

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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The Bardian

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ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1940

Four Pages

SOREL DANCE WELL RECEIVED

If anyone here at Bard were to ask concerning the abilities of Miss Felicia Sorel, the immediate answer would be "why of course she is good". But for anyone who saw her dance recital this weekend, that answer would no longer suffice. For in her presentation, both Saturday and Sunday, Miss Sorel created an enchantment we will long remember. No, it is evident that merely "she is good" is not sufficient.

Miss Sorel's repertoire was made up of five different suites that varied all the way from an interpretation of the careless rapture of a young girl in love to the masterly delineation of Gertrude's blood-stained tragedy. In the delineation of Hamlet's mother, Miss Sorel was superb. Watching her, we forgot that we were in a theater . . . spectators of a dance. We were in a barbaric world watching breathlessly the inexorable denouement of an imperial woman's tragic struggle against the promptings of her own desires. Wrong though her love may have been . . . Miss Sorel, through the magic of an art, renders this figure as at least worthy of sincere compassion.

In the Mexican suite . . . Penitente . . . was an interpretation that left one with new insight. Without being told we saw the illiterate peon achieving magnificence. No need for a supporting cast . . . a single kneeling figure portrayed the drama of a people.

Again in Blues, Miss Sorel creates another wonder. Sing Sing Prison Blues . . . the single instance of an anguished cry. One negro girl's life in all its trapped splendor rises before our eyes.

There are other ones: Madonna . . . Hamlet . . . a beguiling "Frankie and Johnny". It is hard to say how Miss Sorel gets her effects. But for one thing, she knows her art. Her movements have a grace and a precision that she knows how to wield in order to achieve the desired effect. On the whole, I think she was best in her interpretations of the more powerful and deeply-felt themes. She lent to Hamlet's misery a haunting quality that is perhaps one degree more impressive than the spontaneity of her dance of a young girl.

Miss Sorel's scope was enlarged considerably by the very able assistance of Wallace House and Herbert Kingsley. Mr. House did an excellent job of rendering folksongs for accompaniment. And he really knows how to play a lute. Mr. Kingsley lent the sure touch of an accomplished professional both by his singing and piano playing. Also, one large bravo for Forrest Thayer Jr., who did some swell things with the costuming. And in the background I hear a cheer for Paul Morrison for bringing the whole affair about. I trust that he will do it again.

SCOTT BOWEN

BARD TAKES TO FESTIVAL

The success of the Music Festival was due to the overwhelming spirit of co-operation never before, as far as I am concerned, seen at Bard. Ted Strongin was thoroughly rewarded for his efforts by this support. Of course the enthusiasm may have been due, slightly at least, to the fact that there were representatives (in Albee during respectable hours) from Bennington, Vassar, and Smith. Barnard, too, was represented in a very nice fashion, (as was Hunter). The obligation of being host was perhaps a little on the wolfish side at times, but very successful as entertainment goes. Of course, Williams is an exception anyway.

The musical side, which after all was the real center of interest, was outstanding because it was so characteristic of the people who participated. Not everybody can play Bach as successfully as did the Misses Parker and Johnson of Smith, nor can everybody compose as well as play their

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GRAY REPORTS TRIP

The success of such an expedition as my recent trip to the Middle West will eventually, of course, be measured in terms of student enrollment. The methods employed by a college representative, however, cannot be those of a Fuller Brush salesman. Occasionally he can get his foot in a door, so to speak, and, mixing metaphors, turn on the heat. What I set out to do was to get acquainted with headmasters and principals of private and public secondary schools in as wide an area as possible. If they can be informed fully of the advantages at Bard College and can be roused also to some enthusiastic approval of our plan of education, they have it in their power to suggest Bard to students and parents at the moments when decisions are being made. In the same way our own students can be of assistance by re-visiting their schools and talking with their former teachers and headmasters. Whenever the occasion was given me I spoke to groups of students and to individual students. Again, the technique was not that of making them sign on the dotted line. I made an effort to let each one see what would happen to him at Bard. The result usually was that he not only got enthusiastic for himself but would spread the word among his friends. How far the word gets and how it works will show in the applications which begin to come in.

The schools visited were the following: Cleveland: The University School, and Shaker Heights School.

Hudson, Ohio: Western Reserve Academy.

Detroit: Detroit Country Day School; Detroit University School; Cranbrook School.

Chicago and vicinity: Francis W. Parker School; Evanston High School (Evanston); North Shore Country Day School (Winnetka); New Frier Township High School (Winnetka); Lake Forest Academy (Lake Forest); The Todd School (Woodstock).

St. Louis: St. Louis Country Day School; John Burroughs School; The Taylor School; Soldan High School.

Cincinnati: The University School; Cincinnati Country Day School; Walnut Hills High School.

THOSE WHO SERVE

I am a waiter, and I am hereby taking this opportunity of telling you whom I wait on just exactly what I think of you. You, who are the cause of my nervous indigestion, my dyspepsia, my permanent scowl, my shaking hand, my quivering heart. You, on whom my existence at this institution depends. You, whom I cater to, hand and foot, three meals a day, twenty-one meals a week. You!

The plight of we who also stand and wait is a plight not to be envied by the most well-meaning masochist among us. Just think! My contact with the rest of the student body is confined to the hours of eight to eight thirty, twelve-fourty to one, six-thirty to seven, and then my only glimpse of you is twelve at a time, sitting facing each other, mouths full, jowls drooping, jaws working, howling for butter, screaming for milk, demanding seconds, thirds, fourths, coffee, tea, scrumpets. At the close of each meal, I distastefully down my own frugal accumulation of scraps and retire to some quiet niche where I can ruminate on the futility of existence until that cruel concentration of cacophonated cowbells hanging behind the kitchen door summons me once more to that howling arena under Aspinwall.

This article pleads no improvement. I fully realize the grim fruitlessness of attempting an improvement of social relationships between waiter and eater. I am only pointing out that those apparitions you see cluttering up the dining commons in their frayed white negligees are humans, possessed of souls even! I admit these souls have become slightly warped with the passing of years, but the warpidity is a

(Continued on page 2)

FOR BETTER — OR WORSE

Ye gods and little fishes!—and they're all being studied. As usual, the Reading-Field period projects are varied and often interesting. In spite of an admirable vagueness in some, and an excess of undertakings in others, one has the feeling that this period is going to be well used. If it is not, and if skeptical strangers are right, it would not be hard to revoke the privilege—and it is a privilege!

There are about thirty men who have definite jobs, and it is these men who are the most foresighted. They will have a good chance of stepping right into a permanent position as soon as they leave college. The science division is the most commendable in this respect; almost all the science majors have jobs, either in hospital or in research labs.

The majority of the social science majors are planning field trips for research in governmental and labor problems. Many of these men, particularly the economics majors, have jobs in factories and offices.

In the literature and arts division jobs are, of course, harder to obtain. Most of these men do not intend to get jobs in their major fields as soon as they are out of college, anyway. Many of the literature majors are planning creative work, five of them long and sustained. Several have journalistic jobs. Some of the artists intend to make artistic sociological studies of certain regions, which should be interesting.

Some of the more interesting projects are: The restoration of a stained-glass window, sketches of army life at one of the big training camps, a modern "Plato's Republic," two veterinarians whom the S.P.C.A. had better keep an eye on, an ambitious gentleman who intends to read forty books (and will), and we hope that a certain person manages to keep his head above the water of Canadian French.

The plans in general seem to show evidence of an improvement over those of last year, the same improvement which is apparent in the college activities as a whole. Now all we have to do is to live up to the plans!

C. H. GRAY, *Dean.*

KALEIDOSCOPE

Boar's Hear dinner tonight—big doings. There'll be plenty of entertainment in addition to the farewell-semester meal. Tony Hecht, Frank Overton, Al Sapinsley, and Wayne Horvitz are putting on a show that should be sompin'. More than that, 'tis said that we're to have a bit of female vocalizing by Betty Brownley . . . The dormitory basketball league hasn't turned out too well. Only two games have been played out of the scheduled six. Potter-Seymour took part in both, but a losing part. The winners: Albee and McVickar-Hoffman. The Frosh from South, in spite of all their practising, have not been able to get a game . . . The Kaps are still leading in bowling. Undeclared as yet, they seem to have an edge on the Help, who have won the championship for the past four years. Rumor has it that the students are out to get the Help. The Yankees lost too . . . High bowlers are Alex in the single game and Linc Armstrong in match score . . . The freshmen showed their ability at the Science Division meeting last night. Most of them gave talks, and good ones . . . Intercollegiate activities are the thing at Bard. A craze has hit the campus, and the spirit that we must compete with other colleges on an intellectual basis is almost overwhelming. The Social Science Division is working on an enterprising program. The economics club is working on its proposed poll to determine the basis for economic opinion . . . The success of the Music Festival was the cause of all this activity, which is a proof of its great leadership by Ted Strongin . . . The Vulnerable Bede is going to discontinue the column. Too much adverse criticism. It's tough that some of you students and faculty who really appreciated it did not come out and say so. Maybe it's not too late!

These schools included some of the most famous "progressive" schools in the country, some nationally known public high schools, and at least one of the oldest traditional preparatory schools in the country (Western Reserve Academy). The degree of familiarity with and sympathy for such ideas in education as Bard stands for varied widely. Discussion with the teachers always gives one instruction in what is in the minds of students and parents. One learns what aspects of our work to stress, and one sees more and more clearly what is the problem of adaptation of our scheme to the demands. The result, on the whole, is greater conviction of the need for a college like ours and determination to make it work.

Through the generous offices of the Alumni Secretary of Columbia University, Mr. Clarence O. Lovejoy, I was able to meet four groups of Columbia alumni, in Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. These groups were composed of parents and friends of parents, of university professors, and of other friends of Columbia. Those alumni who were not involved in education were usually totally ignorant of Bard and of Columbia's interest in it. By meeting with them, some progress has been made towards making these supporters of Columbia include the program of Bard College in their conception of the University. In the meetings where university professors predominated the discussions pitted our program against traditional American college procedure. When these educators talk of "new" types of educational procedure, Bard will be one of the examples referred to, as it has often been, and their idea of it may be somewhat clearer.

The kind of promotion which this jaunt of mine represents is not something peculiar to our college and its more urgent need for support. Emissaries from Yale, Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Brown, and many other Eastern colleges make frequent trips of the same kind. I hope to repeat the journey next year and the next, until our idea is driven home. We shall have less and less to fear from the competition with the other colleges.

ARE SERVED

I generally eat in commons. That is to say, I eat there whenever I can get up enough nerve. It's not the food I'm complaining about, understand, I like that well enough—whenever I can manage to get some. It's just the waiters frighten me horribly. It always seems to me that they are all members of some dark, secret organization, and that they're just waiting to do me in. I'm a rather nervous person, and I like to spend at least forty minutes in quiet gastronomic pursuits. But can I do that here? No, I can not! I come into commons. I edge myself into a place, and then I wait. I spend most of my forty minutes waiting for the waiter. Then, all of a sudden he hurtles across the room with about six trays piled on top of each other, crashes them all down on the serving table right behind me, and proceeds to break dishes and glasses and pitchers, and generally raise a first class commotion. This is not a little bit unnerving.

I might describe this animal's costume. Starting from the unkempt hair, he shows a soiled face with a four day's growth, an open, frayed collar, a perfectly ghastly looking white coat, and long, black fingernails. I feel my appetite receding like that river they're always talking about where Moses took his gang across. When I finally do get my meal, it is banged on the table in front of me with such an impact that it is only the heaviness of the food that keeps it on the plate. I have just taken my first mouthful, when this ogre leans over the table, his coat dripping in the apple-sauce, and shouts, "Seconds" in my ear. I leave the table. No wonder I'm thin.

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ONE MORE FLING

We are going home to Christmas to electrical Christmas to suburban streets glittering Kresge colors on shrubs and housesides and did the Garden Club like our display. We are going home to the seedy Santas ringing their bells on drafty corners and the First National Bank's annual tree. To how much will Auntie kick through and bushed papa and presents and Christmas cocktails and speckled egg-noggs. To New Year's promiscuities and all the mad immediates. A good many of us are going home to an inner dilemma, undefinable, and an annual enigma. Going home to a lost something or other, a demension that once was and now is not, only half regained in little whiffs of pine in the house and candy on the tables and red candles.

We recollect what an enchanting organism Christmas used to be and wish we could have it back. Each year we make a couple of stabs at it. We dress the tree, stay in on Christmas Eve, tell ourselves we are not bored and wish to hell we still had a soul.

Yet each year we come back with enough imagination to think this time will be different; that it will have some of the poignance for us it is supposed to have. So taking one more crack at it the **Bardian** staff is going to wish everybody a merry Christmas, and wants to thank the college 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 stomach's content. It is the climax to a lively and pregnant semester.

We need not be told to celebrate, but at least we can do so with good conscience, for most of us have contributed to the success of the semester. 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 the faculty will not be there to watch out for us. They will eat and drink together they will gossip and laugh together.

The night will be cold and clear—perfect. We will forget about wars and defense, criteria sheets and reading periods. We will be noisy, but nobody will mind it. The food and entertainment 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.

LOOKING AROUND

We could note that while Bard College is in the finest financial and administrative condition in years, our country is, by the force of conditions beyond our control, practically on the verge of actual mobilization. We can remember with pleasure the informal and informing speech of the Dean in which he told us of his wandering and his opinion regarding the state of the college. Read with a grim feeling in the pit of the stomach was the speech of Franklin D. Roosevelt to his friends at Warm Springs, Georgia, telling them that he would be back in March if ("were not at war" "we were not at war.") With what and with whom, Mr. President. Prophets, seers and pundits—the Thompsons, the Lippmans tell us that at last the final and great decision awaits our answer and the experts tell us that we have no air force, no army, no industrial production capable at this time of waging war. Particularly the "blitzkrieg" type of conflict which our friends the British seem at last to be learning. But the mind and the spirit seems to shrink from these things and seeks refuge in a remembrance of things past—the able and quiet direction of the successful Inter-colliage Collegiate Musical by Theodore Strongin which was one of the most valuable events to this college in one of the most crowded and interesting of all semesters within the last few years. We like to remember the musical "Exit Laughing," the excellent work of the Student Educa-

tional Policies Committee in the early part of the semester, the sports columns of Lincoln Armstrong which are read with pleasure and which actually do some good. We'd like to congratulate the Calendar Committee and the Administration for bringing so many distinguished speakers—Union's Historian Langsam and Vassar's MacCracken—probably attracting not only the largest audiences but both presenting their material with brilliance and charm.

All the social groups on campus have contributed their share to its well-being and certainly have reason to hope that much will come from this good beginning. We would like to remember the service rendered to the community by both non-socs and fraternity men in bringing about a much needed reform in the student government with the institution of the Community Council which has certainly begun its rather difficult and unseen existence with a good record of successful college social affairs. Finally we would like to pay tribute to the leadership of this, our college, which we sincerely believe is responsible for so much that has been accomplished and for the establishment of worthy objectives yet to be reached. To Dean Gray, and to his wife, therefore we acknowledge the debt of all Bardiens and we wish for them a Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Year's.

HARRY WINTERBOTTOM

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, THE BARDIAN
Dear Sir:

This morning I happened on a copy of the BARDIAN, dated the sixth of December, 1940, and, believe me, sir, I have never read anything so pseudo-intellectual and so much rubbish. I have been told that Bard College has gone to the dogs, and is anathema as far as her alumni are concerned, and now I am beginning to understand the reason why. I assume that the contributor to the column "Looking Around," is a member of the faculty, because a little news item on page one informs me that the said gentleman "made it evident that in this man, Bard possesses one more valuable asset to its modern educational policies—" It's too bad that Professor Leighton finds women on the campus annoying. "In my day" we never had enough of them—prom week-ends or otherwise. But the prize goes to the editor who calls himself "The Vulnerable Bede." Apparently all he retained from a course in English history (if they still teach such a course at Annandale) is the fact that the professor mentioned the genuine *Venerable* Bede in a lecture or put him down to be read at some future date. I have heard reports of students bordering on the moronic scale, and rumors of reading machines (for the benefit of those who cannot read) and I am convinced they can be found at Bard if the BARDIAN is an expression of student opinion.

There was a college at Annandale when I was there, but your paper informs me also that Bard College is "a progressive residential school of Columbia University." That speaks for itself.

A GRADUATE.

Thanks for reading our paper.

Thanks, too, for the letter. Might we suggest that an adequate answer is in-

cluded in the column entitled, purposely, *The Vulnerable Bede*.

Did you ever hear of the fellow who thought the rest of the army was out of step? He must have been an interesting fellow. It is, however, too bad that nobody knows his name.

December 8, 1940

To the Editors of the BARDIAN:

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

The fact that my original letter was not published is, according to your explanation, simply because it was not literature. You do a fine job, a remarkably clever job, of making me appear absurd, but you fail to answer my specific charges.

The most regrettable feature of your answer is that it is not your answer at all. You, two clear-thinking, unbiased editors have shifted the responsibility of replying to letters to the incoherent Bede, who 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, however, that this week that column is signed.

As for not publishing your first letter, we will be more explicit. You were concerned with fraternities; you explained why you were against them but you had no constructive suggestions. For too many years there has been continual bickering between fraternity and non-fraternity men. You were only reviving what never should have been.

Does that explain our "press dictatorship?"

THOSE WHO SERVE

(Continued from page 1)

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

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 whatever slates may need to be cleared. In connection with this, the Bede proposes to clarify its reasons for having come into existence and to correct any misapprehensions that may be rife about its attitude toward the college.

In its first column the Bede stated certain aims. We quote: "this column . . . hopes and feels that perhaps it can, while brightening the lives of the community, serve a useful purpose in bringing to the attention of the college certain matters and attitudes of which it feels the college should be aware, and it feels that the best way to approach these things is with the tongue in the cheek. Let us be willing to look at ourselves with a sense of humor, for we are very often very funny."

We feel that these aims were quite legitimate ones and that we have lived up to them. We have felt justified in laughing at individuals and at groups, for we have not laughed maliciously. It is to be regretted 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 questioned. And we have now and then amused you. We have made you read the Bede and the BARDIAN—which latter was perhaps the most important reason for the founding of the column.

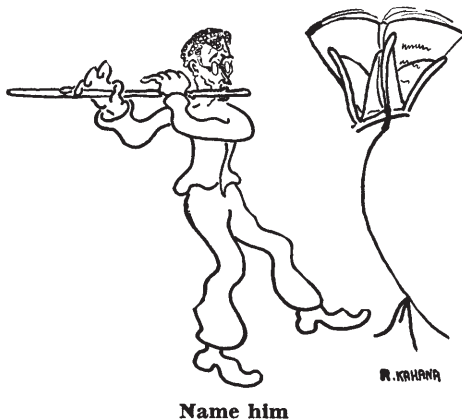
But more important than what you have thought of us is the idea that we have given to some that we dislike the college and feel it our duty to criticize it. In connection with this we would fain be put on the record as stating in plain—not Bedean—English, that we like this college and that, while we do not claim that it is perfect, we would rather be here than at any other college. It is for this reason, and this reason alone, that we are here.

We have mentioned the "fetid atmosphere," "rifeness of uncertainty," and "untroubled, so utterly by anything much, college." But these are the only expressions of opinion contra in past Bedes. And they did not occur in early issues. We have suggested every now and then that there was something wrong somewhere but, on the other hand, we have often expressed our pleasure at certain local phenomena. Our attacks on individuals and groups have apparently been misconstrued by some as being attacks on the college. That they have not been. We did feel, it is true, and this was stated by one of us in a signed column, that there was an apparent intellectual lethargy early in the year. We felt that in all sincerity. And we did not think we were being entirely subjective about it. But that lethargy, in our opinion, soon began to disappear—whether the Bede had anything to do with it we do not claim to know—and we feel now that, except for the inevitable staleness of semesters, the atmosphere has cleared as completely as the most hopeful could have expected it to. And in support of this we would mention the Music Festival weekend. The spirit of complete cooperation that possessed the entire campus would not have manifested itself in a community that was lacking in group spirit and in individual willingness to accept work, inconvenience, and responsibility for the sake of the college.

"Popsie" (We do think that a very nice nickname. And you did accept it. Please?) has enumerated the advances that the college has made in the past semester. Since then it has been felt that an expression of student agreement would be in order. We would mention that we—either as the Bede or as individuals—had planned to do the same thing in our own way before last week's College Meeting. But now, since it has been done for us, we can only record our agreement. We were confident at the beginning of the semester. And we feel, on looking back, that our confidence was more than justified.

We feel that we should quote one more Bedism. "God forbid we should be yclept appeasers." We mean that as sincerely now as we ever did.

Now, before we close our last issue of the (Continued on page 4)



Name him

THE FORUM

by David Livingstone

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 nasty 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 beneath contempt for no 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 exploding 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 its every aspect—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.



The Bard College Glee Club at the opening of the Intercollegiate Music Guild Festival

Bowman spoke on "Education in a Democracy." Discussions have been oriented around such subjects as negro music, the place of a writer in society, and religion.

In tune with the college policy of encouraging more intimate contact with the communities around us, the Forum is sending a series of student speakers to the Pine Plains High School. On December 12, Lincoln Armstrong and Rodney Karlson debated before the Pine 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 her

house and hew out her seven pillars. "Who is simple, let him turn in hither: as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him; forsake the foolish, and live and go in the way of understanding."

THE CARDINAL'S FALSE TEETH

by Tony Hecht

Edecked in crimson cap and gown,
Up n his face a mighty frown,
The Cardinal was deep in thought—
About the new false teeth he'd bought.
Mattered not how they were made,
Whether of steel or gold inlaid,
Although he paid a pound or two
They'd never last the season through.
Day after day he wracked his brain
Andiring from the mental strain,
He gave his quest up in despair.
Oh, how to make his false teeth wear!
He slowly paced his lordly halls
Between the pictures on the walls.
With weary step and tired tread,
With furrowed brow and lowered head,
Into his library he strode
To drown his thoughts in some old ode.

By strange coincidence of chance,
Which makes this tale a sad romance,
From off the bottom shelf he took,
The remnants of some ancient book
Whose pages, browned by passing time
Contained a most enlightening rhyme.
While gazing o'er the dusty page,
Inscribed with words of fool and sage,
He noticed there among the poems
A piece by Oliver Wendell Holmes
Whose title read, in letters gray,
"Tale of the Wonderful One-Horse Shay."
A Maxim good, whose truth was keen,
Was stated there on line eighteen.
"Now in building of chases, I tell you what,
There is always somewhere a weakest spot—"
The Cardinal read on beneath—
This theory might apply to teeth—
He searched each sentence for a clue
On how to avoid the use of glue
Because, though better still than paste,
It really had an awful taste.
Having digested all he read,
Ideas went buzzing through his head.
His forehead cold, his temples hot,
"There must not be a weakest spot!"
And so, to make his teeth invincible,
He worked upon this lofty principle.
His work would with each day increase,
At least emerged the masterpiece.
But still the Cardinal could not rest
He had to put it to a test.
Now was it strong, or would it break
When biting on a T-bone steak?
His Grace's joy I can't express—
The new false teeth were a success.
When not at work to gain their ends
The teeth were shown to all his friends
And Sundays they would display
For view of anyone who paid.
One Tuesday after eating lunch
When there was nothing left to munch
He took the teeth from out their socket
And put them in his left hip pocket.
Unfortunately he forgot
He'd put his teeth in such a spot
For, that same afternoon in town,
He bit himself when he sat down.
A doctor was called in of course
But turned away in sad remorse
The cardinal was deathly sick.
Though doctors practiced every trick
Each heart-beat and each gasping breath
Each moment brought him nearer death.
His final words were, "Sweet Zenobia,
Who thought I'd die of hydrophobia?"

The moral, dear reader, is easily written—
"Who strives for perfection is usually bitten."

Please Patronize

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SPORTS

There's no kick coming from this columnist about the turnout 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: 30 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 one game a week, we're doing well.

So far the Non-Socs and Eulexians have been letting everybody who wants to bowl have a chance to do so. The Non-Socs have used ten men, the Eulexians 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, is there 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 dormitories, or social groups, or majors, 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 use we will make of it is up to every one of us who does not bowl regularly in the present league. A paper will be placed downstairs in the gymnasium, so all of you fellows that want the fun and exercise of bowling, with competition 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.

PHIL GORDON.

BARD TAKES TO FESTIVAL

(Continued from page 1)

own composition as successfully as those from Vassar, Bard and Bennington. Last season when there was more time in the school year before the festival, Smith had the best original pieces. Williams didn't do badly. This year they had to stick to accepted compositions and did very well.

Vassar, it seems to me, has a music school attitude toward all their participation, which, in due respect to their taste, is very acceptable. Bennington has something of a sameness which is due to their being all different. The novel descriptive composition "Long Island Night Club" points out an aspect of the seemingly familiar boggy terrain that I have never seen before and wouldn't know quite what to do if I ever actually did. Margaret Klaw's piano composition and playing was outstanding. Bard is unpredictable. The tangibly classical "Sonatina for Violin and Piano" by Millard Walker was well played. The nervous energy of the four hands of Robert and Gabor Aufricht received tremendous applause. If the spring festival receives as much cooperation as this one, Bard College will have no need to extend to it their best wishes.

AL ROE

THE VULNERABLE BEDE

(Continued from page 2)

Vulnerable Bede, we have one more job to do.

Printed in this issue of our pseudo-intellectual reading machine is a letter (rubbish) by an irate alumnus who is apparently something of a sex-maniac on the side. (We really like them too, wee mubly mubly). (That "Looking Around" was just a front against the sterile world). But, dere Bede, if you haven't read the letter, we suggest that you do so . . . it is rather, isn't it? Just one more thing occurs to us in this 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 chastised Mr. Anderson for disturbing them.

One further statement of Bedean attitude. The fact that we wish to alienate (syn: 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 alumni as a group. For we do not. We like them 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.

Peachy Weinacht, everybody!

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