

Bard College
Student Newspaper Archive
(1895-1999)

All Rights Reserved. Copyright © 1999 by Bard College

BARDIAN

Vol. 1 No. 6 [January 1, 1949]

| | |
|--------|--|
| Page 1 | Falling Star Campus Improvements The Koenig—Reis Rumor Council Objectives for Term Two Added to Faculty N. S. A. Travel Info Hey, Mort! A. W. DeBaun |
| Page 2 | Speaking Frankly Bob MacAlister |
| Page 3 | Divisional Meeting Aboard Queen Elizabeth A. W. DeBaun, Jr. Thou Shalt Not Eat Mark Gadd Richard Student Sees Patient Die Ted Huguenin Student Reports on French Red Tape David Schwab Minorities and the Filibuster J. B. S. |
| Page 4 | News from New Hampshire, Wellesley, Lafayette and Other Colleges Richard Amero |

falling star

I remember the first day I walked in to work for the *New York Star*. Wayne Adams, the City Editor, had spoken to me the day before and told me to report the following morning. I ran to the office, in the hope of not being my usual five minutes late. I was late . . . it was five minutes after nine. But the *Star* working day began at 10 so I waited around.

Wayne came in after I had been there for an hour. I was still sitting. He began talking to Adeline, his secretary. I tried to look intelligent as I saw him give me a side glance. But this was too much for me. I turned my face towards the wall so that Wayne wouldn't notice such a stupid expression.

Finally after five minutes he came over to me and told me to ride the buses. I smiled. He looked so intent and serious as he told me to ride all the buses, all day long, that I surely thought he was mad.

"Don't you want to know why," he asked.

I stopped gaping for a moment. "Yes, of course," I answered with all the dignity that I could gather.

A reader had written the *Star* a letter demanding that an investigation be started concerning the mixup in the fare deposits. He complained that bus drivers were forcing passengers to pay double fare when they had made a mistake.

I ran down the stairs, my coat open on a freezing day. I thought that might give dash to the assignment. I mounted the buses and deposited my seven and eleven cents in every wrong way possible. I could get away with nothing. The correct fare was the only amount which could be deposited in the various mechanisms. I must admit that I was sorely disappointed that I had no "big story." I wondered as I journeyed homeward, via BMT, if tomorrow would find me trying to squeeze pennies and nickles into the subway fare boxes. Thus my first day.

When I came in at five minutes after ten the next morning, I tried once more to look intelligent as I gave Wayne an account of yesterday's adventures. Wayne took my report so seriously that I thought he was madder than ever. I had yet to learn that everything in a newspaper is important and nothing is to be scorned.

(Continued on Page Two)

campus improvements

Bard campus was not an idle place during the field period. When interviewed by the *Bardian*, Cal Avery needed twenty-five minutes to list all the improvements that were accomplished while the students were away.

The kitchen was completely repainted with a special durable paint. The gym shower room was completed; the hall floors were refinished, and the bathrooms repainted. The library, study hall, office, McVickar, the theatre, lavatories in Wardens, Potter and the barracks, Gerry House music room and social room as well as several rooms in Wardens and Albee were redecorated.

Carpenters put a new ceiling under the theatre balcony, a new pantry work table in Albee Social, and new shelves in the main floor of the library. They worked extensively in the library basement, and did countless other minor jobs.

Electricians put a fire alarm in Kapp House, new lights in the theatre and library basement, and new wiring in the pump house.

The fire truck was repainted (at Fire Department expense).

Dick Kronen and the carpenters did extensive remodeling and rearranging in the chem lab. The interior of the water tank was repainted. All the wells were tested with excellent results.

"If money is available next summer," Mr. Avery said, "the rear roads will be black-topped at least in part. The area from the north side of the gym to the barracks road, including the parking section between Orient and Albee, badly needs a hard surface. If it is not possible to secure funds to do the entire rear road, the cost to do the area mentioned may be within the B. & G. budget."

The grounds crew is now clearing the wooded area north of the nursery.

Dr. Henry D. Aiken, professor of philosophy at Harvard, recently refused a bid to teach at the University of Washington because the recent firing of three of its faculty for alleged Communist leanings was "a violation of academic freedom." Dr. Aiken commented that the effect of the Washington University action "will lead to hypocrisy, dissembling, and fear."

council objectives for term

The meetings of the Council of Bard College will be held during the spring term with one general, over-all objective in mind. This objective is streamlining the government and committees of the college, and putting them on a smoother working basis.

Several specific problems are also on the calendar. Two of these are old problems which council desires to settle definitely: what is the responsibility of The Bardian to the student body, and what is meant by "open house." Several new problems are on the agenda for discussion. One is the election of a fund raising committee to decide how to handle the money raised by the magazine sales, and how to continue the drive in a more successful way. Another is what is the criterion for hiring and firing people on student employment. The budget committee has already begun work on the spring budget.

It is hoped that attendance will be larger this term than last as it is the problems of the students themselves which council is trying to solve.

two added to faculty

Miss Dorothy Thompson and Mr. Leo Simon have recently joined the faculty of Bard. Miss Thompson is replacing Dr. Hirsch who is at present spending his sabbatical leave in Europe, and Mr. Simon is replacing Mr. Ayres.

Miss Thompson came to Bard from Stanford University where she taught basic freshman Western Civilization. She is a graduate of U. C. L. A. and Stanford, where she received her Doctor's degree. She spent her early life in Vienna and Paris, and later traveled to Australia, New Zealand, and Japan. She will teach Ancient History and Contemporary European History here at Bard.

Mr. Simon is teaching Logic at Bard one day a week. He attended the University of Cincinnati and later went to the School of General Studies at Columbia, where he is working for his Masters at present.

ns a travel info

MADISON, WIS.,—Complete information about all opportunities for students to spend their summers abroad has been compiled by the National Student Association (NSA) in a booklet entitled Study, Travel, Work Abroad, Summer 1949 which is now ready for distribution.

The booklet, similar to last year's NSA study which received wide acclaim, outlines the summer study programs of 32 countries, and tells of organizations which are planning tours and work-camps abroad. Also included is a section on a seminars, and on travel opportunities.

Other information of interest to students planning to spend their summer vacation outside the United States includes information on air and steamship transportation, passports and visas, the G. I. Bill, the Fulbright Program, and government fellowships.

Price of the booklet is 15 cents to students at NSA member colleges, 25 cents to all others. Bulk rates are available to member colleges.

Copies may be obtained by sending cash or money orders to NSA's national offices, 304 N. Park street, Madison 5, Wisconsin.

National Student Association is a representative non-partisan non-sectarian inter-collegiate organization designed to serve American student needs, and is now composed of more than 800,000 students in 281 colleges and universities in the United States.

hey, mort!

Former Capt. Harry Wolfe has just been served notice he owes 1944 income tax on his overseas flying combat pay. At time of this printing he is visiting the New York City District Attorney, via personal invitation, to determine if he'll lose his table silver, his wife, or end up doing his Senior Project in jail. All veteran organizations have been alerted and Walter Winchell is interested. Harry told me he'd fight this thing through the highest court in the land. Just the same—put some money in the pot, boys!

A. W. DeBaun

the bardian



staff

Thomas Channing Woodbury,
(managing editor)

Fred Segal, (associate editor)

STAFF:

Donald Walker, (business manager)

Ralph Dale Schley, (advertising
manager)

Deborah Sussman, (make-up editor)

Barbara Miner, (secretary)

Richard Amero, (news)

Jonni Johnson, (news and feature)

John Bodkin Segal, III, (news)

Elliott Lindsley, (copy department)

David Egerwald, (circulation
department)

Joan Williams, (copy manager)

David Vrooman, (news)

Iris Lipskar, (circulation manager)

The *Bardian* is the official student publication of Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York. It is also financed by student funds.

VOL. I, No. 6.

the koenig — reis rumor

Wednesday, March 2, 1949

This week a rumor was made public to the student body by Mr. Travis Houser. Speaking at the Council meeting on Monday, he wanted to know if it was a fact that Dr. Reis and Dr. Koenig were leaving. Mr. MacAllister was appointed to see Dr. Fuller late in the week. As for the question raised about faculty politics, Council proposed to send a committee to the EPC for joint action. This committee would attempt to study what a student's right was to know about the dismissal and non-reappointment of teachers. Of the people involved in the rumor, none cared to say any more than "No comment."

On Tuesday the EPC tried to clear up the rumor. Mr. Hawkes asked for intelligent and unhurried action. The problem of students' rights in faculty matters would have to be studied as a long range project. He suggested that a letter be written to Dr. Fuller immediately. But Dr. Garrett, who was sitting in on the meeting, felt that it was better to approach the two teachers first, and then write to Dr. Fuller later. However, he strongly asserted that faculty members and administrators had the privilege of privacy.

The EPC, following his suggestions, decided to send letters to the two professors.

On Wednesday, Mr. MacAllister, having been directed by Council, saw Dr. Fuller in his office. He wanted to know if Dr. Fuller had anything more to say than No Comment. He did not. He talked of the usual procedure of renewing contracts. He gave Mr. MacAllister a sheet which stated the procedure. But it was not ethically possible for him to enlighten the student body on the Reis-Koenig rumor.

These are the events to date. They show us that not only Mr. Houser but Mr. MacAllister have good reason to be discouraged. It is like a game: Doors are slammed and the player tries to open them. A person comes out and says, "No Comment," or talks about ethics and privacy. Meanwhile, students are wondering what Bard would be like without Dr. Reis and Dr. Koenig. They try to picture a seminar or a major conference or a senior project without them. They speculate about Bard and trends and the wrong path which leads away from progressive education. And the longer the rumor remains a rumor, the more speculation

and discontent enters into Bard scene. These speculations are vague and perhaps unreasonable, but they become part of an attitude. The attitude is like the end of last term. No matter where you were at that time, whether you were singing Christmas Carols in the Chapel or going to a tea in Albee Social or eating your food at the Boar's Head Dinner—there was a feeling of degeneracy.

We suggest that Dr. Koenig, Dr. Reis and Dr. Fuller hold a joint meeting with several Council appointed students to issue a more comprehensive statement than "No Comment." We also suggest that the legal and diplomatic atmosphere of the case be suspended so that the particular rumor will cease to be an eternal triangle. These suggestions are not made in the form of demands but as bold solutions which will reinstate us as a co-operative and intelligent body of people. Even though the EPC and the Council plan to study the rights of students in regards to faculty affairs, we advocate the particular action stated above as the only method of coping with our discouragement and our ignorance of the rumor about Dr. Koenig and Dr. Reis.

speaking frankly

(With the apologies to the Honorable James Byrnes)

As I sat down to write this article it occurred to me that I might tack on 'and the Bard Community' to the phrase which appears in parenthesis right under the title. However, if I know the Bard Community at all, the best thing I could do would be to speak frankly and in my opinion no apologies are in order for doing so.

The first topic which comes to my mind is the magazine campaign. Why did it fail? Just about all of us can provide the answer to that. The magazine campaign failed for two principal reasons: (1) lack of organization; (2) laziness. Yours truly readily admits his guilt to both. Most of you can't admit to two of these reasons but you can admit to one. You and I both know which one. Consequently we have made a miserable showing, but let's not be satisfied to drop the whole matter without trying to recover from the disease which caused the failure. We know the symptoms and I'm sure all of us will agree that we have the medicine to fight them.

In order to attack the disease which paralyzes us at this point in a scientific manner a new student Fund Raising Committee has been set up with Chris Magee as the chairman of the group. They have already had one successful meeting which brought out many fruitful ideas and they will soon ask your cooperation in fighting the inertia responsible for the miserable results of our last try. We have learned our lesson from the first attempt so let's help them when they call on us. By helping the Fund Raising Committee we will be helping ourselves. When we help ourselves we help Bard.

In the writers opinion here are our other aims for this semester. First and foremost stands the question of the increasing community participation in Community Government activities. So far we have two tentative solutions to this problem: (1) a concentrated campaign to distribute activities among a larger number of persons; (2) the production of concrete recommendations by Bard's "Haviland Commission" for making our government more suitable in the legal and administrative sense.

The close regulation of our financial affairs is such that our convocation money will not be over-expended. Anyone who deals with convocation funds must realize that they cannot legally commit the Convocation to a financial obligation without the approval of the Treasurer.

In reality the major goal has been left to the close of this article for I want to leave you with this thought. The Community Government exists to serve you. It is only as good and strong as every individual makes it. Consequently your continued interest in the form of participation will make it or break it.

Respectfully submitted,
Bob MacAlister

LOOKING FOR GOOD FOOD?

When in Red Hook

Visit

ANDY'S
Restaurant

falling star

(Continued from Page One)

"What is my next assignment?" I asked.

"I want you to go over to the Sanitation Department," he replied. This was too much.

He continued, "They have elected a Sanitation Man of the Year and I want you to interview him." I wasn't a snob, but couldn't it have been the Police or the Fire Department?

I went to the Sanitation Department and met the illustrious gentleman. Dapperly dressed in a two-piece green uniform, he squirmed around in a chair that was obviously too big for him.

"What did you do when you found the bodies on your beat?" I asked.

"Well," Gaynor replied, "I called the police and . . ."

"Then you believe in cooperation between the city departments?" demanded his superior who was sitting nearby. This was the crucial moment. Did he, the first Sanitation Man of the Year, believe in the cooperation between the Police and Sanitation Departments, of the City of New York.

Gaynor looked from his superior and then to me.

"Oh, yeah, sure," he replied.

At that moment the Commissioner of the Department of Sanitation walked into the conference room. Gaynor's superior gave him a prod, "You can get out of here now, Gaynor." He left the room.

As everyone watched, I picked up the receiver to call the office. Good Lord, I remembered, I didn't know the number. "I have a bad memory for numbers," I apologized. Everyone smiled as I dialed for Information to find out the number of the *New York Star*.

I wrote my first story that day. Gathering all my notes before I sat down, cigarette dangling out of the corner of my mouth (like any other veteran reporter), I put my fingers on the keyboard and typed . . . nothing. How in the world do I begin, At any rate, I began and finished the story in two hours. One nuisance at the office kept on whispering "faster . . . faster", behind my back. The "nuisance" turned out to be Gil Millstein, the best rewrite-man on the Star, and the best "teacher" I had there.

I gave my copy of the Gaynor story over to Barney Bildersee, the News Editor, and he told me how to head my copy. When he read it he told me to go back to my typewriter and do the story over again. This time, I was so furious with having labored over such a bad story that I let my bitterness fall on the cherub faced Sanitation Man. Although I felt bad about poking fun at Gaynor, I nevertheless handed the article in to Barney. He took it and told me to go home.

How well I remember the next morning. I bought a copy of the *Star* on the newsstand and ran upstairs to catch my train. Did they print the story . . . of course not. It is only your third day at work. Well perhaps they gave it an inch . . . it was only your first try, they probably "killed" it. After considerable debate with myself, I took a chance and opened the paper. I started at the back page and opened it slowly. I turned page

after page and I became fearful. There were only two pages left. But there it was on Page 2 with a picture of Gaynor and a by-line.

I shut the paper quickly and then laughed. I laughed so loud everyone in the train turned to look at me. They probably thought I had read a funny story. But the more they smiled and nodded knowingly, the more I laughed. Finally I opened to the article again, read the first paragraph, noted the by-line once more and shut the paper and beamed. The same routine for 35 minutes until I finished the article.

I had an early assignment that day. I had breakfast with the Boy Scouts, lunch with the Boys' Clubs and tea with a musical prodigy. I was sleepy at breakfast, bored at lunch and annoyed at tea. I had referred to him, Merrill Wolfe, The child genius as "Master Wolf" in the article. A week later, I received a letter from him complaining that "Master" was tagged onto little boys. He was pleased to inform me that he was a baritone for three years and had been shaving for a year and a half.

The next two days were filled with routine work. I had been given minor assignments and rewrite work on AP and UP releases. Barney always told me that a lead should always contain the idea or thought that I would like to see as my headline. I soon developed the ease and a facility for writing leads.

The following morning I went to a press conference given by Charles Zimmerman, vice-president of the ILGWU who had recently returned from Israel. I was not shy in asking questions but as I look back on the conference, I see so many of my faults. When Zimmerman nodded his head in response to a reporter's question, she asked him to repeat what she had said. I thought that that was rather trivial. I asked him an "intelligent" question; what he thought would be the measure of influence of the Jews on the Arab countries in the Near East. I was completely wrong in my approach and the other reporter was right. For I had no news and she had a quote which she used as her lead in the next day's story in the Herald Tribune.

If you were to look in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel McAlpin, Wednesday January 12, you would have found a very bored looking young girl strolling among rows of smelly cats. This was the annual nation-wide, best cat contest. There were cats from Los Angeles, cats from Buffalo, and even one alley cat from New York. I was sent to cover the meowing festivities. My photographer wanted an interesting picture. I suggested an owner who was feeding her cat with a bottle as an example of the loving maternal spirit that prevailed. When the picture was developed, Sally Pepper, the Photography Editor, told me it was the most repulsive picture that she had ever seen. So much for my photographic talent.

As I was walking with my family to the theater that evening, I decided to buy a copy of tomorrow's *Star*, which had just hit the newsstands. I found my "cat story" in the center fold with two large pictures and another by-line. This was the most prominent place an article

of mine had found its way to, thus far. I squealed right in the middle of Broadway. My mother tried to calm me but my Dad insisted that I scream if I wanted to. I'm afraid "Mr. Roberts" was quite lost on me that evening.

There was already an air of drama when I returned to the office the following Thursday. Everyone was rushing about as usual in the mid-afternoon. They were yelling for Copy Boys, running from the City Desk to the library and back to their phones. The *New York Star* always looked like the movie version of a newspaper.

The rewriters, cigarettes dangling from the corner of their mouths, were typing furiously as they listened to their stories over the dictaphone. A few reporters were at their desks. Jimmy Parlatore, the police reporter, was sweetly caressing the telephone as if he were having some intimate conversation with the blonde in yesterday's trial. The reporters always acted as if they were working on the biggest story of the year.

But something felt different today. A few people had gathered excitedly near the front office. Slowly the dictaphones were taken off. The typewriters had become very still. The group grew larger. Several persons looked at each other in confusion. They moved towards the front office. Finally someone shouted, "Mass meeting, all staff and management." I suppose everyone sensed it immediately. I know I did.

We were all excited as we mounted the stairs. But as the crowd entered the fifth floor, it suddenly became very quiet. Few smiled. There were so many people on the fifth floor. I never thought so many people worked on the *Star*. I sat down near a desk and looked at Wayne. He was so sad.

Bartley Crum climbed up on the desk next to me and faced all the employees. He said, "The last edition is going to press tonight." I held my breath.

Joe Barnes spoke afterwards and said that the details of the *Star's* failure were too involved to explain . . . that he appreciated all the friendship and hard work that the entire staff had given . . . and he was sorry.

The staff went back to separate offices and telephoned their families that they no longer had a job. They joked with each other: "Know of a hotel that needs a bus-boy?" "Been nice knowin' ya." But their smiles couldn't mask the fact that this was unemployment. 500 people were thrown out of jobs. They all suspected a long unemployment the night the staff was in Lorenzo's, the local bar, drinking hard, trying hard to forget their worries.

But it was more than that. The death of a newspaper is unlike the closing of any other business: the mechanism is still there. The AP and UP teletype apparatus is in the back room. Where once the news beat furiously, quiet settles. Typewriters are found on the desks. The presses are downstairs, no longer waiting for the Copy. But between the news and the print there is something else . . . more than the toil of the rewriters, the planning

(Continued on Page Four)

Watches -:- Clocks

Pen and Pencil Sets

Costume Jewelry

Gifts for All Occasions

The HAEN
Jewelry Shop

Rhinebeck, N. Y. Tel. 8

F. H. Pierson & Son

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

BEEF - VEAL - LAMB
PORK - POULTRY
HAMS - BACON

473-475 Main Street
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

SCHRAUTH'S ICE CREAM

THE BORDEN CO.

12 North Bridge Street
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Tel. 1320

To Keep in the Best of Spirits
visit

A'BRIAL
Liquor Store

RED HOOK, N. Y.

divisional meeting aboard queen elizabeth

8 p. m., 18 February, 1949. Dr. Felix Hirsch had invited a number of us aboard the Queen Elizabeth to help celebrate his departure with his family for his six-month sabbatical. Above the noise in his cabin we could hear the mournful sounds of the many tugboats in the harbor waiting to tow the huge ship out of dock. The corridors outside the cabin were blocked with small baggage and small people. Everything of the Hirsch's was safely aboard. Everywhere one heard 'bon voyage' being shouted and echoed in accents of many foreign tongues. About this time Tommy Hirsch decided he'd claim the upper bunk boasting the port-hole. Roland calmly rehearsed his Red Ryder radio show out loud in the other top bunk. Mrs. Hirsch seemed nervous. "No," she said, reading my mind, "it was that woman on the dock who fainted when her papers were found not to be in order. Her daughter screamed hysterically when her mother fainted. The customs men just stood there watching a bad situation grow worse." The cabin door opened and a smiling, scrubbed and starched English stewardess brought a trayful of wine glasses. The wine was cool. Mrs. Hirsch accepted a glass and relaxed a little. Dr. Hirsch continued straightening things up a bit. He spied Roland's chemistry dictionary in the washstand sink and ordered it removed to make room for the expected visitors. Then the two boys put their feet on the clean sheets and had to remove their shoes which narrowly missed the incoming Bertelsmanns. Next to appear was Miss Thompson, Dr. Hirsch's replacement in the Division for the next semester. Mrs. Hirsch accepted a box of beautiful cut flowers and had them put in a vase. Everyone had some wine and the conversation branched out. Dr. Sturmthal arrived next with a lady friend and some comic books. The children took the latter gravely,

dividing and chicking the dates against their already large supply and stacked them in alphabetical order. The fan was turned up full force and Tommy volunteered to open the port-hole cover. This kept him busy the rest of the time and he lost considerable strength. A steward with a fierce haircut stuck his head in the open door, gulped and said, "sorry, wrong cabin." The odor from the flowers had become stronger in the closeness of the cabin but there was no way to clear the atmosphere. Shore time was drawing closer. Twenty more minutes passed. We drank faster sensing the footsteps of the man carrying the ashore warning gong. I had had to take another glass because mine had snapped at the base of the stem earlier. I noticed Dr. Hirsch blotting his forehead with his handkerchief. I felt warm, too. He was giving last minute instructions to his secretary and helpful hints to Miss Thompson when the warning gong sounded. No one leaped for his coat or hat until the second warning sounded. Then there was a rush to clog the companionways and gangways. All ashore. I checked my watch. It was 9 o'clock, it didn't seem possible. I saw no one with any stolen silver, but I saw something much more exciting: a man disappearing under the feet of the surging crowds going down the gangways. He reappeared shortly, however, quite straightened out but minus his hat. We reached the street level and stood looking momentarily up at the great ship.

Back at the car I slid behind the wheel. There was a package on the seat wrapped in white paper. Not mine. But who's? . . . of course. Dr. Hirsch's. I smelled the contents. Sausage. They had forgotten something after all. I felt like a petty thief sitting there holding stolen meat in my hands. But they'd be back in September.

A. W. DeBaun Jr.

thou shalt not eat

The scribe of the dining commons said, "Lo, those of the stout heart shall be rebuked."

And it came to pass in the year of our Lord, 1949, that I dwelt in the Village of Annandale-on-Hudson, in a small college called Bard. Here I labored mightily, and though there were some that said, "He labors in vain" there were still others who said, "He makes too much noise in dining commons." But my friends perceived the emptiness of my stomach did carry me fourth unto Preston Hall, and said thou must eat here for thou hast no shekels with which to garner food elsewhere.

And thus in the third month the heavens opened, and food was placed before us. But there were those unknown to us, who did conspire against our existence. And they with much gnashing of teeth said unto one another, "Those who sit at the back table are noisy and raucous. They throw things. They are grievously vexed with a devil, and must be sent from here. Let us

have them be punished." So they, thinking they were of authority, said, "Take the food from the dark haired one, for he is useless and should starve. As for the others, we shall send an Epistle to the great white-haired father and he will punish them. So three enlightened women and another, a 'forsaken man,' sent forth a 'strong note' saying the evil ones must be punished and purged.

And so it came to pass that we were purged, for it is not lawful to do what one will with his voice, and thus if one seest oppression of the violent marvel not at the matter, for the 'forsaken man' is higher than the highest, and he loveth his silver, and he loveth the abundance of his waitership. But I say this is vanity. But even though the spleen of the law was visited upon us, one was heard to mutter, "nuts" for he did not feel cleansed, or educated and this one was myself.

Mark Gadd Richard

student sees patient die minorities and the filibuster

The man died around midnight—only a few hours ago. Now it is possible for us to see the brain tumor that has so insidiously crowded and compressed his brain against its constricting bone case until the process of his respiratory system jammed. The tumor had run its course.

As we enter the autopsy room we can smell the burning odor of bone and hear the whirring sound of the tiny electric circular saw as it inscribes a circle about the back of his skull. The sawing ceases and the back of the skull is removed. The brain, looking somewhat like cauliflower with the consistency of a loaf of unbaked bread, is gently lifted out, washed, weighed and placed on a wooden slab. Several deft movements and the brain is split and the halves placed side by side. There it is: a dark grey irregular shape indicates that the tumor is about as large as a tennis ball. Now the brain can be preserved in a large jar for further study.

There is a crunch, followed by a snapping sound. Again and again it is repeated. With a pair of long-handled clippers the surgeon cuts the ribs as one would prune the stubby limbs of a bush. Soon he is able to remove the breastbone and begin examining the internal organs. Looking at the open body we see the gullet, lungs bespeckled with dirt, heart, liver and intestines. Many of these vital organs bear a small slit where the surgeon is opening them to study their condition. A secondary cause of death is found: hardening of the arteries of the heart. The examination is over.

As we leave the room the outer skin and fat covering is being folded and sewed back into place. Likewise, the scalp is pulled back from its position over the eyes and is being sewed with a curved needle. When this is completed he will be rewrapped in his shroud.

He is of no further medical interest. Only his brain bears testimony of his ever being there. He will soon be ready for burial.

Ted Huguenin

student reports on french red tape

An American tourist in France constantly has the opportunity to discover new things that he cannot find at home. He finds that people both here and abroad are very similar, that they talk on the same level even about the same things. There is one thing, however, that can be found in France and in no other country in the world, RED TAPE. In America we think that we have too many government offices and

(Continued on Page Four)

County Line Restaurant
ON ROUTE 9-G
Cocktail Lounge
Dancing to Orchestra every
Saturday Night
We appreciate your business
but we must close on time

Do Your Last Minute Shopping at
The Treasure Box
Red Hook, New York

J. B. S.

Read
THE
RHINEBECK
GAZETTE

Why Go Elsewhere?
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF PERSONAL ADVICE
Bring Your Insurance Problems
To
RALPH DALE SCHLEY
LICENSED N. Y. STATE INSURANCE BROKER

news from new hampshire,
wellesley, lafayette and other colleges

Students from the University of New Hampshire recently took the floor of the House of Representatives to tell a joint hearing by the House Education and Judiciary Committee that a proposed legislative inquiry into asserted subversive influence at the college would do more harm than good. James F. O'Neill, past national commander of the American Legion, spoke in favor of the inquiry resolution.

Sudents of Wellesley College have voted in favor of bringing one or more DP students to the college. The students must raise \$10,000 to provide board and housing, clothes, transportation from the port of entry and all incidental expenses for the students selected.

The Lafayette College Student Council has established a mediation board to hear complaints against campus publications. The board, while it announces that it intends to set a punishment if the publication is found o have stepped beyond the bounds of propriety and integrity, says that it will not act in any way as a censorship bureau.

Members of the local chapter of the Nat. Association for the Advancement of Colored People at Penn. State College recently staged a one-day boycott of State College barbers as retribution for the latter's refusal to cut the hair of Negro students. Attempts by the NAAC, by student, faculty, and community groups to peacefully negotiate a solution have, thus far, failed to achieve results.

On January 12 John Gates, editor of the Daily Worker, was banned from speaking of the twelve indicted Communists at the University of North Carolina Chapel Hill campus by Chancellor Robert B. House. Comment in the *Daily Tar Heel*, student publication, reads: "Now the editor of the Daily Worker can rest happy. All over the world people can be informed that in America, in the great democracy itself, in the bosom of a great center of learning, it was impossible to assemble peaceably in a public hall to hear of a political creed . . . If Joe Stalin had paid agents at the University of North Carolina, they could not have handed him a nicer gift."

Richard Amero

french red tape

(Continued from Page Three)
that to obtain a governmental approval is too complicated. But to a Frenchman, American red tape would be absurdly simple.
Starting from the time that the American enters France and fills out complicated customs declarations right to the time that the border officials forget to ask for the forms on the way out, each petty official, each bank clerk and each hotel manager checks and re-checks passports, visas and entrance permits. With the possible exception of the entrance permits, none of these papers are ever reported to responsible officials. Neither are the checks beneficial to the French government or to the traveler.

In order to rent a home or a car, each paper of the contract must be signed and stamped by the police. This means (as it did with me) as many as ten trips to the commissioner for approval. Certainly these many signatures do nothing to ease the work of the already overcrowded and overworked French government.

It might seem to the reader that an article on the faults of the French governmental red tape is quite petty. However, I am sure that everyone who has ever traveled in France will agree on the strong impression it leaves with the hurried tourist.

David Schwab

falling star

(Continued from Page Two)
of the editors, and the sweat of the reporters. There is an intangible which informs and befriends and breaths.
I did not feel the *Star* was a good newspaper in the technical sense of the word. It did not cover all the news, nor all the details of the stories that it did print. The *Star* didn't sell its stories. But when the *Star* demised, a progressive element in journalism passed away. New York City, which has always been politically democratic, needs at least one newspaper as an expression of its political and social views.
Joyce Laski

Five more professors have been fired from Olivet College for suspicious reasons including opposition to the All-American, boy-loving, athletic-inclined, business regime which recently ousted Dr. Akeley in a case attracting nationwide attention.

PETER'S

UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y.

STEAKS COCKTAILS

| | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
| <p>MIKE'S CLUB</p> <p>ANNANDALE</p> | <p>For the Best in Movies THEATRES</p> <p>Lyceum Starr Red Hook Rhinebeck</p> <p>Coming Attractions</p> <p>Down to the Sea in Ships Yellow Sky Family Honeymoon Criss-Cross Blood on the Moon Knock on Any Door Whispering Smith John Loves Mary</p> | <p>THE RED HOOK FLORAL CO.</p> <p>E. Market St., Red Hook, N. Y.</p> <p>Cut Flowers for All Occasions</p> <p>Corsages - Bouquets</p> <p>We Deliver</p> | <p>COMMUNITY GARAGE</p> <p>Dodge and Plymouth Dodge Trucks Storage - Repairs - and - Accessories - Towing</p> <p>East Market Street RHINEBECK, N. Y. Telephone 244</p> |
| <p>BEEKMAN ARMS</p> <p>Oldest Hotel in America</p> <p>RHINEBECK, N. Y.</p> <p>"THE RENDEZVOUS OF FRIENDS"</p> | <p>MILLARD & SON</p> <p>WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS OF</p> <p>Reynolds' Reliance and Mill-son Food Products</p> <p>POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.</p> | <p>GOOD NEWS</p> <p>Spring Lake Lodge UPPER RED HOOK, N. Y.</p> <p>Dancing Finest in Foods Wines - Beer - Liquors</p> <p>— ADDED ATTRACTIONS —</p> <p>Closed every Tuesday HENRY GROLL, Prop.</p> | <p>The BARD COLLEGE STORE</p> <p>To Speed Service — Please Bring dishes back to counter</p> |
| <p>HAVING LAUNDRY BLUES?</p> <p>TRY The Model Laundry</p> <p>Proven to be the least expensive laundry service on the BARD CAMPUS.</p> <p>Pick-up made at the dorms every Monday at 10:30 A. M. Delivery every Saturday.</p> <p>Don't forget to include your name, dorm and room number in bundle.</p> <p>For additional details see Jim Richey, So. Barracks, No. 4.</p> <p>Satisfaction our only guarantee.</p> <p>When bundles of equal size were sent in competing laundries, MODEL proved to be less expensive by as much as 85 cents.</p> | <p>RED HOOK LUNCH</p> <p>TRY OUR HAMBURGERS</p> <p>Open All Night</p> | <p>For the Best in Taxi Service</p> <p>Call Red Hook 165</p> <p>BARD COLLEGE TAXI</p> <p>GEO. F. CARNRIGHT</p> <p>Call from either the Rhinebeck or Barrytown Stations</p> <p>Tel. 165 RED HOOK, N. Y.</p> | <p>THE RHINEBECK DINER</p> <p>Largest and Most Modern Diner in the State</p> <p>OPEN 24 HOURS DAILY</p> <p>NEW ENCLOSED BANQUET HALL</p> <p>T. Djimis, Prop.</p> |