Bard College
Student Newspaper Archive
(1895-1999)

All Rights Reserved. Copyright © 1999 by Bard College

BARDIAN

Vol. 22 No. 1 June 19, 1942

FP	The War Before and After This War [World War II]	C.H. Gray, Dean
Page 2	Little Hills	Gil Maddux
Page 3	Why Art? Ever? Now? Here?	Stephen Hirsch
Page 4	Editorial	
	"Yes, Even a Pint"	
Page 5	"Enlisting or Commissioning of College Students	in the Reserve of the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps."
Page 6	Sports	Tony Petrina
Page 7	The Parade	Tony Hetcht
	List of New Men	
Page 10	That "Dagger at Japan's Throat" Would be Handy now, HAM!	The Bennet for Congress Committee

THE BARDIAN

Volume 22, No. 1 Z-443 ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., June 19, 1942 Ten Pages

The War Before and After This War

Under the strain of the War the colleges of the country have been giving serious thought to their place in the national life. Among many of them have risen fears for their very existence. They have been warned by Government officials that the need for man-power is so great that the numbers of those young men who shall be left in colleges will decrease rapidly, perhaps disastrously. The colleges have also tried with varying degrees of precipitancy to alter their curricula and practices to aid their students to fit themselves for all kinds of national service. Some of them moved so precipitately that the heads of the War and Navy Departments had to advise against hastily devised "defense" courses. The times have put to the test the educators' faith in what they have been doing, as the times have also put to the test the so-called "products" of education.

At Bard College we face the exacting crisis with clear understanding of our strength and our limitations. We are not an engineering school and could not make ourselves into one overnight. We can, however, give to our students the preliminary training required by all the reserve corps of Army, Navy, and Marines, the Army Air Corps, and the Naval Air Force. So far none of these services has called upon the students who enlist in the reserves to change the direction of their college courses. They have merely asked that students add to their programs some work in Physics and Mathematics and any other courses in science which would give a basis for more specialized training in technical services in the military forces. The chief reasons, however, for the scheme of drawing upon college men for these services are that the proportion of good material for leadership is believed to be greater among college-trained men and that the work of the liberal arts colleges contributes to the development of powers of leadership. It has been assumed that when college study, in whatever fields of learning, is seriously undertaken it will lead to the development of clear thinking, initiative, and devotion to duty. The military leaders will not, however, take this development for granted, but will test the results in the preliminary training after the men have been taken into the forces. The strength of a college, therefore, will show in its ability to turn out men who will stand up under these later tests of leadership.

Bard College long ago turned its attention directly upon the training of men to take initiative and to use their minds on the solving of problems. The weakness of American colleges has been the prolongation of the pupil stage. At Bard the main effort is to get men out of the passive role of being pumped into, and into the way of self-generated, consciously oriented, and responsible intellectual activity. We do not have paragons of research to begin with, nor do we turn out a full crop of such paragons. Whatever we do, however, is directed towards the end of lifting men as early as possible from the mere pupil stage to that of responsible problem solvers. So far as we succeed in this attempt we have prepared our students not only for the immediate future as leaders in the war services but for their whole lives.

At the same time we carry on the traditions of the civilization for which this War is being fought. The war for civilization is not merely a military matter. The present era demands that kind of war and demands it as an unfortunate prerequisite to any further campaign. Educated men have known in all times that there is a more continuous and none the less strenuous war for the values of human life. That eternal war can be carried on only by trained leaders in all the fields of learning. To give way to any panicky pessimism about the values of liberal education would be treason to the cause of humanity. What is needed is a quickening of the critical faculty and of the determination to get down to the vital essence of liberal education. "Business as usual" is not the slogan, unless that "business" will stand the test of criticism as to its ultimate usefulness. The only disturbance to our aims and pratices should be the disturbance which any searching self-criticism always gives. That kind of disturbance should not be a phenomen merely of wartime; it should be happening all along the way. If the war has contributed to the critical testing of education, that is all to the good. Out of the testing process should come renewed determination to carry the war of good against evil to a stage nearer victory. In that struggle there is on this earth no "post-war" era.

C. H. GRAY, Dean

Little Hills

By GIL MADDUX

Between the cars it was cold and I could hear the wheels and the couplings rattle. I pushed the door open to the lounge car and walked in. It was smokey but it was warm too—warmer than the coaches. I looked around for a seat, but they were all taken, and I started to turn back. Just as I did so a man in the far end of the car got up to leave. The aisle was narrow and the man had had a little to drink, but we managed to get by. I sat down in his chair and looked out the window—my eyes hurt and I didn't care to read. "The National Geographic" was there—I could look at its pictures—natives and tropical fish—the fish were in color, or perhaps "Taking the Clipper from Portugal." No, none of this appealed to me. No, it was the ugly scenery that I wanted to look at. Seeing it framed by the window anyone would call it ugly. Half of it was sky, half of it was land. The sky was gray—no clouds. The land was flat and covered with snow, and the snow looked dirty in the gray light. I would look up—there was more gray sky. I would look down—the snow came to the edge of the train. In front there was more snow; in back there was more snow. For nearly two days we had been passing through this same kind of land—not once had it changed. There had not been a house, there had not been one tree that I had seen. Anyone would call it ugly, and yet I wanted to look at it—so I dumbly stared out the window. It was monotonous. It was depressing. But under this snow was land—earth. The spring would come; it was inevitable, it would be crude, but never-the-less in the summer there would be soil here. And there would be wheat—wheat would look best here—yes, fields of wheat. But I did not know; maybe this was waste land, or the corn belt, or cattle land. I didn't know—I really didn't care; but wheat would look best. The gentleman next to me wanted to say something—I'm sure I didn't want to heart it. I looked past him out the window with a squint-eyed tight-lipped expression, but he was determined to speak.

The porter came up and asked if I wanted something to drink—I didn't, but the man next to me ordered "the same thing—with less ice." He was pretty tight already. I knew what I was in for. I could go to my car, but it was cold. I would stay. He started a couple of times to speak, but he got only as far as to open his mouth, close it, look down at the table, swallow and then look out the window again. He was a nice enough looking man, young, I should say around twenty-eight or thirty. He had a dark suit on, a black tie—crooked, and a white shirt spilt over with his last drink—that's why I remember the shirt.

He started up once more—it was coming this time.

"God bless America!" he said.

That surprised me. It was all wrong. I had expected something like "Don't you drink?" or "Lovely scenery," said sarcastically. But "God bless America!" was what came. No, he should have said something about the scenery. You couldn't help seeing it and you couldn't help but notice it—it gave such a convincing illusion of ugliness.

"It was a funny thing—you don't mind me talking to you, do you?—the first thing I really remember about her—my wife. It was in a graveyard—at night. All about us were tombs and big graves—wealthy people were buried there. We felt the name on one grave. It was Daniel something, the beloved son—I forgot the name. He was only seven years old—that's why I remember his name and the grave . . . "

I was going to have to listen to a sentimental drunk talk about dead people—well it was no worse than the scenery. He continued:

" . . . It was like a pretty toy balloon popping when it only touches a radiator. You wonder what blew it there. It looks so miserable broken. He was probably like the usual boy you see on an old tin-type—hair parted forward, black suit with short pants—and a gold watch chain. I had a big gold watch chain and Jacky liked it a lot. She had given me a heart to put on it—I guess her mother had got it for her—you see we were only seven years old. But we hadn't come to the graveyard to look at graves—we wanted to go swimming. There was a big pond by Mary Baker-Eddy's tomb. It was like a love temple. It had big marble steps going down to the water—the pond was so thick with lilies that you could swim only in the middle of it. We took our clothes off and went it—it was fun; there wasn't anything naughty about it. But that was a long time ago.

"I remember too, the first time I kissed her . . . "

He didn't tell me that though—he just stared out the window, vacantly.

He turned to me and said meekly, "I'm boring you. Aren't I? But I want to tell somebody. I'm like the old cab driver that some Russian wrote about. His little daughter had just died. He wanted to tell everyone about it—but nobody was interested. You see my wife just died. We hadn't been married one day and she died. I loved her. I'd always loved only her. We had known each other as far back as I can remember—way before we went swimming that I told you about."

"You should have been at the wedding though. I didn't know half my own relatives and none of hers except, of course, her parents and her brother. It was a big dull thing. The presents—they meant thank-you notes. The ceremony was pompous—there wasn't a human thing about it. The reception—it was nice enough, but an awful lot of saying "Hello" to people you didn't have the vaguest idea who they were.

(Continued on page 8)

Why Art? Ever? Now? Here?

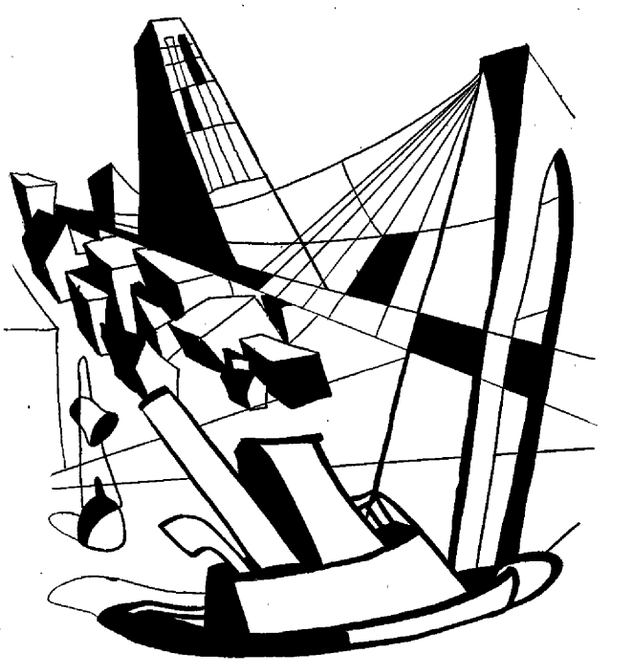
By STEPHAN HIRSCH

Why art? Why art in these times of stress and danger? Why art in college education? I have heard these questions before, and even here at Bard, after barely two weeks of residence, bright and manly young men have brought these questions to me, if not directly, at least by implication.

It may sound presumptuous to say in retort, that man without art would be on a lower level than the most primitive people imaginable, or rather than people most unimaginably primitive. But for better or for worse, art has been with us these few ten thousand years or so, and presumably, in one form or other, it will be with us for another ten thousand. It seems to be the response to an inner human drive as strong as the drive for knowledge or for attention and recognition, and in some ways may be tied up with them. In fact most of our information about primitive, and sometimes not so primitive, man, comes down to us only through his works of art. For example, nothing at all is known about the early cave dwellers in Spain and in the Dordogne, and almost nothing about the rather highly civilized earlier inhabitants of Crete, save through their artfully fashioned tools, their pottery, their painting, and their architecture respectively.. A further scrutiny of history demonstrates that works of art of most periods, when carefully and properly interpreted, often furnish the most reliable body of historical or anthropological evidence, largely because the potter, the builder, the poet, the composer, the sculptor, photographer, painter, in short, the artist, generally, comes from so many strata of the population that his out-put necessarily provides a body of evidence of the broadest sort, and also of the deepest. The work of art illuminates the mores as well as the thoughts of a period; the existence to-day and side by side of abstract and "unintelligible" painting in the French manner, of revolutionary and "socially conscious" painting in the Mexican vein, and of naturalistic and conservative painting in any style, certainly demonstrates the existence of a wide variety of ideologies in this present epoch, vastly different from e.g. the Gothic period. Whether the artists who produce this expression of an era are as important socially as are bank presidents, or chemical engineers or diplomats, is beside the point. Whether they would be more useful with their particular talents doing the jobs of these "more important" people is extremely doubtful.

As to our second question: Why art in this period of stress and danger? This seems to be almost as strange a question as to ask: Why try to preserve our civil liberties in these times? One of the reasons we are fighting this war is precisely to preserve some, or all, of these liberties, our whole culture to be exact, of which art is certainly a part. It may be expedient in such times as these to relinquish voluntarily and temporarily part of these liberties as well as part of our art practices; but ever to give up all of it is tantamount to giving up *all* of it forever. Individual artists may give up their work for a while, but to permit a discontinuation of the education in art—or other practices and disciplines—for an entire young generation would be cultural suicide.

This brings me straight to the heart of the third question: Why art in college (at any time!)? I know that many young men consider art an unmasculine, even effeminate, activity. History to be sure, proves otherwise, but they may feel that it is less worthy of a man to deal with, and to satisfy, human sensibilities than physical human needs. Actually it is very difficult to draw this line. Is the Dupont color chemist satisfying only physical needs when he devises new weather-resisting pigments for your car, or the architect in designing a dwelling satisfying only aesthetic ones? There exists also the notion that the pursuit of the natural and social sciences leads directly to action while art does not. Yet, the production of art itself is action, while scientific work is only preparatory to action. Furthermore artists of all description have been called into government war service in important posts where they are desirable precisely for their highly developed sensibilities, and it is due to this very fact that I am now writing this article, since I am replacing one of the two artists formerly on this faculty who are now doing such work. Another



(Continued on page 9)

VOL. 22 No. 1

The Bardian

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., June 19, 1942

Published by the members of Bard College, progressive residential school of Columbia University.

Editor 1941-1942—Gil Maddux

EDITOR
DONALD WATT

ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETER JOSTEN

CARTOONIST
RALPH KAHANA

NSFA NEWS SERVICE

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

2

Editorial

The first summer term in the history of St. Stephens-Bard College opened two weeks ago Monday night with at least one bang, and that was quite a loud one. It was caused by nothing less than a three-flight drop of a large half-full trash basket. I was still cowering in one of the far corners of the campus trying to recover from the whipping that the Dean gave out at the opening dinner. The hard shell of Bard apathy must have gone soft from lack of use, so that the clash between Bard ideals and the average Bard practise was all the more unpleasantly obvious.

In past years, a good many men have been used to giving the summers over to some kind of good hard work which wears out the whole man instead of just the tail of man. Dick Richardson is one of them, and he is getting a little more restless than usual at the prospect of wholesale tailwearing until a year from this autumn. The upshot of this restlessness is that Dick has been going about the vicinity visiting the men who know most about what he and others like him could do. He has found that although the berry-picking is pretty well taken care of (sic!) by the God-sent emergency measures up at the

Clermont, there is haying season coming up furnishing plenty of work for those who want it. So, if there is anyone who is at all interested in putting in time on this kind of work, they should speak to him, and he will take them along. If you're wanting to get out of that rut, (see page 6) this is one way to get all the way out of it.

The Zabriskies have now very generously consented to let the college use their pool, between 3:00 and 6:00 Mondays through Fridays. And if we don't take what the Dean said in this matter pretty seriously, it will be nobody's bad luck but our own. Any one or two of us could do something which would make the Zabriskies withdraw their permission and then the whole college would lose out, and that would be pretty silly. If we treat them right, we will have a good thing for the whole summer.

Yes, Even a Pint

About a month ago, the Vice-President of the United States, Henry A. Wallace, made a speech which probably came as close to being great as any that has been heard anywhere in some time. If it had not been for PM, this speech might have gone the way of all official addresses, because all the other large papers reviewed it as nothing more than another routine speech.

PM is at times a very absurd newspaper, particularly when it combines its tabloid technique with serious subject-matter. Its insistent harping on the many grievances it has against the world may be annoying and dull. Its whole-hearted, almost blind adoration of the New Deal and Roosevelt may strike unpleasant notes occasionally. But it is a live unit. Even when it sounds like a little girl telling mama about a nasty man like Charles Coughlin, PM is alive. It is going somewhere and doing something. A few more issues of PM spread around this campus in discrete places would do a lot of good.

If it takes PM to make us realize that we now have an educated man for vice-president instead of a Garner, let's have more PM. Roosevelt is bringing to Washington a class of people which has not been very much in evidence there up to now: the university class. People like Frankfurter and Macliesh. In the new agencies, such as the Board of Economic Warfare, posts are being filled by men who have studied and taught in the fields of knowledge required for these jobs. Even if PM does sound like a government-controlled organ in the process of telling about it, it is telling things that you don't find out in other places.

When President Roosevelt speaks, his audience is a whole nation. This plainly limits the kind of things he can say and the ways he can say them.. Henry Wallace's speech (which was published in the magazine *Free World* under the title of "The Price of Victory") was made before the highly educated audience of the Free World Association. To this limited audience, his appeal could be much more direct. The result is that there has finally come an intelligent appeal concerning the war effort

directed at intelligent people. The difference between this speech and those that we have heard before it is that democracy for Wallace does not mean the United States as it was before the war, but freedom of religion and expression, freedom from fear and from want *for all the peoples of the world.* This sounds like routine belly-wash standing all by itself, but the way he says it, it really means what it says.

The point which Wallace stresses over and over again is that "the march of freedom of the past one hundred and fifty years has been a long-draw-out *people's revolution.*" "Everywhere," he says, "the common people are on the march. By the millions they are learning to read and write, learning to think together, learning to use tools." This idea of the common people on the march, of the people's revolution, would one hundred years ago have made many people lie awake nights worrying; I suppose it does today. The fact that we have a vice-president who can say these things in a more or less official capacity, is something new, and definitely worth shouting about.

"When freedom-loving people march — when the farmers have an opportunity to buy land at reasonable prices and to sell the produce of their land through their own organizations, when workers have the opportunity to form unions and bargain through them collectively, and when the children of all the people have an opportunity to attend schools which teach them truths of the real world in which they live—when these opportunities are open to everyone, then the world moves straight ahead." "International cartels that serve American greed and the German will to power must go. Cartels in the peace to come must be subjected to international control for the common man, as well as being under adequate control by the respective home governments." Those ideas would be branded as Red by many people if they had not been uttered by our vice-president.

This war, like the American, French, and Russian Revolutions must be another step forward in the march of the common man toward the four freedoms. "We who live in the United States may think there is nothing very revolutionary about freedom of religion, freedom of expression, and freedom from the fear of secret police. But when we begin to think about the significance of freedom from want for the average man, then we know that the revolution of the past one hundred and fifty years has not been completed, either here in the United States or in any other nation in the world. We know that this revolution can not stop until freedom from want has actually been attained." "Modern science, which is a by-product and an essential part of the people's revolution, has made it technologically possible to see that all of the people of the world get enough to eat. Half in fun and half seriously, I said the other day to Madame Litvinoff, 'The object of this war is to make sure that everybody in the world has the privilege of drinking a quart of milk a day.' She replied, 'Yes, even a pint.' The peace must mean a better standard of living for the common man, not merely in the United States and England, but also in India, Russia, China and Latin America—not merely in the United Nations, but also in Germany and Italy and Japan."

Finally, he names four duties of the present which correspond to the four freedoms to come after the war.

"The duty to produce to the limit.

"The duty to transport as rapidly as possible to the line of battle.

"The duty to fight with all that is in us.

"The duty to build a peace—just, charitable and enduring. *The fourth duty is that which inspires the other three.*"

"It is true that American youth hates war with a holy hatred. But because of that fact and because Hitler and the German people stand as a very symbol of war, we shall fight with a tireless enthusiasm until war and the possibility of war have been removed from this planet."

I have pulled quotations out of the speech because I want to give some idea of how and why it is important. It is a great speech, particularly now, and particularly for us who are in college. There is a copy of *Free World* in the Library, and the speech was printed twice in PM.

ENLISTING OR COMMISSIONING OF COLLEGE STUDENTS IN THE RESERVE OF THE ARMY, NAVY, OR MARINE CORPS

June 4, 1942

The following constitutes an agreement between the War Department and the Navy Department in regard to enlistment of college students in the Reserve of the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps.

1. Appropriate Corps Area and Navy District quotas will be made for enlistment of college students in the Reserve of the Army and the Navy.

2. Provisions will be made to include in the above quotas necessary students for advanced study, research and faculty replacements for colleges. Students in these catagories will be permitted to continue their studies in an inactive reserve status.

3. Appropriate provisions will be made for the war-time requirements of industry in accordance with the recommendations of the War Manpower Commission and with the civilian needs essential for the national war effort.

4. A joint board of Army and Navy representatives will designate the quotas for the respective Corps Areas and Naval Districts.

Further and more specific information about this new plan will be given out from the Registrar's Office as soon as it is received.

Sports

By TONY PETRINA

THE BARDIAN is definitely retaining its sports column. This was decided after a thorough investigation of what the Bard public was interested in. When it was found that there were two people who read the first section of the big newspapers, Frank Weil and Dean Gray, it was decided to emphasize sports in THE BARDIAN to boost its circulation.

Someone said the sports writer or sports hacker, if you prefer, at Bard should confine his attention to what happens solely on its own athletic field. He said that most of us would much prefer to read outside news in outside papers. You know, *The New York Times, The Tribune,* and Martin's *Daily Mirror.* He was right but then so would Weil and Dean Gray prefer to read the *New Republic* and the *Nation.* THE BARDIAN is a first-class magazine, but it doesn't pretend to be able to compete with all the big outside periodicals and win the sole attention of the Bard community member.

We're all missing Waxy Gordon, the guy who ran this column from B.C. to last semester. He is now handling the whole sports page of the *Poughkeepsie New Yorker,* and we know that he is doing a swell job of it. I found his nearest match in a pal of mine named Joe McGurk who happens to be a delivery boy in a grocery store in my neighborhood in New York. He knows his sports, but, of course, he's no help to me now.

The last time I saw Joe, he was unhappy. The situation in the majors seemed to be distressing him. Those Yankees have made even McGurk confused by their insistence to form a third league of their own called "The Knickerbocker League." Although their star slugger, Jolting Joe has been in the no $45,000 class with his .267 hitting, they win the ball games. A few vital factors: Joe Gordon has been clouting the ball, Crossetti's returned to his grand style, Bonham, Breuer, Chandler and Borowy are all pitching fancifully. Now nine games ahead they ought to clinch the pennant by late July.

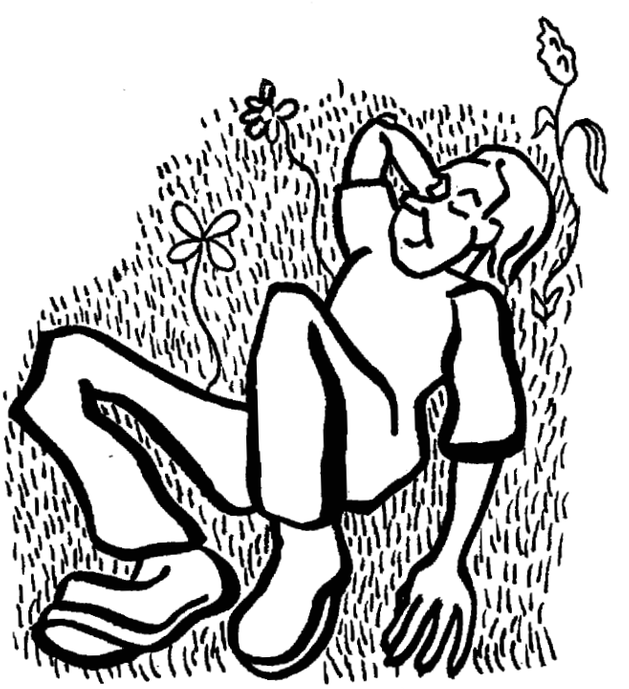
McGurk eked a little more satisfaction from the National League, where it's still a race between the Cardinals and the Bums. The failure of the Pittsburgh Pirates to come anywhere near preseason expectations has put him in gloom. McGurk's uncle, Babe Ruth, picked the Pirates to win, and Joe thought he might have a good inside tip. In spite of the deal that Frisch put over on Durocher and MacPhail, he still can't get what he should out of his pitching staff. I think it's because he hasn't enough, and is forced to overwork Sewell and Heintzelman and Butcher.

For sentimental reasons, I believe, the Giants are Joe's favorites. But Joe is a realist when it comes to making predictions. He merely hopes that they will come ahead of Cincinnati and take the respectable third place.

The Phils and the A's are coming up fast, being 21 and 23 games behind respectively. I'm all for the idea of Red Hook buying the franchise of either club. We could have Ed Smith pitching with Jennings behind the plate and the Greek could take over the hot corner. Say, that's an idea.

On the home front the athletic program started with a bang. I say this because Shapiro's loud protesting voice is resounding up here in the Science Library where this article is being written. There are several changes with the new term, one necessitated by the new service reserve program, which has led to the formation of a team called the Reserves. The other necessitated by so many men leaving. I can't understand why the name Arrah! Boys which one team had last semester was changed in preference for the Commandos. When pronounced by Saguda it had a pretty sound.

This weekend will see the playoff between the alumni and the All-stars. Put your money on the All-stars. I've seen some of the alumni and they don't look fit for a seven inning game of softball. If McGurk were only here I know that Saturday afternoon would be twice as enjoyable for me. He would tear us apart for our amateurish play. You see, to McGurk everything has to be professional to be good. He can't comprehend the concept of playing the game for the game itself. It has to be big league for him.



The Parade

By TONY HECHT

The trinket salesmen were hosts this afternoon at their
Fifth Avenue estate,
Serving, on their cardboard trays,
Buttons and banners instead of martinis.
(The guests came early and got very drunk.)
There were those with select stations:
Filling the windows with inquisitive postures,
Surveying, from the public monuments, the expository
view.
And there were things to salt the appetite of their
excitement.
The avenue, black pointed panorama, arranged with
imminence.
The park, crouching in plant-breath and seasonal
trappings,
The solicitous atmosphere of Spring.
Accommodating the inconsistent breeze
With sensitive variety.

The crowd is fitted together without modesty, thigh to
thigh,
Hot loosened belts, undisciplined red hair.
The bald eyelid of the obscene eye,
The personal odor of saliva, alive on stupid lips,
A thin dress and an inquiring elbow.
The sun has suddenly tightened the lines and edges of
the scene
And now the world and its shadow jump with a native
vigor.
The clocks keep time with the popular pulse
The eager senses await the spectacular obbligato.

Lo,
They come.
Step after step, like inevitable lawn-mower blades,
They advance with uncompromising certainty.
In such a unanimity of motion,
(Capable of being measured, graphed, and folded into an
official pocket,)
Here, surely, is the assertion of infallible precision.

With regulated restraint, the supple bodies are strung to
a pattern.
The leathered calf, the sensual chest, strapped, branded
with braid,
Have subordinated the private desire to the collective
love.

And look now, they have let loose the adrenalin colors,
They have spilled the flags into the primitive air.
The band is coming, unrushed, with dignity,
Attending the laughing cyclops,
The polished tabernacle, the tuba,
While the music rushes on ahead
Like a young mascot on a leash.

(All the festered affections are out for an airing,
Running invisible riot among the soldiers,
Shinnying up the sides of the buildings.
It is Fiesta.)

List of New Men

Blanchard, Dana E. ..... Fairfield, Connecticut
The Choate School

Gordon, Robert E. ..... Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Williston Academy

Gutmann, Carl M. ..... Harrison, New York
Edgewood School

Harris, William R. ..... Brooklyn, New York
Regular student at Columbia College. For the summer term only.

Krivine, Walter J. ..... New York, New York
Horace Mann School for Boys

Ladd, John ..... New York, New York
Regular student at Amherst College. For the summer term only.

Lawson, Stanley M. ..... Cincinnati, Ohio
The Forman School

Livingstone, Charles B. ..... Winchester, Massachusetts
The Cambridge School

MacDonald, David E. ..... Yonkers, New York
Riverdale Country School

McWilliams, Frank X. ..... Staten Island, New York
St. Peter's Boys' High School. Transferred from Dartmouth College.

Marcus, Lloyd ..... New York, New York
Lincoln School of Teachers College

Marks, Alan D. ..... New York, New York
Westminster School

O'Meara, Donn M. ..... Woodstock, New York
Kingston High School

Payne, Kenneth A. ..... Pleasantville, New York
Proctor Academy. Transferred from Union College

Rapak, Michael ..... Passaic, New Jersey
Passaic Senior High School

Scharff, Monroe B. ..... Scarsdale, New York
The Forman School

Shaw, Philip E., Jr. ..... Oakwood, S. I., New York
Augustinian Academy

LITTLE HILLS

(Continued from page 2)

"There was one nice thing about it though, at least I thought so at the time. It was in the winter. Everything was covered with pure white snow and it was a sunny day too. We had a home of our own that her parents had given us. It was up in the mountains and we drove there after the wedding. We got there before the sun had gone down and we decided to go skating on the lake before supper.

"You don't know, you can't know what it's like to have a woman whom you love just for your own. Not one part of her belonged to anyone else—and when we got married she became all mine. As I said we had our own home, and I had a good job—she didn't have to work, we had a maid. Everything was fine. There was no reason in God's world why she had to die. She was young—perfectly healthy. Oh I suppose it is impossible for you to know how happy we were—and then she had to die. It doesn't make sense to me, it just doesn't make any sense. If she had only been untrue to me, or had hurt someone, or anything at all no matter how small but just something, then maybe I could understand it; but to just have her die with no excuse, I don't know, it doesn't seem right to me. There wasn't anything horrible about her death. She wasn't run over—her face wasn't blown off while she was lighting the gas range, no—we were out skating. There was no one there except us. The ice had frozen over so smooth that it was black, shiny black, and it was difficult to skate on—it was so slippery. It was a small lake, or better a pond—it was not big enough for a lake, and it was completely surrounded by tall evergreens. Jacky and I had often gone up there, it was such a beautiful spot. While we were skating she fell down and hit her head on the ice. If only I had been able to catch her. I guess it was a pretty bad fall 'cause she complained of a headache. We had a nice supper. Afterwards we arranged a few things around the living room, then we sat for a while on the sofa in front of the fire, and then we went to bed fairly early. I slept with her—why shouldn't I tell you? There is nothing bad about it. But I shouldn't have slept with her. I didn't know—how could I? But I—I'm the reason why she died. I killed her. Oh no, I didn't murder her of course, and the time we didn't think anything was wrong. Next morning she was dead. The doctors said that she had fractured her skull in her fall on the ice, that she was all right as long as she remained in an upright position, but that in a few minutes after she had laid down she had died. But she had been lying down for quite a while and had not died. It was me, when I lay with her I excited her and I made the blood rush through her head and that's why she was dead in the morning. But the doctors didn't know of that.

"Look at those hills," he continued. It brought me back to the ugly scenery, "the land's changed. Aren't they the darndest things—they rise up like a bump, no trees around them or any little hills. Look at those two together—symmetrical and smooth and white with snow."

And he stared at the new scenery.

COURTNEY'S LAUNDRY

Established 1890

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MEMBER AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING

THE HOME OF BABY BEEF STEAKS

RED HOOK HOTEL

RED HOOK, N. Y.

H. E. JENNINGS **Telephone 116**

PRESCRIPTIONS COSMETICS

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

SODA FOUNTAIN

—★—

RED HOOK DRUG STORE

RHINEBECK DINER

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

Phone 381

COLLEGE MIDNIGHT RETREAT

Largest and Most Modern Diner in the State

WHY ART?
EVER? NOW? HERE?

(Continued from page 3)

notion, that science deals with facts and that art does not, is patently wrong; they deal only with different polarities of the same natural facts.

The truly important question is, of course: what really constitutes the educational aims of a college? It is not within the scope of this paper to enlarge upon this highly controversial topic, but it can be said that, since art is admittedly part of the body of a culture, a college that aims to transmit some knowledge of this culture is committed to the teaching of art. Bard has certainly so committed itself. If it has gone further than some traditional colleges, in adding the practice of art to the study of the history and philospophy of art, it is because it holds that the practice of any activity provides the student with a better understanding of the problems of the metier than just talking about it. If, in the absence today of sound workshop traditions in the so-called professional art schools, it should produce a great artist, even though this is not its aim, so much the better! It has fulfilled its educational aims if it broadens a student's knowledge and understanding of art itself, and especially if it makes him broaden out beyond art into the *related* fields within his culture, which means *all* the fileds. Even if the successful work in art has only been therapeutic, inasmuch as it gave self-confidence and security to a timid soul, it will have performed a major educational job. The fact that some art students in this college persist superciliously in shutting themselves away from all the disciplines, except those of their own narrow field, is no proof of the falsity of the aims of the college, but only testimony to the fact that no human devices are ever perfect; nor for that matter is it any more supercilious than for any other student to shut himself away from art. The conflicts in this college, as elsewhere, are not between science and art, but between the inner man and the outer reality.

BARD COLLEGE TAXI
George F. Carnright
PHONE 165 Red Hook

WILLIAM C. AUCOCK ESTATE
Fruits Vegetables
Meats Groceries
Bird's Eye Frosted Foods
Red Hook, N.Y. Phone 63
College Delivery

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
•
RED HOOK, N. Y.

SMITH'S Service Station
Barrytown, N. Y.

Tel. 113-F-5 Est. 1893
ERWIN SMITH
Dealer in Groceries and General Merchandise
Annandale-on-Hudson
Tap Room

C. J. Stockenberg
Hardware, Paints, Etc.
Electrical Items
Red Hook New York

Compliments of
ABrial Liquor Store
RED HOOK, N. Y.

ALEXANDER DRY CLEANER
24 hour service
Tel. Red Hook 211

BEEKMAN ARMS
The Oldest Hotel in America
•
Rhinebeck, N. Y.
"Truly, the Rendezvous of Friends"

MacDONNEL & COOPER
Wholesale
FRUIT and PRODUCE
475-477 MAIN STREET
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Tel. 4570
4571

F. H. PIERSON & SON
Wholesale Dealers in
Meats and Poultry
473-477 MAIN STREET
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
QUALITY PLUS SERVICE

That "Dagger at Japan's Throat" Would Be Handy Now, HAM!

★ Mr. Fish is having a hard time of it trying to explain his vote against the fortification of Guam. **Adept as he is at wiggling out of a hole his rebuttal in the Guam case is unconvincing.**

★ On February 21, 1939, the Naval Aviation Facilities Bill, taken up in the House of Representatives, proposed, among other things, to authorize the construction of a breakwater at Guam, dredging the harbor to provide channels for ships and seaplane operations * * * the whole to cost about $5,000,000!

★ Here, in part, is what Mr. Fish had to say in opposing the bill as reported in the Congressional Record, Feb. 21, 1939, pages 1706-1707: "I know of no more DANGEROUS and PROVOCATIVE proposal that could come before this House than this matter of Guam. Yet we propose to spend $5,000,000 to dredge that little harbor in order to provide an airplane base. AGAINST WHOM? IT would be a DAGGER AT THE THROAT OF JAPAN and an ARROW AIMED AT THE HEART OF JAPAN, its communications and its trade. * * * What nation or nations is even DREAMING of attacking the United States, or what nation or nations, has the FAINTEST CAPACITY TO ATTACK the United States of America!"

★ What does Mr. Fish SAY NOW in the light of **Pearl Harbor?** Why he says Guam was just a little dredging job of no especial consequence. There is a wide difference in Mr. Fish's THEN and NOW. That "dagger at the heart of Japan" would have been a mighty handy weapon in the days when MacArthur and his army were battling for their lives against Japan's hordes in Bataan. It would be even more handy now.

★ Mr. Fish's remarks in opposing the Guam job are interesting in the light of other facts as well as Pearl Harbor. He said: **"No nation is even DREAMING of attacking the United States!"**

★ Here is what Satori Kato, well-known Japanese imperialist said in a brochure printed in 1906, as quoted in the Literary Digest: "In the event of war JAPAN COULD, as if aided by a magician's wand, **overrun the Pacific.**" And still another Japanese imperialist, writing in 1916, said: "As for America—that fatuous booby with much money and much sentiment, but no cohesion and no brains * * * a race of THIEVES with the HEARTS of RABBITS, to any warrior race (like the Japanese) is not a foe, BUT AS AN IMMENSE MELON RIPE FOR THE EATING!"

★ What, Mr. Fish—no nation even DREAMING of attacking the United States? The fact is that Japanese imperialists—now in the saddle—have been DREAMING and PREPARING for the attack on the United States for more than a quarter of a century. Pearl Harbor and the Philippines were the first steps in Japan's campaign to make her DREAM OF CONQUEST COME TRUE. Hitler is Japan's excuse not her reason for attacking Uncle Sam. If you didn't know this—why didn't you, Mr. Fish?

★ There is no question here of Mr. Fish's patriotism or Americanism. But there is GRAVE QUESTION AS TO HIS JUDGMENT.

★ And that is why we are for **Augustus W. Bennet,** Republican candidate, for Congress in the forthcoming primary and general election. Boondoggling, fan-dancing, saxophone tooting by the Washington bureaucrats, together with an absolute disregard of the facts by Mr. Fish and his dupes and cohorts are to blame for the present mess. That is why the United States, greatest producer of oil in the World, is on short rations of gasoline—why we are out of rubber—why we were unprepared for what was obviously IN THE CARDS as demonstrated by what has happened.

★ JOIN US AND HELP DEFEAT FISH. A postal card with your name and address sent to the Bennet committee will be sufficient. We need your help.

THE BENNET FOR CONGRESS COMMITTEE

HEADQUARTERS
138 Broadway, Newburgh, N. Y.
Phone 4155