To the Editor:

Several people on campus have talked of the newly thought of St. Stephen's Society during the past week or so. There seems to be no clear purpose accompanying the announcement of the society. Perhaps the Bardian can find out from the society's members just what the purpose of the organization is. I believe it is for the purpose of discussing inter-religious issues. If so, this fact has not been made at all clear to any of us, and, thus, remains a mystery as to method and purpose. There might be some idea that it is an Episcopal organization after the college's old name intended for Episcopalians only. This is not true, I'm sure.

Respectfully,

A. W. DeBaun, Jr.
Class of ('49, '50, or '51)

The St. Stephen's Society is an organization replacing the old College Chapel Association, and is part of Convocation. It is non-sectarian and its purpose is to discuss problems concerning religion and metaphysics. The society meets every two weeks, and the community is invited.

P. Marquis
(Chairman)

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Mathematical Institute
Polytechnical High School
Jassy, Roumania

To the Editor

Dear Sir,

We are exceedingly anxious, as we are sure you are, to reestablish and to widen our cultural relations with your Institute and your great and wonderful country - a symbol of the immense possibility of the civilization. Let us rejoice that this period of destruction is come to an end and the universal desire among scientists to see better international scientific contacts in the coming years begin to become a reality.

We beg you to agree our hearty congratulations for the temporary and permanent aims of your Institute and we assure you we have proposed to do everything which might assist in better scientific cooperation between your Authorities and our Mathematical Institute of the Polytechnical High School of Jassy.

Because our Mathematical Institute, destroyed during this tremendous war and wanting for necessary for a serious scientific production, is acquainted with your kind solicitude for the problems regarding the happy progress of the superior instruction in the whole world, we permit to beg your help in view of a gradually reconstruction of our Institute.

We shall be very grateful to you for the following realizations:

a) The sending us whenever in view to be printed in our "Bulletin de l'Ecole Polytechnique de Jassy" the following articles of Mathematics Physics, Chemistry and Techniques, not yet published nowhere else in extenso (every author receives 50 extracts free of cost.)

b) The acceptance of an exchange agreement between your important review and our "Bulletin". We permit you that by this exchange your institution can render an important service to our Mathematical Institute and to the Polytechnical High School in general;

c) The kind offering of your extracts and your publications destined eventually to a review in our "Bulletin".

With the hope that you will supply our needs, we assure you, as a sign of our deep consideration and admiration for your glorious role, we are ready to sacrifice a part of our scientific career in the interest of international scientific cooperation and world understanding.

It is quite superfluous to insist to write to you that we shall be enraptured to dedicate you the realizations made in our Institute with your favor and your kind help.

Let us to be expounders of our anticipated gratitude.

Very sincerely and very faithfully,

Yours,

(Prof. Dr. D. Mangeron)
Director of the Mathematical Institute of the Polytechnical High School of Jassy (Roumania)
DIVISION OF NATURAL SCIENCES

In its organization the division of natural sciences indicates the interrelation of seemingly diverse fields of knowledge. Indeed an understanding of this interdependence is one of the aims of a Bard scientific education. First of all, the very physical structure of the Hegeman laboratory building reflects the above ideal. On the three floors are found the physics, chemistry, and biological laboratories respectively; representing the basic natural sciences. Physics is assigned the ground floor and logically so, for because physical laws govern all matter, whether the size of an ocean liner or of subatomic dimensions. The next flight up houses the chemistry department and accordingly this section deals with a more special type of matter—that which will react to produce changes in molecular structure. Finally, one reaches a still more highly specialized form of matter, namely protoplasm or living material; this is dealt with on the top floor. In order to fully understand any of the foregoing subjects one must have a groundwork on the "floor" below. In other words one goes from the general to the specific.

To carry the analogy of these interrelationships even further, an investigation of the professorial structure of our departments may prove fruitful. Each of the three main departments has two instructors, one dealing with the traditional subject matter of his field, and the other working with the borderline material which falls between his and the next department. Thus, in physics, there is one professor for purely physical studies and another for mathematical analysis of related problems. For chemistry, being between two departments, one instructor deals with physical, and another with biological and organic chemistry. Finally, in biology much emphasis is placed upon sociological and psychological topics, thus relating the entire division to the general culture.

Science division classes and conferences likewise attempt to bring out such relationships, rather than treating subject matter as a group of isolated phenomena. The success of this policy is evident when our students are compared by a national standard. In a nationwide general chemistry test, Bard students invariably show a much higher than average rating on questions demanding thought and deduction. They sometimes score below par on pure memory work, but there is a compensating factor in that they know where to find such information when it is needed. This method is not only a time saver, but in many cases is more reliable than trusting to memory. Like other divisions of study at Bard, self expression and originality are stressed as criteria of achievement, and indeed, this policy bears fruit when students take jobs on field periods or after graduation. I know of many cases where employers were astounded at the ability of Bard-trained scientific workers. It is, after all, results like these that count.

----------PHILIP ISAACS
Barrelhouse Ginhead lived in a room on Vesey Street. Easy street with a V, he called it. To be able to make this little joke was the only conscious reason he had for living on Vesey Street. His little room was made smaller by shelves jutting out from all four walls, filled with many thousand records. Jazz records. The shelves, numerous as they were, could not hold all the records, and piles were found under the bed and on the window ledge, the latter piles thoroughly preventing any light whatsoever from entering the room through the window. (Barrelhouse Ginhead had once thought of arranging the records in some way on their edges, so that light could penetrate the room through the holes in their middle. But he had never quite discovered how to do this.) Enormous machines filled what little space remained of the room. There was a machine for making copies of records, a machine for controlling the volume of a record playing, a machine for sharpening cacti needles, loudspeakers on all four walls, and, oh yes, a machine for playing records. This machine did not function very well, so that Barrelhouse Ginhead seldom played his records. This greatly reduced his expenditure on needles. In the middle of the room stood a large filing cabinet, containing an index of all his records by artist's name, complete up to 1939; and a cross index of all his records by title, complete up to 1936. The only other article in the room was the already mentioned bed. But as the stacks of records increased, this article of furniture had finally to be removed. Thenceforth, each night Barrelhouse Ginhead curled up on a stack of unwanted Russ Morgan records. This was not too uncomfortable. Besides, there was a certain sensual satisfaction in hearing old Russ Morgan records crackle.

If you have not already guessed, Barrelhouse Ginhead was a record collector.

Barrelhouse Ginhead was a JellyRoll Junius fan. He had managed to amass every single record on which JellyRoll Junius was known to have played. Five years ago he had rushed home with the final record that had completed this collection. All the way from the dusty attic on Moshulu Parkway - where he had discovered this gem - to his little room on Vesey Street, he had been in a frenzy of happiness, clapping his hands involuntarily and emitting little, informal, shrieks of joy. He could not wait to get home and pack this record in a large box with layers of cotton on all sides, the way all his Jelly Roll Junius records were packed.

The packing of this record brought Barrelhouse Ginhead's life to a standstill. All provocation for existence ceased. He sank into a more or less profound torpor. Although no stranger to torpor, on this occasion Barrelhouse Ginhead reached a new high in torpidity. He lay so thoroughly inert on the Russ Morgan records that they didn't even crackle. That had been five years ago.

Recently, a letter from one of the many fellow collectors Barrelhouse Ginhead corresponded with completely altered the course of his existence. Gaunt, slim, indeed bony; haggard, lumpish, slothful, that is to say, fribble, he roused himself from the un-
crackling Russ Morgan records, crackling them.

The fellow collector wrote that he had, from an undeniable source, learned that Jelly Roll Junius had been present in the studio when Prim Fram Slam had recorded the obscure "Collector's Item Special". What's more, Jelly Roll Junius had distinctly sneezed towards the end of the record, making Barrelhouse Ginhead's collection incomplete.

Barrelhouse Ginhead devoted the next several days to working himself into an intense pitch of activity, and then sallied forth. For months he thrashed about in old second hand furniture stores and obscure basements, working his way from one end of the United States to the other. These efforts were at last rewarded. Exhausted and tired, Barrelhouse Ginhead finally unearthed the elusive disc in a dusty attic on Moshulu Parkway.

Giggling, shrieking, and slobbering, he wended his way homeward, finding his Vesey Street abode on the very first try. Borrowing a phonograph from a fellow collector lying dormant in the sub-basement, he hastened down to his own little room three floors below.

He gulped down a triple Sunday Punch cocktail, adjusted all the several machines in the room, and placed the record on the borrowed phonograph. The needle nestled in the first groove and refused to progress until Barrelhouse Ginhead kicked the machine several times, interpolating testily, "Progress, you bastard, progress."

Barrelhouse Ginhead hunched over intently, listening carefully to the series of rhythmical scratchings indicative of an elderly phonograph playing an old record. Towards the middle of the record faint signs of music were discernable. And then suddenly, through the fuzzy and indistinct haze of noise, clear as a bell, Barrelhouse Ginhead distinctly heard the sneeze.

"Oh, it's all so Hoyden," Barrelhouse Ginhead exclaimed, hurriedly packing the record away. 'Hoyden' was Barrelhouse Ginhead's favorite word, despite the fact that its meaning lay slightly away in the chaos that terminated the upper end of his spinal cord. The record packed, Barrelhouse Ginhead reached an acute emotional climax and fell into a torpor to end all torpors....

---Pete Kaufman
Taken during the Four Freedoms Weekend by Elie A. Shneour.
MUSIC NOTES

The Bard Music Department has, of late, inaugurated the practice of presenting open music workshops every two weeks. The first in this series occurred on April first. A combination of fine programming and good planning made the evening a success. The workshop of April fourteenth, however, was not as successful. This can be attributed to the calisthenics of three eager woodwind blowers, who took up a goodly one-third of the time. This trio also blew some notes at the first workshop. Their concert repertoire consisted of sections of a Haydn trio and two Gavottes by Bach. The members of this trio, although apparently sincere in their offerings, should at least have realized that they were trying to play the classics, and not the last chorus of "Tiger Rag". Although waving the arms, and shaking the head often appears effective in a swing band, it materially detracts from a concert performance. Perhaps some of their instruction should be in performance technique.

Bard can be proud of its string quartet. (Mort Levinthal, 1st Violin; Dave Margolin, 2nd Violin; Al Stwertka, Viola; Jack Kotik, Cello). Their clean phrasing and intelligent interpretation make them the finest musical group on campus. Levinthal's Violin playing leaves little to be asked for. He plays clearly and almost invariably in perfect tune. Stwertka has a rich, firm tone on the viola, which is an outstanding feature of the organization. Margolin and Kotik, although fine musicians, lack the technical ability and finish of the other two. However, the quartet plays well together, and with time it will attain even higher polish and performing unity. In the last two concerts, it played the Mozart C Major and D Major string quartets.
The Goeb flute quartet was played in the first workshop. Unfortunately, some members of the quartet lost their places during the performance. Flowing chord sequences and fluctuating harmonic and rhythm patterns dominated the first movement. Slower and chant-like in character, the second movement was melodically rich.

Another contemporary work, "Evening Piece for Flute and Strings," by Paul Hindemith, was played on the fourteenth by members of the string quartet minus Swertka but with Harold Littledale on the flute. Although his tone was a bit fuzzy, Littledale did a commendable job. The flute played most of the melody, while the cello had pizzicato rhythm patterns. The two violins slipped in many syncopated notes and shavings of melody here and there. This composition was like a melodic wrestling match, and played a game of hide and seek with the tempo.

In the first concert, Joan Kingsbury and Ray Howe each sang two short songs. Joan's voice is firm, though she has a tendency to become breathy in her lower tones. Her high register, however, is clear and pleasing, and she sang, for the most part, in tune. Ray possesses a clean, pure baritone voice, rich in timbre, with a great range and much power to back it up. He has a popular-songish habit, however, of sliding into the low notes, particularly at the beginning of a phrase. Nevertheless, this is overshadowed by his precise tonality, clean phrasing and perfect coloring.

-----R.M. SHERMAN
A STORY

"I'll give you all my chestnuts for it."

Edith shook her head maliciously. "Hn-ah," she said.

"I'll give you my brother's penknife."

"The blade is broken, Jimmy," she said. She took the marble out of her pocket and rolled it back and forth on the palm of her hand to display the veins of maroon that ran through it. Jimmy looked at it longingly.

"Let me hold it, just to look at."

"No." Edith was a little bored with Jimmy, slyly she looked over her shoulder to see if Ronnie Hill was watching; but Ronnie was showing Marion Everett the new puzzle he had received for his birthday. She turned to Jimmy, smiling brightly.

"What else would you give me if I gave you this marble," she said, raising her voice.

Jimmy looked at her with his tortured spaniel eyes, and swallowed. His tongue caressed the new hole in the middle of his upper gum; then he swallowed again.

"I'll give you my new tooth for it," he said. He burrowed into his pocket and fished out his handkerchief, which was tied into a little bundle. Carefully he undid

(continued on pg. 11)
the knot and produced his small, milky-white treasure. "See, I polished it," he grinned.

Edith threw back her head and laughed. Her black eyes turned into the slits of a Chinaman, and the vibration of her laugh rippled along her throat. She held her marble against the light, so that the sun blazed through the pattern.

Ronnie Hill had stopped showing Marion his puzzle and walked past them.

"Look, Ronnie, look at my marble," Edith called to him. Ronnie cast a critical glance at it. "It's nice," he said and walked on.

"Ronnie, Ronnie," she called, "what would you give me for my marble?"

Ronnie looked at her disdainfully.

"I don't want your marble. I've got one twice as big and twice as pretty," he said, and ran after Marion who was just disappearing around the corner.

Edith grew pale and tears formed in her eyes. "I wouldn't let you have it anyway," she screamed after him. Jimmy looked at her with dumb sorrowful eyes. She couldn't bear it any more.

"Here, you can have it," she sobbed, throwing it viciously at Jimmy.

Then she burst into tears and ran home.

---ILSE WALLIS
**THE BARDIAN**

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