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BARDIAN

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THE BARDIAN

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JANUARY 21, 1947

THE BARDIAN

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

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THE "BARDIAN'S" NEW FORMAT

With this issue of the "Bardian," the old makeup will be a thing of last year. The editors feel that a newspaper style or format is not applicable to the needs here and a magazine would be better suited for the community. The headlines are out. The so-called news stories that were two weeks old, are out and we're tired of filling the pages with lengthy articles about a science lecture in Albee Social---8:30---very well received---in which Dr. So and So of Vassar talked about Such and Such and we all enjoyed ourselves and they had refreshments.

The "Bardian" is a journal of opinion, not a diary of past events or a calendar. With this new makeup, we will try to make it primarily a journal of opinion. Although we include creative writing, we are not in competition with the "Bard Review" since that magazine in a national quarterly with the writing and painting of all colleges and we are only concerned with the work done here at Bard.

We intend to include term papers, short stories, book reviews, comments on the college, reproductions of paintings and photographs done by students here. It is our hope that you will contribute your papers, your poems and your stories. We feel that the "Bardian" has an important function and it's up to you, our readers, to insure the success of this new type of school magazine by submitting your work.

We will try to include a criticism as well as a straight news story of each event we report. Our editorial policy is the same. We will try to keep our criticism of the college as objective as possible; but when we have legitimate gripes, they'll be printed and so will your letters to the editor, whether or not they agree with our policy at that time.

THE BARD CALENDAR

A few weeks ago, at the Social Studies Club forum on education, there was a discussion between members of progressive and traditional colleges as to the relative chances of each type of education to produce a "well rounded" individual. The traditional colleges felt that only through survey courses and the like could the tendency to specialize too much be overcome. The argument of the progressive colleges, (represented by Sarah Lawrence and Bard), was that through a wide extracurricular program of lectures and meetings students were able to keep up on activities outside their particular fields of interest. The representative of Sarah Lawrence gave a glowing account of how, for instance, the students at her college learned something about the atomic bomb, through several lectures. But it seems to us that if this is also Bard's method of keeping the community informed, it is falling down on the job.

The number of students who regularly attend extracurricular lectures or meetings, even those sponsored by their own divisions, is very small. Last year, after many requests, the library decided to stay open during General College meetings, and it is crowded during these meetings. Attendance is almost always small in comparison to the number of people in the community. Why should clubs bother to hold meetings, or spend money on lecturers, if the interest of the college does not warrant it?

We do not think this is due only to a lack of interest on the part of the students. They have gone to meetings in the past and found them dull, or of only passing interest, and they feel that an evening so spent is wasted.

The main reason for this, it would seem, is a lack of organization of the part of the clubs and committees whose job it is to prepare the programs. We do not think that there is a single organization which is attempting to follow a co-ordinated program through the whole term, connecting its field of interest with the work of the rest of the college, and attempting to arrive at some sort of definite results or conclusions about their material at the end of the term. Take for example, the Social Studies Division, which has produced two of the best meetings so far this term; the forum on education and the lecture on political Catholicism. Both of these meetings were of wide interest, and were well attended, but their connection to each other, and their lasting value as far as education goes, we fail to see. If the only purpose of the Social Studies Division in these meetings is to provide an amusing evening, it might as well turn over its funds to the entertainment committee, which could do a better job.

But if the interest of the Social Studies Division, as well as of all the other clubs and divisions on the campus, is to further the knowledge and interest in their particular fields of study among the other members of the community, they should try at once to do something about the programs they are planning. Each organization should plan a program for the term or the year, and present it to the school, or, better still, the various organizations could together plan a term program. There could be, for instance, a program presenting the scientific, economic, religious, etc. aspects of atomic power. This would not include other activities from the calendar, but would merely provide a central theme on which the program as a whole could function.

THE BARDIAN

CONSTITUTIONALISM and ABSOLUTISM

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is the conclusion to Mr. Mc Arthur's Senior Project.

Without a doubt the greatest difference between France and England lay in their conception of what the duties of a King and the amount of power that he should yield. In France the swing was toward absolutism and the Divine Right of Kings; England was swinging away to the opposite viewpoint towards a limited constitutional monarchy. Louis, the greatest of the absolute monarchs, carried the Divine Right theory out to its logical conclusion. Charles was the last monarch of England to enjoy in the slightest degree this freedom of action, and then only in the latter years of his life. All the power in France was concentrated in the hands of the King, and no one dared oppose him. In England the King and Parliament were engaged in a struggle for the supreme power. After the Commonwealth the King lost ground to the legislative body and was soon shorn of all authority.

France is our greatest example of absolutism, reaching its peak in the reign of Louis XIV, however, it had started many years before him. The theory was patterned after the Spanish Empire.

Absolutism was undoubtedly strengthened by the desire for stability following the ghastly civil wars and religious discords of the 16th and the early years of the 17th Century. In France, the main exponent of, and the man who did the most for royal absolutism was Richelieu. His ultimate aim was to make the King of France supreme; not only in his own country but, in the rest of Europe as well. The nobles and the Protestants in the country were opposed to his policy and he immediately set out to emasculate these two groups. He accomplished his purpose. Mazarin his pupil in the art of statecraft and governing continued to carry out this theory of the Divine Right of Kings. The nobles in the wars of the Fronde made one last attempt at curbing the power of the throne but they were unsuccessful. The royal power in France was established once and for all until the French revolution finally broke the power of the King. Absolutism soon afterwards went out of fashion in most of the countries in Europe.

While the seeds of royal absolutism were cultivated in France and it can be said matured in the reign of Louis, the opposite had been true in England ever since the signing

of the Magna Carta which curbed the power of John. There were three bodies contending for control in England. A three-way struggle between the Church, King and the nobles was in progress. The Church was eliminated with the Reformation and there evolved a dual between the King and the people. Slowly and gradually the victory came to the people. Charles I tried to retain absolutism and met his fate at the hand of Parliament. His son also achieved better although shortlived results.

While the French were busy with Letters de cachet, the English were concerned with measures such as the Habeas Corpus Act. This presents a fine example of the differing trends in the two countries. While France was interested in subjugation of personal liberties and freedom of the people, the people of England were awakening to the fact that no man or group of men has the right to dictate what shall be done to the vast majority of the populous.

We must remember that the Restoration of Charles II to his throne was not an expression of absolutism but a big step toward constitutionalism. For they made plain that he was there on sufferance only. The people of England fretted under and hated the control of Cromwell but they had an even greater antipathy towards Catholicism and an absolute monarch. When James mounted to the throne and tried to make England Catholic country and draw nearer to France, he was forced to abdicate and William of Orange came to power. With his accession to the throne, England became allied with Holland. This came right at the time when the rest of Europe was fighting the French and England immediately joined the Grand Alliance.

This trend of Absolutism in France and Constitutionalism in England is well exemplified in the foreign relations of these two men. On the one hand we have Louis a despot in every sense of the word being able to do exactly what he wants and when he wants it. On the other, we find Charles struggling at every step with his Parliament and the people of England. At no time was he able to carry out any consecutive policy when he had these factors to contend with.

K. C. MC ARTHUR

GIRL AT THE PARTY

If I could only forget the fact I guess I could forget the whole thing, but the face haunts me. When I first really saw her she was sitting on the floor in one corner of the room, very still, leaning up against a big arm chair and staring straight ahead. I had noticed her before, without really looking at her, when she had first come into the room, apparently from one of the bed rooms at the back. One of the men whom I'd seen once or twice before at these parties, but had never been introduced to, was with her. I'd never like his face - sharp features and kind of vague blue eyes - and I felt sorry for the girl; she was obviously pretty drunk but she was different, somehow. She was very small - only about five feet tall, I'd say - and she was wearing a plain black dress which she must have bought sometime when she weighed about fifteen pounds more. Her arms and hands were thin and her legs were thin and while she must have had a pretty nice figure in the days when the dress was the right size, she certainly didn't look like much now. But it was her face that I noticed most and I still can't forget it. She had short, very straight hair and she wore bangs cut straight across her forehead. The face itself was so thin that all the features seemed to stand out as if there wasn't enough room for them all, but you could tell that she might easily have been pretty. It was what I'd call a sensitive face; there was plenty of character there. Her eyes were huge, and it seemed as if they saw terrible things that no one else could see, no matter where they looked; bewildering and so terrible that she could never tell anyone else about them.

For what must have been at least an hour, she just sat there. I noticed that she was wearing a wide, plain band on the third finger of her left hand and when, finally, I asked someone about her, I learned that she had been married. She had been married to "someone in the theatre" and she had divorced him although she hadn't wanted to. No one else knew anything more about her. She had come with some man but nobody seemed to know anything about him either; he was in the other room, drinking a lot and playing cards. And she sat there. I wanted to go over and talk to her; her sadness was terrible. Not just a drunken sadness, you see, which is pretty pathetic, after all, but something much worse. Anyway, I thought maybe I should go and talk to her but before I'd quite made up my mind to do it, Carol came up and wanted me to dance and then we both had a couple more drinks and once Carol pointed out the girl with the sad eyes and said: "Look, Jim, that girl has a real neurotic's face!" But somehow after the drinks things got sort of confused and I

didn't think of the girl with the eyes till a good deal later in the evening.

People had already started to leave and there was the usual clowning. Everybody was being noisy and sort of clustering together in little knots, according to whom they'd come with or which direction they were going. In one of the groups - one of the noisiest - was the man who'd been playing poker all evening, the one who was supposed to have brought the girl. He was just starting to put on his coat when, all of a sudden, he stopped with one arm half in, half out of the sleeve.

"Hey!" he said, "Where's Butch?" He turned around and walked back into the room, looking around as though he'd mislaid a pair of gloves or something. Then he saw the girl sitting over by the arm chair and he called across to her, loud enough for everyone to hear. "Hey, Butch!" he yelled, "C'mon, it's time to go." She hardly even looked at him. Maybe she hadn't heard him but her eyes were open so she hadn't passed out or anything and she just sat there. He stood looking at her for a moment. Then he sort of shrugged and laughed and walked back to join his friends. "What're we going to do with Butch?" he asked. Nobody seemed to have any very bright ideas on the subject; they went right on talking and laughing. But the crowd was thinning out fast, by this time, and Butch was still sitting there all alone. After a little while when they all had their coats on and were ready to go, they remembered her again. The man who had spoken to her the first time went back. He shook her arm - he wasn't particularly gentle about it either - and she looked up at him, no expression on her face - she just looked up.

"Listen," he said, "It's time to go, Butch. Come on, now, get up because we have to go!" And he shook her again. It was as if he was talking to a child, but, my lord, you could tell this girl was intelligent.

He didn't seem to get anywhere, though, and in a few minutes another fellow from the group came over. Jerry Saunders. I've known him a little for some time and he's a nice enough guy. I hadn't even noticed that he was there that night till then, but that's how those parties are. Anyway, he's nice, as I said, but, like most of the rest of us he was pretty high. So Jerry walked over to them, teetering a little as he went, and told the other man to leave him alone with her, and, after he'd left, Jerry knelt down on the floor beside her. I suppose it was really because he just couldn't stand up but it kind of pleased me; it looked almost as though it might have been a sort of gesture of respect

GIRL AT A PARTY (continued)

or something. I don't know what he said - he must have been just barely whispering - but he stayed there for almost five minutes, I guess, talking to her softly. The first one, the poker player, yelled across the room to him to hurry up; said to let him know or wake him up or something if they ever got ready to leave. Of course he was drunk but really you can't excuse him because of that; Jerry was drunk too. And he went right on being insulting and loud all the time Jerry was talking to her. I listened to him after I'd given up trying to hear what Jerry was saying.

"You know," he was saying in a confidential but not exactly subdued tone, "You know, this is the sort of thing that happens every time. Every party we go to it happens: Butch sits there, like a bump on a log all evening, not saying a word, drinking sometimes, and maybe necking with some guy she's never seen before, and all the time she looks like she's having a rotten time. You get the idea that all she wants is to go home and then, when the party's breaking up, when everybody's ready to go, then she doesn't even hear you; she won't pay any attention to anything you say and she won't leave. Christ - I don't know why I call her to tell her about these shin-digs! The girl just

doesn't make any kind of sense!" After a good deal more of the same sort of thing I was darn glad, I can tell you, to see Butch and Jerry getting up. He got to his feet first and then leaned over to help her. She moved very slowly as if it was almost more than she could manage. Then, still slowly and very stiffly, with Jerry guiding her, she walked across the room and stood waiting quietly while he got her coat from the closet in the hall and put it around her shoulders. Nobody made any more cracks which was a relief and they all left then, quietly but not too quietly, if you know what I mean.

There really wasn't much to the whole thing, you see, but somehow, and I don't know why it is, I can't seem to forget Butch. When she passed me to go into the hall I could see that there were tears in her eyes but it wasn't at all as if she had been crying the way girls ordinarily cry when they have a tough time of it. Her face was just white - I forgot to say that she didn't wear any make-up and that was another thing that made her different - and there was actually no expression in her eyes; just tears and you knew that she hadn't cried and that she probably wouldn't.

ANNYS BAXTER



STREET CORNER SOCIETY

by William Foote Whyte

(Reviewed by JANET GOLDBERG)

One of the most important problems in the field of social research in the United States, the difficulties facing immigrant youth in establishing a place for themselves in our society, is discussed by William Foote Whyte in his book, *STREET CORNER SOCIETY*. Mr. Whyte is well qualified to write about Cornerville, an Italian slum district, as he lived there for three years, mingling intimately with the people and living most of this time with an Italian family.

His thesis - that the Italian slum dweller is trying to climb the socio-economic ladder towards middle class success but is continually being pushed off the bottom rung - is not startlingly new. But the special role played by the street corner gang in the attempts of the Cornerville boys to achieve recognition is a new contribution.

Mr. Whyte probes deeply into the structure of the gang, analyzing the complex of reciprocal relations between corner gang members and their leader, between their leader and other group leaders, between gang and political club leaders, in a shady world of politics and racketeering. The author carefully describes this system of reciprocal relations and then attempts to explain how the socially frustrating position of Italian youth fostered socially non-acceptable occupations such as racketeering.

The reader is made aware of the special problem confronting Italian youth because of their marginal status in society, the prejudice that has made it practically impossible for them to succeed in legitimate middle class occupations. Without opportunities to rise in the American Society, they

STREET CORNER SOCIETY (continued)

have created an underground society of their own and have turned racketeering into a business enterprise.

Mr. Whyte says, "To get ahead, the Cornerville man must move either in the world of business and Republican politics or in the world of Democratic politics and the rackets....If he advances in the first world, he is recognized by society at large as a successful man, but he is recognized in Cornerville only as an alien to the district. If he advances in the second world, he achieves recognition in Cornerville but becomes a social outcast to respectable people elsewhere." Since the Italian must slough his racial characteristics in order to become accepted by the American society, he has to break his ties with his former associates, with those who have given him the only sense of belonging that he has ever had. The rackets have provided employment, a road to financial success, and a means of keeping the regard of his people. No wonder that they obtain a large following from the Italo-American who wants desperately to be an American but is unwilling to completely disassociate himself from his Italian background.

The major part of *STREET CORNER SOCIETY* is devoted to a study of corner gangs. These informal clubs fill a great need in the lives of the Italian male population. The nuclei of most of the gangs were formed in childhood from the group of boys who lived closely together on the same street and, because of the lack of places to meet, formed the habit of spending afternoons and evenings on the street corner. There, they could really feel accepted, there they could do what they wanted, and could admire their own leaders whom they had chosen to follow: in this society of their own, they created a hierarchy in which every one of them found his own place.

One of the most interesting products of the study was the description of the relation between the leader and his followers, illustrating the means by which, on each level of group activity, the leader maintained his position and kept the rank and file in line. The leader originated most of the group activity and usually it was an activity in which he himself excelled. He also had a wider sphere of influence than the other members, since he represented the interest of his group in dealing with other groups in the district. Again, the leader kept the others obligated to him by free spending and distributing favors, while he rarely obligated himself to his followers, thus maintaining his independence and avoiding suspicious of favoritism.

The attitudes of group members were very important in maintaining the position of the leader. They came to him to settle their difficulties, for advice and encouragement, both in and outside of the group. When the group met, they would not begin an activity or even decide where to go until the leader had arrived. When he appeared, the small sub-groups that had formed in his absence united under his leadership. The members vied with each other for recognition and praise from the leader, thus emphasizing their subordinate positions. They gave him the leading positions in activities such as bowling and dramatics, or a central position at "their"

table in the local tavern. The importance of the leader in maintaining the unity of the group was shown by watching the disintegration of the group when the leader withdrew for a long period of time.

The group leader is an important link in political and racket activities, acting as an intermediary between his boys, who can support the big shots, and the big shots who can give privileges to the boys. Mr. Whyte has traced the process whereby the politician moves up in his career, describing it in terms of frequency of his interaction with groups at different levels of society. As a leader of a corner boy group, the aspiring politician not only has a high rate of interaction with his followers, but also interacts with members and leaders of other groups. As he ascends the political scale, he interacts less frequently with these lower groups and more with other politicians, usually continuing his relationships with the original group through their new leader. The former gang leader becomes involved in another system of reciprocal obligations, tying the top men to the little men through their representatives. This process applies also to the racketeering profession and can explain why racketeering cannot be fought without understanding the whole web of informal social organization of which it is merely a symptom.

Mr. Whyte has not stopped at the mere analysis of existing conditions, but has clearly pointed out certain fields where improvements could be made. One of these is the settlement house, its aims and personnel. The author feels that there are now too many female leaders, discouraging participation by male groups, and too few Italians among the staff for the house to have any real meaning for the community. He feels that by making some of the gang leaders group leaders in the settlement house, a better integration of the aims of the house and the needs of the boys could be achieved. At present only those individuals unable to adjust to life in their district have sought out the settlement workers who, instead of helping them adjust to their surroundings, have emphasized American middle class standards. This has rendered the misfits even more unacceptable to their own groups while still unacceptable to the rest of society because of their distinctly Italian speech, gestures, appearance, or other characteristics.

Another important field for improvement is the opening up of new opportunities for Italian youth in the educational profession, teaching in their own schools, thus providing a *visible pattern of success in a legitimate occupation*. When the Cornerville youth can see accessible positions in legitimate professional, business, industrial, and educational fields open to those who have continued their cultural ties as well as have proven their ability, they will not have to rely upon racket organizations for social recognition. Without sloughing off their racial characteristics, they will be able to be financially successful away from the illicit professions, which, to the reader of *STREET CORNER SOCIETY*, now appear in a new light, as a cultural as well as an economic necessity.

TWO SONNETS

My fool house is my soul and that must be
An empty room of freezing solitude
Where neither heat nor hope can melt through me.
The room is ugly, furnishings are crude;
The floor is bare and dirty. Can I ask
You in to help me change the pasty scene?
Can I invite You in to ease the task?
And will You understand just what I mean
To change? I do not care how much I show
Of dirt and dusty walls. I want escape
From empty ideas in the gloom I know
While sitting, looking at a purple drape
And looking past it, at a window full
Of dull reflections of a dirty soul.



I hold too much regret in tired hands
And too many years. I do not have dreams
Of baking my back in sun-kept lands,
Or rinsing my ideas in boiling streams.

I am too old to want to change my ways
Or break my neck for any other man's.
So I will strap my few remaining days
To older notions and to older plans

Than boys will think of. Only give to me
The wine you drink, a little rotten bread
To feed this tattered rag of foul mortality
Till days unloose themselves. Then I'll be dead.

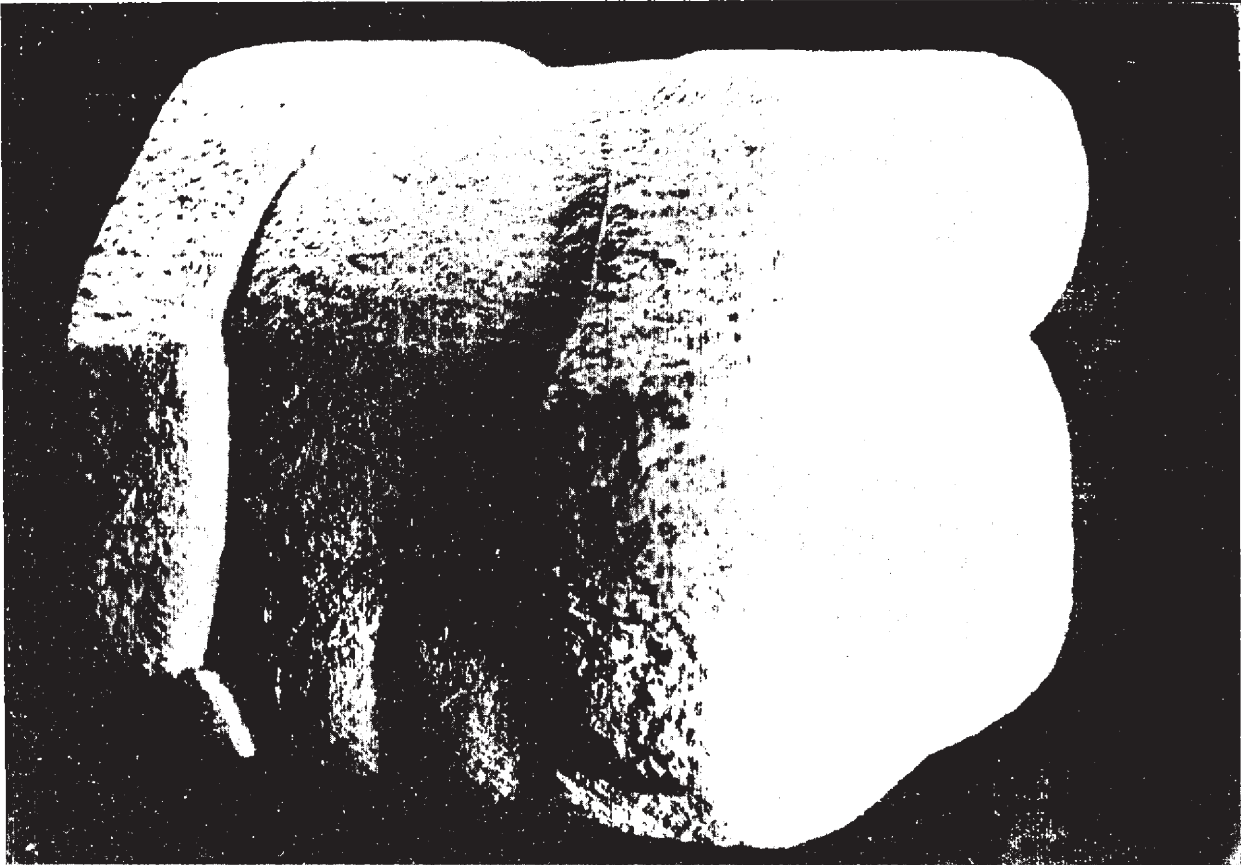
And stinking, leaning firmly on a cross.
I'll be pecked at by a hungry albatross.

by *ROGER HECHT*



Photographs by BOB SAGALYN





SCULPTURE IN LIME STONE
1945.....NANCY LEVIN



PLASTER CAST FROM CLAY MODEL
1945.....PATRICIA HELLMAN

ON DAMON RUNYON

by Peter C. Monath

I'm afraid the avant guard wouldn't, and doesn't, like Damon Runyon. They probably consider him a little cheap, a teller of tales that bear no meaning, possessor of a style which is tiresomely monotonous, and one definitely not worth discussing over coffee in the store.

A person who has heard nothing of Runyon will be surprised no end when first reading his stories. For they are told entirely in the present tense. Some people, in fact, not noticing this esoteric quality in his writing, come away from his fables quite puzzled and with the feeling that the feeling that here is something "inexpressably strange."

Runyon has written four books, all collections of swift stories about sentimental toughs; stories packed with intense down to earth vigor and earthy laughter. In these collections one finds the daffy Jills and Jacks of Broadway; Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe who tangles with a high class stripper; a talking parrot; Fatso Zimpf, the horse player who doubles for Santa Claus in Palm Beach and saves the romance of a beautiful but dumb zillionairess; "The Sky", king of gutter polo, who bets his soul against a two buck bill and ends up as a drummer in a street corner mission band; Nicely Jones, maybe not the greatest eater the big town has ever seen, but certainly a guy who belongs right up there with the contenders; Spanish John and Harry the Horse, two amazing kidnappers who worked the famous snatch on Bookie Bob and wound up, not collecting ransom, but paying off bets on the races; Haystack Duggler; Gentleman George; Charlie the Yale; and many other people of mad wonder who race hither and yon and eventually end up either in a pit of quicklime or eating cheese blintzes in Mindys.

Runyon started out as a sportswriter. There is a possibility, though about as thin as Miss Hildy Slocum, "a beautiful skinny young Judy", that he wasn't the best in the trade, but he was certainly the most colorful and possessed of the most insight. And being a sportswriter is how he met the people in his stories: the gamblers, the tea and reefer smokers, the sharp guys and flashy dolls, the horse players by trade and eaters by hobby, the gangsters and all the other personalities who, when taken as a whole, make up the Great White Way - Broadway as Damon Runyon knew it.

Runyon knew his people and knew them well. He saw through the strippers and the hard guys, the cynically morose toughs, and the flashy blithe gamblers. He went past the outside, the shell, the face for the world to look at, and what he found inside was often a lot of heart. He knew that these guys and jills might never give a sucker an even break, but would never turn down a friend; that deep down somewhere they were really soft. And he wrote about these people, combining their roughness and their sentimentality to come out with their stories. He even told and wrote just the way they talked and lives: "Well naturally this is a most astonishing throw, indeed, but afterwards it comes out that The Sky throws a peanut loaded with lead, and of course it is not one of Harry Stevens' peanuts either as Harry is not selling peanuts full of lead at a dime a bag, with the price of lead what it is", entirely in the present tense and in a steady jargon which was almost monotone in quality and which rightly enough has come to be known as Runyonesque.

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POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.

Basically the plot of all of these stories is the same. Sometimes the main character is a gangster looking for a small quiet place where he can take his Betsy and put a bullet hole smack through his pimple, sometimes a Judy who has been handed a busted back by a Broadway bully, sometimes a horse player who, down on his luck, is looking for a doll with a few potatoes. It doesn't matter who the scene centers about, nor does it matter who rescues these characters. It may be a thief, or a snatch artist, or a murderer-for-hire, or an old lush; but the point is that there is always a somebody, always a friend in need, though he may be a complete stranger. I'm not sure who it was, but someone once compared Runyons stories with Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

I don't class Damon Runyon as a great writer. Nor do I consider him a mere story teller. On what plane one should place him, I really don't know. But I do know this: Damon Runyon "belongs" he is a part of American Literature and a vital one.

THE POSSIBILITY OF AN AMERICAN LABOR PARTY.

Editors Note: This article was published as an addendum to Mr. Stroock's senior project on the British Labor Party.)

The British Experience in regard to "Labour in Politics" serves to illustrate some lessons or those elements in the American labor movement which tend towards political action.

It is true that in this country, the labor movement was fostered by political parties of the working class, now defunct, while in England it was the unions themselves that started political action but this fact of past failures does not indicate that such a course is more out of the question.

In England the Unions came first and after they had been established for a period of time, they found it necessary to branch out into politics in order to achieve certain goals. In this country "labor" political parties sprang up as early as 1827, before any large unions were in existence. Although in some cases the parties succeeded in getting segments of their platforms adopted by the major political groups, they were in the whole failures and have long since been dissolved. Indeed the traditional anti-political action feeling of the American labor movement as exemplified by Gompers and the A.F. of L. stems from a belief that Labor should not attempt any large scale or sweeping changes in our social and economic order rather than from any peculiar dislike of getting directly into politics.

Only once in recent history has Labor tried to form its own party and that ended in failure (The La Follette Party of 1924) mainly because the A.F. of L. discovered after the election that they were indebted to the two large parties for patronage and aid in getting favored bills passed. Had the unions stuck with La Follette and his program of monopoly reform in 1924, the depression which came five years later might have been the impetus needed to catapult the progressive party into office on a platform of changes in our way of life.

The only other time labor has entered into political action in any force in the United States in recent years has been the support given to Franklin D. Roosevelt in return for Social Security (30 years after England), the Wagner Labor Relations Act and the Norris-Laguardia Anti-Unjunction Act. For a time labor leaders believed they had captured the Democratic Party since in the thirties and early forties that party certainly followed a "Labor-line".

However more recent events have shown us that actually the only section of the party that was pro-labor was that group led by Roosevelt himself. Labor has no political home in either party and if any full-scale labor plans are to be accepted by Congress, it becomes increasingly evident, at least to this writer, that the set-up of some third party has to be attempted.

It is a party that will take many defeats in its early years and might not know success for as long as 25 years, but one that could draw up a program of social reform that would appeal to many outside the Labor unions themselves. In this sense it could learn a lot from the platforms of the British Labor party from its earliest days up until the present. It might also profit from the British experience in forming the party, first on powerful local lines and then on a national scale. In short the Labor movement in this country can learn political organization from the British as well as a great deal in regard to what

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will appeal in the way of a political program.

The British left wing has had to fight the same battles that their American counterpart now face. They could never have won them by supporting the Moderate or Conservative parties in their country. They triumphed by drawing up a plan of political action, forming a party with as wide an appeal as possible outside the unions, and presenting their plans to the voters. As the other two parties met situations and failed to successfully cope with them the electorate began to look for another type of government to lead them. They found it in the program of the British Labor Party.

The American Labor Movement, together with progressives in this country, now have the chance to form such a party or influence an existing one to fight the various political campaigns ahead. It is quite possible that in the years to come this nation will face crisis after crisis in both domestic and international issues. It is also possible that neither of the existing parties will be able to deal with them in a manner acceptable to the country. It is under these circumstances, and towards this end, that any future "Labor" party in the United States should be headed.

By MARK STROOCK

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