

Bard College
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BARDIAN

Vol. 2 No. 4 November 14, 1947

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The Bardian



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VOL. II — No. 4

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1947

The Bardian

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

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EDITORIAL

Personal pride and conceit are two entirely different matters. At Bard College there are many students who as yet mistake the two. They abide their **conceit**, considering it **pride**. What they are ignorant of is their ignorance.

Pride comes with time and accomplishment. Honest, personal pride is hard to reach. Conceit is stupidity. It is the product of unconstructive, lazy imagination. Here I am speaking about the people who eagerly submit to us pieces of writing, not considering the value of their work, the purpose of paper, or their own pride, but merely desiring to see themselves in print.

Bard is crowded with these minor glory hounds. Ninety-five pages of typing were received by the Bardian during the first six weeks of this semester. Seventy pages were returned to the writers, the remainder usable, only after complete or partial rewriting. It is unfair to require the editors of the Bardian to do the thinking, typing, spelling, sentence construction—the WRITING—of what material is used as copy.

Editorials have been written to explain why the Bardian is foul reading. "Lack of material" is what kind past editors named as the problem. But lack of material is the result of something much more serious.

Pagefuls of typing aren't wanting—there is plenty of raw clay—but pages of typing are not articles. Words and words and words cannot be called copy. There is an enormous lack of thought. It is horrifying to see that so few college students have the desire or ability to communicate ideas. It is shameful to say there are people at Bard College (including

many in the literature division) who are mental cripples, incapable of writing even a grammatically correct sentence; who cannot write an integrated article. But it is true.

Admit it: the writing of an article requires stamina, thought, a dictionary and time. There is little thought or time spent on what has been submitted. The Bardian would rather have fewer pages of typing and more pages of printable material.

Conceited people, because their work has been rejected, deride the Bardian. Uninformed people deride the Bardian, not realizing that its production is the extra-curricular chore of its editors and staff; that it continually depends upon the extra-curricular efforts of all contributors.

Naturally, the staff wants to present the best paper possible. Believe us: THIS IS ACTUALLY THE BEST BARDIAN THAT BARD COLLEGE CAN AT PRESENT PRODUCE!

If you are dissatisfied, as we are, perhaps you will do some writing—some thinking, and spend some time. We hope that you will contribute toward making the Bardian a paper which more truly represents the potential which is now so dubiously latent in us as a student body. Help us reach that time when we can read the Bardian with a sense of honest, personal pride.

RBS

COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE BEGINS THIS MONTH

The Bard College Community Chest's 1947-1948 campaign, which begins this month, has set as its goal a mark of \$750. The funds raised have been marked to aid those in need in local communities, in the nation and throughout the world.

Of local interest is the drive for funds for the Northern Dutchess Health Center in Rhinebeck. The hospital, which serves the people in this part of the County is invaluable to the health program of Bard College. The hospital is badly pressed for money due to the increase in operation costs.

To the American Red Cross will go a portion of the money collected during the drive. The organization, with its excellent record during the war, needs funds that will enable it to better meet the various domestic disasters, the most imminent of which are flood and fire.

The New York Times' "Hundred Neediest Cases," and the Herald-Tribune's Fresh Air Fund will also receive aid from the money contributed to the Community Chest.

Aid to the needy throughout the rest of the world will be served by the American Friends Service Committee and the Joint Distribution Committee of the United Jewish Appeal. Both organizations will receive part of the total amount contributed during the present drive.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

The Editors of the Bardian:

With regard to the article on Senior Projects (referred to as "mysterious animals") in your October 24th issue of the Bardian, I cannot refrain from making comment.

My thesis does not strike a "warning note to personnel departments." I did not spend the majority of the field period at the Crucible Steel Company observing "little personal touches." Nor do I feel that since "Communitistic and Fascistic states cater to the worker and employ such effective personnel plans, the United States, for like effectiveness, should institute a personnel plan."

My project is about social science as management technique in industry—It is about workers as people—people with distinct needs, wants and desires—that the satisfaction of these needs, wants and desires is in the best interests of the worker, of management, of production and profit—that with the development and balance of both social and technical skills through social science and education we may hope to gain collaboration on both sides—management and labor—which means co-operation and peace in industry—and finally that internal domestic accord is vital to the American way and the preservation of the democratic spirit in the difficult "one" world in which we live.

If it is your intention to recognize the importance of spreading reliable information about the nature and requirements of a senior project at Bard, which, incidentally, I think is an excellent idea, why not **report facts!**

Sincerely,

MONTY SCHARFF

THREE WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT

It cannot be denied that the Bard College Player's production of **You Can't Take It With You** had fine possibilities. For a play to be successful, however, it must be well directed. The lack of timing, so obvious in this presentation, is a fault that can be placed squarely upon the shoulders of the director.

Several individual performances were well executed, although there was an air of stiffness abounding throughout. Dolores Kempner was quite good as Penelope Sycamore. It was her efforts, during those parts of the play which fell flat despite the excellence of the lines, that maintained the continuity of the production.

The laughter that reverberated through the theatre, however, can be attributed more to the wittiness of Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, who wrote the play, than to its presentation by the Bard Players. Unfortunately the most convincing performance was turned in by Joan Abner, as the completely intoxicated Gay Wellington, and she spent the greater majority of her part feigning drunken stupor on the couch.

The setting, it must be admitted, was quite good. The acting, however, failed to keep pace. Jay Smith was able to lend reality to the part of Martin Vanderhof only on rare occasions. Carlos Rangel was guilty of over acting as the Communist-hating fugitive from the Revolution of 1918.

The biggest laugh, however, came with the appearance of Jack Kotik as one of three FBI men investigating a contemplated plot to blow up the White House. It seemed just inconceivable that the Justice Department could be that badly off.

Susan Moore, as Alice, and Earle De Hart, as Tony Kirby, were the romantic interest. It would be impossible to say that they held the romantic interest. Both might do well to learn that strong emotions are attached to love, not semi-complacent innuendos.

The program states that the play takes place just around the corner from Columbia University. It would have actually been a good place to be during the presentation—there, or almost anywhere but the theatre.

MARTY WEISS

It is happy indeed to report that the performance of **You Can't Take It With You** was very pleasant. I laughed almost continuously, and I came to get the laughs and not the windblown moral that fools around with the last act. Before getting down to issues: a comedy is much harder to put on **successfully** than a tragedy . . . especially when a great number of people in the cast have been more or less weaned on tragedy. There are, admittedly, several deficiencies in the performance: such as the peculiar timing on the bomb noises before the props were lit off, and line-lapses which shook the pace, but from which the cast came back with surprising speed and agility.

When I consider the play act by act, I have preference for the first and second acts. I did not like the third act because of the awkward timing. As for the actual performers, Bob Smith played the part of De Pinna with as much whimsicality—if that's the right word—as possible; Emily Strassner as Essie, gave a fine performance; and Dolores Kempner and Joan Abner should be highly praised. The more difficult roles of the grandfather and the two lovers were played as well as could be expected. I wish I could say more for these last three people, but after a while I began to be more tired by them than stimulated. Rheba and Donald were played extremely well on the whole, although Buhl had one or two lapses. The Kirbys were, on the whole, successful, although Allen, as Mr. Kirby, seemed terrifically loud in the last-act laxative scene. Then, there is Pete Stone who was, inevitably, Pete Stone with some expert mugging which might have been more in place for **Nothing Bard**.

It is too late to question why such a play was picked to be put on. It has been hashed from coast to coast; and the gags are as familiar as the furniture up in Albee and/or Wardens. (The other writers are gathered around now exchanging

in the finest sort of excretory verbiage about how bad the play was; which is strangely reminiscent of the people who sat and laughed their teeth off and then come out of the theatre to exclaim that the play wasn't too bad.)

It is strange to watch people going to the theatre here, enjoying themselves, and coming out to compare so and so's performance to the Old Vic productions.

I'm not able to say that I like *You Can't Take It With You* too much; it doesn't stink, but it is highly polished slapstick which winds up with Ex-Lax. But considering such handicaps as the fact that this play has been on Broadway, as a movie, and has been given every other week in every other village in the country, it was well done, and more important, effective in that it got laughs.

—ROGER HECHT

* * * *

You Can't Take It With You has been presented successfully on Broadway and in motion pictures, now it has been presented by the Bard College Theatre. One question comes to mind, why? After all the praise it has gained in its previous presentations the only wonder is that the public did not see through this slickly written play long ago. When well done, the phony quality is not too apparent, but in a mediocre version it is too much. The pat situations would naturally bring laughs; and with a few more good ones thrown in along the way to keep things going, it passes fairly well as a comedy.

Some performances were quite entertaining, namely those of Dolores Kempner, Bob Smith, Joan DeKeyser, Carlos Rangel, Joan Abner and Shirley Butler. They seemed to have more of a feeling for what they were doing than the others. Other performances were not quite so entertaining. Jay Smith as Grandpa seemed like a slow poison, and almost everytime that he opened his mouth it was like the Chinese water torture. Many old people are slow, but Grandpa of this play would certainly have had more pep.

Pierson Hildreth, Peter Stone, Bob Truhlar and Fred Buhl had a field day turning in performances equal to that of a second-rate high school thespians. Emily Strassner fluttered about as Essie and came out of the doldrums long enough to deliver a laugh or two. Some one should tell Covington Allen to forget the silent movies he must have been seeing. His vintage type of acting was a caricature of all the grimaces made by the villains of an era long gone. This type of thing seems ludicrous today, and is shown to better advantage in *East Lynne*, which might not have been so bad. Susan Moore as the daughter of this conglomeration looked pleasant but added little to the proceedings. Earle De Hart as the other end of the love interest failed to do more than recite the way most of us did when we were forced to memorize the "quality of mercy" speech from *The Merchant of Venice*. The quality was strained. Towards the end of a

tired third act Corrine Newman added some brightness; maybe this was due to the fact that we hadn't seen her before.

The setting was designed by Richard Burns, and he did admirably by it. The lighting added a pleasant glow to the surroundings; it is regrettable that some of the characters couldn't have done the same.

The main trouble seemed to be a matter of pace. If only the action had tied together a bit more, and the actors wanderings had been given a surer footing, there might have been an illusion of a play. As it is, a college theatre should be more venturesome and imaginative in its productions. There should be an attempt to bring something more fresh and exciting artistically to our community than a commercial play.

—WILLIAM PITKIN

RADIO BARD REPORTS

By Patricia Dillon

By the end of the fall semester Radio Bard should be in full swing. The station, almost complete from a technical standpoint, will soon regale the college community with broadcasts featuring student talent. Programs now in preparation include quiz shows, news analysis, musical features, both live and recorded, and various dramatic productions.

The production group, headed by Anne St. Clair, will welcome any script or program suggestions submitted by members of the community. Radio Bard also welcomes any students who are interested in assisting the technical staff.

One of the most important functions of the station will be to serve as a training ground for anyone interested in entering the commercial radio field. The aim of Radio Bard is to present programs equal in technique to those offered on commercial stations.

Radio Bard hopes eventually to become affiliated with the Inter-Collegiate Broadcasting System and participate in program exchanges with other college stations in the East. Before this goal can be realized there are certain technical specifications to be met and there must be a backlog of programs held in reserve so that the station will be capable of broadcasting three or four hours daily. Our programs will then be hooked up in the inter-collegiate network and heard on many other campuses.

At the present time Radio Bard is mainly concerned with getting into efficient operation as soon as possible.

Ten thousand dollars was bequeathed Bard College by Mr. John A. Hance, a trustee of the college who died in New York last winter. From 1909 until the time of his death, he was a member of the **Board of Trustees**. He not only contributed material gifts to the College but also gave his time and interest during the forty years of his trusteeship.

A HOUSE DIVIDED??**By James N. Rosenau**

Bard College has divided knowledge into four parts. Why?

After much thought this observer has failed to find one single reason why there should be a "Division" of the Social Studies, a "Division" of the Natural Sciences, a "Division" of Languages and Literature, and a "Division" of Art, Music, Drama, and Dance. Suppose that these "divisions" were to be eliminated, will anything have changed? The answer is obvious: nothing will have changed except the idea in our minds that there are four distinctly separate types of knowledge. Without "divisions" we will all view knowledge as it is, that is, as a single whole. With "divisions" we tend to view knowledge (either consciously or unconsciously) as it isn't, that is, not as a single whole.

It is true that most of us recognize the delicate relationship that all fields of knowledge have to each other; indeed, we all find that progress cannot be made in one specific field without an understanding of other related fields. However, the existence of four "Divisions" acts in opposition to our vague conception that all knowledge is thoroughly integrated.

What, then, are the arguments in favor of the "Divisions"? Some argue that certain fields are more related to each other than others. This argument is valid, but how do you change the relationship by not having "Divisions"? Others say that there are administrative advantages in the existence of the "four divisions." This argument is also valid, but why must these advantages be realized at the expense of a true picture of the totality of knowledge. An alphabetical system, or any other simple plan that lacks educational implications, can be employed just as well for administrative purposes.

To repeat, nothing changes if the present "divisions" are dropped from our vocabularies and catalogues. We can still major in a specific field; we can still minor in related fields; and we can still experiment in fields that are much less related to our major interests. Thus, by doing away with the present "divisions," there is everything to gain and nothing to lose; we will not only have pushed much closer to the wholeness of knowledge, but we will also have helped to eliminate a needless social friction that has resulted from the existence of these "Divisions."

ALUMNI WEEK-END

The infiltration of alumni at Bard the week-end of October 24-26 reminded one of the taking over of New York by the Legionnaires this past September, except that our invaders came without their water guns. One female, who has been here for centuries, didn't know that it was Alumni week-end and she came from dinner Saturday, moanful of the fact that there were still some freshmen that she didn't know.

The week-end was a typical Alumni week-end, with Miniver Cheevys getting together to sigh for the days of old when their only worry was "How can I get out of Chapel?" or "Was I missed in class this morning?". Now they are out facing the big, cruel world and they wish they were back in their leisure days.

There may have been a rain shortage in this area recently, but the liquor certainly poured like rain among the Bard Men and Women of Distinction. With all those old students and the new blood, the Kap House strongly resembled a recruiting station for Alcoholics Anonymous.

In sharp contrast with the all week-end cocktail party held at the Kap House was the less exclusive beer dance held in Albee. This was however considerably livened by the guitar and folk songs of Josh White.

The part of the week-end that will probably be most remembered was the conferring upon the Reverend Lyford Patterson Edwards, Professor Emeritus of Sociology, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Edwards was accorded this honor by Dr. Fuller at a special convocation in recognition of his years of service to Bard. Dr. Edwards retired last spring after 28 years at St. Stephen's-Bard. He was responsible for the teaching of more Bardians than any other faculty member—a single achievement.

Dr. Edwards, now assistant rector of the Trinity Church in Bridgeport, Connecticut addressed the convocation on the topic of colleges and education. He had been with Bard during nine administrations. He feels that colleges are beginning to return to a reasonable, holy, and religious faith as the basis of education. The college that will be the spearhead of educational evolution, the college with a future before it, is the college that can train men to guide and control their wills and emotions for the common welfare.

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CHAMBRE POT POURRI

It seems fairly obvious that humorous journalism, if it is to amount to anything on this campus, must have a far better subject than those dull old house presidents Frothingham wrote about last week. There's no gain saying that they're a sterling group of slugabeds, if somewhat offensive to those of us with aesthetic sensitivities, but we have it on the best of info that the real reason most of them "got in" was because the other members of the dorm had something on them. In any case, we think they're a pack of swell fellahs and gals and deserve every break they can get—below the knees.

Bob Sherman who "got in" as head of this organ informed us in no uncertain terms that now that the Bardian is off trial we'd better stop swilling punch at Mrs. DeGre's fun-feasts and "get in" with some sure-fire gag materials.

Conspicuous by his absence at the masquerade ball was Jim Rosenau, who was busy at the Rhinebeck Morgue arranging for another Four Rosenau week-end. When his absence was questioned by Asa Swanchuk, who came as a faculty spy, he replied solemnly, "Why should I go to the Masquerade Ball; I went to the Inauguration Ball. One Ball's enough for me!"

We didn't see Ruel Baker there either, in fact, we haven't seen the Poor Man's Kenny Williams since several weeks ago when he disappeared into the dining commons and never reappeared. We have a feeling that that brindle soup we've been having lately is Ruel Gruel.

In spite of what the judges decided, we think the best thing on the floor was Sally Weisburger, who came as a case of pellagra. Next best, perhaps, was Frank Lemmon, who was dressed as a can of Shinola. He didn't even place, however, due to some confusion among the judges who were so dumb they couldn't tell what he was.

The faculty wives came as faculty wives; no prizes were won.

As for the novel week-end; a good time was had by all but Dr. Felix Hirsch. To celebrate this joyous event over eighty novels were stolen from the library. Among them was one book of criticism, "The Question of Henry James", and in addition, four copies of "Perspective" were defiled. (Carefully hidden by the Lit. Division was the fact that Dr. Wolff is the only man on campus who has ever had a novel published.)

Miscellaneous notes before the watchman chases us out:

Willow Stencil has gone back to Harvard with Tom Woodbury's watch.

It is our hope that Mrs. DeGre will continue to sponsor her swell shindigs throughout the long cold field period.

Well, friends, it's time for us to turn in; and speaking of **turning in**, Emil, Emil, is **this** what you learned on the playing fields of Eton and Harrow?

—F.S. & D. O'M. '36

PARTICIPATION AT BARD SURVEYED

By Lorry Larsen

Last spring a survey was conducted on our campus by the Social Research class to determine the factors that influence student participation in college activities. This article is based on one of the most important findings. The complete report is on file in the Library.

Grievances about Convocation were the most prevalent. The students felt that Convocation was intended to decide issues that are of primary importance. They also believed it to be, theoretically, the one element which preserves the power of the student body in controlling campus life. Though the majority of Bardians, however, believed the function of Convocation to be a real one, they gave it the lowest rank when questioned as to the importance of issues taken up. The same was true of effectiveness of procedure ("... it takes too much time to get things done; there's too much bickering on petty issues"). The two most important elements of any meeting are not to be found in our Convocation! It is for the students themselves to see to it that these faults are corrected. Action, however, will speak louder than words.

The survey showed that at Bard the common interest motivation is officially recognized as the basis of community government, and that a community such as ours should have more social cohesion and participation. The question, however, is do we have common interests and are they recognized? The success of the "big" week-ends which we have had this term leads one to believe that we are becoming more of a unified community than we were when this survey was made.

The survey further indicated that there is a negligible degree of awareness of the existence of important common interests, and there exists a depressing feeling that the majority of people lack not only a "community spirit" but even a desire to develop such a "spirit"—there are not enough strong community interests to provide a nucleus of interest or any spirit.

Three specific suggestions were made by a group of Bardians as to what could be done to arouse interest in community affairs. They are: 1) Inform students, through the medium of house meetings, about activities and give them a chance to express their views on campus issues through the voice of their house presidents; 2) Call Convocation as seldom as possible; once a year to approve the budget and more often only when issues concerning basic policy come up. Whenever possible the Council should make decisions after its members at large and house presidents have ascertained the prevailing opinion of faculty and students on the given issues; 3) The newspaper should become the channel for constructive criticism of community affairs. A **Griper's Corner** should serve as a channel for the expression of dissatisfaction, complaints and suggestions for improvement.



RECOGNITION

Ellie looks at us and wonders.

We know about Conrad and Gide and Proust.
We talk, have clipboards and books,
Drink coffee and read the New York Times.

Ellie looks at us and wonders dreamily.

"The world is so full of a number of things"
Ponderous things
And we students are small small

Ellie calls us by our names:

"Hello Terry." "Ohh, Vincent, see the pussycat"
"Hello Bob. My finger has a sore on it."
"Mary. My mother, her name is Mary also."

Ellie calls us by our names

And that means something fine. Ellie knows us.
That makes us feel wonderful
But we are old and do not show it.
We merely say that we love Ellie.

(rbs)

SPORTS REVIEW

By Al Hecht

The Bard College Monday Morning Quarterback Club was holding its weekly meeting in the dim confines of the Shuffleboard Room of the Annandale Hotel when Donn O'Meara raised his head from his bowl of borscht and said, "By my mangy beard, and who is that goniff now writing sports for the Bardian? Several columns he writes on football and never once does he mention this organization."

To this, Al Ostrom, president of the club, remarked, "Don't worry about what appears in the Bardian, Donn. Everyone on campus knows that its read only by the editors and their friends and at last count that only meant nine people. What should concern this august body is the action of the intramural league discontinuing football and replacing it with basketball. Action is due to start shortly and it's our duty to let the world know whom we favor for the championship."

At this mention of choosing a favorite, with its implication of odds and gambling, all eyes were centered on Pete Kaufman, Bard's unofficial betting commissioner. Thereupon, Pete rose to his feet and gently stroking his goatee said, "A pox on all of them. In football, I picked the Kap House to win the championship and the only way in which they could stop losing games was to vote to discontinue football. However, if any of the members of this gathering wish to pick up an honest penny or two during the coming season, my advice is to back South Barracks."

Suddenly a voice generally believed to be that of Fred Segal, cried, "What about Fairbairn-Hopson? They've got John Gillin, Lee Gray and that sensational new discovery, Fred Segal. Great as he is at playing football, he's even better at basketball. Why, unless I miss my guess he'll make fans all over the country forget Hank Luisetti."

Donn O'Meara, who had been sitting quietly by and gnawing a herring, felt that this was too much to bear and he burst out, "Enough of this drivel about non-existent characters! We all know that Fred Segal is merely a pseudonym used by members of the 'lit' division when they have turned out some tripe which they are too ashamed to sign their names to. Let's return to the question at hand; who's going to win the intramural basketball championship? Now this is the way I rate teams: South Barracks has the best balanced team and should take the championship. While they don't have the individual stars that some of the other teams have they seem to have the most all around strength, not to mention Shelly Chang as a secret weapon; Fairbairn-Hopson and Fairbairn-Seymour both appear to be in the same boat."

"They both have a few players who rank with the best in school, but after these few men, they have nothing to speak of and unfortunately for them, basketball is still a five man game. As for

the Kap House, they will finally get their chance to win a game or two in intramural competition. This is another team without any exceptional individual players, but one which features a competent player in each position. However, their men are not quite a match for S. Barracks and I also believe that both of the teams from Snob Hill will shade them. South Hoffman has what well might turn out to be the fightingest team in the league but since it's basketball they'll be playing, their fight will probably accomplish nothing except having their players ejected for too many fouls. And now we come to North Barracks, and I shudder when I even have to think about it."

Let it suffice to say that what the Kap House was to the football league, North Barracks will be to the basketball league."

As Donn finished his remarks a storm of protest broke out and it appeared that the meeting might end in fisticuffs, each man championing his own selections, but when the crisis was at its highest peak, Mike Rosetti appeared in the doorway and the meeting was adjourned in a rush to get at the tray of beers he was carrying.

Take a mouthful of sunshine,
Little sister,
And moisten your soul in the spring;
Laugh a blue smile and become
The round and honey-sweet grass.

Take a handful of time,
Little sister,
To lace on a golden ring,
And give it to the ancient nun
Who sits behind her diamond-glass.

—DIERDRE O'MEARA

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