

Bard College
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BARDIAN

New Series No. 6 November 6, 1944

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Error of opinion may be tolerated
where reason is left free to combat it.
—Thomas Jefferson

THE BARDIAN

A Journal of Individual Expression

To win the peace,
Let's first win the war.
Buy War Bonds and Stamps.

No 6, New Series

BARD COLLEGE, ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Monday, November 6, 1944

DEWEY

By JIM GAVIN

Tomorrow millions of American voters will go to the polls and choose the president of this country for the next four years. It will be a momentous decision that we will be making, for we will be deciding on policies which will shape the destiny of the United States if not the entire world for a long time to come.

What should be our guide in making this decision? Of course, there is the campaign, but can we really put much faith in it? Admittedly, it has been rather superficial.

Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Dewey has made definite commitments on any really fundamental issue in their respective campaigns. Mr. Dewey, for instance, says that he would repeal considerable New Deal legislation, but refrains from specifying any particular act; while Mr. Roosevelt on the other hand has let his political henchman carry the brunt of the campaign.

We must realize, however, that in our set-up it is, of course, politically and strategically impossible for them to commit themselves.

Similarly with the backers of the respective candidates. There are good and bad elements in both the Republican and Democratic parties. The Republicans have the Old Guard reactionary faction, typified by Colonel McCormick, as well as a very liberal and progressive element represented by Harold Stassen and the late Wendell Willkie. At the same time the Democrats on the one hand are beset by subversive elements like PAC and political machines such as those of Kelly-Nash, Pendergast, and Mayor Hague, while on the other, the Democratic Party also includes in its ranks sincere politicians and able statesmen of the calibre of Cordell Hull and Henry Wallace. So we can conclude that the bad elements in one party pretty much balance those in the other.

Having taken the foregoing into consideration I have chosen seven important reasons why I shall vote tomorrow for Thomas E. Dewey.

(1) I believe in the Republican philosophy of free enterprise as against the trend of the Roosevelt administration toward the socialization and regimentation of Americans in their daily life.

(2) I believe 16 years is too long for a single administration to govern a country as big and as great as ours.

(3) I believe that experimentation in our government which has been so prevalent in Mr. Roosevelt's administration in the past three terms must be eliminated. We cannot afford to spend another four or more years of pure experimentation in the change-over from a war-time to a peace-time economy.

(4) I believe that the present administration, after spending more money, than any previous administration in history, failed completely to give our country anything more than a false prosperity.

(5) I believe that perpetual uncertainty of judicial decisions greatly retards the successful operations of commerce. The overnight changes which have been characteristic of the judiciary since the attempted packing of the Supreme Court by Mr. Roosevelt, have made it impossible for American business to know where it stands.

(6) I believe Mr. Dewey has executive ability in the critical times of reconversion both to guide and direct the tremendous task that will confront this nation in a change from a war to a peace-time economy.

(7) I am opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's role of the "indispensable man."

Now let us examine in more detail these reasons for my choice of Mr. Dewey for president.

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A Saga of An Epoch

By MARTIN E. WEISS

No doubt the majority of people the world over have not read one of the greatest novels to come out of modern France. This is unfortunate, for it is their story. True, not all of them are characters in it, but somewhere amongst the pages of the eleven volumes of which this novel consists they would no doubt find a personality closely allied to their own.

Jules Romains, the author, entitled his novel **Men of Good Will**, and was mostly concerned with portraying every kind of character he could think of, with varied backgrounds and under all sorts of conditions. In fact, Romains has done a thing never successfully attempted before. Many authors have written novels of more than one volume, but these works all revolve around a central personality, while **Men of Good Will** has no central character. Looking closer it is apparent that the only link of relationship between most of his characters is that link of simultaneity of action which unites the whole human race.

Romains, while examining life in the twentieth century, found that it did not revolve around a single person, but rather he saw that this life of ours is run on the sum of energy produced by the people, and that the leaders are merely part of a great machine. Romains went much further than did any of his predecessors, such as Balzac, Zola or Rolland, in his story of an epoch. These authors attempted to write history through the history of a man, or of a family. Romains understood that the story of an era cannot be centered solely in one figure, or even a group of figures. He realized that people everywhere are involved in different ways of life, different pursuits and different forms of emotional and practical evolution. He saw, therefore, that to present any sort of cogent picture, the eye of the reader must be made to see not only the story of one tiny fraction of man, but as much of his whole simultaneous life as possible.

Because Romains was successful in doing this, we find ourselves in the position of exploring the lives of real people . . . not those who are merely figments of the

imagination of a myriad of authors who make no great effort at character analysis, as Romains does. Even though his characters are imaginary he has attempted to make the public see themselves or their next door neighbors in them.

This is the characteristic which prevails throughout. This is the moving factor which enables us to come in contact with crowds, to see what people do and say . . . and why. There are politicians, students, workers, intellectuals, tarts, toughs and criminals, as well as many others whom we follow from page to page and volume to volume.

At this point I think that a slight discussion about the class of novel that this falls into is necessary. Romains is a realistic writer. There can be no argument on that point. However, some have said that although he is realistic, his characters are too theatrical. I found no substantiation in any volume for this. The fact which we notice time after time is Romains' ability to analyze characters so well, and to make them live without benefit of makeup or footlights.

In comparison to Balzac, Romains goes much deeper into society as a whole than Balzac would have ever dreamed of doing. This is not remarkable because Honore de Balzac was a pioneer of realism, while Romains has polished it up and handed it, gleaming, to the world at large.

Reading **Men of Good Will** is not the same as reading a novel in which the author caters to an inborn trait in most of us, that of being amused or carried away on a cloud only to be rudely awakened. Romains gives his readers an inside view of real life, a view which illuminates for us the world we live in.

In the first volumes of this book we are initiated into the life of the teeming metropolis of Paris. We are shown exactly how the different classes of people live, how they act. We enter homes, go into the subway, buy in shops. Romains even has us follow a man who murders for the psychological pleasure he derives from this, a diplomat, a high government official, a lover and his
(Continued on page 6, column 3)

October Leaves

By LOUIS FUSSCASS

. . . and the winds of the late October days soaking, seeping through the ripe and crimson leaves. And producing first, a low rustling sound that mounts to the fury of a thousand shuffling feet. And the leaves, falling to the open and welcomed body of the tired and crowded earth. Leaves that once knew the heat and rain of a hundred summer days, the dawn and fall of the fiery and gaseous sun, and the cool and starry nights. Leaves that gave shelter to the singing and carefree birds, leaves that were the food and protection for the million busy and buzzing insects, leaves that gave beauty to the man-made world, leaves that gave shade to the tired farmer, leaves that gave reader and writer that want of inspiration.

Their work is done, they are tired — and they are falling, earthward. The tired and moth-eaten like leaves are falling to a life of eternity. They are falling to meet their destined fate of nothingness. To rest upon the indifferent and solid earth, to be broken and decomposed, to be devoured into the cold, black and dark earth to their final resting place, and to a life of nothingness. Falling leaves. . .

Good And Bad Men

By H. S. THAYER

Everyone knows that reason is man's greatest fault. Those who have tasted the apple of knowledge have suffered for it. However man's role in the world for the most part has not been guided by reason; there is another force which has dominated men's actions which we can term the emotional nature. The one is subject to a certain discipline, to a certain attitude of objectivity and honest acceptance of facts and conclusions; the other is unruly and stems from the unknown psychological depths of personality. The rational man recognizes that both of these natures are necessary and important, but he attempts to distinguish between them, utilizing the particular nature he feels best suited to meet the situation at hand. If he writes a poem he may let his emotions dominate, but in other instances he may employ a means of thought called the "scientific method." When he does this emotional people shudder and know that no good will come of it.

As any good person will tell you, "the greatest good is God." Thus the value of good has always been tied up with religion.

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ROOSEVELT

By STANLEY L. FALK

America today is in a state of transition. It is throwing off the chains of reaction and moving into the freer air of liberalism. For a while we feared that the war might divert us and cause us to lose sight of this goal. But now, with the defeat of totalitarianism nearly a fact, we have good reason to feel a strong optimism for the future, for a permanent rebirth of liberalism.

Liberalism, by the way, was best defined by Vice-President Wallace, one of our nation's outstanding liberals, when he said, "A liberal is a person who in all his actions is continuously asking, 'What is best for all the people—not merely what is best for me personally?'" That is what we are striving for. That is what we must reach.

The election which will take place tomorrow (despite hints to the opposite by certain people) is probably the most important in the history of the country. For it will determine whether we will continue to follow the path of enlightened liberalism or whether we will back-track to the bitter and useless "normalcy" of reaction or, at best, conservatism.

We have two men to choose from. One is a man whose practical experience consists merely of having been a good lawyer, a good district attorney, and a fair-to-middling Governor. The other is a man who has constantly shown by his actions his ability to follow the true liberalism, whose experience and record have certainly fitted him to lead us at this important moment.

As the late Al Smith used to say, "Let's look at the record." Under President Roosevelt the dark depression resulting from Republican "normalcy" was defeated. The national income was raised to an unexpected mark never before approached. More has been done for the attainment of social, economic and political equality in this country than was ever even attempted. The reforms of the past ten years have enabled labor to move toward its rightful position in a liberal economy. They have lifted up the farmer and the small businessman, and have given the common man a sense of pride and security. In short, they have opened the gate to a better way of life. Mr. Roosevelt has shown us that he is a liberal.

Mr. Dewey has not been so successful. It is hard to find anything in his record which would proclaim him as such. Mr. Dewey has merely shown us that he knows how to sit on a fence, how to follow public opinion polls, and how, at times, backed by Hearst, Patterson and McCormick, to show a complete disregard for the truth.

There were ample opportunities for Mr. Dewey to prove his liberalism. If he had supported the Anti-Poll Tax Bill and other civil liberties measures he would have shown us that he was a liberal insofar as concerned civil rights. If he had permitted the service men and women of New York State to vote he would have shown us that he was a liberal in that he believed in the constitutional rights of American citizens. If he had even not cut the state education budget so as to enlarge a surplus (left by a Democratic administration) in the state treasury he would have shown us that he was a liberal at least in that he recognized the need for better education in a modern, liberal world.

But no, Mr. Dewey has shown us none of these things. He has failed to impress anybody, even slightly, that he is, or has the slightest intention of being, a liberal.

So far we have been dealing with internal problems. Looking at the field of world politics I think that the total inexperience of Mr. Dewey speaks for itself. Simply ask yourself this question: Who is better fitted

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An Open Letter To N.M.B.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President
Columbia University
New York City
Dear President Butler:

The progressive movement in education is for us, who participate in it, and for all, who are to eventually benefit by it, the most important such movement in contemporary times. Its task, as you should well know, is to drive from our educational system such vestiges as still remain of an obviously outmoded era, replacing them by new and liberal methods of education aimed at preparing students for tomorrow rather than yesterday.

You, Dr. Butler, who as an educator should know all this, have instead missed the point completely. In recent years you have, it seems to me, gone out of your way to attack the progressive method. At Columbia's opening exercises a few weeks ago you loosed what you probably meant to be a terrific barrage of invective against your favorite target. Progressive education you defined as a "preposterous" and "reactionary philosophy," a "plan of . . . non-action," which would "deprive the child of his intellectual, social and spiritual inheritance and put him back in the Garden of Eden to begin all over the life of civilized man."

This, Dr. Butler, is a statement approaching the incredible — flamboyant, rather than objective, careless, rather than analytical. After all, even you must see the pointed lack of humor in your criticism of the very type of education which you yourself have for so many years sponsored at Teachers College, the Lincoln School and, until recently, here at Bard.

Now Dr. Butler, you know, or should know, as well as anyone else that every child must formulate his own beginnings, and that progressive education neither wishes to nor can create for him a "Garden of Eden" in which to function. What progressive education can and does do is to help the child find and realize the objectives which lie within his scope — convincing ones, by the way, not merely high-sounding phrases. It aids him in disciplining himself so as to reach these objectives, and it is noteworthy that this self-discipline is the only kind which will make for a strong character.

But Dr. Butler, you are afraid of self-discipline. You express the fear that it will send us back to the Garden of Eden. I cannot share this alarm. Rather I fear your type of discipline. We have criticized the German method of teaching, the young Lind obedience, and now, Dr. Butler, we hear you advocating something of the same. The war has made necessary such obedience, such discipline in our armed forces, and there is grave danger that it may spread to our educational system. That is why statements like yours are particularly dangerous at the moment.

Dr. Butler, you have said that the educated human being should look backward for understanding and guidance. But you have failed to understand that looking back is not enough. One must learn to look ahead and to mold the lessons of the past and the hopes and ideas of the future into one pattern. Otherwise one must be prepared to grope on myopically, with only dim outlines as objectives.

The individual in progressive education learns to discipline himself within its limits so as to recognize and fulfill his aims. He comes to realize values, past and present, and to integrate them into his philosophy. He knows that he must keep his mind open, but that at the same time he must critically examine everything that he takes into it.

That is the goal of progressive education—the goal, Dr. Butler, which you have not seen.

—STANLEY L. FALK.

Dare We Stoop To Conquer?

A GREAT majority of the students and the faculty were shocked by the unrest and confusion shown at Convocation some weeks back. This eruption was felt by the same majority to be

arguments dwelling primarily on personal issues involving only certain personalities and their actions.

But the majority were naively unaware of the graver issues on hand. We saw the issues as a definite indication of social and educational consciousness that had been long in want of expression.

We believe that that consciousness shown by a small group was based on utter dissatisfaction with the faculty and student body in general for not being more aware of their respective responsibilities in the Progressive system here at Bard.

To be more specific, it was an extreme feeling against some small cliques, irresponsible playboys and some disinterested faculty members who were felt to have temporarily polluted and stagnated the Bard system.

This feeling was only brought to a head after several weeks of the new fall term, but that it had definitely existed prior to this makes for the underlying resentment to be carefully considered and acted upon.

We can no longer evade the responsibilities and issues, for the inclusion of co-eds has brought these sharp differences and dissatisfactions into focus in making for larger cliques, more playboys, and a faculty lost among 140 students.

These faults should not have passed unnoticed by the newer and older groups here. They are both ultimately responsible for causes and motives at Bard. Most of us have come here with a fond hope of projecting intellectual integrity and social awareness through a system that makes the student a vital part of his work and school.

We cannot let these realistic ideals escape us for one minute, for if we do, we are no longer progressive but instead retrogressive. We can no longer continue in a complacent educational vein by letting unfounded academic faults and social associations take care of themselves.

Our belief is that we still need to become aware of what we are experimenting for, and how this experiment can be made continually better. It is a needed awareness of looking upon Bard as being something new on the educational horizon and, what is more important, our need to defend it to the limit of our capacities by work, co-operation, and interest. This lack of insight, perspective, and stimulation for a vital movement in education and in our lives is the bone of contention that has been laid bare by our latent discussion and reaction.

We must try to remember that, unlike other colleges, we are not so dependent on financial success or on number of students or in a rah-rah spirit. Our success and dependence rests on our academic spirit and its value to the individual. We cannot fail to recognize the educational limb that we are swaying upon, and to see the reactionary, conservative and traditionalist educational hackers who are trying to make us lose sight of the progressive aim.

This is a test for all of us. We can best meet it by strengthening our position here at Bard. Blind faith is not useful, we must be critical, constructive, and expressive. If we hear ourselves, then soon those outside of our isolated experiment will want to hear also.

—RALPH A. BALDA

Alumni Notes

By ARTINE ARTINIAN

Tony Petrina has received an honorable discharge from the Navy after passing two semesters of the V-12 program at Cornell . . . Pfc Ben Snyder, after serving in the Bronx Area Hospital, expected to enter N.Y.U. School of Medicine in the Fall . . . Charlie Freeborn, Lt. (j.g.) USNR, visited campus early in October. He is at his old job teaching flying at Corpus Christi, Texas . . . Ens. Linn Coursen has reported to San Francisco for duty on an L.S.T. . . . Dave Stevens is reported attending O.C.S. . . . Whitney Steele at Navigation School . . .

Bill Dills has been working in the Pigments division of the DuPont Co. at Wilmington, Del., since receiving his Ph.D. in chemistry from Columbia in 1942. He was recently made a group leader in a research project of considerable importance. I had dinner with the Dills on Oct. 19, and am glad to report that Bill is in more than excellent hands . . . Dr. Al Brewer is out of the service and practicing in N. Y. C. . . . Other Bardiens at the N. Y. Medical School: Ralph Kahana, Dick Siegel, Harold Wright, Beets Hamilton . . .

Lt. Robert Bierstedt, USNR, is executive officer of the Navy unit at Mercer University, Macon, Ga. . . . Johnny Parsons, still in the Pacific, has had another promotion and is now sporting the gold leaf of a Major . . . Ens. Bill Miller, former Business Mgr. of the college, was assigned to an L.S.T. in the Pacific after graduation from Fort Schuyler on Sept. 22 . . .

After a successful tour of overseas areas as co-author of "Egg in Your Beer," Bucky Henderson is now back in this country with the original troupe for a tour of the home circuit. He recently paid us a visit here . . . Frank Overton, thriving as never before thanks to Olga's cooking, recently moved to new quarters on Hudson St. . . . Bob Sagalyn has been transferred to the morale building division of a Missouri convalescent

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Looking At Books

By JIM GAVIN

RAILROADS AT WAR, by S. KIP FARRINGTON, 1944, \$4.00, 320 pages (illustrated and indexed).

It is a graphic story that Kip Farrington tells, a story of men and machines, of steel rails spread in a vast network of vital communication—it is a story of railroads at war!

The book is a tribute to human ingenuity and resourcefulness. Mr. Farrington tells how American Railroads met and successfully overcame the great operating problems presented by America's war effort—how the accomplishment of the "impossible" has become an everyday occurrence on every railroad throughout the length and breadth of this country.

To write this book, Mr. Farrington, an executive of the Long Island Railroad, rode, in the last two years, more than forty thousand miles on all types of trains on every class 1 railroad and many of the smaller ones in the United States. Twenty-five thousand of these miles have been in the cabs of locomotives.

With this intimate first-hand knowledge of modern railroad operation, the writer is well able to picture thrillingly and realistically railroading as it is today. He takes his readers with him as he rides huge Diesel Electric engines hauling 35 thousand tons of freight over picturesque Santa Fe Trail; a fast fruit express train thundering California citrus on Union Pacific rails to eastern markets; iron ore trains rushing the precious metal from the ranges of northern Minnesota to the docks of Duluth, Superior, and Two Harbors, a vital link in America's life-line; a great coal train on the Chesapeake and Ohio; and a "main" (troop) train on the Milwaukee Road carrying military personnel westward. Here Mr. Farrington gives the reader a view of the contribution the railroads are making as their part in the nation's war effort.

Like other enterprises, the railroads have made many technical advances in recent years which have greatly facilitated operations. Such devices as C.T.C., Centralized Traffic Control, an electrical switching and

signaling system which increases the capacity of single track lines from 50 to 75 percent; car retarders which greatly expedite classification yard operations; and improvements on locomotives which are constantly increasing their utilization are prime factors in the railroads performing this modern "miracle" of transportation. These things are vividly described by Mr. Farrington in "Railroads at War."

Mr. Farrington gives most of his attention to the railroads of the West, especially the Santa Fe, Southern Pacific and Union Pacific. This is undoubtedly due to the geographical conditions. For it is in the West that the real railroading of America is done. A constant fight goes on to get the heavy trains over the steep grades of such mountain ranges as the Rockies, Sierra Nevadas, and Cascades. Mr. Farrington shows how American technology has made these operations relatively simple.

The author, a locomotive enthusiast himself, has devoted many portions of the book to a description of motive power. One feels that though he realizes the importance of the new Diesel power and gives the Diesel electric full credit, deep down in his heart he still has a hankering for the old, romantic steam engine.

One of the few criticisms I have is that the author should have incorporated a glossary of railroad terms. He uses many railroad expressions that may not be too familiar to the uninitiated.

On the credit side, however, the book contains some remarkable illustrations, showing locomotives, freight and passenger yards, switch towers, repair shops, and in short everything that goes to make up the working of the modern railroad. Many of these photographs were taken with the rugged Western mountain scenery as backgrounds.

Mr. Farrington has done an important thing in bringing to the public a first-hand description of the magnificent contribution that the American railroads are making to the war effort today.

In Tune

By RICHARD GAYNOR

Who is this mythical character, the American music lover? Where does he come from? Where can we find him? Wherever we go and begin talking of serious music, there will almost certainly be one person who will use the words "music lover." The words are almost as vague as "the average American." I believe that the time has come to try to define this specter.

In order to find out who he is, it will first be necessary to find out what event in the world of serious music attracts the greatest number of people at one time. If we are able to do that, we should find our missing man in the group thus attracted. Thanks to the Crosley Survey, we know that between fifteen and twenty million people weekly listen to the Sunday afternoon radio concerts of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. Now we have the first clue. If my suspicions are correct, we are on the right track.

The next question that we must try to answer is, what sort of people listen to this broadcast? The answer to this is that since one out of every seven people listen, we must of necessity run the gamut of occupations, income levels, and musical experience. We are almost certain to find that the Iowa corn farmer and the small business man of the west coast are enjoying the music as much as the New York financial expert. People from all parts of this vast country are held together for an hour and one-half every Sunday afternoon by one common bond, good music.

There are those who listen faithfully each week without knowing who is playing or who is conducting. All that they know and care about is that they are hearing Beethoven's "Erioca," and that is all that matters. If you asked them why they listened,

they would porbably tell you that it gave them the chance to relax and think of other things besides the small affairs of life. These people have no technical musical background and they need none. The beauty of Brahms or the grace of Mozart can be felt and enjoyed by anyone.

In sharp contrast to this, there is the professional musician. For him this Sunday afternoon broadcast is a sort of "bus man's holiday." He listens carefully to each note that pours forth from the loud speaker and checks its against the score which he holds. If by some chance the second piccolo player is not exactly right he moans in agony. If you asked him why he listens, he would tell you that he must keep up with what is being played.

If we were to find a mean between these two extremes, we should arrive at the man that we are trying to discover. Make no mistake about it, he is there. He is the man who gets up on Sunday morning, and after reading the headlines of the paper, turns to the radio page to see what is being played or if there is some concert or recital near by. He is the man who takes time out from a sight-seeing tour of New York to see the orchestra in its home auditorium that he has heard over the air. Lastly, he is the man who listens carefully to a new work, and, after hearing it, sits down and writes the orchestra a letter telling them what he thought of it.

In short then, he is the man that is really the one for whom the broadcasts are produced. He is the man who has little technical knowledge but a clear idea of what he likes. One of the first questions that I asked was where could he be found? The answer is anywhere from Brooklyn to Beverly Hills, from St. Paul to Sarasota.

Roosevelt

(Continued from Page 1)

to co-operate with Churchill, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek in formulating a more democratic and liberal lasting peace? The answer is obvious. Even the most ardent Republican would have to admit that Mr. Roosevelt's long acquaintance with these three would make it far easier to arrive at the best conclusion.

I am not trying to make Mr. Roosevelt appear indispensable. No man is indispensable. I am simply trying to point out that Mr. Dewey falls a very bad second in any comparison with Mr. Roosevelt.

Let's take a look at the election promises of the two candidates. Both Mr. Dewey and the men who wrote the Republican platform seem to be mixed up. Not only are they so muddled that they contradict themselves, but they also have gone so far as to back measures passed by the New Deal, measures which they themselves never backed, and, in their right minds, never would—except perhaps in an election year like this one. To be sure, there are certainly liberal elements in the Republican party—just as there are reactionary ones in the Democratic party—but they have not been strong enough to make themselves felt.

The Republican party, unfortunately, is still ruled by the Old Guard. It is in the hands of men who have consistently fought every liberal measure proposed by the Roosevelt administration. It is run by men who maintained, in all seriousness, that the Lend-Lease Bill "would bring an end to free government in the United States," that "only hysteria entertains the idea that Germany, Italy or Japan contemplate war on us."

But now the Republicans, through Mr. Dewey, are trying to switch labels. Max Lerner was right when he charged that the Republican candidate is trying to pass himself off as a New Dealer. Mr. Dewey knows he has the traditional GOP vote. What he is trying to do is to split away from Mr. Roosevelt the labor, Negro and internationalist vote. This is the strategy which Mr. Dewey has adopted, not because he necessarily believes in it, as Lerner pointed out, "but because it would be suicidal for him not to adopt it."

The Old Guard, as exemplified by Mr. Dewey, is attempting to show us that it is the center of liberalism in this country. It has brazenly assumed responsibility for all social progress under the New Deal, on which, in turn, it blames the 1929 crash and depression. It has charged that the Roosevelt administration failed to prepare for war when, as a matter of fact, the record of the Republicans to obstruct every preparedness measure is a long and black one. It has been blatantly maintained that the Roosevelt administration had no plan to demobilize the armed forces, that it was afraid to let our fighting men come home. Even the strongest Republican papers have had to refute that one.

But it won't work. As Mr. Roosevelt so aptly put it, "We have seen many marvelous stunts in the circus, but no performing elephant could turn a hand-spring without falling flat on its back." The contradictory Republican promises will not be fulfilled. The Old Guard is far too powerful. Can't you just see Mr. Dewey turning his back on his supporters to give labor its rightful voice in our national economy? Or Mr. Dulles, his Secretary of State, urging that world big business stop exploiting smaller and weaker nations so that a really liberal and democratic peace may be fashioned? I can't.

Mr. Roosevelt's promises have been in line with his consistent record. "Jobs for all," is one, including "a wage policy that will sustain the purchasing power of labor." Another is the planned inclusion of everyone, especially the Negro and all other minorities, in the economic, educational, and political liberalism which we must follow. The third task which Mr. Roosevelt will

have to face, and which he has already undertaken, is the problem of the returning soldier. This he has attacked with his usual vigor and forthrightness, so that our veterans will never have to face again the black "normalcy" of the last post-war era.

Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself to be one of our country's leading liberals. His record stands as proof of this. To be sure he has made mistakes. He would not be human if he didn't. Yet those errors in judgment which he has made were all motivated by a sincere belief that he was working for the good of all, that his actions were liberal and democratic.

If he is re-elected I am sure he will be able to face the greater problems pointed out by Economist Leo Cherne in his *Letter To The President*, in October's *Atlantic Monthly*. "The next administration," he wrote, "will face the most gruelling responsibility in history. . . . We are living in an age when one year is ten. . . . The future will not be rescued by men who invoke the shibboleth of the past, nor even the radical phases of a decade. Yesterday's liberalism is always today's conservatism, yesterday's conservatism today's reaction."

We are going toward a new future. We are faced with the challenge of whether today's liberalism will satisfy us in the world of tomorrow. We must move ahead so that the continued growth of liberalism will drown forever the black normalcy of yesteryear in the light of a new normalcy: what Vice President Wallace has called the *normalcy of a good life for everybody*.

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Another Of The Same

By JEAN-PHILIPPE CARSON

We met at a USO dance. I noticed her because she didn't know how to "jitter-bug." I noticed her not with the professional's eye, not as a jarring note, but rather as someone with whom I had something in common. It was only as I was on my way to cut in on her that I noticed her appearance. It so happens that she was very attractive; I wouldn't have minded very much if she hadn't been, it was such a relief to find a girl who didn't belong to that crowd. I cut in on her, introduced my self, and we started dancing an old fashioned fox-trot.

After five minutes I was convinced that she was wonderful. She had all the essential qualities; she didn't "jitter-bug," she was very good-looking and she dressed well. On top of that, she had heard of Groton and she didn't speak with a southern drawl.

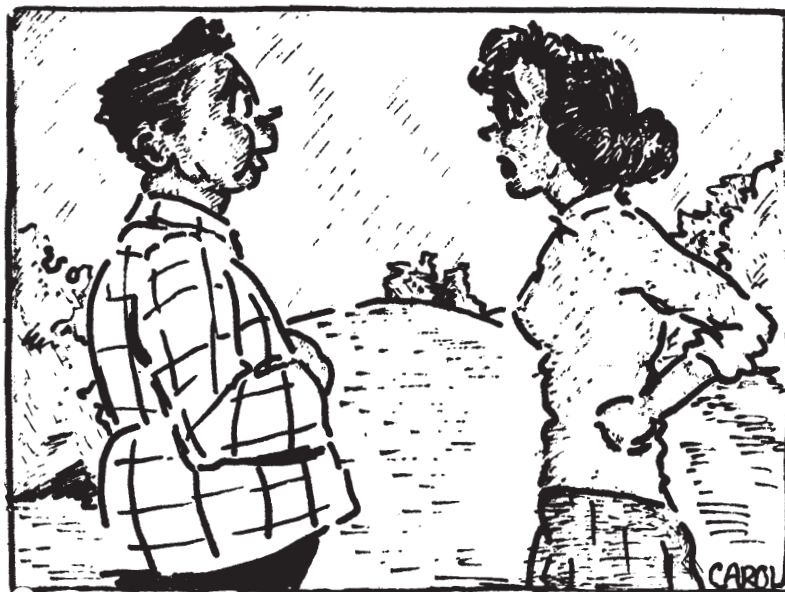
When the orchestra played fast pieces, we went out on the porch and talked. She was a good listener; she not only seemed interested in what I said but also properly impressed. She didn't tell me much about herself; she told me that she was a secretary in a government office in Washington; she told me that she was on her holiday, visiting her cousin who lived in the town next to the camp. She mentioned two boys whom she liked very much, and I was very much hurt and disappointed that there should still be question of anyone else but me in her mind.

At times she would sit wordless, with a melancholy expression concealing a woman's secret thoughts; seeing what only the feminine soul can see in the night. I tried often that evening to see with her or within her but I might as well have tried to read the eyes of the cat that sits before the fire. It became, then, more important to me that I should know this being than anything else in my world. It wasn't important in her life, though.

In a drug store the next Sunday morning I told her that I loved her. She didn't believe me. It became everything to me that she should believe me. I knew myself that it wasn't true and I knew that it didn't matter to her, but she must believe me.

ON THE VERTICAL

By Carol Steiner



I'll bet you say that to all the boys!!!

We went walking and driving and we sat and talked, and I talked. I told her about myself, my friends, my background and my hopes.

One night, as we stood on the porch of her cousin's home, saying good-night, I felt the caressing touch of her arms sliding around my neck. I kissed her then for the first time. The next night she was very much disturbed and she made me very angry; she asked me whether I now considered her cheap.

Now she believed me when I told her I loved her; and I believed it too. She liked me very much, but there was none of that urgent love. During the week, when I was out in the field with my outfit, I wrote to her at least once a day. I spoke of the happy moments we had had together, of the happier ones we might yet have. I told her how much I was thinking about her and I would write her poems. Because of all this her regard for me came to be in her mind love for me. That was really a sad moment; it was sad because one could see that unconsciously she was taking vows and renouncing the complete freedom of interest she had had up to that time; it was sad because it didn't make me so happy as to blind me to this.

A few days later her vacation was over, and she went back to her government job in Washington. A week after that I went to the hospital and two months later I was a civilian.

Immediately after I was discharged I went to Washington and spent four very happy days there. On the morning of the fourth day I spoke to my mother over the telephone. She was rather angry that I had stopped off at Washington on the way home and, in a way which I resented very much, she warned me against getting entangled. One would expect that my resentment would have expressed itself by staying in Washington longer and my getting entangled sooner and more firmly; this was not the case. I did get entangled, but I also decided to leave as soon as possible for New York to get angry at my mother in person and to make her retract the things she had said.

When I told the girl that I was leaving that night, she refused to believe it. After a while she believed it but would not understand. We went walking that afternoon, saying little as we went. Ten times she turned away from me, and I had to watch her delicate frame convulsed as she tried to cry; and ten times I drew her to me, praying that tears might flow, and every time, as the tears did not come, I felt as empty and as exhausted, physically, mentally and nervously, as if I myself had tried to weep.

I left that night for New York. I was so tired when I left that I slept soundly all the way. I had been so tired and I slept so soundly that I arrived in New York alone.

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Bard -- Progressive?

By ADDISON BRAY

What is there in progressive education that is not in the spirit of the Bard College community? It is something that makes people want to learn new ideas — ideas of new ways and new actions. We want to try out these ideas and find better ways of life for more people. This is what progressive education ought to mean. A lot of us think such education is a little funny or anyway not worth thinking about. Other people are pretty wrong right through.

Personally, I've been at a couple of different kinds of schools: I do not like to talk too much about things gone past. Very briefly: Bates College was conventional and not at all progressive; Black Mountain College, last year was perhaps the most progressive college in the country. It was not perfection. I have never seen perfection. But a lot of new ideas have been tried out there, and a lot of them, in the testing, worked out to be better than anything that has been before.

There were not rules and regulations and they were not found necessary. Everybody — students and faculty — lived and worked and studied, thought and talked and learned together. It was not that some students worked to pay their way, but each person worked as much as every other in the practical operation of the college. There was not a loss of the individual in the mass, for each person was responsible to everyone else—thus the community. The intellectual standard was as high as it should be in an educational community. There were instructors who continued their studies beyond getting their degrees as here at Bard, but those studies were as open to students as students were to faculty. Each taught the other.

At Bard we have a set-up and lack of spirit that goes a long way toward dragging down the intellectual standard — in fact the whole educational level. I am talking about the dormitory regulations. Learning is not only books and class-room discussion. This is a fact all of us realize, but we never do much about it. The way to "work up" what we learn from books and classes — seeing where it fits into the living world of men that we are part of — is by long, unartificialized discussion.

Mental give-and-take where the sexes happen to differ is reduced to the level of a dance in Albee social or an open forum somewhere else. We as students want to learn what other men have thought, said, found out. But we want also to know how our reactions tally with those of other students who are learning the same ideas. Our education is not photographic memorization; it is informative books, stimulating instructors, but most of all a synthesis of these things in a living, open and unartificialized community of seekers after knowledge, and knowledge of how to do things. We want to learn and we want to use what we learn. So we must know how ideas affect different people in a natural environment that is progressive and not a half-formality, and so in spirit retrogressive.

If people object because of what they knowingly call the "practical reality," or the "real reason," or whatever, then they may as well stop learning or teaching. Knowledge that is only for the purpose of making life bearable or to steer clear of original sin does not offer much inspiration for a positive real-life future.

There is something intangible in a freedom that has a progressive spirit, something makes it work like nothing else does. If freedom to learn and to get a real (and not mechanical) education has true progressive principles for its driving power, it is for a better future and not, by using regulation, to "get by."

This college is not too large for a true give-and-take education. We must work out an understood principle that will give us a set-up for a vital and progressive way of learning. It is essential for our community, in order to have a living education, to arrange its studying inseparable from its living in a way that outside society will neither misconstrue nor ignore. We want education, not in a vacuum, but in an actual community.

Three Sketches

By PATRICIA BREED

INNOCENT

She stood at the window gazing out into the cobblestone street. The morning's sunlight enveloped the iron bars in a molten gold; it danced upon her grey hair and soiled frock. But she didn't see it's beauty or feel it's friendly warmth. Her eyes were as cold as tombstones and her lips drawn into a terrified line. In her mind lay tangled memories, tempered with a steel of fear and hate.

Suddenly from behind her came a clinking of keys, and the chains fell from the lock. She turned to face the village preacher. His face was hard and sober, and he looked at her with a frozen glare. She lowered her eyes like a frightened animal, and her shoulders sagged despairingly. Then he stepped up beside her and they knelt on the stone floor. Her eyes glistened with tears of anguish, as he folded his hands and spoke a prayer. They rose and he left through the small prison door.

She bent her head, and her hands clutched frantically. The prison guard stepped forward and kicked her cruelly, adding that she had best move on and be quiet.

As she stepped out into the street, the crowd of towns-people gathered more closely around her and snapped at her with ugly words. But she walked on as if deaf to their piercing voices, her face as expressionless as grey putty.

As the sky colored with pastel shades of evening, a whispy, fine line of black smoke crept quietly into its magnificence and was smothered. Night etched the roofs of the small New England village in a cool black, and a tiny breeze stirred the remaining ashes of a human life.

GUN MOLL

She sat uncomfortably on the hard straw seat. Her jaws clacked incessantly slipping the gum from one side of her mouth to the other. Her hands were puckered, and the nails possessed a deep red paint, chipped here and there. On her legs the stocking slumped lazily, with long broad runs. The bright lipstick rose and sank past the natural shape of her spreading lips. Under her arm she held loosely, a small, brown pocketbook out of shape and torn. Upon her head she wore a broad, floppy hat of blue felt. In her lap lay a large magazine with a cover on which was drawn the picture of a girl, bound in thick ropes and holding a stubby gun which gave off a gray smoke.

As the subway train came to a shaking stop she rose and sauntered out onto the platform.

THE RIVER TAKES LIFE

His eyes were glassy, his cheeks worn with sadness. His nose was all that remained of his long lost dignity.

As he trudged wearily down the broken, uneven sidewalk, he seemed to be looking back into the past, unconscious of the present around him.

Stopping with a mechanical shuffle of his broad feet, he reached uneasily for the bent brass handle of the scratched and dirty door. With a slow renching movement of his body he pulled it open, going into the smokie, half lighted bar-room. He made directly for the crowded bar. Reaching far into his baggy, grimey pants, he pulled out a dull filthy ten-cent piece. Staring blankly at it he placed it upon the bar. The large bar-man, by past habit realizing what his customer wished, reached below the bar and brought up a large dark bottle. Filling a small "pony" of whiskey, he handed it automatically to the impatient waiter. Grasping it jerkily, he drained the small content down his fiery gullet. Then, placing it unsteadily upon the bar, he left.

By this time the evening's darkness had fallen upon the quiet of the harbor.

Walking slowly, hardly able to push his feet, he finally reached the harbor's front, where he stood gazing far out upon the still, gray blue. As he stood there with a lost look upon his face, a heavy cool fog fell quietly around him, hiding him from sight. Then out of the stillness came a soft, faint splash.

Good And Bad

(Continued from page 1,

All religions are the source of the true good, and in the western part of the world Christianity is the salvation of mankind. Thus if you want to be a good person you must be a Christian and obey the laws of the church institutions and the few very good people who run them. These are all common facts which only a rational person might deny and only bad people would disbelieve.

It is common knowledge that reason is undesirable and it has been the job of good people to do away with it as much as possible. On the whole they have been rather successful. The opposition to Galileo lasted long and strong, and the teaching of Darwinian evolution is still not allowed in the public schools of Tennessee. These are out mild examples compared to some. The history of the human race is one dominated by the good people. And when these people did or said anything it was known to be good and all people would have to obey and do the same sort of things if they were to remain good. Thus the race prospered. A lot of people spent their lives suffering to be good, while the few people who told them how to be good enjoyed it very much. Occasionally those with the worst lot were reminded that to suffer was blessed.

Sometimes the leaders of the good people have slight disagreements. When this happens a lot of innocent people are slaughtered and everyone but a few of the leaders suffers for it. The Rockefellers, Fords or duPonts might accidentally increase their business profits by being a bit too influential in starting a war, or trusting an unknown corporal in Germany to do away with competitors for them. But after things are straightened out, a donation of a museum, paid for by a cut in worker's wages, may serve to have the matter put to rest and soon forgotten.

There have been lots of other good men. One of the best and most influential was St. Thomas Aquinas. For, though everything he said that was sensible was borrowed from Aristotle, he spent his life doctoring the pagan ideas of Aristotle and putting them in the proper rainments so that pure people could read them and remain pure. He also propounded some falacious ideas for the existence of God, and consequently the Catholic church has made him its of-

ficial philosopher. He has inspired those neo-Thomists of our day, Robert Hutchins, Mortimer Adler, and Jacques Maritain, to arrive syllogistically at the indisputable conclusion that all we need to do in education is to fashion our schools after the thirteenth century monastery schools, the results being to plunge the world into the gloom of another medieval era.

As for the reasonable men, the list includes those artists, philosophers and scientists who tried to make a better world for their fellowmen. It includes the names of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Leonardo, Galileo, Descartes, Hume, Kant, Goethe, Shelley, Mill, William James, and many others. I tremble to think what the world would be like if these evil people were to run it. Look what they were interested in; think what they said. They felt that man is basically good, but that it is possible for him to live a corrupted, peaceful, creative life with his fellows, if the causes for strife and fear are removed. More blasphemous yet, they believed that conflicts or misdeeds among people can be solved peacefully by fairly reasoning with all sides of the problem. Good people who have spent their time pressing home their good doctrines on others, through holy wars and the burning of sinners, know that these ideas are evil and are to be regarded with intolerance and suspicion, and are best kept away from young people who might thus fall into evil ways.

Seriously, the feeling people have against the rational way of things is born out of a prejudice which has served to inflict more suffering on mankind than any other single cause alive today. And these causes for such suffering among men are not solved by escaping to a belief in something outside of mankind. The more the suffering, the stronger the desire to escape it; yet the more the problem is escaped the greater it becomes. The reasoning man will tell you that problems arising out of human relations can and must be met by human intelligence. We are just beginning to realize that sand bags, not prayers, will be of the most use in time of floods; that economic conditions, not original sin, are the real causes of war.

What the reasonable man looks forward to is a civilization based on a way of life that will exclude dogmas of fear and oppressions. If a rational basis can be found, then the inspiring enterprises of art and science can build a far better world than we have ever known.

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Alumni Notes

(Continued from page 2,

center . . . Dick Burns has been doing the sets for the Dock St. Theatre of Charleston, S. C., since Sept. . .

2nd Lt. Jim Kruger of the Army Air Corps was reported a prisoner of war in Germany . . . 1st Lt. Jim Freeborn was transferred from the RCAF, and is now serving with the American Army in Europe. His marriage to an English girl has been announced . . . Walter Waggoner's dispatches from the Washington bureau of the N. Y. Times regularly receive front-page headlines . . . Dan Ransohoff is welfare and recreation officer for an admiral's detachment, in Norfolk, Va. . . Following his superb performance in "Dragon Seed," Hurd Hatfield has been given the lead in "The Picture of Dorian Grey" . . .

Ted Cook, fully recovered after a long siege of Army hospitalization, is on the staff of the Christian Science Monitor . . . Lt. Richard Koch is writing technical material for the Southern Signal Corps School at Camp Murphy, Fla. . . The Aug. 18 number of "Yank" carried a long article by Pvt. Justin Gray describing an exciting encounter with the Germans in Italy . . . Lt. (j.g.) Ed Grandin, after further service in the West Indies and Europe, is now officer in charge of visual training aids at the Armed Guard Center of New Orleans . . .

Cpl. Harold Chamberlin is in India working with the 20th A.A.F. . . . Cpl. Francis Whitcomb is again with his Fighter group in Italy after attending school in Egypt. Upon his return there were 34 letters and 7 packages waiting for him . . . Pvt. Stanley Smith is stationed at Malden, Mo., undergoing training as a radioman on a C-47 in the Troop Carrier Command . . . Merit is apparently recognized even in the Infantry: Tony Hecht now wears a stripe at Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. . .

Elie Shneur, inducted on Sept. 11, went through the mill at Fort Dix, and is now at Camp Croft, S. C. . . . Sgt. Genaro Pelaez was last heard from in France . . . Pfc. Monroe Scharff is still in England but minus his bike, probably much to the relief of the civilian population . . . S 1/c Andy Eklund is now a censor, his latest communication coming from New Guinea . . . Bernie Baker left Camp Kilmer for the European theater, with a reassignment into the Infantry . . . Another ex-ASTP Infantryman: Ray McMurray, who spent the usual few days at Fort Upton . . .

Jim Westbrook, seaman for the Isthmian Steamship Co. of N. Y., has been spending most of his time in the Mediterranean area. His engagement to Elizabeth Estey of Keuka Park, N. Y., has been announced . . .

Myron Danforth, Ph.M. 3/c, USNR, has seen considerable action aboard a landing craft in the European theater . . . Dominic Papan-drea, Alan Fraser, Robert Ficker, and Alden Raisbeck, all members of the class of 1939, are medics, married and are interning respectively at Albany Hospital, Cornell Med. College Hosp., Brooklyn Hosp., and Beston City Hospital . . . Corp. Marvin Lagunoff, stationed at Charleston, N. C., has been appointed orientation NCO of his outfit, his particular function being to provide information concerning news of the world . . . Another Bardian who has been in the South Pacific for several months: Capt. R. P. MacGarrigle, MCR . . .

Alvaro Llano is the recipient of a special scholarship from the Institute of International Education and is studying at Carleton College, Wis. . . . Phil Klein is enrolled at the Columbia School of Engineering . . . Pfc. Pete Chamberlain has been reported in England . . . We have just heard of the engagement of Dick Watson to Miss Jeanette E. Davis of Reading, Mass. Miss Davis is instructor of Physical education at Jackson College, Mass. . . . Frank McWilliams has been with the staff of the National Security and Research Corp. of N. Y. since Sept. . . . Pvt. Warren Derby graduated from the A.S.T.R.P. of the Univ. of Michigan and is now studying at the Fort Monmouth, N. J., radio school . . . Bill Wilson, inducted into the Army in August, is already an acting sergeant in the Infantry at Camp Croft, S. C.

Sports Slants

By MARTY WEISS

Not too many students will remember the era of the ASTP at Bard. Those who do, will tell the rest of you with a feeling of pride how well the civvies and the GIs got along together. Not the most important factor, but one which aided in this, was our participation in the intra-mural program then set up. It will be remembered that the Bard basketball five lost 14 games out of the same number . . . but our team which was, to say the least, very weak except for a few outstanding players was respected by their entire group.

We were very proud that the unit was here. We were happy that they showed no resentment, no feeling that we were outsiders . . . We were all college students!

Now, again, an intra-mural program has been set up. It cannot function without the full cooperation of the entire student body. Supposedly working for the greater part of the day, students need relaxation . . . and one of the best ways to get it is by exercising.

In fact the other day I was talking to Bill Asip and from what he said I gathered that the social life at Bard has taken away all his athletes. Bill really knows his stuff and the least we can do is turn out for scheduled activities . . . and girls if it will influence you to come down, Bill will take one or two modern dance classes.

When I finished talking to Bill I went over to see what Miss Weigt had to say . . . I found that the fair sex, with an athletic counsel to direct things, has some great expectations.

Both groups will be playing volleyball before winter descends on us. Wonder what the net results will be? Also scheduled is badminton. . . and girls the feathers should be left on the birds. Please don't use them on your hats.

Just as this issue reaches you, varsity basketball practice will be getting into full swing. There is height this year, and a larger turnout. It's really swell to see Jin Kinoshita back on the floor. Wel-

come back Jin. The five by the way will play games with teams from the local area, Poughkeepsie, and at least one game with a New York club.

There has been quite a turnout of girls for field hockey and it looks as if skinned knees are going to be en vogue at Bard for a while. Archery too has captured the fancy of some embryo William Tells. Too bad apples are out of season.

Now that the bowling alleys are useable, it is expected that there will be quite a turnout for this sport. Off the record girls, the best way to keep your figures trim is by setting pins. This is one sport which can have competition on an equal basis between men and women.

By the way, how about getting a grandstand crowd down at some of those touch football games on Tuesdays and Thursdays? They aren't exactly Army-Notre Dame affairs . . . but anything can happen, and usually does.

Ping-pong is the most popular sport to date. Both the men and women have several good players amongst them . . . and the faculty is amply represented by Dr. Artinian.

This column's gridiron pix are Army over Notre Dame. Cadet speed and power should triumph over Irish brawn. I'll also take the Army over Navy in the classic on Thanksgiving Day, but this is more or less an arbitrary pick.

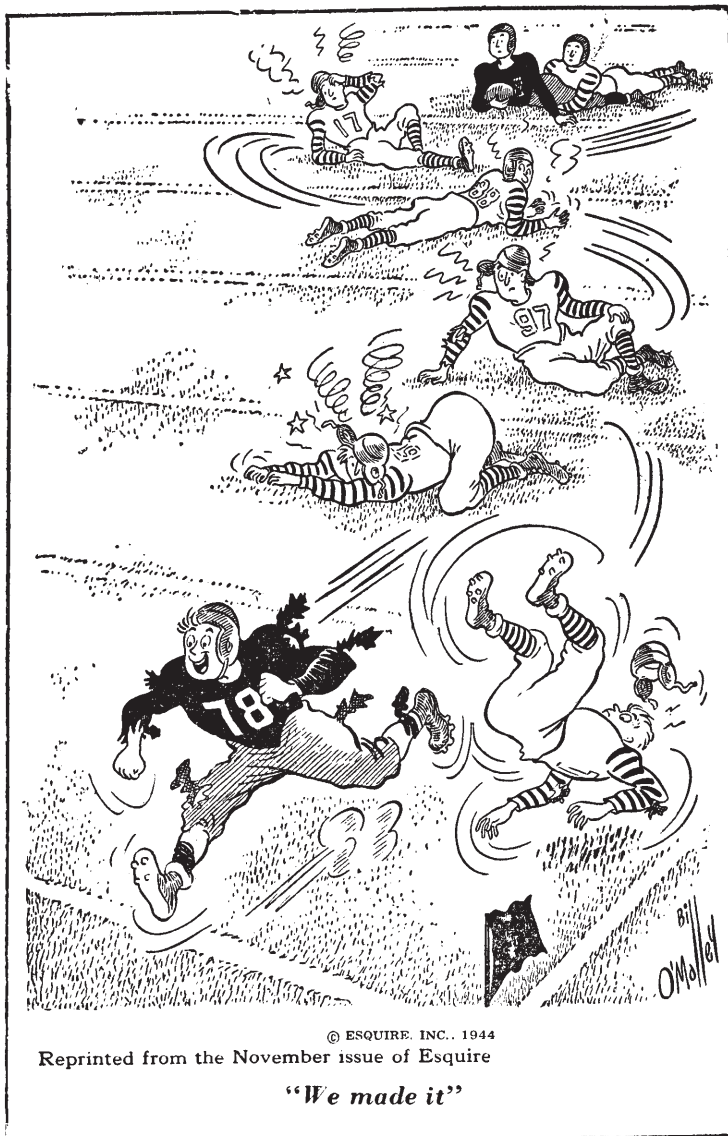
Down South the "Ramblin' Wreck of Georgia Tech" is going to town and should wind up an undefeated season.

In professional football the Packers have a practical cinch for the Western Championship, while the N. Y. Giants and Philadelphia's Eagles will make a tight race in the Eastern division. Just for the heck of it this column backs Steve Owen's Giants.

Home town patriotism forces me to pick the Rangers for at least third place in hockey this year.

By the way, you couldn't pick a better charity than the Bard Community Chest. The drive is still on, so dig deep.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE



Reprinted from the November issue of Esquire

"We made it"

Dewey

(Continued from Page 1)

(1) No country can long survive free where its government is determined to regulate every aspect of its life, both in economic and social matters. American enterprise, to remain free must be relieved of the crippling bureaucratic red tape which for the last twelve years has emanated from Washington.

Some sort of government regulation is indeed necessary for the best interest of business, labor, and the consumer. But this regulation should take a definite form. It should not be of the vacillating type of the Roosevelt Administration. Further, it should be administered in the spirit of helpful co-operation, not in that of antagonism.

(2) The breakdown of our American system of periodic changes in administration means the ultimate destruction of a republican form of government. In a press review of a few months ago, Mr. Hannegan, the campaign manager for Mr. Roosevelt, made the statement that he was for a fourth term and, "if conditions required, for a fifth term." This typifies the policy of the New Deal.

The very idea that the present administration must be continued for another four years to meet our coming problems is a denial of the whole theory on which our government is based. It seems incredible that an administration can perpetuate itself in office under the guise of an endless chain of national emergencies, which the administration itself claimed that only it could straighten out. In my opinion, new blood, rather than an old, tired and exhausted administration, is needed to cope with the gigantic task that lies ahead.

(3) With all Mr. Roosevelt's social experimentation and pump-priming the depression lingered on through the 1930's. It took a war to pull us out of it, at least temporarily. Do we dare take a chance on further experimentation during the extremely critical period of post-war reconversion?

(4) In July, 1932, Mr. Roosevelt, then running for the presidency, said: "Let us have the courage to stop borrowing to meet continuing deficits. Stop the deficits." In September, 1932, he said, "I ask you to assign to me the task of reducing the annual operating expense of the nation government." Never in the years that the New Deal Administration has held office has there been a single year in which the budget was balanced.

As both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Dewey were Governors of our state of New York, it is interesting to compare their record in this all-important office. When Mr. Roosevelt became governor of New York in 1929 he found in the state's treasury a tidy sum of 15 million dollars. When he left four years later, he had used up the surplus and left the state 94 million in the red. In four years Mr. Roosevelt went through a total of 109 million dollars.

Again in 1932 when he became president he found that the Republican administration had reduced the national war debt from World War I to about 25 billion. Before we reached the wartime date of 1943 he had nearly doubled the national debt to 43 billion dollars.

(5) In spite of his lack of success with the Supreme Court packing bill, Mr. Roosevelt has placed on the Court bench more justices than any other president since Washington, seven out of nine members being his appointees. In this way he has attempted to subordinate the judicial branch of our government to his own executive branch.

(6) The mark of a great executive is his ability to surround himself with competent assistants and delegate to them sufficient authority to carry out smoothly and efficiently the tasks which are assigned to them.

Mr. Dewey, in my opinion, more than meets these qualifications. He has a faculty for good administration. He knows how to pick the right man for the right job and having the right man on the job, he backs him.

Mr. Dewey's relations with labor in the state of New York have proved that he is its true friend. Mr. Dewey has always been for the common working man but on the other hand has been a bitter enemy of graft and political pull. In fact, he has sent many labor racketeers to the penitentiary. Under his present administration, there has not been one important strike, while on the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt has had to use the Army time and time again to quell hundreds of labor strikes—which he has had to cope with despite his close relationship with the nation's labor czars.

(7) Is Mr. Roosevelt the indispensable man? Here is what Mr. Roosevelt said on November 5, 1932: "I still know that the fate of America cannot depend on any one man. The greatness of America is grounded on principles and not on any single personality. I for one, shall remember that, even as president."

Yes, Mr. Roosevelt is the indispensable man to thousands of office holders in the New Deal and to the heads of his bureaucratic administration, but certainly he is not indispensable to the successful prosecution of the war, nor to the formulating of the peace that will follow. The actual conduct of the war is in the hands of the military, and the war will certainly be won whether Mr. Roosevelt is re-elected or not. Remember, this war is essentially a battle of production, and the tanks, airplanes, and guns will continue to roll off the assembly lines no matter which way the election goes. Peace plans which will follow this war will not be the result of any one man's effort, but will be due to the cumulative efforts of thousands of people who even now are constantly working on the problem.

Thus with confidence that America will meet its destiny and lead the world in the shaping of a new and greater future in the post-war years to come, and in the belief that this future can best be attained under the administration of a young, able and vigorous executive, I shall cast my ballot at the polls tomorrow morning for Thomas E. Dewey.

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The Candle

By PATRICIA VOLK

It was strange that now every detail seemed so vividly precise, strange that she could recall even the tenseness in his voice, the stiff gestures of his hands, when her mind had been focused on only one thing—how to prevent what was happening to her, how to trick Philip, how to punish him for interfering with the carefully arranged life she had planned for herself.

She knew he had been prepared for almost any degree of emotional outburst, for anything but an apathetic silence, which disturbed and disconcerted him, because it was so unlike what he had expected. It was ridiculous how little he really knew her, ridiculous—but convenient. He had experienced sudden, uncontrollable outbursts from her time and time again; so these were the characteristics which he attributed to his wife. Philip never suspected that nothing she did was sudden, that everything even methodically planned her entire future, a future founded upon her position as his wife and for which she would fight to the end of her strength.

She knew this woman he wanted to put in her place, not well, but well enough—this Lynda—sugar and water, intensely domestic, hopelessly conventional; books, horses, dogs, gardening—oh, it was almost too perfect. It was only unfortunate that she had other plans. They would have made the ideal couple. They were both so completely dull.

She re-read the letter which she had just completed—clear and decisive in its accusation and pathetic forgiveness of them both, subtly branding Lynda as the calculating adventuress and Philip as the philandering husband whom the tabloids so delightedly exploit. But most important was the seemingly artless self-portrayal as the enduring, dutiful wife, outrageously sinned against, but ever faithful!

It was so chivalrous of Philip that he never exposed his marital dirty wash to the public eye, and so very convenient. There was little to show that there was anything in her conduct to cause him displeasure. No doubt he was already anticipating a perfect life with the angelic Lynda. Lynda would never wander from the straight and narrow. Lynda would be blissfully content with the admiration of Philip, and Philip alone! It was a beautiful dream, but an ephemeral one. Her letter would repay Philip for every moment of his patient, self-righteous gallantry.

She lit the candle on the frail, little desk, and slipped the letter into its envelope. Then, melting the stick of sealing wax over the tiny flame, and allowing the red drops to fall upon the envelope, she pressed her signet ring over them. Carefully she placed the letter in the center of the desk.

It was darker now. The tiny flame built a pale wall about the desk. She opened the drawer and withdrew a small box, from which she extracted three small pellets. Then, hesitating a moment, took one more. Four altogether—still safe but the effect would seem more genuine, more like the real thing.

She held them briefly in the palm of her hand. Then, with a quick movement, thrust them into her mouth, and grimaced at the momentary bitterness before she swallowed them. For some minutes she sat still, her eyes on the letter, thinking with satisfaction of the tragic picture she would present to the servants and the doctor. At length a warm drowsiness crept over her; her visions grew blurred, and unsteadily placing her arm to

cushion her head, she slumped forward.

The impact of her fall caused the frail desk legs to shift abruptly and totter, upsetting the forgotten candle. The flame caught on the blotter, and rejoicing to be free, burned brighter and faster, reaching out to the letter and the motionless figure slumped over it with eager, embracing, little arms.

The fire had demolished the entire left wing of the house before it could be checked. The small crowd, gathered in hushed little groups about the charred wreckage, slowly began to straggle off.

“How ghastly,” they said— “such a devoted, charming wife. What a tragic loss to Philip!”

I Hear Music

Reflections in automatic writing at a recent concert: (*Three violins.*) A triangle of music is formed and resounding walls are burdened by the thoughts of the listeners. All on one thing the thoughts wander, but do any ever stay? Would we want them to remain, or would we rather push ourselves out of the triangle and see what is on the outside? . . . (*Manuscript page turning.*) The turning of a page indicates the turning of a thought. Do we turn with it? . . . (*Music dynamic and powerful.*) Do the serious intonations beckon the listener to think, or will he pass on with the notes and glide into the fancies of life, never having seen or felt the morbid, painful, and eternal end? . . . (*Music becomes wild.*) You will fill the breasts of my longing—forever. We climb together in want of happiness. Let it not escape — never. We are dancing the dance of life—Louder and full of joy it grows—wilder and joyous it becomes. We are forced into the trap of ecstasy. The beating sounds upon our hearts and we stop to listen . . . (*Light shining on page.*) The shining light of music plays havoc with the darkness of the night and penetrates the movements of man. . .

—R.A.B.

Men of Good Will

(Continued from page 1,

girl as well as many others.

This subject continues until we reach volume seven. It is in this book, in the period which deals with the World War, that Romaines does his best work.

In fact, I believe that the most interesting volume of the whole novel is titled “Verdun.” The very name itself is an imposing one. We all remember it as the scene of one of the crucial battles of the first World War. Into this Romaines brings the characters from the preceding volumes, besides creating a number of new ones.

He acts as an historian in this novel . . . so well in fact that if we did not know better we could be made to believe that he had recorded the actual events which transpired at Verdun.

It is in this book that he attempts to give an accurate portrayal of people in time of war. Every action, thought, and hope has been recorded and here presented. Romaines takes the war from every conceivable angle, from every conceivable point of view, and at the same time gives an accurate picture of the battle and the events leading up to it.

One of the main reasons Romaines was so successful in Verdun was that the volume preceding it significantly prepared the way. That is to say, he pictured Europe in a state of unrest, and all through the novel he keeps you in a state of suspense until at the end mobilization takes place and one feels a sense of relaxation.

Following his own good example, he made the volume following Verdun lead away from war and back onto the road of peace. Romaines pictures post-war France in the midst of reconstruction and readjustment to the normal ways

of life. In this volume, as in all the others, Romaines analysis of character is convincing and helps to make the volume impressive.

In the tenth volume Romaines changes his focus to Soviet Russia. He was no doubt intrigued by the new experiment in that country. For the most part this book is a discussion about the hope that **Men of Good Will** derive for a new day from the results of this experiment and how far the revolution has gone toward accomplishing this purpose. The volume is appropriately called “The New Day.”

Turning prophet in his last (eleventh), volume, Romaines gives us a picture of Europe which is outwardly normal, but underneath is once again seething. His characters, representing a cross section of humanity, are getting restless. There is an undercurrent which cannot be fathomed.

From this great piece of writing a record of life in the 20th century may be derived. We can understand it because it is a record of our time. It is still going on, and will continue to do so. And there will be other writers who will take up their pens and continue the record from where Romaines leaves off.

For When It Is Too Late

When in space, or time,
We are too far from our fellows
Then is there no voice to reach.
We have left ourselves
To fill our place while we are gone,
To bear the burden of our actions
Which we are not at hand to explain.
Then must they not understand
and condemn,
Or then reflect that there are
indeed
Other worlds.

So then you, Darling,
I would have you understand this
absence;
The miseries of uncertainty,
Of hopes and no fulfillments,
Have speeded the tempo.
Who is far behind?
We are far apart.
Do rending pleadings call?
Can we touch?
If so, is it too late?
My heart and mind are torn apart,
Each to suffer for the other,
And can no longer hear their mate.
What I leave to you
Is but poor consolation for you and
me,
Myself without me.

—J.P.C.

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