

Bard College  
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# BARDIAN

Vol. 2      No. 4      October 11, 1945

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No one means all he says, and yet very few say all they mean, for words are slippery and thought is vicious.  
The Education of Henry Adams

# THE BARDIAN

It is generous belief that nothing which had ever interested the human mind could wholly lose its vitality.  
Walter Pater

A Journal of Individual Expression

Volume II, No. 4, New Series

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

Thursday, October 11, 1945

## On Equality

By CHARLES W. TOTH

The Declaration of Independence states in the second paragraph: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

The conception of equality is one of the most difficult abstractions to validate not only in a democracy, but in any form of government of which human society can possibly conceive. As a political formula equality is perhaps one of the strongest factors in making democracy possible in our present civilization, but at the same time, equality is so far beyond the grasp of mortal man that, beyond a shadow of a doubt, it is the greatest illusion that was ever conceived by the human mind. (It may not even be possible in the Elysian Fields.)

When I speak of the unattainability of equality I mean absolute equality. This is the first conception of equality that is held. It is only through experience that the individual realizes that there can exist no absolute equality. It is only because of this realization that our democracy has been able to continue as a form of government. By the very fact that a people recognizes that there is only limited equality proves that they accept democracy. Why? Because democracy has shown by historical precedent that it is charged with the task of striving for the impossible absolute.

Why is absolute equality impossible? For the simple reason that no two individuals are exactly the same—each has hereditary differences, cultural and otherwise. Each has his own psycho-biological characteristics, which are at variance in the constant interplay of life. Society is, as a result, a complex phenomenon and absolute equality is thus contrary to the very nature of things.

In the attempt to justify the democratic concept that all men are created equal we have found it necessary to set up certain basic principles, certain laws which have brought us at least a few steps nearer to the remote absolute. We shall see that these laws are subject to qualifications, and thus emerges our next concept—that of limited equality.

Generally speaking, there are four basic equalities—equality before the law, equality as to civil liberties, political equality, and equality of opportunity. Accepting the first two—law and civil liberties—as granted, it is important to treat the last two.

By political equality it is implied that each citizen of a sovereign democratic state has the right of one vote, thus making possible a government by consent of the governed. We have realized this equality through the 15th and 19th Amendments. However, by this very consent there is recognition of a ruling group possessing certain designated powers. Is absolute equality possible? No, and yet we have moved forward. Further, we have immediately a limited political equality if certain qualifications for voting arise, such as the poll tax, etc.

Next is equality of opportunity. This has been made possible in our democracy through one medium—the freedom of enterprise. What are the qualifications here? There are some who would maintain that the degree of individual ability is in itself a qualification and is a cause of inequality. This is a fallacy. The very fact that the opportunity exists constitutes equality. If 2% of the voting public is ill at the time of an election, and cannot assert its democratic prerogative, we cannot draw the conclusion that there is political inequality.

This is not to assert that all mentalities below the level of genius are necessarily ill.

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## Stefan Hirsch Goes To Europe



By ELIE A. SHNEOUR

"It is strange how one travels nowadays: I started out for California, and here I am, in a wool uniform, the only one allowed in the ETO (European Theater of Operations), the perspiration dripping off me, almost as bad as in Orient Hall. . . I have learned to say "Yes Sir" and "Good morning Sir" and "How about a jeep, Sir?" and "Go to blazes Pete. . ." and I am doing quite well. . . I cannot tell you about my work which runs in all shades from restricted to top secret..."

This letter, postmarked from Bad Nauheim, Germany, lifted the veil of mystery over the sudden disappearance in the early part of this summer of Art Professor Mr. Stefan Hirsch.

Because of his excellent knowledge of Germany and its people, the War department requested Mr. Hirsch to accept a special job with the United States Strategic Bombing Survey, in the Morale Division, to study the effects of our bombings on the morale of the population. Not knowing exactly what this job would entail, Mr. Hirsch decided on taking it.

Then, as any future soldier in the service of Uncle Sam, "Stef" went through the mill; answering literally millions of questions, going through interviews, getting the dreaded infinite series of injections of all types, receiving his dog tags and listening with awe to the preliminary instructions in Army procedure. For clothing, he bought, as ordered, the regular officer's uniform with the shining brass initials "U.S." . . . but no insignia of rank.

Equipped, and ready for most everything, Stef Hirsch left Washington, D.C. in a giant troop transport plane with only two other passengers and a multitude of mail bags. The first stop was Newfoundland to refuel. Then across the Atlantic to the Azores Islands. As the plane landed, he was handed a mimeographed sheet warning the travelers over France not to question the Army's excellent marksmanship if one hap-

pened to wonder at the numerous shell holes along the coast, apparently in the middle of nowhere. There is a good reason for that; there must have been enemy troop concentrations there. Also, the sheet disappointingly said that there was no more "Gay Paree" since champagne was selling at sixteen dollars a bottle. And by the way, this note was issued by the Navy Public Relations Office.

From the Azores, the plane took Stef to Paris: "... a sad sight for anyone who has ever loved that city. The people look bedraggled, the former elegance is gone, the stores look like 14th street. . ." and then to London: "... some awful devastation here and there, but bright and forward looking faces. . ." In London, final instruction was received and Stef landed by plane in Frankfurt-on-Main in Germany. From there, by car, a twenty-five miles ride to his destination, Bad Nauheim.

Bad Nauheim used to be a famous resort for the cure of certain heart diseases and has a large number of hospitals. During the war it received only slight punishment and none of its hospitals was hit.

The major, in charge of the hotel where Stef was stationed, summoned the German kitchen help—and told them bluntly that if there was any kind of sabotage here, especially poisoning of food, he would have the responsible individual shot and the rest of the help turned over to the Russians. There was no sabotage.

Under a torrid summer sun, dressed in O.D. uniform (Olive drab, winter wear), Mr. Hirsch went to work for some six weeks, interviewing people, inspecting secret German documents, traveling in jeeps from one town to another, sleeping and eating anywhere when the work called him far—from his station.

One of those trips took him to Nuremberg, the "Shrine of the Nazi Movement," and he was happy to find out that his own house there was standing, but he was not so

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## Be Aware -- Act

By HAROLD LITLEDAL

It is only natural that the men and women who come to Bard in order to study have the tendency to consider themselves apart from the material world which they have left in pursuit of that which has been termed "higher learning." Basically this tendency is commendable. However, it should be remembered that we, being an integral part of the world, must remain aware of the many things that are going on around us. We must be in a position to react to these things which, after all, will be a part of our future.

Heretofore it has been the unhappy circumstance at Bard that the students react verbally to many occurrences and physically to few. Discussion has its advantages but anyone will realize that actions are a much more concrete way of shaping the kind of world in which we must eventually live and work.

It seems strange that we here at Bard, as well as many other students all over the country, should look on pacifically while people (some of them against every moral or common decency) shape the world, and with it, our future. We cannot afford to be so engrossed in our studies of how to make our way in the world that we do not find time to make sure that the world we enter is worth entering.

Sooner or later on a small enclosed campus, such as this at Bard, the students will become tired and tense. This is partly due to isolation and partly due to the amount of mental work we do here. At any rate we feel it necessary to "let off steam." On previous occasions students have become agitated over the prices at the store, and the food at the Dining Commons. We will not here judge whether or not that agitation is justified, we will rather ask two questions. Could we let off steam in a less petty and more far-reaching way? The answer is, of course, not yet. Now, in order to answer the next question. How? we must go back to the point at which we suggested awareness.

Obviously, if we want to use our gripes in a constructive way we must first make ourselves aware of the many important things there are to gripe about. We are all aware of the high-pressured, hysterical and unforgivably undemocratic actions of Senator T. Bilbo toward the strangling of one of the great American ideologies before it has the chance to be realized. Fair Employment Practice is in keeping with all democratic standards and ideals, and yet there are people elected to Congress who would be happy to stifle the F.E.P.C. and everything related to it. Here is a chance to let off some of our steam constructively. Write Bilbo a letter—the answer will make it well worth while!

But being aware of this foul play in Congress is not half as important as being aware of the backgrounds which nurture these frightening attitudes.

Are we aware that as far north as Baltimore, Maryland, Negro musicians may not perform at the Lyric theatre and that at the other big theatre, Ford's, Negro audiences may sit only in the highest balcony seats? Are we remembering that as soon as a bus crosses the borderline between the District of Columbia and Virginia, Negroes must move to the rear of the bus? Further south we find the Negro discriminated against in restaurants and station waiting rooms. Even in newspaper death notices there are two columns — Negro and White.

Are we remembering the religious and cultural discriminations going on all around us? Are we aware of class distinctions which cause strife within this country? We must be aware of all these things. They fill in the background which cause undemocratic occurrences to happen in our Congress.

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# The Bardian

Published every month by the students of Bard College,  
at Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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Vol 11, New Series, No. 4

Thursday, Oct. 11, 1945

## Required Education

THE BARD curriculum includes no required courses. There are no inescapable “general” courses for freshmen, no necessary “cultural” subjects to be taken and consequently, there is no assurance that Bard students will be exposed to a liberal education. The recent Harvard report on higher education emphasized the importance of requiring students to enroll for courses in which they can become acquainted with their cultural heritage. At Bard, one may graduate in complete ignorance of his cultural heritage. This does not meant that Bard and Harvard disagree on the ends of education. They differ in their means of achieving educational aims, but these aims are not contradictory. Their methods are based upon dissimilar assumptions concerning the nature of college students and it is upon the validity of these assumptions that the efficacy of the two methods can be judged.

At Bard it is assumed that students do not learn effectively in required courses, unless they happen to be interested in the subject. By not requiring any courses, the Bard program assumes that students will be interested in the courses they study. Being interested means having enough stimulation to do work without constant prodding. With one class a week, there is no time for prodding. If the Bard student has genuine interests, there is a good chance that his educational opportunities will not be wasted. At Harvard, this is not always true. Required to take courses which may not interest him, the Harvard man may conclude his four year struggle for a grree possessing little more than an intense aversion for his cultural heritage. At Bard this is not supposed to happen, since students are not forced to swallow their cultural heritage.

The Harvard plan protagonists will argue that allowing free choice of courses means that students will not get a liberal education, liberal in the sense of including the things which Harvard requires. The Bard answer to this is based upon the assumption that college students, at least those who come to Bard, are capable of acquiring a genuine desire to learn some of the things which Harvard considers so necessary. The desire for liberal education cannot be forced upon the student, and without it, the teaching is useless.

A responsibility is placed upon Bard students. It is assumed that they will be open-minded in choosing their courses. That is, they must have no blind prejudice against learning in new fields. A genuine interest is easily acquired if the student is not averse to the unknown, the unexplored. By being open to suggestions, the student faced with a choice of courses will find himself becoming interested in some of the things which constitute a liberal education. That every student will not be interested in the same type of liberal education seems to be a valid prediction. Harvard, by implicitly assuming that everyone in college should be interested in the same great books, ignores individual differences, the one certainty which can be assumed for any group. Bard, by allowing for individual differences, does not deny the values which Harvard upholds. Its program is based upon the belief that knowledge of them may be acquired by different people in different ways.

At Bard, then, the student must want to know what he learns. However, the success of the Bard method depends upon the presence of personalities who are genuinely interested in broadening their accumulation of meaningful experience. How this broadening is to take place depends upon the student's special interests. The advantages of this lie in the greater development of the individual personality that is possible. Regimented cultural education does not offer this possibility.

The intellectually complacent person is deadly to the Bard program. He leaves Bard as an accomplished specialist, but in no way as an educated person. Blinders which limit the awareness of new realms of experience must be removed, if the Bard method is to be successful. Their removal is the responsibility of the student.

J. P.

## Sign-Out Procedure

OF SPECIAL INTEREST to students who leave campus often is the institution of a new sign-out procedure. Instead of having all departees visit switchboard before leaving, this new method requires only the affixation of name, destination and time of returning, within a folder conspicuously placed in each dormitory.

This is an ideal solution to what has been a simple, but disturbing, problem for many years.

Not in order to spy on anyone, but because it seems advisable to know where people are, in case they forget to come back, it is hoped, by those who do the hoping around here, that nobody will forget to sign out.

## The Commons

THERE IS NO DOUBT that the problem of food is one of the most difficult to solve during wartime. We in the U.S. have been fortunate in that we have been able to provide the daily requirement of food. We complained and griped about our daily meals. Was this a healthy reaction? Of course. Even during times of peace the average man complains about meals. His invectives will be directed either at a waitress in some restaurant, or to loved ones at home.

In this world we either live to eat, or eat to live. There is no other alternative. When there are more than two persons together the problem of food becomes complex. This complexity increases the larger the group becomes. Even here at Bard, in a comparatively small community, the food situation has, more than often, been serious.

Yet, Mr. Champagne deserves commendation for handling a difficult department, made many times more difficult by war conditions. The Commons has presented him with no end of trouble—what with the labor situation, complaints of the unsatisfied, and trying to procure food and supplies, with the last item presenting the biggest problem. No, it hasn't been an easy job, and never will be.

Lately the Commons has become an independent unit under a professional dietician. In our opinion this has been a wise move. The community has increased in number and as a result the demand for services has become greater. More attention can now be centered by Mr. Champagne and his staff on the needs of a growing community. Managing a dining room is a science in itself demanding a professional touch. It is a full time job requiring undivided attention. Miss Holmes, our new dietician, is more than qualified for the task ahead of her. We wish her success in her new undertaking.

C.W.T.

## Looking At Books

By JIM GAVIN

AGE OF THUNDER by Frederic Prokosch, Harper Bros., 1945, 311 pp.

On a mission to discover those responsible for certain treacherous incidents in the French underground, Jean-Nicolas lands by parachute on a field near Annecy in the Haute-Savoie district of occupied France. The nero of Frederic Prokosch's novel "Age of Thunder" is given four days in which to accomplish the task of identifying the traitors hindering passage along the escape route to the Swiss frontier. Traveling only under cover of night, and snatching what rest he can during the day, Jean-Nicolas comes in contact with a variety of different characters who appear, discuss and expound their theories about Europe and its fate, and then return to the shadowy life of turmoil and chaos from whence they came.

A sense of unreality pervades the story. There is no attempt at clear delineation. The characters seem mythical, the action is veiled in the descriptive phrases which poetically flow from the author's pen. Mr. Prokosch, like so many other American writers, does not picture Europe as it really is, but rather as he imagines it to be.

Undoubtedly, the strongest character in the first part of the book is the huge West Indies negro, Quivar. Along with the primitiveness of his Martinique ancestry reflected in the elusive, animal-like instincts and powerful frame of this man, a quality of subtle cunningness also is revealed in the leadership manifested by Quivar.

Catching a few hours' rest at the Hotel de la Poste in his home town of St. Pierre de Rumilly, Jean-Nicolas is arrested and taken to headquarters. After listening to a long dissertation on the historic destiny of the German race by KM, the hated Nazi chieftain of the city,

Jean-Nicolas, a few hours later, for unexplained reasons, is released and allowed to continue his journey. KM, in expounding German mysticism, is strikingly similar to the character of Major Kalter in Glenway Westcott's "Apartment in Athens."

On the second night of their trek, in a small clearing flanked by enormous pines, Jean-Nicolas and Quivar meet up with a rambling Sicilian family—Don Giacinto, his wife Dona Raffaelina, and their two children Sebastiano and Susanna. These people had wandered the length of Italy, in search of hospitality, and were on their way to Switzerland, seeking refuge with relatives there.

Susanna, not yet eighteen, is of course, the heroine of the story. She bears a striking resemblance to an Ernest Hemingway character. At first she appears to be sullen, cool, and showing no sign of even a hidden personality. But when Jean-Nicolas succeeds in penetrating this outward shell of aloofness, the great warmth and exuberance of the character is brought out in a scene which lends the novel a Hemingway tinge.

Arm in arm Jean-Nicolas and Susanna cross the bridge into Switzerland. They meet an old peasant woman in a small chapel who says, "What will peace bring this time? Peace alone brings nothing. Yes, Monsieur, my mother said it to me and my grandmother before her, and it is still true, we must learn to love one another or die, and that is the only lesson, and these is no other, and that is all there is."

With the journey nearing its end, boy and girl wander on toward Montney. The reader feels that the characters are fading into the realm of unreality from whence they came.

## In Tune

By RICHARD GAYNOR

New York

Beginning his third season as Musical Director of the Philharmonic-Symphony of New York and permanent conductor of the Society's Orchestra, Dr. Arthur Rodzinski made known early this month his plans for the coming season of concerts. Eight of the compositions programmed for this season will receive first performances by the Orchestra with some of these works receiving their first performances anywhere. To mention only a few of the works to be performed there will be **Appalachian Spring** by Aaron Copland—this work was originally composed for the Martha Graham dancers and met with great success and high praise when it was given its premiere last season; Walter Piston's **Second Symphony**; and John Alden Carpenter's **Seven Ages After Shakespeare**. Dr. Rodzinski has balanced these modern American works by programming compositions of modern European masters such as Stravinsky, Kabalovsky, Katchaturian, and Prokofiev to mention only a few.

During the coming season Bruno Walter will appear as guest conductor as will Igor Stravinsky. Dr. Walter will conduct works by Bruckner, Mahler, Beethoven, and Mozart. Stravinsky will conduct among other works the world premiere of a new symphony of his own. This symphony is to be the most recent symphonic composition of this modern Russian master following his **Scenes de Ballet** which was composed on a commission from Billy Rose, the showman, for the latter's production **The Seven Lively Arts**, which was produced last year.

All in all, patrons of America's

oldest orchestra and those who enjoy the broadcasts of this musical institution will be supplied with a well-rounded diet of both modern and classical works, performed under some of the finest conductors of our day. The need for this balance was emphasized by Dr. Rodzinski when he announced the coming season's schedule. He stated that new compositions must be given a hearing by the ultimate critics, the concert audiences. In order to do this, conductors in selecting works to be played must give an ample amount of program space to these new works. He, Rodzinski, is also of the opinion that we must also hear contemporary works of non-American composers as well. These must be then balanced with the older compositions of the well-established masters. In looking over the announcement for this coming season, I can see that Philharmonic-Symphony listeners—whether in Carnegie Hall or at home, listening to their radios—will hear musical programs conceived with this progressive idea of programming adding to their enjoyment.

Bard College

Here at Bard, a program policy such as this has always been in effect. This year's season of concerts will be no exception. Although at this time no formal announcements have been made, the past policy of having some guest artists appear while the remainder of the concerts will be performed by members of the Bard College Community. These concerts will be given under the supervision of the Department of Music of the College. Announcement of the first program for the 1945-46 season will be made following the opening of the Fall Semester.

## To The Friends of Harry Winterbottom

Mrs. Winterbottom has written that Harry's set of the Encyclopedia Britannica is lacking two volumes. Harry had told her that he lent these volumes to friends at Bard College several years ago. If any of you happen to have know-

ledge of the whereabouts of these volumes we should be glad to hear from you or to have the volumes returned.

C. H. GRAY,  
President.



LIST OF NEW STUDENTS

FALL SEMESTER, 1945

1. Arnason, N. Dee ..... Seattle, Wash.  
Annie Wright Seminary

2. Atherton, Alice L. .... New Paltz, N. Y.  
Packer Collegiate Institute

3. Auvert, Elizabeth ..... Maracaibo, Venezuela  
Tutoring School of New York

4. Baker, Martha A. .... Wyomissing Penna.  
Walnut Hill School

5. Barreto, Samuel ..... Managua, Nicaragua  
Instituto Pedagogico de Varones

6. Bausher, Elaine C. .... Reading, Penna.  
Rosemary Hall

7. Blanchard, Bobbie Sue ..... New Orleans, La.  
McMain High School

8. Brown, Renee L. .... New York, N. Y.  
Vermont Junior College

9. Campbell, Mary Louise ..... Windsor, Ontario  
Miss Newman's School

10. Cashman, Sara E. .... Pittsburgh, Penna.  
Ursuline Academy

11. Churek, Olga V. .... Jersey City, N. J.  
Lincoln High School

12. Colombo, Helen B. .... N. Haledon, N. J.  
Immaculate Conception H. S.

13. Daniels, Elizabeth ..... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Manual Training H. S.

14. Dillon, Patricia R. .... Mountain Lakes, N. J.  
Chevy Chase Jr. Coll. & H. S.

15. Dunsmore, Arthur E., Jr. .... Chevy Chase, Md.  
(St. John's College)

16. Durlach, Nat ..... New York, N. Y.  
(St. John's College)

17. Eighmie, Dorland, Jr. .... Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
(St. Lawrence University)

18. Eisler, Fred J., Jr. .... Kingston, N. Y.  
Forest Hills High School

19. Ellis, Margaretta ..... Paterson, N. J.  
College High Schol of Montclair  
State Teachers Col.

20. Eng, Henry ..... New York, N. Y.  
Horace Mann-Lincoln School

21. Exner, Fern ..... Mount Vernon, N. Y.  
Southern Seminary and Junior College

22. Folger, Ann ..... Freehold, N. J.  
(University of North Carolina)

23. Greene, Arlene R. .... Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Bucknell University

24. Hanft, Betty Ann ..... Duluth, Minn.  
Stanbrook Hall

25. Hansson, Dorothy P. .... New York, N. Y.  
(Earlham College)

26. Harrigan, Anthony H. .... Charleston, S. C.  
(Black Mountain College)

27. Harrison, G. Floyd ..... New York N. Y.  
Knox School

28. Hawkes, Robert W. .... Long Beach, N. Y.  
Long Beach High School

29. Hill, Shirley L. .... Hilo, Hawaii  
Northampton School for Girls
30. Holt, Patricia ..... Bucks County, Penna.  
(Cranbrook Academy of Art)

31. Honnen, Betty ..... West Point, New York  
Ladycliff Academy

32. Isaacs, Roger D. .... Chicago, Ill.  
Four Year College of the University of Chicago

33. Kaufman, Grace C. .... New York, N. Y.  
Lenox School

34. Kampner, Dolores J. .... Forest Hills, N. Y.  
Elizabeth Irwin High School

35. Kerr, Chichester C., Jr. .... West Orange, N. J.  
(Wesleyan University)

36. Laros, Frederick F. .... Wahoo, Nebraska  
(University of Iowa)

37. Larsen, Lillian R. .... New York, N. Y.  
Washington Irving High School

38. Lesnick, Lila B. .... New York, N. Y.  
William Howard Taft H. S.

39. Markellos, Katherine B. .... Jamaica, N. Y.  
Jamaica High School

40. Martell, Esther ..... New York, N. Y.  
High School of Commerce

41. Meardi, Jose A. .... San Salvador  
Collegio Centro America

42. Monath, Peter ..... New York, N. Y.  
George School

43. Moore, Susan H. .... Glencoe, Ill.  
New Trier Township H. S.

44. Murtaugh, Patricia S. .... Fairfield, Conn.  
Fairfax Hall

45. Obstfeld, Charlene S. .... New York, N. Y.  
Walton High School

46. Oram, Phyllis G. .... Garden City, N. Y.  
Garden City High School

47. Paganini, Ronald L. .... New York, N. Y.  
Massanutten Military Academy

48. Perrott, Mary F. .... Manhasset, N. Y.  
Gardner School

49. Richardson, Henry B., Jr. .... New York, N. Y.  
Elisabeth Irwin High School

50. Rickert, Monita A. .... Westport, Conn.  
Fairfax Hall

51. Stark, Patricia J. .... Pelham Manor, N. Y.  
Pelham Memorial High School

52. Stearns, Janet C. .... Keene, N. H.  
Barrington School

53. Taylor, Ann T. .... Greenwich High School  
Greenwich High School

54. Thomas, Cynthia R. .... Palm Beach, Fla.  
Emma Willard School

55. Troy, Maureen A. .... Kingston, N. Y.  
(Skidmore College)

56. Van Tijn, David ..... New York, N. Y.  
(former Bard student)

57. Wallis, Ilse ..... New York, N. Y.  
Washington Irving High School

58. Williams, Bonnie J. .... Los Angeles, Calif.  
Los Angeles High School

59. Young, Dixie Lou ..... Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Classen High School

# One Guy's Idea

By BERNARD SPERLING

Al woke up, yawned and reached for his package of cigarettes. He lit one and stretched out comfortably to enjoy it before he started the day.

"Hm. Eleven-thirty. Grace and the kids ought to be back from church any minute now. Well, I hope it's damn soon now, 'cause I'm getting kind of hungry. Guess I showed 'em they couldn't lead me around, though. Told Grace right off the bat I wouldn't miss some good sleep on Sundays just to go some place with them and I ain't been to church without it was a holiday for pretty near eight years now. Yep, I really trained 'em pretty good."

With this soul-satisfying thought to console him as he went through the arduous task of shaving and dressing, Al wts spruced up in fifteen minutes and walked down the stairs singing. Grace had returned and was busy preparing dinner in the kitchen as Al walked in. Immediately, he noticed that something was wrong. Grace looked as if she'd been crying.

"What's the mttter, honey?" he asked. "Something wrong?"

"Oh, darn you, Al!" she burst out. "You did forget all about Bob's birthday! How could you after I reminded you before you went out last night? Now the poor kid'll be heartbroken the rest of the day. Darn it all, how can you be so mean and care so little for your own family?"

Well, this is a hell of a way to start the day off, thought Al. And this is only the beginning. Christ, what a mess! He started to back out of the room.

"Look, sweetheart, I'm sorry as blazes about it, but anybody can forget things." Reaching into a pocket he took a bill out and handed it to Grace. "Here, you just take this five bucks and give it to him for me. I'll be home later, I gotta go see somebody."

He walked out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

"Boy, it's lucky I got away in time, or else I'd of had to listen to another sermon about how I was the meanest father in the whole world and about how she and the kids don't even know me 'cause I'm never around. Ha, that's a hot one! I guess they know I'm around all right when the kids have all the playthings they want and when she gets all them compliments about the clothes she wears."

The warm sunshine of the morning and the lazy breezes from the ocean calmed Al momentarily and put him in a very complacent mood. He reflected that he'd done pretty good by him family all the time. There was never anything Grace or the kids wanted that they didn't get. Sure he'd just as soon play cards and shoot pool with the boys down at the Elks Club, but what the hell? A man's gotta have some fun out of life, even if he is married. And he was a damn sight better family man than a lot of guys who made every day New Year's Eve, or guys who spent all their time chasing young chicks around when they were old enough to be their old man. Oh, he'd take a shot or a couple of beers now and then and their wasn't anything wrong with glancing at a pretty girl, but on the whole he was a pretty clean-living guy. All he wanted was to be left alone. God damn it, why was she always finding some damn thing . . .

Those self-satisfied thoughts had made him really angry at Grace for flaring up just because he'd let himself forget about the kid's birthday. He guessed he'd teach her a lesson and see that Dodger double-header instead of showing up for dinner. He could always get some hot dogs at the ball park, so he wouldn't miss the meal very much.

He arrived early, had his lunch and then settled down in his seat to watch the game. For five hours he was in a state of delirious joy as

the Brooks outplayed the Cubs and took both games. Al was a dyed-i-the-wool Dodger fan, and along with all the others he responded to every Dodger hit, run and fine fielding play. When the last out was made, he got up to go, thinking happily of all the bets he'd collect the next day. Hell, if the Brooks kept on winning like this, that job as superintendent at the Ice Cream Plant could go straight to hell.

As he started walking down the ramp, he heard a voice calling him. He turned around and saw Howie, one of his fellow clubmen.

"Hello, Howie, how's the boy?"

"Fine! Can't complain. How about you?"

"I'm doin' pretty good myself. Christ, I must of cleaned up close to fifty on the game today. Say, comin' over for a couple of beers later?"

"No, I guess I can't make it. I gotta hurry home now so me and the little lady can make the last show. These twin bills run pretty long sometimes. Well, take it easy, I'll be seeing you."

"Yeah, so long, Howie."

Al joined the throng milling onto the field and heading for the exit gate. The few words with Howie had put the damper on his good spirits. He thought that all the boys would probably be going with their wives that night, and that he was stuck with nothing to do. He almost relented, but then decided against going home for supper and taking Grace out later. Somehow he didn't feel up to facing her after having stayed away all day.

No, he rationalized, there's no sense in being silly about it. You just gotta train 'em the right way and that's all there is to it. Yeah, I'll go up to Keene's for a while and play some poker."

Keene's is the most well known of a dozen establishments exactly alike situated along Broadway. You just walk in and sit down at any of the open games. There is never any money on the table, a "marker" keeping track of all the debts. Al came here now and then when he couldn't scare up any of the fellows at the club for a game.

That night his luck was running badly. He spent the better part of the evening there, and when he emerged at half past eleven, he was forty dollars lighter than when he had entered — and he was in an ugly mood.

He stopped off for a bite, and then descended the stairs to the BMT, where he waited on the platform for ten minutes, cursing everything in general and the miserable day he'd spent in particular. Finally the Brighton train came along. Al got in and slumped down in the nearest seat. He was tired and disgusted by his mental bouts with his wife that had been occupying him with varying intensity all during the day. As the train started, he looked around the car and noticed a slender, attractive brunette sitting across the aisle from him.

"God damn this long train ride to Brooklyn every night!" he snarled to himself. He started looking around again and soon decided that the girl opposite him was more interesting than the vapid posters which were plastered all over the car. He was also beginning to become elated by a casual approving glance she threw in his direction from time to time.

"I guess I still look in pretty good shape," he proudly observed to himself. It's nice to see the girls still haven't lost their eye for men. Boy, that doll is really built, too. I wouldn't mind. . . .

The train was pulling into the Franklin Avenue station now. Five more stops, damn it. Why doesn't this train get some speed up?

Suddenly he noticed that the girl was ready to get off. She stood up, shot him an inviting smile over her

shoulder and started moving toward the door. Al stood up and grabbed a handle as the train lurched to a stop. He momentarily thought of Grace. Se was probably worrying herself sick over him. Well, she hadn't treated him any too good today, with all that damn nastiness.

"Wait a minute, that's no way to talk now. Grace is all right, she's a good kid. She certainly is. Yeah, guess I'll slip her an extra five tomorrow morning."

Al stood up, straightened his tie and ran a hand through hair. Then he walked out of the subway and followed the girl up the stairs and into the street.

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## Room and Board

By HAROLD A. LITLEDALE

When we are first there, eating our meal, we feel the great newness of a place which is old to, and is called home by, its inhabitants. And we feel a strangeness which is not felt by the others. And well-cooked food is dry and insipid, and the polite talk over the gaudy table is a silence, like the silence of the yellow-green water of a stagnant pond. And we are sure that we will not like these people who are so at home where we are so un-at-home.

And when we are there for a while we see that we should recognize these still new faces in a crowd and they see that they should recognize ours. And we try to make ourselves at home but it is hard. There is always something new to emphasize the strangeness of it all.

After awhile we begin to know these people and we join in their conversation to hear their views—not giving our own.

And the food tastes better.

Soon we are giving our views to see their reactions (if their reactions are contrary to our own we consider them as shortcomings) and shortly we begin to feel in some ways superior, and that is a good thing. The emphasis is on "in some ways."

When we are there for a longer time we know these people as if we have been one of the family and we let them accept us, trying not to accept them.

And when a longer time is gone we have accepted them. And we know it, and they know it. And we breathe a sigh of relief, and they breathe a sign of relief, and we say—

Tomorrow I must begin to try to know these people.

And the food tastes good.

### Be Aware—Act

(Continued from page 1, Col. 4)

The time is ripe for college students to react as a body to these occurrences which will go to make up the world in which they must live. We should take a hand in shaping our future. We must inform ourselves (and others) of these occurrences and their backgrounds. We must make ourselves aware and then, en masse, we must act.

### On Equality

(Continued from page 1, Col. 1)

It merely proves more conclusively the previous assertion that an absolute equality is impossible. The real limitations to equality of opportunity are both economic and social in character.

Thus far I have tried to prove that men are created equal—but that it is a limited and not an absolute equality. One question remains. Is it necessary to have limited equality in a democracy?

The answer is yes, for with anything but a limited equality a democracy could not exist. I should like to take one historical example. Germany, under National Socialism, came the closest to creating an absolute equality and we can see that as a state it could not outlive a generation. The state became the embodiment of the desires of the individual, as well as all economic and social groups.

In a dictatorship, as in an absolute monarchy, there is one supreme ruler. Theoretically, there are thus only two classes—the ruler who is equal unto himself, and the remainder who are subservient to his will and thus equal unto themselves. Since two classes remain, absolute equality cannot be attained. If it were possible for the ruling class to have been abolished, for a short period there would have been absolute equality. But then there would be no government and this would result not in democracy but in an anarchical state—from whence a ruling group would soon evolve.

## America's Dying Political Set-up

By DAVID H. SPODICK

A century ago, America was a land of boundless, illimitable opportunity. The country was young and undeveloped. Immigrants poured in from all parts of the world to enjoy not only the new political liberties, but also the astounding economic opportunities available. The people retained the pioneering spirit of the Colonial period and forged a new prosperity under the benevolent democratic system. It was possible for a man to start with an empty pocket and an ambitious spirit and almost overnight obtain sizeable wealth.

The favorable economic conditions fostered the elimination of distinctions between classes. Social equality was absolute. Political equality was assured. Thus arose a political system peculiar to a "land of opportunity" where economic strife was minimal.

America's political set-up was a direct outgrowth of economic conditions. Two parties have at all times, completely dominated the picture. Enthusiasts have always taken pride in what they term "America's Two-Party System." However, a critical approach relegates this conception almost to the status of a myth; America may well be conceived of as being the possessor of a genuine "one-party system." This statement at once seems paradoxical, but is easily explained.

The Democratic and Republican parties are in complete agreement as to the Constitution and the rights it guarantees; they are in absolute agreement as to the form and nature of government; they have no dispute as to the machinery of election; they are dedicated to the perpetuation of the existing economic and social systems. We must recognize the fact that the Democrats and Republicans are more like two wings of one large party than like violent opponents "hell bent for election," as the saying goes. There is no truly basic principle of government on which they are in essential disagreement. Their differences, such as they are, are quantitative rather than qualitative. They rarely are in discord as to WHAT should be done, but rather on HOW it should be done and TO WHAT EXTENT. Thus, no matter whether we elect a Democratic, or a Republican-dominated government, we can expect no essential changes. Objectively analyzed, it makes little difference who sits in the White House. Few Americans lose sleep over an election.

The past few decades reflect a trend, at first barely noticeable, which today is an objective reality. Our politico-economic system is facing its demise.

America can no longer seriously be considered a land of golden, limitless economic opportunity. The Horatio Alger saga is today a worn-out myth. No longer do office boys become company presidents. America's expansion and the tremendous increase in population, coupled with the disappearance of free land, has made economic opportunity in the sense in which it attracted the early immigrants cease to exist. With increasing concentration of wealth and economic power in proportionally fewer hands and the increasingly difficult struggle of the average man to make a living, economic distinctions have become sharper. Economic tension is everywhere felt as an uncomfortable insecurity, sporadically erupting in minor outbursts of violence. The rise of the trade union movement, the bloody strikes of the '30s, the emergency methods of the New Deal, the widespread unemployment resulting from the speculation of the '20s, and the delayed recovery from the Great Depression were manifestations of this situation.

The ambiguous "two-party" system can no longer meet its problems; the problems have increased in number and complexity while the system has remained static. It can no longer seriously hope to perpetuate itself. Republicans openly support Democrats; Democrats regularly bolt their party. Liberal Democrats and their Republican counterparts are finding their differences minimal, their interests more in agreement. Reactionaries of both parties are finding themselves strange bedfellows. The conditions are accentuated by the rapid rise of labor as a potent political

force. The labor-initiated political organizations already cut across party lines. The bourgeoisie and the "solid citizens" are organizing to protect their interests. The situation demonstrates clearly the appearance of economic class interests in the political scheme. Let us face it: material economic interests are asserting themselves as the dominating factor in political relations.

What is the natural result of the decay of the major parties? There can only be one answer. We are approaching the European political party structure, just as we approach Europe's economic class conditions. Labor's formal entry onto the political stage, coupled with the rise of third-party movements is incontrovertible evidence of the path we are taking. On this basis, it may be safely predicted that in the not-too-distant future—perhaps within the next fifty years—America will be the possessor of a set of class parties. The present set-up is actually fighting methods proposed by its more progressive proponents which would actually serve to prolong its life. It is daily hastening its own disintegration.

### Man's Destiny

By LOUIS FUSSCASS

*He has seen the face of the earth for he has wandered upon it. He has sought its voice, and the earth tongues. And what he saw and has spoken many times and in many what he heard convinced him that man's whole life was destined for sorrow; that happiness can be measured only as in the briefness of a summer leaf; and that like this leaf, the flesh must fade, crumble, and fall into the maw of the hungry earth. For in those days of war did he not see that all was evil; that lust for blood was strong in man. Was not man the product of a million years—perfection the ultimate goal? Why then this tearing, this stilling of human hearts? He gave his answer. It was the destiny of man's whole life upon the earth.*

**Scurrilous doggerel to incite the embellishers of "belles letters" to a more appropriate effusion.**

**Note to be Taken Seriously, Perhaps**

Anon

or

**The Show Must Go On**

When gaily romps the Summer in,  
It's time to doff our winter skin  
And cultivate on hide and pan  
A healthy shade of swarthy tan.

Like littered leaves upon the grass  
We, noble Youth and buxom lass,  
Invite a view betwixt the dorms  
Of lovelies and some other forms.

Progressive ed we self-express;  
What wrecks it if, nevertheless,  
As long as the intent is good,  
We are, perchance, misunderstood.

Or do we want to be? (vide Soc. 23)

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*During the Summer Session*

*Dr. Grace Forbes arrived at*

*Bard to assume her duties*

*as Dean of the College.*

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## Alumni Notes

By ARTINE ARTINIAN

At Innsbruck, Austria: back to his room after a day's work, McGregor Gray, son of the first family on campus, discovered that a naval officer had been assigned to share his quarters—a tall, lanky, slow-spoken gentleman who turned out to be Abbot Smith. . . .

Also to be noted in the coincidence column, reported by Willie Wilson, at Ilsenburg, Germany, on May 27: "While taking our CBI Profiles (quick physicals) the other day I heard a fellow talking about Bard this and Bard that and at Bard it is done this way. What could I do but find out just what Bard he was referring to. That is how two Bard boys met at Wernigerode. But there is more to the story. As we were making hash of professors and policies another former student ambles up. We all had a reunion in the nude waiting for the OK to be stamped on our reports. Their names are Seidman and Saxe, both before my time, but we knew the same professors and had the same Bard spirit. We get along famously and drive the other clerks mad talking about Bard." Willie has since returned to the States, sporting a purple heart.

On May 25th Ted Cook was married to Miss Charlotte Margaret Stachelhaus of Upper Montclair, N. J. Ted continues at his post as staff correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor for the New York area. Their home is at 20 Mountainside Park Terrace, Upper Montclair. . . . Another successful journalist is Ted Anderson, who has just purchased himself a home. After September 1 his address will be 920 Carleton Road, Westfield, N. J. . . .

Mark Strook married Miss Hanna Marks on Sunday, June 24th, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. . . . Don Worcester, now a 1st Lt. in the Navy stationed in Berkeley, California, and his wife Barbara proudly announce the birth of twin daughters. . . . Dr. Edward Fuller and his family, who have been living in New York during the past year, will return to Annandale in September. . . . Harvey Fite is already back at his post as assistant professor of sculpture. . . .

Justin Gray is featured as one of "Tomorrow's Headliners" in a This Week article of May 20: "There's nothing pantywaist about Pvt. Justin Gray, who fought with the 3rd Rager Battalion from the African invasion through Sicily to Salerno and Anzio. He never wrote a word in his life. He came back to the States with three Bronze Stars on his campaign ribbon. He went up to the 'Yank' office and said, 'I think I'd like to be a writer.' He has been ever since."

Norm Oberferst is back home from Belgium, where he was wounded in the leg. . . . After scouring Dutchess County for several months Jerry Cohen has discovered the farm he was looking for near Silver Lake and is concentrating on chickens. . . . Major Harvey N. Brown has reached Cairo, Egypt, on a new assignment. . . .

Dick Eells, Stanley Falk, Edgar Gabaldon, Norman Goodman, and Stan Thayer received their Bard degrees at commencement exercises on May 17. . . . The previous evening a testimonial dinner was held at Commons to commemorate twenty years of teaching at Bard by Dr. Obreshkove. . . . Dave Margolin has completed his basic training at Camp Blanding with a rifleman's diploma in his pocket. He visited campus before going to Camp Shelby, Miss., for further training, and is now somewhere in the Pacific. . . .

Bucky Henderson and his "Egg in Your Beer" troupe were featured in a long article in the N. Y. Times theatre section. . . . Frank Overton and his wife Olga have been playing in "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," and are now back in New York at 561 Hudson Street. . . . Taro Kawa, again operating his own business in Los Angeles, is the father of a son, Stephen Jim. . . .

Major Pierre Oustinoff accompanied Major Michael Jdanov, lone representative of the Russian armies with American forces in Germany, was interpreter for the major as he made contact with Russians advancing to American lines, according to an Associated Press report. Major Jdanov, accompanied by Captain Oustinoff and newsmen, drove 200 miles in a jeep in an attempt to make a junction with

Marshal Ivan Konev's forces. They rode through territory held by three American divisions in their quest for contact with the advancing Russian forces. . . .

Stef Hirsch is back on campus after a three months' European assignment with the War Department. . . . Maj. Johnnie Parsons has been transferred to Bowman Field, Louisville, Ky. . . . Bill Steers has resigned as Director of Athletics to accept a similar position at the University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida. . . . The retirement of two key campus personalities has been announced: Miss Marjorie Rollins and Miss Helen Fisner, after twenty-five years and fifteen years of service respectively. . . .

Frunty MacGerrigle is back in the U. S. after 18 months' Pacific assignment with a Marine Air wing. Now a Major, wearing the Bronze Star. . . . Also home, temporarily at LaGuardia Field, is Capt. Johnnie Steinway. . . . Recent campus visitors: Dick Elting and his wife, Stan Falk, Brad Livingstone, Gus Szekely, Howard Fisher, Dannie Hansonoff, Greg Linden, Willie Wilson, and Tony Hecht, who brought his brother Roger to enroll as a regular student. . . .

The Bronze Star was awarded posthumously to Harry Winterbottom "for heroic service in support of operations on December 10, 1944." . . . Gordon MacAllister, rector of St. Matthias Episcopal Church of Trenton, N. J., died of infantile paralysis on August 16th at the age of thirty. . . . A few days later the College lost one of its distinguished alumni in the person of Albert Jay Neck, editor, critic, author of numerous books. He was 72. . . .

Francis Whitcomb is still with the 14th, now at Foggia, Italy, fears he will remain in Europe for some time. . . . Lloyd Marcus, stationed at Eisingen, Bavaria, expects to return home shortly. . . . Julius Schwartz is in the IRTC at Camp Gordon, Georgia. . . . In France on June 2 Sgt. Genaro Pelaez married Mlle. Olette Francine Delorme. They had a brief honeymoon in Paris before Genaro returned to his base at Cassel, Germany. . . .

Hurd Hatfield, who portrayed the title role in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," has been lent by M-G-M for the romantic lead opposite Paulette Goddard in the forthcoming "Diary of a Chambermaid" which Benedict Bogeaus will produce for United Artists. . . . On July 30 Louis Koenig was married to Miss Eleanor Margaret White at the First Presbyterian Church of Albany. They expect to make their home at Annandale. . . .

Paul Matthen (Seymour Lieberman) has been appointed to the music dept. of Bennington. . . . A lead article by Walter Waggoner, entitled "Shortages instead of Shorts," appeared in the July 22 number of the N. Y. Times Magazine Section. . . . Col. John C. W. Linsley, Staff Chaplain of the 10th Air Force in Burma, has received the Bronze Star Medal. He has been serving in the India-Burma theater for the past 15 months. . . .

### Stefan Hirsch Goes To Europe

(Continued from page 1, Col. 3) pleasantly surprised to learn that it had been used as a Gestapo headquarters. After the defeat, the house was taken over by an American War Dept. outfit. Not knowing that the building belonged to Stef, members of that outfit invited him in and told him to "Make yourself at home!" which he did with a good laugh. In the same room where he used to pass evenings in his youth, he was regaled with horror stories

### Poem

By ROGER HECHT

From strung up tower bounce half  
and even hour  
Out of conecap bell. Air creaks,  
flicks, flings:  
Sound strides on flecked flowers,  
Wearing bees.

O birds burst, babble, bite wind:  
Clip tone; plash song through leaf-  
waves,  
Into our ivy mantled ear.  
O stone can hide no echo there!

### Dr. Blanton To Visit Bard

On Wednesday, October 17th, Dr. Smiley Blanton, psychiatrist, a member of the New York Academy of Medicine, and the New York Psychoanalytical Society, will address a general college meeting on the subject of "Psychiatry and Religion."

Dr. Blanton's lecture is being sponsored by the College Chapel Association. Dr. Blanton has been Associate Professor of Clinical Psychiatry at the School of Medicine, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, since 1943. Previously he was Professor of Speech and Mental Hygiene at the University of Wisconsin, assistant professor of clinical medicine at the University of Minnesota, and Professor of Child Study at Vassar, from 1927 to 1931. He was the director of the Minneapolis Child Guidance Clinic from 1924 to 1927, and director of the nursery school at Vassar from 1927 to 1931. He was assistant professor at Cornell Medical College from 1933 to 1938. Since 1937, he has been consultant in Psychiatry at the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City. Dr. Blanton is the author of "Speech Training for Children," "Child Guidance," "For Stutterers" and co-author with Reverend Dr. Norman Vincent Peale of "Faith is the Answer."

about the Gestapo.

Stefan Hirsch found Germany thoroughly beaten and sprawling with colossal destruction which goes beyond the imagination. The people seemed dazed. The population was generally rather friendly, cooperative and anxious to please the victors, with an eye toward receiving special favors. Money has little value, while American cigarettes, soap, candies have enormous purchasing power. It is absolutely forbidden to feed the Germans on our rations. Luckily for the natives, the crops were good this year, and there was plenty of deer on the land. . . .

The citizens of Nauheim restored the Synagogue there, and for the opening celebration invited the highest Protestant and Catholic Clergy and the American Commanding General of the area, with the old rabbi officiating. As it is already known, the Germans will deny any connections with the Nazis, and as one youngster puts it: "We are not Nazis! Do not believe your Jewish Communist press!"

On the side, Mr. Hirsch finds the German beer "Foul, but the French is worse."

His mission completed with success, Stef left for London by plane and arrived there just in time for the Japanese surrender excitement.

Stef left London by plane on V-J day, September 2nd, at about 6 A.M., passed over Scotland, Iceland, Labrador and landed at La Guardia field on September 3rd at about 1:30 P.M., with 28 other passengers.

Stef has no end of praise for the British. The rationing in England is very severe, there is very little of everything and less prospect of improvement in the near future. In spite of that, they are cheerful and friendly, going out of their way to help. "They do not kick about anything. They can take it. And the next time I hear people at Bard kick about food, I'll. . ."



After more than 25 years of service to the Bard Community, Miss Marjorie Rollins has retired as Secretary to the President of the College. Serving under various administrations in a long and not uneventful career, Miss Rollins has held several other positions, including those of Bursar and Registrar. The first formal dinner of the Fall Term was given in her honor.

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