Undergraduate Daily at Dartmouth College Vember of The Associated Press

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Volume CI

The Dartmon The Oldest College Newspaper in Americ

335 A HANOVER, N. H., TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1940

Norwich Holds Former School Debaters Town Meeting At 10 Today

Moderator Anticipates **Orderly Discussion Of Routine Business**

In their new \$49,000 Tracy Memorial Town Hall, voters of the Town of Norwich convene this morning at 10 to transact township business in their annual spring Town Meeting.

With only seventeen articles listed on the warrant, Moderator Glenn W. Merrill last night predicted a quiet meeting without recurrence of last year's controversy over the Town Hall construction and management.

"There has been no particular discussion concerning the meet-ing," Mr. Merrill said, "since aling," most all of the items to be considered are merely routine business. The town has had a good year, all departments have done their work well, and there should be no cause for any great disagreement."

Vote On Liquor Sales

In addition to the election of officers and the settlement of budgetary and taxation questions. the townspeople will make such year to year decisions as whether the town will permit the sale of "spirituous liquors," will operate on Daylight Saving Time during the spring and summer, will provide \$100 for Norwich Band concerts and \$350 toward the Norwich Fire District expenses, and will keep the use of the town library free with an appropriation of \$100.

Mr. Merrill called attention to one feature of the finance report which showed a \$3,000 debt retirement over and above the budget provisions, mentioning this sav-ing as an instance of the town's "good year." The recommended total tax is upped 10c to \$3.10, although this really represents a lower overall tax, minus the town hall levy of 25c.

The only trouble forseen for this morning's session was over an article for the purchase of a town truck, which the Moder-ator believed would not be acted upon.

Reason for this is that the article mentions specifically the price of the truck, "not to exceed one thousand dollars." Mr. Merrill did not believe that a truck could be obtained for that price suitable for the town's purposes, second leg in the medley relay.

Meet As Green Loses

Appearing in a debate together for the first time since 1937 when they won the Kansas state championships as the debating team ofa Topeka high school, Clifton Stratton '41 of Dartmouth and Hart Spiegel '41 of Yale last Sunday night took opposite sides in a debate which Dartmouth lost by a 3-0 decision.

The debate, on the topic "Re-solved, that this body favors the continuation of the policies of the New Deal," was one half of a dual Dartmouth-Yale debate, the other half of which, held in Hanover also on Sunday evening, was won by Dart-mouth in a 2-1 decision.

George Brand '41 and Strat-ton argued the affirmative; Spiegal and Robert H. Burges the negative.

Mermen Take **Bowdoin** 48-25

Three Pool Records Fall In Meet Yesterday

Three Dartmouth College swimming records were broken yester-day as the Indians defeated Bowdoin College, 48-25, in the Spaulding Pool. Starting the meet with the 300-yard medley relay, the Dartmouth team of Jim O'Mara, Dick Potter, and George Liskow came through with a new college record of 3.04 to finish a length ahead of the Bowdoin swimmers. O'Mara's backstroke leg constituted another college record with a time of 1,04.1.

The last event of the meet saw another college record fall, when the 400-yard free style relay team of Bill Stegner, Roland Wilhelmy, Jim Whitcomb and Liskow again, finished a length to the good in the time of 3.41.2.

Bowdoin's Cooper Takes Two

In the events that came in between the two record attempts, only the individual efforts of Bowdoin's Ed Cooper with firsts in the 50 and 100 yard sprints kept Dartmouth from sweeping the meet. Although there were no Indian double winners, starring performances were turned in by O'Mara, who added a first in the backstroke to his part in the medley; Liskow, who anchored both relay teams to record performances; and Potter who took the breaststroke and swam the

Daily Publishes First of **Rosenstock-Huessy Articles**

(Editor's Note: On February 23, The DARTMOUTH requested edi-torially that Prof. Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy "explain specifically and concisely how he would reconstruct our social institutions, how this suffices to discharge the responsibility which he charges us with neglecting' (by a war attitude which he*

termed stepping out of the continuity of generations). Following is the first in a series of three articles by Professor Rosenstock-Huessy in answer to that request).

Rendering Accounts

by Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy Professor of Social Philosophy

THE DARTMOUTH puzzles over y "metaphysical" attitude. You mv still see American youth sacrificed someway somehow, in the editorial of February 23. And I do feel that these fears and this shrinking from emotionalism are highly representative of public opinion. Public opinion favors a ban similar to Prohibition, only this time not on spirits but on the Spirit. I have no illusions about the genuine faith of this Prohibition Attitude. Only, as teacher of social philosophy, Only, as a cannot help being a bootlegger.

Helping Public Opinion

I would not deserve the honor of teaching if I did not treat the public opinion of today merely as the public opinion of today, and if I did not help along the public opinion of tomorrow. This cannot be done without conflict. So, I gladly accept the challenge.

We are fed up with protesta-

Coach Dent Puts Lacrosse Prospects **Through First Drill**

About 32 lacrosse hopefuls turned out last night as Coach Tommy Dent put the squad through the first practice of the year in the gymnasium cage.

Faced with an unusually early spring vacation trip this year, Coach Dent held an intensive drill despite the fact that the limited indoor space prohibited any actual scrimmage. After the candidates had been divided into small groups, they ran through several of the simpler plays, skipping the

usual warm-up exercises after the winter layoff.

Although 32 candidates came out last night and others are expected, only the nucleus of last year's championship squad remains. There are only five let-

tions. Therefore, I prefer to take you into my confidence simply by inviting you into my workshop of the last six months. In this workshop, work was going on for a common language in education, a daily practice of peace, and stu-dent participation in these two things. Three experiments from this laboratory may figure as samples of what I am driving at.

The first was laid before some leading educators. The second was sent to some influential people working on peace. The third is condensed from an essay for the Harvard University Press. They all converge towards the same goal, the "metaethics" that compel man to create peace out of the daily reality of war.

Topics Outlined

In this way, you will be able to understand my thought (I) on voluntary service of students, (II) on foreign policy, and (III) on college education. The first concerns the most

significant of recent American experiments, the CCC camps. Their importance to the future of America may be self-evident when I remind you that there soon may be, roughly speaking, as many boys in OCC camps as there are in American colleges. X

No task in America offers greater opportunity for service than that of building up a spirit and tradition in the camps of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Once this task is accomplished, the CCC will have ceased to be a relief organization, and will amount to William James' "Moral Equivalent for War". Such a result, however, can come only from an influx of moral and intellectual leadership. Is it not to be expected that the very best young men of the country will want the privilege of contributing to this growth?

Educators Challenged

There are two urgent questions before us: what is expected of the camp staffs, and how can they be developed to live up to the high expectations which the country holds for them? This memorandum is written as a challenge to a group of leading educators to provide more definite answers. But we may, perhaps, clarify the issues by making some tentative statements.

1. The camp officials hold the front-line trenches in the battle to pass along the nation's cultural heritage. Boys enroll in the CCC during the decisive and forma-

Coach_Dent

Ad Libbing, Prolific Prompting Liven Interfraternity Plays



Newspaper in America

JESDAY, MARCH 5, 1940

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Indian Quintet Wins Over Cornell, 37-23



COACH OSBORNE COWLES, mentor of the Indian's recordsmashing basketball team.

Schott Seeks Boxing Crown Heavyweight Enters Intercollegiate Tourney

Don Schott '40, recently crowned college heavyweight boxing champion, will leave tomorrow for College Park, Pennsylvania where he will participate in the annual Eastern Intercollegiate Boxing Association championships, boxing coach Bob Veres announced yesterday. Veres will accompany Schott on the trip.

Page Smith '40, wrestling coach, also announced yesterday that an as-yet-unnamed wrestling team would compete in the New England championships at Springfield, Mass, this weekend. Smith will announce the team today.

Fights on Saturday

Schott will fight in the semifinals Saturday afternoon, with the finals following on Saturday night. Harry Stella, captain of the Army football team, is expected to give Schott most of his competition, Veres said. Army will defend its team title won at Syracuse last year.

In the past years Dartmouth sent full teams to the championships, while last year at Syracuse three members of the squad, Gus Zitrides '39, Brummy Miller '41, and Jack Selby '41, advanced to the semi finals.

Commenting on Schott's entry yesterday, Veres said, "I wouldn't send Don down if he didn't have

Sets New League Scoring Record Of 577 Points

Coach Osborne Cowles' threetime winner put the cap on another Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball League season at Cornell last night when it overcame the Big Red quintet, 37-23, trouncing the Ithacans for the second time this season.

In the process, which was simple enough to allow Mr. Cowles to substitute his little-used second team for the last four minutes of the contest, the Indians went about shattering the League scoring record of 553 points set last year. In setting the new mark of 577 points for 12 league games, Dartmouth was led as usual by unstoppable Gus Broberg, who chalked up 17 points to make his total for the 12 games an even 180-or just 23 better than the mark he himself created last year.

Cornell Threatens at Start

Cornell threatened the Dartmouth supremacy for just 11 minutes — the first 11 minutes during which time the Big Red managed to keep two points out in front during a sortie of baskets by both sides. However, when the eleven minutes were up, two clean shots in a row by Broberg knotted the score at eleven-all, and the Indians went on a lead at the half, 16-11. Throughout the rest of the game they were never threatened, except for a brief Cornell flurry with six minutes to go.

Cowles Inserts Second String

The Flying Swede cut this short, however, with a brilliant offensive display, as he rang up six straight points to squelch all the Big Red enthusiasm. It was right after this that Cowles inserted his second-stringers for the duration of the game.

Sharing in this final glory for the Green quintet were Captain Bob White and center Jim Sullivan, playing in their last League game for Dartmouth.

Summary on page four



The Weather

Snow today, ending tonight, tomorrow generally fair, not much change in temperature.

Temperatures yesterday: Maximum 37. Minimum 25. Snowfall 1.7 inches.

Number 106



Combination

Talk about your debi

The leading social event of the Hanover pre-Sprin

Undergraduate Daily at Dartmouth College

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The Oldest College Newspaper in America

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235 BHANOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1940

New England Struck Heavily **By Snowstorm**

Hanover Can Expect More Snow, After **Escaping Brunt of Fall**

With the snow storm that bean Monday continuing internittently throughout yesterday nd last night, Hanover added ust short of six inches to her vinter's snowfall, escaping the veight of the snow and sleet torm which gripped southern New England.

While Connecticut and coastal reas battled to clear fouled tele-raph, telephone and power lines ind repair heavy property dam-ige, Hanover's light but lengthy all brought this winter close to vertaking the thirty year aver-ige snowfall. Yesterday's storm rought this year's total to 59.9 nches, while the winter average eaches 66.3 inches computed hrough the end of March. Furher snow was forecast.

No difficulty was experienced in learing Hanover streets. All oads were open, though slippery, nd Boston and Maine officials eported that the storm had not nterfered with train schedules nto White River Junction.

Storm Moves Seaward After Paralyzing N. E.

Boston, March 5 (P)—A para-yzing storm that coated New Ingland with snow, sleet and rain noved seaward tonight after ausing thousands of dollars of roperty damage. However, furher light snow was forecast for remont and New Hampshire.

The forecast generally for New Ingland was "cloudy, with little hange in temperature."

Scores of snowplows, and sandng trucks in areas where sleet or ain glazed highways, managed o keep the main roads open, but he surfaces in most instances were wet and slippery and traffic moved slowly.

Hardest hit by the two day ortheaster was Connecticut, northeaster Connecticut, where damage was the most sev-ere since the 1938 hurricane. Streets in the southwest section of that state were being cleared tonight of tangled poles, wires, and trees, felled by the weight of the sleet.

Three Juniors Leave College On Year's Trip

An idea conceived in an all night session last Wednesday reached realization shortly before noon yesterday when three juniors, Edward J. Ras-mussen, Ben S. Fogleman and Donald J. Egan, withdrew from college and purportedly left for Mexico.

Their main reason for the action was, "we want to travel and feel that if we wait until we graduate we will never get the chance." After leaving school Thursday noon for New York, the trio purchased an automobile in Bridgeport and returned to Hanover yesterday to pack their possessions. They expressed hope of returning home "about Christmas time" and reentering school at the start of the second semester next year.

Daily Elects Five Frosh

Bolte Announces List From Third Competition

THE DARTMOUTH elected five freshmen yesterday to competitive '43 posts, it was announced last night by Charles Bolte '41, director of the third 1939-40 freshman competition.

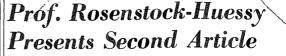
The five men chosen are Donald Wood Kingsley, Jr., James Charles Knoepfler, Charles Kent Culberson Lane, Jr., David Culberson Loughlin, and Emil Mosbacher,

Kingsley's home is in White Plains, N. Y., where he attended White Plains High, was on the student council, honor society, and school paper. Knoepfler lives in Sioux City, Iowa and attended Central High. He was on the student forum, national honor society, and his school paper.

Lane Lives in Rockland

Lane Lives in Rockland, Mass., and attended Rockland High, where he was in the honor society, the dramatic club, and the glee club. Lane also was on his school paper. Loughlin's home is in New York City, where he attended Horace Mann School. He was class secretary, debate team mem-

ber, and on the paper. Mosbacher lives in White Plains, and attended Choate School, from which he graduated cum laude. He was on his school paper and literary magazine.



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II. Peace in Deed

Finland seemed to be slated for the Olympic Games in 1940. Instead, she was slated for death. The Olympic Games had been hailed as the sublime symbol of peaceful national rivalry. The shrieking overtones of the Berlin Olympics told an attentive listener that war was on, even within the games. It would seem that competitive games are not enough to integrate the parts of the world.

However, it is worth remembering that the Olympics of the last fifty years owed their exis-tence to the voluntary service of the finest youth of the Western Hemisphere. One hundred years ago, Lord Byron went to Greece and died at Missolonghi, fighting for the independence of this tiny bit of a country. In 1940, an out-standing Dartmouth alumnus, captain of a team and writer, still



five Italian ships, at least two of them laden with German coal, in emphatic answer to a sharp Italian protest, and stepped up other phases of her economic warfare against Germany by announcing a 300 million pound (about \$1,-200,000,000) war loan and launching a determined campaign to increase her own exports despite Italy's pointed warning of a severe strain on political and economic relations between the two powers by the newly enforced coal blockade.

Moscow: (Wednesday) The Red army continued today to close its grip on Viipuri, its commanders reported the capture of the town of Neetela, nine miles north of the beseiged city.

Helsinki: (Wednesday) At least

amicably. Here was a young Lord Byron in modern disguise. For a short moment, he understood that the dust bowl, the soil and its reconquest, and social disintegra-tion are the "Greece" of our century. He played with the idea of heading a movement—not the "Weltschmerz" of the Romanticists-but one of active sympathy for our mother earth.

However, when Finland was invaded, conservation paled. Being virile, being class '38, he was moved and had to move. He still had his normal sensibility; and so, he could not speak like a fresh-man, class '43: "We must not help anybody, not even in peace times; we are sitting pretty." (The latter remark is a true story from this campus and shows how popular "insensibility" is, at present). New Directions Needed

win Our Dartmouth Lord Byron mem found himself in the fetters of the capt: world at war. It was too late to give him another direction. Class '43 does not seem to wish to be directed. But if this is so, they simply abdicate from any impor-tant or significant place in society. The future Lords of Creation-whoever they will be-will have to direct their leadership, their creativeness, and vigour, into new channels. And here is the reason why.

A peace between great nations, we have learned by bitter experience, must be based on daily prac-(Continued on Page Three)

Wrestlers Chosen For New England Intercollegiates

The selection of three mem-Eme bers of Dartmouth's four-man on wrestling team for competition in the New England Champion-Dar App ships at Springfield and the namseri ing of Don Schott's first round opmοι ponent in the Eastern Intercolthe legiate Boxing Championships at Dar Penn State were feature developsors ments yesterday as Dartmouth pugilists made final preparation S at t for the weekend competition.

sor Bill Fitzell '40 in the 135 divi-Der Bill Fitzell '40 in the 135 divi-sion, Jack Devor '41 in the 165 pound group, and Harry Kram-er '42 in the 155 pound class were named by Coach Page Smith last night as definite competitors with an additional entry in the 175 pound class to be named later. Pau Res 20 the wit Doc

Norwich Citizenry Packs **Democracy Into Meeting** by CHARLES G. BOLTE

own money. The Rev. C. Arthur Haz-

London: Britain today seized

Vox Populi⁷ [**Froj. Rosenswer-muess**y **Presents Second Article**

the 19th century were due to a daily practice of peace. It was the

growth of trade, the free flow of

capital, the growth of new mar-

kets that made the best training

school for peace, because it was everyday life.

come industrialized and a new power, labour. has come to the fore, rivalling trade and capital. The 20th century is in danger of

incessant wars because no daily training for peace between na

tions outweighs the nationaliza-

tion of the labour market. The Peace of Vienna in 1815 was followed up by the Indus-trial Revolution. No such new

form of cooperation followed the

Peace of Versailles. Intelligent leaders proposed a common work

army for the reconstruction of France. But the nobility of man-

ual labor and the importance of a

moral equivalent for war were ideas far too new at that time.

Today, the Moral Equivalent for War has a history of thirty years. It has become reality in

forty countries all over the world, in the form of voluntary or com-pulsory labour services. Only one thing is lacking for making it an

instrument for peace: these ser-vices still work under the false

pretense of nationalism, each

under a national flag in a national uniform. Is it possible to strip the product of a world-wide la-bour evolution of its nationalistic

disguise, and make it serve the

it would be easier to establish a democratic basis for peace; it might also help to approach the terms of the next peace more realistically since one would see

clearly what means for realiza-tion are available.

A World army for reconstruc-tion, composed of the peace-mak-ing nations, should be established

at the end of this war. It should be turned to work in Poland.

Spain, Finland, Africa, China, or wherever revolution and war

common administration of this army would be the easiest way of

turning the nations towards close cooperation, without interfering

with their principles of military independence. It could not abol-ish war as the Kellogg Pact did, by words of a Prohibition men-tality, which merely invited boot-

legging from the beginning. In-stead, it would introduce peace into the daily relations of the or-dinary citizen of the world. Then, the words of the Peace Treaty

would not ring hollow, but would be the framework for everybody's daily experience of the peace that

The

have wrought destruction.

If it appeared that the gentlemen's agreement of the next peace could be followed up by a work service for its daily enactment,

daily practice of peace?

Need World Army

A World of Labour Camps

Since then, the world has be-

(Continued from page two part will be, it must be conceded, an outward manifestation of our inner feelings . . . and remem-ber, the United States is neutral in actuality. Should we endanger our present actual neutrality in order to help the heroine who, by her heart-rending pleas for aid, makes us more than willing to give this help? The question answers itself.

Human thought during war time becomes very interesting and, oft times, very dangerous. We are swayed easily, by press, radio, and movies, and encouraged to arrive at gross and unjustified generalizations from simple generalizations from simple facts, which, in many cases, have been so distorted as to become almost unrecognizable. The facts are that we all recognize the affected by her present condi-tion; but we, because we think straight and are able to apply the invaluable knowledge and experience of the past to the present condition, and hence are able to realize what the future consequences will be, most certainly cannot be called "blind followers of Stalinism." We must measure the relative value of present aid to future consequences, Professor Feldman, and we cannot help but come to the only logical conclusion; that present active aid is not worth possible and probable future consequences.

We must stand firm, wanting to help perhaps, but knowing that we are doing a wrong and foolish thing if we do, and hoping that, in this instance at least, might is not right.

ROBERT HALE '40

Weaver Gives Natural **History Talk Tonight**

Dr. Richard Weaver, college naturalist, who spent the summer as a guest of the Canadian Government, accompanying the an-nual patrol crew of the National Park Service along Canada's eastern coast, will speak on the "Natural History of Southern Labrador" at an open meeting of the Dartmouth Scientific Asso-ciation tonight at 7.30 in 14 Silsby.

Intramural Calendar

Fraternity Squash					
					DI. :
a.00	Delta	Up	silon	i vs.	Phi
	Psi.				
3.30	Theta	ιDe	elta	Chi	vs.
	Zeta	Psi.			
Fraternity Handball					
Semi-Finals.					
4 00	Zeta				or of
	Alpha				
N.					vs.
🐧 Delta Tau Delta.					
Dormitory Handball 4.00 Lower Topliff vs. win-					
4.00	Lowe	r To	pliff	vs.	win-
	ner	of R	icha	rdson	vs.
	Crosh	ov.			
Dormitory Squash					
4 00	Colle	00 V 9	Ru	ecoll 9	Sana
	South				
4.50	Mass.		yer	vs. c	outn
= 00					
5.00	New) vs.
	Fayer				
7.15	Hitch	cock	vs.	Gile	(up-
	per).				-
7.15	Riple	v vs.	Wo	dwar	d.
Graduate School Basketball					
Finals					

Finals 7.15 Tuck I vs. Tuck II. Fraternity Squash Next round will be play-

(Continued from page two) vious; enraged outcries about tice. A formal agreement, even forced labour will testify to the when voted for by every voter in all the countries concerned, is prevailing prejudices of the gen-tleman and sportsman against the all the contries concerned, is bound to be torn up by suspicious neighbors on a globe grown nar-row through the airplane. The simple facts of different uniforms worn daily, of different languages spoken incessantly, make for war. The long periods of peace during the 19th contury were due to a dignity of labour. However, the peace schemes discussed in pub-lic so far, strike me as abstract and idealistic theory.

Peace is impossible as long as people, in kind of conspicuous waste, get drunk with the word "peace", instead of "doing" peace, soberly and inconspicuously.

Today And Tomorrow

- Wednesday, March 6 7.55 Audio - visual shows "Ford River Rouge Plant" and "Harvest of the Years", 234 Baker.
- 8.55 and 10.15 Audio visual show —repeat. Also "Story of Twine", 208 Silsby. 10.00 Wednesday Forum, 105
- Dartmouth. 3.00 Interfraternity Cross Country Ski Championship
- on Lyme Road. 7.30 Open meeting of the Dart-
- Open meeting of the Dart-mouth Scientific Associa-tion, 14 Silsby. Illustrated Lecture by Dr. Richard L. Weaver, "Natural History of Southern Labrador.' Thursday, March 7
- 10.00 Chapel Chapel — Leader: Prof. Philip Wheelwright, Third Talk in the Series, "The Universal Aspects of Re-ligion."
- 1.30 Faculty and Townspeople's Natural History Trip. Leader: Dr. Richard L. Τrip. Weaver.
- 7.15 Open Meeting of the Span-7.15 Open Meeting of the Spatish Club, 13 Carpenter. Speaker: Prof. C. P. Lathrop, "Mexican Art".
 8.30 Interfraternity Play Con-
- test, Little Theatre, Robin-son Hall. Auspices: The Dartmouth Players. Admis--"The Hand of Siva"; Delta Kappa Epsilon — "Both Your Houses"; Del-ta Tau Delta — "The Cri-tian". tics"; Phi Kappa Psi "Double Demons."



Ballantine Ale

Krueger Beer

On Tap!

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Complete Stationers

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common work imparts to all who share in it. The obstacles that stand in the of this cooperation are ob-

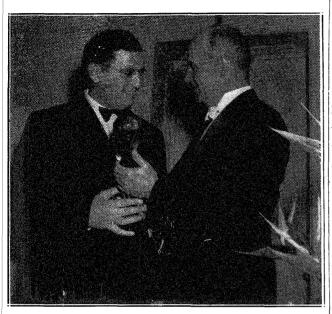
Undergraduate Daily at Dartmouth College Member of The Associated Press

I ne Darmou The Oldest College Newspaper in America

Volume CI

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335 HANOVER, N. H., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1940 President Hopkins Presents Academy Award On Tour



DAVID O. SELZNICK, year's outstanding film producer, accepts the Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Award from PRESIDENT ERNEST MARTIN HOPKINS at the 12th annual Academy Awards banquet.

President Ernest Martin Hopkins, was a guest of honor last Thursday at the 12th annual banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, where he awarded the coveted Irving Thalberg Memorial Award to David O. Selznick for the year's "most consistent high quality of production achievement."

The banquet, held at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood's Am-bassador Hotel, was presided over by Walter Wanger 15, who was recently elected new head of the Academy, and 1200 members of the motion picture industry were present at the celebrated event.

Guest of Wanger '15

During their stay in Los An-geles the President and Mrs. Hopkins, who have been absent from Hanover on a combined vacation and speaking tour during the past three weeks, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wanger at their Hollywood home. On Friday fol-lowing the banquet they left for Arizona, where they will vaca-tion for four weeks before con-tinuing the maching energies tinuing the speaking series.

Interviewed by the West Coast press, the President expressed surprise at the small concern with which westerners view the

Players Schedule Four Plays For Contest Tonight

European war, but said he believed the eastern absorption in its outcome was too great.

Speaking about the processes that can be used in stimulating men to think, he cited small dismentioning that such groups of students, mentioning that such groups "were now only possibly in a small strip of Europe." Of Ger-many and Italy he said, "The young men don't even seem to went to think. They were seem to want to think. They want someone to think for them..., I find I can't share the opinion of those people who feel sorry for the German people. Every time a dictator has come along they have fallen for him."

He termed the present conflict a "death struggle between totalitarian power and democracy," and went on to ask "America in the war? I don't want to see it. Neither do I want to see the day when we might have to fight them alone.

Weisker Wins Langlauf Race **DKE Wins Team Honors In Fraternity Races**

Chick Weisker '41 of Chi Phi fraternity slid past the finishing post 1 min. 12 sec. ahead of Gary Allen '40 of DKE in the interfraternity langlauf race run off yesterday afternoon, as the Deke's took team honor with a total time Four plays will be presented of 45.21 minutes. Weisker's time for the single run was 20.49

Lack of 'Common Language' by Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy Professor of Social Philosophy Rendering Accounts

Kosenstock-Huessy Deplores

A Common Vocabulary

The lack of a common vocabulary on serious matters is believed by many to be our fatal destiny. We have to be grateful to THE DART-MOUTH, I suppose, that we have a chance to fight this despairing of our power to keep a common language. Without this power, the future of education would be dark, indeed. The results of an examination of thereby check his feelings in the

some central words are here con-densed. This ends our series "Rendering Accounts."

Prohibition: a constant misunderstanding of the principles of life, both physical and mental. Sacrifice: a word better avoided

altogether; but a fact as solid as a rock. It contains two elements or alternatives: to sacrifice our own pet ideas, in time; or instead, to sacrifice others when it is too late to do the re-thinking. In both cases, it is ineluctable; it cannot be exercised from life. Without sacrifice, life cannot have or take direction.

Peace: a daily creation and a practice of overcoming daily death.

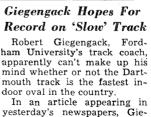
Life: usually treated today as deathless. This amounts to the abolition of the law of cause and effect, for society.

War: the attack on more inte-grated life by less integrated life goes on incessantly. Nature is in a state of war.

Wars: happen when men relapse into a state of nature by not creating peace daily.

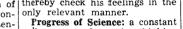
Emotions: Our only protection against cynicism.

Feeling: A direct social relationship that is best embodied in service; it is as direct and indispensable in a people as knowledge or science It alone makes people survive famines, fires, floods, wars, revolutions, by voluntary service. Feeling is ostra-cised today because people, in their country clubs, do not see that right feeling is the basis of democracy, and that a man who feels rightly must serve and



yesterday's newspapers, Gie-gengack claimed that the track was not the fastest and that it was rough and bumpy. But yesterday afternoon, Dart-mouth's Harry Hillman got a wire from the illustrious Fordham mentor which read:

"Wesley Wallace would appreciate an invitation to race James Herbert of New York University in an attempt to break the world's record for



endeavour to keep the thinking of the old and the feeling of the young in close contact. It is, however, a reciprocal process between expert reasoning and creative insight. Both must cooperate to produce new light.

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A College: An emotional spirit. This sublime definition, I am sorry to say, is not of my invention. It was given at Dartmouth back in 1909, in a speech as beautiful, I think, as any of the greatest speeches of antiquity, by the President of Princeton. The speech, by Woodrow Wilson, which is not found in his Public Papers, fortunately was printed by President Hopkins. Wilson said: "The spirit which lies behind the mask of a (college gathering) is not an intellectual spirit; it is an emotional spirit. It seems to me that the great power of the world, namely its emotional power—is better expressed in a college gathering than in any other gathering. We speak of this as an age in which mind is monarch, but I take it for granted, that. if that is true, mind is one of those modern monarchs who reign but do not govern. As a matter of fact, the world is govrned in every generation by a reat House of Commons made up we cannot escape into the pas-sions are in the majority." Hence, we cannot escape into the pas-sionless attitude of a reporter of, or radio listener to, other men's passions. We have to look out lest the handsome passions become the minority.

A College Body "represents a very handsome passion to which we should seek to give greater and greater force as the generaand greater force as the genera-tions go by-passion for the things which live, for the things which enlighten, for the things which bind people together in un-selfish companies." (Wilson). "We Are Sitting Pretty": the (Continued on Page Three)



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THE DARTMOUTS

Graduate School Basketball Finals

Tuck II beat Tuck I, 26-21.

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Intramural Calendar

College Open Foul Shooting 4.45 On upstairs court.

> **Dormitory Ping Pong** First round must be played off by March 9.

Fraternity Squash 3.00 Kappa Sig vs. Sigma Chi; 3.30 KKK vs. Phi Sig; 4 Chi Phi vs. DTD; 4.30 Sigma Nu vs. Psi U; 5 Sig Ep vs. Theta Chi; 7.15 Phi Psi vs. Theta Delt; 7.15 7.15 DU vs. Zetes.

Dormitory Handball Finals 4.30 Lower Top vs. North Mass.

Professor Deplores Lack Of 'Common Language' (Continued from page three)

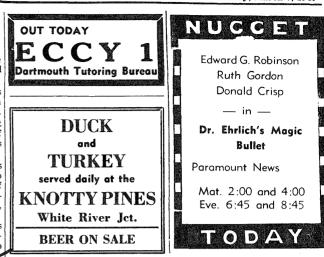
ceives the truth that, f. i., the earth turns around the sun and that all men are born free.

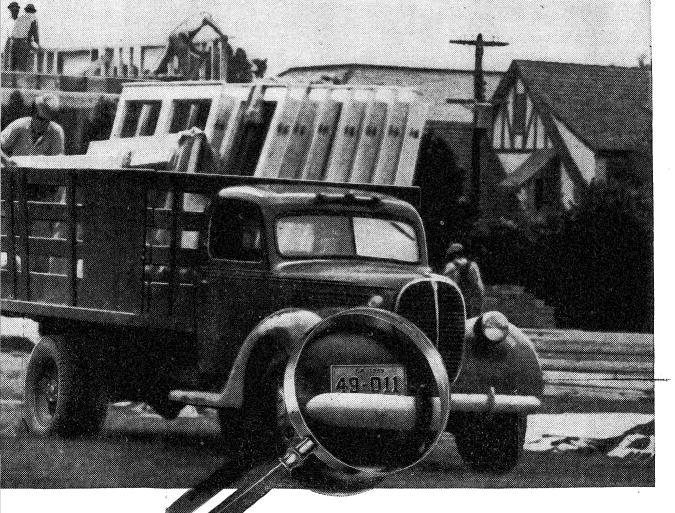
A Teacher: A man who backs the faith of the living generation with the promises from the past.

A Well-Taught Student: is shot through with the importance of the facts taught by Copernicus and Jesus.

An Educator: A man who pleads with the living generation not to jeopardize the future growth of a humankind equal in faith, imagination, freedom, creativeness, to any previous generation.

to any previous generation. **A Well-Educated Student:** is resolved to sponsor these discoveries and all that they imply, to the end of time, himself.





Clue that **T**rapped e Heirs of Huey Long The world of right and wrong dresses in shades of gray. The pepper-and-salt of ordinary human nature... the protective coloration of the rascal... the unprepossessing garments that can hide a clean white motive.

▶ Studying that gray crowd-picture, penetrating its disguises, throwing a searchlight here and an X-ray there, is part of TIME's job. TIME queries its

Thursday, March 7, 1940

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Now, if you will lend me your attention for a second attack, I should like to apply the discovery of the identity of our own and the artist's wonderment in defining the specialized artist and the function of this school. Why must the universal wonder of human-kind be represented by a few men called artists, in every generation? If we all feel alike, why are we not all artists? Secondly, once this is understood how can any educational process help the arts? In other words, what is the use of a school like this for the creative arts? I think that you, from the Stuart School, may have a special message to carry into our community.

My two questions then are: First: why do we need special poets, special musicians, special artists at all if everybody presumably is a Bettina von Arnim? And second: what is the function of a graduating class like this?

In answering the first question, why we do need special artists, we must look at creation itself for a moment and its treatment under our hand. I once gave a talk on Paul the Apostle; and a man from the audience afterwards teased me by saying: you really are in love with your material. I was dumbfounded when he called Paul my material. Of course, I am in love, I hope, with Paul. But I never had thought of calling him my material. Now, any artist is in love with his material; But because he is in love with his material he is quite unable to call it material as the world does. What appears to the insipid onlooker to be his material is the living God in his creatures challenging the artist's services to save them from the mishandling of God by man. Let us take poetry as an example and ask: what is the material of poetry? Well, it's words, simply words as we use them all the day long, in discussion, gossip, small talk, advertising, classroom recitations and commencement addresses. The only little difference between all these usages and the use of words made by poetry is that poetry uses the words as they ought to be used, with their full power, vitality, evolutionary evergence, and idiomatic flavour. In all other ways of life, we partially at least abuse language, dry it up, abbreviate it, condense it, stifle it. Ours is a tin can language. Poetry is the only full and complete and perfect usage of words in which the gruesome term "material" gives way to the full resuscitation of God's greatest gift to man: language. You only need to look to the other extreme of the whole range of using language: to the terms: A.A.A., and N.R.A., and B.B.C., and M.I.T. This is certainly the most imperfect use that can be made of language.

Thousands of years ago, the common usage among men, for speaking, was plain chant as you can hear it nowadays in Church when Mass is said or in the Synagogue when the Cantor reads the sacred texts. Plain Chant still shows man's real love for his material, language, serving it to the full. At that time, man used plain chant, neither merely speaking nor merely

singing. The two arts of music and poetry had not yet been divorced. Later, our throats grew more and more lazy. Speaking came into existence as a second stage, and this stenographing of our original speech is going on before our ears. When you compare an Italian and a Chicago-man, you may feel, in your physique how the throat is shutting up more and more. First we used our lungs, later our throat, later our mouth, and now people try to use their nose only. To make up for this loss of plain chant in daily life, singing branched off in the opposite direction, developing man's capacity to become an organ. A famous singer used to call her voice "this beautiful organ." As to speaking, this, then, is the natural tendency: in our whispering, chatting, shouting, and yelling during twenty-five hours out of twenty-four, the natural man does something to his material of words; he debases, abbreviates and finally kills a "material" which originally was part of man's uproarious dancing through a living universe. We kill Shakespeare by using quotations from him on silly occasions. We really do everything we can so that the treasures of creative language may lie dead on the ground, their spell broken, their magic charm exploited for propaganda.

The poet makes up for this. He re-creates the language. He has pity on its bleeding and maimed and mutilated corpse. Language having fallen among the thieves, it is taken up by the poet as the Good Samaritan of creation. He restores the corpse to its splendor, by creating it all over again. Because people make lifelong efforts to destroy the power of majestic language, it takes the lifelong effort of special poets to bring it back to life in every generation. And so the poet would not have to exist if we would all cease making so many empty noises, but would talk only when our heart was so full of something that the words must burst out from the bottom of our heart through our lungs, up our throat, out of our mouth, with the nose quietly out of the way, the nostrils perhaps just a little bit trembling in surprise over this uproarious human heart that suddenly takes away the breath of the nose; the nose only takes an interest in the outside world, and has utter contempt for the outbursts of the heart.

The poet restores the normal pressure under which full grown speech alone can be attained, and that pressure cannot be had without the pipeline re-opening again from the heart across the lungs up the throat on to our lips. Then alone does the pressure testify to our being swayed by the sense of wonder and joy and praise and gratitude which made man speak and which makes man speak today. Then, language is not treated as artistic material ever so precious, but as the plain chant at the tense and secret festivity of cosmic life. This same process goes on in the colors and forms

of the universe which we abuse in our dresses. My dress certainly is an offense in the eyes of my maker like all man's clothes. Daily, man testifies to the "Decline and Fall of Trousers." Our furniture, our building: woe to them. The artist uses to the full what most of us are too poor, too lazy, and too blunted to use at all. Music – why, we are living in a universe of music; for music originally means the whole rythmical flow of inspiration of any sort. The Muses are nine, all in all. The composer makes up for our relapsing into din and noise and deafness in which we moderns seem to specialize.

This, then explains, the artist's special message. He is the physician who takes the corpses of created beauty back to the fountain of eternal youth. Since, incessantly, sewage is dumped into the river of human expression killing all the life, somebody has to perform this cure.

And now, it becomes easy to place this graduating class within modern society. This world is a world of litter, sewage, advertising, blinding lights, and nasal triteness. You are equipped with insight and with practice in the arts. You have been initiated into this sacred fellowship which binds together the artist and his community, the whole human race. Please don't take your place only in front of the artist, as connoiseur, as his future public and admirer. Help him to admire the universe. You are between the barbarian and the decadent, on the side of the artist, somewhere in the middle. Among you there are amateurs, and, perhaps, an artist. But what matters today is not the individual rank which you may claim for your individual self. What matters is if you will think of the artist only as of a man handing out autographed signatures to admirers, and being applauded. That is good, too. We all need encouragement so much. However, the great sigh of our age goes in another direction. The whole of creation is groaning and moaning for the broadening of joy, of youth, of wonder, in an all too well known universe.

You are born advocates of that precious material in sounds, smells, movements that God has given to his image, so that we may be clothed by them radiantly. There are personal limitations. I can't paint. I gave up music one day when I felt that the musical element ought to fuse with my intellectual life still more intimately, that my thoughts had better become musical. And yet, despite all our individual shortcomings, we are shot through with the sense of wonder. Without being a creative artist everybody knows creativity. That is the final secret that I entrust to you as the graduating class. It was already present in Chesterton's uproarious laughter. I bring it once more to you, the graduating, matured disciples of art. I shall disclose to you the real meaning of the term "creative." Many people harp on this word today. But they are apt to mistake creativity for action.

This is not so. The artist wields a magic wand like Prospero in the *Tempest*. He can change the world. And, during your years here, you often must have wondered over your power of transforming nothing into something. A little art makes all the difference in the world. But do you know that the words "Wand" and "to wonder" actually are of one root and that they look at the same process from two sides? By the "Wand" the world is changed, and by "wonder" we ourselves change.

Now, one change cannot be had without the other. World and man are two elements in one metamorphosis. The artist may change the world on condition that he is in the process. Creativity, it is true, means our own doing; however, this active doing is sterile where it is not the result of our own soul's plasticity. When we can dissolve in wonderment and conceive under its overwhelming power, when we are made over, we can make over the universe. In German, we call this metamorphosis "Verwandlung." It is a word pertaining to the words "wand" and "wonder" and uniting them as they always should be united. Creativity is active and passive at the same time. It is divine because it is masculine and feminine, doing and receiving. You must not go virile or masculine to be fully human. Strike the balance between the active and the passive in the middle voice, and you will be human. In fact, we all know this fact by instinct. We all treat an artist as changing under the sequence of his works. Look how we react when the name of an artist is mentioned. Do we think that first is the man, and later his work? Not at all. Shakespeare is the author of his plays to us. And with every play he has written he has become more the "real" Shakespeare. Beethoven first is the composer of the first symphony and the Eroica, perhaps. Then he becomes the composer of the Fifth. Later he takes the world by storm with the Ninth Symphony. Finally, outrunning all the living he writes the late quartets, a promise that still is ahead of many, waiting for our maturity in the future to be fully understood. With every one of Lionardo's great works, his reputation was made over. The work renewed the person to whom it was given. So it is with our wondrous creations in life. They must change us, if they are first rate. Conceiving a work is at the same time a change in quality of our own nature. You cannot create except by being re-created yourself. It was the tragedy of Amy Lowell, here in Boston, that she could not see this. Emily Dickinson knew it, and so achieved greatness. The sense that does the changing inside ourselves is the sense of wonder, it is that faculty of living as though you never lived before. We will change the world as long as we can be changed. Let this be your most intimate connection with the creative arts: to be creative also means to be in the making, and being created, yourselves. Women who have become emancipated, think too often of life as doing. It is, however, far too wondrous for that. Making, and being in the making,

is one and the same process, called living. By the perpetual sense of wonder in human hearts, obliterating all our prejudices and conventions, the beauty of the world can be recreated daily. And then you will save the artist's place in the community because you will be his community.

Today the artist stands far too alone, everybody expecting him to do miracles, and the poor man dies from inner starvation much more than from lack of food. You are the topsoil of the flower-bed in which art can grow connecting the inimical and yet inevitable subsoil and the stalk and stem of the arts. Yours is the greatest function, at this moment, because the artist and his public are falling asunder; backing the artist by your own sense of wonder, your own handling of God's materials, your own great and lasting expectation on the eve of the great festivity called life. Overcome your calculations; look into the flower-cup of the lily, at seventy, as though you were seeing it for the first time in your life. And the artist will come to life, backed by a human community sharing in the conditions of creativity, standing again on the shoulders of our dreams and desires which he expresses better than we ourselves. Be full of things to be expressed by artists.

Lest you mistake my appeal as lofty and impractical in our days of economic planning, revolutions, unemployment, slum clearing, and social worries, it may be in order to mention the very practical side of this attitude.

Three days ago, a young friend from Buffalo visited at my house. He is with the Federal Housing Administration, and it is his business to pick the most deserving tenants. At least, he asked me what he should do since these tenants had their eyes on the movie stars and the simonized car of their neighbour; but they would dump their ash-cans right in their own backyard. And no signs, nor advice, nor warning made any impression. Well, I was a little bit confused myself; then I blushed and said: "Frankly, you know," I said, "I am one of those messy people myself. It does not help to tell me to do this or that. In the case of the ash-cans, I do not feel too sure that I would not dump them if I happened to be a tenant pinched for his rent, his water bill, his work, his family." I said, "I must be frank with you. You don't aim at the center of these people. You try to make it easy for them by talking about ash-cans only. And you let them down; you must aim at higher things to achieve the small ones." And I had to tell him that when we moved out into the country, an infinite number of chores descended upon me, of which I had never dreamt before. And I was no good at them. I simply was paralyzed by the variety and endlessness of them. Rationally I knew that I was expected to clean the furnace, and take out the manure, and cut trees, and weed the garden. But I kept

my city habits as a means to overlook the chores, pretending that I had to do more important things. And like the poor tenant, I called more important the things which I was accustomed to do in the city, like writing letters, reading books, waiting for the mail, etc. Only when I realized the complete change of my life from a city dweller to a homesteader, and all the wonderful implications of this change, when I began to accept the potentialities of acquiring a new character myself, only then did I find access to the qualities asked for in serving the deities of space. Attic and barn and basement and field acquired the reality which things only attain when they become expressions of our own way of life. And then we begin to personalize them as the modern nomad does when he speaks of his car as she. Feeling the charm of being made over, gradually, from a nomad into a man who has settled for good, in every sense of this word, gives us new eyes and new senses. And then, one day the same ash-cans against which the housing authorities have fought in vain, these same ash-cans will disappear as by witchcraft. And it truly is witchcraft because the magic wand has not touched the ash-cans but the blunted senses of the tenant and restored them to their proper glory first. The so-called practical people who think that to concentrate on little things is the easiest way, don't know the machinery of living people. Aim higher than the so-called practical people, and you will achieve, on the one hand, the very thing which they try to do and cannot do, and, on the other hand, something more durable: you will have changed the things of this world because you have restored the heir of this wondrous world, man, to realizing his heritage.

Now I have taken you first to Berlin to tell you how fascinating Boston was when looked at from far away. Then we went to Florence, and to the Alhambra ballet in London; alas, my opportunity is over. I had such a good time. Perhaps I may end this round trip with a short excursion to Mount Monadnock. After all, summer is here and it behooves us at this occasion, to provide a handful of good New Hampshire air. Around Monadnock, you still may feel that the world is on the eve of something. I have heard there my first and only hermit thrush singing. And I shall not forget my sense of wonder over this song as long as I live. However, this is not the ultimate reason for our going to Monadnock now. I got there something for you, from an artist. On the foot of Monadnock lies the former house of a painter well known through this country, Abbot Thayer. The house and study have been deserted for years. Books, sketches, furniture, everything is just going to pieces. This famous author of a book on protective coloring, in this his hermitage, has not found any protective coloring. Five years ago I entered Abbot Thayer's study. And what might have been a nightmare otherwise, turned out like a visit to the Grail, for one sheet of

paper that was lying on the table. Here from this sheet, a spirit of order seemed to dominate the room like a last will and testament.

In Thayer's handwriting, in the middle of the room, on the table, I read and copied the words which I have printed since, as a message to posterity. I don't know if this is a quotation or a truth formulated by the painter himself. I am inclined to think that it is his own thought. But what does it matter? I don't know if anybody else ever has read it or transmitted it to the world. And so from the foot of Mount Monadnock I am carrying to you the word, nothing bombastic, no; sober, reflecting, scrutinizing words, and yet telling you why we all crave the artist's attitude. We all crave our emancipation from the artefact mostly called man to the real. human being. Abbot Thayer wrote: "Art rescues man from his state of being limited to a point and to a moment. Contrive as you will, your camera cannot exclude the peculiarity of the moment and the place. This is the torture of the intellect, that it is condemned to still-photography. But it longs to see from all points, from all moments, as God does. The bliss of contemplation of a work of art is this sense of emancipation, of seeing as God sees, and as we may sometimes see."

Graduating Class of 1939, you are emancipated by the laws of this free country from inequality. Be emancipated by the bliss of wonder to the emancipation of seeing as God sees, through a wonderful and, therefore, happy life.

Biography of Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy

Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy was born in Berlin, Germany in 1888, the son of a Jewish banker. After receiving his doctorate in law from Berlin University, he taught law at Leipzig University from 1912 to 1914. In the First World War he was an officer at the front near Verdun.

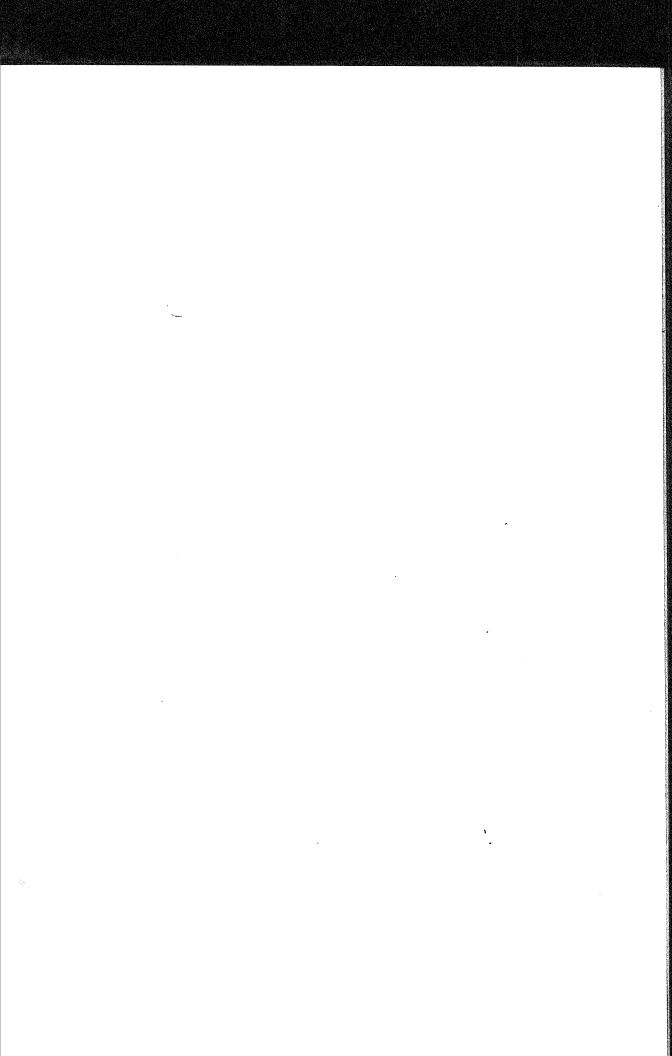
He returned to university life in 1923, as professor of law at the University of Breslau.

While at Breslau, in 1928-30, he organized voluntary work service camps which brought together workers, farmers and students in work together on the land. This and his subsequent similar activities in the United States have been described as forerunners of the Peace Corps.

Immediately after Hitler came to power in 1933, he voluntarily left Germany and went to the United States. After teaching two years at Harvard, he joined the faculty at Dartmouth College where he taught as professor of social philosophy until his retirement in 1957.

With the backing of President Franklin Roosevelt, in 1940 he organized an experimental camp within the Civilian Conservation Corps. Camp William James in Tunbridge, Vermont was experimental in that it was to train leaders for a possible development of the CCC into a service that would accept volunteers from all walks of life, not simply young men in need of work.

He died in 1973.



Published by the William James Press as one of a series of pamphlets marking the Bicentennial of the American Revolution. Santa Cruz, 1975

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