

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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THE BARDIAN

Volume 22, No. 5

Z-443 ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., OCT. 8, 1942

Twelve Pages

Book Review

by DAVID BROOKS

When Japanese air forces swooped down and sank two of the most magnificent battleships ever built, the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*, the United Nations were stunned by a disastrous blow on the mighty arm of the Navy of Great Britain. This shocking defeat brought forth into the clear light of day one aspect of warfare that had not been fully understood until then: the incredible striking force of air power. Here, in a few hours, two modern, magnificently equipped floating fortresses had been mortally wounded by the torpedoes of Japanese planes. Air power against sea power, and air power had won, decisively.

The airplane is supreme: that is what Alexander P. de Seversky means when he says, "Victory Through Air Power." His book of this title is a vigorous analysis of the part the airplane has played in this war, and the part it will play in the winning of the war.

It started when Germany invaded Poland. The *Luftwaffe* roared over a country practically devoid of aerial defenses, assuring the Germans an easy victory. Then the invasion of Norway was successful when the *Luftwaffe* took control of the skies and chased the "invincible" British Navy out of the Skagerrak.

On the other side, the British completed the miraculous exaction of Dunkirk because the RAF was able to put up a canopy of protection that kept the Germans from blasting the British troops on the beaches and British ships in the channel. The Germans failed to take Great Britain in September, 1940 because the RAF Spitfires and Hurricanes proved to be too much a match for the colossal *Luftwaffe*. There was a slight qualitative superiority of these craft over the Messerschmitt fighters. This factor won the air over Britain for the British and prevented Hitler from ever attempting an invasion.

Then in the Mediterranean the might of the great British Navy was shaken by the *Luftwaffe*, and the Germans jumped into Africa. Under that all important canopy of air domination, the English Navy could do nothing but fight bravely to survive. Crete was taken from the air, and the world was amazed.

There was the *Bismarck*, the pride of the German Navy. Its sinking produced joy in the hearts of English seamen. But it was not mainly a victory of sea power over sea power, but of air power over sea power. The RAF sighted the battleship and pounded it until it was a floating wreck. Then the Navy moved in for the kill.

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Record of the Educational Policies Committee

(LEGISLATIVE DAY OF THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1942)

The Educational Policies Committee met at 5:00 P.M., on the expiration of the recess.

Mr. Stevens, from the division of Social Studies, offered the following prayer:

"Good Lord, let's get this over with quickly!"

THE JOURNAL

On request of Mr. Storer, from the division of Social Studies, and by hysterical consent, the reading of the Journal of the proceedings of the calendar day of Wednesday, September 23, was dispensed with, and the Journal was approved.

CALL OF THE ROLL

Mr. Hecht. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The Chairman, Mr. Sapinsley (looking around suspiciously). Where?

Mr. Hecht. I suggested we call the roll.

Mr. Sapinsley. The chief-clerk will call the roll.

The Chief-clerk was absent

Mr. Sapinsley. In the absence of the chief-clerk, the assistant-clerk will call the roll.

The Assistant-clerk was absent

Mr. Sapinsley (frantically). In the absence of the assistant-clerk, the under-clerk will call the roll.

Mr. Sapinsley, wearing another hat as Under-clerk, called the roll. The following committeemen answered to their names:

Cook,
Coursen,
Hecht,
Kahana,
Sapinsley,
Stevens,
Storer,
Westbrook.

Mr. Sapinsley. A quorum is present, Mr. Chairman.

Mr. Sapinsley. Much obliged, Mr. Under-clerk.

Thunderous applause from the gallery.

THE CATALOGUE

Mr. Storer. Mr. Chairman, I ask the unanimous consent to address the body for five minutes.

There were no objections.

Mr. Sapinsley. The clerk will bring in the body.

Mr. Westbrook. Let's not go through that again.

Mr. Storer. I hold in my hand and now present a

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Excalibur

On Morton's Lot

by IAN THOMPSON

Peter Smith sat on the ground by the rail fence separating Morton's lot from the dust and dirt ruts of Beechwood Road. He hugged his knees, his chin tucked in behind, only a pair of wide eyes visible, to follow hungrily every move of the panting boys playing football in the trampled straw-parched grass on the far side of the field.

Peter saw himself playing, dashing to the left, the right, evading tackles, sprinting the last few yards across the goal line. He was Tom Harmon galloping past outstretched hands; throwing high, long passes. Peter could see the ball far up in the air.

Something touched Peter's shoulder; he turned his head to see a man sitting on the top rail twirling a bark gnarled can. The man looked straight at Peter. A very unusual man in many respects, Peter thought. He was a short man, a very thin man, except that he had a round stomach that stuck out like a watermelon in the middle of him; his pants semi-circled the underside of it so that it looked like they might fall right off any minute. His coat hung to one side and did not match his pants. He spoke. Peter stared at his stomach fascinated.

"Boy, why aren't you playing in your healthy game—don't you like football?" "Oh pretty much—I'm a substitute." The man's bushy eyebrows came together above his nose.

"Where do you live, boy?"

"In that house over there," Peter pointed through the fence across the road.

"Is your mother at home, my fine young man?" the man asked. Peter shook his head.

"Is your sister at home then, my bucko?"

"I don't have a sister," Peter said. "And anyway no one's home."

"Well, well. And just come over and see what I have here," the man said pulling his cupped hand from a coat pocket.

"What is it?" Peter asked, on his knees. The man held his hand higher than Peter. Peter looked into the man's hand.

"Oh, a turtle."

"Yes it is a turtle, and if you were to forage in yonder house and provide a starved and weary traveller with a bite of food, this turtle would be your turtle."

The man was a nice man and he certainly needed something to eat, and the turtle was nice too but his mother had told him not to touch the pie or cookies.

"My mother will be back tonight and maybe she

will give you something to eat," Peter said as politely as possible trying not to notice the disappointed way the man hitched up his stomach with his hands when he said it.

"Ah, my fine lad, tonight will be too late and I shall have died of hunger; tonight I shall lie dead in the street," the man said solemnly. "You want to save a soul don't you?"

Peter knew that to save a soul was something very proper; certainly even his mother wouldn't want to punish him for that. With a last look at the football game he ran down across the road to his house. He brought the bag of cup cakes (hidden behind the cereal



boxes) and some slices of cold roast beef, the apple pie, a quarter left.

Peter watched the man eat sitting on the ground beside him; he ate very fast, his cheeks puffed out. His Adam's apple went up a long way, and down. Peter couldn't help watching because the Adam's apple was so big and the man's throat was so scrawny. He wanted to ask about the turtle but the man was so busy eating he didn't dare interrupt him. After a while the man got up, resumed his position on the fence and rubbed his mouth on his coat sleeve. He pulled out a sack of tobacco and rolled himself a cigarette.

The scratch of the match on the man's heel provoked

Peter to say timidly, "You said I could have the turtle."

One of the red eyebrows went up. "Ah yes, so I did. I'd forgotten for the moment, and it's quite right of you to remind me, my lad. There he is," the man said, setting the turtle beside him on the rough rail. The turtle began moving sedately down the rail away from the man. With his left hand he reached out and picked the turtle up. Closing his hand he moved it around in the air a minute; then he said presto and opened up his hand. The turtle was gone. Petr was very much surprised, he didn't say anything at all. Then the man put his hand on the top of Peter's head and said presto again and took something right out of Peter's hair—it was the turtle.

Peter thought that it was a very good trick and he said, "That was a good trick."

The man looked at him with a sad expression. That was not a trick," he said solemnly, "That was a miracle."

Peter knew about miracles; only God did miracles, they said at Sunday school. He looked up at the man, not knowing whether to believe him or not.

"A miracle, yes, a miracle," the man said. "And do you know why I can do these miracles?"

Peter shook his head.

"Because God himself sent me here to this earth. I am the angel Excalibur, come plump down from heaven dressed like an ordinary man to find out for God who are the good and bad people," he said. I will show you another miracle—Have you a coin, my lad?

Peter had a dime; he dug it from his pocket and gave it to the man. The man took out his handkerchief and put the dime in it and wrapped it all up tight around the dime. Then he held it out to Peter.

"Do you feel the dime?" Peter said, "Yes."

Rap it against the rail."

Peter hit the rail with the dime in the handkerchief.

"Now open the handkerchief."

There was no dime. The man said presto, clapped his hands and pulled the dime from Peter's hair."

"What do you think of that, my young friend?" the man asked.

Peter was staring at the handkerchief. It must have been a miracle all right, because he personally had felt the dime and rapped it on he rail. The big fellows said it was sissy, the things they learned in Sunday school. But just the same it certainly was a miracle.

The man lifted his leg across the rail. "Now I must be on my way, but there is something you must do for me," the man said, laying the turtle close by Peter.

"You are not to tell anyone I was here."

"Why not?" Peter asked.

"Do you think for a minute an angel who has just come down from heaven can go around letting everyone know who he is? Do you?" he asked indignantly.

Peter shook his head dubiously, "I guess not."

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Senior Project

by HOWARD MEUNIER

Engaged couples are usually warned to have breakfast together before they get married. If they still want to marry, they will probably be successful. They might be advised to give their children a Stanford-Binet Intelligence Test. If they pass it, they will probably be successful. Mike Krugman is making a study of the development of the test, and is doing clinical research at the Tivoli high school to observe it in actual practice.

He is working especially with seven-year-old and fourteen-year-old students since that gives two widely separated age groups. First he discusses the pupil with the teachers and goes over his records. Then with some idea of the pupil's background of heredity and environment, he begins the actual testing. The tests themselves are very ingenious. After years of standardization, the various tests include the vocabulary, memory, interpretation, etc., which can be expected of the average person in each level of ability. An eight-year-old level gets an intelligence quotient—the familiar I.Q.—of 100. If he can only do through the six-year level, however, his I. Q. is 75, definitely low-grade. But if he does the tests in the twelve-year level, he is a little genius with an I.Q. of 150.

When the test has been scored and interpreted, the school has some idea of how it can help the students. If a boy does not seem interested in his work; if he stays away from school; and if he is unruly, it is obvious that something is wrong. A Stanford-Binet test may reveal that he has the intelligence of a moron and is not capable, therefore, of doing the prescribed work. With this information, the school can place him where he is likely to find congenial work. If the tests show that a student is weak in memory, but has a good rating on the other work, his teachers may be able to help him with memory work or give him something he is more fitted for. Every pupil gets a second test, since it is hoped that the results of the first test may be sufficiently helpful to raise the score.

It is easy to see that the practical value of these tests, especially when they are correlated with other information, is very great. Mike says that the army considers them so important that it gives good commissions to psychologists who give the tests. He thinks that after the war there will be increasing use of them in all sorts of work, and so in getting familiar with them, he is preparing for a very useful job.

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Editorial

A few weeks ago, Mr. Currie, in his speech to the college, made it very plain that college men have no right to look forward to anything in the near future except service in the armed forces of the United States. We accept that: we are willing, sometimes eager, to get at it. It is not only because we are "Little barbarians" that we are willing to fight. Most thinking people are against war of any kind. But they *will* fight for a government in which they have faith. More important, they will fight for the promotion of the ideals in which they believe.

The Germans fight because they believe in their government and its ideals, just as we do. The difference is that we can freely examine our ideals, while the Germans cannot. Not enough examination of our war aims, such as they are, has been going on even though it is our privilege.

Destructive war aims are relatively easy to find: we are fighting to destroy the Nazi tyranny, the Jap imperialism, the Italian dictatorship. That is true, but for intelligent people it is not enough. The missionary in them requires a constructive goal, a positive doctrine to offset the terrific destruction of war. Such aims are not so easy to spot as the destructive ones, but the President has given us the Four Freedoms, and Vice-President Wallace has given us the idea of the People's War.

The Four Freedoms make a good fighting formula. They will be sufficient for most of the men who are fighting the war. Their indefiniteness is both a virtue and a vice: a virtue because, as Dr. Smith pointed out in the "Peacemaking and Reconstruction" course last Thursday, if you commit yourself to any too specific

statements during a war and cannot fulfill them afterwards, the pressure of public opinion may put you in an uncomfortable position; a vice because they are not detailed or specific enough for some people. Democracy has been long enough on the march so that, apart from freedom from immediate tyranny, these freedoms can almost be taken for granted in the United States.

In calling this a People's War, Wallace has committed the government to something much more specific. When he says "Everywhere the common people are on the march," and when he calls this the People's Country, he is committing himself to something more important in its social implications, and something which needs investigation in order that its precise meaning be determined. If it means what it says, the United States has committed itself to intervention in such problems as the Indian question (and its own Negro problem, as Pearl Buck reminds readers in "American Unity and Asia") at some not too distant time. If it does not, the U. S. government will cease to be the hope of thinking people all over the world, and will become the tragic laughing stock of everyone.

Much of the better literature about the present war and the peace to follow seems to assume the basic principle which was put forward in Wallace's speech. It is admitted that democracy as it has been practised up to now has been purely political: the government is technically democratic because it is elected by a great majority of the people. Many writers analyze this war as an outcropping of the struggle of political democracy to fulfill itself by becoming true social democracy as well. This struggle represents a tendency inherent in the system. This is, however, too abstract to help much.

The People's Century. The Future of the Common Man. What do intellectuals mean when they discuss such conceptions? It sounds very much like the Marxian idea of dictatorship of the proletariat. But do they mean that? Carl J. Friedrich in his book "The New Belief in the Common Man," discusses the common man as the common man, not as a potential ruler or intellectual. Does Wallace mean only that the People's Century will come into being when the demands of the common man for higher wages and shorter hours are satisfied? If that is all, then I doubt if this will be much more of a People's Century than the last.

If, however, Wallace has committed the U. S. government to attempt to help political democracy fulfill its tendency to become social democracy, he is being idealistic. If one could hope that all the delegates at the next peace conference would have profited from the examples of the last time, if one could hope that they would build a foundation for a world looking forward instead of back into the past, only then would Wallace's idealism be justified. But unless the common man makes himself felt as a force in the political world before that time, Wallace's ideals are impossible of realization.

The Doll

by STANLEY FALK

The little girl sat by the side of the road. In one hand she clutched a dirty rag that was once her mother's best kerchief. With the other she held to her breast a doll that showed the wear and tear of age.

She sat by the side of the road and watched the long line of tanks rumble by. She sat unmoving, stolidly watching the tanks. The long wretched line of people fleeing before the invader passed unheeded by her.

Night came and still she sat; and still she clutched her kerchief and her doll.

An old man detached himself from the line of refugees and approached her. "My child," he began. "Where are your parents?"

The girl said nothing.

"Where is your mother?"

The little girl turned and pointed at the still smouldering ruins of what once she had called home.

"Your brothers and sisters?"

Again she pointed at the gutted building.

"Your father?"

Now the girl pointed at the line of tanks and for the first time the old man thought that he saw a tear in her eye. "Come my child," said he extending his hand.

She shook her head. "No," said she. "I must stay and take care of my doll."

"But——"

"No."

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "What can one do?" he said and once more joined the long line.



**HARLEQUIN, TWO GREEKS, & THE DEVIL,
CONVERSING IN A TUB ABOUT FATE.**

Theme and Variations

by TONY HECHT

THEME

"The Atlantic and South Pacific Palolo worms breed twice in the year near or upon the day of the last quarter of the moon, but in the case of the first named, it is in June and July, whilst with the second it is October and November."

W. J. DAKIN: *Elements of General Zoology*.

VARIATIONS

I

The moving stars swivel in the heavens,
And the carnal month balances on the meridian.
Capricorn lies tangent to Earth's tropical torso,
Rave through their coral Bedlams
And in the South Pacific, idiot water currents
And are slaves to the empty-headed moon.
At this signal moment
Comes forth the Hermit Worm
To flex his ecstatic segments
And indulge his savage pulse.

II

Darling,
On this ultra-violet evening,
The lavish spectrum of desire
Glow in the folds of your gown.
The fact of your body flavors my blood,
And your palpable image throbs in my scarlet brain.
I should like to believe
That champagne and your timid shoulders
Are responsible, but we must not forget
That spiders and worms are also affected.

Problem at Bard

By PETER JOSTEN

So maybe you want to join a fraternity at Bard? Well it probably seems bewildering to all new men and to some old men to have witnessed the announcement of the closing of the S.A.E. house followed less than twenty-four hours later by a similar action on the part of the Eulexian Society. You may have wondered why these two organizations on campus have shut down and what the results will be. And without doubt you have heard talk from all sides concerning fraternities so I will not exactly go into it, but I am writing to give a brief background and a plan for the future.

It is important for you new men to think about this question for you must make a choice soon as to whether it is worth while for you personally to join the only remaining fraternity or not.

III

Worms inhabit the beaches we have forsaken.
I am not thinking so much of Dunkirk,
As of the bleached sands and blondes, and
The peeling skin and paint of our indolent summers.
The war has given us a winter mind;
Our notions are as cold as numbers.
But on the coast,
The evening is lighted as dimly as a prom.
The moon spreads her sequins upon the ocean,
And on the shore, the opened clam shells
Glow like wing-collars, on the tidal stag-line.
Here and there, the worms are whooping it up
In the sand-castles we built
With our native imaginations.

IV

*A song for
The people with their different hats.*
It was not intended
That the skull should be used as a helmet,
Nor will the thoughtful scalp serve as a fedora.
Here you have Bigot and Pedant,
Each with his personal turban,
But both in the same parade.
The first one,
Possessed with the ulcer of Original Sin,
Sees the worm as second cousin
To the snake.
(While the planets shriek at the solar circus.)
The other
Studies the constellated polar bear.
(While the young worms cuddle in their moon-lit apples.)

The closing of the fraternities has been done by fraternity men alone. Yes, we joined when we came to Bard as freshmen, (and most of us in the S.A.E. and Eulexian house came to college last Fall or this Summer so you see, we saw the trouble pretty quickly) and, coming to the realization that fraternities were no longer needed, we have acted.

But why was it found that the justification of a fraternity no longer existed? Fraternities at college are supposed to add something that the college is incapable of giving. At other colleges one will live at the house, one will get better food there, one will go exclusively with other members of the house. But not so at Bard, for we neither eat nor sleep at the house. There are no longer fraternity teams. Few men even room with their "brothers," and everyone in college goes with those guys that he likes whether they are in other fraternities or in no fraternity. In that case *Why Fraternities at Bard?* That is a question for everyone to answer. It cannot be answered here; none of us whether we are Sigs, Eulexians, or ex-Kaps could answer it and since we could not answer a simple question it began to appear

that we were suckers to pay and work for something that we could not even name.

There is one thing that the fraternity does give. It gives a place to go. It helps on prom weekends. It gives a meeting house, but is this one thing worth the time, money, and effort? What if the college could provide a clubhouse? It is just such a plan that is being worked on at present. There is a need for a clubhouse at Bard, and there always has been a demand for some place where all students could go. One room in some building is not enough for it should be an entire house off campus. One of the old fraternity houses might be the place, or a house that the college could supply. The Community Council could exercise what little control might be necessary. The entire student body would belong automatically and there would be no dues. It is fairly probably that the college will be able and will wish to take care of all financial arrangements. With a clubhouse assured any student could go to it whenever he wished. A fraternity has an advantage in that a group of friends can meet together; this college club could easily take over the same function by allowing individual groups to use the house at certain times, whenever these groups wished to meet. Therefore, if a gang of fellows wanted to hold a meeting or throw a party, well, the house would be theirs for the evening. Perhaps a few would band together and want to start their own organization; to hold their own meetings, to have their own parties. Why bother with having a permanent house? It would be much easier to use the college club for their purpose. The Community Council could give them permission to have the house to themselves when they wanted it. The Science Club or any new groups could make use of the house. On the prom weekends that take place the house would function just as the fraternities always have except that there would be more entertainment centered in one place.

So there is a plan which is as simple as it would be easy to work. The idea is simply to give everyone in college a clubhouse run by the community for the community. I rather question what a fraternity at Bard has that this arrangement does not take care of. Of course, it has nice fat dues, and a house to keep clean, and good old brother Jones, and the seven steel railroad tracks, that's true. Maybe you new men will prefer that. It sort of seems pointless to us, however, at this college.

Fraternities are out of place on this campus and so they have succumbed in favor of some new plan, not necessarily the one outlined above, but one, in any case, that the entire college can be a part of. Ask yourself if a fraternity can possibly mean anything at Bard. Ask yourself if there is any necessity for them to exist. There is a need at some colleges, but remember, and this will cover anything, Bard is different from any other place.

Athletical Chatter

by PHIL GORDON

First Bardian of the semester and 45 new men to read it. The obvious thing for this column to do is to introduce these dear young chaps to sports at Bard. O.K., New Men meet Sports. Sports meet New Men.

The Bardian being what it is, the strongest newspaper on the campus with the outstanding staff, it is naturally our duty to pick, at the beginning of the season, the All-Bard football team for 1942. Now this, of course, is a ticklish job. We expect only adverse criticism, but such is the life of a sports columnist. And as long as no one offers to put flesh to flesh—his fist and our chin—we are satisfied.

The six-man team, so say we, will be coached by Thomas Marshall who succeeds in taking the best material and almost succeeding in making a mediocre team out of it. He can develop a few flashy "T" formations that will completely fizzle. His back-in-motion system, remembered from his days with the famous Glen Ridge High School team, will be instituted to the consternation of his players.

In the backfield, preferably in a blocking back position, will be Arthur (Bonecrusher) Stevens, Dartmouth's gift to Bard. The only difficulty Art will have to overcome is his inclination to call for the referee's assistance every time an opponent gives him a dirty look. Art is entirely too chummy with the men he is playing against. When he knocks one of them down, as he usually does, he always helps to pick the guy up—after kicking him in the teeth.

Second member of the backfield will be Kenneth Catwalager McArthur, the Galloping Gael. We select him for his defensive prowess. At intercepting the lad is a wizard. Very cleverly he plays out of position, and if the ball fails to go where the passer intends it to, Kenny is sometimes there, waiting to intercept it. Even when the pass is completed, the speed of the Gael is sufficient to give Mike Krugman a fairly decent race.

Third member of the backfield is Richard Conway, the Ace. There is a man for our team. Even-tempered. Nothing disturbs him. And a triple threat, too. He passes, runs and kicks. Oh, how he kicks! Yes, when a team is losing, Dickie-Boy is a good man to have on it.

The line will be composed of those three stalwarts, the three blocks of granite, Bernard (Red) Baker, Fritz Steinway and George (Chief) Blackstone.

Baker, modest lad that he is, would never create the impression that he is a football player to listen to him. But one look at his rugged frame immediately changes that impression. If you coax him long enough, Bernard will reluctantly tell you why it is that he and Red Grange are two of a kind.

It is our firm belief that in six-man football the

strength of a team depends upon the speed and grace of its line. That's Steinway, member of the Mason-Hamlin family. Playing on the defensive, Fritz invariably makes a noble attempt at tagging the man with the ball, when he finally finds him.

The best for last, that's our policy. George, the serious Rover Boy (Bobsie twin to his friends) is at a loss without the other member of his famed partnership, Chris Smith, the fun-loving Rover boy, but his courage in crashing through the line rates him as the outstanding member of this combine. In his spare time Chiefy can substitute as coach. His executive capacity is unlimited. Best field general since Frankie Albert Parker, that's the unanimous opinion of the sportswriters. He is particularly brilliant pacing up and down the sidelines waiting for the last 20 seconds to earn his letter.

One other selection. To offset the strength of this club, there must be a completely impartial official, one who sees all, knows all and reverses his decisions when he is obviously wrong. For the job there is but one choice, Jonathan (Gilly—spelled with a D) Gillin. Our inside information sources inform us that he was in disguise, going under the name of Red Friesell, in that notorious Dartmouth-Cornell game.

To those who have been left off this All-Bard team, we apologize. Be not discouraged, however, keep up the good work and your day will come.

Senior Project

by GENE ROBBINS

Jim Westbrook is writing a novel for his senior project. And those who have long been laboring under the delusion that an author merely dashes off the great American novel, had better take note herewith. Jim will gladly enlighten you. Writing a novel is long and intensive work, with sometimes little satisfaction.

Jim's novel has long been a "growing process." The work originally was but a few lean sketches. The sketches grew however, and in the middle of his sophomore year he began work; rather desultorily; putting these sketches together to form a novel. Working throughout the reading period of his junior year, Jim finished an impressive 258 pages of manuscript. But when he showed the completed work to a few friends, he found their main criticism to be that these sketches were just disconnected episodes and not a novel with any semblance of continuity. Undaunted, Jim has begun re-writing, using all the craftman's devices he now has realized, and is busily engaged at the problem of welding into an integral whole all his sketches. With this job he has come far, and the novel is really taking a definite

form. Each chapter of the book is preparing the reader for the forthcoming events in each succeeding episode.

The novel, yet unnamed, is the study of a suburban Connecticut family. Thrown from the complacent economic luxuries of the 1920's, into the chaotic uncertainty of that extraordinary decade that followed the 1930's. The novel tells of the struggle of the family to rehabilitate and readjust their disrupted lives in a completely changed world. The gilded 20's "where nothing could possibly go wrong" no longer existed. Jim takes this family and writes mainly of their reactions to severe times, in their worst year of crisis.

The book is often a character study of the four main characters; the mother, the father and the two sons.

Typically New England and born of a well-to-do Connecticut family, the mother is totally unprepared to face an uncertain future. Reared as a cloistered young girl, her only concerns were "how she walked, how she held her head and how she wore her hat."

Father—successful in the brokerage business, awakens one morning to find that the brokerage business had died a miserable death. The world that had made him so successful and affluent a man had quickly disappeared.

The elder son, a maladjusted boy in many ways, works in a bank. When bad times engulf him at 25 years of age he tries in vain to commit suicide. This son, Jim feels, is the symbol of weakness in the family as opposed to the inherent strength of the others in the family.

The younger boy lives in a "useless kind of a vacuum" and is surrounded by many wild college friends. His life is filled constantly with parties and frivolities and when he flunks out at college he appears to be slowly wrecking his future. But this son is the protagonist of the family, and by the end of the book the reader is left with optimistic hope that he, of all the others in the family, will eventually find and adapt himself to the ever-changing world.

This note of potential hope and strength that carries through the novel sounds a keynote to modern times. Jim feels that now is no time for us to be crying out doom and despair—but a vital period in our lives when we must "either find a solution to our problems, or go down!"

Jim finds the material he is working with moving and interesting. He is writing about people and things he knows and then distributing his characters for added personal appeal. Though he has no intention of publishing his book, Jim thinks his story should interest everybody, not only those with whom the book is directly concerned.

The book should be finished by December of this year. I hope that I will be one of the first to read the complete text when it is finally finished.

BOOK REVIEW

Then there was the attack on Pearl Harbor from the air that wrecked ships in the harbor and left hundreds of planes burning on the air fields.

This is the evidence that Seversky presents graphically to show the part of aviation in World War II. In every instance cited, domination in the skies was the deciding factor, and often, the only factor. To Seversky, airman that he is, it will be the all important factor in the future, with land and sea forces following up with auxiliary movements. This may well be. But Seversky over-emphasizes the part of air power relative to land and sea power. The latter do count, and without them no successful invasion can be completed. They are more than co-ordinated auxiliaries; they are part of the whole scheme.

The important point Seversky makes is that land and sea forces cannot operate successfully when the enemy holds dominance in the air. Complete supremacy above is absolutely necessary for any movement below.

In the future, Seversky foresees an air attack possible upon America. Within three years super bombers from Germany, carrying 50,000 lbs. of bombs with a range of 15,000 miles, would strike devastating blows at vital industrial and supply centers. It is technically quite possible that Germany could make such a smashing offensive as Seversky describes, but will she have the materials to make and fuel these planes, and will her industry be able to make them under the increasing bombardment of planes from Great Britain?

In America we can build an air force of unbelievable range and bombing power. With this force as a body separate of Army and Navy, Seversky would plan a complicated offensive. This is a very thorough and far-seeing plan. Whether it is the best plan is another question. A separate air force at this point might upset the machinery of war-making enough to retard the war effort. But it is again quite possible that we may wish we had made this change and had planned a tremendous air offensive for the future. This will depend on new developments in the war. But what can we laymen surmise to be in the minds of the leaders in Washington? We know well enough that any plans they may make as to offensive drives will not be handed out for the enemy to look at.

The important thing is that we need planes of longer flying range and greater bombing capacity to strike at Japan and wreck Germany. And we need better fighters to protect them. Our air power is vital, and it must be strong. We must look to the sky. For there in large part lies victory: victory through air power.

EXCALIBUR ON MORTON'S LOT

"Well I should say not! Why, everybody would be coming around and wanting me to do a miracle for them. And how would that be, young man."

Peter could see that would be pretty bad.

"So don't you tell anyone I was here," the man finished. He stood on the other side of the fence, twirling his cane. He started to go, then stopped and said.

"I will do one more miracle for you since you have been kind and good and it won't be much bother. What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"A football player like Tom Harmon," Peter said right away, not having to stop and think a minute.

"Then you will be," the man said and he looked so solemn when he said it, that he looked more like the angel Excalibur that he really was than the ordinary man he was pretending to be for the time being.

"I say you will be even better than Tom Harmon," he said. "I say it. And what I say goes."

The man went down the road and Peter took the pie tin and roast beef platter back to the house. If his mother missed the food he would say he had eaten it himself and he would get a licking from his dad, but that wouldn't be very much to pay for the miracle that had been passed on him.

He sat down with his knees tucked up, the turtle beside him; he was watching the football game, he saw Tom Harmon out there, swiveling, twisting to a touch-down, and it would be Peter Smith in only a few years when he was grown up.

JOIN

JOIN

Officers, brothers, sisters and others of the Honorable, Exalted and Noble Order of EX-fraternity Men (suckers that we were!) unanimously invite all non-fraternity members of the campus to become associate members.

Regular membership is closed to new men. We are humanitarians enough not to wish upon you the nonsensical faldral necessary to become a regular member.

(Signed) Lord High Pooh-Bah

PLATFORM

No dues

No meetings

No fraternities

JOIN

JOIN

RECORD OF THE EDUCATIONAL POLICIES COMMITTEE

copy of the Bard College Catalogue for the fiscal year of 1940-41. Now, it has come to my attention that there are certain grammatical disturbances, antagonistic adverbs, and euphemous usages therein. Will the members of the committee turn to page 26, paragraph 3 for a few moments.

Nobody bothered.

Mr. Storer. I will read the paragraph in mention. I quote: "A store is operated by the college on a non-profit basis for the convenience of the members of the community and for the purpose of providing practical experience for students through part-time employment as members of the store staff." I unquote. I submit that this is an unusually long sentence. We must consider that the intelligence of the average reader of this catalogue is confined to the class of those who fall between the ages of fourteen.

Mr. Westbrook. Gad.

Mr. Storer. I therefore propose that this cumbersome sentence is broken into a series of shorter sentences, such as, "A store is," and similar simple phrases.

Cries of "Hear hear" from *Annie Weaver*.

Mr. Sapinsley. Another such demonstration and I will have the gallery cleared.

He bowed amidst tumultuous applause. *Mr. Storer's* resolution was approved by a two-thirds majority, *Mr. Sapinsley* voting twice, once in the capacity of chairman and once in the capacity of Under-clerk, wearing a different hat.

FRATERNITY QUESTION

Mr. Kahana. Mr. Chairman, I ask unanimous consent to address this board.

There were no objections.

Mr. Kahana. In my investigations as to ways in which the Educational policies committee will be able to function more efficiently, I propose that we organize ourselves into a fraternity to be known as Epsilon Phi Kappa, and have pins and handshakes, and secrets.

Mr. Kahana blushed.

Mr. Sapinsley. I suggest the Committee brood on this while I go down and prepare my laundry.

After a slight recess, the Chairman returned and called the meeting to order.

Mr. Cook. In considering the remarks of my learned colleague from the division of the Natural Sciences, (*Mr. Kahana* is a member of the division of the Natural Sciences) I would like to ask my learned colleague from the division of the Natural Sciences just what the hell kind of a committee he proposes to organize.

Mr. Kahana. In reply to the question of my learned colleague from the Art Department, (*Mr. Cook* is a member of the Art Department), I say, any kind, any kind, so long as it has dues.

The proposal was defeated by a deadly silence. In its place a motion was made and carried to form a nasty clique of tight-lipped individuals, except for *Mr. Storer*, who couldn't quite bring it off and hence would become an associate member.

SENIOR PROJECT

Mr. Cook. I have here a student who would like to present for consideration a rather serious problem concerning the aesthetic policy of the Art Department which has to do with its Senior Project requirements. As far as the record is concerned, this student prefers to remain anonymous.

Mr. Sapinsley. We will hear the student.

"Hear hear" from *Annie Weaver*.

Mr. Anonymous. Well, I was working on a new oil. Scene of the obstacle course. Black on black. From my black period. It was a difficult piece, and, you see, I'd keep wiping my brush off on this rag I had. Well, I hung the rag out to dry, and when I looked at it, I realized it had a composition, a symphony of texture, an aura of delicately stated colors, such as one finds only in the very late works of Zola. So I stretched it and framed it, and I submitted it for my Senior Project. *Mr. Hirsch* says that's not fair.

Mr. Sapinsley. Any discussion?

Mr. Hecht. It seems to me that we should judge art as art. Can you discredit Newton for the discovery of Avogadro's law simply because an apple happened to fall out of the Tower of Pisa? On June 23, 1927, I said "No!" and I say "No" again today!

Mr. Westbrook. Mr. Chairman, I propose the clerk put a cloth over the body. It smells.

This was done.

Mr. Coursen. I consider *Mr. Hecht's* remarks irrelevant, immaterial and repulsive. *Mr. Newton* was never a member of this community, and hence was not responsible to the laws of Bard College for his particular Senior Project.

Mr. Stevens. I don't know much about this sort of stuff, but I think we ought to get a look at this here picture.

Mr. Anonymous produced the picture. There was a moment of utter agony on the part of the body.

Mr. Anonymous. Here it is. You must stand a considerable distance from it to really drink in its repugnant flavor.

There was a mad rush for the windows.

Mr. Anonymous. I call it "Weevil at Tiffin."

Mr. Cook. I recognize this work. It is either an original Gar Wood, or a reasonably good facsimile, in which case, if you send it in to Buck Rogers before the end of the 25th Century you will receive a small hand grenade and a membership card.

Mr. Westbrook. Enough of these fripperies. For

such naked deception, I propose that a stigma be attached to this varlet.

Mr. Sapinsley. The clerk will attach a stigma to Mr. Anonymous.

The Clerk. Bend over, please.

ADJOURNMENT

Mr. Hecht. Move we adjourn.

Cries of "Hear hear" from *Annie Weaver*.

The meeting was adjourned.

NEW STUDENTS AT BARD COLLEGE

OCTOBER 5, 1942

1. Bahou, Victor S. Watertown, N. Y.
Watertown High School
2. Blumenfeld, Henry A. New York, N. Y.
Birch Wathen School
3. Brown, Paul R. Eastview, N. Y.
Briarcliff High School
4. Cole, Frank C. New York, N. Y.
Harrisburg Academy
5. Cottle, Harold R. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Boys' High School
6. Coudert, Joseph H. Hartford, Conn.
Oakwood School
7. Derby, Paul W. Hartford, Conn.
Wooster School
8. Diamant, David S. New York, N. Y.
Barnard School for Boys
9. Durlach, Donald H. R. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Adelphi Academy
10. Evans, Frank C. Englewood, N. J.
Englewood School for Boys
11. Falk, Stanley L. Long Island City, N. Y.
Townsend Harris High School
12. Fusscas, Louis P. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Erasmus Hall High School
13. Hamilton, Richard H. Columbia, N. J.
Cornell University
14. Harris, Victor A. New York, N. Y.
Columbia Grammar School
15. Houghton, Donald H. Lexington, Mass.
Kimball Union Academy
16. Howe, Warren F., Jr. Wilmington, Del.
Tower Hill School
17. Hughes, Joseph New York, N. Y.
Worcester Academy
18. Johnson, Eric Larchmont, N. Y.
Mamaroneck High School
19. Kaufman, Jay Peter New York, N. Y.
Tutoring School of New York
20. Klein, Philip H. Kingston, N. Y.
Hudson High School
21. Knight, David N. Newburyport, Mass.
Governor Dummer Academy
22. Kouri, Joseph J. Peekskill, N. Y.
Peekskill High School
23. Ladd, Michael Kent, Conn.
University of Chicago
24. Leshan, Edward J. Queens Village, N. Y.
Townsend Harris High School
25. Leventhal, Morton Central Nyack, N. Y.
Nyack Junior-Senior High School
26. Loving, Richard M. New York, N. Y.
Fieldston School
27. McCartney, James R. S. Belmont, Mass.
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RED HOOK DRUG STORE

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|---|--|
| 28. McWilliams, John C. Pittsburgh, Pa.
University School | 41. Seigal, Myron Kingston, N. Y.
Kingston High School |
| 29. Macfarlane, William A. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bowdoin College | 42. Siegel, Norman Jay Forest Hills, N. Y.
Queens College |
| 30. Mandel, Robert J. New York, N. Y.
Franklin School | 43. Stwertka, Albert Brooklyn, N. Y.
High School of Music and Art |
| 31. Marquis, Rollin P. Elmira, N. Y.
Elmira Free Academy | 44. Sylvester, Franklin R. Rockville Centre, N. Y.
Tutoring School of New York |
| 32. Meunier, Howard Indian Orchard, Mass.
McBurney School | 45. Wearne, Richard W. Wassaic, N. Y.
Irving School |
| 33. Offen, Herbert Brookline, Mass.
The Citadel | 46. Weston, Donald M., Jr. Pittsfield, Mass.
Gow School |
| 34. Artiz, Jorge Montevideo, Uruguay
University of the Republic | 47. Wynne, Harmon E. Harmon-on-Hudson, N. Y.
New York University |
| 35. O'Ryan, Joseph P. Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Columbia University | 48. Young, Paul W. Ancram, N. Y.
McBurney School |
| 36. Cwen, Joseph E. Granite Springs, N. Y.
Shrub Oak Central School | 49. Zeisler, Peter B. Washington, D. C.
Oberlin College |
| 37. Popow, John S. Hudson, N. Y.
Hudson High School | |
| 38. Priest, Harold A., Jr. Gleasondale, Mass.
Moses Brown School | |
| 39. Robbins, Eugene Brooklyn, N. Y.
High School of Music and Art | |
| 40. Sawyer, Richard C. Framingham, Mass.
Proctor Academy | |

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