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The Candidates

After the discussion at the convocation meeting of last Wednesday it would seem that the current yearly condition of the community council can be traced to an ineffective and irresponsible community council. In order to protect the ideal upon which this college was founded, the right of student government, we must give much careful thought to the election of a new council. The position of the BARDIAN is this: It wants to see a council elected which will revive the community council in order to effect an absolute minimum of machinery and regulation, at the same time one that is strong enough to enforce them. The following list of candidates for re-election and proposed additional members has been evaluated according to criteria which we consider to be necessary to carry out that aim.

The Editors

Present Members of Council

Faculty:

Mr. Hayes: Not prone to controversy, but when he talks makes excellent sense. Doesn't usually talk.

Students:

Blackstone: Non-committal, doesn't often talk but lets the members of the council do so. He likes to have other members make his points, which he outlines before a meeting. Should not be re-elected.

Goldberg: Not verbose, not too constructive, not too scintillating. Should be replaced.

Zimmerman: Can be constructive, but doesn't often want to be. Sincere, but not too communicative. Should have a stronger candidate.

Albee: Not overly interested, not overly communicative.

Martin: Interested, sincere, but doesn't talk at all.

Hecht: Very interested, sometimes interesting, not always constructive.

Poultier: Fit man for the job. Is sensible, constructive, very communicative, and sincere in expressing his views on all sorts of issues.

Rosenblum: Extremely modest with words, sincere, but uncommunicative.

Proposed Additional Members

Reis: Sincere, completely sensible to the point of being logical, blunt, and to the point.

Franzfelder: Sincere, capable, intelligent, and straightforward.

Students:

Ellen Prima: Extremely intelligent, blunt, and very capable.

Ben Heller: Sensible, constructive, and very active.

Anya Baxter: Intelligent, lucid, and only talks when she has something to say.

Ham Winslow: Another intelligent person who only talks when she has something to say.

Eve Gassler: Capable, sensible, and constructive.

Don O'Meara: Forceful, honest, and completely blunt.

NOTE: We should have an active council that does not circle around with quibbling figures with photographs and other cutouts without knowing whether or not the idea would work. The result of a good council was a book that was printed.

(Continued on Page 4, Column 8)
LOOKING AROUND

Ed. Note. With this issue the Bardinan resumes the column identified by the title of "Looking Around." Each week some member of the community will report on a phase of campus life particularly interesting to him. Unsolicited contributions are also desired and should be addressed to: Campus Mail, "The Bardinan," for "Looking Around."

To the Editor:

In calling attention to the rather sharp attack on the administration of the college in the last issue of the Bardinan, I should like to state my opinion that the "incidents" which served as a basis for the article appear to be petty and a bit foolish. The effect of the article was weakened by using comparatively insignificant matters. Furthermore, the degree of sharpness was uncalled for and serves little constructive purpose for the present. However, this might be, I approve of the article because it bluntly points out a trend which is becoming obvious to us each day. The present state of affairs finds the administration attempting to enforce certain little rules and orders unceremoniously and the students responding with disobedience and resentment. This is indeed a debatable situation which must be remedied immediately. I believe that certain members of the administration should stop paying lip service to our government while engaged in figuring out how to get around the students.

No one enjoys being dictated to, but has anyone stopped and asked himself why the administration has suddenly broken out in a rash of action? Have you forgotten how we walked around in Convocation last year without accomplishing much in the way of constructive action? Remember how a weak Council didn't have the courage to carry out its own resolutions, thus rendering the Constitution a mere paper? Most certainly each and every one of us is aware of the very simple and liberal rules concerning the proper use of the social rooms have been ignored by the members of the community. Those rules were passed by Convocation, not by the administration! Many members of the community are unwilling to accept the responsibility of governing themselves as a mature group. If this is so, the administration is quite right in taking back the power which has been leased to us.

The Bardinan's article was too one-sided. We should look to ourselves for a great deal of blame, and corrective measures should begin with a little self-searching within each of us.

Everyone on campus envisions ahead of us the greatest year in the history of the college. Let us not spoil it by squabbling over petty differences. The administration is still apparently willing to let the students handle the affairs of community government. We must accept the responsibility and privacy, and use the power justly, wisely, and above all, forcefully. We must be effective, or lose the right to govern ourselves.

The Power of the Council

There is a general consensus that the present Community Council is inactive and weak. Rather than place the blame on themselves, some members of the Council appear more willing to indicate that both Convocation and the Constitution are to blame. The Constitution is at fault for not passing strong legislation. The Constitution is lacking because it does not give the Council the power to legislate. So runs the argument, as indicated by the discussion carried on in the Council at its meeting October 15th.

It might be pointed out that Convocation has past all the necessary legislation the Council needs. The rules are quite liberal in their effect, and there has been little complaint either from the administration, or from the more conservative members of the Community regarding the rules themselves. The students, as regards the application and enforcement of the rules, Why is empowered to enforce the rules of Convocation? "The function of the Council shall be to serve as the executive committee of the Convocation and as its interim committee between meetings of Convocation, to whom it shall report." This is a direct quotation from the Constitution. Unless one is quite blind, extremely broad powers can be read into this sentence. The Convocation has passed the legislation; while Council has all the executive power it needs to administrate the legislation. The Council could not ask for much more.

To demonstrate further the extraordinary powers of the Council, the Special Committee and the House Government may be utilized. The Council can exert its authority directly on the students by referring matters to them by way of the House Presidents who are members of the Council. Not only are the House Presidents automatically members of the Council, also they are members of the Special Committee. The "functions of the Committee are to investigate all matters which may be referred to it by Council or by other channels. As a committee of alleged miscreants, it is authorized to consult with and call attention to the standards to which it will hold the students." If the presiding officer, or any future Council wishes to complain that its hands are tied to inactivity, it is suggested that the Council members use some thinking when they re-read the Constitution. All the administrative power there is in the Council members themselves.

Tom Marshall

SPORTS FOR THE LAYMAN

The guerilla warfare undertaken recently by several factions within the college has all the aspects of a group of small boys who step playing war to have a firefight over who has "taken the most shells." Accusations and counter-accusations are filled the atmosphere that everyone has lost sight of the main objective—namely to determine the best way to govern this community.

Actually there is one very important principle of government, those who make the rules must carry them out. If the administration wishes to take over the job of deciding the rules of conduct for the college, it must provide the necessary policies to enforce them. If the students intend to make their own rules they also must provide the machinery to enforce them. This does not mean that any one group of students should become the. . .
A GIRL LIKE THAT
by Robert B. Sherman

Her name was Mary, and boy, was she sitting at the table that said she seemed like the kind of girl he'd like to know just to talk to, and if he was crazy and decided to meet her.

She was sitting at the bar with another girl, and she was drinking Old Fashioned, and went over to the bar and plunked down a ten dollar bill and said your drinks are on me; the guy been with her didn't care much for buying drinks for the other girl, I didn't want it to seem too obvious that I was making a play for the red head.

The other girl looked up at me and smiled and said thanks because they were just about to leave at that time. I felt like a real nice guy and glanced at myself in the mirror behind the bartender and thought I did look pretty good in my blue serge with the gold discharge button on the lapel.

After a couple of drinks with the girl at the red-head if she would care to have a dance with me. She looked up at me for a split second and didn't smile but just raised an eyebrow ever so slightly and slid off the bar stool and took my arm as we walked off toward the dance floor.

Maybe it was the drinks and maybe it was the way she always danced and of course she danced as slow as she liked because she liked me. And after all, why shouldn't she have liked me? I'm a good looking guy and I bought her some drinks, and I was very polite.

When the music stopped, I gave her an extra little squeeze around the waist to let her know that I was still there and she pushed away from me and led back to the table and out of the corner of my eye I saw my pals were leaving the night club, but they didn't wave at me as at least he left, and I smiled and waved at him behind the red head, so he could see me I'm sure he thought that I was making time with the girl.

And I guess that then I thought I wasn't doing too badly myself.

I kept hoping that the red head would look up and talk. She hadn't said anything so far, and I really wondered what her voice sounded like. I could always tell a hot girl just by the sound of her voice. I guess some people are just born with that ability; like my old man most of the time could spot a woman in a horse just by the way it walked.

I thought that maybe I could draw her out by telling her a little about myself. I had a few drinks in me and was feeling mellow, and when I feel that way I talk.

I told her as best as I could how beautiful it is at night when you're driving along the coast highway with the bright moonlight and the stars and the mountains on one side and the sand and the water on the other side.

After I told her about how beautiful it was I smiled and said that it sounded pretty nice to hear a soft low voice, and I could tell that she was a dame with a heart and could really be passionate with a guy that liked pretty well.

Then I remember that I asked if she would care to have some coffee after I had finished with the Army. She said not now, but I insisted, so she couldn't stop me; I sang a couple of songs, and they were a little off color off the top of my head. She was excited. After singing, I wanted her to join in with me for a chorus, but she refused and just sat with her elbows on the counter looking over her drink into the blue mirror behind the bartender. But then she must have liked me with some guy when I was singing her, because I didn't see her laughing.

A couple of guys with discharge buttons came over to the bar and we started singing that Linsay song and I was just one of them, it was a lot of fun because those guys knew all the words too. But the other one said something and I left.

Call out the members of the Old Brigade.

They'll keep England free.

Some other guy came over to the bar and I saw him slip his arm around the red-head's waist, and I saw how he looked at her and how she smiled and raise her eyes over so slightly. I wanted to call that man off, but those two would never have anything with anybody else let me go. And when we got through singing the end of the song.

Call out your mother.
Your sister and your brother.
But for Christ sakes don't call me...

She was walking out of the club with this other guy. I didn't like it because I want to change any shape when you're running after dames, or arguing with them, sometimes that beats the hell out of me is why a decent girl like that would let herself be picked up by just any old guy who she didn't even know.

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

Sam Parrish is setting in his favorite hangout with his favorite friends. The sitting room is a room that is filled with people who are discussing by-gone events. "What happened ever since Harry Martin?" I asked him. "It's a long story around since he doubled over on that police deal!"

"Another interesting question," says Sam. "And the answer is no. I don't know what happened. When I was in the Army, she said not now, but I insisted, so she couldn't stop me; she sang a couple of songs, and they were a little off color off the top of my head. She was excited. After singing, I wanted her to join in with me for a chorus, but she refused and just sat with her elbows on the counter looking over her drink into the blue mirror behind the bartender. But then she must have liked me with some guy when I was singing her, because I didn't see her laughing.

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Sports Slants
By FRED SEGAL

Rob Saganly will lead his field hockey team out on the sod this Tuesday against a valiant women's unit. Saganly as captain said the following about the outcome of the contest: "We will persevere until we vanquish them girls. We have the skill, the drive and the speed and I feel confident that our boys will get in there and really fight! Know what I mean?! This reporter, while sympathetic, feels that the Saganly Men's Tigers team, will have the proverbial tar knocked out of them when they meet Mary Pernot's petite amazons. While the men have the will to win, they're sadly out of shape and lack the fitness to trump the women. Furthermore, they're having to a certain, that Saganly boys don't cross the 50-yard line in the first four quarters and don't get past third base when they leave the post this new.

At this writing, Pete Zeider has delected himself out of the running in the tennis tournament. Zeider, a proud Californian, has a splendid record behind him. He claims his withdrawal is due to tennis elbow, an affliction he picked up leaping on mahogany bar. Zeider's withdrawal leaves Jim Reven the favorite in the men's tournament.

This column should have been written by Pete Monash; but he's now tending his ailing aunts and won't be with us for many moons. As he goes, he takes most of the cups and awards for the semiannual debating society with him. He and the cups will be sorely missed.

One of this paper's foremost sports analysts and commentators, Doni O'Mara, has handed in his green eye shade and resigned from the "Bardian." No longer will the halls of Thomas' Motel ring with the steady pick of his portable Boyes. No longer will his husky voice spot the copy boys and other plates on to better stories, no longer will his acolyte sing the songs we love. Doni has gone back to his Burroughs and other readings.

The cross country track team has met with several obstacles. The coming season may prove different, but the fact that none of the aspirants could run further than one yards without dropping like flies looks like an ocean of things to come. "Flash" Taylor, trainer for the team, gave his opinion while picking up lugs. "We can't get a chance," he said simply.

A soccer team has been formed. Who plays soccer?

Letters to the Editor
October 14, 1946.

To the Editors:

Conciliations:

I trust that I shall not be considered too pedantic if I point out an error that is being committed frequently and has now found its way into the "Bardian." It is the old matter of the use of two titles—Reverend and Honorable. In this particular instance it is the reference to "Reverend Schaeffer" (this is on page 1 of your last issue. It is fortunate for the Bardian that our Chaplain is so well dressed, for he might well look otherwise. Not only is his name misspelled, for it is Schaffer, but the use of the word "Reverend" immediately before the last name of a person is incorrect. To call a priest "Reverend Schaffer" is as incorrect as to call the Governor "Honorable Dewey."

This has nothing at all to do with churchmanship, Protestant or Catholic, "high church" or "low church," it is incorrect. The Bardian is not alone in committing this crime against English grammar; it is the company of the Registrar's office and of the Library. To the interests of good English I urge these people, as well as the Editors, to read "Correct Usage" on page 18 of the current Diocesan Bulletin to the Library.

Emotely,
Emil Olshefsky.

Literary Yearbook
(Continued from Page 1, Column 1)

Something that could include the best writings, paintings and essays that were produced for that year. Honors of division could select material that they thought worthy of being included in a presentation of the best work at Bard. We also feel that the Bard scholars should receive more recognition, more than just polite hand-clapping when their names are announced at graduation. Photographs of these scholars could also be included in this book. Perhaps small pictures of the senior class or a group picture should be added since their graduation is an integral part of the year, but all references to what they did, like and dislike and who their favorite movie star is, should be included in the main text.

The book would be a record in plain binding for about a dollar a copy. A reminder of the best to

The Hayes Office
(Continued from Page 1, Column 1)
shouldn't have mentioned the incident, with the tennis courts here.
Alan Ostrom.

The Bardian, October 23, 1946

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