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BARDIAN

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Special Issue

The International Bardian

Page 1	Orientation Program For Foreign Students At Bard A Message by the President of Bard College James H. Case, Jr. Just Another Day—Orientation Style
Page 2	Editorial India's Independence Day
Page 3	Oh, My English is on Fire P. P. Lakshmanan
Page 4	Waiting on Table-An Experience Anwar Hussain Syed “Herr Professor” and “The Prof” Bruno Weber
Page 5	Our Visit to Mrs. Roosevelt Hitch-Hiking—“Free” Enterprise Jacques Valet Our Historic Responsibility George Athanassopoulos On Being Americanized (with apologies to T. S. Eliot) Robin
Page 6	Bard Orientation Roster Your Friends' Addresses In The U. S. And Their Home Countries

THE INTERNATIONAL BARDIAN

Special Issue

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

August/September, 1952

Orientation Program For Foreign Students At Bard

Early this summer, students, young scholars, and professional people in all parts of the free world received a letter headed THE FOREIGN SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES. The first sentence read: "I am pleased to inform you of your selection to receive a United States Government grant for study at such and such a college or university. This award is made by the Department of State and the Board of Foreign Scholarships, etc." A later notification instructed some of them to report at Bard College on or about July 28 for a six-week Orientation Program. From Iceland to India, from Brazil to Sweden, maps were diligently scanned for the exact location of a place called Annandale-on-Hudson in the State of New York, but to no avail.

Nevertheless, in the last days of July, forty-seven students from the four corners of the globe converged on the Bard campus: six from India, five from Germany, fifteen from Japan, two each from France, Greece, Holland, Iraq, and Thailand, and one each from Belgium, Brazil, Ceylon, Italy, Iceland, Nicaragua, Norway, Pakistan, Sweden and Turkey. Eighteen different nationalities, eighteen different languages! That Bard did not become a Babel was due to the fact, that all spoke English as a second language, though in varying degrees of proficiency.

After a few days of relaxation, the Orientation course got underway. At the formal opening meeting, Prof. William Frauenfelder, Director of the Program, introduced the staff to the foreign students: from the Bard faculty—Dr. Artine Artinian, Miss Irma Brandeis, Dr. Robert J. Koblitiz and Mr. William Asip; guest faculty were—Dr. Irene Diggs from Morgan State College in Baltimore, Md.; Mr. James Westbrook from R.P.I. (Bard '42); Mr. James N. Rosenau from the New Jersey College for Women (Bard '48), and Mr. Milenko Radosavljevich, attached to the staff of the Voice of America in New York.

The objectives of the Orientation course were threefold: first, to improve the students' skills in English, and to help them overcome any speech difficulty that would make their English unintelligible to American ears; second, to help the students adjust to life in the United States and to increase their understanding of the major aspects of American

society and culture; and third, to prepare them to take maximum advantage of the academic year ahead of them by familiarizing them with procedures and methods of study in American colleges and universities.

The lectures and classroom work filled the morning hours from 8:30 a. m. to 12:15, Monday through Friday. Mr. Radosavljevich's speech lab was humming with the sound of voices and recordings at practically all hours of the day and night. In the afternoon the students retired for private study or came out for sports, while the evenings were reserved for special programs, including movies, dances, and discussion meetings.

Going on the premise that there is no substitute for first-hand observation, the course work was supplemented by a series of field trips that took the students away from campus in every direction, as from a hub, first to our neighboring communities, then to Poughkeepsie and to Albany. They visited schools and hospitals, small and big business plants, government agencies, newspapers and radio stations. High points were a trip to Tanglewood, to the Roosevelt Home in Hyde Park, followed by a visit with Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and an outdoor picnic on her Val-Kill estate; to the Rhinebeck County Fair where the students met Governor Dewey, and to the Catskill Mountains with a supper picnic at the Harvey Fites.

One vital aspect of Orientation did not happen on campus but in the American home. Many friends and neighbors of Bard College invited the students to dinner, tea, and evening parties. The teacher from Turkey, the physician from India, the young businessman from Japan had the opportunity to exchange professional experiences and points of view with his American colleague, meet his family and see for himself what life is like in an American household. The students reciprocated the generous hospitality they met everywhere by inviting their hosts and friends to a farewell party in the Bard Gymnasium where they treated a capacity audience to a delightful variety show of native songs, dances, and skits. At the closing session of the Orientation Program on Thursday, September 4th, Mr. James H. Case, Jr., Presi-

(Cont'd. on Page 3)

A Message by the President of Bard College

No group that has ever come to our campus means more to us than the group of foreign students sent here under the program of the Department of State to prepare for the year of advanced studies for which they were chosen to come to this country. Your special appeal lies in part in the glamor you bring from the far-away lands where you make your homes. Glamor, however, is not the main source of your appeal. Rather it is your great eagerness, your curiosity, and your faith.

It was possible and proper to greet you upon your arrival as ambassadors of your many countries. In bidding you God-speed, it is only right to say that you have indeed served as ambassadors of your lands, and that in addition you have become valued members of the Bard College community and have served, largely without conscious knowledge, as ambassadors of Bard among your new Hudson Valley neighbors and friends. We hope you will always carry the feeling of being at home away from home at Bard and that you will continue to be our ambassadors wherever you go.

All of us wish all of you happiness and satisfaction in your work both during the year you have now begun and during the rest of your lives. You and we are engaged alike in the great task of making the world a place of peace, prosperity and the full development of human beings of every land, faith, and color. May this great task prosper, and may you and we always have the sense of working together for its realization.

—James H. Case, Jr.

Just Another Day --Orientation Style

"Hey! wake up, get up! It's time for breakfast." And as the door slams behind your roommate, you roll out of bed at the last stroke of eight. "This is the last time I'm going to be late" you tell yourself as you grab soap and toothbrush and rush down the stairs. A few muttered curses, as you bump into semi-naked bodies, a few growled "Morning," and then you are safe in the basement where the only sound is that of people furiously brushing their teeth.

It is amazing how quickly you can wash when you are hungry and there is a possibility that you might miss your breakfast. In spite of the speed at which you dress you are late, very late, but you find excuses for yourself and your conscience in the thought that if you came earlier there would have been a long queue and that in any case you would have been served last.

After breakfast you saunter to Albee Social and since all the comfortable settees and the chairs in front are already occupied, you become a back-bencher. The break is eagerly awaited and there is a rush to the Coffee Shop for tea, coffee or ice-cream. Fifteen minutes of lolling around in the warm sunshine and you go back to your English classes. Some do American literature while others go to the phonetics classes to learn to pronounce correctly such

tongue-twisters as "train" and "try."

At noon all classes are expected to stop and you go into the office for your letters. People cheerfully rush in, anticipating mail from home, but except for the lucky few who have letters, the return trip from the office is rather mournful. A consoling factor is that one can always be sure of finding an invitation or two in one's box.

Lunch is very enjoyable, not necessarily because of the quality of the food but because the atmosphere is so cheerful. As compared to breakfast where people strain to be sociable, at lunch there is much good-natured banter, some heckling of the waiters and an air of general contentedness. This is probably due to the knowledge that the day's work is over and you are on your own till 8:30 a. m. the next day.

Generally speaking, the afternoon is a time of rest, and after basking awhile in the sun, one goes in for a short 'nap' to catch up on lost sleep.

At about four, the campus comes to life again and one finds men and women in very brief pants playing tennis, swimming or just running around. This goes on till supper. After supper, time hangs heavily on your hands, especially on a typical day like this.

(Continued on Page 2)

EDITORIAL

As we look back on our pleasant stay at Bard College, we are most forcibly struck by the fact that young people from nineteen different nations—including the U. S.—have been living here for six weeks in perfect amity and concord. We have been involved in a unique experiment in human relations with both interesting and thought-provoking results. Peoples known to us merely by strange-sounding names and countries that were but shadowy pieces in the jigsaw puzzle of the world's map suddenly took on flesh and blood and became living reality as we met one another on the Bard campus. Despite our differences in color, race, creed and native idiom, we quickly discovered that what we had in common was more real than our differences. Working and playing together, we developed a growing sense of oneness and we experienced something of the meaning of that fine phrase—the brotherhood of man. To be sure, we had, individually, adjustments to make as well as concessions. Our customs, habits, and outlooks were distinguished by variety no less than by variation; but we learned to regard and respect them as expressions of ways of life equally valid as our own.

As the weeks went by, we gradually realized that the Orientation Program went far beyond its stated objectives, that we were engaged in a laboratory experiment in international living and inter-cultural exchange and that we constituted, to be sure, in microscopic form, a model of a world society. It worked with us because of the peculiarly favorable conditions under which we lived. Some day, it has to work on an international scale, if our world is to survive. What happened to us is that we caught a glimmer of a world order, embracing all nations, of a world community in which the common bonds that bind us together will be stronger than any disruptive forces; in which our common humanity will eclipse the differences of every kind that keep us separate and estranged.

To-morrow, Bard will be but a pleasant memory for us, as we scatter all over the States. But the experience of our six-week experiment will leave a mark on us which we cannot ignore or forget. To the Bardians that follow us we say: carry on the good work in international cooperation you have begun on this campus and work in your place, as we will in ours, toward the realization of a free world society, of one world, based on mutual understanding and respect and trust.

India's Independence Day

The fifth anniversary of India's Independence was celebrated at Bard College on Friday, August 15, 1952. Indian students and scholars taking part in the foreign students' Orientation Program invited the entire college community to a colorful and festive outdoor ceremony on the beautiful college lawns.

On a flower-decked table stood the portraits of Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of India's Independence, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President and Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of the Indian republic. In the center of the table and, towering above all, flew the tri-color Indian flag.

The ceremony began with an invocation chanted in Sanskrit by Satya Derashri who also gave the gist of it in English for the guests. This was followed by recitations from Tagore, Newman and Nehru by Mrs. S. Raman, Dr. Narayana Rao and Mr. Lawrence D'Mello. The principal address was delivered by Satya Derashri. The highlight of the function was "A Spiritual Message from Gandhi" played on the phonograph.

Mr. George Athanassopoulos, the president of the Orientation Group, conveyed the greetings of the students, representing 18 nations. Prof. Wm. Frauenfelder pointed out that the U. S. and the free world had a tremendous stake in the success of democracy in India and offered the best wishes of the community. Mr. Hussain Syed of Pakistan expressed the hope that the two countries may work together for the benefit of all Asia. Dr. M. M. Mehta thanked the guests for their presence and good wishes. The ceremony concluded with the

singing of the Indian National Anthem by the Indian students and a loud Jai Hind (Victory to India).

Mr. Derashri's address follows:

"We have assembled here this afternoon to celebrate the fifth anniversary of India's independence. It was on this day, August 15, 1947, that 400 million people threw away the age-long yoke of slavery and entered the community of free nations. On this day of rejoicing, our thoughts go to Mahatma Gandhi, the father of our nation, under whose leadership, we marched triumphantly, but non-violently, to our cherished goal of freedom from British rule. I also take this opportunity of paying my respectful homage to those martyrs, known and unknown, who laid down their lives in the struggle for our country's independence.

"It will not be out of place if I tell you very briefly, on this occasion, what freedom has brought to us in the political, economic and cultural fields. In the political field our greatest achievement has been the framing of a truly democratic and republican constitution, guaranteeing to each citizen freedom of speech, freedom of movement, freedom of religious worship, and equality before law. Our constitution not only embodies the good features of other progressive constitutions but goes further and contains important social and economic clauses which are not to be found even in the constitution of the U. S. A. Further, the rights embodied in our constitution are not mere pious expressions of sentiment. They are judiciously enforceable in the courts of law.

"In the economic field, despite serious handicaps, our achievements have been none too negligible. India is an agricultural country with an ever-increasing population, constantly pressing against the limited supply of cultivable land. The British Government had bequeathed to us a system of absentee landlordism, under which a few landlords, who did nothing, rolled in wealth and the mass of peasantry who toiled on the land was always in a state of semi-starvation. Under this system the cultivator had no incentive to cultivate more and the landless laborer joined anyone who promised a better future. The consequence was food shortage and birth of communism in areas of great agrarian discontent. Under our constitution, land being subject to state control, many states have brought forward measures for the abolition of landlordism and distribution of land among the peasants. This is expected to bring about a better distribution of land and stop the spread of communism.

"The Government of India has also been working on the Five Year Plan calculated to bring about the most efficient utilization of our country's natural and human resources. The plan envisages a mixed economy in which the Government would retain control over the basic and strategic industries and encourage private enterprise to go ahead in the remaining sectors. Huge multi-purpose projects, modelled on the lines of the T.V.A., are being implemented which will bring about an all-around development of river valleys. In the field of industrial development, the Government has also set up a huge fertilizer factory which is the biggest in Asia. The Government of Bombay is working on a huge penicillin plant. In the private sector a number of firms for assembling and manufacturing automobiles, tractors, etc. has been established. The Government has also been inviting foreign capital and enterprise on equal terms. It has entered into agreements with two big British and American firms for establishing huge oil refineries in the country. Thus India is already on the way to become the workshop of the East.

"We have also not lagged behind in the field of social services. The Government has already enacted the Minimum Wages Act, guaranteeing the laborers in certain industries, including agriculture, a decent minimum wage. We already had a scheme of workman's compensation, and we have launched a well co-ordinated, unified and integrated scheme of Employee's State Insurance Act, covering all the workers employed in the organized industries against such risks as sickness, maternity, and employment injury. The expenditure for education has more than doubled during the last five years. Besides the spread of literacy and advancement of higher education, steps have been taken for the progress of technical and vocational education. Special efforts are being made to

educate women and backward classes. There has been a marked awakening among women who are now coming forward in increasing numbers to shoulder the responsibilities of citizens in a free country. The extent of awakening among the women-folk can be judged by the fact that in the recent elections, 61 per cent of the women went to the polls to cast their votes.

"The greatest blessing that freedom has brought to us has been, however, moral. We are today in a position to hold our heads high and feel free. There is a great urge among the people to march forward and we hope in a few years' time, India shall be able to stand on a footing of equality with the most progressive countries of the world."

Just Another Day

(Continued from Page 1)

when there is no program for the evening. The very vigorous men are still playing tennis but they too soon tire and join the little groups that gather on the lawns. Here international problems are discussed and solved with a rapidity and conciseness which Harry Truman and Joe Stalin would cherish.

Soon the groups disintegrate, some go into the gymnasium for billiards and table-tennis, others to the library to read their "American Society," still others retire to the Coffee shop to gossip and a few bright sparks walk down to Harold's or Mike's at Annandale. It is usually ten-thirty p. m. when you reach Mike's but the night is very young by American standards and entering into the spirit of young America we stay on till midnight.

And then back to bed but not before you have told your roommate to wake you up at seven-thirty the next morning. But needless to say you are again late for breakfast.

The International

Bardian

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*President of the
Orientation Student Government*

Oh, My English is on Fire

P. P. Lakshmanan

In India I had most of my education in English and I left my ancient country for the New World confident of my ability to use the King's English and to be understood all the world over. It was a shock to me, although perhaps irrational, that many of the Italian staff on the Italian boat did not understand a word of English and I had to converse with them with gestures of the hand. One of the more annoying situations happened during my twelve-day stop-over in Italy when gestures for bread failed to bring bread and my dumb demonstration for butter brought a gruesome knife-sharpener. In Italy any one who knew ever so few English words was my best friend, no matter what his interests, age, sex or politics might be. In Rome I rejoiced wishing good morning to a rare policeman wearing a badge "KNOWS ENGLISH." In Genova I remember rushing into a hotel which bore a sign "ENGLISH SPOKEN." Leaflets about sightseeing tours conducted by the American Express Co. to various places in Italy made proud references to their English speaking guides. Determined to attack my ignorance of Italian, I

armed myself with an English-Italian dictionary, but the Italian words I uttered had English accent and the Italians gazed at me unable to understand. I hit upon what I thought might be a better technique and whatever I wanted I printed on a piece of paper with the corresponding Italian word. This technique worked pretty well since all I needed was just a knowledge of the twenty-six letters of the English language which I had learned when I was a child years ago.

From Italy I boarded an American ship for the United States, and it was such a relief to me that almost every member of the staff of this ship understood every word of English I spoke. I could very confidently address the 150 or 155 million people of the United States, so I thought, if they bothered to come to New York harbour to hear me speak my English. I got a small group, three weeks later, at Bard College to listen to a speech of mine in English. Every one said my speech was wonderful, most wonderful. But I would not trust such a typical American reaction. In their anxiety not to hurt my feelings, Americans would say the

sweetest things when they really did not mean them. I remember going to the Bard College swimming pool one afternoon. On the way I met an American with a friendly smile on his face. I asked him "Which is the road leading to the Zabriskie mansion?" He smiled. I repeated my question. He smiled a good deal more, and suddenly exclaimed "Yes!". That was all. I guess my pronunciation and accent were both too different for him to understand, but he pretended to be pleased with my question, pretended to understand me and to agree with a ready 'yes' to what must have appeared to him as some unintelligible controversial topic of the day.

But there was at Bard a person on whom I could count. He was Prof. Milenko Radosavljevich of our Speech Laboratory. We called him Rado. In the beginning, with meticulous care he recorded the voice, in the form of a speech in English, of every one participating in the orientation centre—nearly 45 students speaking no less than 20 different mother-tongues. He worked upon these speeches in his laboratory, marking the peculiarities in each case from the points of view of intonation, accent, voice, etc. and noting down the exercises needed to be taken by each student to improve his English Speech. It

appeared to me that my difficulty lay more in unlearning the wrong speech I was used to than in learning the correct one. Rado's speech laboratory was a veritable gymnasium for our tongues and throats. On his suggestion, I used to practice even outside his laboratory, pronouncing loudly certain words correctly when I was alone. One evening in what I thought was the open country near Ward Manor I was shouting the word 'OPPORTUNITY' as Rado wanted me to do, with the accent on 'tu', when suddenly I heard some noise and turned round to see three old ladies looking at me with nothing less than astonishment. Did they think me crazy? Did they think I was praying for opportunities in life which these old ladies of the Manor had already enjoyed? I did not dare to ask.

Orientation Program

(Cont'd. from Page 1)

dent of Bard College, presented the students with their diplomas.

To what extent have the multiple objectives of the Orientation Program been achieved in this short six-week period? One student put it this way: "Living, learning, and sharing together here at Bard has prepared us to leave for our permanent campuses with a goodly measure of self-confidence."

AERIAL VIEW OF BARD COLLEGE



Waiting on Table - An Experience

Anwar Hussain Syed

Note: This is a story and not a statement of facts. All characters are fictitious.

The very important gong in the Dining Commons sounded thrice. The knives and forks stopped operation and all eyes were raised to a graceful and handsome young gentleman who managed to look very strict, stern and formidably businesslike. "May I have your attention for a moment, please?" he said, his eyes running over a paper. Everybody was waiting for the announcement. And there it came. "We need some waiters and waitresses. Those who are interested may register themselves with the Director of the Orientation Course."

"It's a good idea. Don't you think so, Anwar?" said my friend Kishimushi who sat next to me at the table. "I really don't know, my dear," I replied, trying to convince myself that the lamb before me was not so distasteful after all. "But we get money, my boy, and we need it. Sixty-five cents an hour is not very bad," he insisted. "You think so? Have you any idea if you are going to like the work? Personally I am not sure. All my life I have been waited on. But I can very well guess that it's going to be a very hard job. Anyway, we can try, if you care to."

Next day we found ourselves, along with Elizabeth, Kitty, Vedy, Web and Gunta around the Deputy Chief Gustav, receiving instructions. Shortly afterwards, there was a general issue of uniforms. "My dear Kitty, you look like a charming nurse in this beautiful white gown." "And you, my dear Anwar, look like a naval lieutenant in this jacket," she returned the compliment. We were all very happy and were ready to feel proud of our new status. But this light-heartedness was not destined to last long. Facts and realities—cruel, grim and grave assert themselves without regard to the fancies of our frail minds.

"On to your stations, boys, and check your tables," came the commanding voice of the Deputy Chief. "No. 7, you have the round table at the head of the middle row." "Damn it all. The man is crazy. He calls me No. 7. From Mr. Hussain Syed to No. 7, what progress indeed." It was the first shock. But I tried to argue it out. Work was not a bed of roses. When one was out for experience, one had to take the good as well as the bad in it. Somewhat consoled, I stood beside my table waiting for "customers." No customers came. I discovered that I needed a smoke. I walked over to my boss. "May I have a smoke, Gustav?" I asked respectfully. "You may not." I walked back to my station. He was right. Waiters were not supposed to smoke while on duty. But I had no customers. Evidently Gustav had not considered this.

I again approached him. "Dear Gustav, may I smoke when I have no customers?" I tried to coax him into a "yes." Without moving a muscle of his face, he promptly replied "You may not." His promptness and precision reminded me of the American Automats. "What a beast," I thought. But perhaps it was all for the good. It was going to be training in self-discipline. And, Gustav had to observe the decorum of the "profession." I was uncomfortable but convinced.

Days passed by. We were getting used to the work. The boss was turning friendly. He was no more a beast in my opinion. A fine musician, a sincere friend and an efficient administrator. This is what he was. Incidentally, he had told me how and where to smoke when there were no patrons. I was almost happy. And then something happened.

One evening quite a few of the waiters were to come late for work. They had been invited to some American homes for the afternoon. A number of tables were therefore temporarily closed. The rest of them were fully occupied. Kitty, who was serving next to me brought fish for Miss MacDougal—a regular student at Bard. Evidently she didn't like it. She frowned first at the innocent meal and then at the waitress who was by no means less, if not more, innocent. With the napkin in her hand (the why of which I never understood) Miss MacDougal left the Dining Commons. Kitty removed the untouched plate and put down a new napkin, evidently to accommodate some new customer who might drop in. In a way it was a mistake. Ordinarily we clear the table once the customer has left even though he or she has not touched anything. This made Miss Smith, another Bardian at Kitty's table, furious. "I wonder why these silly and unmannered waiters and waitresses have been inflicted on us. It is outrageous," she almost shouted. I was exasperated, "Couldn't this snob of a girl see that there were not enough tables?" And Kitty—that darling of a girl. I thought I saw distress on her face. "These people. How they break innocent hearts." The more I thought of it the higher rose my temper. Disgusted with everything in the Hall, including myself, I carried the tray of dirty dishes to the kitchen. I was passing through the wrong entrance. "Keep to the right" some one roared. It was the Dietician—the man who never smiled except perhaps when fortified within the four walls of his home, the supreme head in the "Commons" the boss of all bosses.

The tray dropped from my hands.



The Editorial Board of the International Bardian. From left to right: P. P. Lakshmanan, Robin B. Weerakoon and Taeko Izaki,

"Herr Professor" and "The Prof"

Bruno Weber

Customs and ways of life often differ from country to country and, of course, even more so from continent to continent.

There is no doubt that America has developed her own way of life, although her origins are rooted in European culture. Customs here have changed, old traditions have been destroyed and new ones have taken their place. America is no longer the daughter of European culture, but has reached a status of her own.

This change is reflected among other things in the relationship between social classes, between management and workers, as well as between professors and students. I shall try to draw a rough comparative picture of the professor-student relationship in the United States and in my own country.

In Germany the principle of authority is much more important than in America. If I speak of authority, I don't mean unlimited power over other people, I mean the authority of personalities, which is an essential factor in our society.

In our special case you will find a kind of reserve on both sides, among our professors and our students. The German students are as democratic as the American, and the German professors are kind and friendly; you can even get into close association with them, but you will never get rid of the impression, that there is a boundary, that cannot be transgressed. You will always feel that they are professors, and stand on another level. This distinction expresses itself in all aspects of our university life. It would be impossible for instance to attend classes in so informal a dress as I see in America. It is impolite in my country to smoke in the classes, and not only professors, even most of our students consider it as a violation of due respect, if a professor is not addressed by his title.

American students, perhaps even students from abroad, may regard these conservative man-

ners as curious. Of course there are definite reasons, and I shall try to give some of them. It is characteristic of the Germans to respect authority. Reverence for age, knowledge, and skill is a very important part of our education. It is a matter of fact, secondly, that the average age of a professor in my country is higher than in the United States. On the other hand you will seldom find colleges in Germany where professors and students can live together in close association. All students live separated from one another and from their teachers. As the most important reason however I regard the difference as a matter of tradition. America, as a young and modern nation, is less fettered by the past. Americans may disagree with a system like this, but it has developed in Germany over the centuries, and there is little tendency to change it.

It interests us to see how faculty and students live together in an American college. As far as I have seen during my stay in the United States, the relations are much less ceremonious. Sometimes it seemed to me that American professors are teachers only during the lectures, afterwards they behave as informally as their students. They belong to the college community, but they form no exception because of their degree. Perhaps I can compare the two systems by a brief example: The American system is based more on a friendship-relation while our German system of authority may be compared to a father-son relation.

One may agree or disagree with one or the other system but we always must remember that they can be understood only in connection with the country itself. It is impossible to transplant the German system to this country, as it would be disastrous to make the opposite attempt. Therefore, it is useless to discuss the question, whether one or the other is better or worse; each has its advantages and disadvantages, and each has its own value for the community.

Our Visit to Mrs. Roosevelt

The field trips have been wonderful and very enjoyable, but one of the most memorable was the trip to Mrs. Roosevelt's home. Returning from the Dutchess County Fair at 4:30 in the afternoon of August 26th, we were really tired out. After we had freshened up we left for Mrs. Roosevelt's home. Driving through the lovely countryside, we turned into her estate, Val Kill Cottage. Every one was in a fever of expectation, but we were warned by our kind and thoughtful director not to disturb Mrs. Roosevelt before she came out of her house.

We all settled down in little groups, some lying near the water's edge, some joking, laughing, singing and exchanging ideas. We did look most interesting and picturesque. Soon a roaring fire was lit and corn, the inevitable corn, was prepared and tables set for a picnic supper consisting of meat, salad and cookies and really fine coffee.

We had finished our meal when Mrs. Roosevelt came out, a gracious lady indeed, all wreathed in smiles. After the usual introduc-

tions, we sat on the ground in true Indian style of "Guru and Chelas" and listened to her words of wisdom.

She amazed us by her command of contemporary politics, the world situation, and her knowledge of the problems of so many countries. She had a thorough grasp of the Indian situation which country she had recently visited and aptly summed up the Indian problem as "less population and increased food supply." She knew all the answers to the innumerable questions we asked her.

One of the most interesting questions put to her was: "What sort of a husband was President Roosevelt?" She told us that he was very kind and understanding, but that he was not available to the family as much as the family needed him or thought they needed him.

The sun set behind the Hudson and the Catskill mountains, touching with gold the western sky. It was getting dark and we bade her goodbye and returned to Bard.

A memorable day indeed, and one which we will cherish, long after we leave these shores.

Hitch-Hiking--

"Free" Enterprise

Jacques Valet

Three thousand miles across six different states might easily furnish, as you can imagine, material for a novel. Alone or with my Belgian friend, Maurice Vaneau, I have spent 3 week-ends hitch-hiking to Boston, Niagara Falls, and Indiana University in Bloomington. These trips had a double purpose: to see as much as possible of a huge country, meet as many different people as possible and to have the opportunity of talking freely with them. I felt that hitch-hiking, because of my financial situation, was the only means to reach my goals. Besides, it may be additional evidence that the spirit of adventure has not left our crazy modern world altogether.

Let me tell you one adventure that happened to Vaneau and myself in the last four hours of our return trip from Niagara Falls. After a very hard day of slow hitch-hiking, we sat completely relaxed in a new Plymouth driven by a New Haven student at the rate of 60 to 70 miles per hour. He was planning to pass by Hudson City but near Shoharie, he realized that we were on the wrong road. Unfortunately, this struck him on a wet down grade and after a sudden applying of the brakes, we began a sort of ice-capade that came to a stop in a ditch with wheels up but only a light injury to the driver. No use speaking of the poor car! The injured man was taken to a hospital while we remained as the only witnesses on the scene

till the Sheriff arrived. He asked us some questions and invited us to sleep in jail; we declined with a very polite "No, thank you." Then a policeman stopped a truck for us (a very efficient way of hitch-hiking) and we arrived at Cairo at about one a. m. Thirty seconds of waiting and a convertible Buick stopped, occupied by some half-drunk G.I.'s, recently returned from Germany. The fellow at the wheel was certainly a hot-rod fan the way he was driving and you can imagine the sigh of relief we breathed when we were let out at the Rip Van Winkle bridge. The man in the toll house knew of the Orientation Program at Bard and after half an hour of conversation, we were introduced to a driver who was supposed to go along 9G. Without a word this man opened the door and indicated the back-seat as suitable for us. The radio was blaring and the old rattling Buick sped into the night at the rate of 65 miles per hour along curves and up and down hills. A quarter of a mile before reaching Bard we asked the driver to stop—no answer! The same speed and we shot past dear old Annandale. We repeated our request politely, still no answer, and alarm invaded the back seat. We ventured a slight tap on the shoulder of the driver. Startled, he brought the car to a screeching stop. The poor fellow was hard of hearing. At three a. m. we reached the campus, took a good shower and went to bed. Vive l'Orientation!

Our Historic Responsibility

George Athanassopoulos

World War II left behind ruins of unprecedented extent, material ruins, human ruins, and political ruins. All the peoples who suffered in one way or another believed that once the war was over, a lasting peace would follow and that each nation would try more or less individually to heal the wounds and reconstruct the damages that the war had inflicted. Unfortunately, one of the biggest nations forgot the contribution of the others towards her own victory and the common victory, and applied an expansionist policy in relation to smaller nations, thus betraying the common ideals for which so many lives had been lost, and at the same time dishonoring the obligations she had incurred by signing the international agreements. She imposed a cruel tyranny upon the nations of northern, central and southern Europe while using subversive measures in other countries to seize power. Destruction, poverty and misery were increased and the free world was carried towards a moral foundering. Happily, the United States of America took courageous initiative to save those values without which life has no meaning. She conceived and launched a program of super-national solidarity and cooperation. Thus the history and independence of the free peoples became for the first time the subject of international

interest and the political, economic, and geographical problems of each free nation the subject of mutual concern. The spirit and the mandate of our century is an international democratic union of all freedom-loving peoples for the reconstruction of the damages of World War II and the preservation of peace. There is no margin for speculation over "neutrality" or indifference about this purpose. The maintenance of democratic institutions can be achieved only with international cooperation and understanding of the free peoples.

The Foreign Exchange Student Program is one of the best means for the accomplishment of this goal. Students of all free nations meet in a free country, learn to know one another, exchange their ideas and problems and foster the feelings of international solidarity, cooperation and friendship.

Let all of us who were favored by destiny to meet in this free and generous country do our best towards this end. This is our duty towards ourselves, our countries, and towards the hospitable people of this land. This is our duty towards all peoples who live in freedom as well as towards those who suffer under cruel tyranny and who live by the hope that, at least, our thoughts are with them. It is not a mere duty; it is our historic responsibility.

On Being Americanized

(with apologies to T. S. Eliot)

Let us go then, you and I
When the evening is spread
out against the sky
To Harold's or even to the
coffee shop
To "chew the rag" and
maybe drink some tea.
In the halls the blue jeans
come and go
Talking of Rado and
Rosenau.

Or shall we wander down
deserted walks
Go for a swim, play ping-
pong in the gym?
Or shall we rather spread
out on the green
Talking of this and that and
international politics.
Insignificant beings, talk-
ing big
The world whirls on and
cares a fig.

No, let us rather go to
Mike's
Where the lights are dim
and the music is soft.
Eat pretzel, hamburger, hot-
dog and listen
To juke-box, slot-machine
and television.
Drink pepsi-cola and chew
gum
Say "Hiya" and "You're
welcome"
And think we are A-meri-
can.

But no, this is not what it
means at all
This is not it, at all.

—Robin

BARD ORIENTATION ROSTER

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Moriya, Hussain Syed, D'Mello, Mutoh, Izaki.
 4th row: Aas, Matsuda, Gerards, Osorio, Helgason, Amemiya, Erguven, Hirabayashi, Ishihara, Blomstedt, Taga, Wedemeyer, Dera-shri.
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