

THE BARDIAN

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Ten Pages

Social Organization At Bard

December, 1942

This is intended as a review of the ideas and proposals which have come out in the discussions of the Social Organizations Committee. It is not to be taken as the specific conclusion of the Committee as a whole. We have attempted to abstract the logical course of the discussion without regard to the chronological order.

The setting up of the SOC was given its impetus primarily from a feeling that some discussion of the results of the "Attitudes and Atmosphere at Bard" Questionnaire was necessary. This was not the only reason for its formation. The recent breakdown of two of the fraternities brought the inadequacies of Bard social organization to a head, because the fraternities had acted as some kind of a solution to the problem. In view of these and other manifestations of weakness, it was felt that there was a real need for discussion and resolution of the problems of social organization at Bard.

It is felt that a college should be more than a collection of atomized individuals, that these individuals should be integrated into some kind of a unified whole. This unity must be obtained without submerging the individualities of the members to that of the group. There seems to be at Bard a lack of this feeling of being a part of a group, and of an accompanying sense of responsibility to that group. The results of this are shown in the apparent lack of respect on the part of the students for the college, and the failure of the alumni to feel any strong attachment to the college apart from those which have to do with the friendships formed at college. This is the substance of the problem, and the SOC was founded on the assumption that there is something of the social organization at Bard which tends to create this situation. Therefore the first duty of the Committee was to examine the social structure of the community in order to determine where its failure lies.

There are two main approaches in dealing with the failures of organization. One is, without any radical change to gain the desired solution by fostering existent spontaneous groups, and creating new elements to meet past inadequacies. The second approach implies the need of a more radical change of the set-up.

The first method of approach was exemplified by such measures as:

a. Creating a meeting place at some distance from the campus, to fill a generally admitted lack.

b. A suggestion that since the Bard educational system is an integral part of the character of the college, one line

of approach would be to create at Bard a course making clear to new men what Bard ideals are. This could be carried on in later years in divisional meetings, Convocation, or under the auspices of the Educational Policies Committee.

c. Increasing the unit of the academic divisional group by promoting common activities and projects, to bring the division together by creating a common constructive aim. This came out in the discussion about the Drama group, which was cited as the group at Bard which had the most feeling for the college. It was felt that the cohesiveness of this group was a result of the common ends and projects, and that the same principle should be applied to other divisions if possible. It was proposed that the Bardian might be made a project for the Literature Division.

d. Expanding the Trial Major and Major conferences to make them a social force. One suggestion toward this end is the increase of social and semi-curricular activities between faculty and students.

The advocates of more radical changes admitted the desirability of the above methods, but felt that something more was needed than merely individual isolated measures. The main and in fact only method of procedure was based on the assumption that 150 students will not automatically integrate themselves into a unit with the present social organization, even with the additional elements. Since this unity is what we are aiming for, we look for some solution which divides up the college. This proceeds from the belief that loyalty and a sense of belonging to a part of the college will create the same feeling toward the whole.

a. The first suggestion was a division based upon the dormitory set-up at Bard, creating four groups with separate social organizations, separate entertainments (such as dances, etc.), separate representatives in the Community government, and competing teams for athletics.

b. A purely arbitrary division of students into four arithmetically equal groups, as the teams are now divided for athletics.

c. A division along the lines of major fields, similarly for government, athletics, etc.

d. The fourth suggested division was that of friendship groups which would be somewhat akin to fraternity organization. This division would be a more fluid division, since men would be free to change pretty much at their pleasure.

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Free Will

By HOWARD MEUNTER

Lawrence Starbuck was trying to overhear the argument between Pearl and Earl Pew; but Miss Higgenbottom had his right ear, and Miss Upthegrove had his left one. Even if the two ladies had released him, he probably could not have heard the Pews because Gaylord Laughinghouse was roaring wildly at Walter Grilk eating his soup with so much relish. Mrs. Laughinghouse evidently could not see that this was funny and kept saying, "Gaylord, the dog is here." Mr. Laughinghouse noticed that his wife was talking to him and finally said, "Why do you keep telling me that the duck is here?" His wife threw her eyes up to the ceiling. "Stop trying to be funny. You know perfectly well what I said." Gaylord broke out into loud guffaws and protested, "But, Liz, it's not here. Where is it?" Seeing his wife's exasperated face he turned to Miss Higgenbottom. "Do you see the duck?" Miss Higgenbottom, not having followed the hosts' difficulties, blinked her eyes thoughtfully and said, "Noooooo," with a wonderful little giggle attached. Gaylord called to his wife, "There's no duck here, Liz. What's the matter—are you seeing things?"

Since he insisted on being such a fool, Mrs. Laughinghouse decided to give up trying to speak to him. Besides, she did not like to be called Liz. She pointed to the floor. Her husband followed her finger and saw the dog, Peter, waving his paws. Mr. Laughinghouse burst into more guffaws, and between gasps he managed to say, "Oh, you mean the dog! Ho! Ho! Ho!" Meanwhile Peter ran over and nipped the pointing finger. At this, Mrs. Laughinghouse shrieked, "Gaylord, will you get this dog out of here!" "Oh, he's all right, Liz. Let him stay." His wife had a very mobile face, and it was not hard to see she did not agree with him. An idea struck him. "Let's have a vote," he announced. "Hey, everybody, who votes that Pete should stay?" He pounded on the table.

Suddenly everybody became aware of the dog. He was a perfectly normal looking creature—a rather good specimen of a boxer, in fact—but everyone examined him as though he were a freak. "Oh, isn't he a dear!" Miss Upthegrove exclaimed. Mr. Laughinghouse could not resist saying, "No, he's a dog." Fortunately no one heard him. Mr. Pew, who knew nothing about dogs thought it necessary to say that he looked like a good hunter. Everybody voted that he should stay.

Peter was astonished at all the attention and leaped about like a full-blooded deer. He raced around the table and between the ladies' legs. He growled and barked and did all the tricks he could think of. Miss Higgenbottom wanted him to do something especially for her. She held out a cracker for which he jumped up and captured. She squealed with delight. She held out another one and

he did the same thing. "No, no, no," she said. "I want you to do something for it. What will you do?" She held her face close to his and he kissed her. She blushed and cried, "Oh, my goodness, you mustn't do that! Have you ever seen other little dogs do that? Refined little dogs don't do such things." Just then the duck came in. Peter crashed into two legs, the duck was on the floor, and then it was gone.

Gaylord heard seven screams. He almost collapsed with mirth; his wife collapsed with fury. Miss Pew and Miss Upthegrove ran for smelling salts, while Miss Higgenbottom slapped her wrists. The angry woman revived, looked at her husband, and fainted again. She was revived. Mr. Grilk and Mr. Pew hunted for the duck and returned with various parts. Dessert was eaten in silence. Gaylord even managed to stifle his chuckles. After dinner, everyone sat around trying to pretend that nothing had happened. Pearl Pew suggested that they all sing, but they could not decide on a song. Mr. Laughinghouse ventured to tell a story. Avoiding his wife's face, he began.

"I certainly had quite a fright in China one time. I was with an old friend, Xulu McWilliams. He was a great character—always doing something crazy. Well, he called me up one morning about three and said, 'How about going to China with me?' I was half asleep so I said, 'Sure, and why not?' and he said, 'Why not?' and so in two days we were on our way." He saw that everyone was listening, since they had nothing else to do. He continued, "Nothing much happened until we got into the interior. We had been wandering for some time without food and water when we came upon a band of the most savage looking men I ever saw." Gaylord glanced at his wife who looked as though she were a close relative of the chief. Gathering courage, he went on, "We didn't know what to do. We gave them everything we had, to show them that we were friends, and they let us alone. When it was very dark, they brought us to the fire. Everyone was sitting around it in a circle, and they gave us a place. Tigers and lions were roaring at our backs, but that was not so bad as the two vultures. They were circling over our heads, and they were so close, I thought they would get hot foots from the fire. Finally the chief got up and tasted the stuff in the big pot. He let out a yell, and I thought he burned his tongue; but everyone else started to yell, and Xulu and I did too. We thought they'd never stop. Then the chief stuck his arm down to the elbow in that boiling pot and pulled out an egg. We all bit into it, and it wasn't an egg. When the slime and gook squirted out, we could see it was an eye—a big Chinese sheep's eye."

Gaylord heard gasps of fascinated agony. His wife, however, who knew that he had never even seen a sheep—to say nothing of having been to China, said in a cold tone, "Oh, do tell us what they tasted like." If he had

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The Long Waiting Line

By DONNIE WATT

(ED. NOTE: *This is the first of what we hope will be a series of articles by Donnie Watt, who if he needs a title, could be called the Bardian's Correspondent in the Armed Forces.*)

There are many things a recruit learns when he goes into the army, but the first and most depressing is patience. From the first time you go to your draft board you have to wait for everything you get, from rains to food to sinks. If the new recruit does not want to be annoyed with calculations of what could be done with all the wasted time, he should have a pocket book or a magazine with him, so that he can improve his mind while he is flattening his feet.

About the second physical exam there is only this to say: unless you have a jail record or an unmentionable disease, you will very likely be accepted, which is not to say that this is an army of invalids, but that the army has all kinds of jobs to be done, and a one-eyed soldier can hand out clothes as well as someone more physically fit. My own pet wonder before I got in the army was about eye requirements. Anything better than 20/300 is accepted for active duty; anything worse is limited service but generally acceptable. The only event in the physical itself which is worth mentioning was standing in front of an open window for the psychiatrist with nothing but our shoes to protect ourselves from the Vermont mid-winter wind.

The next element in the young soldier's life is the R.R.C., the Recruit Reception Center, which no matter how you are treated is the most horrible place in the whole army. For all New England draftees it is Fort Devens, Mass., and no one who has been there will speak kindly of it. At an R.R.C. two things happen: you are "processed," and you are "shipped out." The shorter the period between these two events the happier the recruit. Boys in the Enlisted Reserve Corps seem for some reason to be held longer at the R.R.C. regardless of their destination, so reconcile yourselves to at least two weeks in an unpleasant place. Ken MacArthur arrived at Devens five days before I did and was still there when I left seven days later. I do not yet know why.

"Processing" is what gets you on the army files and into army uniform. The order of events varies with the Reception Center, but consists mainly of the following: typhoid shots and vaccination, dog-tags (which are the two metal identification tags which you wear everywhere, and don't forget it), army intelligence, mechanical and radio aptitude tests, the Interview, an issue of clothes. The typhoid shots and vaccination are nothing to get nervous about; a stiff arm is all anyone gets from it. Of the three tests which you take regarding the mechani-

cal and radio aptitude tests, either you can do them or you can't, and there's nothing to prepare for them. As far as the Army Intelligence Test goes, the important thing for a college man is to be rested and alert. The questions are almost all easy, but there are a lot of them so do what they tell you: if a question stumps you don't waste any time on it. But it's important to do well on it (not to tackle it with a hangover) because the chances of your getting a rating or a commission depend on that to a great extent. The Interview is also very important, and it is ironical to observe that one's fate in the army depends largely on one interviewer who as often as not is interested only in getting on to the next man as quickly as possible. In that regard, the thing to remember is this: if you have any intense desire to get into any particular branch of the service, keep pushing your qualifications at him and gently but forcefully make sure that he puts them down on the paper. That will not guarantee that you will be placed where you want to go, but will improve your chances. A better way is to get the outfit that you are aiming for to write a request to the Adjutant General's office if you can. The National Ski Patrol handles the applications for the Mountain Infantry wholesale, and that's how I got where I wanted to go.

The issuing of the uniform is probably the most exciting and depressing part of the processing. You go in dressed in your own individuality and come out in utter uniformity with your individuality crushed in the bottom of a barracks (duffle) bag. For the next few days you are pulling off the fantastic number of little tags that G.I. clothes seem to have. When you go to get the uniform remember that you are going to be wearing what you get there for who knows how long, and that if you

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The Bardian sends you Christmas Greetings

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Editorial

Moral questions, "What should I do," and "what is right," are continually requiring answers, and occupy minds at every turn, even if not stated consciously. The number of such problems and the exigent need for their solution becomes vastly greater in times of tumult and unrest. Now is such a time, and new situations create a crisis of values which demands immediate and carefully reasoned resolution. This crisis was occasioned by the entrance of this country into the war. Many of us, it would perhaps be correct to say most of us, have held as one of our deepest beliefs the conviction that war is a useless, brutal and altogether reprehensible means of solving problems. We now find ourselves in a situation in which it is undeniably true that the pursuit of war is an unavoidable necessity. What is to be done to reconcile these two apparent opposing beliefs?

There are three kinds of response to the statement of such a moral problem. One is a denial of the existence or importance of ethical or moral issues. A second, an acceptance of the pertinence of such questions, but a refusal to resolve them on the grounds that they have no scientific answer and therefore an answer should not be given. The third position is that of an acceptance of the pertinence and answerability of such problems.

It would seem that the more proper position is the third. The first is psychologically true in the sense that ethical problems are merely the expression of a particular kind of personality and are no more exalted in a psychological sense than any other opinion. But exalted or not, we live in a society in which moral problems are of great importance, whether they arise from delusive notions or not. The second, which Dr. Hans Ernst Fried calls the "relativist" position, is a strangely common belief. It

stems from the "relativist" intellectual position which is irrefutable at that level, but which is inapplicable in reference to judgments which form a basis for action. The "relativist" is the man who, realizing that no value can be proved better than any other, refuses to accept one particular value and act on it. This is scientific thinking carried to a sphere where it does not apply.

With the realization of the validity of the third view, it is possible to find a reconciliation which allows for both beliefs. This is simply to realize the fact that war is a matter of necessity, or of expediency, if you will. It becomes a matter of compromising one value in order to retain others, which in the aggregate are more important. Since living in the world requires a continual process of compromising moral values, it is possible for most people to arrive at this conclusion without a sense of guilt. Those who cannot, the conscientious objectors, generally base their beliefs on the most immutable of all standards, those of religion.

If it is found that war is justifiable on moral grounds, and that we can wholeheartedly support it, the moral issue branches out in all directions. It becomes, for example, a problem for many as to the justification of remaining out of direct participation in the struggle. To us at college it means specifically, do we have the right to continue attending college at a time when we might be more immediately useful as workers at some essential occupation or as soldiers. This cannot be answered in a manner which has universal applicability. Many of our number at Bard have come to a conclusion in the negative. They have enlisted or accepted the draft without question. Other have felt that in the work they are preparing for they will be of greater use in the long run than they would as soldiers. The Army has accepted this view in the case of medical students, for example.

Most of us in college today have accepted this positive answer. Yes, we will be of more use if we stay in college for a while, and thus we have justified our lack of direct participation. But still there is apt to be the vague and disconcerting idea that this may be a rationalization, that we are elevating a simple desire to be secure and comfortable to a level at which we can justify it. If this is true, the crisis of values reach a point at which it can be resolved only by direct action, for no supposedly moral person can lead a life which denies all the beliefs that he holds.

This is perhaps the most pressing problem for men in college. There is certainly no right or wrong except as concerns each individual, but a carefully thought-out solution is necessary if, to adopt a platitude, a man is to be able to live with himself.

Latin-American Conference Planned

Statements from Vice-president Wallace and Nelson Rockefeller, to be published by the Bardian, concerning the Inter-American Student Conference to be held at Bard during April, have been received by the editors and other statements from prominent Americans are expected shortly.

The conference, which is backed by Mr. Rockefeller's Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, will be held on the weekend of April 16, 17, and 18, and will emphasize the fields of fine arts, literature, music and education. There will be panel discussions by the visiting students from Latin America and from Bard and according to Mr. William Frauenfelder, chairman of the committee, the idea of the conference is to "approach inter-racial understanding through the comparison of values underlying individual and social life, as much needed as through economic interests.

There will be speeches by outstanding Latin-American writers and critics and a discussion of the prospects for "continued and increasingly meaningful cultural relations and interchange in the hemisphere after the war."

During the conference there will be exhibits in the library and art gallery on the subject of Latin-America and social activities, such as dances, and cocktail parties will be held throughout the meeting.

M. S.

Entertainment Committee Report

The entertainment committee of the Community Council, headed by Dave MacDonald, has announced the results of the recent entertainment poll conducted by the committee. Because of an overwhelming vote of the student body in favor of having an informal weekend the council will sponsor a weekend sometime in April during which there will be a dance with music by a small orchestra. The date will be announced within a few weeks after the committee has met and solved the various problems arising from the planning of an informal weekend.

The only other decision arrived at in the poll resulted from a heavy vote in favor of having movies shown at the college on Saturday night only. The vote for the single movie a week plan was almost as large as the vote for an informal weekend.

In addition to the informal weekend the committee has decided to sponsor small parties because of the large vote backing them. The prospects for the number of dates for the informal weekend seem almost as many as the peacetime formal proms drew which is one indication that the students at Bard this term are strongly in favor of having a prom, even of limited nature.

M. S.

Reserve Program

An intensified reserve program, devised by Yale Newman, will last until sometime in March when the reserves will move from the memorial gymnasium to the outdoor playing fields.

Reserves attend one of three periods a day which consist mainly of conditioning with calisthenics, apparatus work, Jiu Jitsu and tumbling. The calisthenics are part of the daily routine, and twice a week basketball games take the place of the apparatus and Jiu Jitsu work. The Reserves are divided into teams and although the fine points of the game are not strictly checked, the fierceness and spirit of play make up for this.

Newman has quite a number of other ideas for "toughening" up the Reserves, during warmer weather. The program will start early in March and consist of boxing, wrestling of all types and various other combative sports. Newman said, "Now when the weather really gets warm we have a thing in back of the gym called the commando course." Yale went on to say that this course would be used in the spring, intermixed with track and field events, softball, touch football and soccer. In addition to this, each section of the Reserves will go on a Saturday hike once or twice a month. During the coming months there will also be tournaments in bowling, squash, tennis, ping-pong and softball.

Newman said that the whole program was based on the regular Army and Navy reserve programs, and he feels that this program will not only toughen the Reserves up, but will also shorten the time of their conditioning in the Army and Navy and enable the Services to put the men into active service much sooner.

For those who have not been around the gym lately, the intermural basketball tournament has started with four teams in the running for the title, Blitz Kids, Commandos, Happy 4F's and Rangers. In the first game the Rangers upset John Gillin's Blitz Kids 46-41 with Gillin scoring 27 points and the new star, Jim Kinoshita, 26 points. In the second game with Gillin masterminding his team from the bench, the 4F's won 51-37.

A. M.

Scene

The newness of the walls was hardly noticeable in the dim light. But the garish red leather of the barstools, the shine of the tables flanking the walls. A violent contradiction to the indirect lighting. Bright light only behind the bar, where it set off a bowl of tropic fruits against the neat rows of bottles.

The bartender was reading an evening paper. He glanced up, then back at his paper as a blond fellow moved through the door up to the bar.

"Rye and ginger," he said quietly to the bartender.

As he spoke there was a sudden blare of horns in the street. Voices shouting back and forth.

"What's that?" he asked the bartender who was mixing the drink.

"Theater crowd," replied the bartender. "They come in this time every night."

He glanced at the clocks set above the bar. "This'll be them." Noticing the blond fellow looking puzzled at the row of clocks above the bar, he said, "Those tell the time all over the world. Any place you can name."

He looked up as fifteen or twenty people burst into the room. Most of them rushed to the tables. The remaining few pushed to the bar filling all the seats, right up to the blond fellow. A girl was left standing. Directly behind the young man, she apparently was waiting for him to see her.

He caught a quick glimpse of her in the mirror behind the bar. Turning quickly, he said, "I'm terribly sorry. I didn't notice you. Sit down here." And he slid off his stool.

She glanced coolly at him, slipped onto the stool. Immediately she turned toward the man beside her and began to talk. Leaving the blond fellow leaning against the bar. The muscles of his face taut. His hand

gripping the glass tightly.

She wore a sweater and slacks, with a fur coat hanging from her shoulders. Her short blond hair was done up under a bandanna. But she didn't turn to him. He drank again. And looked about the well-filled room.

The groups at the other tables were chatting excitedly. Shrill laughter followed almost every statement. Tiny snatches of conversation ricocheted from the listeners to the young fellow at the bar.

"... he just kept staring at me all the time ..."

"... in the second act ..."

A shriek broke through the other talk so sharply that even the bartender's head jerked up. Whiskey spilled over the jigger glass that he was filling. The noise ended as quickly as it had begun.

Watching the bartender, the blond fellow caught the eyes of the girl on him in the mirror. Instantly she turned her head and continued the conversation with the man beside her. He glanced up at the blond fellow, then took one of the girl's hands possessively in his. She let it lie there, without even giving a sign of recognition.

The man beside her was handsome in a darkish way. His eyes sparkled, but they had no depth. His hair glistened. His hand moved as he talked. When, at one point, his knee pressed against hers, she instantly drew away. He was obviously trying to shatter her poise with his own suave manner. But she remained unimpressed.

He seemed to realize this, with a weariness that proved he had attempted such before. As soon as he finished his drink, he got up. Walking towards one of the tables, he called back, "I'm going in a minute. Are you coming back to the theater tonight?"

"I'll be along in a few minutes," she replied.

She sat listless, but graceful on the bar stool. Her elbows on the bar. She made no invitation to the blond fellow to sit down. No effort to atone her impoliteness. He still stood, smiling quietly.

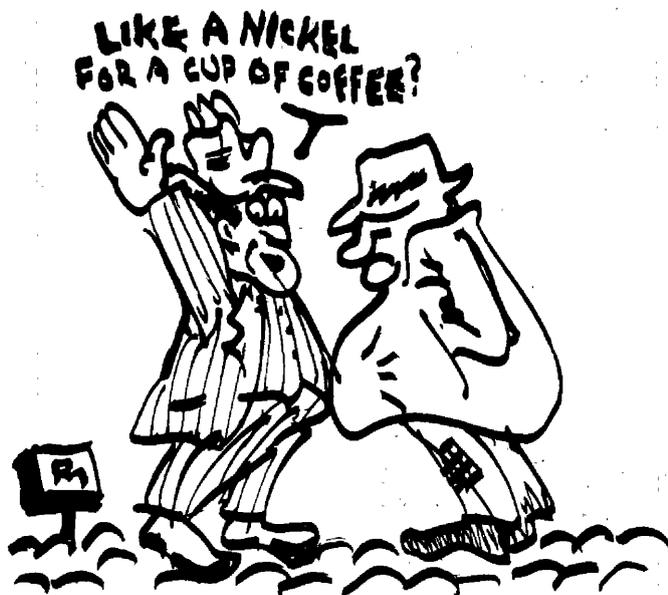
She beckoned to the bartender for another drink.

"Last one, Charlie," she said. "And a pack of Chesterfields, please."

The bar began to empty slowly. Her friend had drifted out with several girls, among them the one who had been talking with the marine. She sipped her drink. Shook her glass so that the ice tinkled.

Till the blond young man, his face tinged with red, moved the seat beside her away a little and sat down. Once again she glanced at him in the mirror, looking straight into his eyes, making no reply to his smile, then impersonally gazing at her drink.

He laughed shyly, and speaking in a wellbred voice asked, "You are connected with the theater, aren't you? You won't disappoint me after I've been watching you so long."



She was silent. Then, without raising her eyes, without offering the slightest encouragement, without any question in her voice, she said, "It was my friend? You knew because of him?"

"I knew right away," he smiled. "The way you dress. How you handle yourself."

She sipped her drink, making no reply.

After a moment he said, "It must be exciting—even if it isn't normal."

Still no remark.

"Look," he said, after another pause, "I don't mean to be fresh or anything. But there can't be any harm in talking for a minute. After all I'm waiting for someone and you're going in a moment and—well—It does look like a pickup doesn't it?" he stumbled, embarrassed.

"It is, isn't it," she countered.

"I'm sorry," he turned away from her.

She twisted a moment later and looked steadily at his half turned back. Then, apparently reassured, but still distant, she reached out and touched him on the shoulder.

"No. It's all right, I don't mind," she said.

"But if you think——" he started.

"No, there's no harm," she almost smiled. "Let's talk," she said. "I'm going in a minute. It's all right," she said.

"Thanks," he murmured.

"You want to talk about the theater," she said. "You want to know all about it." Still no question in her voice.

"Well to start with," he said, "what theater are you playing at? I'd—I'd like to see you again—on the stage," he watched her, hopefully.

She looked at him sharply, indecision in her eyes. She seemed to judge his manner, then approve.

"Across the street," she said slowly.

"You won't mind?" he asked. "After talking with you and all, I mean."

There was a pause. The lines of strain deepened momentarily in the corners of her mouth.

"I suppose you wouldn't want to tell me your name." It was almost inaudible.

She laughed tightly. Her eyes still not looking at him. "Maida," she said. "Maida Lawrence. But why do you want to know," she turned on him sharply. "I shouldn't have told you," she almost whispered.

She finished her drink. Her poise, broken for a moment, returned.

"I don't know why I said that," she stammered a laugh.

"I shouldn't have asked," he replied. Then, in a rush, "you don't trust anyone, do you? But you should. You've got to be fair to yourself."

"Never mind," she broke in. "Forget it." Then, sensing the hurt in his manner, she said, "That was nice. It was a nice thing to say. I like it. You're honest."

He relaxed.

"Would you have a drink, a last drink with me," he asked.

"No. I've got to be going," she replied. "Thanks, but I've got to be going."

He motioned to the bartender and ordered another drink for himself.

"Here, let me help you with your coat," he said. He slipped it up, carefully, over her shoulders. She didn't shrink away from the touch of his hands.

The bartender put the drink in front of him. Then set about closing up the bar for the night. They sat silent. He drank.

"Are you waiting for a girl?" she asked suddenly.

His hand stopping twisting his glass. "No, just a friend," he replied, surprised. "Why do you ask?"

But she had slipped off the stool. "I've really got to be going. It's late."

She started towards the door. He touched her arm, turning her.

"Look," his words jerked out. "Would you meet me here again—tomorrow night—please—I'd like to talk to you again——"

She considered for a moment. Then, slowly.

"I'll be in. After the show. With all my friends. I always come in for a drink."

"I'll look forward to it," he said.

But his appreciation was lost on her as she turned back toward the door. He watched her steadily retreating form through the door.

Suddenly he laughed aloud. He turned to the bar. His knee pressed against the wood. He motioned to the bartender who laid aside his paper and came towards him.

"One more, Charlie," he called. "How about another?"

The bartender looked doubtful. "It'll have to be the last. We're closing." He poured the drink quickly. "There you go."

He drank it down. Shoved several bills over the bar.

"She says I'm honest, Charlie." His voice cut. "Honest."

Then, laughing again, he turned and went out. A look of triumph on his face. Only his laugh remained.

* * * * *

The taxicabs blew their horns. People swarmed out of the theater exits. The streets glistened under a sheen of rain.

Inside the bartender was preparing for the theater crowd. Deftly, effortlessly.

Soon the same groups of people jostled through the door. Into the bar.

She came too. Quiet. Poised.

The man with whom she had come the night before sat at a table with two girls. He glanced at her every now and then, while the girls were laughing at something he had said.

She took off her coat and sat, aloof, waiting. She drank unhurriedly. And looked at the door as each new arrival entered. Once, hearing a man's voice at the door, she

spun around quickly, almost spilling her drink.

After a while a girl, another member of her crowd, came up and moved as if to sit beside her.

"The seat's taken," she snapped.

The girl stopped short, surprised by the tone. Then, standing, said, "I want to ask you about——"

"Some other time. It'll wait till tomorrow, won't it?"

"Well yes, but——"

"Alright then. Tomorrow."

The girl's breath quickened. Then she turned and marched back to her table.

She had another drink. The ice clinked in her glass. She watched the door in the mirror.

The groups began to break up, people leaving little by little. The dark man got up with the two girls. As they put on their coats he came over and asked, "Are you coming with us?"

"I'll be along in a minute," she replied. "Don't wait. I'll be right along."

He went back to the two girls and they left. The bar was almost empty now. A young couple sat in a dim corner, just looking at each other.

Two men remained at the other end of the bar. Old school friends apparently.

"Remember the time," one of them would start, then glancing at her, would lower his voice. The bartender stood, listening to their stories. The murmur of the voice was punctured with raucous laughter. He grinned.

She still remained at the bar, her elbows on it. She motioned to the bartender.

"Another, Charlie," she said. She glanced at the row of clocks above the bar. "Last one." She spoke steadily enough.

Only her eyes showed defeat.

THE LONG WAITING LINE

don't make very sure that you are well fitted, no one else will.

Once you have your uniform you are usually about through with the processing. Every day after that you jump out of bed when the lights go on at 4:45 a.m. to hear whether your name is on the "shipping list." I had to be unsuccessful for five days before the day when my name was on the list, and by that time I was practically a veteran. I was the second to the last to leave out of the bunch from our draft board, and the new groups of civilians coming in were enough impressed with the uniform to keep me busy answering all the questions a new recruit can ask—and a new recruit is worse than a ten-year-old.

Eventually they did get my name on the shipping list, and was MacArthur envious. I hope he's not still there. Fort Devens is not a bad place, but it is a wonderful place to go away from.

The Battle of MacDougall

By A. PETRINA

This isn't a Field Period report mainly because those things are usually accounts of constructive experiences. Still Field Periods are meant to include "feeling the outside" and it is this thing that I am going to tell you about.

I felt the outside—with a busted nose and a Ubangi lip I felt the outside. Let me begin slowly. You see I live in Greenwich Village—that part of New York that lies below Fourteenth Street. The chief recreation for natives of Greenwich Village is to have a glass of beer or a cup of Russian tea with a jigger of applejack, or whatever it might be, and to sit around and talk at their favorite meeting place.

My particular place was the Minetta Tavern.

I am there one Saturday night relaxing after an arduous week spent in studying physics, when who comes in but an obvious stranger from some other part of the country. Right away I recognize "Chic" Rollins—a fellow from Larchmont with whom I went to school. Naturally, I am very elated to see him as he sold me a radio that was a very nice empty cabinet when we were schoolmates. He had two friends with him and they all join the party I am with. "Chic" and I reminisce and his two friends get interested in two little girls. Naturally, when the beer is flowing in that nice, steady way, such conditions lead to a good congenial time. So good and congenial that the mention of having it end is very sad. So "Chic" towards three o'clock makes a fine suggestion of going to his recently leased apartment on 76 MacDougall, and bringing about ten or twelve containers of beer. Hurrah! Capital! Good! was the general opinion.

But there is one fellow who has reached his peak—his only desire is to put his disjointed, incommunicable parts in bed. So being his very good friend, I decide to take him home. At this point he is sitting in the middle of the barroom. I throw his arm around my shoulder and we leave. Right across the lane we go, past a garage on the corner. There are two fellows there and as I pass, dragging along my comrade, one yells out something like, "You skinny jerk," and naturally offended I respond with some ignoring remark that I can't recall very well and proceed crookedly dragging this drunk. "Okay, come back here ya jerk," the same guy says. Well what happens but that after walking a block I decide to take the drunk back to the party instead of having him alarm his parents by his condition. But he slips away from me and knocks over an ashcan, whereupon these two fellows run over and order me to pick it up or they'll hit me. They hit me.

So I grab one guy, the elder, about thirty-three years

old, Italian, stocky build, and wrestle with him across MacDougall and throw him over a fire hydrant. I am making good time, just about to bounce his head on the pavement a couple of times, when two other fellows come out and start kicking me in the ribs. Then everything is quiet. I get up and think it is all over. I start to look for the drunk. Nowhere to be seen, and I make for Chic's place which, as I said, is down MacDougall. Then Chic shows up with a broken lip. Apparently he had come looking for me and, once discovered I was in a tussle with four dagos, came to help me. We were sore as hell so we get Chic's two friends, one a young, husky soldier who was nicely built and whose brother played football for Yale. Naturally we thought we'd clean them up.

So—we followed these dagos into a garage and we each picked a guy (making it four vs. four). But in the darkness one sneaks away, goes to a closet and gets a gun. He says, "Get outa here or I'll shoot!" I say, "Oh you're kidding," and go up to him. There is a flash and then the soldier jumps up, "They got me, they got me." We stop in a hurry, we are scared. "Where'd they get you?" "I don't know, I don't know." He kept patting his stomach. "I don't know, but they got me." So we go outside and under a street lamp we can see that he is shot right in the buttock.

Chic and the ex-footballer and I think we are tough. We stay outside and just like Steig's small fries we challenge them to come out without their guns. They come out carrying all kinds of clubs and one gets Chic over the head. I go to help Chic and one gets me over the nose and mouth. I am very dizzy now and Chic and the Yalie have left me, so I make my way to Chic's apartment.

When I got to there, I found the police had been called. Somehow the idea of getting into some legal entanglement didn't attract me, so I tried to ease my way out. But too late, two dicks saw me and asked me to get back in the apartment. Before I knew it they were taking our names and addresses. By telephone we learn that two of the dagos had been caught. At the preliminary hearing I

could identify them as the two fellows who had first attacked me. One of them was the same fellow who shot the soldier—he was the son of the owner of the garage. The other with whom I tussled was a fellow with a previous criminal record who owned a clip joint called the Swing Rendezvous. They were held in \$5,000 bail which the nite club owner promptly paid. The young Italian who shot the gun, however, stayed in jail until a bondsman came.

The fellow I'm jealous of is the drunken friend of mine who originally knocked over the ashcan which served as the immediate issue of the incident. He had quietly staggered away during our adventure and had been discovered lying in the gutter by a very charming young lady we know mutually. Showing the real spirit of a good friend—she dragged him into her apartment and led him gracefully to the sofa. There he snoozed and probably had dreams nice and sweet and flowery while we were engaged in something different.

But there were some very good aspects to this incident. The Assistant District Attorney who handled the case before the Grand Jury was a very beautiful young woman, the only girl D. A. among the seventy in Manhattan—because the two defendants in the case were known very well in the neighborhood and all the families there are very close, I made many new friendships with people who were afraid I might prosecute, the soldier got an extra week furlough, etc.

The soldier, as a matter of fact, I consider to be extremely lucky. Twenty years from now, when his son asks him what he did in the great war, he'll be able to stand up and say, "Son, I got shot in the fanny in the battle of MacDougall, January 17, 1943." Will anybody else be able to say that?

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SOCIAL ORGANIZATION OF BARD

It is generally admitted that some such plan of splitting the college up into groups would contribute greatly to the development of the desired attitudes and loyalties. The difficulty seems to be that none of the groups suggested is based on a sufficiently natural division to be workable. There are, it would seem, three elements which enter into the division, and which are necessary for its workability. (1) That the people within the group have common interests and to some extent common aims; (2) That the groups coincide to a great degree with the natural friendships groups; (3) Desirable, but not quite so important is that the groups have common living quarters. The Dormitory system of course satisfies the last requirement completely and the others to some extent. The Purely Arbitrary system would not necessarily satisfy any of them. The division according to major fields fulfills the common interest requirement and conceivably the other two. The friendship division would satisfy all three to a certain extent.

In the course of this discussion it would seem to become clear that the social organization at Bard is so fluid and changing that it is difficult to arrest this flow and crystallize the structure along any static lines. If it were possible to use any of the above proposals, and at this moment it is not proper to say that it is not, then the desired aims of the Social Organizations Committee have been approached.

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an eye on his tongue, Gaylord could not have felt more sick. "We didn't know what to do," he said. "We sat there, holding this mess in our hands when the two vultures swooped down and grabbed Xulu's eye and mine. We both decided to get out of there in a hurry, and in two days were on the boat."

"Oh, how horribly lovely," exclaimed Miss Higgenbottom, whose words were never more welcome to Gaylord's ears. He hoped that she would think of something else to say before his wife did, but she did not. "I think it was positively ugsome," Mrs. Laughinghouse said. "I never heard anything more disgusting, and I cannot believe that Gaylord is himself tonight. Let me apologize for him." Gaylord broke out into fits of laughter. At first everybody joined in, but he continued long after most people would. When he started telling Miss Pew how beautiful she was, Mrs. Laughinghouse decided that he must be taken away. He has had a long and happy life.

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