

Bard College  
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# BARDIAN

Vol. 20      No. 11      April 2, 1941

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# The Bardian

Volume 20, No. 11

Z-445

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., APRIL 2, 1941

Four Pages

## FIRST FLIGHT

Once out of the automobile and onto the flying field at New Hackensack, the most nerve-wracking experience is waiting, waiting to get up in the air, to experience your first flight of the Civil Aeronautics Authority course.

Soon a drone is heard in the sky and the yellow Piper Cub lands, flown by Pilot Harrington, with the preceding student in the tandem seat. As you walk out to the runway you experience the same sort of thrill as before you do when going onto the gridiron, awaiting the starting whistle of a football game. But still you have to wait, and while waiting your stomach is doing all sorts of queer things. Pilot Harrington is telling you about various mechanical details, he is explaining how to buckle on your parachute, but you're wondering when you are going to be up in the air and handle the controls.

At last you're in the plane; the side of the cabin is open; Harrington spins the propeller; the motor roars and the wind slaps you in the face. After Harrington gets in and taxis the plane for the first 20 or 30 yards, he turns the controls over to you, teaching you how to zig so that you can see the runway. The throbbing of the motor as it pulls you ahead, all the built-up energy behind the motor, these, aside from the sensation of something new and exciting, are the conscious feelings. You reach the end of the runway, whip around in a quick turn and head into the wind, slowing the motor down to an idle and closing up the cabin. The pilot reaches his hand down for the throttle and you feel that the moment has arrived.

Momentum gathers, there are a few slight jars, and in a very few hundred feet the ground seems to drop away. You're in the air, but all the thrills which you expected are not present. No sensation of speed, not even the whistle of the wind, just the drone of the engine.

Altitude 2,000 feet. A series of lazy turns has brought you up there. Harrington, speaking much louder than normally, explains some of the details of flying while you are in the air, and now he turns the joy stick over to you. With your eye fixed upon an object on the horizon, you try to fly a straight course, but the nose bobbles up and down and the wings will not stay on an even keel.

This only lasts for a few minutes. The pilot again takes over the controls and explains how to bank to the right and to the left, coordinating the rudder and the stick. Harrington shouts to follow him on your duplicate set of controls; he pushes lightly on the right rudder, pulling the stick slightly back to the right, and banks to the right. One wing drops. The plane tilts perilously, it seems. This is what you expected, but you wonder if your stomach has reached the ground yet. Involuntarily you grab something. The joy stick is the nearest object, and you tighten up on it, not seriously—just enough to give you a sense of security and to impair the loose grasp which you should maintain.

From banks you go to full circles and S turns. The sensation of the first bank is not nearly so acute now. You have become somewhat used to looking around only to find your stomach somewhere else.

The pilot swoops low over the trees, and before you have an opportunity to wonder whether you'll hit them, you've landed. Forty-five minutes have gone by, but that hardly seems possible. It takes some time to get your land legs and hearing back, but that's the least of your worries. You have been up in the air, but no matter how many more times you go up, the feeling will never be the same.

ROD KARLSON.

## WHITE

A story by Gil Maddux

"But Jane you should have heard what he told us. He said that there was a lady who came into a drug store and asked the clerk for some milk for her baby. He gave her some in a tin can and she said 'Do I take this or do I give it to the baby direct?'. The girls giggled loudly over the joke. Margo never made any noise when she laughed, but she got scarlet in the face and the tears would roll down her fat cheeks and every few seconds she would gasp for breath. When the other girls saw her in this form of 'helpless agony of joy,' they too would go into spasms of laughter. All of them were now in hilarious convulsions. Some girl yelled that she was splitting a gut. The others caught the remark and uproar became louder—even Leaza had to smile a little.

These girls were the ninth grade students of Miss Lincoln's School for young girls. The classes were held out of doors as the climate was warm throughout the entire school year. They all wore white dresses—different materials and designs, within reason, were permitted, but that the costume be white was required. In the afternoons the girls had alternate schedules of swimming, sailing and horseback riding. It was sailing that they all looked forward to. The instructor's name was Norman Whitney, but on board he was known as "The Skipper." The Skipper was the virile type; well over six feet

and no fragility. He had served in the Navy during the last war, and while in Constantinople he and another officer had stolen a phallic symbol off a drain on one of the churches and had fastened it to the prow of their ship as a bow sprit. He had done many similar things—ah, it was great life! But the Skipper had mellowed a bit with age. He still had his strength, although lorty, and he could tell the most amazing stories—he often used that word 'amazing' himself. But he was calmer now—just a slight, yet definite glint remained in his eye. It was the Skipper who had told the story of the woman wanting to know about the milk.

When Leaza had heard the joke she'd refrained from laughing and had merely smiled embarrassedly. Later the Skipper had come up to Leaza and had said, "I noticed you didn't laugh; well, I don't blame you. You know I don't like telling those sort of stories. Naw I mean it! I really don't like to—in all seriousness. I—I don't care so much for that type of humor. But the girls drink it in—they love it. You can see that yourself. . . . Leaza, you're a nice girl, you're different than the others—got more sense. You don't have to take anything I may say around. But you don't mind a good story now and then do you?" Leaza smiled a little and gave a quick glance at the Skipper. "Law, I didn't think you did," he continued, "Okay? Okay."

It was Thursday, the sailing day. The girls clamored on board and went to their assigned posts. The boat was called the "Mayflower." It was a forty-foot Lawley-built schooner. Trim, painted white, and always immaculately kept; with its clean ivory-colored sails hoisted, it appeared very beautiful upon the Pacific. The decks were spotless, the red mahogany woodwork was varnished and had a radiant sheen, the masts were of white pine, shellacked—smoothed and shellacked—tall and straight, they glistened in the bright sunlight.

Leaza manned the spinnaker, but she wouldn't have to set it till they were running before the wind and that wouldn't be for quite a while. The other girls were aft—laughing at something. Leaza pushed her blond hair back and rolled down her trouser-legs—she was getting tan, although she had a very good one already—and went astern to see what her friends were enjoying. The Skipper was performing the sailor's hornpipe—legs crossed, one hand on his stomach, one in back, and he rolled from one side to the other on the soles of his feet. He wore a plain white sailor uniform—tight fitting middy and bell-bottom trousers. The girls loved it. He was whistling the tune in a clear sharp notes and at the same time kept an eye on the shore. He saw to it that the sail hid him from the land. It wouldn't do for any of the oldmaid teachers to see him entertaining the girls in this manner. Leaza looked on with interest. They were coming near the buoy now, and each girl went to her assigned position. They rounded it. The fore-sail jibbed over and then the mainsail. Leaza gave the order to hoist away on the spinnaker halyard; she herself 'tended to the sheet and boom. With a dull 'pop' sound the wind caught the sail and belled it out. She trimmed it so that it drew best and then she sat down on the forward end of the cabin. The Skipper liked the job—you could see it in his eye. He nodded his head to Leaza and said, "That's the way I like to see it done!" She drew her black eyebrows in an affected little frown and smiled. This was a favorite gesture of hers. She knew that her dark eyebrows formed a pleasing contrast to her blond hair—especially when she knitted them slightly.

It was becoming late and they started to head for the dock. They furled the sails and came in under power. The Skip-

(Continued on page 4)

## KALEIDOSCOPE

Comes with a bang the end of another term; comes also vacation . . . Most interesting piece of news in the past two weeks is the final passage of the Civil Aeronautics Authority course. The quota of ten was filled with the help of three outsiders, and it came as no small satisfaction to the students who were planning to take the course and had already passed their physical examinations. The Bard students taking the course are Hal Altshuler, Jim Blech, Vail Church, Jack Dalton, Rod Karlson, Paul Kingston, and Joe McNair. As soon as the quota was filled, the fellows were up in the air, at the controls . . .

The faculty bowling team has come up to tie the Kaps for the second half bowling honors. The two teams are so close that in their most recent match they each won a game and tied the third, something rarely seen. Bob Aufricht, with an average of 156.5 in 27 games, is high bowler, and has been instrumental in the good showing of the Kaps. Karlson, Alexander, Parsons, and Gabe Aufricht are, respectively, the next in line . . . The Non-Socs, to date, are the leaders in the newly inaugurated volleyball league. Two victories and no defeats put them ahead of the Kaps who have won their only game. The Sigs have lost one, winning none, and the Eulexians were unsuccessful in two tries . . . Linc Armstrong finished well ahead of all other contestants in the basketball point-scoring race. His 170 points were far ahead of Karlson's 99 and Hale's 98. Fourth and fifth places, which went to Marshall and Chamberlin, were close but hardly in the running—54 and 53 . . . George Stumpp has recently been pledged to Kappa Gamma Chi . . . Bill Crocker is marriage-bound on Saturday. He will marry Miss Mary Hewitt of New York City in the St. James Church . . . A fraternity weekend is being planned for April 19. Plans, as yet, are indefinite, but should the affair prove to be a success, we can expect it to be a part of Bard social life in coming years . . . The Drama Festival will be held the weekend of April 26, with Bard and Bennington giving one-act workshop performances . . . The theatre is also working on plans for a summer theatre in Litchfield, Connecticut. "Thunder Rock" will be given there on May 3 to convince Litchfield residents that the proposed theatre has something to offer them. Another reason for giving the performance is to determine how it will "take." Ralph Hinchman, a resident of Litchfield, is helping with the idea. . . . Mrs. Hepburn's talk on birth control proved to be interesting, but the discussion following it was not at all stimulating since the entire audience seemed to be in complete agreement with her. Such talks would better be given in places like Tivoli . . . Bard will probably be represented at a meeting on student government at Goddard College, another of those there progressive places, this spring . . . The first of a series of vocational guidance talks will be held tonight in the theatre. These talks were started last year, and they proved to be quite a success. Since Bard has no department to help in vocational guidance, these talks should again be very helpful, particularly to seniors (those not headed for the army) . . . The number of students admitted for next year is 100 per cent greater than last year at the corresponding time. If Bard expects to continue to increase its student enrollment, this is necessary, however, for there are several students who have been notified to report to their draft boards in July, and, in addition to that, an amazingly small senior class is scheduled for next year.



# The Bardian

1940 Member 1941

Associated Collegiate Press

NSFA NEWS SERVICE

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 2, 1941  
VOL 20 No. 11

Published Fortnightly throughout the academic year by students of Bard College, progressive residential school of Columbia University.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY

National Advertising Service, Inc.  
College Publishers Representative420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.  
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Editor 1939-1940—Harry Winterbottom

EDITOR

JAMES WESTBROOK

Managing Editor

PHILIP GORDON

Feature Editor ..... Edgar Anderson

Business Manager ..... Thomas Marshall

Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year, \$1.25 per semester.

## SPRING PROBLEMS

Upperclassmen can tell the freshmen, with no reference to the weather, that Spring is very definitely here. They know this for a fact. They know that when prospective students flock on campus, when seniors start worrying about their projects and sophomores begin to think about their moderations, when the enthusiasm of the Fall begins to return, and when the plunk of a baseball is heard in a gloved hand, that Spring is very definitely here.

This is no mere statement of fact. Rather is it an attempt to answer some of the problems that come with the change in weather.

The Admissions Committee has already admitted 100 per cent more students than last year at the same time. The pace, however, will be speeded up. What sort of students are being admitted? We understand that there is a possibility that one—only one—of the prospective students is from a high school. It's very well to get students from preparatory schools, but some sort of balance must be maintained. Too much effort is made to get preparatory school students, not enough to get high school students. That is understandable.

The tuition at Bard is high. It is more likely that students who can afford to go to preparatory schools can afford to come to Bard. This is particularly true in view of the fact that part-time student employment is gradually falling off. In the freshman and sophomore classes there is decidedly less student employment than in the two upper classes. In line with this, there are proportionately fewer high school graduates in the lower division than in the upper division. The final result of decreasing the amount of student employment by giving fewer and fewer jobs to the incoming classes is not known, at least to the students. We like financial security at Bard, we like to know that the college will be here next year. Perhaps this is the reason for the administration's attitude. But, we also like to have a fair cross section of economic levels represented at Bard. We do not want to become an accredited country club for all the students who would better go to a college such as Rollins.

Then there is the problem of sophomore moderations and senior projects. By far the more important of these two is the moderations. Not only do they offer the student an opportunity to settle things for himself, to collect his thoughts, and make some decision concerning the future, but they offer the college the opportunity of telling certain students that they are not suited for Bard, nor Bard for them. In many ways it will work out better.

# LOOKING AROUND

The complexion of the last prom here was one of such broad ramifications that we feel justified in bringing it back in this column. Bard proms by no means differ from others, but because of the smallness of the festive groupe, one is able to see more. The proportions of their success or failure becomes magnified. And in a great many instances the failures are numerous.

What I am driving at is this: The American youth is faced with a problem today which if not solved threatens the health of the nation. This is no sensationalism. The problem is that of sex. It is absurdly true that we still have witch-burnings in this country. We have a poisonous anachronism, a nineteenth century concept that no longer is applicable. It is the abnegation of pre-marital sexual indulgence; the idea that to obey certain physical desires, the satisfaction of which is a necessity to young human beings, is immoral and obscene.

This might have had some rhyme or reason in another century, but not in the present one. Technology and our economic set-up has brought about changes to which we have not attached corresponding morals. Let us, for instance, observe the economic status of American women in 1940. It is pretty nearly equal to that of the men, and as time goes on it is reasonable to expect that it will improve. The women not only have the opportunity of earning money, but the men still foot the bills and when they die, the females come in on the will. We have gone by the time when the patriarchal family idea held water. The man can't pick and choose as he pleases today. Both sexes have become equally independent and people are marrying later than they used to.

In addition to this civilization has evolved a system of communications which

liberates youth from the confines of the home at an early stage in the game. They go to the cinema, read the slick magazines, and are exposed to the gals on the sign boards. Social functions where the sexes are thrown together are more frequent and begin earlier than ever before. Thus young people are confronted with the situation of what we might call, water, water, all around and not a drop to drink. They serve a long term of temptation and starvation.

Out of it all neurosis has flowered like a cancer and has a large share of blame for the high divorce rate in this country. If we were to take a census of the number of virgins in American colleges today we would find that they command an overwhelming majority. What is more if we were to investigate why this is so, we would be made to understand that they are virgins because they are afraid to render themselves otherwise. In short, the very function that was created to propagate the race has taken on the aspect of a taboo for them. This does not seem a commendable state-of-affairs. If it is not true of Europe, why must it exist here?

Finally when we speak of college proms we must see them literally as neurotic carnivals, in which the participants go through an elaborate series of ritual in order to jazz themselves up, in order to say, "It didn't mater, we were plastered." And even when the erotic consumption is achieved, it takes place under such pressure that it is hardly enjoyed. This was certainly evident at the last prom at Bard and at all similar functions I have attended at other colleges. And at the bottom of it are the witch-burnings, a lamentable cultural lag. So for God's sake let us do something about it. Let us find some sort of a concept that will fit our own age and not Grandfather's.

J. W.

## CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BARDIAN:

Expanding a college art department is always risky business. One request for expansion that is granted inevitably leads to another, and then another, ad infinitum. When painting was added to the art curriculum at Bard we relaxed for awhile, contemplating how good life and the budget had been to us. But now we're at it again. This time I'm beating the drum for a course in interior decorating and costume design, in particular, and commercial art in general.

Colleges often used to be skeptical about offering courses in this kind of art because they felt that it was out of their line. Recently, however, interior decorating and costume design, along with allied branches of commercial art, have become increasingly prevalent, mainly because colleges have felt the duty of acquainting art majors with as many branches of art as possible before thrusting these students into competition with graduates from specialized schools. A broad college education can do much good for an art student only if he receives, at the same time, basic and expert training in important art fields. Both phases of work are necessary if he is to be of use to anyone after he graduates.

As a result of many bull sessions with persons who are interested, I know that there are students here who would enjoy and benefit from a course in general commercial art. There are journalism majors who would be interested in learning something about advertising layout, economics majors who want to know something about merchandising and fashions, and a group of art majors who are very much interested in fashion design and illustration, as well as in interior decorating.

It is evident, then, that there are students interested in expanding the art department one more notch. What needs to be done now in some realistic planning and thinking on the part of these people to decide just how interested they are. If, after some time elapses, enough of them are sufficiently interested to help plan such a course, then the idea can be presented formally to the proper authorities.

T. N. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BARDIAN:

It has been written that no philosopher or sage or hot gospeller can possibly present the whole truth in any one discourse. But we have not tried to give our whole case concerning American foreign policy. We have merely elucidated certain apparent fallacies in the arguments of those persevering interventionists. Naturally ours is the only long range policy; peace will never be preserved by war. America has been made the Arsenal of Democracy before with only disastrous after-effects for its result.

From the time of this country's formation until approximately 1900, Great Britain had an economic stranglehold upon world commerce. This was accomplished through a powerful navy and an imperialistic hold on her domains and dominions. Around the end of the nineteenth century Britain experienced competition for the first time from the newly industrialized countries of Germany and the United States. England could not compromise with her rivals and a war resulted. England "won" the World War with our aid and then was in a position to foster the growth of Democracy. She did not but she invested and strengthened Germany, her arch rival today. We doubt whether a British victory today will insure a more secure future for tomorrow. We see in this war a continuation of the first one and with the same ends in sight. This country stands to lose everything it has in this attempt to bolster England.

Instead of allowing history to repeat itself, this country realizes its first duty, care of its citizens and institutions. Plenty of problems in this country are becoming acute. Organized labor is being attacked from all sides. When "aid to Britain" was unknown, labor was able to expect some support from the public and the press. State legislatures rapidly passing sabotage acts which are simply curbs upon civil liberties.

The United States does not have to get into this war. We can stay out; thereby feeding, clothing, and housing the forty millions of Americans who need it, thereby

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## SIDE SLIPS

Keeping astride of the times and adjusting itself to meet the national emergency, Bard College is now sponsoring a Civilian Pilot Training course, given under the direction of the Civilian Aeronautics Administration.

Those students entered in the course from Bard College are: Jim Blech, '41, Vail Church, '41, Jack Dalton, '41, Joel McNair, '41, Harold Altshuler, '40, Paul Kingston, '42, and Rodney Karlson, '43. Besides these, there are three outsiders enrolled in the course. They are Lawlor Kingsly of Red Hook, Paul Burke of Wappingers Falls, and Lan McCauliff of Hopewell Junction.

The C. P. T. (civilian pilot training) course consists of 72 hours of ground school, about 43 hours of flight training, and 18 hours of aircraft construction, operation and maintenance. The ground course includes meteorology, air navigation, and civil air regulations. The flight training consists of approximately 8 hours of dual instruction and 35 hours of solo flying. Included in this section of the course will be a cross country solo flight during which the student will take off from the home airport (New Hackensack) and fly to two other airports and return. Upon completion of the course, the student will hold a private pilot's class 1 certificate which will entitle him to fly and take up non-paying passengers in any light plane. He will also be eligible, if he satisfactorily completes the course, to take a C. A. A. secondary program which prepares him for a restricted commercial license.

In order to accommodate the local C. P. T. program, the Reid School of Aeronautics has been formed at the New Hackensack field under the direct supervision of Newton H. Reid, a graduate of the Park's Air College, East St. Louis, Ill. Since completing his course at Park's Air College, Mr. Reid has taught a C. P. T. ground school at Mesa College, Grand Junction, Colorado, and has been a meteorologist for the T. W. A., stationed at LaGuardia Field. It will be heartening for Bard students to learn that no student of Mr. Reid's has ever flunked the C. A. A. exam.

The Reid School of Aeronautics has just purchased a new Piper 65 horsepower Cub to use in its course. And Mr. Reid has promised to get another one just as soon as he is certain he can get a second course started for the summer. The school is also constructing a hangar, 38 feet by 40 feet.

Already some of our more air-minded freshmen are organizing a flying group to take the summer Civilian Pilot Training course which will be given by the Reid School of Aeronautics starting on or about the 15th of June. In order to be eligible for the course, the student must have completed successfully one year of college and be in his second year. He must be at least 19 and not over 25, and if he is under 21 have his parents' permission to take the course. Furthermore, he must be able to pass the C. A. A. physical examination for the course. Past experience shows that the most difficult parts of this examination are weight, eyes and heart.

As yet no definite plans have been made with the college concerning the cost of room and board. However, it is hoped an agreement will be reached very shortly. It is suggested that those students who might be interested in the Summer C. P. T. get in touch with Kennedy or Lamson.

Thanks are hereby extended to Dean Gray, who originally recognized the students' desire for a C. P. T. course, and made the first contacts with the C. A. A.; to Dr. Garrett who, in the capacity of coordinator, has spent many hours, if not days, getting the program under way; and to Mr. Reid who came to Bard as the last rays of hope for a C. P. T. course this semester were fading and offered to teach the course "with no strings attached," and who, in the final analysis, has made it possible for Bard Student to Fly!

—JIM BLECH.



# THE EYE AND THE EAR

## ART

by Theodore N. Cook  
LINDIN EXHIBIT

The most striking aspect of the exhibition of work by Carl Eric Lindin in Orient Gallery is the great variety of approaches he has used during his fifty years of painting. Here is the work of a man who has allowed his work to change as the tempo of life has changed, without having sacrificed his individuality.

His early works bear hardly any resemblance to his more recent ones, which I think is as it should be. His portrait of Hervey White is gloomy in the best academic tradition. It was painted at a time when paintings had to be murky and almost colorless to be considered fine. It is a far cry from his portraits in this manner to "Lunevik," for example, which is a riot of Impressionist color. There are vibrant blues, reds, and greens, that seem to keep the cliffs, sailboat, and bay constantly revolving about each other.

Best of all, though, are his most recent works. In these he has done a fascinating thing; namely, saving the best characteristics of each of his past periods and synthesizing them into a new style that is very much his own. His portrait of Greg is an example of this. The bold brush strokes and colors stem from Impressionism, while the atmosphere in the painting that reveals his paternal affection is reminiscent of his earlier moody works. The same might be said of all his recent paintings. A sensitive feeling pervades them all, in spite of the boldness of his brushstrokes, and in some places the thickness of the paint.

In addition to being one of the most impressive shows we have had at Bard, it also serves to usher in what we hope will be a new era of stimulating intercourse between Bard and Woodstock. Both Mr. Lindin and his distinguished friend, Mr. Judson Smith, who helped him hang the

## MUSIC

by Millard C. Walker  
FUTURE PLANS

At the end of a quarter that has had many musical successes and surprises, we instinctively look to Bard Hall to see what the future has in store for the activities of the music department.

So far, several events have been unofficially scheduled that should be of interest to the entire college community. The first concert will be under the direction of Mr. Guido Brand and will present the work of the class in chamber music. This will be the premiere performance of the group here this year, and the program will continue to stimulate the interest in chamber music that was aroused by the splendid work of the Maverick String Quartet here recently.

The second concert will consist chiefly of student compositions written this year, and will include both instrumental and vocal works. As there are no senior projects this year involving the presentation of a musical composition, the last mentioned concert should fill the gap very neatly. The works to be performed will be a complete cross section of the work accomplished in the music department this year.

Details of the coming concerts will appear in future issues of THE BARDIAN. The Glee Club will participate in the last concert of the year, and it will no doubt have several other engagements to fill, including a radio broadcast sometime next quarter. Meanwhile, music-making in Hopson continues at an encouraging pace, as all the budding composers are putting the finishing touches to their latest opuses.

show, were very encouraging by promising to do all they could to further this relationship.

## DRAMA

by Alvin Sapinsley  
SUMMER THEATRE

With the approach of summer and the gradual outcropping of summer theatres throughout the country, it becomes the problem of the drama student to decide which of these tributary stock companies he should attempt to associate himself with. Summer theatre being what it is today, this is a difficult problem. The majority of the companies employ Equity actors and Union technicians, and this limits the number of non-union amateurs it can hire. Also, many theatres retain no resident company at all, but merely supply the house for travelling shows, which usually originate in New York. All in all, it is exceedingly difficult for a young actor, designer, or technician to place himself satisfactorily on the "straw hat" circuit.

In lieu of this perennial dilemma, several members of the Theatre division at Bard have banded together to try to form their own summer theatre in Litchfield, Connecticut.

Their company consists of young college undergraduates who are doing their major work in drama and who are bound together by a common interest in theatre derived from actual past experience with other summer groups. Moreover, realizing that individual work with other professional groups does not permit the kind of theatrical unity which is possible only when a group such as this works together, they feel that their combined efforts will produce a theatre which can surpass in quality the general level of summer theatre productions.

The schedule of plays will be made up from the scripts which they find are best adapted to the personalities of their company and which have not yet been presented to Litchfield summer residents. New plays

by talented young playwrights are being given first consideration.

The director of the PLAYERS, Paul Morrison, has had conspicuous success in a number of the summer theatres in this part of the country. His work as designer has been seen for several seasons at The Maplewood Theatre in New Jersey, The Ivoryton Playhouse in Connecticut and The Parish Memorial Theatre at Southampton, Long Island.

Briefly then, they find that, having worked together—some of them for three years, and all of them for at least two—they understand each other's points of view and techniques, and by continuing together they think they can present more closely knit and more effective productions than were they to split up and work individually. Since the entire success of a dramatic production lies in the creation of a well-related, effective and harmonious whole, they believe that their constant close association with each other in the field of drama will make this possible.

## THE GAY HOSTESS

A story by Gil Maddux

"Ah yes, the war—we have no patrons now except Madam. Antibes used to be quite a resort. My restaurant was always full."

Madam, always dressed in black, but never sad. She came to the cafe at five every afternoon to give a tea. No one ever came to her parties, but she seemed to think that there were lots of guests. Usually two or three arrived late, and she would have to get up to find a chair for them. The conversation she carried on was, oh, so witty and clever; and when everyone seemed to be enjoying himself to the utmost and when Madam had finished her tea and pastry, she would suddenly look at her little watch and lean towards Jeanne (she always had Jeanne sitting next to her) and say something about the bill and then excuse herself. The young boy outside wearing the smock would then come in and pay the waiter a few franks.

"Ah yes, Madam, she comes every day— poor Madam."

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## SPORTS

Basketball is finished for the 1941 season and volleyball, in a rather shy way, has set in. By way of summary of the basketball season, all one can say is that what was expected came true. The Eulexians easily took first place in the league. There was a strenuous fight for second place, while a fourth team rode along smoothly in a poor last place. The turnout of students for the league games was better than ever this year. There were no postponed games because of a lack of players. As a prediction, we can say without much fear of being questioned that next year will see an entirely different type of race. The Kaps and Sigs will be improved because of having played together this season. The Eulexians will be putting a new team on the floor which will lack the nucleus it has had for the past two years. The Non-Sox, who even this year had one of the strongest teams individually, may get together next year and surprise one and all. They certainly have the material. But to go out on a limb, we will make the prediction that any team that beats the KGN forces next year will have to start training today.

As usual, and still by way of summary, certain energetic souls attempted to put another Bard basketball team together after the regular season was over. To say the

least, its success was also "as usual!" But the boys had fun and realized that had they had more practice together things might have been different. The individual material was good, but we are afraid the strain of putting men together on one team who had been fighting vigorously for several months was too much for the Bard All-Stars.

Volleyball is fun, but unfortunately the students don't seem to want to feud any more for a while. Or perhaps they are preparing for a hot year of softball. If this be the truth, it cannot be called a surprise because the challenge is bigger than ever this year. The Eulexians are cocky as all get-out over their string of two victorious seasons and are aiming at a third with high hopes. But they know they have a fight on their hands. Much to their consternation, they have just learned that the Sigs have acquired a pitcher to replace Lambert, in a Mr. Lamson. It is unnecessary to say that they have reason to fear the Kap athletes and never will they forget that the Non-Sox can have as many as twenty men to play ball at any given time. But there is still hope for them as they know they can count on the services of Harry (The Horse) Winterbottom in the outfield and Danny (Flash) Ransohoff for batting honors. By the way, isn't it nice that the feud between first basemen Bjornsgaard and Hull has finally closed?

All-Star Hull is the name, please! So boys, as soon as you get back from your spring training in Florida, let's see some action.

And here we would like to answer last week's column, which, as far as we could see, was an unnecessary attack on baseball. Obviously the author wanted to squelch something before it got started. What we can't see is how we hurt his or anybody else's feelings last year by our efforts in this direction. We were absolutely inconspicuous, (to say the least) and I don't believe the college even knew there was a hardball team. On the other hand, several boys had a great deal of fun in practice and in the ten or so games that were played. And we say again with emphasis that any of you students who feel like playing hardball this year, the equipment is in the gym and your columnist will schedule games for you with local teams. Of course it takes nine men to make a baseball team and also a little practice. But if there is this interest on the college campus, please let it be heard, for we promise you that your playing baseball hurts very few feelings. The expressed fear of the word "intercollegiate," as shown by your last sports columnist, is unfounded and absurd.

Well, training season begins the 4th of this month. Let's see you all come back in good shape—well-tanned and well-rounded.

LINC ARMSTRONG

## WHITE

(Continued from page 1)

per watched the girls go ashore and then he returned to the cabin of the Mayflower. There in the subdued light of the cabin stood Leaza, her tan body naked. She moved uneasily and leaned against the mast where it came through the cabin, one arm was behind her, the other by her side touched the mast. She looked at him equivocally for a moment and then frowned a bit and smiled in her artfully coy, yet childish manner. The Skipper stood astonished for a while—quite a while. He was perplexed, but finally a very faint smile came to his lips. He walked towards her, but then hesitated a second and looked out the companion-way at the dock. The Skipper turned around again and faced Leaza. In a slow, hurriedly composed voice he said, "Put your clothes on just as quick as you can and get off this boat!"

## CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

not killing the forty millions of Germans who don't need it. We further believe that all Europe is headed for fascism. And further, Harry, that this country should institute the most revolutionary and daring step ever made by a country threatened by war. We should declare peace!

JOHN SHAPIRO

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