The Bardian

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VOL. II—No. 6 MONDAY, MARCH 15, 1947
We understand the necessity of accepting students into Bard, in part at least, on the basis of their financial ability to pay for their instruction. This practice is unfortunate because it leads to the exclusion of others who could profit from our community and who could give it a sense of direction.

Until such time as the proposals of the President's Commission are expedited, we realize that there is little that we can do to remedy the situation. The little that we can do, however, can be extensive from our point of view.

We think that greater selection should be used by the Admissions Committee in the choice of students, that the faculty should have a voice in the acceptance or rejection of particular students, and that, if possible, outstanding students should be represented on the committee.

We feel that Bard can never consider its education oriented toward democratic social ideals as long as negroes are excluded from this campus. While we understand (without approving) that such a step may be necessary in the South, we cannot understand and we cannot approve, the exclusion of negroes from this supposedly progressive college.

We are afraid that Bard is becoming known as a "rich man's school" and as a place to go in order to have a good time. This attitude was one of the chief reasons for the progressive revolt against academic education in the twenties and we should not like to see Bard College swing around and accept it as its standard acting procedure in the fifties.

The faculty is not exempt from our criticism. We think that some of them do not fully understand the practical manifestation of progressive education. We cannot accept the distance that exists between faculty and students. While accepting their demands for privacy, we feel that there must also be a closer interchange of ideas between faculty and students and a more spontaneous feeling of cooperation.

Above all we are confident in our conviction that we all—administration, faculty, and even those students who disagree with us—must get to know one another more thoroughly than we do at present and that there should be a closer integration of us all, with the community government serving as the focal point.

(SIGNED)

Richard Amero
Mary Louise Campbell
Hyacinth Coopersmith
Frank M. Gambee
Mary Gebb
Pat Kelly
Dolores Kemper
Phoebe A. Mason
Susan H. Moore

Phyllis Ornam
Alan Ostrom
Guy Robinson
Sandra Roome
Bob Sherman
Peter Stone
Tracy Thompson
David Vrooman
Thomas C. Woodbury
BARD ANNOUNCES
SCHOOL FOR SMALL BUSINESS

The Bard School for Small Business is the realization of a long felt need of the college and is in charge of one of its subdivisions, the Special Projects Committee. This School for Small Business is an attempt on the part of the college to play an active role in the community life of the mid-Hudson area.

The idea of such a school is unique in its kind and already has received commendation in national periodicals, and from communities which are interested in conducting such a project in their own areas. In this endeavor Bard is receiving support from the Kingston Chamber of Commerce and both State and Federal Departments of Commerce.

The purpose of the school is to help the small businessman with the everyday problems he faces in conducting his business. It will present its material on the exact level that is meaningful to businessmen, trying to avoid all the complications that arise when such an attempt is made and the material is presented too academically. This has caused the failure of several organizations which have tried to conduct similar schools.

Speakers at these lectures will be well known experts in their individual fields. They are all well-trained men, who daily deal with the special problems that businessmen must face.

The lectures will begin March 4th and continue until April 21st. There will be eight meetings in all; they will cover such topics as:

- How Business Individuals, Partnerships, and Corporations Should Prepare their Federal Income Tax Returns
- How to Organize and Maintain your Business Operations for Greater Profits
- How to Plan a Management and Financial Program for Business
- How to Reduce Business Risks and Set an Economical Business Insurance Program
- How to Develop your Business and Control your Inventories
- How to Do the Best Job with your Sales, Advertising, and Merchandising
- How to Meet your Problems of Credits and Government Regulations
- How to Set Up and Maintain a Simplified Accounting System to Serve the Needs of your own Particular Business

In order to assure themselves that the program will deal with the immediate needs of small business, the Planning Committee sought the assistance of two students to conduct a survey of Kingston's businessmen. Bob Corrigan and Armon Kaplan spent their field period interviewing about ten percent of the businessmen in Kingston.

RADIO BARD CHANGES DIAPERS

The radio activities at Bard, heretofore known as Radio Bard, are now officially to be known as the Bard Broadcasting System. At the first regular meeting the Council passed the resolution prepared by Chick Steketee and Whit Steele which will convert Bard Radio into an organization modeled on the pattern of all the larger commercial radio stations.

Last term the station was run as a democratic organization in which it was difficult to determine where the necessary authority lay. Under the new constitution, the table of organization will be headed by the station manager who is responsible to the Board of Directors, chosen from the Convocation by the Council. From the station manager, the authority will proceed through the production managers and their assistants, the technical directors and his assistants, the music, drama, and program directors, and the producers.

Steketee and Steele are confident that the new set-up will insure a smoother operation of the station both in the techniques and administration of policy.

Included in the new arrangement is a new and definite statement of policy. According to the new constitution of the station the new policy consists of the following four points. It will (1) Present an opportunity for those interested in radio to do experimental work. (2) Furnish a medium for academic expression. (3) Stimulate the listening audience. (4) Join the Bard community with a common link.

Steketee said that the Bard Broadcasting System will attempt to maintain a professional operating technique, at the same time eliminating much of the crassness of commercial radio. In addition there will be an attempt to utilize to the full the station in supplementing the classroom, seminar, and conference as a means of expression. There is every possibility that the Bard Broadcasting System will be an effective instrument in increasing the value of a Bard education for those of us who wish to go into radio, television, social work, and many of the new and interesting fields in which radio can be used as a means of instruction or expression.

It is hoped that all those who have an interest in the station or have any project or experimental work in mind talk it over with those in charge. The Bard Broadcasting System will welcome new people and new ideas.
BARD ON THE LOOSE

With the return of Shelley Chang, Joan Abner, and Andres Ponce from parts unknown, the 1948 field period may be considered as officially closed. One wonders what non-progressive schools dream up so that their student bodies will not become a leisure class.

This article contains the last rites of the field periods of some of our non-secretive students. It was amazing to me the number of modest students I found in gathering material for this article who did not want to see their names in print. Monty Scharf certainly started something last year with his letter to the editor.

Pris Ellis was employed by a chain of neighborhood newspapers in Chicago where she covered everything from obituaries to editorials. Most of her time, though, was spent as police editor for the aforementioned newspapers. At the drop of a hat (or a reasonable facsimile for non-conformist Bardians), she is prepared to give complete crime statistics for Chicago's Northside. Pris had an interesting interview with a woman who told her all about her life with the mob (Al Capone's gang). Pris has promised to help this aforementioned (I love that word!) woman write her autobiography.

Lois Friedlander worked as a student interne with Senator Claude Pepper of Florida. She was a research assistant to the Senator's legislative adviser. A part of her job was keeping the Senator's bills from getting lost in committee. She also tells of many stimulating conversations with the Senator concerning the affairs of the nation over cups of coffee and on the Senate subway.

Lucille Edwards and Bobbie Lassar spent the field period at the Bureau for Inter-Cultural Education in Chicago where she covered everything from obituaries to editorials. Most of her time, though, was spent as police editor for the aforementioned newspapers. At the drop of a hat (or a reasonable facsimile for non-conformist Bardians), she is prepared to give complete crime statistics for Chicago's Northside. Pris had an interesting interview with a woman who told her all about her life with the mob (Al Capone's gang). Pris has promised to help this aforementioned (I love that word!) woman write her autobiography.

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Lucille Edwards and Bobbie Lassar spent the field period at the Bureau for Inter-Cultural Education where they helped evaluate personality tests. A good deal of work was done on the Wolff Expresive Movement Chart which is designed to analyze the graphic expression of children. It attempts to measure the degree of insecurity attitudes of the young child. The primary objective of the Bureau is the establishment of attitudes favorable to democratic living. They are also interested in discovering the relation between insecure attitudes and attitudes of prejudice.

Charlene Obstfeld was also in Washington, working for Senator Flanders of Vermont for whom she wrote reports, did research work and papers on the legislation he was considering. She attended committee hearings and meetings. She was there when Petrillo made his now classic remark "President Truman is a potential member of our union—he's a piano player isn't he?"

Hoby Pardee worked at the Psychiatric Institute, the Medical Center in New York. They were working on an experiment dealing with the problems of the human frontal lobe. The gyrectomy results showed, generally, that the greatest psychological change was found in patients where portions of the frontal lobes were removed. It is hoped that eventually a definite area can be connected with a definite function.

Janice Rosenbaum took dance lessons at Honya Holm's studio, and prepared with Miss Weight, Terry Cashman, Jackie Clark, Zoe Warren and Renee Schneour for a tour of schools the last week of the field period. The group performed at the Lincoln School, Great Neck High School, and Bayside High School. Janice is quite proud of the knowledge of New York's subway system that she amassed during the field period.

Covington Allen, Hyacinth Coppersmith, Bob Smith, Earl de Hart, and Helen Swarnick gave three performances of Ibsen's Ghosts in Holyoke, Massachusetts. They solicited the merchants of the town for donations and, when successful, made the donors patrons. They must have been fairly successful for the show did go on. They have reviews attesting to its perfection. The crew paid their own way completely and further spread the glorious name of Bard.

By HENRY FROTHINGHAM

CANARIES CHANGE KEY

The Bard Schola Cantorum has changed its name and in the future will go under the appellation of the Madrigal Singers. It was recently announced by Clair Leonard, director. Mr. Leonard also stated that plans to broaden the scope of musical activities are rapidly progressing and that competitions for the new and smaller group to be called the Madrigal Singers will soon begin.

Both groups are preparing a concert program to be presented to the Bard Community on May 12. Tentative plans also have been made to sing at the Vassar Chapel Vesper Service during the same month.

The Chapel Choir, under the supervision of Mr. Leonard, is planning a special Ascension Day service in the Chapel, it was announced.

The rehearsal schedule for the singing groups is as follows: Choral Society on Tuesday; Madrigal Singers, Thursday; and the Choir, Friday.

A newly organized music club has been instituted at Bard for the purpose of discussing campus musical activities, and anyone from the faculty or student body who is interested in music is invited to join the club.

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George Oliver rested against the wall, wondering when he would be able to eat. He held a rifle slanted under one arm and with the other hand smoked a cigarette. The street was empty. Across from him, high up, a light shone through a third-open window. He looked at it and after a while it snapped off and there was total darkness.

He lit another cigarette. Suddenly, in the distance, he heard a shout and then the sound of a rifle going off. It sounded as if the shouting were getting closer. He lowered the rifle into both hands, the cigarette in his mouth. Then a light came at him from ahead and he raised the rifle to his eye, waiting for the light to waver or the man to call out.

"Who's there?" he cried.

The light did not waver and the man was only a few hundred yards away.

"Norgren." George recognized the voice and lowered the rifle. His hand trembled as he removed the cigarette from his mouth.

"I'm your relief," Norgren said. He looked tired.

"Go get something to eat." "What's up?"

"Nothing right now. Somebody up the road took a shot at his shadow. He's being replaced. Go and eat. You haven't got much time."

George left the wall to Norgren and walked to the lunch room. As he entered the door a man looked at him carefully, but George did not stop. There were several men hunched over eating at the counter and some of them had guns. George propped his rifle against the base of the counter and sat down beside Peterson. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"What's the matter, Oliver?" Peterson asked, turning to him. "Have a little trouble?"

"No, I'm just hot. What happened up the road?"

"Not a damn thing." Peterson bit into his hamburger with filmy, crooked teeth. His red eyes stared straight ahead.

"Say, heard from your brother?" he asked, his eyes moving to George.

George swallowed and shook his head. He got up, shifted his rifle, and walked to the cigarette machine, fumbling for change as he went. He did not want to talk about Keith, his brother. Keith was a damn fool and everyone here knew it. George stood in front of the machine, looking at himself in the glass, at his unshaven face with its large eyes and curved lips. The name of his brother had upset him, coming as it did on top of the trouble. If he were here beside George now, a real contrast would be shown in the mirror. There would be a small man with squinty eyes from too much reading, a heavily lined forehead, a wild mop of black hair, an unsmiling mouth. George closed his eyes to the mirror, took up the cigarettes and walked back to the counter.

"Keith always did say there was an importance to living," Peterson said right away. He smiled at this statement. George looked down at the counter.

"I don't understand him at all," George muttered. "He's a goddam fool, that's all."

"No, no. Keith was never no fool. He was always reading books and talking about things—things I couldn't understand."

"He had a lot of wild notions," Peterson said. George ordered a coffee and hamburger. The rifle pressed against his legs, which were sweating from too much reading, a heavily lined forehead, a wild mop of black hair, an unsmiling mouth.

"Keith's in the neighborhood."

"Hello George," the cashier said. His mouth curled up at one end. "Hear Keith's in the neighborhood."

George stiffened. He held out some change, waited for the cashier to count it, and looked through the window uneasily.
“Keith’s a funny fellow,” the cashier said looking straight at George.

“Yeah.” George left the lunchroom. A newsboy stood under the light, waving a headline at him. He passed on quickly toward the wall where Norgren was waiting for him. As he walked he heard sounds in the distance, shouts and an occasional rifle shot. He pulled his coat tighter around him, shivering a little in the cold night.

“Hear anything?” Norgren asked him at the wall.

“Talk, you mean? No. Nobody seems to know what to expect. What’s all the noise up the street?”

“That’s what I’m going to find out. You stay here.”

George leaned against the wall and lit a cigarette. He took a few puffs and threw it away. Goddam, he muttered under his breath. Keith in the neighborhood. That was bad. Keith was on the other side, that he was sure of. It didn’t make sense at all. But Keith had always been funny.

The shouts got nearer. He heard a truck moving in low gear. It seemed to be coming his way; presently he could see its lights, about three hundred yards up the street.

It was shifting into second, coming faster, and rifle fire was issuing from the back end. Rifle fire was being returned from farther up the street. The truck had broken through the barricade and scattered the men.

Then the truck was parallel with him, going fast. A beam of light shot at him from the back of the truck and caught him full.

“There’s one!” a voice cried.

A shot boomed in front of him, taking him by surprise, and it was followed by a quick pain in his shoulder. He spun the instant it hit him, out of control. It was like a heavy rock knocking the rifle out of his hand and smashing him against the wall. Down on the pavement, he felt the throb of the wound in his shoulder. Then blackness darker than the night closed over him.

He found himself in his living room, looking up at the ceiling from him. His father had come home from the factory and was reading a newspaper across from him. From the kitchen came the smell of hamburgers cooking. George did not feel very hungry; they had had hamburgers for three days now. Then the front door opened and a small man with unruly black hair came in from the porch swinging a fly-swatter and repeating, “There’s one! There’s one!” like a man who was out of his mind.

**WEEKEND TO BE HELD IN MEMORY OF F.D.R.**

Jim Rosenau, chairman of the Second Annual International Student Conference to be held at Bard April 9, 10 and 11, declared recently that “I might startle everyone on campus with the main speaker this spring.”

Rosenau, who last year conceived the idea that exchange and scholarship students of foreign countries studying in the United States should meet at Bard for discussion of world affairs, refused to divulge the identity of the main speaker; however, he is rumored to be “a nationally-known figure about to enter the educational field.” It is certain that one of the Roosevelt sons will attend the three-day conference, since it is being held in honor of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his “ideal of world leadership and peace.”

“Significantly,” remarked the chairman, “the anniversary of F. D. R.’s death and the San Francisco Conference sessions fall within the same month as our conference, and it is hoped that our discussions will have some measure of influence in forwarding the ideals of both.”

The panel talks will be led by Bard faculty members under the supervision of the Social Studies group, and it was revealed that in addition to the talks there would be a memorial service held at Hyde Park by the delegates, and that a wreath would be placed on the wartime President’s grave.

Rosenau expressed disappointment that travel facilities would make it possible for only students of nearby New England states, New York and New Jersey to attend, and declared that he expected no Canadian delegates. Students from Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Yale and others will be present and will be provided living accommodations by the college.

As yet no name has been chosen for this year’s conference, although it is thought that a similar title to last year’s “Freedom Weekend” may be picked.

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**“THE RENDEZVOUS OF FRIENDS”**
ATTENTION: WOMEN'S PAGE EDITOR

College men have very definite ideas on how a young woman should act when she is to be his guest at a house party or prom.

A symposium of students at Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Wesleyan, University of Virginia, Dartmouth and Amherst reported in the March issue of Junior Bazaar discloses what the boys like and what they don't like about girls' actions on these weekend dates.

First of all they want a prompt yes or no to their invitations, and only a major catastrophe is considered a valid excuse for a last minute cancellation.

They hope you'll get along well with the girls you'll meet but abhor the "chattering and shrieking with girls they've seen in the lab the day before." They are also dead set against the girls who make a play for their best friend.

"Often the college man turns his room over to this date for the weekend," the article states. "If he comes back to it Monday morning to find lipstick on the bureau cover, cigarette holes in the bedspread, and his favorite neckties, barometer or college trophy missing (she wanted a souvenir) there will be no return engagement. Also he does not feel kindly about having to trudge to the post office with tidy parcels of forgotten scarves, mittens or hats."

A good tip for the girls is to familiarize themselves with recent sports events so they will be able to talk half way intelligently in the event they are called upon to watch a sports contest during the weekend.

One of the most urgent recommendations from the men is "don't overdress, so girls will be wise to avoid too daring extremes in attire.

Another fervent plea from the prospective hosts is "get it all in one suitcase; we have to carry it you know."

"You might have a couple of reasonably good, clean jokes on tap for difficult moments," the article states. "Off-color jokes and truck-driver language do not give you an aura of sophistication. They either discomfort your host or confuse his chaste mental image of you."

"Also there undoubtedly will be one stock phrase which becomes the cliche of the weekend. If you can still laugh when it's uttered for the thousandth time, you'll have earned a reputation for a grand sense of humor."
LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Business Administration should come to Bard.

Nowhere in a course list which includes Politics, Economics, Harmony and Counterpoint, can be found any reference to anything which might be construed to be a business course. To those students here at Bard who are anticipating a business career, and there are many, is this fair?

Each student is advised to enroll in two courses outside of his major field, and giving all due credit to this school of which we are a part, the selection list is large and diverse. In many cases the student pursues an individually chosen line of education with his advisor. All this is efficacious in that it tailors the education more and more to fit the individual needs. It is, however, that this most evident shortcoming manifests itself. In the majority of cases our success or failure will be determined by our ability to meet and become a part of the business world. Business made this country prosper; business will keep it prospering, and business offers us the opportunity to prosper. Yet, it is lamentable to say, our college does not offer to teach the bare rudiments of business to its students.

Business is a field of endeavor which ranks in importance with any division already at Bard, and, in order for its study to attain its full value and respect, it should be classified as such. Furthermore, a "fifth division", if well publicized, might be instrumental in the solicitation of financial assistance, which at the present Bard is desirous of obtaining.

This is a recommendation voiced by all of us who are interested in seeing our college face its educational responsibilities squarely. Business Administration must come to Bard.

By RALPH SCHLEY

The beer is cold,
My date is hot,
I might be bold,
But I am not.

D. V. V.

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