

STUDENT COUNCIL EXCITES CAMPUS BY RESOLUTIONS

Convocation Revokes Rule
Abolishing Grace,
Allows Other

CONSTITUTION PASSED

By passing two resolutions, at its meeting Sunday night, December 4, the Student Council created its own "tempest in a teapot" as within twenty-four hours the entire student body was excited to a frenzy which turned into open revolt at Dining Commons Monday night.

The first of the resolutions, that the saying of grace before meals be discontinued, was revoked by a referendum vote of the convocation, at a meeting in the Dining Commons, Tuesday afternoon, December 6. The other resolution, that attire at dinner be the responsibility of the individual student and, hence, that the lack of a coat and tie be unpunished by any fine, is still in effect. The fine for not wearing a coat and tie to dinner had been set up by the Council in previous years.

Pass Constitution

At the meeting during which the first Council motion was revoked, the proposed Constitution of the undergraduates, drawn up by Richard Elting, was accepted. The new Constitution is, for the main part, a modernization of the old.

Immediately upon the posting of the Council decrees, the students began to voice their dissent. Grace was said at the noon meal Monday as usual, to the disregard of the edict. At the evening meal, Rev. Miles L. Yates, chaplain of the college, before he said grace, informed the students that he considered it his privilege to say grace whenever he dined at Commons. He was roundly applauded by the student body. That night, several diners took advantage of the no-tie-or-coat edict, and appeared without the formerly required apparel.

Student reaction came to a head when spontaneous songs burst forth.

(Continued on page 4)

BLACKWELL, 72, DEAD AT MANHASSET CLUB

James Magee Blackwell, of the 1892 class of St. Stephen's College and member of the administration of Bard College from 1933 to 1936, passed away Monday at the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, Port Washington, Long Island, N. Y. He suffered from coronary thrombosis while visiting the Club. He was 72 years old.

Mr. Blackwell entered St. Stephen's in 1886, prepared for two years before beginning his regular college course, and received his B. A. in 1892. Four years later he was awarded his M. A. While at college, he joined Kappa Gamma Chi Fraternity and, as an alumnus, was very active in its affairs, having served as treasurer of the incorporated fraternity for a number of years.

From 1932 to 1935 Mr. Blackwell was alumni trustee of the college. He came to work at Bard after many years as manager of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, and was employed here first in charge of buildings and grounds and then as head of the dining commons and post-office. He owned the Stone Jug, off-campus restaurant, and lived about a mile north of the campus on State Road 9-G.

The funeral took place at two o'clock this afternoon. He was buried in the cemetery of St. John's Church, Barrytown, with Rev. Herbert Smith, classmate and lifelong friend of the deceased, conducting the services. The active chapter of Kappa Gamma Chi attended in a body, the officers acting as pallbearers. His wife, Mrs. Clara Blackwell, died only two months ago, on October 9, after a long illness. The only survivor is Miss Estelle Platt, a sister-in-law.

Koopman To Leave Bard For Job At The Citadel

Mr. Karl H. Koopman, assistant librarian since the Fall of 1934, will leave Bard next semester to take the position of librarian at The Citadel, military college at Charleston, South Carolina. He will be replaced by Mr. Sidney Butler Smith, who is at present assistant librarian at Williams College. Mr. Smith, who earned his B. A. at Williams and his B. S. at Columbia, started his library work as assistant at the George Washington University Library.

BARD HEARS TALE OF PRESS AGENTS

Pringle Says Publicizers
Are Definite Part
Of Society

The last of the lecturers to be sponsored this semester by the college administration, Mr. Henry Pringle, Professor of Journalism at Columbia University, spoke in the Theatre Tuesday evening, December 6, on the topic, "Press Agents, Old and New." Well-qualified to discuss this subject, Mr. Pringle told many anecdotes, most of them drawn from personal newspaper experience. He has written various biographies, one of Theodore Roosevelt, a Pulitzer Prize winner in 1931, and is at present writing the life of ex-President Taft as well as contributing to Harper's, Collier's, and the American Mercury Magazine.

The speaker's principal contention was that the world must now accept the press agent as a definite part of modern society. An innovation of the turn of the century, the agent does his work under various titles such as "public relations counsel," "publicity director," and "private secretary"; but always his professional duties remain approximately the same. Ivy Lee, a graduate of Princeton and of a southern law school, was the first of the newer type press agent, Mr. Pringle continued. Before Lee, the press agent was attached to circuses and other shows of the kind and merely preceded the regular troupe to the towns, attempting to gain publicity for the show in any way whatsoever.

Lee went for bigger business. The lecturer told of Ivy's many adventures with the Pennsylvania Railroad, with John D. Rockefeller, and with the larger steel companies. Edward Bernays was another of the more ambitious type of press agent. He dealt with the copper and brass companies, with Ivory soap, and with the Empire State Building. Mr. Pringle concluded his lecture with several examples of the extent to which these new press agents go to gain attention for their employer's product or even for the employer himself.

Theatre to Offer Odets' Play, 'Till the Day I Die' Tomorrow

Shop Production Tells Of Communist Movement In
Modern Nazi Germany

Tomorrow evening at 8:30 o'clock in Orient Hall the Bard Theatre will present a one-performance experimental shop production of Clifford Odets' "Till the Day I Die." There will be no admission charge.

This is a play about the underground Communist movement in Hitler's Germany and attempts to give a cross-section of the insecurity and brutal methods of the Nazis, and the tragedy and determination of the Communists.

The part of Ernest Taussig, a Communist unit leader who has been captured by the Nazis and is being "broken in" to divulge names and party activities, will be taken by George Rosenberg. Ernst's brother, Carl, will be played by Frank Bjornsgaard. Margaret Lieberman, of New York, is cast as Tilly, Ernst's wife. Major Duhring, a Nazi who once had social ideals and then found it more convenient to change them, will be portrayed by John Steinway. Robert Haberman will be Captain Schegel, a typical Nazi officer beset by jealousies and suspicions. Others in the cast are Rosalind Fradkin, who appeared on the Bard stage last spring in "Hay Fever"; Mrs. George Genzmer, who is making her local theatrical debut;

Frank Overton, Frank Carthy, Carlyle Jones, Scott MacKeown, Peter Hobbs, Edward Bartlett, and English Walling.

The technical end of the production will be handled by Reginald Paget, who did the designs; Bert Leefmans, technical director and stage manager; and English Walling, electrician. They will be assisted by members of the drama department. Mr. Paul Morrison and Frank Overton are to share the directing.

The drama department said it chose to produce "Till the Day I Die" because of its many and varied men's parts and the different possibilities that it affords for an interesting production. At the same time it is a very pertinent play of present-day Germany, as it shows the methods of the Nazis and of, not necessarily the Communist, but any underground party. Clifford Odets has been called the best American playwright since Eugene O'Neill, and "Till the Day I Die" is one of the plays that earned him that reputation. His current, latest drama is "Rocket to the Moon," now on Broadway. Odets is probably the most left-wing dramatist to be tried in the Bard Theatre.

STUDENTS GIVE MONEY TO NEEDY

Local Poor To Be Given
\$100 And Dinners'
Proceeds

Making the largest contribution of any convocation in recent years, the Bard student body voted last Monday to give one hundred dollars and the cost of two college dinners to the assistance of the local needy, as the yearly Christmas offering which the college has been accustomed to present to Red Hook. This is an increase of twenty-five dollars over last year's donation. The money will be taken half from the miscellaneous, half from the literary publication allotments of the convocation fund.

Before the students voted on the amount to be contributed, Dr. Lyford P. Edwards, sociology professor, gave his annual address to the assemblage in behalf of the poor in the neighborhood, some of whom, the speaker said, are as poor as any people he has ever seen. He asked that the students donate some of their old clothes to this cause. The Student Council will collect any contributions of this nature.

DR. SWANN TALKS ON COSMIC RAYS

Noted Physicist Sponsored
By Science Group;
Shows Pictures

At its meeting on Monday evening, December 4, the Science Club presented to members and guests of the college community and Vassar College, Dr. W. F. G. Swann, renowned physicist and director of the Bartol Research Foundation of the Franklin Institute, who spoke on "Cosmic Rays."

Introduced by Mr. Harold Hughes, Dr. Swann opened his talk with a humorous explanation of the unfelt effects of continual cosmic ray bombardment on human beings. Then, turning to a serious discussion of his subject, he explained how intensity of cosmic radiations is measured at various atmospheric levels.

Dr. Swann then exhibited slides and moving pictures of the recent National Geographic Society-U. S. Army stratosphere flights, for which he was physicist. Following these, the gathering adjourned to a reception at Dr. and Mrs. Sottery's residence.

Fireless Firemen Glower When Bard Refuses To Burn After Student Council's Hot Meeting

The Student Council did it again. But this time they did more than rouse the campus — they woke up the whole Red Hook Volunteer Fire Department.

Every so often the Student Council has a meeting—when they think up sweet notes to send to the dean or pass resolutions which will make them the topic of conversation for a few days or sometimes even wage a progressive fight for the installation of a ladies' toilet on campus. Monday evening they weren't doing anything in particular; so they decided to start a fire in the Albee Recreation Room fireplace to keep themselves warm while they weren't doing anything in particular. The fire blazed away and the pick of the student body began to talk about

toasting marshmallows. The presiding Senior Marshal blinked his eyes and soon everyone was asleep.

Outside, meanwhile, Dr. Vasil Obreshkove was having spasms of fear because there were sparks and smoke playing tag with the biology lab. Dr. Obie shoved someone into the telephone booth to call the Red Hook Fire Department, and within a few minutes, the fire bell in Red Hook told the neighborhood Bard was on fire. For more reasons than one, all Red Hook jumped on a car and became a volunteer fireman to see Bard burn.

The big engine tore up the college hill, rode around the campus a couple of times, got a good crowd of students following it, and then stopped to try and find the fire. But by

now the sparks were gone. After Joel McNair got through climbing around on the roof of Hegeman and it was realized that the scare had come out of the Albee chimney, the volunteers began to look threateningly for Dr. Obie.

There was evident disappointment all around. One fireman, as he buttoned his undershirt, swore it was the last time he'd ever come over to watch the college burn. Another promised to come again but said that it would have to be a pretty big blaze. The entire department posed for a few pictures, and at last left, having first well cursed the college. The college, in turn, cursed the Student Council, and the Student Council yawned collectively, asked what was the matter, turned over and went back to their business.

SEMESTER TO END FRIDAY EVENING WITH BOAR'S HEAD

Sketches To Be Presented
As Entertainment
After Dinner

CLOSING DATE CHANGED

Minus the traditional costume and formal reception by the dean, the Boar's Head will be promenaded through the Dining Commons Friday night as the semester comes to an end at the closing dinner celebration. The emphasis at this year's Boar's Head Dinner will be on the homemade entertainment following the food rather than on the meal itself. For the second year in a row the frolic that marks the end of the first term will be taken care of by college talent instead of by imported amusement.

A series of seven or eight short sketches, satirizing local, national, and international matters, will be the substance of the entertainments. The sketches, written by Bardians, will be acted by faculty and students. Mr. Harvey Fite, in the character of Percy Postulant, the protagonist of "Bard's Folly," which was presented last year, will be the master of ceremonies. Among the performers will be Messrs. Jack Lydman, Maurice Levy-Hawes, Paul Morrison, William Frauenfelder, MacEldin Trawick, Abbot Smith of the faculty and Peter Hobbs and George Rosenberg of the students. The costuming and staging will be done by the theatre staff.

New Date Cancels Game

The college is closing on Friday, contrary to the calendar schedule which indicates Dec. 18. When the question arose about a change in the date of the end of the term, the Student Council sent a recommendation to the dean that the date be advanced to Friday since student opinion was found by the Council to be almost unanimously in favor of that change. The faculty voted last week for Friday also, and it was made official. This switch necessitated the elimination of the planned alumni-variety basketball for this term. The game was to have been played on Saturday afternoon when the alumni would have been able to come to the campus.

The final compulsory chapel service of the semester will occur Friday afternoon, at 4:30 P. M., when there will be a carol service. The Boar's Head Dinner will start at 6:30.

The Winter Field and Reading Period will open January 3, 1939, and close February 4.

TERM'S LAST RECITAL GIVEN AT BARD HALL

English and American compositions were the feature of the final musical concert of the semester, held in Bard Hall last Sunday evening. The only pieces in a foreign language were three songs composed by Dr. Paul E. Schwartz, head of the Bard musical activities.

The Bard Chorus opened the program with three songs by John Dowland, Edward Purcell, and Johann S. Bach. Milton Grafath and Dr. Schwartz played the accompaniment, and directed, respectively. Following the chorus, Mr. Elias Dan and Frank Wigglesworth offered a violin duet by Henry Purcell. Dr. Schwartz was at the piano.

Miss Lilliebell Barton, accompanied by Mrs. Marjorie Yates at the piano, sang five songs, four of which were by living composers. Mrs. Yates remained at the piano for four pieces before the intermission.

The first number of the second half of the program was a rendition of the three German songs by Miss Evelyn Swenson. The writer of the melodies, Dr. Schwartz, played the piano for Miss Swenson.

A sonata for the violin and the piano by John A. Carpenter was the last piece of the evening. Mrs. Florence Cubberley and Dr. Schwartz took the violin and piano parts respectively.

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THE BARDIAN expresses its profound regrets at the passing of James Magee Blackwell.

WATCH THE PIGS ROLL BY . . .

BOAR'S Head Dinner-time has rolled around again. It wasn't so long ago that the annual Christmas feast, with its old English yule-log spirit, was considered a merry, jolly way to end the first semester. One can even remember when the festivity was heightened by an appreciation of the solemnity of the old customs which paraded the stuffed head and piglets amidst the rows of candle-lit tables. It never meant much to anyone but there was hardly a person who didn't for once enjoy a formal dinner.

How different now! Last year's occasion changed one's picture of the Boar's Head entirely. It is now thought of as a time for drinking, brawling. This conception has been officially recognized to the extent that the authorities have suggested beer for the evening's beverage on the assumption, perhaps, that a beer-drunk is less riotous than a whiskey-drunk. It is with every right that some have suggested the whole event be discontinued. The only type of holiday dinner we should have is the sort of affair the Boar's Head used to be, where everyone sat around the horseshoe table, looking very dignified and impressed with the appealing little pig parade, and feeling very glad because of Christmas, a good dinner, and, of course, the vacation; where there were no disturbing drunks; where there was laughter without liquid.

Friday's dinner should be a test. If it repeats 1937's performance we should, and probably will, hereafter, end our Fall term without any celebration. But if the old kind of harmless levity is evident, this delightful tradition can still go on.

WHAT! A RAY OF HOPE? . . .

THROUGHOUT the semester these pages have given outsiders the impression that things are not going so well here, that there is a lack of cooperation and enthusiasm among the students, that at times the entire edifice of Bard has been perilously close to complete collapse. Whether that impression was intended or not, there has been much truth in it. In every activity many students have found themselves up against the same problem: lack of spirit, enthusiasm, interest.

Maybe it's the Christmas atmosphere; maybe we're just feeling good because we're going to get a rest. But somehow we imagine that affairs at Bard are turning for the better. The Reading Period, with which we have found so much fault, looks more promising, according to reports, than we had estimated. Cooperation among students is slowly being realized. Next semester some enthusiasm seems very likely to be in the offing. The Freshman Class, though small, has shown more spirit than the upper classes. The one thing needed to assure the return to a cooperative, forward-moving college is the word from the

Looking Around

DONALD E. WORCESTER

Guest Columnist

It is about time that the Bard student body take a more optimistic attitude, instead of knocking the administration, knocking the trustees, and complaining about the educational program and the Bard ideals. From the laments that are heard, it would seem that students came to Bard expecting to find some supernatural edifice which rose above human failings. Bard is no Utopia, and anyone who spends his years here looking for perfect conditions, is wasting his time. We came here from a state university, and we thrived very well on Bard's educational program *regardless of who was Dean*. Those who are here for serious work will not have time to criticize the administration for every little move it makes, but will use their energy toward something for themselves, and leave the administrative difficulties to those who are paid to worry about them. Since it is apparent that Bard will continue to exist, the business of the student body is to see that Bard remains worth continuing. *And that can be done only by the results which the students attain in academic pursuits, not in continually complaining about issues which are not worth anyone's notice.*

Which reminds us that our most worthy Student Council stuck its neck out for no reason at all, and did away with the saying of grace and the rule requiring the wearing of coats and ties to dinner. The rule pertaining to the wearing of coats and ties was repealed in the name of progress in order to place the individuals upon their own responsibility as gentlemen. Well, it so happens that some Bard students are not yet ready for such responsibilities, and for that reason the Council's new ruling should be revoked. There can be no objection to everyone dressing for at least one meal a day. The very manner in which the Council presented its rulings showed that it knew that it was taking steps which might not meet with even a small amount of approval. As for progress, if attending dinner in shirt sleeves is progressive, alas!

One of the reasons why the attempted sports club program has met with failure is because of a whispering campaign that the Dean was trying to put something across. The athletically minded students rushed around to secure enough votes to save intercollegiate schedules. Most of those who were so wild about basketball earlier this fall have cooled off considerably. Only on two occasions have there been as many as ten men out to practice. It seems that the greatest enthusiasm for athletics occurs only when a change is attempted. Instead of trying to compete intercollegiately in soccer, basketball, and baseball, why not start basketball in the fall and work hard toward getting a real team? Six games could be played before Reading Period and six after, without anyone feeling too heavily the effect of playing intercollegiate games. Bard cannot produce good teams in every sport. But—concentrated effort on basketball would give Bard a team of which it could be proud. Basketball is the logical sport for Bard because of the small number of players necessary. The few who think they would like to play baseball in the spring are insisting on having a schedule, although there are no real baseball players at Bard, the season is too short for much development, and last year's team was rarely able to play a nine-inning game. Even with these facts in mind, the student poll was 86-14 in favor of continuing baseball. To what end?

It is greatly refreshing to notice that Bardians are taking an intense interest in the fine arts. This is a true sign of a broadening cultural development. Any Tuesday night you can see them three deep, pressed eagerly against the curtained windows of the sculpture lab. Advanced students and faculty hold down the ringside seats inside the lab. The products of their artistic interest now grace the usually sedate walls of the Green Room where connoisseurs can appraise them without having to wait in line before a hole in a curtain.

Much talk has been heard of doing away with drinking at the coming Boar's Head Dinner. This is, indeed, a very noble sentiment. But—if liquor goes, please, please, don't let the choir sing. Since the Boar's Head Dinner is such a gay, festive occasion ringing down the semester's curtain, we don't want too solemn or sad a time. And if the choir sings, it will be sad. That's our ultimatum—pain killer or no choir. (Dr. Schwartz will receive a fine box of Panatelas in the morning mail.)

The Interfraternity Dance is over and women and headaches are gone. Dalton, from under his ice-pack, mumbles, "Never again." Usually genial Winterbottom is back on his regular diet and was even seen to smile yesterday for the first time since Saturday afternoon. The trouble was, so the story goes, that not enough persons attended the cocktail party. Everyone knows how perishable cocktails are, and it is easy to see that there was only one course of action open to those who realized how much would be wasted.

We were torn with the desire to donate our pair of old pants to the Red Hook poor, but, due to sentimentality and the fact that the Student Council has not yet revoked the ruling requiring pants to be worn, we are still wearing them.

Santa Claus, oh, Santa Claus, fill my stocking with Hedy LaMarr.

Trustees that they guarantee the college's continuance for the next few years. Given this, the student body will be satisfied and will really care about what happens to Bard.

On this Pollyanna-ish note we greet the Reading Period and urge the students to tackle their projects with—for a change—some hope.

In My Mind's Eye

It was midnight. The music had ceased. The masquerade was over. As the chimes heralded the advent of the witching hour and the poseurs and the mimes departed, the masks were about to be removed. The King and Queen were sitting on their thrones, and everybody *knew* who the King and Queen were. The master of the rolls called the name of Prince Hamlet for presentation. Stiff-legged and strained, Hamlet approached the throne. The Queen whispered to the King, "I think it's English Walling." The King looked and said, "He's worried. It must be Honey." And so it was.

There was much commotion in the rear of the great hall. "Dopey" and "Happy" of "The Seven Dwarfs" were squabbling over a bottle of the King's private stock. They were carried by the Sergeant-at-Arms (who the Duchess of Sottery, known to her intimates as Madame X, exclaimed was Worcester) to the throne and revealed as Carr and Day respectively. On the King's left, in a private balcony of his own, reclined Nero murmuring to himself that going to the trouble of attending these affairs was as enervating as the spawning of salmon, but that had a point. Wigglesworth!

Then, presented as Oliver Twist was Peter Leavens, who announced to the court, "There's a good band on at one-thirty." The Three Musketeers, with their great swagger, entered the court room and unmasked, were the "Chums."

Over in a corner were two Chinese philosophers busily scribbling away on rice paper, which they hastily hid in the folds of their robes upon the approach of strangers. Court Jester Jordy sprang from behind the throne as a piece of paper fluttered to the floor, bouncing upon it with a delighted scream.

"Ah-ha, one of these is VERITAS," came the small voice of Hermes Burnett, the messenger of the gods.

"But who is VERITAS?" asked the King and Queen in unison. There was a low murmur throughout the court and every eye was turned toward the huddling Chinese figures in the corner. Sergeant-at-Arms Worcester gingerly led them to the throne, and the King, removing his glasses, peered intently at the cringing Chinamen for a terrible moment. Finally he announced, "These masks have me fooled. Do any members of the court know their identity?"

Alan Fraser hid his new theory of evolution and came forth with slow, methodical steps. "One of them has that classical look. He must be Rueger." The two Chinese heads shook in the negative. Prince Rosenberg arose and with a cynical smirk, said, "My lords, there is no doubt in my mind that the one hiding behind the collar of his robe is our loyal subject, the Waggoner."

But a man in a brilliant red cloak suddenly appeared before the throne and, with a knowing leer, said, "Not this chicken. I, one Waggoner, am forced to reveal the identity of these worthies as WINTERBOTTOM and SANVILLE, who together are VERITAS." And so they were. And they were banished by Royal Decree to Mexico and Philadelphia come this Christmastide.

—D.W.S.
—H.V.W.

Alms for Oblivion

ART REVIEW

The exhibition of college work on display in the Green Room offers good examples, within a limited field, of what is being done by art students here. In addition to Jordy's outstanding mural designs, the display consists of water colors, charcoals, and numerous life drawings. From the sculpture studio come, also, two well-modeled figures.

The designs for two murals which are to be placed on either side of the fireplace in the Albee Social Room, are by far the most successful pieces of work achieved by Jordy thus far. The subject matter is "The Constructive and Destructive Forces in Civilization." The design of "The Constructive Forces" is built around four figures representing science, agriculture, industry and education, against a background of material prosperity. The mural "Destructive Forces" has for the central figures symbols of greed, demagoguery, and war. Emotionally the two designs are highly satisfactory. There is sharp contrast between the productive tranquility of one, and the chaos in the other. It may be valid criticism of the artist's conception to point out that he has limited himself to a material interpretation of the forces which influence civilization.

Has Feeling of Unity

Of the two designs the "Destructive Forces" has the better composition, although both have been executed with due consideration for the proprieties. Very excellent control of a large body of material is exhibited in retaining it within the bounds of the canvas and in giving a feeling of unity. The color, too, is well handled and again particularly so in the "Destructive Forces" design. The eye is distracted from the central theme in the "Constructive Forces" by the bright color of the bricks in the lower left hand corner. On the whole the murals are a most exceptional contribution to the college, and indicate that Jordy possesses unusual abilities of conception and technique.

The water colors on display are the work of Douglas Potter, Jones, Honey, Snyder, and Burrough. Potter, who is an advanced student, has excellent control of his medium and exhibits a fine mastery of technique. There is lacking, however, any real emotional value in the one water color which he exhibits. Jones' painting of the inside of a cider mill is the best work of the Art 1 class. He has selected subject matter of interest and has treated the material with a good feeling for composition and color. Burrough and Snyder both have made interesting use of color, and Snyder gives evidence of a keen sense of imagination in his work.

Potter Displays Charcoal

In charcoal, Potter again has displayed his technical ability. Both his landscape and barn are precise and beautifully drawn; they indicate skill, but lack any personal interpretation. Burrough has executed a still-life in which the composition is well handled. The drawings of the life class represent the efforts of many members of the college community. Notable are the strongly moulded figures of Castelli, which are interesting in their detail, and

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REGARDING CHAPEL

To the Editor of THE BARDIAN:

On Sunday morning, November 13, Dr. Lyford Edwards spoke in the Bard Chapel. For the first time this year, except at the opening compulsory service, there was a student attendance, however small. A few came to hear and see the professor speak. But by far the greater number had actually been "bribed" to attend. At least this method got some boys in chapel who had not yet come voluntarily this year. In his sermon, Dr. Edwards put the issue of attendance squarely before his congregation and then proceeded to try making the chapel more inviting by enlightening the gathering on the true meaning of religious experi-

ence, and the reason for the seemingly oppressive ritual which accompanies the services here at Bard.

What good did it do? November 20 found not one student at the Sunday morning service. Some weeks ago THE BARDIAN ran a much needed editorial asking the people of this college just what is the matter . . . why meetings, etc., are not attended. . . why, when prominent lecturers come to address us, we do not turn out. Granted some have studies, but there are still many who pass those evenings in idleness; a number of them would really enjoy these special events if they had the ambition to be present. The aforementioned editorial brought some results. Drs.

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Interfraternity Dance Attended By 30 Faculty, Student Couples

Ray Randall's Orchestra Supplies Music For Hop

The second Interfraternity Dance in Bard's history took on all the aspects of a Prom weekend last Saturday night and Sunday morning, as the campus was flooded with more girls than ever before at a single-night dance affair. Approximately thirty couples, including a rather large number of faculty, attended the ball Saturday eve at the Kap House.

Ray Randall and his orchestra from Kingston, N. Y., provided the music. During the intermission, most of the couples traveled to the Sig House for refreshments. In the late afternoon the affair officially started with cocktails at the Eulexian House. At dinner in Commons, the students with guests sat around a huge horseshoe-shaped table, and, having been properly encouraged by the previous cocktails, ate their steak amidst much singing. The movie at the Theatre, "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," was the next stop. Dancing began immediately afterward. The hall of the Kap House was decorated with pine branches.

The dance, sponsored by the Greek-letter groups, was open to the entire campus. The Pan-Hellenic Council planned the event and John Muller was chairman of activities. It was two years ago that the first dance of this authorship was held. At that time the scene was the gymnasium.

Letters To The Editor

(Continued from page 2)

Seabrook and Aronovici spoke to audiences, fortunately. Yet similar criticisms of chapel attendance have failed to bring response.

Let us look at this situation honestly. St. Stephen's has sunk into the past. We now have a progressive-education-plan college, decidedly liberal and modern. The students in this new institution are different; likewise are their ideas. Possibly they all think the Bard Chapel is a fine thing, but they certainly do not act on this sentiment. Therefore, the inference is that, with exceptions, we do not sincerely value our chapel as an integral part of the college community.

Suggests Religious Change

Is it not reasonable, then, to advance the idea that the religious structure of the college also be altered? This seems at first to be utterly unthinkable, radical. . . . But face the facts: if 90% of the boys at Bard completely neglect the present ecclesiastical set-up, does it not appear obvious that the chapel is not today fulfilling its purpose? The students of the college should devote some time to their spiritual life, and maybe they would if what the college offered were more appealing to these 1938 students. This is no reflection on the present administration of the chapel services. The trouble is that they do not serve the present-day Bard man.

—P. LEAVENS.

KAPS CHOOSE ELTING FOR HEAD OF HOUSE

Kappa Gamma Chi elected Richard Elting head of the house for the Christmas term. He succeeds David Whitcomb.

Other officers chosen were Thomas Stewart, vice-president, and Frederick Sharp, secretary, in place of Hermon Holt and T. Pearse Reynolds, respectively. Andrew Storer, treasurer, holds his position for a year.

In addition to previously announced pledges, the Kaps initiated J. Collins Troy, a Freshman, a week and a half ago. The fraternity will hold its annual Christmas party tomorrow night at its house and celebrate the seventieth anniversary of the group.

STUDENTS AROUSED

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deriding the Student Council. The Council gave as the reason for their resolutions the fact that they were intended to advance the policy of "individual responsibility."

Alms For Oblivion

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the sketches of Swift, which have been done with unusual ease. The two contributions from the sculpture studio, done by Castelli and Nash, show marked ability.

The exhibition on the whole is not as varied and interesting as have been previous student displays. We miss more contributions in the way of sculpture, and regret to see no work of the photography class, which last year showed great promise. It is interesting, however, to be able to note the progress of such able students as Jordy, Castelli and Potter, and to see what can be accomplished by newcomers to the studio.

—J. C. H.

QUESTIONNAIRE SEEKS STUDENT MOVIE TASTE

To ascertain the student taste in movies so that popular pictures may be obtained next semester, a questionnaire was distributed last night by Hermon Holt, student member of the Calendar Committee in charge of motion pictures. Those movies which it is possible for Bard to secure were listed and students were asked to check their favorites and add desired movies not listed.

BARDAVON

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Wed., Dec. 14

SUBMARINE PATROL

Ruth Green—Nancy Kelley,
Preston Foster—Geo. Bancroft

Dec. 21

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Charles Dickens)
Reginald Owen and Cary Kilburn

BARD COLLEGE TAXI

George F. Carnright

PHONE 165

Red Hook New York

STRATFORD

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dec. 14

COMET OVER

BROADWAY

Kay Francis and Ian Hunter

GIFTS for

— DAD

— BROTHER

— FRIEND

Man's Gifts From A Man's Store

M. SHWARTZ & CO.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

The Right Combination



*All through the year
and all around the clock Chesterfield's milder better taste gives
millions MORE PLEASURE*

At Christmas time send these pleasure-giving cartons of Chesterfields—packaged in gay holiday colors—welcomed by smokers everywhere.

Chesterfield

... the blend that can't be copied

... a HAPPY COMBINATION of the
world's best cigarette tobaccos

You'll find Chesterfields a better cigarette because of what they give you—more smoking pleasure than any cigarette you ever tried—the right combination of mild ripe home-grown and aromatic Turkish tobaccos rolled in pure cigarette paper.