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Inside Council
by David L. White

The veritable flood of people in South Hall Societ for the initial Council meeting of this academic year was certainly hopeful. Of course, many of these were attracted by the promised discussion of open house rules and their suspension held at the first Council meeting was that President Case did not see it fit to attend. Perhaps he was unwilling to face the barrage of complaint that was forthcoming at the Council meeting. However there is something to be said for the fact that by not attending he stimulated feeling and caused a welcome development of student leadership. As for the action itself in suspending open house, it was at least a lack of faith in the community's ability to solve its own problems, however well it was backed by sound reasons. It was unfortunate that the committee, which was formed so late last semester, was cut off before it could really place into effect a plan of action. And certainly the manner in which the committee was "informally" dismissed left a great deal to be desired.

I feel it essential to realize that President Case at the least created a crisis, and because of this, as witnessed by subsequent meetings, a great deal of very clear thinking has been forthcoming from the students. This is certainly beneficial to Bard. It is important for individual students to think about progressive education and for each to formulate an idea of what he wants it to be. In this way, each student has truly progressive education as a goal, perhaps the apparent trend at Bard away from such a system can be apprehended by efforts on the part of the students themselves.

W. A.

Admissions Director Discusses Bard Acceptance Policy

This is the first in a series of articles concerning the various "departments" at Bard. Mr. Gunmure was asked to write a penetrating article involving the methods and aims of the Admissions Department.

The Admissions Committee looks first to the school grades of a candidate. If these are not good, it takes a heavy weight of either evidence to lead them to consider a candidate further. Even though Bard's methods are in some ways different from most places, it still seems to be a fact that you can probably do well at Bard if you've done well elsewhere and probably not otherwise. That 'probably' is an important word. In the original Bard Plan it was stated that the college also wanted students who might not yet have succeeded especially well, but who had obvious abilities which a different sort of program might bring out. In a much publicized speech the President of Amherst College made this type of student immortal, renaming the phrase "late bloomers." Our Admissions Committee today still takes a keen interest in a number of such applicants. They insist on a great deal of reassuring evidence, however, and the Admissions Office toils harder over collecting this than over almost anything else.

Our procedure in acting on applications is that the Admissions Officers dispose, by themselves, of applicants who are very obviously failed for Bard or very obviously not. The Committee consists of the Dean as chairman, the faculty, the Registrar, the Director of Athletics, the Student Counsellor and the Director of Admissions. Any candidacy which we think might be challenged either way, we bring before the Committee. Speaking of my colleagues, I can say there is a very stimulating mixture in these people of skepticism and adventure. In discussing the doubtful cases over which we spend most of our committee time, our meetings are always animated and occasionally stormy.

In arriving at the criteria used here in deciding for or against a candidate, I will sound very much like the admissions officer from any liberal arts college answering a question about this interesting matter. All we proclaim is that a student's whole experience is great for our fine-grinding mill. Grades, recommendations, and extra-curricular life are all to be studied, but with no set formula as to their relative importance.

If we at Bard are more flexible about all this than most colleges are, and I think we reasonably are, it is first of all because of the above-mentioned principle of the original Bard Plan but for various reasons, we have a relatively smaller number of applications than many colleges, so that we can put more effort into learning about candidates. Our most helpful means to this end is personal interviewing. The admissions folders of most of our candidates for this current body number, for instance, contained a report of an interview with a member of the faculty, sometimes more than one. That is quite unusual in colleges.

Most people reading this will have either undergone or conducted an admissions interview for Bard. The purpose of an interview is obviously for us to see for ourselves what a candidate looks like, sounds like, thinks like, acts like. Probably everyone who does interviewing does it differently. I think most of us try to find something the person is interested in and try to get him to talk about it so we can see how he handles himself and the mechanics of the process. Most of us think we can form an impression right away. The point is that the interview contributes, though none of us would stake our reputations on these first impressions. When more than one (Continued on Page 3)

No Class of '53 Gift Yet

The gift to the college by the Class of 1953 was to have been an artist's waiting room at Bard Hall. Until now, the community has been curious as to the allocation of these funds. But it has been revealed that Bob Renter, Treasurer of the Class of 1953, has until this week been collecting contributions. He plans to mail the college a certified check before long. Vice-President Robinson expects the gift to total $3,920, but he feels it will be necessary to double this figure in order to afford piping water from the Infirmary to Bard Hall. The proposed waiting room will be named the Bob Weigt of the class of 1953.
Letter to the Editor

October 7, 1953

Dear Editor:

It is difficult to set down a personal discussion of what is vital in a system of progressive education without mentioning emotional and excited—but emotion and excitement are perhaps more basic to such education than members of the Bard Community are willing to admit. However, urging the reader to discount as much as he can or is able to, I should like to state briefly some of the concepts that I came to Bard in search of, and that discouragingly seem to be disappearing from the Bardian scene.

Bard, it seemed to me, would provide the environment in which I could pursue my academic interests less fettered by restrictions of tradition and administrative over-control; for I felt that my own desire to explore and to learn and to grow was sufficiently impetus for me—that academically my will was all the push that I needed. Vaguely, at first, and later more and more concretely, I began to see that the negative desire for a lack of certain elements was merely a superficial aspect of the community in which real education develops, that this community must possess a positive element. That for an effective assumption of responsibility each person would have to continuously reconstruct living experience based on activity directed by oneself, and learn through this self-direction what limitations he must impose upon himself to be successfully co-ordinated into the community.

I do not feel that such an atmosphere exists about me at Bard, 1953. Perhaps it is a time for more serious introspection and self-examination. But perhaps these are unobtainable ideals.

Sincerely,

David Mirsky

Two
Admissions Policy

We gather that last year there were some students here who believed that in interpreting Bard to the admissions officers they whitewashed the college unfairly. With the best of intentions, doubtless some of these people latched on to quite a few candidates visiting the college and gave them a false idea of the college. None of us likes to see the best side of a college concealed. But there is a difference between concealing the negative and whitewashing the college. Last year candidates were especially fascinated by the idea of the small college, the natural way of life, the freedom of the students to think for themselves. The best way to attract the right kind of student is to present the facts clearly and fully. We find that in the final analysis the students who make the best use of their education at Bard are those who are interested in the college, who have come to understand and appreciate it. We believe that these students are the ones we want to attract. We hope that this year's candidates will see the college as it is, with all its strengths and weaknesses. We want them to understand that Bard is a college that values individuality and creativity, and that it is a place where students can truly develop their own ideas and perspectives. We hope that they will see the value in the close-knit community that exists here, and the opportunities it provides for growth and learning. We believe that Bard is a college that can offer a unique and rewarding experience to applicants, one that will help them to find their own paths in life. We encourage all applicants to come to Bard and see for themselves what it has to offer.
The Bardian

Literary Section

The Obvious Life of Henry Pickett

by MICHAEL RUBIN

Henry Pickett walked back happily from the library. He had just finished one of those romantic novels and it had made him feel good and full of life. Here he was, swan-buckling Henry Pickett, who had saved the fair-haired princess from the planks of the Dirty Sparrow... fearless Pickett who fought with bare hands the monstrous captain of the Black Cross. Henry Pickett, dashing as a peer in the English court, waiting for his chance to tear off his trills and punish the assassins of the king! Henry Pickett was bored with life. "Nothing ever happened; it was all dull... except in books. But he was glad to be alive—so he could read. Growing with fury, Pickett the buccaneer stormed into the house and found his wife kissing another man.

"I'm leaving you, Henry," she said. "I can't stand you any longer."

"Oh!" asked Henry. "Really?"

"Your wife and I are running away together," said the stranger, surprised at finding him such a quiet, little man.

"I shall miss you, my dearest!" Henry Pickett said dramatically. It happened just that way in the play he had read last month. Only it was on a Southern plantation.

"Mah daisy!" he drawled.

"Aren't you going to stop him?" Mrs. Pickett asked desperately.

"It's your choice, mi querida."

(They were climbing the highest peak of the Andes. "It's your life!"

"Oh, drop dead," she cried with embarrassment, suspecting her lover was wondering what sort of a deal he was getting in a woman who had settled for a man like that.

"Farré well," said Henry, remembering the split of the clans in that authentic Scottish novel.

"Goodbye," she screamed in disgust, and pulled her perplexed lover by the shoulder towards the door.

"Wait!" shouted Henry Pickett. His wife smiled back at him. Perhaps after all... he would save her.

"Yes, Henry?"

"Did the Book of the Month come?"

The door slammed. Henry Pickett was alone, completely alone. "I'm alone, completely alone," he said. Stumbling towards the window he looked out as his wife and the man sped away in a car. "Yermal! Yermal!" Henry Pickett called to the sky as he tried to get the taste of Spanish olives in his mouth. "Henry Pickett has settled his sparse ribs into an easy chair and proceeded to think. After all it wasn't a joking matter. His wife had left him. It wasn't funny. Henry Pickett had to face the truth... to look it straight in the eye. He popped out of the chair, and went to a wall covered with filled bookshelves. "Let's see... let's see... Fidelity in Women. Ah, that's it!"

He read silently for many minutes but it was becoming uninteresting. More and more he realized how dull his wife really was. How uninteresting life really was. She hadn't the beauty of Helen, the passion of Amber, the daring of Scarlett O'Hara. Oh how dull she was! Oh how dull is life! Nothing ever happens! Henry Pickett read a bit of Dickens and Thackeray before supper, prepared a meal fit for Mr. Micawber, and finished off the evening with a novel by Thomas Mann. "This is living," Henry Pickett said.

Before he switched out the little light that fell upon his half used bed, he sighed gleefully over a scientific magazine article about men readying to launch the first rocket ship. Space cadet Pickett switched off lights 796x and 62334 and zoomed off into sleep.

He dreamed of Saint Joan and found himself stamping out the flames that encircled her. He was caught up in the Civil War and was adorned with ten or twelve red badges of courage. Suddenly he was in Mexico... the bull fights... the matador of the day! "Two for the price of One!" "Double Header!" the signs read... and Enrico Pickett saw a third just for the hell of it! He was in the "club"... One of Hemingway's "boys." "Waking up in a cold sweat after Bea Pickett of the Foreign Legion had just escaped the cruel poisoned darts of the Africans, he wondered to himself. "Why can't things like this happen in real life. Everything is so dull! Nothing ever happens."

Slowly, the window to Henry Pickett's bedroom opened. A dark figure slithered through like a liquid. From the shadows, he stood facing the little man. "It's Mephistophiles," Faustus Pickett thought. "Are my twenty-four years up so soon?" The moonlight caught the blade of a knife flashing in the darkness. "A stiletto," Henry Pickett almost shouted, "I taly! The times of the masquerade! A cask of Amontillado!"

The figure moved out of the shadow, and stood with his long dull face before Pickett the Lion Hearted. "What do you wish here, my good man," he said with authority.

"Gimme your money, or I'll kill ya."

"My money I have given to the poor, and my life—my life is worth nothing."

"What the hell was that? Fork up or I'll molder ya."

"Mind your station, sir. It is not that I would not give you a pence for tupp, I would if I had it... but I have lavished a feast upon my people, and," continued Henry Pickett quite out of character, "I spent all my lunch money."

"This guy's off his rocker," the bewildered thief mumbled.

"I am telling you the truth. And besides you're the dumbest Raffles I've seen in a long time. I happen to have a copy of the book in my den. If you'll follow me, I'll give it to you so you can read up on the proper way of committing burglary," Henry Pickett started to jump out of bed, but was stopped by the thief's knife.

"Listen Buster. Cut out the horseplay and hand over your dough..."

"Sir," answered Cyramo Pickett, "You will die exquisitely."

"What?"

"I challenge you!"

"I got the knife buddy, watch out."

"Bol the gods are with me!" shouted Pickett of the swift feet. As Saint Henry lunged towards the dragon, the befuddled robber struck out with his knife and felt it go into a flimsy celluloid stomach. The long dull day of Henry Pickett was over, and so was his life. And so he lay dying, Pickett of Denmark gasped—"To be or not to be, that is the question..."

Song of the Sickly Sweet

by MARTIN DINITZ

The unctuous drug of this most subtle rose
Elicences in its steam
The appalling reek of plague,
A sly and deadly age
Of salacity wet with latent screams,
Rich, gold-encrusted henbane
Dreams, false and delicately profane
As the organ-borne chiddings of a
Hustful priest.

Beneath all beauty lurks the beast.
The Hunting Knife

by WENDELL ACKERMAN

Terry's backyard was cleanly raked. A small pile of leaves lay smoldering in the gravel driveway. Mother's doing. Terry played with the fire, avoiding Mother, until Aaron came over to show him his new hunting knife. Terry forgot the fire.

"See my new hunting knife, Terry. Ain't it a beauty? Lookit the leather handle. Ain't those red stripes nice? And lookit the blade. It's four inches long. It's sharp too. I sharpened it myself."

"Gee, it's a swell knife. I'll bet it cost a lot. Where'd ya get the money? Gee, does your mother let you have a knife? My mother...

"Sure she lets me have it. She don't know about it anyway. Hey, I wanna show ya a game. Watch. See ya stand with your legs apart like this, see? Then ya throw the knife and try to come as close as ya can ta hitting your foot. Watch me." Aaron took the knife by the blade, as if he had practiced many times before, and threw it into the ground, shorn a foot from his left shoe. The blade went in deeply, almost to the shank. Aaron had to pull hard to get it out.

"Sometimes it sticks in the rubber on the side of my sneakers. Boy, does that feel funny! First my foot tickles, then all of me tickles. I get all excited inside. Just like I do when my father smacks me. Boy does that feel funny! Here, you try it, then we'll play a game. But watch out, this is a good knife."

"Me? I don't know how ta do that. How do ya hold it... And suppose it hits me? How do ya do it, Aaron? Show me."

"It won't hurt you. Funny, it never hits you. It comes close, but it never hits ya. When it comes real close, it tickles. Here, let me show ya. See, ya hold the blade like this, then ya throw it at the ground. Ya look at the ground, but then ya throw it at your foot. See?" Again Aaron threw the knife. Again missing his foot. But coming closer this time.

Terry tried time after time, but he couldn't even stick the knife in the ground. First it would land on its handle and bounce and skip to a stop. Then the point would hit, but not deeply, and the knife would fall harmlessly, like a clothes pole.

"I can't do it, Aaron. I can't play this game, can't even make it stick. Let's play somethin' else."

Get your glove and we'll have a catch. G'wan, I can't play this game."

"We can't play catch. I buried my glove. I don't like catch. When I don't like somethin' anymore, I bury it. Buried my glove where we buried my dog, by the tool shed. O' then, you can play this game, Terry. Done be a staky. Lookit, I'll show you again. And watch this time. The one who comes the closest wins. And if ya hit your shoe... boy does it tickle."

Many times Aaron showed Terry how to hold and throw the knife. Many times he came close, but he never hit his mark. Terry reluctantly threw the knife at first, as if he were bored. But when once he made it stick, he became more interested. Finally, after many attempts, he could put it in the ground almost every time. "Let's play, Aaron. Let's play the game. I can do it now. Let's play the game, huh?"

"Okay. We'll each take three turns, and we'll remember who came the closest. The guy who can stick it in his sneaker wins, okay? Gimme the knife. Hurry up! I'm first. Gimme the knife."

Aaron grabbed the knife from Terry. He anxiously made his first throw, then second, then third, none particularly good. He shoved the knife to Terry, and excitedly jumped up and down.

Worse. Terry did worse than Aaron. The first time it hit a stick and bounced away. The other two times it stuck, but far from his foot. It was Aaron's turn again. He was way out in front.

Terry's mother was in the kitchen, snapping beans for dinner. Now and then she would glance out the window to make sure Terry wasn't too close to the fire. But Terry was no where near the fire.

She filled the pot with water and brought it to the stove. She turned the... A sharp scream that choked her heart! Her boy! Then laughter, high-pitched, continuous laughter. Laughter that seemed to feed the screams. She ran out, knocking the pot of beans to the floor in her haste.

She saw her boy bent over, hands on his knees, and looking down at his feet with terrified screams. Not much of the blade could be seen. His blue canvas sneaker was soaked with blood. No more laughter.

She ran, stumbled to him, making odd sounds, as if she had trouble breathing. Quickly, she put her hand over his boy's mouth to muffle his screams. She looked down at his foot, the knife, like she would at a poisonous snake. But slowly, deliberately, she reached down—her boy screamed again, louder. She cupped his mouth. Slowly, slowly... she gave one firm pull, and his foot was free. The knife dropped from her hand.

Terry staggered backward. She clutched him close to her—bomom and carried him to the house, crying softly to herself.

A giggle could be heard. "Not loud laughter like before, but a cautious giggle. Aaron has conceived the large maple tree like a squirrel when he heard the pan drop and foot-steps. He giggled now because he had found a bird's nest with young ones.

"Come 'ere little birds, right here in my pocket. I'll take you home to Snigger. Snigger likes birds."

Five
SHARPS and FLATS
by DICK LEWIS

Music for this semester, although somewhat indefinite in the "who, what and when" category, will have an exciting start with a piano and flute recital by Claude Monteaux and Paul Nordoff on October 5th. The anticipated factor will be a performance of Mr. Nordoff's "Dance Sonatas," composed for Mr. Monteaux at the MacDowell Colony during the summer. The flutist had his New York debut on October 5th, playing as part of his program the world premiere of Mr. Nordoff's sonata.

An Indefinite Future
Other plans, still in their nebulous stage, call for a pianist and violist. There is a possibility of having a well known authority lecture on the twelve tone technique. If such a lecture is possible, we hope that the speaker's rhetorical powers will open a new world of sound and beauty to the many who are opposed to this form of music.

Only one student recital has been definitely scheduled, and that will be a concert of French, German and Italian songs by Bill Crawford, bass-baritone.

Chick Lublin to Conduct
Chick Lublin, who is directing the Madrigal groups as his senior project, will conduct a performance sometime in December.

A cantata, being composed by Mr. Leonard, will have its premiere at the Christmas service to be held in the chapel on December 13th.

As the semester progresses, we will try to give a more substantial report on the progress of the department. In any case, we look forward to a stimulating season.

Beginning his first semester as Instructor of Drama at Bard, Mr. Theodore Hoffman feels that it is necessary to install several changes in the policies of his department.

First, there will be a greater difference between workshops and full productions. The workshops, usually one-act plays, will be student directed and designed as in the past, but tickets will now be issued only upon special request. Since workshops are the products of drama students learning their own craft, Mr. Hoffman wants to be certain that the audience viewing their work will be as understated and cooperative as possible, and not as indiscernedly critical as they often were last year. Players for the workshop roles will be chosen not for the ease with which they can do a show, but for the benefit they will receive by overcoming certain challenges.

The full productions, to be directed by Mr. Hoffman and designed by Miss Larson, will be presented as polished performances. They will be performed for the benefit not only of the participants, but also of the audience; whereas the workshops will be intended only for the benefit of the student actors, directors, and designers.

Because the creation of an actual workshop production is such a valuable experience, greater emphasis will be placed on one-act plays this year. This semester the only full-length play will be a light comedy, "If You Think You Are, by Pirandello, to be produced on November 19, 20 and 21. This will be followed by a series of one-actors, to be directed and acted by members of the various acting classes and designed by students of Miss Larson.

There is now a Drama Department Seminar, a weekly meeting at which the current activities of the department are discussed. This meeting is helping to remedy the disarray that has somewhat prevailed in the past.

The nature of the Senior Project in acting has also been changed. No longer will a senior be able to reserve a part during tryouts. If he wants to play a particular role, he must read for it like anyone else; the supposition is that after four years of training he will prove himself at tryouts better qualified than a newcomer. However, little preference for seniority is shown by the casting committee.

For the first time, the Drama Department runs two programs on the radio station. Following the WXBC Playhouse, every other Wednesday, the Drama Department on the Air presents informal discussions about the theatre. The topic of the first program was "Pirandello"; on October 14, the topic will be "Tennessee Williams." Alternating with the Playhouse and the discussions show, will be a series of plays to be directed by drama majors. Last week, "The Twelve Pound Look," by Sir James Barrie was heard, and on October 21, Claire Shatraw will direct The Glass Menagerie.

With the department developing new ideas, new systems, new forms of expression, the outlook for a constructive and healthy season seems inevitable.

From the President's Desk
by J. H. CASE, Jr.

President Case felt unable to write his column for this issue. However FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK will be a feature in this year's BARDIAN.

WXBC Starts 6th Year

On the evening of September 26, WXBC introduced its sixth consecutive year of creative college broadcasting. Establishing as its major standard audience appeal, the station has scheduled a varied bill of fare which includes such items as Poetry Readings by Janet Nicholas, The Musical Comedy Hour, and Issues at Bard, moderated by Bess Hergesheimer. Heavy emphasis will be placed this year on a wide variety of classical music.

A unique feature of this year's broadcasting calendar will be the weekly hour devoted to drama. Every other Wednesday Bardians will be able to hear the WXBC Playhouse, which will offer presentations to be directed by Miles Kreuger as part of his Senior Project in Drama. The Drama Department on the Air will immediately follow the Playhouse.

This program, produced by Claire Shatraw, will feature discussions on the theatre and informal open line rehearsals of the current drama productions. On alternating Wednesdays at nine, drama majors will direct, for academic credit, dramatic selections of their own choice.

The directors of the station this year are: Dan Butt, Station Manager; Roger Hergesheimer, Program Director; Roger Calkins, Technical Director; Chuck Howard, Chief Engineer; Miles Kreuger, Dramatics Director, and Rose Bakst, Music Director.

Advertising this semester is being handled by Peter Wesson and Francesco Cantarella, the Wesan Advertising Agency for a 50% commission.

BCFD Plans 12 Month Schedule

With the equipment in good running order, the BCFD, the only incorporated college fire department in the country hopes again to live up to its reputation as being a well run, alert and efficient organization.

The plans of the department this year are both numerous and ambitious. Under Harry Linnick as Chief and Richard Avery and Richard Kraus as first and second assistant chiefs respectively, plans have been made for entertaining the Mid-Hudson Harlem Valley Fire Chief Association on the second Thursday in October in Zabriskie Hall. There will be an official meeting followed by movies and a dinner.

For the whole community a first aid course is being offered under the direction of Mr. Aple, who has consented to allow one hour weekly Physical Education credit for anyone wishing to take the course which will be taught by Alex Bußman. In conjunction with this there are also plans for organizing a Fire Police Department to control traffic and administer first aid during a fire. Both these courses are open to the entire community.

In the way of construction, plans have been made for enclosing the fire station where Engine No. 1 is located, and insulating the building so as to prevent freezing in the booster tank.

A twelve month a year fire department is being considered, which will benefit the community by lowering the insurance rates. This will introduce a Fire Training Program for faculty, administration and Bard employees.
Inside Council Contd.

by DAVID L. WHITE

Since the whole campus must realize that it is necessary for the administration to present a unified ideal, I feel I am not questioning Dean Gillard's integrity when I say that at times she seemed to be voicing the opinions of others and not following her own mind.

Council has taken an active and commendable lead in facing the issues at hand. Perhaps a greater diversification of opinion would have been desirable among the members selected to represent Council on the Committee on Social Organization. Certainly the Chairman of Council, Paul Kolda, is to be praised for the humor in which he has conducted meetings.

House Reports

The reports presented at the three meetings by house presidents concerning social regulations desired by their respective dormitories, seemed to indicate only one thing, and that was that there had been very low participation in house meetings and a minimum of thought prior to the drafting of proposals. Most of the houses were in agreement regarding a request for an extension of open house to include hours in the middle of the week and, for the more part, longer week-end hours. To me, it seems slightly ridiculous to ask for an extension of hours over last year when we are fighting for any hours at all.

It was apparent that the more basic issues of social regulations and the issue of how to enforce closed house was passed over in favor of a haggling concerning hours. It was very soundly suggested that we should follow Dr. Bleicher's proposal of first deciding what closed hours were needed.

A "sidelight" at the initial Council meeting was the announcement of the failure to put out the proposed Handbook on Bard. It is disappointing that an apparently worthwhile project has been abandoned at least for the time being. However, a handbook for freshmen does not seem as necessary in this small and friendly community as it would be at a large university.

The second Council meeting showed a deplorable lack of willingness on the part of Council members to accept the responsibility of the chairmanships of committees. The Community Chest Chairmanship went begging, with first nine members and then other declining, until Al Landau was driven to propose a fortunate defeated motion for a puppet chairman, with a non-member of Council doing the work. Finally Dan Butt was prevailed upon to take the position, even though protesting that he could not do the job properly.

Peter Weston, Chairman of Budget Committee, proposed, and had accepted, what seems to be a constructive step of having clubs and organizations grant tentative budgets which will be reviewed monthly by the committee.

"Wes-Can" Advertising Agency

Chairman of the Budget Committee announced the budget requested by WXBC and the Bardian. The radio station asked for a sum total of $572.10, which includes money from ads and that left in their bank account from last year. The Bardian applied for a sum total of $922.00. It was further announced that a concession run by Peter W. Weston and Francesco Cantarella had been formed to collect and process ads for the station at a charge of 50% of the gross intake. Dan Butt, head of the radio station, expressed complete agreement with this plan. He said that it was necessary for the radio station to have this service performed by an outside agency. It was decided by Council to have the proposition investigated by Communications Board.

Communications Board, in a report presented by Martin Johnson in place of chairman Francesco Cantarella, stated the board's approval of the 50% cut taken in WXBC advertising by the "Wes-Can" advertising agency. It was pointed out by Mr. Cantarella that 50% was not clear profit. 15% was stated as the profit to each partner. This leads one to wonder what becomes of the other 35%.

Miss Gillard proposed that the "Wes-Can" be licensed by Council as a campus concession for this semester. There was a flood of dissent concerning the 50%, and the concession itself, from the floor and members of the Council. Miss Gillard, one of its main advocates, expressed her support of the "Wes-Can" on the basis that WXBC did not have a big enough staff. After sustained pro and con argument, the question was twice called and defeated. David Minsky drew applause when he asked whether it was more important to save money or to incite community spirit towards work on WXBC. The motion was finally carried when the chairman gave his vote to "Wes-Can" after a four to four tie with two abstentions.
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Have faith in yourself and in Bard College.

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