

# The Bardian

Volume 20, No. 12

Z-445

ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N. Y., APRIL 25, 1941

Six Pages

## SUMMER DRAMA GROUP AT BARD

A Drama Center will be located at Bard from June 30 to August 22. Unlike the usual summer theatre, this drama-music group has as its objective community play production in the locality of the college.

The ultimate purpose of the camp is to demonstrate that the average citizen, given professional coaching and directing, can find great satisfaction in the expression of his own artistic growth. At the same time, through the medium of the stage, he or she may contribute to community recreation of a high order.

The project is being planned and supervised by Francis Bosworth, an experienced director in this country of the community and "documentary" theatre. The rest of the staff will be composed of available European professionals of both experience and ability.

The students of the camp will consist of college under-graduates, Little Theatre enthusiasts, and dramatic directors of schools and colleges. Dormitories will be used as living quarters, and campers will share in the serving of meals. The fee for the eight-week course will be \$150.

The daily program will consist of studies, lectures, and discussions from 9 to 12 a. m. The afternoon will be free, but from 7 to 11 p. m. work on the productions will take place.

According to present plans, it is hoped that there will be a music program included with the drama work, but the production of a short opera and the materializing of an orchestra will depend upon the number of musicians available in the camp and in the community.

A similar experiment was tried last summer on a smaller scale, and its success shows that there is every reason to suppose that this carefully planned program will provide much of value to the Little Theatre movement in this country. The Drama Center is not attempting to teach acting specifically. Although the students of the camp will have an opportunity to learn through participation any aspect of play production which interests them most, from stage designing to playing a part, the primary purpose is to foster the development of community theatres.

The following will be on the staff of the camp:

Dr. Ernst Lothar, born in Brunn, Moravia, former head of the Theatre Department, Ministry of Public Education in Vienna, critic and head of the drama department of a Vienna newspaper, Max Reinhardt's assistant at the Salzburg Theatre Festival and Reinhardt's assistant in other enterprises, will be the technical director of dramatic activities. Dr. Lothar has written more than 50 essays on the theatre and over 2000 reviews of dramatic productions. He is the author of "The Clairvoyant," "The Loom of Justice," and 15 other plays.

Miss Nelly Adler, born in Vienna, who appeared on Broadway in "Reunion in New York," and "From Vienna," will teach costume design with children's production and art. Alfred Durra, born in Breslau, director of stage and radio plays and several NYC productions, will act and direct.

Miss Olga Fuchs, born in Vienna, who has done much radio work in dramatics and who has lectured at Harvard and Hunter colleges, will act and teach radio work. Fred Lorenz, born in Vienna, has played leading parts in "Twelfth Night," "Journey's End," "Front Page," and others under the stage name of Manfred Inger. He will teach drawing and designing for the stage.

William Malten, born in Frankfurt, who was director and actor for five years at the Breslau State Theatre and who was director of synchronization with M-G-M and Paramount, will act and direct. Werner Michel, born in Detmold, Germany, is the author

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## WORKSHOPS PERFORM HERE

Tomorrow evening in the Theatre the drama departments of Bennington and Bard will demonstrate to each other and all those interested various finished and unfinished examples of the sort of work done in the theatre laboratory. The productions are not to be viewed critically as major productions, but rather as exoerimental evidences of routine work. I have overheard members of the staff of this paper discussing the possibility of reviewing the productions. If this is done in the same way that the regular shows are reviewed here, it would, it seems to me, be beside the point. This is an opportunity for the audience to acquaint itself with the workings of the theatre workshop, and not just another opportunity to be bored or delighted by a theatre program. The spirit of the weekend should be educational as well as social, but it is its educational values which will justify it.

Eight people are coming from the Bennington Theatre department. They will do short scenes, with only the simplest props, from Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Noel Coward's "Red Peppers," a scene from a dramatization of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," scenes from "Beaux Statagem" and "No Time for Comedy" to the whole of Anton Chekov's one-act comedy, "The Marriage Proposal." Bard will present a production of Edna St. Vincent Millay's one act allegory on the imponderables entitled "Aria Da Capo," acted by members of the acting seminar and with a setting by Dick Burns. This will be the program in the theatre Saturday evening,

## KALEIDOSCOPE

Sophomore moderations going strong, the zero hour for senior projects less than a week off, and spring is here . . . Dr. Helmut Lehman-Haupt's lecture in the library last week proved to be an interesting development of a subject that would seem to be uninteresting. In spite of the uncomfortable chairs, holding this lecture in the library added to the atmosphere of fine books, with which the speaker dealt . . . The new lighting fixtures have been installed in the library, and at last it is possible to read in Dr. Hirsch's "Greek temple" without providing local optometrists with extra business . . . The second of the vocational conferences, held Wednesday evening in Albee Social Room, featured informality as the keynote, and as a result were most successful. The speakers were all competent men in their fields.

Clifford J. Nuhn, supervising editor of the Poughkeepsie Evening Star, spoke on journalism; William A. Kimbel, former president of the American Association of Decorators, spoke on architecture and interior decorating; and Carl V. Warren, superintendent of schools in Middletown, New York, spoke on teaching in public schools. Just as at the first vocational conference, the majority of students present were freshmen. Apparently the seniors, who had the smallest representation, felt that they could learn little—even from men who were familiar with all the details in each of the three fields . . . The resurfacing of the tennis courts has proceeded rapidly under the direction of Mr. Parsons and his wonder children . . . The Non-Socs have turned athletic, winning the ping-pong tournament and getting off to an auspicious start in the softball league. Ted Strongin, Wayne Horvitz, Bob Sagalyn, and John Shapiro turned the trick for them in ping-pong, but the Kaps, built around the Aufrichts kept within one game of the winning team, which won 12 and lost four. With four games played in softball, the Non-Socs are the only team with an unblemished record. Behind the steady pitching of Dick Richardson, they have defeated the Eulexians and the Sigs. Their line-up shows both offensive and defensive strength. Some sort of a record was turned in by the Eulexians Wednesday when they defeated

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ing, to be followed by an informal dance in the Albee Social Room.

We are particularly fortunate this weekend in having for a guest Mordecai Gorelik, one of the foremost theatrical designers in the country and author of the most comprehensive book on the theatre, past, present, and future, to appear in a long time. The book, "New Theatres for Old," is much under discussion in and out of theatrical circles for its fresh and analytical approach to an institution which many are inclined to view as evanescent. I regret to say that, being a college student, I have not been able to find time to read the book and so cannot contribute any personal appraisal of its contents beyond what I have gleaned from discussions with people more fortunate than I.

Sunday afternoon Mr. Gorelik will lead a discussion about theatrical design, considering the discrepancies and potentialities of an art much abused. The discussion will take place in Albee Social Room and will be open to the college.

This will end the activities of the first intercollegiate, departmental, conference, an activity to be expanded, it is hoped, in the future, and one that was suggested by the success of the music conference of last semester. Its success will depend on everyone being acute enough to have an opinion, right or wrong, of the theatre, collegiate and otherwise, for the space of two days. If everyone goes to sleep or gets that prom weekend glaze, I'll die. To Bennington, Bard, and Gorelik, Prosit! —F. OVERTON.

## BARD AGAINST WAR

According to the recent survey undertaken by the class in Social Psychology, which was designed to measure opinion on the war situation, the community, while not strongly favoring either extreme, is slightly on the side of isolation.

According to the construction of the test, a score of 50 would be the mid-point between isolationism and interventionism. The mean score of the total people tested, who numbered 141, was 48.64. The test was taken by 89 students, 11 personnel members, 23 members of the faculty and administration and 18 faculty wives.

Only one group in the community had results on the side of intervention; that was the faculty wives with an A.M. (arithmetic mean) of 54.55. The help, with an A.M. of 49.99, were next highest, and they were followed by the faculty members and the administration staff, whose A.M. was 48.52. The students taking the test were sub-divided into two groups, 29 who had registered under the Selective Service Act and 60 who were under the age limit of 21. The non-registered students' A.M. was 47.85, while their colleagues, who are liable to service, had the lowest A.M. of all, 46.44.

The questionnaire used in the survey consisted of six classification questions and 25 selected statements on the issues of the war. These statements were so designed as to request an opinion ranging from "strongly agree" to "strongly disagree." Although many of the criticisms levelled against certain of the statements were justified, the final results have, nevertheless, shown certain interesting facts.

Generally speaking, opinion was rather well divided on the majority of the statements. The question concerning abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine apparently was either too vague or the term was too traditional, for the results were out of proportion; only 17 agreed that we should abandon it, 96 disagreed, and 28 had no opinion. On the question of convoys, 34 agreed that the United States Navy should convoy ships to England, 83 disagreed, and 24 had no opinion. Thirty-six were in favor of sending an expeditionary force to Europe, 78 were against such action, and 27 had no opinion. The statement that this war would seem as futile to our children

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## DEAN'S REPORT TO TRUSTEES

At the meeting of the Board of Trustees on April 15, Dean Gray made a formal report on the state of the College. The report stated that the College would finish the first year of the four-year plan in a financial condition somewhat better than was estimated. The enrolment for 1940-41 has surpassed the numbers estimated for the first year and has even gone above the figure for the second year. As a result the income from tuition fees has topped the estimates in the current budget. The college will, therefore, end the year with a smaller operating deficit than was expected. A larger portion of the contributions guaranteed by Columbia University and the Bard College Trustees will, as a result, be available for improvements in the physical plant and facilities.

Dean Gray warned the Trustees that the coming year is a critical one in the campaign to increase the enrolment because of the incalculable effects of the Selective Service Act. According to our best calculations, about seventy of the present student body will return next September. In order to have a college of at least 125 students—ten more than was estimated for the second year—we need an entering class of about 55. Since we enrolled 55 new students during the present year, the administration is confident that we can at least meet this figure next year. Already the applications for admission are far ahead of those which were received at this time last year. Sixteen new students have already been admitted as against 6 at this time last year. In addition, there are six formal and 18 preliminary applications still to act upon. "Because of the uncertainty about new draft legislation and the general strain of the emergency, we still need to work hard to find new students and not to let hasty optimism lull us into false security," Dr. Gray said.

Another part of the report dealt with the recent grant of \$2,570 from Alfred P. Sloan Foundation to the Bard College Institute for Economic Education. The grant will supply funds for three months for research on the effectiveness of motion pictures in the field of economic education. At the end of the three months period, it is hoped and confidently expected that a new grant will be made to carry on the work during the whole of next year. Dr. Adolf Sturmthal has been made Director of the Institute in charge of the research. For the rest of this year Dr. Sturmthal will devote all his time over and above his full-time teaching duties to this work. He has hired two trained assistants, Jack Peterman and Marjorie Fleiss, to carry on research work in New York. He will fit up offices and laboratory at the college. The college is called upon to supply only office space and furniture. All special equipment as well as all office expense and other running expenses will be covered generously by the grant from the Sloan Foundation. At present the work of the Institute on this special research is in the hands of Dr. Sturmthal and his assistants. As the work expands, however, it is sure to serve as a training ground for students in economic research. Next year it is planned to enlarge the student's work into a course, correlating theory and practice of social research.

The Dean went on to explain the other work of the Institute as it is now being carried on by the students in economics. This work involves a study of the economic knowledge and opinion in our immediate neighborhood. This study is the basis of an expanding study of the state of economic knowledge in the whole country. "Its results would seem to be the most practical basis for all attempts at economic education whether through schools, books, newspapers, radio, motion pictures or any other instrumentalities. In this aspect of the Institute, the students are contributing directly and are learning the tools of re-

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# The Bardian

1940 Member 1941

Associated Collegiate Press  
NSFA NEWS SERVICE

VOL. 20 No. 12  
Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 25, 1941  
Published Fortnightly throughout the academic year by students of Bard College, progressive residential school of Columbia University.

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY  
National Advertising Service, Inc.  
College Publishers Representative

420 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.  
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Editor 1939-1940—Harry Winterbottom

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Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year, \$1.25 per semester.

## NO ANARCHY

The way moderations are being conducted this year is gratifying to the sophomore who was perhaps a little afraid there were no standards here. For they are no longer a formality. Those who have been moderated this week can vouch for that. Instead of four personally chosen professors the sophomore now must face a battery of deep brows comprising all the faculty members of his particular division, and it is no snap.

When at four fifteen yesterday afternoon your editor breezed into Aspinwall 18, gave everybody a broad smile, slouched into his seat and lit a cigarette, he suddenly was appalled to note that nobody was grinning back. Whereupon all breeziness left him and he hastened to appear steadfast. From then on he was made to feel increasingly confused about himself. I venture to say that there are few undergraduates who have complete intellectual conviction. Yet at a time like this it kills them to admit it. They swell up their diaphragms and what little voice they can muster, and strive to create a magnanimous impression. A good part of this is proven to be hogwash before they are through, and it is a good thing. The standard must always be a little higher than the realization. It is perhaps the fault of too many Bard men that they are quite satisfied with themselves. Actually most of us are not so hot.

We want no such rigid fetters as those which bind a place like Harvard, yet we do not want anarchy either. With the stiffening of Sophomore Moderations and greater demands on Senior Projects this year I think we are moving in the right direction.

## BARD IN THE FUTURE



"This is Horace. He would have applied sooner, only he got delayed in the draft."

# LOOKING AROUND

On last Sunday morning the Associated Press reported that the coroner of New Haven, Sussex, England gave a verdict of suicide in the drowning of Virginia Woolf, Englishwoman, novelist and critic. The report stated that her body had been recovered the previous night from the River Ouse, which flows through the Sussex countryside close by the weekend house of the Woolfs at Lewes. She and her husband had been driven first from their tall, famous house in Bloomsbury and later a second house had been blown up above their heads by the raiding Luftwaffe. She had fled to their Sussex cottage, to her long, square room, with its curtainless windows, overlooking her small English garden. In this room she had written most of her major novels and her critical essays during the years of the Long Armistice.

It was in the first year of that armistice, in 1919, that the English critic, Clive Bell, writing in the *New Republic*, declared: "We have as little confidence in our critics as in our ministers. Indeed, since all our officers and most of our soldiers took to publishing pages of verse, or at any rate, of prose that looks odd enough to be verse, the habit of criticism has been voted unpatriotic. To begrudge a man in the trenches a column of praise loud enough to drown for a moment the noise of battle would have seemed ungrateful and, what is worse, fastidious. Perhaps it was natural," Mr. Bell continued, "that when T. S. Eliot, the best of our young poets, published 'Prufrock,' no English paper should have given him more than a few words of perfunctory encouragement; natural that when Virginia Woolf, the best of our younger novelists, published works of curious imagination and surprising subtlety, critics, worn in the service of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells, should not have noticed that here were a couple of artists."

Virginia Woolf justified certainly the faith and hope of Clive Bell. She has also been true to her heritage. Her father was Sir Leslie Stephen, a step-son of William Makepeace Thackeray, a cousin to the Darwins, the Maitlands, and the Stracheys. To her father's house and to the world of her early experience came Meredith, Ruskin, John Morley and Thomas Hardy. She became a willing victim of her environment. Her first published work appeared, quite properly, in the *Literary Supplement of The Times*. In 1917 she founded with her husband, Leonard Woolf, the Hogarth Press, which published the works of such newcomers as Katherine Mansfield, E. M. Forster, and Mr. Eliot. In the two decades that followed she completed a group of novels that include "The Voyage Out," "To the Lighthouse," "Mrs. Dalloway," and her last and seventh novel, which is perhaps her greatest, "The Waves." But above and beyond these, as great as some of her colleagues declare them to be, are her critical essays which range from the scholarly paper on "Donne after Three Centuries," the appraisal of "The Novels of Thomas Hardy" to that enchanting and subtle insight into genius which is her "I am Christina Rossetti." In these, as in all her essays, she has brought to English letters and to the "common readers" of the English-speaking

world a high, critical intelligence, an understanding of the writers of the great past and of this present that was both fastidious and strong with her strange, clean vigor. She understood the men and the issues of her time and the Man and the Woman of that time with a clarity that was as bitter and humane as it was flawless. Armed with courage and with an intuitiveness that was her natural possession, she draws, she fascinates, and finally she completely captures our mind, our heart and our being to make us see what she has seen, to understand what she has understood. With an effortless dexterity, the keen blade of her mind can cut deep into the hide of an old bore such as Arnold Bennett with the remark that, "Heaven to one of his characters would be an eternity of bliss spent in the very best hotels in Brighton." She was a woman who believed in and practiced the use of Reason.

And when the present barbarism, which her cousin, the liberal historian H. A. L. Fisher, predicted would engulf their world, which killed him in one of the earliest blackouts of the war, when this barbarism pursued her from London to Sussex as it pursued James Joyce from Normandy to Zurich, when this finally crashed into her small garden and the inner reaches of her mind, she was forced to write the note to her husband which the coroner read to the Sussex jury on last Saturday. She wrote:

"I fear that I shall go mad. I cannot go on any longer in these terrible times. I hear voices and cannot concentrate on my work. I have fought against it but cannot fight any longer. I owe all my happiness to you, but cannot go on to spoil your life."

Of this woman we can, with justice, write what she wrote of Thomas Hardy on his death in 1929. In the final paragraph of her tribute to him is her epitaph:

"When we have submitted ourselves fully to (her) works, when we come to take stock of our impression of the whole, the effect is commanding and satisfactory. We have been freed from the cramp and pettiness of life. Our imaginations have been stretched and heightened; our humour has been made to laugh out; we have drunk deep of the beauty of the earth. Also we have been made to enter the shade of a sorrowful and brooding spirit which even in its saddest mood, bore itself with a grave uprightness and never, even when most moved to anger, lost its deep compassion for the sufferings of men and women."

—HARRY WINTERBOTTOM.

## BARD AGAINST WAR

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as World War I seems to us brought 82 agreements, 32 disagreements, and 27 "no opinion."

Some interpretations of the results of this survey are self-evident. It tends to bear out the popular belief that the "weaker sex" is more belligerent when it comes to political issues. This conclusion must, however, be taken with a grain of salt because of the small number of women in the group. More significant is the fact that registered students, to whom the present conflict has become a personal rather than political issue, stand lower on the scale than any other group in the community. Finally, in spite of the current wave of propaganda, it is extremely interesting to note that the Bard community remains on the side of staying out of war, although the distance from the mid-point is slight.

—DON LEHMANN.

## DRAMA GROUP AT BARD

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of the WMCA serial "Three from the Other Side," the co-author of the Viennese Theatre productions "From Vienna" and "Reunion in New York," and will compile and direct musical reviews. Leo Weith, born in Vienna, sang all the leading baritone parts in operas by Mozart, Verdi, Puccini, and others at the State Opera House in Breslau and sang four leading roles in 83 United States cities with the Salzburg Opera Company. He will sing and teach singing.

## POEMS

by Robert Haberman

### BENEATH THE OAK

The sky is neither round, inverted bowl nor rimmed infinity, if on my back I'm flat, a crucified wandering soul who sees dissoluble blue miles. A fact that stands guarded by branches of the oak, a tree that points to where the plain of sky rises at topmost twig, beyond the croak of an unknown tree toad near where I lie. And now the earth—the world—pushes its curve

upon my frame and I appear to cling the curvature of earth's diurnal swerve, while birds fly the sky, sit still and sing. It won't be long, I say, before this tree falls from its place and lies by side of me.

### VICTOR

Victor, I confusedly give this to you—  
Do not bother, I got it in Mexico then—  
An embarrassed necklace of shy form.  
Not for you,  
But for her—so don't look so damn queerly again.

You see a hand-worked silver thing with small hats  
Of hand-woven green horsehair, yellow striped. Delicate  
Silver-strung sombreros 'round her neck.  
And so that's  
What I want you to do—'round her neck, delicate.

Victor, I am stupidly glad about you—  
about her.  
She's a beautiful girl. This necklace I brought back  
For a girl I'm to meet; but you met first with her  
And so fasten this token about her—without tact.

Victor, do not look at me so. It's no quirk  
Of my mind. I mean this. You are painfully cruel—  
Don't you love one another?—but you two smirk!  
Then forget. I am young—understand—  
I'm a fool.

### STARLINGS ON THE BUILDINGS

The starlings live in the unseen drains and each morning tear out the ivy by its roots. While I in wakening pains listen to their cracklings, and swear softly not to shock the dawn which comes as easy as light returning sleep.

### DEAN'S REPORT

(Continued from page 1)

search while at work on real and important problems," he stated.

The Dean reported also on the establishment of the Civilian Pilots Training Course conducted by the college in cooperation with the Civil Aeronautics Authority. The enthusiasm with which this course has been received makes it likely that the course will be repeated either in the summer or in the fall term.

In another section of his report the Dean called attention to various activities of the faculty. Mr. Artine Artinian and Mr. Edward C. Fuller have recently completed all requirements for the degree of Ph.D. at Columbia University and will receive their degrees at the Commencement in June 1941. Mr. Cyril Harris has brought credit to the College by the publication of his second novel, *Richard Pryne*, published by Charles Scribners Sons. Mr. Adolph Sturmthal's history of the European labor movement has been accepted for publication in the near future by the Yale University Press. "For a small faculty," the report said, "more busy than most faculties with the educational problems of a transition period of the college and with an extremely difficult and time-consuming kind of teaching, the record of scholarly and creative work outside the regular work is highly commendable."

# A POX ON YOUR VOBISCUM OR THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND

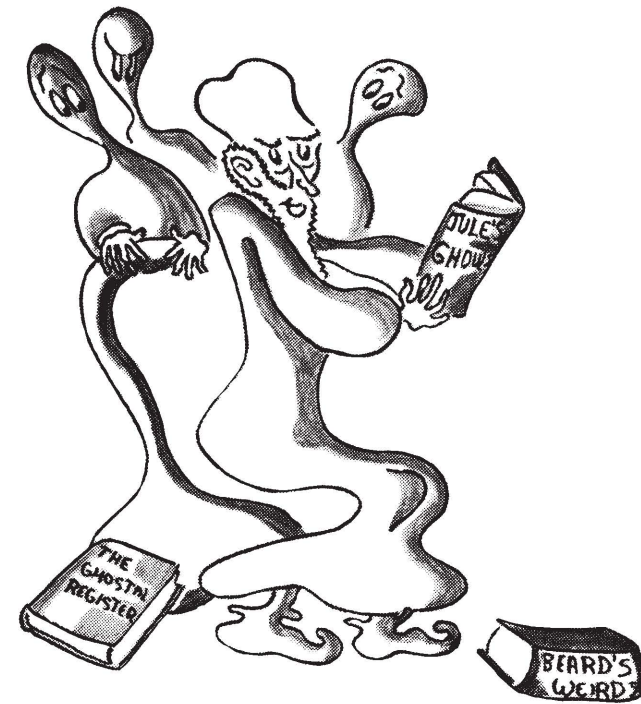
by Tony Hecht

Recall to memory the Middle Ages,  
With castles, noble kings, and ancient sages,  
And recollect, for atmosphere, a knight,  
With visors interfering with his sight.  
Perhaps a trusty yeoman with his maid,  
And battlements with sentries unafraid.  
Amid this awesome glamour of romance  
Begins a tale of mystic spell and trance,  
A strange account of ill-concocted brews  
To make a strong man tremble in his shoes.

Sir Cuthbert was the best of all the wizards;  
His rheumatism forecast all the blizzards.  
He always knew who'd win the daily joust,  
And saw the future publishing of "Faust."  
He'd peer into his little crystal ball  
And prophesy the fashions of the fall.  
He'd gaze into his little crystal sphere  
And tell of business in the coming year.  
Sir Cuthbert had a myriad of friends,  
From whom he got some tidy dividends.  
They came to him to ask if he could tell  
If they would go to heaven or to hell.  
They sought him out in happiness and joy  
To find "if it was going to be a boy."  
He told them, for a slight consideration,  
The prospects of the foreign situation.

But kindly Cuthbert had one evil foe,  
Who wished the good magician naught but woe.  
Sir Egmont was a nasty jealous louse,  
With sev'ral peoples' curses on his house.  
He also was a member of the trade  
In which kind Cuthbert prominently played.  
But no one ever asked him any question  
So he could make a lucrative suggestion,  
And no one cared for his prognostication,  
So he enjoyed perpetual vacation.  
Sir Egmont's cerebellum boiled with rage,  
For he was such an unsuccessful sage.

With jealousy and evil will towards men,  
He stepped into his alchemistic den



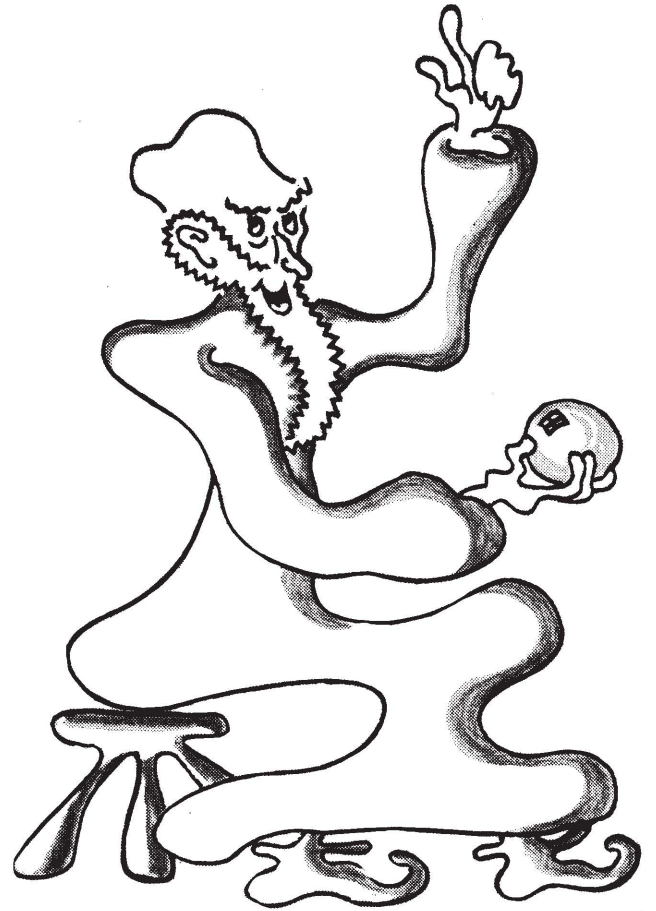
But kindly Cuth. was not to meet defeat  
From some old apparition in a sheet.  
He stepped into his chambers and began  
To hatch a most extraordinary plan.  
With litmus papers, beakers, and some lead,  
He manufactured spirits from the dead.  
He held within an arsenic solution  
The shadow of his clever retribution.  
He held the mixture underneath his gaze  
And muttered some extremely potent phrase,  
When suddenly, from out the mystic nectar,  
Arose a grim and deathly looking spectre.  
"Arise, Sir Ghost, and haunt with all your might

Against poor, kindly Cuthbert and his clan.  
With crucible and thistle tube and flask,  
To perpetrate some rotten-smelling plan  
He set about his mischief-making task,  
And grumbled through his beard, "A little more  
Of S1-7 H-3 SO-4."

The formula, with which he was entranced,  
Appeared in Merlin's "Alchemy, Advanced."  
He murmured unintelligible sounds  
While stirring up precipitated grounds.  
When all at once, like automatic toast,  
Arose a white and pallid-looking ghost.  
"Arise, Sir Ghost, and haunt with all your might;  
Don't lose that foolish Cuthbert from your sight,  
But follow him wherever he may go  
And bring to him unhappiness and woe."  
Thus spake the lousy Egmont in his lair,  
With bats and vampires nestling in his hair.  
An instant later kindly Cuthbert saw  
The grim phantasm standing at his door.  
"Who art thou," kindly Cuthbert cried aloud,  
"Who wears this charming, neatly pleated shroud?"  
"I'm a ghost," the spirit whispered low,  
"I've come to haunt you everywhere you go."

Kind Cuthbert was annoyed, but still undaunted;  
He wasn't very keen on being haunted.  
But day and night the ghost was at his side.  
He wished the ghastly thing had never died.  
"Ods Bodkins, who is that all dressed in white?"  
His friends would ask in accents most polite.  
"Oh, just a ghost," kind Cuthbert used to say,  
And then he'd stand and watch them run away.  
But finally his business went to hell:  
He couldn't keep his wealthy clientele.  
They said to him, "Your recent trends alarm us.  
We'd feel much more secure with Nostredamus."

The ghost that haunteth me both day and night.  
Nor spare him from your constant super-vision,  
But follow him with 'spirited' precision."  
Thus spake the kindly Cuthbert in his suite,  
When something told him it was time to eat.  
And so he sat him down to veals and roasts  
Attended by two most attentive ghosts.  
When evil Egg. had heard of what was done,  
He cried 'cause it was spoiling all his fun.  
But then he shrieked a cruel and heartless boast;  
"I'll make a spook to haunt kind Cuthbert's ghost."  
And so into his chambers he repaired,  
To make the good magician's spirit scared.  
That afternoon, when Cuth. sat down to tea,  
The grim surrounding spectres numbered three.  
He gazed into his little crystal globe,  
With all the resignation of a Job,  
To find if he would live to see the day  
When all these deathly things would pass away.  
The vision he regarded made him gape;  
He saw a clever method of escape.  
Between his intermittent sips of tea,  
He thoughtfully reviewed the strategy.  
And finally approving of the plan,  
He crossed his eyes and casually began.  
"Gad Zooks, thou weird and eiry spectral guards,  
Please join me in a little game of cards."  
The ghosts all sat around in empty chairs  
And looked at kindly Cuth. with empty stares.  
And Cuth said, "Varlets, if it's all the same,  
I think strip poker ought to be the game."



He chose the teams himself, since he was host;  
His partner was his own synthetic ghost.  
And so he pitted all his magic tools  
Against Sir Egmont's imitation ghouls.  
The game proceeded just as Cuthbert planned,  
Because he knew the cards in every hand.  
With powers gained from stars and winds and clouds,  
He won away the opposition's shrouds.  
And though it seems unmannerly and rude,  
He left the evil spirits standing nude.  
The spirits blushed a bilious shade of green,  
And said the game was perfectly obscene.  
They begged him for their clothes in every way  
And promised him that they would go away.  
And Cuthbert, being generous and sweet,  
Took all their terms and gave each one his sheet.  
With tears of happiness and joyous moans,  
They thanked him from the bottom of their bones.  
While Cuthbert's ghost, who helped him in the rally,  
Has now become the good magician's valet.

# THE ENGAGEMENT

by James Westbrook

That Tuesday, like all the other times, Red blew into Easton without letting Jackie know about it. This was a habit of his which somehow she always found herself able to forgive. First, because Red went to the university and those guys never planned anything, and then because Red was an exceptional young fella . . .

He usually called her from one of the bars, talking in a husky almost unbalanced voice, slightly fierce. "Is that you, Jackie, where can I meet you?" There had never been a time when he called her that he wasn't feeling high. Sometimes it was in the early afternoon, or just after supper, or even late at night, although she was seldom home then.

If he couldn't reach her on the phone he would scour the town looking for her, and usually he would find her in one of the places. He would come loping in, a big, lean-jawed boy with bright hair and an aggressive, flushed face. It was a good male face, halfway between a kid's and a man's, full of drive and a hunger that came out of it in strong waves. He would range up to the bar, order a drink and then search the room. If Jackie was there it wouldn't take him long to find her.

There was no question about what he came in from the university for. They all came and tried to pick the girls up for the same reason. Only Red was successful and most of the others were not. It was a gift Red had lugged around with him a long time, a gift from God, perhaps, or nearly.

Red had once said that their meeting each other was inevitable. He called it something like "selection." He liked to talk about this a great deal. Actually, he had picked her up in one of the places not much differently than others had before him. But off and on he had been coming down to see her for more than a year now. All his junior year and part of this one they'd gone out together, throwing parties that echoed throughout Easton, going to fraternity dances of the university and to New York. Near the end of his spring term last year he took her home to Tarrytown.

That was the first time they slept together. They had gone to New York, then back to his house early in the morning. He stayed with her in the far wing of the house till daylight. Later on, quite discreetly he introduced her to his mother. He had been beautiful about that; flawless. His mother, who dabbled a little in psychiatry, met her as if this thing had happened many times and no longer warranted excitement.

That summer Red took a trip to California and sent her one postcard from Los Angeles where he was staying with some movie people. It was the last she heard from him till he returned to college in the fall. Then one afternoon he called her, and things were on again.

Red's blowing into town and turning up at the Lincoln's Birthday Ball at the Ritz that Tuesday was characteristic, and half expected. He had a knack of getting wind of these parties.

She found him and a pal from the university in the bar. Red had on a tuxedo, his bright hair mussed, face typically mobile. He had of course been drinking, probably since the afternoon because that was the way he came to town. When she entered the bar with a couple of locals, he spotted her and yelled, "Jackie!" and came toward her pushing his way. Then he gave her a hug. That night she wore a dark blue dress with lace, red bands and full, pleated skirt. It was a cheap one but it looked attractive on her. "Jackie is the best looking girl in Easton: I've always said it. Always I've said Jackie was worth twice three times any girl in Easton." Red's voice was animated with a slight, drunken huskiness. One large, smooth hand stayed on her shoulder while he talked to her. "Come, have a drink. Come on, chum."

Red was like a deep shot in the arm, a potent, swift ejaculating hypodermic. His talk and gestures were super-charged, sometimes, it seemed, over-energized. He never

appeared to get tired, stop moving. He put his hand around her slender middle, drawing her to the bar, shouldering out a place for them there.

The bar was full, hazed with smoke, and dinning with voices. A good many people Jackie knew were there, and a lot of them knew Red. Some of the girls Red had made. He talked about them.

These were real broads who hung around the same places she did. But they were broady broads. Not like Jackie: She wanted to think. There was always some little thing wrong with them. Too flat, too big, badly clothed, crooked teeth . . . They were dumb and loud. They giggled with the boys in the booths and didn't know how to act gracefully.

She knew what they all thought of her. There had been that thing with Carl, a local kid, a couple of years ago when she was eighteen. They got a hold of that and shot it all around town. They told the students who came to town, "That terrible girl Jackie. She got in a jam and had to have an operation and, and, and . . ." Every time she crossed with them they made a big how-do-you-do about snubbing her. Louise with the cateract eye, and that French kid who called herself Yvonne, with the funny clothes creations, Jesus. They dislocated muscles to snub her as if they were something moral and clean. They would say, "Not a girl in Easton has a good word to say about Jackie."

Louise she hated harder than anyone. Louise with the germ-sweated eye and cat mouth. Yet once Red had had her and she was at the ball tonight with a university guy. Sometimes the thought came to her disagreeably that she, Louise and that crowd were all the same. Red told her about Louise and him. He had said that was when he was a lower classman. He had had enough to drink to overlook the eye and a lot of other things. The second or third time they had begun to define themselves. Later, when he ignored her, she put up a squawk. Red was a double crosser and she never had any use for Jackie. Jackie was a bad girl. Jackie had an abortion.

Red saw Louise over his shoulder as he stood at the bar with Jackie. "Oh, God, there's poison." He muttered.

"Where?"

"Over there, in the booth," he said.

"Louise!"

Jackie said, "I don't want to look."

"You don't have to, let's go in and dance."

The ballroom was big, tritely decorated in red, white and blue. A loud Jewish band with too much trumpet played at one end of the room under a colored poster of Lincoln. Other smaller Lincolns hung regularly along the walls. Red was fun to dance with. He danced the collegiate style, holding her strongly, navigating surely with his smooth chin aranged snugly along her temple. Every so often he would turn his mouth against her hair, nuzzling it. Dancing like this he presented a study in modern male conquest, his jaw set, eyes fixed like buttons as he manipulated the woman. All of a sudden he would laugh huskily, for a moment throwing back his head. It was a compelling laugh welling up spontaneously from deep inside.

They had been dancing about ten minutes when Louise went by in the arms of her date. As she passed she said nastily, "Aren't you going to dance with me, Red?" She gave Jackie a mean look. They paid no attention. Red said to Jackie, "The little cat. The little, jealous cat." Jackie's face beneath the paint suddenly went soft and her party smile disappeared. "Jesus, Red, they don't give me a chance. Everywhere they tell it what happened you know what. They don't let anybody forget . . ." she gripped him tensely for a minute. "Let's get another drink." She smiled.

Red took her arm consolingly. "Don't you bother with them. To hell with them. You're worth twice of them. They're jealous because they haven't got the stuff you have, because they're just broads."

She stuck her fingers through his and they headed toward the bar. Just perceptibly Red lurched. In the bar they stood and had two more. It was then he suggested they have a real party, a party that would last until there was no more money, no more strength. Just the two of them going until they could go no longer. Again he was laughing his husky laugh, one that came out nakedly. A good bestial laugh, admittedly appetitive, a trifle heavy with alcohol. "I'm going to borrow some more money from Dick," he said. They found his pal with a local girl.

"Dick, lend me fifteen bucks. Jackie and I . . . I'm not going back to college with you tonight. I'll call up sometime tomorrow."

"But, Red," Jackie protested, laughing helplessly. Dick's girl knew about Jackie. She eyed her quietly. Dick grinned, pulled out some money and handed Red the amount. "Okay," he said, "Okay." He and his girl watched them as they went back into the bar.

"That's Jackie," said the girl. "Red takes her out a lot?"

Dick said, "Sure, Jackie and Red are pals, in a sort of way."

"Does he like her?"

"Sure," Dick said, "Sometimes they speak out of the same mouth. I mean that. Red likes her."

"Something about him is attractive," said the girl following Red with her eyes.

"We both have lousy reputations," Red was speaking intimately with Jackie over their drinks. "But together we're good. We understand each other. We can go up to people and say, 'Jackie's good' or 'Red's good.' You just don't know all of Jackie or all of Red. You don't see it right. On the outside you think it's something to be ashamed of. Inside you're envious as all hell and wish you could talk our language the way we talk it."

Maybe Red meant that a proud whore could be beautiful. That would not, of course, be the thing to tell her. Jackie was quiet for a minute, mouthing her glass. Then she said, "Red, let's get married." It was a fast one she probably wouldn't have pulled if she hadn't been feeling the alcohol a little bit. But it made Red start. "Married," he echoed, "No, no! I tell you, though. Let's compromise and be engaged."

She was grinning at him now, watching him narrowly.

"You mean that?" she was still watching him.

"I'll prove it," said Red. He took her arm and turned to some guys standing at the bar next to them.

"Look, guys, congratulate us. We just got engaged."

"Where's the ring?" one of them suggested.

"What the hell difference does that make? The thing is we're engaged."

"That's all very well," said the guy. "Are you engaged to be married?"

Jackie was laughing now convulsively, holding on to Red. It was like a laughing jag. She couldn't stop.

"Sure," she managed to say finally. Red looked from her to the guys and back again. His eyes had begun to cloud slightly, his movements were uneconomical. He squeezed Jackie, winked, and then up came his laugh. Everybody was laughing now.

Not many minutes later in came Louise hanging on her date. She spotted Red the first thing and came over with the friend.

"Hallo Red."

"Hallo Louise."

"This is Hal Darby, Red. Maybe you know each other."

Hal was a washed out blonde, a junior at the university. Louise didn't introduce Hal to Jackie. On any other occasion Jackie would have turned her back when Louise was around. Now she leaned on the bar regarding her silently.

"Why haven't you been down to see me," Louise whined at Red?

"Oh," he said, "just because—"

"Because why?"

"Because because."

"I'm mad at you," Louise informed him.

"I thought you were a pretty nice fella once. I thought—"

Red took a hold of Jackie and made to go. "Sorry Louise." As they were leaving Louise began suddenly to shout dirty things at them and sob, "maybe my eye aint nice to look at, cin I help it. You, bastards . . ."

That night and the next day and part of the next night Red and Jackie did everything anyone had ever done or ever could do in Easton. They went through the money Dick had lent them and then they borrowed from everyone they could in town. They hired a taxi to go from place to place, drank from one end of Easton to the other, and slept in a cheap hotel.

In the middle of the day they were drinking in the clothes they had worn to the ball. As a theme they had adapted the engagement and like a half credible myth it stayed in the background.

They informed everyone they met about it. When they sallied into the street in evening clothes from the various bars and heads turned, they would yell drunkenly, idyllically, "Yes, we are engaged. Look at us. We got engaged last night and we didn't go home."

By now their eyes were hollowed and ringed. Jackie had painted and repainted her lips, and the old rouge lay smudged beneath the new giving her mouth a lack of definition like a rumpled suit. They plunged from adventure to adventure blindly, shouting, laughing, conversing with people they had never seen before. The amount of liquor they consumed was staggering. They drank in the dusky taverns on River Street and lower Maine. They visited the roadhouses on the outskirts of town, and came back to honor the more respectable hotels.

Red was savage in his indulgences. Each new exploit evoked a new gust of energy, and as the day spent itself he became almost desperate. He disclaimed, suggested impossible things, he wanted her to go to bed with him again. As long as he could stay on his two feet and keep moving his appetites persisted. His eyes sank and his jaw protruded, and his face assumed an expression of terrible, of unbridled and misdirected force.

In one place Jackie said, "Red, don't you ever wear out? What makes you like this? What makes you crazy?"

And Red replied, "I don't know," in a funny little voice. "Perhaps it's because I want things very hard. It's always been that way." For a minute he frowned. "Always . . ."

That evening found them in the King's Arms taproom on their last three dollars. They looked drained and bloodless. They had had parties before but none to match this one. This was one not to forget.

They sat opposite each other in one of the booths. Before them stood two drinks, but they remained untouched. For the first time their bodies revolted at the proximity of alcohol. Jackie's bare shoulders looked shrunken and chalk-white under the shaded lamp above them.

"I guess we had better call home," she said after a silence. "Tell them about it."

"About what?"

Her eyes turned on him and held his intense through all the exhaustion.

"That we're engaged!"

Trying to get back on the ball he arose and they lurched to the phone. Jackie said, "They're not going to believe it home. They never believe anything I do any more."

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 4)

## ART

by Theodore N. Cook

### BENTON AND MUSEUMS

"If it were left to me I wouldn't have any museums. I'd have people buy paintings and hang 'em in privies or anywhere anybody had time to look at 'em. Nobody goes to museums. I'd like to sell mine to saloons, bawdy houses, Kiwanis and Rotary clubs and Chambers of Commerce—even women's clubs."

Thomas Benton may be a realist with a brush, but he reveals himself as very unrealistic whenever he goes on a verbal bat like the one above.

How can he imply that artists can exist without museums when he himself relies on them for publicity? The furor created by his "Susanna and the Elders" at one museum resulted in capacity crowds rushing to see the "nudest nude," as it was called. As a matter of fact, the very moment when Benton was blasting against museums, his latest paintings were hanging in one of the largest and most commercial of all New York galleries.

His talk about people buying paintings and hanging them where they have time to look at them is a noble idea. But he knows, just as every artist does, that sales do not work that way. Art Week failed, not because people did not want to own paintings, but rather because they couldn't afford several hundred dollars for a still-life, or \$12,000 for Benton's "Persephone." All these people can do is look at art where it doesn't cost anything — in a museum.

It's about time that American painters stopped firing broadsides at museums indiscriminately. In fact, it's too bad that some of them can't spend a field period in a museum. Let them learn, as I did, and I too was from Missouri, that maintaining good service in the face of reduced budgets, pressure from community meddlers, and world conditions in general, is a difficult and thankless task.

## MUSIC

by Millard C. Walker

### MONDAY'S CONCERT

The next concert at Bard Hall on Monday evening, April 28, will introduce to the college the newest member of our many musical groups, the Bard Instrumental Ensemble. The group is under the direction of Mr. Guido Brand, and he has prepared a diversified and interesting program featuring the works of Bach, Brahms and Vivaldi.

The forming of a chamber music group at the college is a very encouraging sign. It shows that there is an interest here for a deeper understanding of this type of music. Too many of us skim over the excellent records we have in our collection and pass up the chamber music for the symphonic and operatic albums. It is the most natural thing to do, but is it the most advisable if we are to have a well-rounded musical education? To neglect the smaller forms of instrumental music is a form of procrastination we usually indulge in about reading certain books. "I'll get around to it some day when I have the time." (And of course we never do.) But seriously, record-players, chamber music is an enjoyable field of music, and well worth investigating.

An interesting sideline on next Monday's concert is that all participants are "double threats" musically, inasmuch as they all are able to play at least two instruments, and well too! The piece de resistance of the evening will probably be the playing of the Concerto in B minor, for four violins and piano, by Antonio Vivaldi. Messrs. Schwartz, Brand and Atherton will be joined in this composition by Robert and Gabor Aufrecht, who will trade in their piano for two violins in this number, and will pick up Mr. Vivaldi on the down beat.

On Tuesday Dr. Schwartz is having two of his latest songs performed at Columbia University. The texts of these songs have been written by Mr. Cyril Harris, and let us hope that we may hear these "all-Bard" products at a concert in the not-too-distant future.

## KALEIDOSCOPE

(Continued from page 1)

the Kaps 65 to 20. Neither side did much hitting, but the number of errors would have been enough to make Connie Mack feel that even the A's were not as bad as they might be. In the only other game of the season the Kaps took over the Sigs in another game which was worth watching to see how softball should not be played. The only team which has not made its appearance is the Faculty, which boasts such mighty sluggers as Parsons, Grossi, and Lydman. Experience is their claim, but to the students it is just plain age . . . Rod Karlson and Jack Dalton soloed Tuesday in the C.A.A. course. They were the first Bard students to go up alone under this program. Jim Blech is due to follow suit any day. Eight hours of dual flying are necessary before a student is qualified to solo. In many cases, however, it takes more than eight hours for a student to do well enough to be permitted to do so. Karlson and Dalton were the first of the Bard students to get in the required number of hours, but as soon as they had, Pilot Harrington permitted them to go up alone . . . The Hudson Valley Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of German will meet at Bard on Saturday, May 3. Union, Bennington, Vassar, Russell Sage, Skidmore, Bard, and possibly Wesleyan, will be represented as well as a large number of high schools. Mr. Frauenfelder is scheduled to speak on "Jeremias Gotthelf and the School of his Time" . . . Entries for the Gilbert Prize, a prize of books offered annually by John Mills Gilbert, St Stephens, '90, for the best original verse in English, are to be handed in to Mr. Voorhees by Monday, May 12. The award, which was won last year by Bob Haberman, is open to all undergraduates of Bard College who have not won the prize in any other year. A contestant may submit up to seven poems; the winner will be announced at the commencement exercises in June . . . Ted Anderson has been reinstated by Kappa Gamma Chi.

## POETRY ROUNDUP OF 1941

"The Gilbert Prize. A prize of books is offered annually by John Mills Gilbert, M.A., St. Stephens-Bard, Sp. 1890, for the best essay on a subject connected with English or American poetry; or for the best original verse in English—preferably the latter."

Of late years, all awards have been made for original verse. A contestant may submit up to seven poems.

The award is open to all undergraduates of Bard College who have not won the prize in any other year.

To facilitate reading and judging the material, please take care that the manuscripts are:

1. Neatly typed, or legibly written, and all autographed at the end of each poem.
2. Also identified by the name of writer and date of submission in the upper right hand corner of each and every page, in addition to the writer's autograph at the end of each poem.
3. Also paged consecutively in the upper right hand corner, when the poem covers more than one page.

For the convenience of the Judges, poems will be received as entries in the Contest before, up to, but not after Monday, May 12, 1941.

The winner of the Contest will be announced at the Commencement Exercises, before the assembled multitudes.

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## SPORTS

Last Monday Bard's most popular intramural sport season opened with a lively game between the Kaps and the Sigs. At least the score was high if that is any sign of liveliness. 27 to 16 in favor of the Kaps. The game wasn't like any ordinary pitcher's duel. It was simply Bard's interpretation of a pitcher's duel. You will come to know that at Bard a pitcher's duel is determined by the number of pitchers thrown into the fray. A pitcher's ability is determined upon how many balls he can get to the catcher on one bounce or less. The batter comes to the fore-light only when one of these balls, by accident or otherwise, comes within his reach. All-star Deacon Hull of the Sigs and Bob Seaman of the Kaps had the greatest number of accidents last Monday.

The most remarkable factor of the game from all sides was the obvious lacking of George Lambert for the Sigs and Fred Sharp for the Kaps. With these two men both teams could have put on very fine exhibitions. The Sig's fielding is one hundred per cent better than that of last year. The key men in this improvement are Art Stevens and Hick Salisbury. Stevens made circus saves of hot grounders followed up by hard accurate pegs to first base from the short stop hole.

Salisbury time after time pulled down hot line drives at which the average Sig outfielder of last year would have fainted dead away. The Kaps also can be rather proud of left-fielder Al Chamberlaine and infielders Atherton and Conway. Bob Aufrecht looks like a tough man to get past in centerfield.

As this article is being written before Tuesday's game, your columnist is going to make no predictions—(He said trembling). You see, he has to pitch against the Non Sox army which is made up of such sluggers as Stew Armstrong, Rod Karlson, Dick Richardson, and—Oh well—Let's not think about that now. We can say this much though: The Eulexian chances seem to depend quite thoroughly on outfielders Westbrook and Castelli and infielders Schleicher, McQueeney and Price. Their batting line-up will probably miss a couple of guys by name of Karlson and Cole a great deal, but as we have said before, thank God for that old quality player, Harry (the Horse) Winterbottom. If he can only make that long awaited comeback).

As most of you know, at the end of the season first and second all star teams are chosen. In the past these teams have been picked by guesswork on the part of a few redoubtable persons. This year we have a new idea. It entails more work

but the results will be fairer and more accurate. A record of hits and errors is being kept by the bookkeeper. Pitchers will be judged by hits given up, fielders by balls handled, and batters by safe hits. The bookkeeper is the judge unless there is an argument, in which case the balls and strikes umpire assumes full responsibility. During a game this information will be kept solely in the hands of these two persons thereby avoiding squabbles between players and officials. All in all, we think it is a very good idea and ought to bring forward some interesting results by the end of the season. And also a couple of murders.

Here we would like to make an observation in behalf of the head umpire. A soft ball is a big apple which is *not* thrown at the batter with too much force. No pitcher has any idea of striking a batter out. What he is trying to do is to get the ball across the plate. We think it is a shame the way some batters look for walks and complain like "Big Leaguers" when the umpire calls something close to his knees a strike. The umpire is calling strikes when he thinks a ball should and could be hit. So come on, men; a walk is a cheap way to get to first base. Go up to the plate with the idea of hitting the ball. It makes for a better game and your

## THE ENGAGEMENT

(Continued from page 3)

Red plumped down in the booth and made the call. It took a long time to get an answer. Then outside the booth Jackie saw Red talking into the mouthpiece.

When Red stepped out of the phone booth Jackie asked him, "What did they say? Who answered?"

"It must have been your old man. He said the hell you are engaged. He wants to know where you've been."

Back at their seats Jackie asked, "What are we going to do now?"

"I don't know. Look—let's wait a day or two till we can think. Then I'll give you a ring." He was rubbing his face with his hands, pressing his knuckles into his eyes tiredly.

Presently Jackie was laughing gently.

"Aw Red—it's okay. We, we'll think about it, eh?"

She kept on laughing, then after awhile she stopped and her face stayed still—.

average at the end of the season will be the better for your efforts. And always remember: the umpire is your friend, your little pal; just don't turn your back on him. He has a knife.

—LINC ARMSTRONG.

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