

Bard College
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BARDIAN

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A LOOK AT THE ART DIVISION

There is a group on campus with a particularly eager and intense look, a group that drinks masses of coffee and is seen prowling about the store office, muttering about the price of paints and brushes. These are art majors and can be distinguished from the mob by tell-tale spots of paint on face and hands and by the subtle odor of turpentine and linseed oil on their clothes. Little has been said about them in these columns, their work, what they're trying to say and the results of their work.

This writer examined the exhibit in Orient Gallery and the finished canvases in the art studio. There is a marked difference between paintings. They don't all look as though the painter was influenced by the same artist. This is generally the case in most art schools; the teacher turns out a group of painters who are reasonable facsimiles of the teacher. The fact that there is a variety in style here is due to Stephan Hirsch, professor of art. He has taught technique without forcing his own style into each canvas.

Some of his students are talented and there is evidence that one or two may be good in the future. The chance to paint whatever they choose and the freedom to find a style has resulted in an occasional fine painting.

The exhibit was mostly graphic and as little abstract as possible. Timid still-lives in contrast to crude splashes of color depicting physical violence. Nevertheless, even the worst jobs seem to show an improvement as compared to the same artist's work earlier in the year. We can look forward to better exhibits and rapid improvement if this last show was a criteria of work to come.

A poster exhibition is now being presented in Orient Gallery and also upstairs in the art studio. There are lettered posters, photo and montage efforts. This writer liked them all. Although some were confused in presentation they all served a purpose; to be attention-getters. Mr. Hirsch feels that "attention-getting is irritating, unless it is done with impeccable taste and with consummate skill." This exhibit of posters, we feel, has answered and fulfilled these requirements. The exhibition is well-worth seeing.

Literary Yearbook

The idea of a school yearbook was bandied about late last spring with disappointing results. The book that was planned was a leather-bound ponderous replica of every other yearbook. The idea was submitted to President Grey who felt there was no need for a yearbook here at Bard and he suggested trying something unique, something that would make a Bard yearbook different from that of Michigan University and every high school in the country. Larry Henderson and Bob Corrigan, who originated the idea here couldn't attempt to make up dummy issues with photographs and other cuts without knowing beforehand whether or not the idea would be accepted. As a result the book was dropped.

We feel that there is a need here for something chronicling the school

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The Candidates

After the discussion at the convocation meeting of last Wednesday it would seem that the current unsavory condition of the community government 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 revise the community government 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 qualities which we consider to be necessary to carry out that aim.

The Editors

Present Members of Council

Faculty:

Mr. Hayes: Not prone to conversation, but when he talks makes excellent sense.

Dr. Obreshkove: Likes to have student members talk for him. Can be extremely sensible. Usually doesn't 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 to them 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 does not talk at all.

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

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

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

Proposed Additional Members

Mr. Reis: Sincere, completely sensible to the point of being logical, blunt, and no sycophant.

Dr. Fraunfelder: Sincere, capable, intelligent, and straight-forward.

Students:

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

Ben Heller: Sensible, constructive, and very active.

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

Ham Winslow: Another intelligent person who only talks when a constructive idea occurs to him.

Eve Gassler: Capable, sensible, and constructive.

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

NOTE: We should have an active council that does not sit around all year talking and accomplishing what amounts to nothing. The convocation is expected to do something, and it can accomplish a great deal by having effective officers, who, in turn, should be expected to give the convocation something worthwhile to act upon and not merely matters of procedure and red tape unwinding.

SCIENCE CLUB DISCUSSES ATOM

Atomic energy was discussed at a recent meeting of the Bard Science Club. Mark Stroock started the discussion by expounding upon what he considered the main aspect of this problem. He stated that the question has ceased to concern itself with merely the scientific realm, but has developed into an international political football. The overall distrust of nations (chiefly Russia, the United States, and Great Britain) has made it impossible for any treaties concerning atomic energy to be released to date.

Russia's refusal to revoke her power of veto and the United States' lack of co-operation in destroying the stockpile of the atomic bomb has stymied all international attempts at creating a workable atmosphere for peaceful discussions of the atomic problem.

Eli Schneour spoke in affirmation of the Acheson report, following Mark Stroock's orientation of the problem at hand. Schneour defended the United States' views of the difficulty.

Ham Winslow added a strong note of sobriety to the meeting by declaring that in the use of atomic energy in warfare against Japan, we automatically sanctioned the use of this power against humanity. His views were, that we were not masterful, although we shortened the war with the use of the atomic bomb, by using atomic energy we started the greatest armament race in history.

Martin Hotchberg, in a brief oratorical blast, recapitulated Stroock's previous statements.

After the formal panel had ended, the rest of the audience presented some original views on the subject. One new question was made concerning the economic picture: Would the U. S. receive any pecuniary reimbursement for relinquishing the secret of the atom? The answer, as found in the Acheson report, is no!

An election of new officers was held. Mort Bloch was chosen as the new President; Phil Isaacs, Vice-President; and Carlie Hull, Secretary-Treasurer.

Books For Europe

Europe has undergone not only a moral, but an intellectual devastation. Libraries have crumbled; educational institutions have suffered losses of funds and scholastic machinery. External motivating forces become necessary to reascertain the literary forces of western civilization. Europe is intellectually starved; feed its inhabitants books and enable them to revive.

Three million books have been deemed ample for this present drive which will begin on Monday, October 28, 1946. Books and periodicals are requested from all citizens of Bard College; this does not mean the donation of "Forever Amber" or of "The Hucksters," but of books which have molded the very foundations of our culture.

The committee in charge of replenishing Europe's libraries is composed of 6 members, and headed by Nancy Baker. All donations will be made through this organization; a minimum of 500 books is both requested and required of Bard College.

AVC CHAPTER STARTED HERE

The Bard veterans of World War II met in Albee Socai last Monday, October fourteenth, for the purpose of forming a Bard Chapter of the American Veterans Committee. Whitney Steele, ex-AAF Navigator and former Bard student who has returned to campus this Fall, conducted the meeting.

Steele began by giving a comparison of the AVC, the VFW and the American Legion. No World War II veterans, he said, have been elected to posts in the top bracket of the VFW. As for the American Legion, he mentioned the minor attendance of World War II vets at its recent convention as proof of the fact that the new veterans want some organization of their own.

He then enumerated the types of attacks made on the AVC. "Liberalism" has been the main charge leveled at it, although not in so many words, Steele said. Usually the word used is "Communism." At this point Steele gave his cogent reasons for joining the AmVets Committee. He showed that what had been set up for the express use of World War II vets, which both the Legion and the VFW are not. He enumerated the different bills and measures that AVC supported in Congress. To mention only a few, the AVC supported the original OPA, the FEPC, and the Enlisted Men's Terminal Leave proposals.

Steele then brought up the most important difference between the old vet's organizations and this new one. The Legion and the VFW, he said, believe in the segregation of the veteran in his community. The AVC, on the other hand, he went on, believes in Citizens First, Veterans Second. "I believe that joining the AVC will give us a larger voice in the affairs of our country," he concluded.

Steele next made mention that he had heard of several objections to the formation of a chapter on campus. One, he said, was that by forming a chapter of any veterans organization on campus, a bloc of vets would thereby be given unity. By the very motto of the AVC, "Citizens First, Veterans Second", this

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DR. GREY'S
RESIGNATION

The Bardian

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LOOKING AROUND

Ed. Note. With this issue the *Bardian* 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 Bardian," 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 *Bardian*, 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 more obvious to us each day. The present state of affairs finds the administration attempting to enforce certain

little rules and orders arbitrarily, and the students responding with disobedience and resentment. This is indeed a deplorable situation which must be remedied immediately. I believe that certain members of the administration should stop paying lip-service to community 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 wallowed 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 scrap of paper? Most certainly each and every one of us recall that 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 this community are unwilling to accept the responsibility of governing themselves as mature persons should. If this is so, the administration is quite right in taking back the power which has been leased to us.

The *Bardian'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 soul-searching within each of us.

Everyone on this 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 privilege, using 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 Convocation 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 strongly pointed out that Convocation has passed *all* the necessary legislation the Council needs. The rules are quite liberal it is true, however there has been little complaint either from the administration, or from the more conservative members of the Community regarding the rules themselves. The complaint enters in the application and enforcement of the rules. Who 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 Governments may be utilized. The Council can exert its control directly on the students by reaching through to them by way of the House Presidents who are members of the Council. Not only are the House President automatically members of the Council, they also 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 . . . in cases of alleged misconduct it is authorized to consult with and call attention to the standards which the Convocation wishes to observe."

If the present, 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 is there if the Council members prefer to use it.

Tom Marshall.

Is The Community Strong Enough . . .

Doctor Gray posed this question in his dramatic speech last Wednesday. He indicated that there are two ways in which to run a college. First, by administrative rule, and second, by community cooperation. In its last editorial THE BARDIAN put itself on record as believing that the administration was preparing to take over the rule of the government.

The President certainly said the same thing in Wednesday's meeting, but said, as we all hoped he would, that if he were compelled to take such action, it would be with the greatest reluctance and indeed with a heavy heart. There remains only one alternative. The College will be in the position of forcing Dr. Gray into this unhappy corner unless it recognizes and halts the type of occurrences which would force him to undertake so drastic a move.

What has happened is this: There have been established certain basic rules, most of which have come from the students themselves. These rules are merely laws which tend to hold in check several undesirable human traits. We now see that there have been too many members of the community who have found it impossible to obey these rules, and have duly broken them.

When an infraction of a rule fans out and becomes an epidemic, other rules must be superimposed on the original one to protect those abiding by a just order. There then follow infractions of the secondary rule, and the vicious circle of rule and infraction begins; ending in chaos and calling for a basic change in a government which could not govern.

The fault in our case is two-fold. First the students themselves must learn restraint and discreetness; must be willing to accede to our very few regulations. Second, they must insure themselves of a strong community government by electing capable and intelligent council members who will be able to take whatever initiative is needed to steer the community in the right channels. If the students fail to do these two things; if they elect another council like the last, and at the same time continue to break rules, then the President will have to assume command.

These last few paragraphs have been lifted from another BARDIAN election editorial and revised to fit the situation prevailing since last Wednesday.

If, in its first editorial of the year, THE BARDIAN insulted specific individuals, then THE BARDIAN takes this opportunity to inform them that all that was desired as a result of that editorial was an awakening of the student body to its responsibility of providing itself with a strong government. We said as much in our final paragraph. We believe that that, coupled with the responsibility of lawfulness, is the question before the college today.

We can solve it ourselves by electing a strong and active council, able and prepared to enforce the constitution, and by making ourselves also conform to an established set of laws.

The only other answer is rule by the administration—none of us wants that.

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 stop playing war to have a fistfight over who has "fallen dead." Accusations, and counter-accusations so cloud 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 then provide the necessary policemen 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 keepers of the rest. But any society must provide for the enforcement of its rules, and this is where the

whole Bard system breaks down. Neither the student body nor the administration has shown any consistent desire to take over this problem.

We know that if we live under "dean's rule" it will become a question of what one can "get away with." For this reason no one would really want to do it. But even this is better than the sheer indifference to the whole matter shown by the majority of the student body, who are now empowered to carry out the rules.

It seems obvious that no one group, such as a special committee or a community council, is going to be able to do anything about this problem. The logical unit for action is, then, the house, because those who must live close together are those who are affected by one another's behavior. Therefore, unless the houses form effective governments for themselves in the very near future, we will be forced to return to administration rules.

A GIRL LIKE THAT

by Robert B. Sherman

Her hair was red and a guy sitting at my table said that she seemed like the kind of girl he'd like to know just to talk to; and I said he was crazy and decided to meet her.

She was sitting at the bar with another girl, and she was drinking Old Fashioneds. I went over to the bar and plunked down a ten dollar bill and said your drinks are on me girls; although I 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 broke 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 good in my blue serge with the gold discharge button on the lapel.

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

Maybe it was the drinks and maybe it was the way she always danced, but I thought that she danced so close 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 me back to the bar. We drank some more, and out of the corner of my eye I saw my pals were leaving the nightclub, and one of them winked at me as he left, and I smiled and waved at him behind the red-head, so only he could see me wave. I guess they 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 loosen up and talk. She hadn't said anything so far, and I really wondered what her voice sounded like. I could always tell a lot about a 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 winning 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 about home in California and how beautiful it is at night when you're driving along the coast highway with the beach house lights reflecting in the waves and the mountains on one side and the sand and the water on the other side.

After I told her about that she

smiled and said that it sounded really nice. She had 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 she liked pretty well.

Then I remember that I asked her if she would care to hear some songs that I knew when I was in the Army. She said not now, but I insisted, so she couldn't stop me. I sang a couple, but they were a little off color and I guess that she blushed. After singing, I wanted her to join in with me for a chorus, but she refused and just sat with her elbows on the bar, looking over her drink into the blue mirror behind the bartender.

The other girl must have left with some guy when I was singing, because I didn't see her around any more.

A couple of guys with discharge buttons came over to the bar and we started singing that Limey song about I don't want to be a soldier. It was a lot of fun because those guys knew all the words too. But just when we got to the part,

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 her look up at him and sort of half smile and raise her eyebrow ever so slightly. I wanted to call that masher off, but those guys I was singing with wouldn't 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 chase after her, because I wasn't in any shape by then to go running after dames, or arguing with other guys. But what 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.V.C. Chapter Started Here

(Continued from Page 1) Column 5) could not happen. The only way that the AVC would concern itself with the affairs of the campus, he said, would be in matters affecting the veterans, such as their housing, subsistence and tuition payments. In addition an AVC Chapter on campus would interest itself in the expediting of the numerous forms and claims with which practically any large body of veterans nowadays must contend.

At the conclusion of his talk, Steele asked for a show of hands among those present as to which ones would be interested in joining the AVC. The response was practically unanimous. The men present then proceeded to sign up and form the first Bard chapter. In all, seventeen men signed up that night. Five men present at the meeting had previously joined the AVC, and agreed to join the Bard chapter. In addition, thirty more said that they

A Truly Magnanimous Individual

Sam Farelli is sitting in his favorite hangout with his favorite friends. The atmosphere is congenial and they are discussing by-gone events.

"Sam," asks Joe the Gat, "what ever became of Harry Martin?" I can not remember seeing him around since he doublecrossed you on that policy deal!"

"That's a very interesting question," says Sam. "And the answer makes a very interesting story. I have never told this story before, but we are all good friends here and I think you will probably enjoy it."

"It is not so long ago. It is only last Spring that Harry eases me out of our policy enterprise. I am very sensitive about such things and find it very disturbing. Moreover, I am annoyed at Harry. But I am too good natured to remain annoyed for very long, and I am soon cheerfully establishing a smuggling syndicate. My boys can not understand why I do not try to put the finger on Harry, but I am no longer thinking about Harry and am very engrossed in my smuggling business. Still, sometimes, I can not help feeling unhappy. My conscience is always reminding me that smuggling is not so respectable a way to earn a living. It is nothing like a good sound policy racket."

"And very dangerous, besides," says Mifflin Murgatoy, who is always engaged in Sam Farelli's enterprises. "I am never able to understand why Sam does not try to eliminate Harry. Instead of which he even does Harry a very nice favor."

The listeners give momentary evidence of scepticism at Mifflin Murgatoy's unexpected revelation. It is Joe the Gat's habit to cough gently whenever a sense of doubt afflicts him. Joe the Gat coughs gently.

"Yes," Sam Farelli continues, "that is true. It seems Harry can not operate very well without me. There are small details he is not familiar with. All the time he is losing prestige with members of the law, until it becomes necessary for him to remain out of sight for an indefinite period of time. It is at this time that Harry calls on me for a favor. He knows my smuggling profession requires my boats to be in many parts of the Pacific, and he wants to go very far away. He tells me he is always anxious to visit the beautiful South Sea islands he hears so much about, and here is a fine opportunity. I agree with Harry. He does not look well, and is in need of a long vacation."

"Harry is very foolish," says Joe the Gat. "You boys can easily leave would join as soon as they could raise the yearly dues."

As soon as the sign-up procedure was accomplished, the new members voted to elect temporary officers of the new organization. By acclamation, Whitney Steele was named Chairman. Hamilton Winslow was elected Vice-Chairman, Frank E. G. Weil was elected Secretary and Francis Whitcomb was elected to the post of Treasurer.

The Bard Chapter wasted no time in getting down to business. It was agreed that a committee, composed of Donn O'Meara, Mark Stroock, John Bishop and David Margolin, would investigate the reason behind the slow constructions of the Army Barracks and report their recommendations to the Chapter for action. For the present, the Bard Chapter will try to meet every week, later on limiting their meetings to once every two or four weeks. Steele wanted it stressed that these meetings were open to any- and every-body, veteran and non-veteran, co-ed and faculty alike.

him in a little-used part of the Pacific."

"No, Harry is not so trusting a

soul. He brings numerous friends with him to see that he is safely deposited on an out-of-the-way island."

"And you do this little favor for Harry?" asks an incredulous listener.

Sam oozes magnanimity. "Harry promises me many things, but of course I never believe him. Nevertheless I can not find it in my heart to refuse Harry."

"It is all so disheartening," murmurs Mifflin Mergatoy.

"And are Harry's numerous friends satisfied with the location you select for Harry?"

"Yes, everyone is satisfied. It is all done as Harry wishes. My boys leave Harry on a very quiet island, as Harry does not care much for company."

"Sam is very considerate of Harry's feelings," Mifflin Mergatoy sadly relates.

"Sam," asks Joe the Gat. "What is the name of that island?"

"I can't seem to recall the name of it. It seems to escape my memory. What is the name of that island, Mifflin?"

"It's Bikini, Sam, Bikini."

"Yes, that's the name. And that's the story of Harry Martin. I believe I detect expressions of doubt on some of your faces. Don't tell me it is so hard to believe that Sam Farelli is a truly magnanimous individual."

Joe the Gat coughs gently.
Peter Kaufman.
gone before you have a chance to pick it up.

Ah! Out at last. You're a little dizzy? I guess you're just not used to being in an elevator the size of

An N. Y. U. Student Looks at Bard

Come along with me, my dear little Bardian friend and see what it's like at a big city school. Oh, don't mind that line. That's for the odd-floor elevators at the other side of the building. I'll show them to you when we get on the line for the even floor elevators on this side. What? You're finding it difficult to breathe, squeezed in there? Well, don't mind that. It's a comfort at least to know that you don't have to walk all that distance. Just hold tight and the crowd will carry you along. You'll get used to having your feet dangle that way.

Will we get to class on time? Don't be silly! It's already a quarter past nine, and the class starts at ten after. Mind coming in late? Well, there's always someone coming in after you. It's okay so long as you report after class that you were there. Don't they know who's absent? My God! With anywhere from fifty to three hundred kids in one class that's kind of difficult.

No, I don't know many people here. Unless you join a club and get to know them that way, it's next to impossible. Oh yes, sometimes you make friends in class if the same person sits beside you all semester. The rest of the class. I haven't even been able to learn their names yet. There are so many of them, and they all go different ways after class. And even if you take the same courses as someone else, you probably won't be in the same classes.

Gee, I think we may be able to squeeze into the elevator this trip. See if you can't pull your toes in a little further. If you take a deep breath, maybe we can make it. There! You can let your breath out when we reach the next stop. What? You dropped something? Well, don't worry about it, it'll be

a Bard closet with fifty other people.

Here's the classroom. I'm afraid you'll have to speak louder. With the banging of the factory next door, I can't hear what you're saying. Why did I answer when my name wasn't called? We go by numbers here. I'm 365th in this class. I know it's hard to hear the professor's lecture way back here. I think he may use a loud speaker next week. What do we do in class? Just listen to the lecture and take notes. I know I haven't been taking any notes, but I read the chapter last night, and he hasn't added anything new yet.

Yet, I'm taking government. We're having a test today on the first nine chapters in the textbook. I'd like to show you the text, but it hasn't come into the bookstore yet.

Well, that's that. Have a cigarette? You can't smoke in class, but they can't stop you in the halls.

Guess I'll go back and evict the moths from my room so I'll have enough room to get in. Sorry I can't see you tonight. Dorm rules; gotta be in by nine.

Sonya Ostrom.

The Hayes Office

In case you didn't know it, the name of that man who gleefully snatches the money from your grasp at the beginning of the year is Ernest M. Hayes. And Mr. Hayes' history is, incidentally, quite an interesting one.

He was born in Trenchoufu, China, near the town of Chefoo, which was used by the Navy's Asiatic Squadron as a summer station. Mr. Hayes attended prep school in Chefoo, came to this country for his college degrees, and then returned to China. He worked in Shanghai until the fall of 1938, when he came to this country for a permanent stay.

Mr. Hayes recalls the C.I.M. Boys' School in Chefoo as one of the most memorable incidents in his life. The school was British and old fashioned, complete with prefects and the fag system. This system about went out of style when he left, in favor of gangs.

There were three general divisions in the school. In kindergarten, the boys and girls studied and played together. In the grade between kindergarten and the first form, which someone had carelessly or ignorantly named, "Transgression," the boys only studied with the girls. After that, from nine or ten years of age on, there were separate schools for the boys and girls, and they neither studied nor played together. "In that respect," Mr. Hayes asserts, "I find Bard quite different."

Mr. Hayes believes that the best story about the school is how they arranged, during his last year there, a tennis match between boys and girls, with great trepidation about the immoral effects on the students. Two boys were scheduled to play against two girls whom, up to that day, they had never in their lives seen. The boys' school was seated on one side of the court, the girls' school on the other. At either end sat the parents. Then, when the match was due to commence, two chaperones stationed themselves at one baseline, to more at the net, and still another two at the other baseline in order to see that nothing unseemly occurred between the players during the match. Each school, of course, was separately and well policed at the same time. Therefore, Mr. Hayes claimed, smilingly, he could sympathize with the community on the rigors of social standards here. Later, they went so far as to match one boy with one girl, but that immorality was after his day. (Author's note: perhaps I (Continued on Page 4, Column 1)

Sports Slants

By FRED SEGAL

Bob Sagalyn will lead his field hockey team out on the sod this Tuesday against a valiant women's varsity. Sagalyn as captain said the following about the outcome of the contest: "We will persevere until we vanquish them girls. We have the spirit, 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 Sagalyn Men's Tiger's team, will have the proverbial tar knocked out of them when they meet Mary Perrot's petite amazons. While the men have the will to win, they're sadly out of shape and lack the finesse to tromple the women. Furthermore, we're laying eight to one, that Sagalyn's boys don't cross the 50-yard line in the first four chuckers and don't get past third base when they leave the post this week.

* * *

At this writing, Pete Zeisler has declared himself out of the running in the tennis tournament. Zeisler, a bronzed Californian, has a splendid record behind him. He claims his withdrawal is due to a tennis elbow, an affliction he picked up leaning on mahogany bars. Zeisler's withdrawal leaves Jim Rosenau the favorite in the Men's tourney.

* * *

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

* * *

One of this paper's foremost sport's analysts and commentators, Donn O'Meara, has handed in his green eye shade and resigned from the "Bardian." No longer will the halls of Thomas's Motel ring with the steady peck of his portable Royal. No longer will his husky voice spur the copy boys and other plebes on to better stories, no longer will his silvery tenor sing the songs we love. Donn has gone back to his Burroughs and other readings.

* * *

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

* * *

A soccer team has been formed. Who plays soccer?"

—F.S.

The Hayes Office

(Continued from Page 3, Column 5) shouldn't have mentioned the incident, with the tennis courts here.)
Alan Ostrom.

Letters to the Editor

October 14, 1946.

To the Editors:
Gentlemen:

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 "Rev. Schaeffer" (sic) on page 1 of your first issue. It is fortunate for the Bardian that our Chaplain is no stuffed shirt, for he might well take offense. Not only is his name misspelled, for it is Shafer, not Schaffer, but the use of the word "Reverend" immediately before the last name of a person is incorrect. To call a priest "Reverend Shafer" 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 has the company of the Registrar's office and of the Library. In 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 in the Library.

Sincerely,
Emil Oberholzer.

Literary Yearbook

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1) year. Something that could include the best writings, paintings and essays that were produced for that year. Heads of divisions 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

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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, likes and dislikes and who their

favorite movie star is, should be omitted.

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

scholastic achievement for a given year instead a mass of snapshots showing gay dances in Albee or the best looking and most popular people on campus. Certainly no group pictures of the various committees at school—that would run into money. Not even a picture of the "Bardian."

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