, you, two clear-thinking, unbiased editors have shifted the responsibility of replying to the correspondent, and not Bede what is actually a highly partisan group of self-

styled intellectuals who detest everybody whose opinion is not theirs.

Yours as ever,

EDGAR A. ANDERSON.

THOSE WHO SERVE

(Continued from page 1)

direct result of the twelve little bellhounds that we called upon to feed three times a day. Hence, it is so strange when a well-meaning but inadequately trained student leaps up from the table and screams: "Soup! For god's sake, give me some and the waiter is not going to take it with much trouble in noticing whether the soup was placed on the table, on the floor, or down the student's back? I think not.

Those who explain our "press dictation-

ship?"

THOSE WHO SERVE

(Continued from page 1)
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THE FORUM
by David Lifshinazer

There seems to be a more or less general misapprehension on campus about the Forum. It is variously held that the Forum is composed of anarchists, communists, and other natty creatures who would like nothing better than to overthrow the government. That the Forum is composed of intellectuals who exclude the ordinary citizen from their discussions: that the Forum is an organization bent on contempt for any other reason than its discussions are not practical.

The unfortunate part of this is that most people are content to entertain these lazy, hazy notions without trying to find out anything definite. Of course, there are some who, because of crowded schedules, can not find time to come to Forum meetings, but there are others who could certainly attend one of the discussion meetings or lectures, without suffering any particular discomfort, physical or mental. Then, at least, they could base their opinions of the Forum on first hand knowledge.

Perhaps the best way of exploring these myths is to state the definite aims of the Forum and its accomplishments.

The Forum, primarily, attempts to organize discussions on topics pertinent to the life of each student at Bard and each individual in society. These topics are not restricted to the field of politics. The whole policy of the Forum is to treat society as broadly as possible—to discuss everything—Art, Science, Literature, and Politics. To further this understanding, speakers who represent various professions and points of view are brought in. For instance, a while ago Mr. Paul Lester Wiener spoke on "Creative Design in Architecture" and not many weeks before Mr. Leroy E. Bowman spoke on "Education in Democracy." Discussions have been centered around such subjects as negro music, the place of a woman in society, and religion. In tune with the college policy of encouraging more intimate contact with the communities around us, the Forum is running a series of student speakers to the Plains High School. On December 17, Lincoln Armstrong and Rodney Karlson debated before the Fine Plains International Relations Club on "Is America Headed for War?"

On December 13, the Forum, in cooperation with the Art Department, presented the Caravan of the New York State W.P.A. Art Project. This art project is developing a carefully studied plan, not only to give employment to trained and established artists, but also to use their works in increasing the knowledge of art throughout the State.

The Forum is attempting to build its house and hew out her seven pillars, "Who is simple, let him turn in hither; for he that wanteth understanding, let him ask of her; and she will give him of her wealth; and of her fruit shall he be satisfied."
SPORTS

There's no kick coming from this columnist about the turnover for sports. Look at the bowling lists—fifty-seven students have used the alleys already, and that's almost too many.

The pin boys are only on duty eighteen hours a week, and two hours go to the ladies and six more to the league. That leaves only ten hours for those of us who break all personal high scores with 125. And there are plenty of us. 10 who haven't bowled a league game and twelve more who have only bowled one or two. We're the guys who want to use the alleys' afternoons, but if we get in more than once a week, we're doing well.

So far the Non-Socs and Eulians have been letting everybody who wants to bowl have a chance to do so. The Non-Socs have used ten men, the Eulians eight. But you can't win games and do that too. It's got to be one way or the other, and unless there's some attempt to win, the league cannot be much of a success.

There is, however, one remedy. Certainly there are enough of us who want to bowl, but are not quite good enough to be regulars in the present league. Well, there is any reason why there should not be a B league? Give us a couple of afternoons a week, depending on the number of us that are interested. Let each of the teams in the present league name four or five men, and all others who want to can take part in the B league.

It makes sense. No one will be deprived of the use of the alleys. Those who do not belong to either league will still have a couple of afternoons a week to bowl. And the A league bowlers, who feel that they need additional practice, can set up pins themselves before 4:00 p.m. or use the alleys in the afternoons that the B league isn't in session.

As for the set-up of this B league, that's unimportant. It could be divided into dominations, or social groups, or colors, or classes, or even alphabetically. The important thing is to get such a league started. After all, the principle of our athletic program is to give everybody a chance to participate. Well, fellows, here's that chance. What we will make it is up to every one of us who does not bowl regularly in the present league. A rober will be placed downtown in the gymnasium, so all of you fellows that want the fun and exercise of bowling, with competitive on the side, are asked to sign up. Incidentally, there's no reason why some of the more outstanding B league bowlers could not step up to the A league in the second half of its schedule.

PITTS. GORDON.

BARD TAKES TO FESTIVAL

(Continued from page 1)

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THE VULNERABLE REDE

(Continued from page 3)

Vulnerable Red, we have one more job to do.

Printed in this issue of our pseudo-intellectual reading machine is a letter (rebuff) by an irate alumnus who is apparently something of a sec-tastic on the side. (We really like them too, we really do.) (That "Looking Around" was just a front against the sterile world.) But, dear Bider, if you haven't read the letter, we suggest that you do so . . . it's father, isn't it? Just one more thing occurs to us in connection. Can it be that this is Anderson's Amazed Alumnus? For this is just the sort of thing we were afraid of when we classified Anderson for disturbing them.

One further statement of Bideaux, attitude. The fact that we wish to alienate (with : to become anathema to) a surprising word to come from one who writes a first sentence like his, by the way) this sort of alumnus must not be construed as meaning that we dislike alumnae as a group. For we do not. We like their very much.

And now, before moving on to some other pesthole (oops—we didn't mean to say that) we painfully move closer to the bed table to sign our names.

Pauchy Weinsacht, everybody!

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C. J. SWEET

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