Petitions Due on Monday For SC and TA Positions

Petitions for ten Student Council seats and one Ticker Association representative must be returned with the required signatures by Monday at 12.

The election for the four seats in the Class of '67, two in the Class of '68, two in the Class of '69, and in the Class of '70 and the T.A. representative will be held on Wednesday in the lobby of the main building.

Students wishing to run for office may still take out petitions, which must be handed in by Thursday morning.

The students elected for Council will serve till the end of the semester.

The T.A. position will continue until the end of the term, when the association, which was established last year as a student committee, will be reevaluated by the faculty.

Ranhand Spends Summer in Montana

Many members of the Baruch community go north to the Catskills during the hot summer to work and relax. Professor Sam Ranhand, chairman of the Management Department, went to the mountains in Montana to become a cowboy and just plain stretch his legs.

"The wide-open spaces of Montana, with only a few wild animals, such as antelope, deer and moose breaking into natural scenery," noted Professor Ranhand, "set the stage for a family which had spent all the last five years of the New York City College, with careful budgeting, President Gallagher said that the college is in a financial crisis but has yet to take the "tightest budget that City College has had."
Election Petitions are out today
For the following Positions:

4 Student Council Representatives — Class of ‘71
1 Student Council Representative — Class of ‘70
2 Student Council Representatives — Class of ‘69
3 Student Council Representatives — Class of ‘68
1 Ticker Association Representative

All petitions are due Monday, September 25, at 3:15.

 student council is now situated in room 302 s.c.
Smoke Gets in Their Eyes

By ALAN WERNER

Those lights—that’s what it was in the eyes of the students. The eyes that glowed with a new kind of excitement. The eyes that shone with a new kind of hope. The eyes that said, "Welcome to the future." The eyes that said, "We are the future," and "We are ready." The eyes that said, "We are the change we wish to see in the world." These were the eyes of a generation that had been awakened. These were the eyes of a generation that had been given a voice. These were the eyes of a generation that had been given a purpose.

Student Expectations

(Continued from Page 1)

"Their beliefs," said Professor Cohen: "They are the ones who have the power to change the world. They are the ones who have the power to make a difference. They are the ones who have the power to be the change they wish to see in the world." The students were jubilant. The students were confident. The students were ready.

"We have a right to demand that our teachers be challenging," said one student. "They should be pushing the students to think. They should be pushing the students to be creative. They should be pushing the students to be critical.

Those teachers are the ones who have the power to make a difference. They are the ones who have the power to be the change they wish to see in the world." The students were jubilant. The students were confident. The students were ready.

Missed Opportunity

The Vietnam War was a fiasco for quite some time. Many people have assigned to their government the blame for the war.

"The United States government," said one person, "should have recognized that the war was going to be a failure from the beginning. They should have recognized that the war was going to be a fiasco. They should have recognized that the war was going to be a disaster." The students were jubilant. The students were confident. The students were ready.

Approved

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Don't Miss This One—

**TEP AND HEP FRATERNITY AND SORORITY TOGETHER**

For A Great and Gala Open House Reception

Friday Night,

— September 22, 1967 —

IN The Magnificent Regency Room

**of The George Washington Hotel**

**Lexington Avenue and 23rd Street**

( Opposite the Baruch School)

FESTIVITIES BEGIN -- 8:30 P.M. AND CONTINUE TILL?

COME EARLY — STAY LATE

FOR THE BOYS — GIRLS

FOR THE GIRLS — BOYS

FOR EVERYONE — DANCING TO

THE SOUND OF "THE EVERGREENS"--

PLENTY OF FOOD AND COLD BEVERAGES

CASUAL ATTIRE OF COURSE

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See You There!

**Tau Epsilon Phi Fraternity**

**Eta Epsilon Rho Sorority**

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**Membership Drive To Head List of HPA's Coming Events**

**Houses Will Host Weekly Dances**

Under the leadership of Richard Weisberg, House Plan Association vice-president, the group will maintain the term with the house reception theme.

Houses will have an opportunity to host a Turnabout reception, which will begin with a private party, then open the doors to the public.

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**College Builds Men Or Does It??**

If college builds men, why do some social clubs ridicule their pledges with foolish hats and ties. If you are a MAN join a real college club. **WILDE HOUSE**, the only real male house, invites you to our table at the freshman reception.

**Wilde House Smoker**

**Sept. 29 8:30 p.m.**

**271 First Ave.** (One Flight Up)
Yankee Go Home
By LARRY BROOKS

Most of the others had already changed into their uniforms and were making their way out of the clubhouse and onto the runway which led to the visitor's dugout.

I was sitting in my cubicle, daydreaming about my seemingly unreal position, when a Stadium official came into the clubhouse and announced, "Hurry up and get changed; follow the mat up to the steps." I finished tying the laces on my spikes, and followed the mat up to the visitors dugout—at Yankee Stadium. Before me lay one of the great highlights of my life.

I suppose that at one time or another it is the dream of nearly every American boy to play major league baseball. Unfortunately, most of these hopes are either shattered or discarded and relatively few play ball in "The House That Ruth Built."

And here I was, one whose dream had been realized, though I really must admit that I had never thought of it happening quite this way.

The whole thing started just about a week earlier, when I had received a letter from the Yankees, inviting me to a tryout workout at the Stadium. As my recent experience had been limited to counselor softball games at Westminster Day School, during the summer, preparation for the day was feverish. I hardly did anything but eat, sleep, drink and play baseball.

My first look at the awesome field (which I had seen from the stands more one-hundred times previously) was a sight to remember. My initial impression was that they were right: a seat in the dugout is awaiting—"my name to be called, we were做梦 that we would get a place in the starting nine."

My second impression was that they were right: a seat in the dugout is awaiting, "my name to be called, we were做梦 that we would get a place in the starting nine."

I was number 64. As I sat anxiously awaiting my name to be called, I prayed that I would not trip over the dugout steps on my way up. It would have been a morale-shattering experience, to say the least. Then it came.

"Brooks!"

"Six-four," I bellowed, though not exactly oozing with confidence. As I made it over the step, my confidence zoomed upward. I was on my way.

Brooks joins the immortals: Columnist Larry Brooks ranks just below these Hall-of-Famers on the list of diamond greats who have appeared at Yankee Stadium. From left, they are Lou Gehrke, Honus Wagner and Babe Ruth. Larry Brooks will soon enter the Hall in Cooperstown—as a tourist.

After loosening up for a while, we were informed that we would be timed for the 40-yard dash. I was not known to be a speed merchant, so when my turn came I was not exactly overjoyed with the prospect of racing against someone who was almost sure to beat me. As I chugged across the finish line (behind my running mate), I somehow got the impression that I hadn't knocked 'em dead with my speed.

"Well, I've got stamina, if not speed," I thought to myself.

Next we went onto the field to put respective positions (I play second base) while the scouts called in one boy at a time to the batting cage to face the Iron Mike (a machine that pitches baseballs.) While in the field, I handled four chances flawlessly.

At last my number was called. I jogged in to the sidelines and picked up a Yankee batting helmet. It fit perfectly. I picked up a few bats, swung them around and chose my piece of lumber. It was—though not by design—a Mickey Mantle model.

I stepped into the cage, took my closed stance from the right side of the plate and dug in against that forbidding Mike. I had prepared for this by hitting in the batting cages at Palsades Park.

I fouled the first couple of pitches off into the cage and then cracked a hard one-hopper down the third-base line. "Base-hit!"

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