

FROM THE EASEL

by Theodore N. Cook

Not to be outdone by the lavish sculpture festival at New York's Whitney Museum, Bard had its own little fling this week with not only the work of Simon Moselsio (who at the same time had work at the Whitney), but as an added attraction, the man himself and his wife. It must be said right here that it will require an exceptional exhibit to surpass the combination of Moselsio and his work to which we were treated this week.

His informal lecture Tuesday evening possessed the same frankness of his work. He did not speak of sculpture with bated breath, nor look heavenward, as do the pseudo-sculptors, at the very mention of the word. This was particularly refreshing, for at the Whitney Museum Sunday I saw countless typical school. The minor decorations and other clubwomen-artists who flitted about the galleries with little black notebooks, and so completely awed by the thought of sculpture that they had lost all power of criticism.

Mr. Moselsio's motion pictures were the most clear of that type that I have yet seen. The most instructive one of them all probably was the one showing himself at work on his stone "Mother and Child." Every important step from the selecting of the stone to the finishing taps was clearly shown. This particular piece is one of the most popular of all his work, for its portrayal of an emotion which is clearly and simply expressed.

The description of Barlach's last few weeks as told by Mr. Moselsio, and illustrated by the motion pictures which he was fortunate enough to have had an opportunity to take just before the master's death, was very moving. On the screen before us we saw the sad eyes of a shy artist who felt that he was no longer wanted because he saw his work removed from public places. The film was more than a record of his simple, expressive work. It was the closing chapter of a great artist's tragic life. Nothing can hurt quite so much as an artist's knowledge that his work is no longer acceptable, no longer wanted. Mr. Moselsio made Barlach live, for although he claimed that he was not good at "telling stories," he is very effective at it, whether he realizes it or not.

It is not surprising that Moselsio sculpture is popular. Being a modern, his work is simplified and frank, instead of being sugary in the old romantic manner which actually went out of date many years ago, but to which many die-hards still cling with such tiresome results.

Along with many others, I believe that Mr. Moselsio does his most expressive work in wood. I like the smooth flowing lines which always start and terminate in the most advantageous places with a minimum of effort and a maximum of feeling. His small figure in white mahogany, "Chastity," is an example of his simple, almost paganly frank charm. The drapery flows gracefully in a clear line from below the breasts to the ankles. There is an element of the emotion of Negro sculpture in this work which hangs over it like a mystical veil, but which has been so refined that it belongs to just this piece alone.

In another, this time an almost two-dimensional figure of a woman holding a child, the same expressiveness of line is seen. In addition, the figures flow out of the wood, being so aided by the grain that it would seem as if the finished work had itself grown originally in the wood from a small seed. This, of course, is one of the beauties of carving in wood; the grain so often cooperates.

There were other attractive examples of Moselsio's highly diversified art. One, a blue-green seated china figure was especially interesting in composition. Drapery lines flowing from the headdress merge gracefully with the tilted shoulder, while the arms, extending down the front of the figure, cross the sweeping lines of the full skirt. Although small, this figure contained enough charm for several pieces!

I feel that Bard art exhibits hit a high this week. My only regret is that more people were not present to enjoy Mr. Moselsio's lecture. Those people who "never could draw a straight line," and who automatically associate boredom with art lectures, would have had a pleasant surprise.

MOSELSIO

Mr. Simon Moselsio, sculptor at Bennington College, addressed a meeting in the Albee Recreation room on Tuesday evening. His remarks on the art of sculpturing, its various approaches, methods and objectives were made after he had presented motion pictures taken by his wife which showed the late German sculptor Barlach, Britisher Underwood and Mr. Moselsio at work in their studios.

On the Community Forum

To the Editor of the BARDIAN:

The Community Forum is now almost a month and a half old. The experience gained from three lectures and three discussions has clarified its problems and it is now possible to make a definite statement of purpose and organization.

The Community Forum is a body to stimulate and facilitate thought and discussion on subjects important and interesting to individuals in the community. It is also an organ through which ideas and plans concerning Bard can, through discussion, be placed before the college or any part of it, as a first step to constructive action. It is not a discussion club with set membership: it is an organizational machine to carry out the purposes mentioned above. "Members" include anyone taking part in discussions. There is an executive committee of four, Reginald Paget, Robert Haberman, Edward Jacobs, and Theodore Strongin, to arrange for the details of organization.

I wish to explain this organization and to suggest ways in which I think it can be used to much greater advantage in the future.

When a meeting of the Forum is announced, it does not mean that a certain group of people are going to discuss a problem; it means that there is going to be a discussion by anyone interested with the advantage of Forum organization. The exact membership of the Forum is a very nebulous thing. Practically, it has included whoever happened to come to the planned meetings. It is encouraging to find, that in the three discussions, the group has varied widely.

The question of "numbers has occupied a great deal of the time of those interested in the Forum. There has been the fear that "not enough people will come." This fear is misplaced, in my opinion. A discussion, to be successful, does not need the whole community present, and it is almost impossible to find a topic interesting to the whole community every week. The result of this idea of "numbers," and the idea of a fixed group meeting to discuss, has, in my opinion, held back the Forum. It stifles initiative, by those who feel themselves members and

makes the executive committee the main source of ideas. There are four members on the committee, and four heads are not better than ten or twenty in thinking up problems for those ten or twenty to talk about. The ideas of "numbers" and a "fixed group" also bring about a feeling of responsibility on the part of "members" to go to meetings. I do not believe that any member of the Forum must have a guilty conscience when he misses a meeting; ideally, it should be regret at having missed something to which he wished to go.

I feel that with no worry about how many show up at meetings, it will be possible to choose from a wider range of topics, and that more people will "wish" to discuss. The size of meetings may not be affected, but over a semester there will be a greater number of different individuals. Obviously topics interesting to everyone at once exist.

The executive committee plans to hold discussions every Wednesday for the rest of the semester, with occasional visiting speakers. I would like to see the topics more varied than before. Many topics would be interesting to fewer people, but to different people from week to week; this is an advantage with Bard's crowded schedule.

This plan may not work; if it does it will work better. It depends more upon initiative from each person who wants to discuss music, art, literature, drama, or social problems than upon the executive committee or upon persons interested in "Forum" in the abstract. The executive committee, in the past, has approached individually the persons they thought would be interested in a topic. I hope that from now on, if a Sanskrit major wants to talk about the less academic and more social aspects of Sanskrit, he will approach individually everyone he thinks interested and then come to the executive committee, which will probably put the responsibility of organizing his discussion upon him while giving him the benefit of its experience. The success of the Forum depends upon this kind of cooperation, springing, like Bard's educational system, from the interest of the individual.

—THEODORE STRONGIN.

THE COLLEGE

Last Saturday Columbia's President Nicholas Murray Butler announced that \$40,000 has already been raised by the trustees of Bard College, who hope to double the amount which will be augmented by another \$80,000 to be given by the trustees of the university.

It was also announced that Dr. Paul Garrett, former chairman of the science division of Sarah Lawrence college and chairman of the science division of Bennington, had been named professor of physics at Bard, and also that Dr. Adolf Sturmthal, a graduate of the university of Vienna, author of a history of the European movement, will become an assistant professor of economics.

FACULTY

Mr. Cyril Harris, associate professor of English, has just signed a contract with Scribner's for the publication of his latest novel, "City in Exile."

The story of New York city during British occupation in the American Revolution, "City in Exile" is based on recently discovered source-material about George Washington's spies in the city and on Long Island. In addition the novel describes corruption in the army and the smuggling trade on the sound.

"City in Exile" is the second of a series of four books on the revolutionary period which Mr. Harris has contracted to write. The first, "Trumpets at Dawn," came out in 1938 and dealt with the full eight years of the revolution.

THE THEATRE

The first spring presentation of the Bard Theatre will be a new play, "The Adolescents" by John Boruff, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, May 3rd 4th, 5th and 6th.

Mr. Boruff, graduate of the Yale University theatre, is co-author of the Theatre Guild's "Washington Jitters" of last season. His new play, about life in a boys' preparatory school, is not only a very touching comedy, but an interesting study in juvenile psychology.

Miss Angie Kroll, a recent graduate of The Neighborhood Playhouse, has come from New York to play the feminine lead. Peter Hobbs, a senior, and Alvin T. Sapinsley, a freshman are cast as the male leads.

"The Adolescents" has been staged by Mr. Paul Morrison, head of the Drama Division. Richard Burns has designed the sets, and Scott MacKeown is Stage-Manager. Others in the cast are: Lincoln Armstrong, Alfred Roe, William Hale, Wayne Horvitz, Frank Bjornsgaard, James Westbrook, Frank Overton, Theodore Strongin, and Robert McQueeney.

Curtain time is 8:40 p. m.



DUKE DALY

SENIOR PROM

After considerable discussion and debate the Senior Class has finally drafted major plans for the Senior Ball to be held Friday evening, May 17. Contracts were signed this week engaging Duke Daly and his 14 Gentlemen of Rhythm for the dance. This group who have played this past year in the Famous Door and Mother Kelly's in New York City with frequent NBC radio shots are one of the country's younger up and coming bands. Their style includes both smooth and faster numbers as well as numerous novelty arrangements.

The dance lasting from 9:30 to 2:30 is to be held in the new Rhinebeck Town Hall located on the main street near the old high school. The minor decorations and other plans for the dance are yet to be determined by the seniors.

According to present estimates about forty-five student couples plan to attend in addition to the faculty and staff, invited guests and numerous alumni who have signified their intention of attending. If large enough, South Hall and Hopson will be used to house students' guests; otherwise South Hall and Albee will be used for a larger crowd. Room assignments will be made the early part of next week.

The program for the Saturday of the weekend is still quite indefinite. The alumni of the college have planned to have a softball team here in the afternoon to engage a college team in a game. Another group have planned a large beer party and picnic in the Catskills for Saturday afternoon.

The Eulexians and the Non-Socs have planned to give their annual joint barn dance on Saturday evening. Details of this will be announced later. The Kaps and Sigs as yet have no definite plans for Saturday night but it is probable that either dances or open houses will be held by each.

STUDENT CONVOCATION

At the Convocation held on Thursday evening, April 25, Mr. Frank Overton, a member of the Student Committee on Studies, moved that an amendment be incorporated in the Constitution giving legal entity to a new committee to be known as the Student Educational Policies Committee. This new committee will be comprised of two students from each of the four major divisions who must be approved by the Dean and the Convocation, Mr. Overton stated. It will be in office until April 30 and will then submit its nominations to both Dean and students for approval. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously.

A week later, at the Convocation of students yesterday, Mr. Frank Wigglesworth, secretary, of the retiring Committee on Studies, announced to the students that his committee had chosen two representatives from each of the four divisions, that they had been approved by the Dean and they were as follows:

- Fine Arts, Music, and Drama—
Theodore Strongin
Robert Haberman
- Languages and Literature—
Frank Overton
Scott Bowen
- Science and Mathematics—
Stewart Armstrong
Karl Schleicher
- Social Sciences and History—
Harry Winterbottom
Wayne Horvitz

It was moved that the nominees be accepted and the motion was overwhelmingly carried, Mr. T. Pearse Reynolds, president of the Senior class, being the lone dissenter.

The newly elected committee met with the retiring members late yesterday afternoon. Mr. Overton and Mr. Winterbottom, who had served on the old committee, were elected chairman and secretary, succeeding Peter Hobbs and Frank Wigglesworth.

OCCUPATIONAL CONFERENCES

As this issue of the BARDIAN goes to press, two of the four scheduled occupational conferences have been held. On April 24, H. L. Davis, vocational director of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, spoke on "The Problems of Job Seeking," and on April 29, Howland Davis, a trustee of the college and vice president of the New York Stock Exchange, gave a talk on "The Opportunities in the Securities Market."

Before applying for a job, Mr. Davis stated in his speech, the applicant should acquaint himself with the personnel and operation of the firm he wished to work with, so that when he has his interview, he can make an intelligent impression in the short time allowed. Young people tend to underestimate the importance of their first job, Mr. Davis claimed.

Trustee Davis pointed out during his talk that while opportunities were not abundant on Wall street these days, young men who were really interested might find openings as managers in large firms, buyers, or sellers. Describing the New York Stock Exchange, Mr. Davis said that the effect of the crash in 1929 was to bring government regulation on the Exchange and a period of liquidation.

Final speaker in the series of conferences will be Edward N. Hodnett, editor of the Columbia Quarterly and director of the Public Discussion Council of Columbia, who will speak on May 6 on "What to do with Writing Ability." Postponed from May 1 to a date in the near future, Fred M. Rossell of the personnel department of the Melville Shoe company, will talk on "The Opportunities of Merchandizing."

THE COMMUNITY FORUM

Mr. Theodore Strongin has informed The Bardian that future plans of the Community Forum will include discussions every Wednesday for the rest of the semester and occasional visiting speakers. On Tuesday evening, May 21, Mrs. Donald Budd Armstrong will speak. Mrs. Armstrong has taught, lectured, and written extensively on child health and psychological problems. Before the World War she belonged to the Woman Suffrage Committee in Massachusetts. During the War she wrote in favor of Wilson's Fourteen Points, but she did not support United States entry into the League of Nations, believing that the Treaty of Versailles made future war inevitable. For the present, she has given up her psychiatric work to direct a petition campaign asking Congress to pass a law, before the November election, prohibiting conscription for military service outside the Americas.

ORGANIZATION CHART

Striving for a more efficient functioning of the college as a whole, the class in Industrial Organization, under the direction of Maurice Levy-Hawes, professor of economics, is undertaking to draw up an organization chart with a view to creating greater worker productivity and eliminating waste. This project, involving practical application of the year's study, will be completed before the end of the semester.

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EDITORIAL

Part-Time Employment - - -

We have read the letter from Dean Gray concerning the cost of education to the college of each undergraduate. To us the letter sounds eminently sensible in all its objectives and in stating how best they may be reached. We do not agree with those alarmists who go about growling that the progressiveness of the system is endangered because the Dean states that "part-time employment is the first avenue of approach to financial assistance from the college." To proceed further we cannot foresee any reasonable criticism of the announcement that part-time employment is a business arrangement and as such should be subject to the same requirements one will have to meet in business relationships after graduation. Finally, there can be little disagreement with the concluding remarks of the Dean, who states that student needs will be the primary concern of those who are to allot part-time positions and that only after the undergraduates who really must have the available jobs are accommodated will jobs be open to those who wish to earn some money or gain useful experience.

There is, however, a serious aspect of the situation which does not appear in the Dean's letter, but rather in the list of jobs available and the salaries to be paid. We refer to the basic wage scale that will be paid to the waiters beginning next year. As listed it is 35 cents per hour. That is ten cents less than the dining commons charges for lunch and 35 cents less than the charge for dinner.

However inadequate service in the dining commons may appear to some, the fact remains that this is not only an unwarranted reduction but is also inconsistent with the stated policy of the administration which promises to deal with all financial arrangements in an honest, business-like fashion.

Unfortunately, the Dean was not available yesterday and could not be reached in order that this situation might be further clarified. Some faculty members have stated "off-the-record" that suitable arrangements will be made and no worthy student will be forced to leave. Unhappily, many worthy students fear a severe reduction in income which seriously threatens their scholastic future. The adequate guaranty of that future, which will in many cases determine the future of Bard, cannot be definitely charted by "off-the-record" faculty assurances that "arrangements will be made."

Educational Policy - - -

To the retiring chairman and the senior members of the Student Committee on Studies—Messrs. Hobbs, Bjornsgaard, Koch, Rueger, Schultz, Sharp, Storer, and Swift—who, during the past semester, worked long and diligently to prepare the way for the recently appointed Educational Policies Committee, our congratulations.

Members of a committee that had practically no authority and little prestige due to the shoddy method of election, they were confronted with a major problem of organization and orientation. The framing of an amendment to the Constitution, its happy passage and the comparatively free road

A REVIEW

by David F. Burke

If the Bard Theater audience is to consider the production of S. S. Tenacity on April 19th as merely one more mode of conventional entertainment, there can be no doubt but that the Bard Theater "laid an egg." For the most part the production was very poor entertainment indeed. In fact, so poor that the entire audience was twitching nervously in their seats after the first fifteen minutes. I, for one, sympathized with their every agony.

However, it is my belief that S. S. Tenacity should not be regarded in this light but as an experiment in staging. The placement of the acting area in the pit of the theater between two banks of seats added to the intimacy of the play with the audience and facilitated an astounding projection of the production—practically in the laps of those in the first row. It would have helped sight lines and alleviated the straining of necks of those who sat in back of the second row if the acting area had been raised about eighteen inches. The general staging of the play, however, was effective with the exception that many of the movements of the actors became monotonous by their repetition.

The most outstanding characterization in the production was given by Letitia Hughson in the part of Therese. A severe disadvantage to playing this part was the almost impossible obstacle of having to overcome Robert Haberman's dictographic and completely automatic characterization of Bastian. Despite this obstacle there were moments when she managed to rise to a sufficient height to produce a convincing portrait of a young barmaid.

An almost spectacular portrait of Hidoux, the drunken raconteur, was given by James Westbrook, a newcomer to the Bard Theater. Westbrook turned in a well rounded performance, and the only possible criticism might be that he tried too hard. The most enjoyable and all too brief moments of the play were when Peter Hobbs refreshed the audience with his brilliant cockney sailor. He came like a salt breeze into the stuffy atmosphere of an opium den. The audience sighed when he left.

Both Randall Henderson, as Segard, and Edith Branin, as Mme. Cordier, were adequate in their roles. Alvin Sapinsley, James Bleck and Robert McQueeney were convincing navvies.

The production was under the direction of Frank E. Overton, and the staging was conceived by Bert M.-P. Leefmans.

In the future I strongly urge that there be more of these experimental student selected and directed productions. The next play, I suggest, be more carefully chosen that it may be better suited to the talents and abilities of the residents of Orient Hall. In the selection of S. S. Tenacity, I feel, that the Bard Theater tackled a more sensitive and fragile play than they were capable of handling in a complete student production.

COLLEGE MEETINGS

Dr. James L. McCamy, assistant to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and an absentee member of the Bennington college faculty, spoke before a Bard audience on April 23, his subject being "Public Administration in our Modern Culture."

Opening his speech with a review of political and industrial trends in this country, Dr. McCamy stated that further development must be based on three facts; one, the movement of our now static population from city to country; two, the recent shift of America from a debtor to a creditor nation; and three, the gap between present overproduction and underconsumption.

PEACE MEETING

The Rev. Lee Ball of Rhinebeck gave a Peace Day address to members of the student body in an open air meeting in front of the gymnasium on April 19. Classes were suspended at 11 a. m. on that date so that all undergraduates would be free to attend the speech. Rev. Ball's main point was that America should keep out of this war because it is essentially an imperialist conflict and not a war to save democracy.

ahead for the new committee, resulted mainly through the breadth of their vision, hope in the future, and wise preparation for the realities of the present.

This work is a model for the new committee and their unselfish interest in the college is, we believe, a challenge to all members of the student body to cooperate as much as they are able in facilitating the effective transaction of business that is before their successors, which, in the words of their new chairman, Mr. Overton, is "to be a clearing house for all student ideas about the educational aims of the college and to aid in the further development and effective administration of the educational aims of the college."

THE PINOCHLE GAME

by Robert Haberman

The mid-August sun beat down on "Sylvan Halls," and its oppressiveness suffocated every corner of the camp "set in the pine-scented, cool forests of the Adirondack Mountains."

"The finest tennis courts in the Adirondack region" were full of people kicking up dust, sweating and "acquiring a healthful tan" that would peel off in a few days. Most of the camp's population ("gay friends and companions"), however, were down on the dock "by the coolness of the private lake fed by the ice cold springs of the Adirondack Mountains." But it was hot there and the water was fuzzy and warm. Everybody was happy though, and they sang and bathed in the warm water and sun.

"Up in the Lodge" the Famous Hardway String Quartet, composed of the finest musicians in the concert and radio field" sat in shorts, grouped about a few feeble music stands, and sawed away over sweaty strings to a quartet by Hayden.

Down in the "fully equipped outdoor theatre" a cast "made up of famous Broadway stars" rehearsed in the blistering sun. The whole camp was alive with vacationing city people and others who worked to entertain them. Only on the Canteen porch was anyone to be seen who sat quiet.

There were four men and they always appeared cool and unmindful of the heat or of other people. They were playing pinochle. They were to be seen there every afternoon from two until five or five-thirty—sometimes six. Many times they had kibitzers, but most of the time it was only those four.

The patriarch of the group was Mr. Werner, who besides being the oldest and a good player was also judiciously authoritarian, settling all disputes—including his own. He was about fifty-eight, but he was an energetic man and that made him younger in appearance. He was further respected, because he spent the whole summer up there and he was Mr. Werner (Werner Drugstores Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Always on his left sat Mario, a Greek dancing partner to a White Russian, and between them they were "Los Marios, the famous dancers from the Argentine." He was a fixture at these games and the only reason the others played with him was that in an afternoon he could be counted on to lose from four to ten dollars. Once in a great while he won, but he played very bad pinochle, and after almost every hand his partners would swear that they never again would play with "that dumb Greek."

On Mr. Werner's right sat a man of about fifty who had only been there that week and he was comparatively unknown. He was addressed as You, He, or Him. He was red with sunburn, and he seemed as though he were just one of those nervous people. (He was about fifty dollars in the hole.) When anything came up he would shake, snap and yell, and when he was told to shut up he would sink back into his chair steaming and swearing under his breath. He specially hated Mario "who had no business playing pinochle."

The fourth man was Moe. The youngest and about thirty-five. He was a lawyer—from Philadelphia. He was the best player, and people would marvel at the mathematical game he played; and some wondered why he bothered to play. But he and Mr. Werner were the money men. One afternoon he played in succession three four-fifty hands in spades. He cleaned eight dollars a hand.

So every afternoon these four would gather for pinochle pretty heavy and cussing each other. Sometimes they stopped playing and wouldn't talk to each other, but always the next afternoon while everyone sweated in the sun they sat heavily and fixedly at the round table in the middle of the dusty canteen porch and continued the game. But this afternoon was different, for tomorrow Moe and the other man would leave. Moe wanted to win as much as he could and the other man wanted to get some of his fifty bucks back and, while Mr. Werner and Mario wanted to have the last crack at both of them. The cigars that usually protruded from their mouths unlighted, today were lighted and smoked vigorously.

They had just finished a hand which Moe had won, although he shouldn't have, but Mario had misplayed and let him have it. Mr. Werner was reprimanding him in a very quiet and restrained manner, and the other man was seething and muttering in his chair.

"Now listen, Mario. You were the head. Why didn't you draw trumps? We could beat him wit' no-trouble-at-all." Mr. Werner said patiently, but with finality.

"But how could I? Thees guy had all trumps. You all crazy!" Mario answered vindictively.

"Listen ya dope! You had how many trumps? Four! Mr. Werner had three. He had all the trump! Jesus!" exploded the nervous man.

Mr. Werner cautioned the man back into his corner with waves of his hand, and proceeded to tell Mario how to play "pinacal."

"Now listen, Mario. What didn't he have? Harts? All you had to do was lead small harts. Push out his trumps. . . . Not only dat. What did he melt? T'ree dymonts and two clups. Why? Now tell me why didn't you play dose carts?"

Mario closed his eyes and shook his head, refusing to admit he was wrong, and Mr. Werner turned to the other man, wagger his head and said, "I don't know why I play wit' dis dope. You can't teach him not'ing. I

been playing wit' him since beginning of the summer, and he still play dat lousy Goddam game. I lose more money playing wit' dat fool!"

The other man glared across at Mario and steamed, "Dope!"

Mario paid no attention.

By this time Moe who had won and had no right to say anything had dealt the cards. They picked them up and the nervous man took one look at his hand, and without arranging, he breathed a pent-up sigh of disgust and threw them on the table.

"You gotta bid t'ree hun'ed," quickly put in Mr. Werner.

"Aw right, aw right! Three hundred. Jesus, what cards!" the nervous man muttered.

Mr. Werner deliberated. Every now and then he made a pinochle motion toward the cards with his left hand—hitting the cards with his fingertips in counting up the value of the hand. Then he jerked his head, shrugged his shoulders and said breathily, "Ten."

Mario hadn't arranged his cards yet and he took plenty of time, shifting one card or batches of cards from one side of his hand to the other. Finally, he was ready to consider the possibilities of the hand. He studied it dumbly, and completely oblivious to the sighs and mutterings of his partners. Then he began to rearrange the cards. The others laid down their hands in disgust, turned in their seats and looked out beyond the porch towards the distant mountains. Again Mario studied his hand. One by one the rest returned to the game, picking up their cards as if they had forgotten what was in them. Mario let out a long sigh, shook his head negatively and said, "I mus' say twen'y."

Before the others could say anything Mr. Werner exclaimed aggressively to Mario's face, "Thuty!"

Mario settled down to study his hand. He rearranged his hand, laying some cards down, but constantly picking them up again and looking at them. Then he would stare far out in the blue as he tried to add twenty, thirty, and a hundred. The nervous man slapped his cards on the table and ground out a long, "Jesus!" Then he just glared at Mario—fascinated. Mr. Werner just shook his head and said, "My God." Moe watched a girl in shorts walk by the porch.

"Forty," Mario said and everyone settled down to the game again.

Mr. Werner thought a minute and then said, "T'ree-fifty. My God, how can you play wit' a man like dat!"

Mario answered, "Seexty."

"You can have it, you lousy player!" Mr. Werner replied.

Mario took the kitty, put down his meld—after due consideration; and then came the business of putting three cards away, and the others had to make sure he didn't throw away part of his meld. Finally they began to play.

He won the hand, but only because the nervous man had played wrong. Mr. Werner was quick to reprimand him. "Vhy didn't you shmear datt last trick. We could have won wit' no-trouble-at-all."

The nervous man buried his face in his hands and said, "I don't know. I don't know! This damn game is driving me crazy. How could he win? How could he win with all those mistakes?"

"Ah, you go crazy playing wit' dat damn good for not'ing Greek," Mr. Werner replied, bolstering up the nervous man's morale. "He takes thuty-five minutes to play a hand. That's no way to play pinacal. . . . Whose deal is it? Mario!"

"Naoooh. It's not my deal. I deelt the hand before," Mario protested.

"Listen, Mario! It's your deal!" the nervous man began to shout. "Now for Chrissakes DEAL!"

"Leesten, who the hell you sink you talk to. . . . It's not my deal."

"Jesus! What are ya going to do with him?" the nervous man said turning away from the table.

"Mr. Werner put his hand on the man's shoulder complacently, and like a stern father began to speak to Mario, "I dealt the last time. It is your deal. . . . NOW DEAL!"

"Leesten you guys crazy? It's not my deal. Who started beeding?"

At this point Moe interceded in a very factual voice. "He's right. You started the bidding, and then Mr. Werner said ten, and Mario said twenty. It's your deal." And he handed the cards to the nervous man.

He shuffled and dealt, but it was very difficult because he was so jittery.

Mr. Werner, however, consoled him and saved his own face. "Ach, how can anyone remember any'ting when he take all day and all night to play a hand. This is positively last time I ever play wit him again. The lousy Goddam good for not'ing."

Mario didn't blink.

Mr. Werner started the new hand—a three hundred bid that signified he had a lousy hand. Moe threw his hand down. Mario went into his usual conference. The nervous man, who was left out of this hand couldn't stand it, and burst out, "For Chrissakes will you hurry up and say something: You — I!"

"Gen'leman, I mus' say pass," Mario said slowly. Then he laid open his hand. "But look what I meessed, almos' any card—" "Ve don't care what you got," Mr. Werner said as he grabbed the cards and began to deal.

Mario said three hundred—after due consideration.

Moe passed, and the nervous man almost

(Continued on page 4)

SPORT NOTES

Well, it looks as though Bard is as far as ever from having a baseball team of college varsity calibre—even small college calibre. In case you didn't know, our improvised team took a sixteen to two shellacking from Germantown High School the other day. A blot like that on the record should end for once and for all any agitation for an intercollegiate baseball schedule.

The reasons for such a poor showing, and they really are reasons, not excuses, are several. First and foremost, of course, is the lack of a coach. There is no discussion possible here. The lack of adequate coaching, or, really, of any professional coaching, is a drawback to any squad, no matter how good the material is. The only justification of this difficulty is the basic reason for it. We do have an Athletic Director, but he is directing his efforts towards, and spending his time with the intra-mural sports. And there can be no doubt that this is right. His job is the advancement of sports for the majority of the students, and it is obvious that in confining his efforts to intra-mural sports he is benefiting the greatest number of students. There is more than enough for him to do there, and any division of his time would work to the detriment of his main job.

The second reason might be the lack of adequate practice time. The reason for this is the participation of would-be varsity baseballers in intramural sports. Here again, any attempt at discussion ends with the inevitable conflict of varsity and intra-mural sports. And it really is a conflict here again, because the intra-mural sports would suffer if all of those who are possible varsity material were to withdraw from intra-murals to concentrate on varsity practice. This is especially true since those who are working hardest for a varsity baseball team contain such a large percentage of the total athletic enthusiasm of the campus.

And this brings us to a third reason. That is that this athletic enthusiasm or spirit is confined, in large part, to a very few students. The typical Bard team starts out beaten. The almost complete lack of spirit, and hope, and will to win in most of the members of Bard's recent athletic squads has been pitiful. No team will win that doesn't think it can win. It isn't fair, really, to confine this lack of spirit to the athletic department of the college, for it is really only a local manifestation of the far greater lack of spirit and pride and co-operation in the college as a whole. But, of course, any such broad discussion belongs not here but over the page in the "Looking Around" department, and your Sports Editor isn't going to run the risk of sowing such seeds of discussion here.

We would like to close this discussion with a tribute to Linc Armstrong. Linc has stood for almost the complete opposite of everything that this department has maintained in athletic policy. In the formation of policy he has fought us tooth and nail, but, once the athletic policy has been formed, he has always co-operated completely in the forward-development of that policy, usually more heartily than those who originated and

adopted it. And yet he has always done this without and deterioration of his own ideas or ideals. He has realized from the start the basic difficulty of the spirit of the students and has fought to change it, not only for the advancement of his own ideas nor those of the Athletic Department, but always for the good of the college as he has seen it. In doing this he has accumulated a host of enemies of varying bitterness, and has gloried in them. Never has he received credit, always criticism, and always from those who need most to absorb some of his doctrine. We can't see this spring's baseball fiasco stopping him, and we just want to say, "Good luck in the fight."

—FRANK BJORNSGAARD.

The unofficial Bard College baseball team seems to be still in the first stages of getting organized. As individual ball players, there have been worse at Bard, meaning last year in particular. The battery is an improvement; if it isn't the baseball talent of the younger generation has gone to the proverbial dogs because any change, it seems, would have to be for the better. Probably the strongest point in the defense is George Lambert pulling them in around first base. As for the rest of the infield and outfield . . . well, to be generous, they need a little practice.

It is around that practice question that the whole problem revolves. No team can go out there at the beginning of the season and expect to look much better than the Bard team. Errors, weak hitting, and weaker pitching are only natural when a team goes out to practice only when they are in the mood for a good time. What the team needs now is practice not games. There's no sense in getting discouraged before they get started.

In a game against the Rhinebeck A. C. the Bard nine, and there were just nine, lost 14 to 9. Karlson's pitching showed possibilities, and Lambert's hitting, which was good for any college team, was really something to watch. Captain Lincoln Armstrong, who is also coach, manager, waterboy, and third assistant pencil sharpener to the score-keeper, has gotten a couple of practice games with Red Hook High School and one with Germantown High School.

The Eulexian softball team has taken up where it left off last year when it went through an undefeated season. The only team which is not completely out of the running that the Eulexians have not met is the Non-Socs. They held off Kappa Gamma Chi's end-of-the-game rally and they looked like the merry-go-round that didn't break down against Sigma Alpha Epsilon. As yet, the nine old men or the error boys look as if they are going to make it a one team race for the booby prize. Right now they are scouting around for castoffs from the other teams in the league, but a better idea for them would be to let Johnny Parsons umpire the game instead of play for them.

Eulexians	2	0	1.000
S. A. E.	2	1	.667
K. G. X.	1	1	.500
Non-Socs	1	2	.333
Faculty	0	2	.000

"HOT ROCK"

by Lincoln Armstrong

He was a queer sort of duck. When he laughed he laughed sincerely and heartily but as a rule he was dead sober in temperament. He often talked of his enemies and of people who disliked him. He seemed to like to think that he didn't have a dislike or hate for anybody. He could tell of a million times when he had been offended or given the dirty end of the stick. At the same time you got the feeling that he understood psychologically why these people had it in for him and that he felt sorry for them. Hell no! Not this guy. He was too deep, too profound, too slick.

As a boy Jake had always been popular and had been the leader of several teams and groups. Jake often talked of his more successful past. I can remember one story he used to tell about the time he had been offered a scholarship to a University for his athletic ability. He showed us wrestling and swimming medals. He was extremely proud of these but not half so much so as he was about those he had given away to different girls. There was another story about a girl he had taken to a Prep school Senior prom. Christ, but she had had looks! And of course she had been the most popular girl at the prom. As Jake told the story it would seem that it had been expected of him, and that everybody came to him for blind dates.

Yes, Jake was a proud boy. He had a way of ignoring anything that was unpleasant to him. I recall one time when his best friend took him up on one of his boasts concerning Beer drinking. Although I heard two versions of the story, Jake's was the one most widely accepted. He had worked like hell all the night before and some of the lousy food he had eaten for dinner had upset him. But of course the real reason was that he had already had a couple of drinks before the contest started. The Bar tender verified that much.

Upsula had a baseball game a couple of weeks ago and of course Jake was dressed already to pitch. He had to pitch because—well—after all he had pitched all the previous summer in professional ball. Hadn't done too badly either. Well it happens that I decided to see that game and see Jake play ball. He looked handsome as hell in his uniform. He didn't have on the regular college cap 'cause the one he had saved from last summer always brought him good luck. In warming up you could tell that his form was beautiful even if you had never seen a baseball before in your life.

It was then that I noticed a rather plain looking girl sitting on the bench beside me. We were right behind the players' bench. The thing that attracted my attention to this girl was the fact that she was taking slams at Jake, and telling the gent on her other side that she really thought he was too, silly. Of course, I wasn't going to miss anything like that. Hell we didn't hear people casting disparaging remarks on Jake's ability everyday and certainly not from some little flirt who had as little as this one had. So, feeling my oats, I ventured to ask her just what the

hell she knew about good and bad baseball. I also proceeded to tell her that Jake was just about the best athlete Upsula had seen for several years. But before she could answer the boyfriend beside her said something about 'everybody to his own opinion.' So I shut up. The game got under way soon after that; Upsula taking the field. I noticed that the couple were holding hands but I paid no attention. Christ! Holding hands at a baseball game.

Jake walked out to the mound to start pitching and of course all eyes followed him. But of course he didn't even notice. His first pitch was slapped about as hard as any ball could be through the third baseman's legs. I guess this kind of got Jake down cause he hit the next batter. The third batter cracked a long triple to right center field and Jake went out to take the long throw in. It was then that I first noticed his limp. Poor guy! I hadn't seen him hurt himself but I knew that when Jake limped he must be really hurt. He walked a couple of men after that and was finally removed from his mound duties when a batter pushed a ball through him out into centerfield. His limp was really quite bad when he exchanges places with the centerfielder. It was no wonder that he later misjudged a high fly, Jesus, what tough breaks he was getting.

When Upsula came in for their turn at bat he went up to the coach immediately and said that he thought he ought to quit before he hurt his torn leg ligament more. The coach said O. K. and patted him on the back.

And that is when the funny thing happened. He walked over to where I was sitting and sat down beside the girl. She told him how sorry she was and said something about how awful it was that she never got to see him play a baseball game in which he had a chance. It seemed she was from his home town and that she once saw him play baseball at a senior prom in prep school. So I began to add two and two and what did I get? This was the girl he had taken to the dance at school and the same one that was in love with him now. Well if this was true I figured I'd like to have a little chat with the girl. I was in luck too cause after a moment the boy went to the shower with Jake 'cause Jake felt he needed a little help.

Then I asked her what was the trouble with Jake. Well, I don't mind saying I was surprised. She said perfectly calmly that she had never seen him play any game in which he didn't have some trouble. She said several other things but the important thing was that she asked me a question that I didn't feel I could answer. She asked me how in hell Jake had gotten such a build up and why in the devil had he been put in there to pitch in the first place?

Yesterday I was down watching baseball practice and I didn't see Jake anywhere on the field. I asked the coach about him and he said that the poor guy wouldn't be able to play any more this year because of his bad leg.

Somehow I began to feel that Jake was too clever to warrant having people feel sorry for him.

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THE PINOCHLE GAME

(Continued from page 2)

shouted, "Four-fifty!" He began to pick up the kitty.

"Hey, you can't do that," Mr. Werner shouted, "Mario still got a bid. T'row in the hand!"

"Yeah, that's right throw in the hand," Moe added.

"Yeah, I gotta bid. What's the matter with you?" Mario yelled, and then began to laugh.

The nervous man just sat and stared. He tried to talk, but couldn't. Then he exploded, "What the hell is this? What do you mean throw in the hand?"

"You can't play with us that way," Mr. Werner said with finality.

"You lousy cheats . . . WHAT DO YOU MEAN? This is my hand I bid for it. I —"

"But Mario had a bid coming to him."

"Sure, I gotta bid."

"Don't you know the rules?"

The nervous man sat and vibrated, then he jumped up, and stood there shaking, trying to talk. "You cheats . . . You sons of bitches . . . What do you mean? You mean . . . You mean he was going to bid four-sixty. YOU —"

"HE HAD a bid!"

"Listen . . . I been playing a long time and this beats everything. YOU CHEATS! . . . I been losing fifty bucks. You cheats can't gyp me out of a four-fifty hand. YOU —"

"RULES is RULES," Mr. Werner pontifically.

"Look what I got. You think you can—" and he laid down three hundred meld in spades.

The other three examined the cards closely, but at the same time they kept up a running fire of how the rules had been broken. But the more they looked at the cards the

calmer they became. "He has one-fifty to go, in spades he goes down four times—four dollars. I got him stopped here and here and here," they all thought.

Then Mr. Werner said stoically, "Okay, let's play, but don't let it happen again."

They played and it was a tight game. If the nervous man won they lost two dollars and thirty-five cents apiece, and if he lost he lost twelve dollars. On the next to last play Mario played wrong and the nervous man won.

Mr. Werner and Moe jumped to their feet, and began cursing and swearing at Mario. They shook their fists in his face.

"I be damned if I ever play with you again," Mr. Werner blurted with much saliva.

Moe laconically said, "You dumb bastard!" paid his money and left.

"I did not play it wrong. It was you," Mario shouted and beat the table.

"Listen, don't tell me how to play!" Mr. Werner said, then regained his temper and poise, "I never want to see you again." He started to leave.

"Hey, how about paying me," the nervous man put in.

Mr. Werner looked at him, wagged his head and exclaimed with finality, "I am not going to pay. The game was illegal!"

The nervous man rose to his feet, he was pale beneath his sunburn, and his hands began to clench and unclench. He was getting ready to spring at Mr. Werner.

"I'm not going to pay. You can't play that way with me," Mario said with a heh, heh.

The nervous man hesitated, looked at both of them, gasped for breath. Tears began to spring from the corners of his eyes. Then sweat began to bead on his forehead, and his face grew red with a rush, and he began to shout, "You-you cheats . . . The first

hand I've had in a week . . . YOU BASTARDS!"

"Don't talk that way to me. I'm never going to play wit' any of you," Mr. Werner said.

"I am seek of all thees lousy players. You are not gen'lemans," Mario said.

"You . . . I never. If I had lost I would have had to pay. I WIN . . . Just pay me and let me get the hell out of here."

"You can go to hell. You can all go to hell," Mr. Werner said and strode into the canteen.

The nervous man sat down slowly, and he would have started to weep, but he was too angry.

"Now leesten . . . You can't play thees game thees way. Sooh! Thees are a good lesson." Mario concluded.

The nervous man stared at Mario. In a pleading but rushing voice, he took Mario into his innermost thoughts; "Mario, . . . I had that hand. I bid four-fifty . . . You bid three hundred. Now tell me were you going four-sixty. How could you? Were you going to bid? . . . Please tell me . . . I don't care about the money. Just tell me. To hell with the lousy game."

"Well, you broke a rule . . ."

"TELL ME, were you going sixty?"

"Well, no, but I have if I had the—"

"That's all I wanted to know . . . Now tell me do you think it's right to play and then when I win you won't pay, but when I lose I would have to pay you. That isn't right. Is it? To hell with the money. That isn't right is it?"

"Naoooh, that isn't right, but you broke a rule."

"Okay, you said it's wrong, now why don't you pay me?"

Mario looked at him mystically, and then paid without saying a word.

The nervous man pocketed the money and

said, "At least there are a few honest people around." And he looked about for Mr. Werner. "But I'm never going to play with you guys again." Then he started for the canteen with Mario following.

As they went through the canteen they met Mr. Werner, who had seen everything from the darkness of the canteen.

The nervous man spotted him and ran to him and began, "Do you —"; but Mr. Werner shushed him and said, "Here now, lets talk it over peacefully. Now you broke a law. You should pay, but I'll show you that the game means nothing to me. Just don't ever break a law again."

The nervous man gulped and started to speak again, but Mr. Werner shushed him, and led him out of the canteen, not letting him get a word in.

Instinctively they drifted back to their table. Mr. Werner put his money down on it. The nervous man said nothing, wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and sank into a chair. The other two sat down. A hand was dealt out.

Mr. Werner had the last word, "A disgusting game. So don't let it happen again."

The nervous man was beaten back into his steaming state again and he sat muttering and seething.

Mario picked up his hand as though nothing had happened. He arranged and rearranged his hand, transferred cards from one side to the other while the nervous man squirmed and breathed a "Jesus!" and muttered.

Mr. Werner looked at Mario and said, "My God!" Then he turned to the nervous man and said quietly and matter of factly, "I'm never going to play with that lousy good for nothing of a Greek dope again."



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