Dr. Leigh Meets Council Men; Asks Functions

Disscuses College Morale; Recommends Clarifying Of Campus Government

TASK BEFORE ALL

Acting Dean Robert Leigh met with the Bard Student Council in his office last afternoon to learn of the organization's functions and to discuss the whole undergraduate governance situation. Dr. Leigh asked council members to describe present student regulations and their enforcement. One general campus sanction and observance of what rules have been set up.

Dr. Leigh also expressed the idea that social pressure is the most effective means of maintaining proper conduct yet in no waypredictive in a community, and Dr. Leigh indicated that student constitutions of what we stand for is not to form a restraining of our part in this matter can we ever be sure of the enforcement.

In the course of the meeting, all councilors concurred that the regulations and the general constitutions were largely "violating our freedoms." Dr. Leigh indicated that the motion of the council was raised, concluded that the regulation of the morale of the college was raised, concluded that the regulation of the morale of the college was reasonable.

In regard to these regulations, Dr. Leigh also said that the regulation of the morale of the college was reasonable and that it would kill him. It is a matter to which specific rules and regulations do not lend themselves, and are set up by the regulations of the college affairs, such as the Student Council, or the Dean. "It is an important matter to which social pressure is the most effective means of maintaining proper conduct yet in no way predictable in a community, and Dr. Leigh indicated that student constitutions of what we stand for is not to form a restraining of our part in this matter can we ever be sure of the enforcement." Dr. Leigh also expressed the idea that social pressure is the most effective means of maintaining proper conduct yet in no way predictable in a community, and Dr. Leigh indicated that student constitutions of what we stand for is not to form a restraining of our part in this matter can we ever be sure of the enforcement.

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Disscuses College Morale; Recommends Clarifying Of Campus Government

Latin Americans Hitting Top

Speaker Discricts Idea Of Dictator Aggression

Hibbert Hitting executive director of the Student Council, the American Relations and author of periodical and travel magazines, addressed the weekly Colleage meeting on February 7th.

Many students of surrounding communities also attended, and the meeting was concluded.

Hibbert explained that his topic was "Keeping up the Moral of the Student Body." He opened his talk by lauding the success of the Student Council. He then said that in order to reach a goal of 2,000 members, he made a prediction of the number of students who would attend the meeting and concluded that the organization.

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Hibbert expressed the opinion that Germany, Japan, and Italy were the main centres of dictatorial aggression.

He said that although German schools were being studied, he was not sure whether or not Germany had been converted. He continued to be of the opinion that "Moral has Been Arranged," and that the whole community must know that the United States also plays an important role in South America.

In another part of the meeting taken by government in Latin America, namely, the "most helpful" of all, politics' trip's title to democracy, and the signing of trade pacts.

The "safety belt" was depicted in that it included too much emphasis on firearms, France, and Holland and cannot be successful unless we are able to use it in itself.

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Looking Around

Twist evening and a few days later, pandering to Tell him "it was the best time ever had" and "she never enjoyed herself so much before." "It is writing in the best and unlikeliest of ways. I challenge anyone to show me an after-the-prom letter that didn't say that and didn't end with 'I'd rather have rubbed.' Secondly, you kept using your misspelled name. ('Aboud Ben Adam,' she wrote) and you closed the letter never sent.

It wouldn't be fair to dispose of the walls promiscuously in this way. In my enthusiasm, I'm sure every girl and boy who attended enjoyed the evening. Any looks to the prom committee, which, after a tumultuous start, worked doubly hard and well, and to Mrs. Astro, who was wonderfully generous and co-operative, for producing two nights of entertainment to a campus which thought only one continental dinner was possible.

I'm not sure if I can laugh at this point, but I am more than one or two dates away from campus in a half as calm as the one on which you drew your last night. To meet the formal is Saturday night might be considered for a permanent schedule."

Saturday, Nov. 11—"Goodyear, Mr. C., and Mrs. C."—Mr. Carlson's Evening Concert, Performing Society.

Nov. 12—Walter Whitcomb in Chapel.

Nov. 13—Meeting of Faculty Committee on Studies.

Nov. 14—Meeting of Student Social Committee and General Council. Dr. Curti, Dr. Heymann, "War Organization."

Nov. 15—Student Council Meeting.

Nov. 16—A Murder Has Been Arranged, by Hard and Vector.

Nov. 17—(Same).

Nov. 18—(Same).

Nov. 19—Walter Whitcomb in Chapel.

Nov. 20—Faculty Meeting.

Nov. 21—Student Council Meeting.

Nov. 22—Thanksgiving Recessional.

November 19th Through Thanksgiving Recess

Collegne CALENDAR

Dear Bennie," the letter she never sent.

"This is only formality. I don't know why in H— I should thank you. I think we're still not far enough to throw away twenty dollars in less than three days' time, and keep up with your roommate. In the first place, the only lingering hope that there's no 'sin no justice' had to be laid down to you when there were no witnesses. My guests. I who could dance, and whose check I had and who had always academic, steadily, you kept up with your roommate just because your roommate had to keep up with you. With a little common sense and some agreement, you would have saved something. You would have thanked you for the twenty dollars which was not my gait, but your loss.

"Bread-and-butter letters" usually thank people for a "good time." Note! You write much on a card with a coin, with a coin's worth of my own.

"It is an endless relief to know that you can't yourself enough yourself enough to go on to take all of my joys in one swallow. And I am aware that you are a very successful bar and I, as small boys, rigged up.

"Taken all in all, it was, frankly, a dull weekend. You strained too much to figure out something to do. Then when you got to the reeling stage, I had to figure out something to do. I might have looked at the weather for it, but not in that artificial atmosphere. Maybe I shouldn't kid too much. You cost me anything but two more steep. If there's no good going around next time you have a meeting, I might go pick up some yestereve. But there's no dough till the morning ever so. I'm going to make this out of your name, and she closed the letter she never sent.

"It wouldn't be fair to dispose of the walls promiscuously in this way. In my enthusiasm, I'm sure every girl and boy who attended enjoyed the evening. Any looks to the prom committee, which, after a tumultuous start, worked doubly hard and well, and to Mrs. Astro, who was wonderfully generous and co-operative, for producing two nights of entertainment to a campus which thought only one continental dinner was possible."

It is a neighboring college, Brother Sharp (I'm speaking of our fraternity in the Fourth Estate, not in a fraternity) was a good sport, I guess. He was the voting people of this community. To harmonize with the other husky, I laugh, I marvel at the glibness of our scholastics. There is no escape from entertaining politics.

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The editors had hoped to publish these photographs in the issue, but prints were too faint. In any event, these two pages will supplement the pages we published as that, the first of which will be in the Feb. 23, BARDIAN and the deadline for which will be Monday, Feb. 19. It is a new rule or announcement of a foreign-language class, and the obscure campus talent will then be seen and heard, and the BARDIAN'S first Liter- ary Supplement of the year, the Editors were forced to publish once more, and also to enlarge the Supplement to four pages. The second one planned for this semester will there- fore not be published. Two two-page supplements will appear before the 1, the first of which will be in the Feb. 23, BARDIAN and the deadline for which will be Monday, Feb. 19. It is a new rule or announcement of a foreign-language class, and the obscure campus talent will then be seen and heard, and the BARDIAN'S first Liter- ary Supplement of the year, the Editors were forced to publish once more, and also to enlarge the Supplement to four pages. The second one planned for this semester will there- therefore not be published. Two two-page supplements will appear before the
The supreme sacrifice is more often paid day of Jefferson Davis. While it can be little wonder then, that Nationalism, as propagated by those just mention Stalin forsook his vocation to the priesthood. The story developed a hatred of Catholic discipline and dogma. The story goes that Mussolini, when brought up in the education of a traditional Christian, and it is remarkable, therefore, that it should have bowed down to the influence of many customs and usages of historic Christianity. In fact, the current notion of the national state is so similar to the mediaval concept of Christianity that the close study of the practices and doctrines of contemporary nationalism is recommended to students of history.

Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin had all their "religious" views and the consciousness of a god was destined to become the Il Duce of Italy received his early education in the cloister of Saint Paul Fries at Faenza. And it was here that young Benito belvedere, in his old age, was to be found meditating over the life of Christ. If I were to look at the modern character of modern nationalism, or the religious character of modern nationalism. It seems that in all cases the men have laid down their blood on the battlefields of the last hundred years, and are continuing to do so right at this moment.

The most impressive fact about the present age is the universality of the religious aspects of nationalism. We cannot dwell on them too lightly. Right here in our own United States, it may be said that the religious sense of the whole people finds expression in nationalism. The same is true of France, England, Germany, Italy, Mexico, and Latin America, and the Latin states need to seek spiritual unity in nationalistic. The attitude of Proteus towards Catholicism was beautifully manifested in the case of Alfred Smith, ex-Governor of New York, when he ran for President. If he had not been a Catholic, it is almost certain that he would have moved into the White House.

In most Protestant churches in the United States it is prominently displayed to the congregation or community, and in most localities these same clergy and their congregations hold "union services" on Thanksgiving Day, Decoration Day, Washington's Birthday, and the Fourth of July. And it is nationalistic in some United States, Christmas, coming daily more and more nationalistic. The Protestant majority, in holding their own and seeking the conversion of divergent immigrants, constantly affirms that America is Protestant, and that Protestantism is to be overshadowed by such an attractive banner as "America for Americans".

The altar was covered with its own oil, and the salt and bread, and in the top of the flagstaff hovers the emblem of our sovereignty, the white-hooded eagle. The Christian religion and the national state, it is manifest to us who live in the West, is not strong enough to establish itself as the official church of the United States. Hence there needs to seek spiritual unity in nationalism. The attitude of Proteus towards Catholicism was beautifully manifested in the case of Alfred Smith, ex-Governor of New York, when he ran for President. If he had not been a Catholic, it is almost certain that he would have moved into the White House.

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...
A wind whips the corners
and above the glowing street the buildings stand patiently
and along the avenues of light change they...
Sitting there for two weeks, going out at night got that way. The turnips.

To water the turnips while hung himself and the sky.

Neither turnips nor the three chickens used more water than a few plants.

So things.

Farmer marion mackey hung a wind-driven pump to the sun.

But things didn’t work that way cause the chickens ate all the turnips and more than they were worth. They were free. They ate the corn and then they moved across between the shacks.

The connels kept the other shacks.

One shack kept the other shack.

Five cones and three generations. One young, one and three above him. The farther back they were, the drier the face and hands were.

They didn’t move much, except to eat, and they didn’t go out even when the sun went away.

The young’s didn’t go where there was food.

They just sat and waited.

They hadn’t talked to the other shack for a year. They were quiet. They had no sun that could get no meat because all the meat had moved away to where there was food.

They went across between the chickens. The sun was quiet and they went to the oomah.

The tinnies were for both shacks and the gun got meat.

But things didn’t work that way cause the chickens ate all the turnips and more than they were worth. They were free. They ate the corn and then they moved across between the shack.

The connels.

And the chickens.

And they ran heavy across between and the chickens that hadn’t been eaten.

And the chickens were for when they ran heavy.

They would be real hungry and the chickens who only had the turnips and a gun that couldn’t get no meat.

And they would be afraid.

And if they didn’t go out near the gun and the sky.

The gun.

And the other shack that went to kill and root out the chickens.

They killed a turnip and began to scrape it out of the land and they clasped and liked to kill something. They scoriag the earth against the gray pinched a big noise in the sun and the gun.

And the chickens made a big noise too.

The kid who looked out the sugar-sack window looked at the chickens. Mrs. mackey looked away from the door, mackey jerked back and as he looked at the noise his eye went big and blue. He leaned a low barn. The connels got a big noise.

He got up slow like and there was nothing in his face but the gray quiet.

He reached under the bed and picked up a gun and turned around and put his lips and he walked toward the one door. He was gonna kill everyone a them.

(Continued on page 4)
I

THE SHADOWS OF the man and the horse were long and thin against the white paint of the high barn door.

Moving always as the moon moved, this was when the bodies shifted from the tenseness staring with his empty eyes at his shadow this unseen, they were quick and startled on stamping, and it took hands like Rose's to see it move while he stayed still, and did not wait on anyone.

Fed one of the cutting machines. I sat all day on a stool and put things into this machine, and pulled them out, all cut up. When I was a basket full of things all cut up I took them over to Lilly who did something

Another girl named Rose worked the stamping machine next to me. She stamped labels on decrements. She was a thin little Italian girl with a dead face. She had long, fast hands, and they were the most ani­ mated part of her. They were beautiful and strong. She was a good one for the stamping machine because it was a bad machine and did not wait on anyone. It just kept on stamping, and it took hands like Rose's to work it.

Two Russians put clips on rule-angles, and passed them along to a girl who "bumped" them out on a small press in the corner. The Russians were like horses, or oxen. They could not talk English. They had big, peasant limbs, dumb faces, and deep laughs. They were paid on Saturday, and would stay drunk the Monday. Then they would come back and work for another week so that they could get drunk all over again.

There was another girl named Anna, a plump little Hungarian who had married and had 2 kids. Every afternoon her husband and the baby would be waiting in a flovery at the main entrance. Anna was always chattering about her baby and her husband, and you knew she loved them very much. She was a sunny little person, not pretty, but good to the touch of your feet. You couldn't help liking her, because life had not whipped her yet. We all worked together that summer.

We worked hard, Father and I would go to work together,—he to try to put the finishing touches,—I to push things into machines. We had a terrible time of it. Father used to tear his hair. One week we made two thousand slips-rides wrong. Father used to drive home with a face as long as time. Oh, it was a foolish invest­ ment. We could see the factory going "but" and all the workers out of jobs.

The sadness of America was in this fac­ tory. One of the Russians didn't show up on Monday. He had been plastered over the week-end. In the middle of the week he came back, and father fired him. The Russian just went out. He would go in another factory, get sober, and fired. It would keep on happening. It was hard for him to get used to things over here.

One hot afternoon when no one felt as dextrous as he might, and we were all thinking how good a man he would be, Rose suddenly began to scream beside me. She had gotten two fingers caught in the big press. They took her away, and I can still hear her whimpering, "Oh, Jeez! Oh, Jeez! Oh, Jeez—"

It rather stunned me. It happened so fast. I found Lilly standing beside her. She was a stout Polish. She had a stolid face. "Well," she said, "I can't stand it. Got to happen here." She went back to work, looking sullen and beaten. The fore­ man came in and told her she had "going," I said to him, "Rose hasn't got it yet, what good is she without her hands?"

"Don't look at me," said the foreman. "What do I care?"

There was another girl working in Rose's place the next day.

That is part of the sadness I saw, but it did not appear only in violent manifesta­ tions. It came with the hum of the power at eight o'clock, and all the men and women who were turned on with it. It was in dark streets, and tenements, and the pink­ lighted factory signs that winked at us over in the windows at night. It is a sadness that lurks in all industrial cities. I watched it for six weeks, and was ready to spil.

THE SADNESS I SAW
by James Westbrook

THE SADDLE I SAW
by Wesley Phillipson

THEMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, NOVEMBER 10, 1939

THE SADDLE I SAW
by James Westbrook

THE SADDLE I SAW
by Wesley Phillipson

(Continued from page 2)

THE SADDLE I SAW
by Wesley Phillipson

(Continued from page 2)

And walked toward it with his feet knowing before his weight tried. Silently he piled the load upon the floor and slowly pushed each separate piece aside.

Then he turned to make certain he did not leave some gear behind, and saw a glint not five feet from his hand.

He started back in mild surprise, he'd been so sure . . . . he took one step and reached ahead with both his hands.

A pitchfork, new by the smooth feel of the handle, and the sharpness of the prongs.

The boy would take him. Perhaps give it to the man to see him smile and feel his hand, pleased and heavy on his shoulder.

And he shook the fork a few times, hold­ ing it easily in his strong, young hands.

The two of them were walking now, the boy carrying a burlap bag, heavy with the stolen harness, shadow leaf patterns sway­ ing invulnerable, beneath his feet.

And the ephemeral moon descending its arc to the grave of morning.

Far behind the loose hinged door tolled­ ed away the time till its discovery with each finished cycle of its swinging.

The narrow path stretched in an easy serpentine, its sharp bends all velvet wells, and gave itself from custom and intent to the quiet footsteps it had long since ceased to hear.

In his left hand, balanced in an evenness of weight but not of length, the boy held the broken door, and moved forward to his end, carried by the rhythm of his stride.

But his mouth did not smile, for the man had accepted it merely as part of the theft, and not as what he had meant it to be, an offering, a shining bit of homage, a slave's song in harvest.

He had always tried to please the man, because he needed a little rope of someone else's strength on which to tie the essence of his life.

Without this he would feel the rock of his existence slowly shifting beneath him, in its falling sack along this simple rhapsodies, leaving them tangled and confused, thrown lonely aside, like the broken door.

Suddenly a wagon loomed before them in the moonlight, at the angle which the trail had spent itself in making the road.

They stopped before the lowered tail­ board and the boy began to slip the burlap from his shoulders.

But the man suddenly slipped his arm, and with a whispered, "Walt!" he stretched his hand into shadow of the wagon's arc, and was gone.

And when it came again into the light it held a little cat, still limp from sleep, the white spots on the blackness of its fur straining for the moon's cold, humid glow.

The fuddled cries it made were like the breaking of a harp string, and the tremor of the sound that shook its body reached to the man's fingers in small, frightened waves.

He smiled, holding the cat up high to see it struggle, and moved forward and leaned it to the ground and crushed its head beneath his boot.

The boy stopped breathing. His eyes went from the dead muscles, twitching in the dirt to the thing that had just killed something in his world.

His world, the simple things, the lovely easy grand skyscrapers, the black and death of leaves, the expected brown of au­ gust.

But not this, not this sudden, useless way, not to kill, and he turned his head against the stream of the fork, the prongs digging deep into the earth.
Now that the Inter-Football League is over, one can see that certain players that stood out for themselves in college football are the same players that are making their presence known on the professional field. Because of the added pressure of making a living as a professional player, although not the most talented players, they are the ones who are playing the best.
I tors’ came to a close just after two ized by the solo instrument. The arranged material but it never...

THE BARDIAN, NOVEMBER 10, 1939

C. J. STOCKENBERG

Electrical Supplies

Authorized Distributor of
Bulova Watches

Watch Repairing

- Watch Repairing
- Special Order Work
- Done on the Premises

BARD THEATRE

TOMORROW NIGHT

Motion Pictures

“GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.”

NOVEMBER 16th, 17th, 18th

“A MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED”

by Bard and Vassar

COMING: Jones and Division Valley Autumn—Color Films

EDWARDS ON ROAD

The Rev. Dr. Lyford P. Edwards, pastor of Bardonia, is to be the preacher at the annual An- nam Conference of the Catholic Youth Council for Social Action of the Episcopal Churches, on Sunday afternoon, November 12th, at St. Augustine’s Chapel, Trinity Parish, New York.

Po Edwards, it is reported, has chosen for his topic “The Christian Doctrine of Man In Our Own Day.” The Rev. Roger L. Blake, Bard, is to deliver the Homily speech and lead the general dis- cussion.

amazed at modern music. In clos-

orie, I would like to go on record as having enjoyed this concert more than any given since my children at hard.

Morrison’s

Restaurant

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

SIZZLING STEAKS

7 Camden St.

CO. 772

WILLIAM G. ACOCK

ESTATE

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Bird’s Eye Frozen Foods

Red Hook Phone 63

College Delivery

Photos of VIEW

An exhibition of professional pho-

graphs is currently on display in the Green Room of the Bard Thea-

ter. The photographs are being shown by the Afra Anco photo Corpora-

tion, complete extant collection of many fields. In the photo.

WALTZ PROMENADE

(Continued from page 1)

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