

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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In North Hegeman nearly everybody
reads the Bardian.

THE BARDIAN

At Bard, nearly everybody reads.

Volume II, No. 10, New Series

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

Thursday, May 9, 1946

Assistant to President Is Appointed at Bard

By Philip H. GORDON



ORMSBEE ROBINSON

The appointment of Ormsbee W. Robinson, district price board executive of the O.P.A., as assistant to the president and director of admissions at Bard College, has been announced by President Gray, who also announced the appointment of Gerard DeGre, at present a lieutenant at the Naval Personnel Separation Center, Bainbridge, Md., as assistant professor of sociology.

Mr. Robinson, who has been in charge of the administration of all local price boards in the New York district, which includes New York City, Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Orange, Rockland, Nassau, and Suffolk counties, took office at the college on Monday, April 22.

No newcomer to the educational field, Mr. Robinson was both teacher and administrator in schools in the New York area before joining the O.P.A. in 1942 as associate ra-

tioning officer. He was also educational services specialist with the O.P.A., his duties including liaison and advisory services with departments of education, schools and colleges in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and Washington, D. C.

In addition to having taught at the Fieldston School, New York, and at Plainfield, N. J., High School, he has been director of adult education of the Society for Ethical Culture, New York, executive director in charge of all operations of the Associated Junior Work Camps, and organizer and executive secretary of the experiment in adult education at the Plainfield Institute.

He is vice-president of the National Executive Committee of American Youth Hostels, president of Associated Junior Work Camps, director of the Felicia Fresh-Air Fund, and a member of the National Association of Secondary School Principals, American Education Fellowship, Phi Delta Kappa, and Kappa Delta Pi. A graduate of Princeton, where he received his A.B. in 1932 with honors in philosophy, he received his M.S.S. from the New School of Social Research, and his M.A. in educational administration from Teachers College, Columbia University. He has also attended the School of Education at New York University, where he studied principles, methods, and psychology of education.

The new 35-year-old assistant to the President has also written many articles on both youth movements and education in leading periodicals, and he is the co-author of a recent pamphlet on work experience as an integral part of education.

The appointment of Lt. DeGre is for the academic year 1946-1947. Before entering the Navy, he taught sociology and anthropology at Butler and St. Lawrence universities. A graduate of City College of New York, he received both his M.A. and his Ph.D. from Columbia University. He is a member of the American Sociological Society.



Bard vs. The Dean's Rescript

In an editorial in the last "Bardian" the editors expressed their disapproval of the "Honor Pledge" which Dean Forbes presented in a rescript to the community council. After examining the remainder of this document, we have decided to discuss its essential points. The rescript is a set of reflections and suggestions on the community government.

(I) The introductory statement

Perhaps the brightest spot in Mrs. Forbes' presentation is its preamble. This statement frankly admits the undermining of campus morale during the past few terms by the questionable management of the B & G, the Store and the Commons. It is the final admission by the Administration of the existence of a bad situation against which certain members of the Community Government had been fighting for four terms.

(II) "Objectives of Community Government"

In this section Mrs. Forbes states that the objectives of the Community Government are to (1) build an organization "in which everyone will work . . . towards the educational objectives of the College," and (2) the "enhancement of the prestige of the College." She amplifies (1) by stating that the Bard educational program is to "aid the student to become self-directive."

In regard to (1), few will dispute the desirability of self-direction in education, but it is hard to see the consistency of the Dean's case when "self-direction" and an "Honor Pledge" are advocated in the same document. Discussing statement (2), Mrs. Forbes holds that the reputation of the College "is to be protected and elevated above the ephemeral desires of any student or group of students." This statement would seem to represent an attack on campus minorities which may be entirely sincere in upholding their views on the best social and academic interests of the College.

(III) "Proposed Changes"

(1) "Redefinition of Bardian educational objectives . . ."

This would be verbally impossible. That attitude of progressive liberalism which Bard College represents is more of a feeling than a set of documented statements. It could at best be only couched in the broadest terms to which numerous implications could be ascribed.

(2) "An honor pledge to be required of all students as part of the registration procedure (a contract between the College and the student)."

The Bardian has already expressed itself on the honor idea. We repeat that we feel it incompatible with progressive, "self-directed"

(3) "An expanded orientation program . . ."

This suggestion is good if handled properly. Placed in hands unfamiliar with Bard and its problems, an orientation set-up might do more harm than good. This goes equally for the academic and social aspects of orientation.

(4) "House Proctors."

In the original rescript, the Dean suggests proctors who would "be responsible for checking each morning of students under their care and of seeing . . . that these students are quickly oriented in the Bard program." In additional explanatory document, Mrs. Forbes states that proctors are to "notify the Dean's office if students are missing from their rooms in the morning."

These ideas can at best be characterized as dangerous. They are clearly an undemocratic attempt at invasion of individual privacy. They completely negate any principle of "self-direction" in establishing personal standards of conduct. The Community reaction to them will undoubtedly be one of shocked indignation.

In regard to proctors supervising the student's quick orientation in "the Bard program, we fail to see where (1) an orientation can take place "quickly" and be successful, and (2) how a large enough set of students can be selected for their omniscience in adjudicating the success of other students in the Bard program.

(5) "House Officers."

One point Mrs. Forbes makes in connection with house officers is that they "supposedly would be members of the Upper College." It is hard to see the logic of this point. Any attempt to restrict elected officers to certain groups is out of the question from a democratic point of view.

(IV) "Infractions"

(1) "Honor Code."

Mrs. Forbes here states: "Any person who knows that the Honor Code (SIC!) has been violated shall report the offense to the reporter's own adviser, to a member of the Special Committee, or to the President or the Dean of the College."

This section seems to arbitrarily set up an "Honor Code" for the College. We assume this to be linked to the "Honor Pledge." Clearly, this is an indication of distrust of the students, both academic and social. In effect it makes the person who refuses to report a violation himself a violator, setting up a mutual spy system that smacks too much of the work of a well-known Austrian house painter.

(2) "Procedure."

In discussing the procedure of

Entry to Bard

Author's note:

The opinions expressed in the following article are my own and should not be construed as being those of the faculty.

Most of us have become aware by now that the country has another emergency on its hands. In fact, this one is parked on our very own laps and there is no getting out from under it. The situation is this: our colleges and universities are overrun by students and all available facilities are taxed beyond the limit. An army of discharged veterans is descending on our campuses, anxious to resume an education cut short by the war. Growing numbers of high school graduates are swelling the tide. The on-rush is so great that many institutions, especially state universities, are the thousands. The smaller colleges forced to turn applicants away by are rapidly filling up and nanging out "No more admittance" signs. Many of the students who are admitted are unable to find rooms and have to put up with the most primitive living quarters in cellars and attics and other rat holes. State and national legislation is hurriedly enacted to help colleges expand their resources and improvise educational services. Still, when September comes around, many a qualified young man and woman will have got no farther than finding his name on some waiting list.

The situation at Bard is no different. The Office of Admissions is swamped with letters from hopeful prospects. We may be expendable, but not much. We are practically bursting at the seams right now. Evidently, "getting into college" is becoming a highly competitive affair.

But what about the student who is in? If he is halfway alive to the emergency he should feel pretty cheap unless he takes the fullest possible advantage of his opportunities. He should want to demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that he has it in him to make responsible use of these opportunities. If he is unable to do so, let him vacate his bed and desk for a better qualified candidate from the waiting list.

If this is true for the college student in general, it should be even more so for the student at Bard. He is a privileged person, now more than ever, when education perforce is going into mass production. His education is not prescribed for him. He is not squeezed into a pre-conceived course pattern. He has a chance to work at his own salvation. It is education by his consent and understanding, free from arbitrary compulsions and restrictions.

This is a privilege which demands a great deal of every student: initiative, imagination, responsible action. To see it abused, at this time in particular, is hard to bear. True, it has been a Bard practice to give a considerable length of rope to a student who cannot make up his mind what he came to Bard for. I should like to see this practice curtailed. We can no longer afford to be indefinitely liberal and forbearing — to give the benefit of the doubt to a certain type of student. What type? Well, the student who persists in the infantile notion that Bard is a country club or a Junior League resort; the perennial slacker, the lame duck, the student who spends more time at the bar than over his books.

In the face of the present emergency, every Bard student should prove to himself and to the rest of the college, that he is here for a purpose, a purpose that will provide him with the springs of action for the fullest possible participation in his own education. If this be asking too much, Bard is the wrong place for you and you better move along, for you are standing in somebody's way.

We must realize that in these days the college has an obligation not only toward the student who is in, but also toward the student who cannot get in, because we have no room for him.

Why Feed Austria?

The proposed food saving program which has stirred up so much discussion on campus, has nevertheless, received the almost full support of the community on every angle but one. We are agreed that the least Bard can do for the starving people of Europe is to give up two meals a week so that the money saved on that food may be used to purchase food for people to whom it may mean the difference between life, and the slow death of starvation. We are not, however, agreed on sending this food to Austrian students in Vienna, or even to Austria at all.

It is felt that there are people in Europe who not only deserve, but need this food far more than do the relatively healthy Austrians, who, in company with the Germans, lived fairly normal nutritional lives, at the expense of the rest of Europe. It has been stated that the German and Austrian peoples are biologically the soundest groups in Europe today due to the fact that their ration was by far the best of any on the European continent. It has also been stated that the populations of Germany and Austria are proportionately stronger than any country in Europe due to their studied policies of biological warfare, which included the attempted extermination of whole national populations, and the practically successful extermination of whole groups such as the Jews and the Gypsies.

In view of this fact, many people on campus feel that there are people far more worthy of our rescuing efforts than the Austrians, and especially the Austrian students. A good argument has been put forward in behalf of the Spanish refugees in the South of France who are woefully undernourished (to say

nothing of ill-clothed and ill-housed). It has been mentioned that, after all, we know these valiant Spaniards are true anti-fascists, and certain good citizens of a future, peaceful, anti-fascist world. In addition they are in desperate need of food and an agency exists for the purpose of supplying them.

On the other hand, the Austrians, while obviously in need of food, are not at all sure bets. The tough facts of the case are, that in spite of assertions to the contrary, British and American intelligence services found out definitely that there was no Austrian underground of any practical value, and Allied agents sent into Austria were mostly "dropped blind" (without previous contacts) simply because there were no dependable people to whom to refer them.

The argument that the only way to win these people to Democracy is to feed them and show them what magnanimous victors we really are, has some value, it is true. It is also true that there are plenty of people in Europe who are at present starving to death, or being robbed of the right to grow into normal adulthood, who will not need to be converted to Democracy, who are already believers in the democratic way of life and who showed it by fighting for their beliefs with fire and blood, and to whom the idea of a relatively peaceful Anschluss never occurred.

As long as there are liberty-loving Spaniards, Frenchmen, Greeks, Belgians, Dutchmen, and others whose allegiance to democracy is not doubted, the food should go to them, and if there's any left, let the Austrians and the Germans have it. This may sound tough—it

(Continued on Page 4, Column 3)

The Bardian

Official publication of the students of Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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Discrimination at Mike's

A FEW WEEKS ago, Bard College and its environs was the scene of a rather disgraceful incident; one which we feel with certainty does not reflect the sentiments of the Bard community. Three Bard students and a Negro guest of theirs went to the Annandale Hotel, "Mike's", for a drink and were informed that "Mike's" does not serve Negroes. In addition to being a completely undemocratic procedure, and a reprehensible act in the eyes of the students of any progressive college, it poses a very serious question. It seems almost certain that Bard will soon, as before, have Negro students; if "Mike's" persists in its intolerant attitude, every member of the Bard community will have to face the existence of an establishment which, while depending mostly on Bard trade for its business, discriminates against members of the Bard student body because of their race.

A good idea of Bard's general attitude toward the question of discrimination against Negroes might be found in the following letter received by the editors of the Bardian:

Editors, The Bardian

Sirs:

The following resolution was passed by the members of the Inter-Racial Group at the meeting of the group April 2, 8:30 P. M.

The rights of any individuals to an education are implicit in the ideals of Bard. Any form of discrimination that denies the individual these rights is contrary to the policies of Bard as a democratic institution. Although we do not believe such discrimination exists at Bard, the absence of Negro students from campus leaves us open to criticism on these grounds. The present statement in the Bard catalogue does not adequately describe the policy of the college. We feel that a more definite statement should be included in the catalogue to the effect that the college welcomes students of all races, creeds, and colors.

For the Inter-Racial Group,

(Signed)

CHARLES D. FRIOU.

Most probably "Mike's" took the stand it did under the impression that any other attitude would be contrary to the desires of the Bard students. It is up to us to let "Mike's" know that the very opposite is true, and that the presence of Negro students on campus will make "Mike's" present position untenable.

Station Wagon Set

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of discussion of late concerning a projected purchase by the college of a station wagon to replace the taxi service offered by George Carnright.

The only valid reason for such an action would be a reduction in rates paid for local transportation by the students through some system of smaller

Eighteen Year Old College Students and the Draft

by Melvin Friedman

This article does not necessarily represent the opinions of the Bardian and the editors will welcome a discussion on the subject through the "Letters" column.

Congress is faced with the task of deciding the fate of young Americans of the age of 18; they hold in their hands the control springs of their futures. College students, especially, must look with awakened interest to a decision which undoubtedly will be a milestone in their lives.

I am greatly opposed to the drafting of these young college students, as I can see the ruination of many brilliant careers. Can we be certain that they will desire to continue and culminate their studies after they have received a view of life through its complexity and morbidity? If they had something material to fight for, I could easily see the necessity for their sacrifice, but in view of the situation as it now stands, I can see little reason for it. The job which lies before us, the maintenance of the peace, can adequately be handled by those unfit for military service, many of whom have emerged from the war with definite material gains. The problem which faces the allied countries now is the prevention of another war; the establishment of an international police force, for the occupied areas, will best enable a successful consummation to this endeavor. Experienced fellows will undoubtedly prove to be more efficient policemen. Many of them have completed their education, and the distraction will little divert them from any future aims; they have already established a place in society for themselves, while our youth are still fighting to stabilize themselves. Fill the army with college students now, and you will see a definite intellectual deterioration in our leaders of tomorrow.

taxi fees deemed possible under a college operated taxi.

Before any such action is considered some examination of the charges made by Carnright is certainly in order. His fee for the three and one-half mile trip to Barrytown is now fifty cents per passenger. Figured at the meter rate of twenty cents for the first quarter mile and five cents for each additional fourth of a mile over that the charge would be eighty-five cents plus tip. This lower fee of Carnright's is therefore a saving of thirty-five cents.

The same is true of the trip to Red Hook which is approximately the same distance and under his policy of charging only fifty cents for a round trip to "The Hook" an even greater saving is achieved, totaling in this instance eighty-five cents.

The six and one-half mile trip to Rhinebeck costs one dollar in Carnright's cab, while under the meter system it would run to one dollar and fifty-five cents; again, the saving is considerable.

The trip to Rhinecliff is nine miles and the charge is one dollar and a half for one and one dollar per person when there is more than one passenger. The saving here over the normal taxi charge is a minimum of forty-five cents and a maximum of ninety-five cents.

If the college were to purchase a station wagon at the available market price of close to eleven hundred dollars and run it as a taxi as proposed, the costs would, according to Mr. Avery, be one dollar a day for running expenses plus the salary of the driver, who would be limited to a forty-hour week, which would considerably cut down the efficiency of service now offered by the constant presence of one of Carnright's cars. Therefore the college charges would have to be at least those of Carnright and possibly more if a high caliber service is to be attained on a par with the present system.

A cooperatively run taxi would meet the same expenses of the initial cost plus driver and operating expenses. The driver's salary would call for at least twenty-five dollars a week and if a steady service is to be maintained comparable to Carnright's two drivers would certainly be required. Student help would be almost as expensive and would add greatly to the wear and tear on the vehicle since a large number of drivers on one car is not conducive to a long life for the conveyance. This brings up the problem of replacing the "cab" after a period of time which would surely raise expenses and therefore charges.

It is obvious that the twenty-four hour taxi currently offered by Carnright is inexpensive and it is quite doubtful if a cooperatively—or college—owned taxi would be able to give service on a level with that now available. The expenses would be very high, the charges at least the same as Carnright, and the number of hours a day of operation would certainly be less. It is therefore apparent that the college community can spend its time on more profitable subjects than being niggardly towards Mr. Carnright.

Letters To The Editor

Gentlemen:

When I read your headline "Music Critique" by Jack Kotik in the April 10 issue, I hoped that this radical departure from the home brand spelling signified an equally radical departure from the usual journalistic criticism which simply gives the reader the lowdown on the critic's ignorance and personal taste.

But, ETAOIN SHRDLU ETAO disappointed. I consider criticism one of the most important aspects of a healthy art life, so important that I deem it worth teaching. Criticism above the level of mere autobiography is neither straight approval or disapproval, and it certainly is not reporting. It is analysis formed by evaluation. A critic has to be familiar, or must familiarize himself, with the material to be criticized. In the case of a concert such as the one referred to, he has to know thoroughly all the program offerings, the esthetic and historical background of the pieces, and something about the technique of the performing art, voice in this instance.

Our autobiographer was a bit shaky along these lines. A note on the infrequently heard music of Alessandro Scarlatti and its character would have been more appropriate than a questionable remark about the rhythmic interpretation of the work. A rather spurious trick of criticism is exhibited in the inuendo of "... The Cantata was interpreted in the dramatic manner which was perhaps (sic!) not exactly (sic!) what the composer would have (sic!) wished for, nor the critic (aha!), for the music has a certain gravity." Thus the critic's preference becomes esthetic verity by an authority never granted him by the composer. Such authority can be assumed only, if at all, after exhaustive scrutiny of the works of the author and of the style of the period. If the music has gravity the critic would have to demonstrate in musical terminology how and where it be expressed in the score: in tempo notations? in type of melodic line? in character of bass? in harmonic or contrapuntal methods? etc., etc.? And even if this gravity indeed existed in the manuscript, is there really such an inner contradiction between gravity and drama? Do not the contemporary toccatas of Bach settle this question? Or the greater Greek plays?

Why the three pieces in English "were all terrible" and "miscarriages" should probably be explained to a non-musician. How Richard Wagner got into this melee, moreover, is a mystery to me since I don't recall having heard any of his music at the concert.

Criticism is an art based on experience, knowledge, feeling and wide acquaintance in the arts. The flat personal statement without elucidation, even from a Toscanini, fails to convince. Authority unsupported by reason or knowledge is always an unmitigated and deadly bore.

Reply—

Stefan Hirsch.

Of the nineteen sentences in my review, ten were specifically related to either the music or its performance. Of these, seven were favorable and three unfavorable. Of the remaining nine, eight were factual, and necessarily belonged in even the most perfunctory account of the evening's activities. The other was a descriptive remark.

Perhaps Scarlatti is infrequently met with in those circles in which Mr. Hirsch moves, but among good musicians he is a favorite. As to the "spurious trick," Mr. Hirsch is perfectly correct, as he has been subjected to this sort of thing for years by his daily paper. It is employed by competent critics when a rigorous discussion would require references to "tempo notations, types of melodic lines, etc., etc.", and "the greater Greek plays", the comprehension and correlation of which is beyond the average reader. While such a discussion enables the critic to display his knowledge, it is of value only to a musician who either knows the music or looks up the references. The Bardian is primarily intended for students.

I also am sorry that Bernard Waagen is not Richard Wagner. (The number was announced orally.) Jack Kotik

To the Editors,
"The Bardian,"
Bard College.

Sirs:—

May I suggest that you consult the letter to the editors entitled "Stylelesson" which appeared in "Time," March 25, 1946. Although I try hard to understand what you print, I often find it difficult, if not impossible, to translate your writing into practical language.

I am sure that the article by "Trebtor Nylagas," for instance, would prove of interest to my father who is a reputable psychoanalyst, and the third paragraph of the article by Fred Segal, et al, which mentions a certain Emil Unterstolzer, is impossible to interpret. I did not know that "Aufbau" had an important sports column (I may be wrong, I rarely read the paper.)

Is it necessary for "The Bardian" to use such obscure language or is it a case of what "Time's" correspondent calls "assnineditor?"

Sincerely,

Emil Oberholzer.

Children's Groups

By Hope North

The dignified aspect of the cellar of South Hoffman, Stine Row, has changed with the advent of a new regime. On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, what was once cobwebs and dust is now a clubroom boasting two children's recreational clubs.

These two children's groups are composed of youngsters from the surrounding community, and were formed for the purpose of giving the children the valuable experience of learning to work together as a group, as well as the chance to enjoy the activities the clubs offer. It also offers Bard students practical experience in leadership and is a regular part of educational curriculum under the guidance of Dr. Clifton.

On Wednesdays the occupants of the Stone Row cellar are boys and girls aged five to eight years, led and supervised by Elaine Hollander, who is in turn assisted by Lucille Edwards. The activities of this younger group have been mainly claywork, finger painting, watercolor painting, rhythms and storytelling.

The Thursday tenants have developed into a more regular club, consisting of boys aged nine to eleven years, who call themselves "The Skulls." There are officers of the club, who see to the keeping of Law and Order, and membership cards and badges will soon be finished by the club members who are working on them.

Like the other group, they have enjoyed themselves at claywork and painting, but the "Skull" members are athletic as well as artistic. They are divided into two teams and in addition to having their own baseball league, have gone bowling, scavenger hunting, and walking through the woods on a long hike in which they effortlessly outwalked their leaders, Hope North and Bob Andrews who plodded wearily along behind.

A final word on this new program:— Janet Goldberg, and her assistant, Hope North, are also the leaders of the "Girls' Friendly Society," a group of girls, ten to seventeen years old, which meets in Barrytown. Their activities vary from the other clubs, in that in addition to softball and some painting, they have also sponsored a barn dance for the community and conducted a successful food sale. This children's group program has been of great practical value to the Bard students who conduct it. The student leaders hold numerous meetings for the purpose of discussing the many facets of organization and problems of leadership involved, and this mingling of varied ideas and experiences has proven itself of real worth to all concerned.

Baton

By BEN HELLER

Convocation recently voted the allotment of one hundred dollars from the reserve fund for the purchase of records for Music Library. The Community Council was instructed to appoint a committee to select the discs. The committee appointed, consisting of David Van Tijn, Donn O'Meara, Betty Lipsitz, Jerry Blitzler and Yours Truly, has met and discussed proposed choices. It was felt that no decision should be made without first consulting the student body. To this end, the following measures have been taken:

A box has been placed in the Art Library for suggestions. It is hoped that the students will give positive and exact suggestions with the performers included if possible. In addition to this, this column will attempt to inform students final ideas and suggestions of the record-purchasing committee.

The purchasing of all twelve of the Library of Congress folk albums was considered excessive, but the need for authentic music, recorded on-the-spot, was recognized and a portion of the money will be spent for these records with the hope that the Administration will see clear to filling the gap. A similar attitude was taken toward a number of suggestions that seemed important but that exceeded our funds; this held true for replacements, the inadequate supply of material for the music students (both instruction and classes), and for sets that could be bought in sections but that were too expensive as an entity. In the past, the Convocation's allotment has often been met by the Administration and we hope the same thing will happen again.

A basic point introduced was the "popularity" of the records to be bought. By "popularity" is meant the general concert repertory that is heard continually through the year, that is pushed on records, and always available on the radio. Our collection, as it stands, is fairly adequate in diversified fields but is quite standard; many of the works are included in the student's collection or his neighbor's. Rarely performed music, seldom recorded and then issued in small quantities, would provide the student with the opportunity to further his knowledge and to hear music he would be unable to in other circumstances. For example, the library has the standard choral music, annually performed, including the B Minor Mass and the Messiah; the Requiem and Mass of Mozart; the Requiem of Faure, and such are missing. Similarly, Prokofieff's Peter and the Wolf is available, but his violin concertos and sonatas are not.

It is true that many students want to enlarge our standard collection, that they want to spread the money out to include all fields and the committee will probably have to follow such a plan. This column, however, strongly supports making something worthwhile out of our school collection,—something through which the student can enlarge his musical experience. It endorses the purchasing of chamber music, sonatas, folk music, art songs, organ music, and the religious music of the Mass.

For those who love it, the real New Orleans is back in town! This could only mean one thing,—Bunk Johnson and his band have returned to the Stuyvesant Casino at Second Avenue and Ninth Street. There have been three changes in the band's personnel: Baby Dodds was replaced by Kaiser Marshall, but is expected in New York by May 1st; Don Ewell, a vet who plays a la Jelly-Roll Morton, has taken over the piano, and Lawrence Marrero of banjo fame was left in New Orleans. The unhappy reason for the last change was that Art Hodes, who was filling in at the Casino while Bunk and the band took a rest, had a six piece band without banjo, and it was decided that Bunk could get along without it too. Otherwise the band is in fine style having added some "new" numbers, notably Muskrat Ramble. In conjunction with the return, Victor has released an album of the band that is the best recorded yet. The much awaited first recording of "High Society," the famous traditional march, is marred by poor solos by George Lewis, but Lewis and Jim Robinson on "Saints Go Marching In," and the band as a whole more than make up for this mishap. Decca's and Blue Note's releases are eagerly awaited with the hope that soon Bunk will record one album of true New Orleans music,—every side a march.

Some Notes on The Band

Once in the dim dank years beyond recall, the common everyday victrola was the mainstay of the entertainment committee. The disc was king on campus until Ruel Baker finally paid the drayage charge on his saxophone. After a diligent search he discovered a pot washer in the kitchen who beat a fine tattoo on the kettles. Baker placed a pair of drum sticks in the youngster's hand and stepped back. The youngster's eyes shone with gratitude, he blushed furiously and licked Baker's hand gratefully. Suddenly the kitchen was filled with the steady beat of the tom tom, the military roll and the Dixieland one step. Baker grinned with pride. "What's your name, son?" he asked. "Roger Isaacs, if you please, sir," was the meek reply.

The band was under way. Baker, fortified with the finest drummer this side of shul, looked further. He wandered into Poughkeepsie one evening to catch the second show at the "First Chance Saloon." There, to his amazement, was the finest wash board player he had ever heard (and it might be interesting to note that Baker plays a lot of wash board himself, a gift he picked up in the third grade when Miss Schwartz had kept him after school. To punish him she made him wash black boards about the class room. "Baker," she commanded. "Wash boards, guh dammit!" But that's another story.)

Anybody who can play the wash board can play the trombone, thought Baker logically. As a result of this forethought, Kenny Williams joined the fold. The next step was a simple one. Baker heard of a wonderful piano player in Red Hook (KY) so he journeyed

west to interview her. During the half, between the Red Hookers and Rhinebeck (La.) football game, the band took the field. There, to Baker's amazement, was a girl piano player. After the game he interviewed her. "Young lady?" he trates any ambition to write."

asked, "do you want to join our combo?" "You're damn A. well right I do!" she snapped. "I'm getting sick an' tired of toting that piano up an' down the field. When do I start, an' who is Annandale?"

The next step was also successful. After a thorough search through the surrounding hills, a bass player was located. His name? Well you may ask. He was hiding behind a garish fraternity pin and admits to living in Chicago. The guitar player's name is Dolores.

F.S.

AUTUMN WEEK END

The Alumni will be welcomed in true Bardian style (whatever that may mean) on May 11th. They will be feted with a home-coming dance and a variety show depicting the changes here. The dance will be held in the gym and the Baker sextet will provide the music.

Bob Sagalyn has been given the dubious privilege of directing and writing the skits. We looked at a preview of these skits and they should provide our betters with many laughs. Mr. Frauenfelder is producing and backing the show.

The first formal dance of the year will be held at the Kap house on the 25th of May. A name band will be procured and dancing will take place on the outside porch as well as inside. This will be the final weekend for the year.



This quaint couple was snapped at the recent masquerade ball in a candid *tete a tete*. They are actually Bob Sherman and Lin Williams, two returned vets who are apparently discussing war experiences. Both lads won prizes for originality and they appear to be gloating. Sherman won two tickets to the Art Studio and Williams was the lucky winner of a season pass to Hoffman Memorial Library. Other winners were Nancy Albee, for the most beautiful girl and Pat Hellman for the most progressive girl present.

Some Tips On Selling Scripts

The screen story analyst, or "reader," as they prefer to call themselves, is one of the most important personalities in a motion picture studio. Upon their judgment rests the choice of story material for Hollywood.

One reader reporter, after having read the proof sheets of the novel, "Gone With the Wind," that it "would not only make a bad movie, but would never sell once it was published." The judgment of that reader cost the studio millions of dollars.

The primary task of a reader in Hollywood is to recommend stories to officials of a studio. A reader is all the more valuable if he can anticipate trends of public taste. Such a reader is Lucille Mereto, who reads and reports on between 300 and 500 stories a year for the David O. Selznick studios.

The most important demand in a saleable screen story, according to Miss Mereto, is a clear-cut story theme.

"I notice a tendency on the part of new writers to use a hodge podge of ideas which cannot be translated to the screen without a great deal of rewriting and simplification."

"Sometimes a studio will buy an idea in rough form, but if that idea is well presented, there is a much better chance of its being marketable."

Miss Mereto regards her job as a challenge. When galley proofs of new novels and scripts of Broadway plays come to her desk, she writes her own review of them and later compares her opinion with the reviews of New York critics. She admits that sometimes she is wrong.

"My advice to new writers is to get their work printed in national magazines, to have their book published, or to get an agent who is known to the studios to be reliable."

"Studios," said Miss Mereto, "never accept a manuscript directly from an unknown writer. Stories which come through the mail direct to the studio are returned unopened."

"Studios remember the case of where a writer sent in a few pages of manuscript, and then sued the studio because all of it hadn't been returned," she explained.

Since she makes her living from her judgment of what type of stories the studio finds suitable for movie purposes, Miss Mereto says that she has no ambition to write for the screen herself.

"Most readers have ideas for original movie plots," she said, "but they discard them before they are down on paper."

Chamber Pot Pourri

by F. S. and D. O'M.

Now that at least half of the student body is back from vacation, we can look up from our tear-spattered criteria sheets and gaze about with jaundiced eye. Now gracing our modest campus is the sleekest, longest, fastest, grayest horseless carriage ever to appear in a flash of fire and brimstone between South Hall and Poughkeepsie. Madelon Shapiro has spiked the base canard that it is the car that Bob Sagalyn is reputedly using to run liquor in from Canada.

An explanation has finally been given the administration on Addison Bray's strange behavior late last week. It seems that he threw his roommate, Pete Zeisler, out of the window. "I thought he was my Senior Project," maintained Addison, stoutly.

There is absolutely no truth to the rumor that ex-officers will be issued different Criteria Sheets than ex-enlisted men.

The Bardian wishes to protest the fact that Dottie Hansen did not receive credit for all the statuary in "Blood of a Poet."

Social Notes from all over: Norman O'Berferst; Horace Mann Choate, Horace Mann, Hartwick, Horace Mann (post grad.) of Miami (Kansas) and Central Park West, has just returned from his

sojourn in Miami (Fla.) where he spent a remunerative and profitable ten days smuggling Gentiles into the Roney Plaza. . . .

Tom Marshall; Boston Latin, Yeshiva Prep., St. Stephens, and Bard has just announced his wedding plans and is cautiously squandering his betrothed's dowry in the Albee gaming room. . . .

Ken "Kampus Klown" MacArthur; A.B., Margaret Sanger School, Book of the Month Club, Mennen After Shave Club and Bard (Moderated) of Sweet Water, Texas, and Lyons, France, has recently completed the fifth page of a Preamble to his Senior Project entitled, "An Examination of the Relative Merits of Spanish and Italian Olives in the Dry-Martini."

Walter J. Krivine-Mosely; Eton, Harrow, Horace Mann, Non-Coms Club, Charles Atlas School (failed) and Bard, of Wardondoggitaby-on-Thames (Neb.) and Pubic Falls (Ky.) was among those missing at the Wednesday afternoon meeting of the E.P.C.

Among those caught swearing in Miss Westra's class in Roman Band Instruments were Mark Stroock, Norman Oberferst, Wally Krivine. A misunderstanding arose over this incident when it was discovered that "pshaw" is verboten in Miss Westra's sessions.

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Opportunity Abroad For American Students

An International Student Conference is to take place in Prague this summer from the 17th to the 31st of August.

The main purpose of the Conference has been stated in the appeal sent to all student organizations:

"We consider that the main problem confronting the World Student Congress will be that of establishing a representative international students' organization uniting in its ranks all the democratic student organizations of the world with the aim of ensuring a lasting and stable peace, of promoting friendship among all peoples and of defending the rights and interests of students."

This conference offers a tremendous opportunity for American students to make themselves heard for the cause of international cooperation for world peace.

A call to the Conference has been issued by the International Preparatory Committee to student groups in every country. This Preparatory Committee is composed of representatives of student organizations of twelve countries and is a development of the experiences of the five hundred delegates from fifty-one countries who attended the International Student Conference at Prague in November, 1945.

At this first Conference the problems involved in the fields of student exchange, student relief and student responsibility for keeping the peace were considered. There was a strong feeling that much closer cooperation was needed between student organizations of different countries if these problems were to be successfully solved. The Conference called for this summer will have as its main task the establishment of an international student organization to approach these problems.

Support for this Conference is widespread and comes not only from student groups but also from many of our leading educators and legislators, and an American Preparatory Committee has been set up composed of representatives from the following organizations: National Intercollegiate Christian Council (Student YMCA and YWCA), B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, United Student Assembly, Intercollegiate Youth for Democracy, Student Federalists Association of Internes and Medical Students, The American Preparatory Committee has decided that 25 delegates shall be sent to Prague. Approximately 17 of these will represent the organizations on the Committee. The rest shall be delegates-at-large, students representing the organizations on a particular campus or group of campuses, and who shall be approved by the American Preparatory Committee. All campus groups or individuals who are interested in having their campus represented at this Conference are urged to get in touch with Alice Horton of the American Preparatory Committee, Room 912, 8 West 40th St., New York City.

Music Critique

By JACK KOTIK

It is instructive to apply the law of diminishing returns to the degree of perfection of a musical performance. There exists, first of all, a minimum standard, below which the music suffers appreciably in a way which is easily detected by the layman, and interferes with his pleasure. A certain measure of improvement over this minimum is perceptible to the layman. Beyond this there is a range of achievement, judgments of which are possible to trained musicians only. Perfection and small deviations from it are dealt with almost exclusively by the great performers, whose lives are devoted to the subtleties involved. Therefore, assuming that we have the enjoyment of an average audience in mind, we need not criticize errors of omission or commission which are noticeable only to retained musicians. We may therefore say that the Bennington String Quartet could have played considerably worse and still given a satisfactory performance, we may remark favorably on the ensemble aspect of the performance, and on the exceptionally fine playing of the cellist.

The first number on the program was the Quartet Opus. 76 No. 4 in B flat by Hayden. The first movement is full of spirit. It is built around a singularly beautiful theme which is first heard in the violin and then passes to the other instruments. There is little material in the movement which is not in some way derived from the main theme or introduced to contrast with it. The force and vitality of this movement derive from a complete exploitation of the inter-voice relationships inherent in the quartet, when considered as a square: the 1st violin and viola play the theme against the second and cello, then vice versa, after which the cello may sing out alone. The instruments are like four people among whom the love ties are always changing. But being stringed, the instruments have a similar tone; there is good will beneath the rivalry, there is unity. It is this dynamic balance that has fascinated composers since the time when the string quartet became popular and leaves musicians to consider it the most refined of media.

The Adagio was typical Hayden. In the Minuet the trick is to play the repeats as if you want to and at the concert the repeats were really made to live. The Schubert was probably meant as a contrast to both the Hayden and the Bartok, and it was, to such an extent that the program has no form. Substitution of a movement from one of Beethoven's last quartets for the Schubert would have made the program a more unified one. The Schubert was so beautiful as to interest one in the rest of the quartet, though the piece was not as well played as the rest of the program.

The critic was not well acquainted with the Quartet No. 1 by Bartok, having heard it but a few times. (This is somewhat indicative, for, as is common knowledge, having heard a popular song, you know them all.) The most important ingredients in the Quartet were Melody and Rhythm, with Harmony a poor third. The Melody is pleasing and at times passionate in its swoops. The dissonant counterpoint in spite of what Virgil Thompson says about its being "as easy to write as falling off a log," is good, and its presence is indicative of an attempt to weave, as opposed to the patching tendencies in examples of which modern music abounds. It is an interesting fact that the Quartet is full of four bar phrases strung end to end. This does not imply discontinuity or anything but but the fact that ideas come to them with binary symmetry has distressed some composers, Scriabin among them. This modern tendency is not anachronistic as one might suppose, for in Mozart, for instance, though the first theme is usually eight measures in length, the second is just as likely to start in the middle of the thirteenth measure as anywhere else. In fact modern composers are so conscious of bar lines in general that some of them refuse to write bar lines at all.

(Concert Review)

By BEN HELLER

The fifth concert of the 1945-46 season was held in Bard Hall on Monday night, May 6th. The entire music department participated in the program which featured two of their own compositions, a Suite by Dr. Goeb and a Cycle of Six Songs by Dr. Schwartz. Also included in the program were a Sonata for Trumpet and Piano by Paul Hindemith and a Suite for Viola and Piano by Ernest Bloch.

Dr. Schwartz's "A Poet to His Beloved," based on poems by W. B. Yeats, was lacking for the songs seemed entities in themselves and made the transitions difficult, yet was quite pleasing. The last four songs were preferable to the first two, the "Cry of the Sedge" and the "Lover Pleading With His Friends" being particularly enjoyable on first hearing.

Dr. Goeb's Suite for Soprano, Viola, and two Pianos is on a series of poems by Maxwell Bodenheim: They are entitled Death, Interlude, Second Interlude, and Forgetfulness. The Second Interlude, sung without text, was the most impressive portion of the piece; in which Miss Westra gave an excellent performance. Unfortunately, the balance between the instruments made it difficult to hear the viola.

The Trumpet Sonata was in contrast to the Viola Suite, for the former was short while the latter was overly long in many parts. Mrs. Wolff and Dr. Goeb rendered Bloch's Allegro passage with the required irony and the Lento with feeling in the best performance of the night.

It is a very healthy sign that half of a faculty concert was devoted to their own work. The wonder is that they not only had time to compose the music, but to rehearse it.

Dean's Rescript

(Continued from Page 1, Column 4)

dealing with "Honor Code" violators, Mrs. Forbes makes frequent reference to "the accused," the "witness," "guilty" and "innocent." The atmosphere throughout has the musty smell of a shelf of legal tomes. Even the strongest proponents of the Special Committee principle hold that it is not a courtroom procedure, but an educational process. It is difficult to imagine the campus seething over the case of "The Community vs. Heffelfinger," or some such nonsense.

The Bardian views the Dean's rescript and its basic ideation as essentially dangerous to the welfare and also the prestige of the College. Some of the ideas are basically sound and a genuine effort to be helpful seems to be present. However, most of the ideas are incompatible with the spirit of Bard College, above all with that "self-directed" education which Mrs. Forbes herself proclaims. It is evident that many of the suggestions, while honestly set forth, reflect a need for orientation on the part of the author. They are completely foreign to all that Bard stands for.

Austria?

(Continued from Page 1, Column 2)

is tough—but it is our best insurance. Let's keep the fighters for Democracy alive, not let them starve to keep alive those who strove with all their might to destroy everything we believe in.

This is the essential sense of the arguments being presented against sending food to Austrian students. If any food is sent to Austria at all, aside, of course, from the food allotted the Austrians by UNRRA and the Four Powers Committee, it should go to the orphans and mothers whose husbands were killed in the war. These people, say those opposed to the present scheme, are the ones most likely to be turned from the Nazi ideology by our beneficial works.

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Are You With It?

By TANNY POLSTER

The usual odd look that appears on the faces of our student friends, when they ask which college we attend, quite frequently changes to one of interest and appreciation by the time they get to the second question: "Where is it located?" In contrast to many other colleges in the country, Bard is comfortably removed from the noise of the city, the intrusion of blaring, commercial distractions and restrictive family and social influences that have a considerable effect on students in many other school situations. If education can be partly explained as the investigation of and adjustment to one's environment, then surely the perspective gained by setting the Bard community apart is a desirable factor in our education.

However, the danger of isolation from the environment we are trying to investigate is certainly one to be considered, especially in the light of the usual Bardian's lack of participation in the affairs of nearby towns. Our community affairs needn't necessarily be limited to the prefabricated set-up that we step into when we enter Bard. Not only must we always compromise by applying our limited abilities to unlimited tasks; but learning while doing makes for a better-integrated education. To look upon a college education as a thing apart—something separated from the outside, makes for immaturity and prejudices the adjustment we are trying to achieve by participating in a formal, educational program.

By the time one has entered Bard, his educational achievement and cultural background have generally prepared him to share some portion of community responsibility. Eight-

een-year-olds are full citizens in one state and, thru the efforts of active college students, may be given the vote in other states. The desperate conditions endured by many people living within three or four miles of Bard certainly rate the attention of responsible students here. Each could be done in the fields of sociology, psychology, social work and public relations. Excepting during work periods, Bardians do not make contacts in local industries, enterprises along the Hudson Valley and with shippers who form an important part of the economy of this area and supply New York City with many necessities. Even then, most of us spend our work periods in other areas. Here are opportunities for economists, historians, biology students, pre-med majors, and people interested in literature. In connection with the latter, there are many interesting residents nearby who are known for their art and literary work.

To neglect these contacts entirely, to pass up the opportunity for participation in various organizations in New York—for those who frequently commute, is to miss some of the verse and pleasure of community life.

During the war, there was a general emphasis placed on community life that formerly was lacking. Transient families and soldiers had to either adjust themselves to ferreting out the worthwhile in a community they were shipped to or else face a lonely existence. Lucky folks who were able to maintain a stable home frequently engaged in bond selling, air raid defense and morale work, the spirit of which has carried over into post-war days.

The Ghostly Illusion

In the solitude and darkness of a room
We feel visitors—phantoms of the past—
Amongst them an outstanding one—the last—
Sorrowful, melancholic like the moon.

This visitor was not a spectre before,
But an alluring—fragile—illusion,
A capricious—untrustworthy—delusion—
A false, deceitful myth—Nevermore.

This phantom is sad and dejected today,
It is merely a parody of the reflection
Of what was before—friendship, affection—
Hypocritical pledges—deferred to some day.

It was a promise of happiness, of bliss—
An understanding, everlasting friendship—
And now it disappears like a havenless ship,
Like the trace of a cold, indifferent kiss.

This phantom was an illusion days ago,
A fancy which became dear to our hearts;
A beloved illusion sometimes departs
To join pitiless phantoms that come and go.

These fantasies must join the infinite list
Of our unfulfilled happiness and bliss,
Hopes that were born from a touch, a kiss—
Foiled by the stroke of a fitful artist.

One day with painful and silent cry,
We watched our illusion slowly disappearing
Wewitched by lurid—soulful voices saying—
"Every pledge and caress was a lie!"

Our tender fantasies often beguile—
Yet, they change to haunting apparitions
On ruining our hopes with feigned affections—
With churlish deeds—a letter, a smile.

A cherished illusion becomes a ghost—
Not when hopes are completely lost—
But when friendships—affections of yesterday
Appear as blasphemous lies today!

ANDRES PONCE A.

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The Cat . . .

By ROBERT B. SHERMAN

Holt looked pensively at his shoes. Given enough wear, a pair of shoes becomes thin soled and skuffed at the toes; even army shoes.

When he was younger they used to call him Whitey. His hair was a little darker now, and he was older. He was twenty-three. He knew what end was up, and who would return a favor. He had learned how many people remember things after it's all over.

He thought of Omaha beach and the way the sand had hands in it. The sand hands grasped and sucked in these shoes at Normand. Then these shoes at Normandy. The lips bent up and the creases cut scores on the big toes. Pushed along and crawled in them at Normandy. Shivered like hell in them behind the hedgerows and through most of Germany.

Holt was sitting on the bottom step of an alley doorway in the city. It was almost night. None of the late traffic passed through the alley. An oily green fog oozed through it. The city smells of garbage cans and automobile exhaust pressed upon his lungs.

A burr of a tomcat scratched along the edge of some filthy orange crates. Holt watched it.

He's hungry too. But all he's got to do is look after himself. If a car steps on him it's his life that's smeared out and that's all. I got a couple of others that need food. I got a wife and kid that's hungry—and me. It wouldn't be bad if I was like him, but I got responsibilities.

The cat froze. Its back gathered up into a hump. It looked more like a burr now. With one paw raised, it pounced into a crate. A faint squeek was stuffed back into the mouth from which it came, and the omcat emerged with a rat in its mouth.

Holt watched the cat maul the lead rodent. The alley, the smells, his hunger, thoughts of his wife and child slipped into his subconscious.

He was crawling down the dark street. He passed a lamp post and rushed along a building to keep out of its light.

As he moved across a traffic in-

tersection a car swished around the corner and for an instant he was caught in the glare of its headlights. The driver saluted with his horn after he passed.

Damn them. I should be in a car. I'd show them whose gonna shine lights on who. Goddamned horn. Blow your goddamned horn.

A thin, elderly man was swinging his silver-tipped walking stick and humming Victor Herbert. Holt saw him. "That silver cane—could hock it—get cash for it."

He crept up behind the old man and clasped his fingers around the wrinkled neck.

The victim's eyes popped like a frog's and a pulse in his forehead beat visibly. The old man swung his stick and missed. The stick fell out of reach in the gutter.

Holt said, "Give me your money!" "Take it—here—take it . . ."

He stuffed the folded bills into his pocket and said, "More, you're hiding some . . . more!"

"No, no, for Christ's sake, that's all I have."

Holt spit into his face: "More." "That's all I have!"

Then the old man fell unconscious. In a flash, Holt didn't know whether he had strangled him or whether the man had only fainted. He ran down the street. As he ran he wanted to be away somewhere, relaxed and comfortable, like the time he was separated from his outfit for two days and he lived in a barn, and the peasants would bring him tabac and food, and bon cidre; he wanted to be away.

A whistle, very close; another whistle blast, very close. Running footsteps, in time with his own footsteps running; more running footsteps; many feet: plat-plat-plat-plat; a stampeed of feet all after him. Plat-plat-plat-plat-plat; whistles, feet, and whistles, and feet: SCREEEeeech, plat-plat-plat-plat, scree--eee-eeech. An angry shout; angry shouts; Stop! There he is! Get him! Stop the bastard! Angry shouts; plat-plat-plat-plat, screech, screeeech, screeeeech!

The strength which fear creates was in his body as he ran. His lungs were purged; his eyes were dry; his throat was a dry, dry dusty

hole. His nostrils were like fiercely palpitating bellows. He drove himself on, pushing his feet; his thin soled feet; his pulpy, weary, burning feet; pat-plat, pat-plat, pat-plat.

Angry shouts right behind him. He reached the dock area. The water was colored by the neon lights of the amusement park along the opposite side of the sound. Green and red boat lights were spilled over the water. A racing cab crossed his path and it angered him.

Holt ran the length of an old pier. He turned and saw them coming after him; waving arms and churning knees, and whistles and angry voices.

He jumped. The cold water was a shock. He tried to swim away; swam to the other shore. He wasn't moving. The voices were almost above him. Screeech, plat! They were on the edge of the pier shouting at him.

He suddenly discovered that his arms and legs wouldn't move. He struggled to move them but they wouldn't obey his wishes.

Sylvia was calling. "Holt dearest, come home. There'll be another day, and another week, and another month to try, to try. Come home, home." He wanted to come home. He wanted to be safely home, but his feet wouldn't work. And then the angry voices stopped. The running feet and the screechy whistles and the pain all washed away. He remembered Omaha beach and the way the sand had hands in it, and he thought that the water sure had hands in it too.

"There he goes!"

A flashlight's beam caught him full in the eyes as he went under. Anger warmed his freezing arms. He churned his way to the surface and sucked in a breath of air. The point of light hit the water near him as he submerged again and swam under the water to the end of another pier. As he swam, new energy came to him. He knew that he must escape. He stroked his way under another, more distant pier and stayed there in the darkness, holding himself above water by hanging on to a cross beam.

He remained there until he had ceased to pant and his body became cold again.

They would stop looking for him after a while. They would think he had drowned. The enemy would go away and report that he had eluded them by drowning.

Three hours later Holt could hear no more excited voices. The police cars and sirens had come and gone long ago. Only the tugs on the river before him spoke to each other occasionally in their humorous monotones.

(Continued on Page 6, Column 1)

Southern Street Scene

by Anthony Harrigan

In spontaneous August
The sky wheels with birds
And the goldfish color of the light
Falls through the bright and fluent air.

Magnolias lean
And legends of sun drop petalwise
Till my mind brings me fancy pictures
Of the greening fame of Southern trees.

The soft nimbus
Clambers over the reaching steeples—
The blue illusion of airless afternoon
Feverish as tires humming on wet pavement.

And when the brick houses
Become reddened with elaborate summer
I see form vining intention to the walls
And assigning more than sunlight to our dreams.

In these tinted afternoons
Incredible blue lakes mirage in the streets
And negroes lead their own sunsplashed lives
Asleep on piazzas with the breeze shaken out.

Like a pink balloon on a string
The gala sun clowns in the lit sky
And pins a metaphor on the day's chest—
The delicacies of daylight are deathly sweet.

With palmetto beauty
A procession of patterns float the air
Here where yellow sunbeams drink from leaves,
Where colored children make games with barrel hoops,
And streets' enchanted fingers crush their thoughts.

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The Sport Picture . . .

Two weeks of the major league baseball season have gone by and at this writing the predictions made last winter are still holding water.

In the National League the St. Louis Red Birds, winners of the bunting three out of the last four years, are clearly the class of the circuit. The Cards have everything and are a manager's dream. They have assembled, under the leadership of Eddie Dyer, one of the finest selections of pitchers to be seen in the big top in many a year,—their list of starters reading like the Yankee batting order. They have an airtight, veteran infield, and their outfield including Slaughter, Moore, Musial, Schoendienst, Litwhiler, Adams, and Dusak speaks for itself. The runner-up spot should go to last year's winners of the flag, the Chicago Cubs. They have the pitching to make it a race, what with Borowy, Passau, Wyse, and Bithorn, but their infield, save for first, baseman and captain, Phil Caveretta, is none to strong, and ace outfielder "Swish" Nicholson has so far shown no signs of shaking the disastrous sum which felled him in 1945. Branch Rickey's "Youth Movement," otherwise known as the Dauntless Dodgers, seem to be set for a third place finish, not having the pitching to go higher.

The Brooks are young and will lose many games by inexperience, but as it is with all young teams, they are tremendously fast and have fire and the will to win. Put the Boston Braves down for fourth; Mort Cooper will win fifteen or better, Johnny Sain looks good, and they have a strong outfield. About the best the Giants can hope for is to be at the top of the second division. There is not a team in the league that can match the Giant nining order, not a team in the league that is so much in danger of coming up with the big inning which breaks up the ball game, but their outined defense, save for the great but aging Mel Ott, is woefully inept, and sad is the only word which aptly describes their pitching. However, should they be able to pick up a pitching mate for Bill Voiselle, they could very easily jockey the Braves out of fourth place. It's a toss up between the Buc's and the Phillies for the sixth spot, but we'll give the nod to the Frisch men. As for the cellar, it shouldn't happen to a nicer guy than Bill McKechnie.

The American League should furnish one of the best down-to-the-wire races that baseball has witnessed in many a year.

"Pitching is sixty per cent of baseball," Connie Mack once said, and so we'll have to go along with Newhauser, Trucks, Trout, and Benton and pick the Detroit Tigers to pull a repeat on last year and win it again. And don't overlook the heart of the Tiger batting order which contains McCoskey, Wakefield, Greenberg, and Mullin. The New York Yankees, with the most feared batting order since the days of the immortal Miller Huggins and his immortal Murderer's Row, are a cinch for second place. They have Rizzuto, Stirnweiss, Henrich, DiMaggio, Keller, Etten, Gordon, and Dickey, but on the mound they have Spud Chandler and a bunch of humpty dumpties. Joe Cronin's Red Socks are a pretty sure bet for third place, mainly because of a guy named Ted Williams, who is without a doubt the best man with

the willow in the big leagues. The Cleveland Indians, with the great Rapia Robert Feller as a spearhead, have a superlative pitching staff and Lou Boudreau in the shortfield, but the rest of the team is not up to par and thus can't be ranked any higher than fourth. Right behind the Indians should be the knuckleball-crazy Washington Senators who have, besides a fine pitching staff, a fine batting order, and although weak at third a strong defense. Put the St. Louis Browns, with Vern Stephens back at short after a light luncheon with the brothers Pasquel, down for sixth and the Windy City Chisox down for seventh. And guess who that leaves for last as usual.

* * *

As to the news from the home front; and how is the sun bathing over there, the hardball team seems to be no longer in existence and, although another game might be played sometime in the future, softball has taken its place. The Intramurals are continuing to move forward at a torrid pace and so is Modern Dance which seems to have successfully stolen the gym from the sports program if there is such a thing. But as for real sport, I'll take seven card stud every time.

With the green light from groundskeeper Cal Avery, Bard net enthusiasts swarmed to the tennis courts last week. Coach Dick Foster appeared in high spirits while discussing plans for tournament play. "I believe we'll be able to run off some pretty fine competition as soon as the fellows have had a chance to loosen up," Foster mentioned a ladder tournament in addition to division elimination championships for men and women. In early workouts Seg Segalyn, Bill DeBaun, Fred Segal, Peggy Ellis, and Kay Smythe have shown promise.

A belated scoop from the desk of Miss Claire Weigt:- Warden's ran wild in the basketball intramurals to outclass all the girls. Ditto South Hoffman in the men's division. Hoffman also breezed away with the bowling honors after a brief chase by Hap Presada's Aspinwall boys. Red Yerdon, the happy warrior from Lyons Falls, and Hickory Crick ace Bong Bong Heller are booked to meet for the men's singles title.

Pete Monath.

New Exhibit At Library

Russians In War and Peace, a dramatic group of photographs depicting conditions in Soviet Russia during the war and after is now on display in Hoffman Memorial Library. This display has been lent to us by the American Russian Cultural Association of New York City. It was last exhibited in San Jose, California.

These Russian made photos throw a light on the degree of destruction brought on the U.S.S.R. by the war, and also on the efforts being made to rebuild the country.

Dr. Felix Hirsch, the College librarian and an associate professor of history, has announced that this exhibit will be shown until early May, when it will be followed by a display featuring the History of Bard College and how the Bard student has changed with the times.

Interested members of the community who would like to see blueprints of the intended new gallery of the library may do so by coming to the library office. The actual building of the new gallery or new floor will not be undertaken until the funds required for the purpose are raised. The blue-prints were made by Snead and Co., in Jersey City. This company is one of the leading library engineering firms in the United States.

By Chic Steketee

PETER'S

UPPER RED HOOK
NEW YORK

Steak !
Cocktails !

The Bard Review

The Bard Review, which will make its second appearance sometime between the middle and end of May, will contain work from eight colleges and universities, and we hope it will have a wider, general appeal. What we want and hope for, is still more varied contributions, not only from students at other colleges, but also from Bard. The Bard Review is intended to publish as much material from as many different sources as possible; and what has limited the scope to purely literary work is the fact that the editors have received few if any articles dealing with matters in the social sciences, the sciences, or the arts.

As for the work done up to now on the Review, we have sent magazines and posters to a hundred and fifty colleges and universities throughout the nation, and we expect to send out many more copies with the next issue. Representatives from the Review have visited Vassar, Harvard, Yale, Princeton and other colleges to establish contacts, and to find out what interest there is in the magazine. We have received most encouraging news, and we are looking forward to increasing interest as well as contributions.

As far as the business part is concerned, the Review has made out rather well. Although the number of subscriptions is not high, below two hundred, the money received from subscriptions coupled with the increasing amounts received from advertisements will enable us to put out a considerably larger second issue. We naturally hope for increased subscriptions along with a steady advertising business, and that with these aids, and with more and varied contributions, we will be able to make the Bard Review a more influential magazine.

We need editors as well as contributors. If anyone is interested in joining the staff please speak to Eve Gassler. We need people who are interested in working on the Review as well as subscriptions and contributions.

Roger Hecht

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THE CAT

(Continued from Page 5, Column 3)

He crawled from under the pier and climbed the embankment.

The streets were empty. The street lamps looked like they were warm, but he kept out of their light as he silently crept along the dark streets toward the room where his wife and kid were waiting.

The city smells of garbage cans and automobile exhaust ride on the oily green fog as it oozes in the night. Burrs of tomcats scratch along the edges of wooden crates. Some fellows sit in their particular alleys watching the cats and smelling the smells and fingering their thin soled and scuffed up army shoes. And they're shivering. As they did many times before, they're shivering like hell.