

MAY 1 1952

The wonders of modern science! It has not only developed orthophonic high fidelity recordings with ideal dynamic full frequency range plus clarity and brilliance, but also chemically-treated clothes and brushes to prevent impairment of these miraculous disks.

Has scientific progress failed to reach the isolated Bennington community? This was my first thought when I found three out of six records which I was taking out of the music library either scratched, warped or greasy. On further investigation, however, I discovered prophesies and oaths on each album assuring the discriminating listener of hours of three-dimensional sound. I notice, in addition, that most people here practice unbelievable dexterity in endeavoring to handle their own records without touching them in more than one place.

The damage to the records in the music library, therefore, seems due not to an ignorance of the proper treatment of good records, but rather to a lack of concern over the library albums. This attitude seems similar to that which most of us feel toward thirty-five cent Bantam Books.

If interest in furthering the appreciation of music fails to move people, let them remember that a damaged record can ruin their own phonograph needles.

M.R.

This is No Allegory

Once upon a time therē was a college. It didn't have a large campus, not five hundred acres, not even one hundred. Maybe only five acres. It had a large student body though. Students who mostly went about their business in an unobtrusive, studious way, and yet ready for any kind of campus "event" that would divert them with a little change from the humdrum routine. And so it chanced that one morning as the early shift was going to eight o'clock classes, the students noticed that overnight someone had pitched a tent on the little lawn that comprised the campus.

His name was Myron. He came out of the tent at about ten to nine, stretching and yawning, and wearing GI winter underwear, since it was kind of cold on November mornings. Myron was fairly well known around the school for being a kind of picturesque character, raconteur, and amusant of the cafeteria, and on nice days, of the outdoor launing set.

He was a Psych major, but he was interested in Drama, too.

The current talk of the campus had been dominated by the failure of the college's team to win a game, not in the last ten games. And while it had not been a pointless effort this season, other leagues were beginning to smile, if not to laugh outright, at the college team. Also the veteran's questions and gripes were high on the agenda. And also the usual slight preoccupation with subversive elements and their threat to academic and other kinds of life.

The school magazine, which had been banned, as usual, after the April Fool issue, was sparring for a comeback try, at least before next April, so it was high time.

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The Co-ed question was also at a peak, of sorts, for the College was considering granting an Educational degree to women, at the same time abandoning the female engineering program, and making it also obligatory for the female liberal arts candidates applying to conform to such regulations insofar as admission was concerned as hereinafter rescinded and thereafter amended, so no one was really straight on it, except that the two sexes agreed that coexistence was worth a try.

Training table for all teams was under consideration, while powerful protests had arisen that the basketball team had not only tripled in size since training table began but from a consensus of envious spectator comments of the Griddle, they simply ate too damn much.

The point of all this: that causes existed, and when Myron's tent appeared before he had time to avow or acknowledge his own rationale, the causes were espousing him ad ferventum, instead of the other way around.

Football fans painted the school colors and initials on the tent canvas; coeds did a cheering dance around it; unofficial bodies had shifts of volunteer shuttling to the cafeteria for sandwiches; do-gooders arranged to have the area roped off; the magazine erected a booth adjoining; groups gathered for the inevitable folk sings; banners, streamers, miniature rallies around the tent were the order of the day for weeks; speakers orated, not the least of these Myron himself; cokes were given by the complimentary cases, so with cigareetes; Armour & Co. sent a ham, and veterans' organizations on campus a steady stream of GI surplus equipment, notably blankets and seven changes of uniforms. All but movie offers flowed toward the college, to the tent. Myron had become a public figure, a rallying point.

Tomorrow, Myron's Own Story.

E. R.

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