

# THE BARDIAN

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Z-443 ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., DECEMBER 5, 1941

Ten Pages

## Back View

by WAYNE HORVITZ  
and ALVIN SAPINSLEY

(Editor's Note: This is the first in a series of interviews by Mr. Horvitz and Mr. Sapinsley with various prominent personalities around the campus. This is in place of, Sedgewick who has set off on a 5000-mile tour of Ralph Ingersoll. We hope he will return soon.)

*"The Swami of the Community Council"*

If you happened to wake up one night and noticed a werewolf in your bedroom, and after reviving sufficiently to scream for help, you wondered who to scream for, your roommate (provided of course he *wasn't* the werewolf) would no doubt say, "Get Wells!" To the uninitiated, he would be referring to *Greeley Wells*. In his brief, meteoric career, Mr. Wells has taken an organization which was descending to the depths of political oblivion, and made it what it is today: a centrally organized unit with a sound fiscal policy, carefully administering the complex affairs of hardly anybody.

Lounging comfortably in Mr. Wells' study, also known as living room, dining room, bedroom and attic, (Sears Roebuck, order no. C231X35) we had ample opportunity to observe our genial host.

Wells was lying on a pressed oak ottoman, (Montgomery Ward, order no 36078 DH), he told us about some intimate affairs of his childhood, spent mostly on the barren plains of Annandale in 1939.

"I prepared for my career at Choate School," he said modestly, "and a goodly sum it was too. I was educated some years later. From early childhood I had a burning desire to lead, not to follow." Here, Greeley's eyes took on that hysterical glint, so well known to his associates. "I remember very clearly how I used to lead things around the house. A radiator, for instance, anything I could get my hands on—I used to pick it up and lead it all over the place." At this point, Mr. Wells demonstrated how he used to lead things all over the place, by grabbing your correspondents in a grip of iron and leading them frantically. We were saved by the appearance of Mrs. Wells, who came in at this moment bearing a tray of tall refreshing glasses of Worcestershire Sauce. "Greeley is always kidding," she said, smiling prettily. "There are some things women will just never understand," Wells replied curtly, showing he was not one to be tampered with.

In order to bring the interviews up to date, we asked Mr. Wells what he thought of the local political "weltanschauung."

"Well," he said, clearing his chest, "we've finally got a pretty efficient or-

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## Editorial

It is generally accepted that the United States was founded, nourished, and grew up under individualism. Examples of these are, Columbus, Jefferson, and Melon. Individualism in the last case became private enterprise. Our discoverers, our pioneers, and our capitalists are responsible for the America we have today. Whether or not you praise them or condemn them is a matter of knowledge of our history, and your own personal opinion. However, we were next in line of this dynasty of individualism—the heir apparent. And such individuals we would have been! Perhaps you think Rockefeller, Ford, and Morgan and so on were shrewd men, but they were nothing compared to what we would have been. They were tied down by religion (to a certain extent)—they went to church, they didn't discuss financial affairs with their wives, they didn't have the education we have, oh no, we would have been much more grand and glorious than they, and there would have been many more of us. But something happened, I cannot say what in a few words, to break up this system of huge private enterprise. Our father's reign was cut short and we become the Alexis Romanov, the L'Aiglon. We had had a taste of individualism, we had been raised with it in mind, it was what our fathers knew and it was what they had naturally taught us, but no longer could we live that old life. It became a "bad thing" cooperativeness and socialism *were* the things and they were "good things." But we were still individualists and we were die-hards whether we knew it or not. Our natural way had been cut off but we hadn't been executed nor

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## Looking Around

As late as August there were summer people here, the big Austrian actor and his petite French wife, basking on a blanket reading the newest American novels, the glandular musician and his broad-shouldered, blonde, singing wife, the crowd of Viennese who had been big shots in the theatre over there and up here had found something like an island in which to collect themselves for a month. There were the three college girls in short shorts and colored shirts and the sub-debutant with the long copper hair which curled in to cover one eye, and the thick legs with the big turned in knees who clocked around in sandals, and never got enough sleep.

It was like a boat ride, a cruise up the Hudson from New York to Albany. It was a brief stopping of time. At night they would sit in a ring on the lawn listening to the loudspeaker hurl out Strauss, and they would sing the Beggar's Opera. The pin-point lights of cigarettes moved on the end of unseen arms where voices come from the benches in the shadows. Voices came from where the lawn dropped down the hill and the night watchman went his rounds with singular quiet.

The Viennese group were artists, turn loose, without a language, still proud, but unsure. They gave Ibsen in broken English, projected huge plans and found there was no money. The singers gave concerts on Sunday afternoon in Bard Hall, the broad-shouldered blonde who made a harsh face when she went into the upper register, the big fleshy baritone who kept making mistakes. The Viennese tried to teach the college girls and the sub-debutants how to act. The college girls did not know how to act, and cried when the director spoke sharply.

The campus was like a Cadmus picture, filled with bright bandannas, jiggling tissue, white flesh that had been in the city too long and went around wanting the sun. The voice teacher was allergic to butter, the wife of the baritone kept getting conjunctivitis and pimples and the connective got a tumor on his gum which the sub-debutant lanced one day.

The Viennese all talked in German, they were still German and would never be anything else, the younger one were not whipped, but the older ones looked lost. It was harder for them. They had been dug out from deeper.

And the college girls and the sub-debutant kept getting themselves embroiled in love affairs and drank Scotch and got tight with the boys on the paint gang. They too had been cast free of their suburban fetters for a month and had gone whacky.

The experiment in international living

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## Story

by WESLEY PHILLIPSON

As he came down stairs he could hear the sound of their voices from the porch, and he felt the warm, wet air of the night flowing in from the open door. His mother was just starting to say something when she saw him standing in the doorway, waiting to be noticed before coming in. He was not trying to attract attention, it was just that he did not want it to seem as if he were intruding. She smiled at him, and he stepped down onto the hard, ridged tile of the porch floor and waited for his mother to introduce him. They were Mr. and Mrs. John Carlton: her name was Flora, and she was very tall and slim and very beautiful and she looked at his eyes a long time when he shook her hand. Her husband was dark, with his tired eyes far apart, and his hand was moist and weak. "This is my son Jim," his mother said, and Jim smiled over at the chair where his father was sitting and then walked to the corner opposite Flora Carlton and sat down.

His father asked him if he wanted a drink. He turned to him and said, laughing, "Why do you think I came down?" and was instantly very sorry he had said it. But Flora smiled at him and said, "That's the same reason I came here." He looked over at her and she smiled again when she saw the relief in his eyes.

He was eighteen, and he seldom drank. And now he was sitting in the dark corner with the wet, cold glass in his hand, now and then brushing off the drops of water that fell from the sweat of the glass, and stained the light gabardine of his coat with little round, dark spots. Slowly, as he drank, the warm air around him became friendly and close, and the copper screen, stretched taut between the white, clear posts of the frame, melted off into the darkness, into the infinity of his night blindness. He looked around him at the familiar angles and distances, and thought with his young cloistered brains of the pleasant security his family afforded him. He enjoyed registering in his mind the fact that he had accomplished the recognition of this security entirely on his own, and that once recognized as such, it was no longer a hindrance, but a kindly, restricted freedom. The feeling of being held back had left him, and a self-satisfied complaisance had taken its place. There was a certain delight in his knowledge of the place where he lived, a safe, warm delight which hung on the walls of his room, and shielded his bare feet from the hard coldness of the floor when he got up in the morning.

He was so terribly sick of the clipped, curt hatred of safety which he had heard at college. The blind, stupid egotism of their pride in being poor, or alone or hungry. The dwelling on this penniless but rancous escapade, or that week last summer with only a dollar-fifty and one faithful, derailed prostitute. He became almost

nauseated with the thought of their desperate lying. And then he looked up and saw that Flora's eyes were watching his, and his thoughts tumbled down in a tangled confusion. He heard the dinner chimes the way a drowning man sees a dim light through the fog.

After dinner they went into the living-room where a fire had been stacked, for the warmth had gone out of the air now and the porch was damp and bleak. Jim knelt down on the cold stone before the fireplace, and touched a match to the four corners of newspaper sticking out sharply from under the piled kindling; this was his particular office. He watched the paper curl and crisp, the black print fading strangely into the dark background, saw the first splinter of kindling shoot up in a candle-like flame, until the little house of balanced sticks was teetering on its charred foundations, and then, when the heat was almost enough to drive him back, he picked up a big thick-barked log and placed it carefully in the middle of the unsubstantial fire.

"Don't put on another log, Jim," his mother said, "We're going out in an hour, you know."

This was a very peculiar event; a fire on the 4th of July. They had all expected to swelter through the day, staying inside to avoid the heat and the noise as much as possible. Not Jim, of course, he had bought the usual run of explosives, and the question of heat was hardly important. But they had been very surprised at the non-conformity of this particular July day. They had even phoned the club to find out if the scheduled night display of fireworks had been canceled. It had not. They would leave when the fire burned down.

Flora had sat down before the piano, and at the first note Jim straightened up from his position on the hearth and took a chair where he could watch her hands. They were long and white and exact, and the wrists were supple with an easy, fluent strength. She played with no apparent effort, but there was a mechanical quality in the tone, like something too well memorized. Jim didn't notice it; he hardly heard the music at all; he was watching the way her shoulders swayed to the rhythm of her playing, and the motion of her leg as she pressed and released the pedal. When she finished playing and half-turned from the piano, he shifted his eyes quickly to the dark, reflecting rectangle of a window, and hardly moved even when she spoke to him. "Do you play, Jim?"

"Not very much and not very well," he answered. Then he realized that what he had said probably sounded a little curt, and he said, "I haven't been taking lessons very long. How long did you study?"

"Oh I'm still studying; at least I flatter myself that I am." She turned to her husband, "John, how long?"

The question caught him off guard. "How long? How long what dear?"

Flora laughed. "Jim asked how long I've

been working at the piano, and I've forgotten. I was wondering if you remembered."

John thought a moment and then he looked up at his wife with a smile. To Jim it seemed as though there were something slightly malicious in his expression. "About seven or eight years," John said.

Flora quickly turned back to the piano and softly closed the cover to the keyboard. There was a short embarrassed silence for no obvious reason, and then Jim's mother noticed, fortunately, that the fire was almost dead. She rose saying that they wouldn't get any seats if they didn't start off right away, and told Jim to be sure and put the screen in front of the fireplace. Jim smiled for the first time since dinner; that had sounded so terribly usual.

Jim drove with Flora in the front seat and the other three in the back. The soft dampness had gone from the air, and the rush of wind in the open car was fresh and tingling. In the low places there were still thick pools of fog, stopping the keen beams of the headlights like steam, and as the car passed through, the mist cloyed about them and then vanished in the cool rapid wind on the other side.

Jim did not dare to turn and look at Flora, not with the others in the back seat. If he could have done it naturally that would have been different, but he felt strained and tense. It seemed to him as though all three of them were looking at the back of his head, waiting for him to make an indicative move. But he could see from the white line of her cheek that she was not looking straight ahead. That was something. And he gripped the wheel strongly with both hands and pressed on the accelerator almost up to the point where his mother would say, "Aren't you driving a little fast, dear?" He would avoid that at all costs.

There were still a lot of seats left when they got to the club. The chairs had been placed in ten rows on the grass in front of the clubhouse porch facing the green of the eighteenth hole. The fireworks were to be set off about halfway down the eighteenth, almost two hundred yards from the audience, where the trees beyond the first green rose like a vague, imminent wave.

When the others had been seated Jim excused himself, saying he wanted to look around to see if he could find some of the people he knew. He went up the porch steps and into the crowded bar, shouldering his way through the crowd and the sweating waiters toward the bottle-stacked mirrors. He felt quite strange and excited as he ordered a highball; it was not at all the prospect of a drink, but something wordless and close and very much alive. It was being alone and silent in a crowd. He was just stretching out a hand for his drink, when something stopped him and he turned and saw Flora. The first thing he did was to look around for the others, but they weren't there. She smiled slowly, "Did you find your friends?" Jim blushed feeling childishly guilty. He asked her if she wanted a drink. "How did you guess?"

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# THE ARTS & SCIENCES

## Art

by THEODORE N. COOK

Although the Bennington exhibition, and its representatives on the discussion panel here last Thursday, was in many instances misunderstood by the practical Bard male mind, there can be no question as to the impact that the show had on the art department here. Bennington painting, and the girls' eloquent defense of it, is still the cause of many heated arguments in Orient studio.

Bennington's method of painting is receiving so much discussion here because this is the only art field where we differ so markedly. In sculpture both colleges are realistic, both influenced in many ways by Barlach, both striving to design around the material. We are on the same track in architecture, with practical contemporary problems being particularly stressed. Photography, too, is treated in much the same manner at both colleges. We can discuss these subjects with them with mutual understanding—it is only in painting that we clash, and this is where we gained from the two discussions.

For the first time our way of painting was directly challenged, and I must confess that it came as a slight shock to us. We had assumed that representational painting was a logical thing. We thought we were completely justified in designing our paintings around recognizable subject matter. In other words, we were perfectly happy until we met equally contented girls from Bennington who were firmly convinced that realism in painting is to be more pitied than scorned.

We were informed that Art is not a question of portraying objects realistically—that an artist is free to redesign shapes, create new forms, and explore the cosmos—with which we all agreed.

It was not until the school of the "Fauvres" was presented as "universal art" of the highest order that most Bard artists took exception. Here, I think, we had a right to be skeptical. The "Fauvres" school is one of experimentation, of a breaking from traditional design in order to experiment freely with color, line, and space. Paintings of this type are skillfully orchestrated works which are however, completely devoid of emotion or message. Painting becomes largely a matter of craft, and is kept from the public because the public is considered too simple to appreciate it.

This attitude towards art and the public was clearly visible in the Bennington oils. The only difference between the "Fauvres" and the Bennington girls is that the former are frankly experimental, whereas the latter accept this corner of art as the highest complete form that we know today. I feel that an exclusive following of this art can only lead to a blind

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## DRAMA

On December 11, 12 and 13, the Bard Theatre will present, for its second major production of the season, a group of three short plays by contemporary playwrights, consisting of *Minnie Field*, by E. P. Conkle, *The Hand of Siva*, by Ben Hecht, and A. A. Milne's *The Man in the Bowler Hat*.

E. P. Conkle has for many years concentrated his talents on the American rural scene. His numerous short plays of the American farmer and the life around him have been produced regularly in the United States. Among his longer plays, the most notable, *Prologue to Glory*, dealing with the early years of Abraham Lincoln, was produced by the Federal Theatre only a few years ago. The present production of *Minnie Field*, a character study of a middle-western farmer, marks the first appearance of a Conkle work on the Bard stage. The setting is by Richard Burns, and the cast includes James Westbrook, Dick Richardson, John Gerstenberger, Randell Henderson, and David Brooks.

*The Hand of Siva*, a mystery melodrama of the British Colonial Army in West Africa, is a product of the pen of Ben Hecht, author of *The Front Page*, *Ladies and Gentlemen*, *The Scoundrel*, and the recently produced motion picture, *Angels Over Broadway*. Army espionage, secret service operations, and mysterious hindoo rites are all found in the plot of this quick-moving episode. The cast of four includes Sidney Frohman, Ian Thompson, Marvin Lagunoff and Oliver Pitcher. The single setting is by Richard Marvin.

A. A. Milne, creator of *Winnie The Pooh* and the other immortal Christopher Robin stories, as well as countless plays and mystery stories, is here, in *The Man in the Bowler Hat*, satirizing the very type of play of which *The Hand of Siva* is an example. Handsome heroes, beautiful heroines and ruthless villains are brought together in a hilarious situation that is written in the half-whimsical, wholly-hysterical fashion that only Milne could achieve. The mad cast is made up of Lenore Gray, Martha Grossi, Tony Hecht, Richard Marvin, Martin Lagunoff, Robert Sagalyn, and Alvin Sapinsley. The setting is by Ralph Hinchman. The direction for this play, as well as for *Minnie Field* and *The Hand of Siva*, is by Paul Morrison.

With the production of this program, the Bard Theatre marks its first excursion into the field of one-act plays as a major theatre production. It remains to be seen whether this type of theatre will prove interesting enough to Bard audiences to warrant a continuance of it. There are innumerable good short plays that could be presented in this fashion if the experiment should prove successful.

## MUSIC NOTES

On December fifth, 1791, exactly one hundred and fifty years ago, one of the most spectacular of musical geniuses passed on to eternity. This musician was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In his relatively short and not too happy life of thirty-two years, he worked continuously and diligently at his creative musical writing, producing well over five hundred compositions, which have been handed down to us as a treasured musical heritage.

It is therefore fitting that a commemoration of this event has taken place at Bard, where music forms so much a part of our general plan of education. On Monday, November twenty-fourth, the college was fortunate in having Miss Lonny Epstein, pianist, who presented an all Mozart program in Bard Hall. Miss Epstein is well known on the continent, having fulfilled many concert engagements in musical centers there. More recently her connections have been as an instructor at the Institute of Musical Art in New York.

The artist's approach to the music, and the sincerity of her rendition are to be commended. However, her technical execution, and the interpretive and dynamic aspects of her playing, left something to be desired. It was unfortunate that every number was performed with approximately the same intensity, and coloration, because much of the brilliancy in Mozart's music depends upon the exactness of the interpretation and projection of the personality of the artist into the composition. Nevertheless, Miss Epstein's concert gave us an opportunity to hear some of the lesser known piano works of Mozart. While these may be overshadowed by his greater symphonic works, they should not be neglected in our listening, as they have a special beauty all their own.

MILLARD WALKER

\* \* \* \*

Singing is the most universal method of expressing oneself musically. Nearly everyone thinks he can sing and most of us have been, at some time or other, startled by the results from singing in the showers. However actually there are few who would dare, and still less who could devote their senior project on such an enterprise.

The fifth concert in Bard Hall, attended by the greatest number so far, was unique due to the fact that there was such a person who could sing worthy enough for a senior project. It was also unique that Bob and Gabor Aufricht gave their first performance of their long awaited "Concerto in Jazz." John Atherton was the assisting artist for the occasion, and gave a very commendable interpretation of the second

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## College Meeting

by MARK E. STROOCK

Professor Allan Nevins, of Columbia University, spoke at the general college meeting, Wednesday evening, and was introduced by Dr. Qualey who pointed out that Mr. Nevins was well qualified to lecture on "The Price of a Better World."

Mr. Nevins opened his speech by giving a picture of England's democracy. He pointed out all England has a unity of effort aimed at working hard to win the war.

Mr. Nevins stated that, "No hammer blow can break England as she is determined to withstand all shocks."

While we are in the area of the struggle we are not yet in its vortex was Mr. Nevins' next point which he followed by saying that there are three important facts involved in the present war.

First of all the character of the war; secondly, the scope of the war; and thirdly its objects.

There can be no compromise, according to Mr. Nevins, and this war must end in the destruction of one power.

Mr. Nevins then defined the term "Ideology" by saying that it is a basis for life in a set of ideas, in any single society.

While other wars of ideology have been compromised in the end this one will have none because it is a basic struggle between the dictatorial type of government and the discussion type of government. The war's issues invalutes the way men will live and work and thus one type or the other must die. Any peace which left both types functioning would merely be a truce.

Mr. Nevins went on to describe the functioning of the two ways of governing. One rules by free discussion and the other by forced expression.

A Fascist state, according to Mr. Nevins must have crisis or wars in order to function and because of this have forced us on to a battle line. In this country we must deal with the ignorant people who think we should give up, by educating them, but we must use sterner methods with those who wish for our downfall.

Mr. Nevins feels that we can win the war by mobilizing our industry and he pointed out that while England has a war effort of 50 or 60 percent of its industry and Germany an effort of 60 percent, we have only 17 percent of our industry tooled for wartime with a hope for 25 percent next year.

Mr. Nevins believes we must maintain unforced unity, improve democracy and make plans for a world organization after the war.

All our groups must continue to place national welfare above group or individual welfare and by appealing to the workers' patriotism we may better exploit them into a full war effort.

In this country our political and social democracy is further advanced than in England but England's economic demo-

cracy is much more advanced than ours. Mr. Nevins made these statements on the basis of his observations both in this country and in England, where he was Harmsworth professor of American history at Oxford.

Mr. Nevins gave a description of bomb shattered London during his remarks on Burgess and DeQuincy. He said that Burgess felt we must educate the world to prevent war while DeQuincy thought that war was "too much with us."

Mr. Nevins showed next the flaws in civilization. The more prominent ones being International-anarchy, uncontrolled economic functioning, and over-arming. It the last war the weak elements in democracy won out over the strong ones and showed that it is impossible to localize a conflict because of the various alliances.

To defeat these weaknesses we must plan for a civilization as Wilson, Roat, Smuts and Briand did by setting up some type of league to maintain free trade and do away with anarchy and large armies.

This country, in the opinion of Mr. Nevins, must show its pioneer spirit by leading in this movement for world peace and we must be prepared to make an even greater effort after the war to maintain peace than we made during the war to win.

## MUSIC NOTES

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movement from Mozart's violin concerto in D major.

Millard Walter presented four groups of three songs each, of the Italian, German, French, and modern schools. In each group, one felt his entering into the spirit and atmosphere of the song. That he sang in three foreign languages without score should be considered a high achievement. There was a wide variety of moods in his selections, ranging from the gay Italian and French group, the more serious German school, to the realistic modern song. In this last group, there were two songs which can be considered "home products." Dr. Schwartz set to music two poems by Mr. Harris, both of which were beautiful and highly realistic. This variety prevented a monotony which often results in a concert of this sort.

Needless to say, the singer was in top form. Besides the clear diction and excellent phrasing, one could not help noticing the clear and accurate manner in which the different intervals were executed, and the ease and pure tone of the crescendo passages. Millard Walker deserves much praise for his fine work in this concert.

"Concerto in Swing" exceeded the expectation of everyone. It seems that whether there are violins under their chins, or they are before the piano, Bob and Gab Aufrecht are entirely "at home." This concerto was full of the syncopated patterns, change of time, and abundance in rhythm, which we associate with their work. This concerto stands out as the most original and highly technical work we have yet heard from these two. It seems fit to

note here how much, not solely the music department, but the college in general, are going to miss them and their entertaining duets.

STANLEY B. SMITH

## ART

(Continued from page 3)

alley—that an artist *must* communicate as well as experiment, or he will be like a preacher who worships his religion rather than his God.

Nevertheless the Bennington approach is a recognized one, and one which has some things in its favor. Several of the girls with whom I spoke seemed willing to agree that a combination of Bennington intellectual design plus Bard's desire for communication would be a logical thing—for Bard. As for themselves, they were content as things stood, and I could not help being impressed by their faith in their convictions.

## BACK VIEW

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ganization. Here, I mean. Now take the way we're handling this latest case." (He was obviously referring to the investigation of the activities of "Food, Inc., in dining commons.) "Just to give you an idea, here's a transcript of yesterday's session. It was a hot one," he said, grinning boyishly, "we had 'doodles' Lamson on the stand." Here, he produced four or five sheets of heavy foolscap, which we pored over eagerly. We found it such an exciting example of the fine work which this organization is doing, that we asked the owner if we might print an excerpt from the document.

"Sure!" he said, succinctly.

Mr. WELLS in the chair.

Mr. KRUGER: Clerk, (pronounced "clark") Call Mr. Lamson.

CLERK (pronounced "clark") Yoo hoo Mr. Lamson!

Mr. LAMSON: Coming!

(Then relapsing into character)

I didn't do it. I didn't do it.

Mr. Lamson took the stand.

Mr. WELLS: Mr. Lamson, you are accused of throwing head-waiters around the dining commons.

Dr. SMITH: Hrmph.

Mr. WELLS: What do you have to say to the charge?

Dr. SMITH: Hrmph.

At this point, the DEAN asked to be excused, explaining that he had four or five other meetings also at this time.

Dr. SMITH: Bloody nuisance.

Mr. LAMSON: I been framed.

Mr. WELLS: Who framed you, Mr. Lamson?

Mr. LAMSON: I don't know but they both look alike.

Dr. SMITH: Bloody confusing. Hrmph.

Mr. WELLS: Have you anything to say about the charge against you of throwing food in dining commons?

Mr. LAMSON: Gotta do something with it. Can't eat it.

Dr. SMITH: Bloody unhealthy.

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## A Book Criticism

AN OPINION

by DONALD WATT, JR.

After many years of wondering I have at last discovered—from reading Van Wyck Brooks' latest "book"—why most good American writers get away from their fatherland as quickly as they can. Brooks calls Walter Pater a modern writer and says that he regards the Victorian age as one of the great ages of literature. He is about fifty years behind the time.

This book is called "*The Opinions of Oliver Allston*." I do not understand why. Brooks does not hide the fact that he just dug back into his old notebooks so that he could put another book on the market. If this is an injustice, I can see absolutely no reason for this creation of a double. It seems to be an excuse for the disarrangement of the notes, an excuse for not investigating each question thoroughly. This technique makes for a style which is choppy and awkward to read because the size of our print changes every few lines.

I suppose Brooks did not have the moral strength to overcome the temptation every writer must have of quoting his own words, so he went in for an orgy of it.

The first few chapters of the book are insignificant, in fact, the one excuse for the lack of meticulousness in the whole book is that it sounds like the end of a long career—like the memoirs of a "great character" which Brooks may conceive himself to be. These chapters are entitled "The Literary Life," "A Writers Habits," "A Writer's Irritations," and so on. Brooks, in these chapters, wants to appear the picturesque writer, the well-to-do intellectual. He worships literary fetishes, and by the very fact that he is purely a critic, seems to have chosen that way of life because it was a pleasant one. That may be all right, but if he is going to be critic, he must be a thorough one.

"To be wise, criticism must have principles and be governed by them, and how could it have principles unless it accepted the source of principles. As truth is the only source, there is only one for criticism, to profess the existence of truth and strive to embrace it." Just how, I ask Mr. Brooks, is truth the source of principles? What is there about truth from which one can draw definite principles for literary criticism? I fail to see—and Brooks does not give examples—what truth has to do with the subject. Truth has taught Mr. Brooks that "the great themes are courage, mercy, love and honor." If this is all that truth has to teach, excuse me.

He objects to modern criticism on the basis that it concerns itself only with technical problems. I do not know enough modern criticism to be able to refute this, nor would I if I could. When a person writes something it must be assumed that he does so because he has something to say. (Otherwise he should keep quiet.) It is

none of the critic's business, theoretically at least, to concern himself with what the person has written; it is his business to help him say it better. This does not mean that ideas are not the important element (if one can speak of elements) of a poem, but that ideas are the concern of the poet, and if he wants to present those ideas, he has a perfect right to do so. But Brooks cannot admit that it is the style of a great work which makes it last beyond its own age. With scorn he says, "Someone has even suggested that style alone survives, that every 'burning question' burns itself out and we come to read the most earnest prophets for their style."

Obviously there is no such thing as "style alone." But it is style which determines whether or not a work of art survives. There were several *Hamlet's* written, but only Shakespeare's interests us now because of its particular style. Who in the name of Homer are the "most earnest prophets?" I have never read any book, apart from the Bible, which was written by a most earnest prophet. This strange idea brings one to Brooks' conception of a great writer. "That the great writer is a great man writing, not a mere master of words—was this not the fact that our time had forgotten?" Not forgotten, old shop. Who is to determine that one man is great and another is not? "Great writers are creators (!!) who create (!) in the teeth of all excuses, and those who must are those who man,—had not creators always found a way?" Recipe for creation: Take a hunk of black night air, hold firmly in cupped hands, and place over typewriter keyboard; return in fifteen minutes and turn, in another fifteen minutes the creation will be done to a crisp dirty brown.

I believe Brooks has inaugurated in this opus a brand new conception of literature. He has a new classification—primary literature, which "expresses the feelings of the people in the language of scholars." (God preserve us from the language of scholars.) It is "the embodiment of those traits which humanity needs for its protection and survival." It "somehow follows the biological grain; if favors the life-drive." There is not much to say. How does "*Paradise Lost*" or "*Hamlet*" favor the life-drive? How is this any standard? He seems to have set up a whole group of standards which are quite meaningless for me.

The dullest axe that Brooks has to grind is on the subject of Eliot, Pound and Joyce whom he calls the "coterie" writers. It will be apparent from the above what his attitude toward them must be. They favor the death-drive. They are interested in themselves and not in the good of humanity. "Had not these writers poisoned the minds of their readers?—and how could a world that was sapped by these negative feelings resist the triumphant advance of the powers of evil?" He credits their ideas with some significance; in the same section he says, "In the hands of the coterie-writers, literature became a game, an intellectual pastime for the dilettante," in other words

insignificant. Contradictions like this are numerous in the book. He may feel very strongly about it, but if he cannot go into a detailed and meticulous study of what he is discussing, a reader cannot take him very seriously.

I could go on all day with many more charming quotations. But the above gives an idea of Brooks' position, and if I haven't refuted him on any definite points, it's only that there weren't any definite points to refute. Just opinions.

## Poem

by TONY HECHT

The lungs of the wind ache with a holy song.

Shrill down the mountain  
Reels the cold gasp,  
Cutting and covering the fields,  
And singing, singing, singing,

Furrows the snow  
And splits the black rock,  
Cracks the wet sticks and corners of  
its path,  
Swirls and sings.

It is a song  
Not to be trusted in the mouths of men.  
Not to be divided  
By their lips and tongues.

This is no stained-glass counterpoint,  
No bridled emotion.

It is a song  
Not for an angel choir.  
No pink-cheeked voice has room  
for this.

This is the song  
Of a bright passion,  
Metal truth in a white sun.

Loud from the wind's rocky throat,  
Wild and pure,  
It spins to the chasm depth,  
And hurls hard to the cliff.

This is the song,  
Born in the prism of ice,  
Conceived in the crystal,  
Pitched in a high, clear scale,  
Which freezes  
And shatters the points of pins.

## LOOKING AROUND

(Continued from page 1)

had thrown a group of diversified people together and together they tried to find a soul. But something interfered and the summer ended with the group still uncoordinated.

The Viennese left in station wagons full for Barrytown where the train would pick them up and tumble them into New York to continue the search. What has become of them I haven't the faintest idea.

## U. S. Student Opinion

by FRANK E. G. WEIL

"Student Opinion Surveys of America" . . . is a cooperative poll of college newspapers in every section of the United States, selected as regular members of the organization because of their interest in youth's welfare and their strategic locations for interviewing. The Surveys regularly conduct polls of American college students through the member papers and weekly distribute the findings to these papers for publication. The polls are non-commercial and are sponsored by the University of Texas Student Publications, Inc., publishers of The Daily Texan.

There are about a million and a half college students in the U. S., the largest such student group in the world. Up until 1938 their views on campus, national, and international questions had been a matter of speculation.

The Surveys are concerned only with disclosing facts. There is no attempt to influence student opinion.—Ed.

The Student Opinion Surveys of America have just completed a poll showing that a small but clear majority of students in the 160 Colleges co-operating all over the U. S. favor the system used by Bard as concerns attendance at classes as opposed to the traditional system.

The question put to students was as follows:

Do you think (a) There should be a certain minimum compulsory attendance at classes, lectures, labs, etc. (b) That it should be entirely voluntary. (c) That requirements for attendance should be based on the standing of the particular student.

Taking the average of all the answers, the figures are as follows:

(a)—minimum	41%
(b)—voluntary	48%
(c)—conditional	11%

When split up into classes, however, sophomores and juniors are very much more in favor of the voluntary system than either freshmen or seniors.

	(a)	(b)	(c)
	Percentage		
Freshmen	46	45	9
Sophomores	39	51	10
Juniors	39	51	10
Seniors	44	44	12

Taking those only who are clearly in favor of one system or the other, we find a progressive majority. The system in the majority of colleges interviewed is, however the old one.

\* \* \* \*

Collegiate opinion today, as found by the latest survey, is—by a large majority—not in favor of air-force participation on behalf of Great Britain in the present war.

The students, all over the United States were asked the following question: "Do you think the United States should at this

time send part of her Air Force, with American Pilots, over to Europe to help Great Britain?" The answers ran as follows:

No—do not send air force	80.2%
Yes—send it	19.8%

2 per cent were undecided and are not included here.

At the same time 79% answered "NO" to the question "Should the United States declare war on Germany now?"

Starting in the next issue of THE BARDIAN, there will be one or two reports of this kind each time. However, both the National figures, and those compiled on the Bard Campus—and sent in by us—will be compared and evaluated.

## Sports

by PHIL GORDON

Exert your memory. Think back about a month, and try to remember the touch football league that finished then. Here are a few statistics on it in case any of you are interested in ancient history.

The league's mythical championship was won by Stone Row, which managed to slide in ahead of South Hall only by the latter's winning spirit. "Latter's" is correct. With one game left for Stone Row to play, it was in first place. All it had to do was to tie or win that game in order to stay there; but before the game was played South Hall issued a challenge for a championship game, which was accepted. Stone Row lost its last regularly scheduled game to the combination of Pessin for Salisbury, but they won the championship game 6 to 0. The final standings were:

Team	W	L	T	Av.	Pts	O.P.
Stone Row	6	3	3	.700	97	52
South Hall	7	4	2	.636	74	63
Seymour - Hopson	2	4	6	.333	63	89
Albee	3	6	3	.333	72	102

Without a doubt, the league was the best balanced in the two-and-one-half-year history of intramurals at Bard. There were no players that really stood out, although each team had its individual stars. The five high scorers were: Pond, 31; Hal. Chamberlin, 25; Horvitz, 25; Pessin, 20; and Sagalyn 19.

Sixty-two students, or about 47 per cent of the enrollment, participated in the league.

\* \* \* \*

The Faculty have practically clinched the volleyball league, which started Tuesday, November 25. The result of practice is only too evident in the way in which they have taken over the various student teams at will. The schedule provides for each team to meet the others only once, and after that the Faculty will probably issue a challenge to an all-student team. With three games left to be played the standings are:

Team	Won	Lost	Av.
Faculty	3	0	1.000
Non Socs	2	1	.667
Eulexians	1	1	.500
Kaps	1	2	.333
Sigs	0	3	.000

\* \* \* \*

The bowling league starts Monday, much  
(Continued on page 8)

## CPT

Editor's Note: The following is a letter to Prof. Garrett, Coordinator, CPT, to clear up a few misunderstandings concerning the CPT program.

Dear Prof:

To counteract the impression that seems to have got around that only the superman in college can get into the CPT program, we have been requested by Washington to solicit all institutions for their cooperation in this matter and have them publish the attached story in their college papers.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT E. THOMPSON,  
Ground School Supervisor,  
Civilian Pilot Training.

Too many boys try to do too much.

This is one explanation by officials of the Civil Aeronautics Administration why 12 per cent of applicants for CAA pilot training fail to pass the entrance physical examinations.

Robert E. Thompson, Supervisor of the 2nd District, which includes Bard College, has received information on a survey made by CAA pilot training officials in the more than 500 colleges now participating in the program. Although the rejections are relatively few, the reports of medical examiners reveal that they could be still further reduced if applicants appeared for the examinations in a more rested physical condition and a different frame of mind.

John P. Morris, Director of the program, has suggested that supervisors can help all applicants by discussing these matters with them prior to their taking the examinations.

Mr. Robert E. Thompson believes there are three principal reasons for failure to pass the physical examinations, the first being the tendency of the boy who wants to fly to crowd his school life with too much activity. The average boy cannot work his way through college, go out for athletics, belong to the Glee Club, keep up the required scholastic standard and still take the CAA pilot training course. While the boy who will try to do all this is usually a high type, and his ambition deserves commendation, his body and mind will not stand the strain. Some curtailment is imperative.

Second, many applicants come to the medical examiner with a psychological complex, feeling that the examiner is a hurdle to get over and not a starting block to help them get going. This state of mind, added to the physical strain of a period of hard study, or of hard play in athletics, may result in certain manifestations of physical deficiency like double vision. Many such conditions are frequently transitory but this cannot be determined in an examination.

Third, a combination of many variables will prevent acceptance. Most of these, Mr. Robert E. Thompson believes, are avoidable and he advises students to rest and relax thoroughly before applying for physical examination.

## The Nest

A SHORT STORY

by GIL MADDUX

Author's note: If you read this story, read it first disregarding the sections in italics. Then if you wish a different story substitute the italicized parts for those parts contained in the brackets.

"Martha."

"Yes mum."

"Will you come over here? I want to talk to you."

"I've employed you here for a number of reasons; for one, you had very good recommendations—also you seemed to be a very quiet and respectable girl. Oh, I'm sorry; please sit down—it's quite alright. Now there are a few things that you should know about Mr. Drew and myself. As you know Mr. Drew is not a very well man and he must never be disturbed. There happen to be some children in the neighborhood who at times come over here. You must make certain that they make no noise. Don't be harsh on them, for they, of course, mean no harm, but do see that they are quiet. If they want some apples or pears or flowers, or anything of that sort, why give it to them and then tell them to run away and play somewhere else."

"Yes mum, I know."

"Wait please, just a moment Martha; you can do the dusting later. 'You don't mind me talking to you—do you?'"

"Why no mum, of course not."

"At times it can get very lonely in this big house, especially during the winter when the orchard and the garden are covered with snow. That reminds me, I must teach you how to cut flowers—but of course that can wait till Spring."

"Yes mum. I've been told how you like your garden very much."

"You see, Martha you're the only one, save for Mr. Drew, who I can talk to . . . I really don't know what I should do if he were to pass away."

"I understand mum."

"Yes, I believe you do. You seem quite a bit more understanding than the other servants—you're more intelligent, that's why . . . I think I shall tell you a story. I haven't told the other girls. I don't believe they would realize how much it means to me, and to Mr. Drew. But perhaps you would rather not hear it, it's not a very pleasant story."

"Oh yes mum, if you wish to tell it to me I should very much like to hear it."

"Martha . . . you don't know how much I . . . well . . . I musn't become that way."

"Mr Drew and I have traveled extensively throughout the world—as you can tell from the many foreign pieces in the house. You see we don't care so much to get to know people and get tied up with friends and all that goes with it—the parties, the continual, and rather useless, effort, and all the hub-bub. We were perfectly content to see people, as one does when traveling, and

not really get acquainted with them. Soon after we were married we sailed for Europe. There was nothing to keep us home. Our parents were long since dead; Mr. Drew's and my estates were well taken care of in trust; and we both detested children and had decided not to have any—that was charming, but we soon found it full of American tourists and children. For some reason Europeans believe that wherever they go they should bring their children with them. They dress them up very quite a long while ago. Europe, at first, prettily, they have a governess for them, they make them eat in the far corner of the dining room, and they send them to bed very early, but still with all these precautions the children seem always to be about—running and screaming, spilling stuff and knocking things over. No matter what age they be they are always old enough to have tea with the grown-ups. No child can handle a cup and saucer and dainties. They invariably make a disgusting performance of the whole thing—jam all over the face spilt tea, crumbs and so forth; . . . it really isn't the child's fault though . . ."

"Oh yes, spilling tea and crumbs, but that's not very important, is it? There are some, who are docile, well-mannered children, but very few. And even they, when the governess is absent for a moment, are just the same awkward, objectionable creatures that they all are. However, I do remember two—brother and sister—I believe they were French . . . Oh, but this is all entirely irrelevant. Europe, as I said, was lovely at first, but soon people wanted to 'get to know us better.' For us, that meant it was time to leave. We went to Northern Africa—Tunis, Algiers, Cairo. It was in Cairo that we decided to hire a private launch to go up the Nile. I'll never forget it, it was one of the most horrible experiences I've ever had. Miles from anywhere—from any doctor—Mr. Drew became deathly ill with dysentery. I thought any moment he would die with me sitting next to his bed. Had he died I would have been quite alone in the world—of course it's not so different now. Well, things turned out alright as you can see. When we got back to Cairo, of all the annoying things to be waiting for us was a group of travelers that we had run upon in Italy and who had considered us as of the 'crowd' . . ."

*Mr. Drew became deathly ill with scarlet fever. I thought any moment he would die with me sitting next to his bed. Had he died I would have been quite alone in the world—of course it's not so different now. Well he didn't die as you can see, but he was left with a very weak heart. All excitement and exercise was forbidden him. Of course you know what that meant. When we were resting up in Cairo, of all annoying things to happen to us we met up with a group of travelers that we had run upon in Italy and who had considered us in the 'crowd'.*

Mr. Engleton and his wife, you don't know them—they used to come to see us, but that was quite a number of years ago,

was with them. How he got mixed up in that awful group I don't know. He had just written a book on Corsica. They had a sweet little girl about five. This group that I just referred to [had] made all sorts of plans for us. Oh we were to go by the Cape to Cairo railway to Cape Town and then to all sorts of other places. Of course we decided to leave on our own immediately. The next day we were to start for the Orient. That night when we were saying good-bye to the Engletons their little daughter came up and kissed me. Mr. Drew, I could see, disapproved of the child's gesture: I thought it quite darling—I suppose at the time I was feeling a bit sentimental. It was funny but tears came to my eyes.

The Orient was the place of real charm, of strangeness and age; some of it is in this house in the form of ornaments—that old inlaid vase, the figure of Brahma—the thing with the four arms and the four heads, and the statuette of Krishna—that little green figure on the mantle behind you. Be careful when you dust around it. It's carved jade and a priceless ornament—priceless, but only an ornament."

"I'm sorry mum but I didn't hear what you just said."

"What? Oh, that's alright Martha, I was just talking to myself . . . Oh, my head, oh . . ."

"Is there anything 'e matter mum? Is there anything I can get for you?"

"No Martha . . . It's quite all right now thank you. What was it I was about to tell you?—oh yes, Mr. Drew and I were staying at a British resort near Calcutta. That's in India, Martha—where most of the weird things in this house came from. It was only a few years ago that we were there. It is one of those places that has a very short season. You have to get there just after the rains stop and before the hot spells start. At that time the winds from the hills blow down to the sea and make the little resort very pleasant. On about the third or fourth day there, Mr. Drew and I took the first trip of the season, with a party of five, to see an old gopura—it's the entrance or gateway to the courtyard of a temple. They are massive, pyramid shaped things made of stone and covered with hundreds of carved figures. I'm afraid my description is not exactly clear. Well, it wasn't very interesting anyway. However, it must have taken over a century to build. On that temple men slaved physically and mentally; they put years of labor and ingenuity into solid stone and yet when we saw it, the jungle with its perpetual, successive growth has completely covered it over. Out of tiny cracks in the stone, little green shoots were gradually rending the rock apart. There was not a great deal of it left. Mr. Drew and I decided to return to the hotel by way of the sea shore. You see then we wouldn't have to gab with the other people, and then also out on the beach we would be cooler and less hemmed in than in the jungle and it wouldn't be so horribly tepid. The guide

(Continued on page 8)

## STORY

(Continued from page 2)

she taunted. "A highball please."

"If I'd known you wanted a drink I would have gotten it for you," he said, after ordering, "you didn't have to come in here."

"I always get my own drinks; it's a point of honor and the best way I know to keep from getting tight."

He wanted to ask her where the others were, but the question seemed pointed and worried, and he said nothing. A waiter squeezed in to get an order and Flora was pushed against him so that her long hair brushed his coat and her perfume was definite and unmixed with the others about them. Outside the first rocket of the evening flared up high into the sky. Flora turned to watch it fade and fall and then she said, "Come on, Jim, let's get out of here. I've an idea. Don't say anything; I'll do the talking."

They walked out of the bar and down the porch steps to where the others were sitting. Flora leaned over and said to Jim's mother, "We're going down the fairway to watch the men set the rockets off. We'll be back quite soon." And she and Jim walked away before there was even time for an answer.

When they had reached the first fairway Jim asked, "Why did you do that?"

Flora looked up at him and smiled, "Because I knew you wouldn't. And also," she went on rather hurriedly, "because I like to go back stage. I get terribly tired just being part of an audience."

The carefully tended ground was springy and even beneath their feet, and the bunkers were like heaps of thick, rumped velvet, dropped negligently on the grass. As a rocket shell exploded into a fine shower of sparks she took his hand, "Look, it's like

spray when you shine a light on it," but when she turned he was not looking up. She took a step toward him still holding his hand, and suddenly, as she threw back her head, he leaned forward and kissed her, his lips soft and barely touching and her mouth was wet. Her hand crept to the back of his neck in a practised angle, and then another rocket tore away the night and he moved back a little to see her face. It was hard and proudly satisfied. He dropped his arms from her, still watching her face and then suddenly he turned and walked up toward the clubhouse with the names of what he had done in his ears, and his brain slowly filling with the near presence of the great callous searching crowd toward which he was walking, and from which he could not turn away.

## SPORTS

(Continued from page 6)

to the glee of the Aufrecht twins, who will be able to win a few matches for the Kaps before they exchange bowling balls for cannon balls.

Due to the construction work in the gymnasium, the bowling has been held up a little later than usual this year, but the regular 30 matches will still be held, with the season being extended slightly. Mr. Parsons is even planning a handicap tournament after the league has ended. Incidentally, there will be some noticeable changes this year. The matches will be held in the afternoon instead of the evening, and the Help, which formerly had a monopoly on the league honors, will have no team this year. Instead, there will be two Non-Soc teams, the Bards and the Socs, because of the large number of non-fraternity men who have signified their intentions of taking part.

## THE NEST

(Continued from page 7)

let his son show us the way back. He was the most uncouth, most dirty—he smelt to high heaven—child that you could possibly imagine and to add to it all he had a big rip in the seat of his trousers. Mr. Drew became quite annoyed at the boy for he insisted on bringing us out of our way to see an old fakir. India is full of them—they're something like monks, Martha, but they're absolutely useless things and yet highly respected. The one we were being led to see against our will was supposed to be a bird lover, of all things. When at last we came upon him sheltered from the winds behind a sand-dune we thought he didn't hear us, for he didn't move. There he was crouched on the ground with both hands together raised above his head. Even as we approached quite near he remained absolutely still. When we got up to him we found he was dead. [In his hands that were clasped like a cup was a nest with three screaming baby birds. Overhead was some sort of sea-bird screeching at us in its wild temper. I turned and looked at Mr. Drew—I suppose in an inquisitive way, for he answered my very thought. He said 'Why Katheline, can't you see this man has had a bird build its nest in his hands and rather than risk having the baby birds die he has allowed himself to starve to death. He evidently thought their life very important.' I replied quietly, 'Yes, I can see.' He glanced up at the angry bird above. He knew what I meant. Soon afterward we sailed for the United States. We haven't done any traveling since and Mr. Drew's health hasn't improved any.

"Well that's really all there is Martha. Perhaps they need you in the kitchen now."

"Yes, mum."]

... In his hands that were clasped like a

(Continued on page 9)

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**THE NEST**

(Continued from page 8)

cup was a bird's nest with three eggs in it. Overhead was some sort of a sea-bird screeching at us in its excited temper. ...Mr. Drew and I looked at each other—not very long. 'You see, Martha, this man had had a bird build its nest in his hands and rather than risk having the eggs die, he had allowed himself to starve to death, you might say he had died to give those eggs life . . . . We had now been abroad many years and Mr. Drew's health was getting worse, so a few days later we sailed for the United States. Of course we haven't done any traveling since. That's all there is to the story, Martha, but I suppose there really isn't any ending for the whole thing itself is sort of an ending.

"I think they probably need you in the kitchen now, Martha, it's nearly time for supper."

"Yes mum."

**BACK VIEW**

(Continued from page 4)

The case was dismissed for lack of evidence, Mr. Richards having eaten all the food.

"Well, that gives you an idea," Greeley said, as we sat there gaping, "of how we work. Here, I mean." At this point, Mrs. Wells came in again, and taking our only half-finished Worcestershires, murmured sadly, "Sorry, but we have guests coming in for cocktails at five."

Realizing that we were being asked to stay for dinner, we rose and moved quickly toward the pressed oak front door (Sears Roebuck, order no c235168).

"By the way," we said, "tell us a little about the history of this fine old house."

"Are you kidding?" said Greeley, beaming broadly.

"Well, keep up the good work," we cried, as we ran to our car. As we drove off, we saw him there, standing framed in the pressed oak doorway, his head thrown back, and the light of the kerosene lamp over the door shining full in his face. We aren't sure, but we thought we heard him murmuring gently to himself:

"Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Community Council,  
I love you!"

Now, about that werewolf, Wells . . .

**EDITORIAL**

(Continued from page 1)

had we died off young. What was the result? For one thing, we went to college. More people than ever before, became students. Why? More than one reason of course, but I wish to deal with but one and a very important one. You'll not find it on any application blank—it's just not the thing one puts down if one wants to get into college and that is: what else is there to do? Or, what can we do? It was a perfectly natural action. When one is wary of the future, one is cautious, one procrastinates; so, go to college if you are a little timid of going into the "world."

I might mention here that very little of this applies to the student of science. We assume he knows what he wants and what he is doing and why he is in college. But we can't all be scientists or technicians.

But still, the product of individualism

once he is in college remains an individualist. It is in the creative courses, the arts, that the individualists thrive. Proof of this is seen in the adaption and the popularity of such subjects as art, sculpture, and drama in our colleges today. I do not imply that there is anything wrong with being an individualist and an artist. I do not even see anything wrong with going to college because one doesn't know what else to do. After all if one is able to get into college there is no reason why more education should do one any harm, it should do one good. But, where I do find fault, and it is clear to see in Bard, is in the student who is lost *within himself*. The student who hardly knows that there is a war going on (nowadays one should always mention the war); the student who doesn't realize that there are thousands and thousands of other students chipping at a piece of granite, painting on canvas, writing words and notes, and so on; the student who is positive he is going to make an excellent living off his creative work. This is where individualism become worthless and even malicious to the one who suffers it. It no longer has the old quality of individualism of seeing the world and its peoples and making them bow down to your needs. One cannot do that any more, but that is no reason to become blind to what is going on. Work in a creative field, that is perfectly all right, but know what your work is, know what the *end* of your work is—even if you can't achieve it—and know what value your work has, that is, in regards to other people! Then go chip on your rock.

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**DOROTHY McGUIRE**

... popular star of John Golden's hit play "Claudia," says Merry Christmas to her many friends with the cigarette that Satisfies.

*for Tom, Dick & Harry*  
**It's Chesterfield**

*... it's his cigarette and mine*



*Milder Better-Tasting*  
*... that's why*  
***They Satisfy***

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 Merry Christmas with Chesterfields.

For your friends in the Service  
 And for the folks at home  
 What better Christmas present  
 Than these beautiful gift cartons  
 Of 10 packs, 3 packs, or 4 tins of 50.

Nothing else you can buy  
 Will give more pleasure for the money.

*Buy Chesterfields*  
*For your family and friends*  
*Beautifully packed for Christmas.*