Students Must Pay To Stay: One-Third Face Dismissal

Library Sinking Into Quicksand

The College's librarians are feeling mighty low these days—but not nearly as low as the Morris Raphael Cohen library is going to feel. Although final submergence is still a long way off, preparations are being made for excavation to a尺-high depression on the part of the library and librarians was bought on by students, informed sources revealed, the depression is looking at the rate of two inches a day. The report is based on studies by a team of municipal engineers, who were called in to make an examination of a 3-foot, 125-pound pole by Mr. Irving Slade and Dr. Charles Newton. He explained that the upward pull of the bloop would equal the downward pull of the quicksand, with the library remaining in a state of equilibrium.

"But," he cautioned, "the bloop is looking up. Nothing definite, but there must be a way. There must be a way." From under us. But something

Veep Crushed By Totem; Apostrophe to Remain

Recent hostility within Student Government, ended in tragedy last night when former SG President Paul Kahan was crushed beneath a 9-foot Totem Pole as it was being erected at the Student Center for "some extra-curricular socializing.

"We stuck around to play a little 'what we make up,'" Mr. Slade explained. "We called it 'Burns Guards to Prowlers.' Dave and I have a ball at it, when we're in the mood.

"I'm sponsoring a bus ride from the College to city hall tomorrow. I really feel this way from the heart.

"I can't speak," he said. "I'm absolutely dumbfounded. I don't know what to say. This action has tied my tongue. If only Mr. Zades had been elected.

"I must protest," he continued. "This is just another form of blackmail. We're looking at a man, Chairman of the SG Civil Liberties Committee, charged.

"I am speechless," he assured.

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Stop Bathing Students In Their Blood: Sloth

Student Council voted unanimously last night to protest the shooting to death of a student by a Burns Guard yesterday in the cafeteria.

"I have noted that the killing was not intentional but, said SG-President Renee Roth, "I mean firing warning shots over kids' heads to clear the cafeteria. That was done by five guards between 6:30 and 7:00 a.m. on Saturday morning. A new bullet hit him in the head.

"There are a lot of people here," he continued, "who feel this way from the heart.

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A New Era

It is with a rather singular combination of joy and sadness that we contemplate the tuition fee that would be raised on the Mitchell State Aid Hill.

In the last 30 years, we have been lifted by Joysteps from the justly anticipated rise in the intellectual level of the inhabitants of our fair campus. We will be able to point at our fellow students with deeply felt pride: their wonderful humility.

The freshmen will begin to show some regard and even a degree of respect for these members of the student body. The College will acquire a reputation for surplus and outlive the rest of us. All those remaining within the walls of this institution of truly higher learning will be the real students with that uncontrolled yen to learn, that unquenchable thirst for knowledge, that burning desire for hunger for intellectual enrichment.

Certainly, none of us can, in all our gaiety, overlook the fact that this education which is offered to us here, is one of the most glorious years that we could hope for.

Too many of us have been taking the sage utterances of our teachers in vain too often... How many of us can say that we have never fallen asleep, day-dreamed, or done homework in class. We have been taking too much of our education and probably the time has come to do something about this grave and shameful situation.

Many of us will be forced to go to work in order to continue student life. The amount of work to be done for our education will feel a greater responsibility and a more pronounced obligation to do well in school. The acquisition of knowledge will be a sideline with any of us any longer. Our aim will not
nor will it serve as a means of avoiding work... or the death of the student.

We will change the way we live and the way we think, and we will all benefit from that change. We may paint our way of thinking, but how wonderful this new tuition is, when we get out and look back on it we will not be able to shrink its enormous value in our minds.

We are officially welcome the inception of dorm life. We have repeatedly played in the all too confining and bewildering growing up we are experiencing. The concept of Student Life will take on a new and more friendly atmosphere.

We are sure that Dr. Noble and Mr. Zades will fulfill their respective posts admirably. We all join in wishing them the best of luck.

There is, however, an element of remorseful sadness which almost neutralizes the gaiety. As we are passing by the Mitchell State Aid Hill.

It wasn't bad enough that we couldn't even get books out on time. Ohh, no! It wasn't bad enough even that the new catalogue was to wait half a year longer than we expected for it to be put up.

That damn library's beginning to give us a pain in the neck. We are more convinced than ever of the incompetency, the utter disdain, the utter contempt of cement which went into the building of that colossal wreck.

But it is still possible, by a巧ly, that this comedy edi-

Down With Books

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Letters

DROP

As a member of the English 52 class, I wish to protest against that absolutely, horribly, incurably, moribund litter-

We have heard it from the members of the society of the dead. It is a letter which appeared in the March issue of the College Bulletin which appeared in the March issue of the College Bulletin.

The entire content of this piece was an absolute classic in the art of that sort of writing. The persons re-

Sincerely yours,

Outraged

Ed. Note: Of the brave souls that we in-
cluded the above classified ad. We thought, and we hope, that we have helped to make all students in the nation aware of the American Academy of Pocket Billiards.

How can OP have the nerve to put pocket pool in the same league with pocket billiards.

In the first place, we use a different sized stick (punishment, to be sure). The total score doesn't even come close to the former sport.

And dooby doo for some more. One can cover the entire floor in a perfect manner and with pocket billiards can only cover a portion of the view. It is more than just that.

I've got the impression that only the finest fences and professional aficionados would be too.

I'm sure that I'm not a feed-

Dear Rock,

U had a hoot this evening. We went down to the pond and caught some frogs. I bought the most of anybody.

Then we kicked around and talked to柜台 staff like that. Well, I must close now because I go to whitewash the fence.

Your friend,

Tess

The Girl I Left Behind Me

It happens every day. A young man goes off to college leaving his home-town sweetheart with vows of eternal love, and then he finds that he has outgrown her. What, in such cases, is the honest thing to do?

Well sir, you can do what Rock Bigfoot did.

Didn't have a hoot time this morning. We went down to the pond and caught some frogs. I bought the most of anybody.

Then we kicked around and talked to柜台 staff like that. Well, I must close now because I go to whitewash the fence.

Your friend,

Tess

The Theater...

Drummer will begin casting for, "The Pitifilly 9 of a Dirty Stinking Son of a Lolly Eating Mosehulab." Always a good play, but this one Grandpa, the title is only an "audience come-on."

For play is really about Sandra, a sweet young girl from a small mining town. The play deals with her romance with Lord Henry. It drives deep into the basic question, "Can a girl and a boy made truly happy find the side of a wealthy and titled Englishwoman?"
ICKETS $1.25

ARRATOR—Adolph G. Anderson

Uhrow several Romans and pagans

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

that to do with several tons of left-

Visit Greenknoll cemetery. Please

BEAVER BROADCASTERS

in a corner. Then whatizname, Kahan, yelped and scrambled be-

Snack Bar window, was climbing a Humanities crib sheet through a

And then there was the 'time I met Renee Sloth for the first time.

The Hillel Association will hold a special meeting today to decide what to do with 1,683,456 lollies tops left over from last Thurs-

News release: "Hello." The Hillel Association welcomed the new student advisor, Miss Sfelt, and announced that the Hillel Association would be holding a special meeting today to decide what to do with the surplus of lollies. The President of the Hillel Association said, "I think we should put a dozen or so lollies in all members of Student Council and remain anonymous, said, "I think we should put a dozen or so lollies in all members of Student Council and remain anonymous."

The Hillel Association is holding its ANNUAL DANCE

Featuring:

GUS VALLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA

WITH VOCALS BY MARINA GRETTA

APRIL 4 — 8:30 P.M. — Finley Ballroom

Donation $1.75 Free Parking

The New York Handel Festival
Presented by The

CITY COLLEGE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Saturdav, April 4th, at 8:30

JEROME K. ARONOW CONCERT HALL

HANDEL'S XERESES

Opera in 3 Acts, in Concert Form


ARRATOR—Adolph G. Anderson

The City College Orchestra and Chamber Chorus

Under Direction of Frits Jahoda

ROCKETS $1.25 ON SALE IN 152 FINLEY OR AT BOX OFFICE

ICKETS $1.25 ON SALE IN 152 FINLEY OR AT BOX OFFICE

CRUSH...

(Continued from Page 1)

Boos and groans Newtov continued with a mischievous wink.

According to Lewellyn Shapiro, an Engineering student who witnessed the accident, Dr. Newton and Mr. Slade were "indifferent and unresponsive" for the tragedy.

The Engineer, trying to retrieve his Humanities crib sheet through a shock box window, was climbing down a homemade chain of inter- 

"Everything happened so fast after that," he recalled, "that it was hard to make out what was going on. First I heard Slade cry 'Tap tap Davie, one-two-three.' Then Newton giggled hysterically in a corner. Then whatizname, Kahan, yelped and scrambled behind the totem pole. Guess he thought they were really Burns Guards.

Dr. Newton and Mr. Slade were "too engrossed" in their playing to hear the dull thud when the pole overturned on Kahan.

"Like everyone else," said Dr. Newton, "we've very sorry it happened. Although we didn't notice Kahan until it was too late, I don't think anything could have been done for him anyhow."

Hilda Sfelt

The Hillel Association will hold a special meeting today to decide what to do with 1,683,456 lollies tops left over from last Thurs-

Hildel President, Nels Grumley said the lollies had to be gotten rid of within two weeks. They're not businesses, he explained.

One student, who preferred to remain anonymous, said, "I think we should put a dozen or so lollies in all members of Student Council and remain anonymous."

"Hilda Sfelt, a shapely young sophomore, said, "I think one of our wonderful student leaders should go up to Albany and give a sucker to each and every senator and representative for the darling way they passed our state bill." The President of the Hillel Association, "That's why I was so happy about the bill."

"Hilda Sfelt," he said, "is a delightful, young pod'itician striving (to better the College, representing her constituents with big fidelity."

Of course there was "Mike's Long Night," when his mother wouldn't let him home because he came in after six on Friday night. And then there was the time I met Renee Bloch for the first time.

"Hello," I said. "Let me write out my answer so you get it straight," she said. And oh! it was so beautiful the way she came back three hours later with her typewritten release: "Hello.

Originality—how I prized that. It means so much to me to see

The starlight nights return with a shushing sound. The faces and names are blurred, the memories disfigured, Nada Nada Nada Nada. How we drank vodka straight. How we decried life, religion, sex, art, and how we went out on Friday nights with our petite Bronx girls.

But let me say adieu to a few people who have meant a great deal to me in the last four years. To Charlie and Cyrus Gouse of the Table. Prof. Magdalene and of Cohane of Math earn my undying respect for telling me three times each. If you can't leave first...

To Johnnie and Jim of the snack bar,... Peter and Tom at the Moulin Rouge,... Prof. Irving Rosenblatt. And the back row of English 53.

But finally to the one who made the difference. To the girl who made the difference, to the girl I found..." The President of the Hillel Association continued, "I think we should put a dozen or so lollies in all members of Student Council and remain anonymous."

MARCH 31ST DISCUSSION CLUB WILL DISCUSS "IF ADAM WAS A WOMAN, WHY WAS HE ABLE TO PASS UP THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE?"

THE PHYSICS SOCIETY WILL DISCUSS "HOW CAN WE GET AMOUNTS OF ENERGY WITHOUT THE USE OF MATERIALS?"

RUTHERFORD SCIENCE SOCIETY...
Luciano Strikes; 7 Are Massacred

Coach Ed Luciano and his squad of fencers invaded the office of Campus last night to avenge the miserable write-ups that paper has given him and his team. When their work was done, seven bodies lay sliced and gashed on the bloody floor. It was undoubtedly the team's finest showing of the year.

"I just couldn't take it any longer," revealed Luciano early this morning, while wiping the blood off his prize saber. "I just can't stand lousy write-ups."

Despite the team's fine showing, Luciano was not too pleased with the way some of his boys handled their matches. "Too many sophomores, that's our trouble," revealed Luciano early this morning, while wiping the blood off his prize saber. "I just can't stand lousy write-ups."

"They lack competitive experience," he continued, "all they did was stand around and drink up the blood. Vampires are all right, but what I need is killers."

Luciano is planning to hide out but what I need is killers.

Coach Luciano Back From Appalachia

The College's swimming team will meet today to decide whether or not to take on the full life-guarding responsibilities at Coney Island.

Coach Jack Rider argues that it would be impractical for the team to take on the job because "the boys will have a lot of trouble trying to save somebody with a butterfly stroke."

The enthusiastic swimmers want the job since, as they put it, "we do pretty well with the breast stroke."

The College's wrestling team and Dramson will merge next season in order to facilitate the desires of growing wrestling audiences. "Dramson, as it is now, and the wrestlers, can't get good audiences because both are on the level. If those Friday night fans want to see some action, tell them to come to our nightly practices," said Coach Jon Saporas.

Luciano is planning to hide out but what I need is killers.

More Bull

A motion was passed by the SC (Student Comittee) yesterday, to introduce the sport of Bullfighting into the Athletic Curriculum of the College.

The plan will have to be accepted, however, by the SFSCA (Student Faculty Council for Subversive Activities) before the first bullfight can take place.

Charles Rostow, Class of '17, President, in proposing the action, said he was encouraged to do so for several reasons. "Bullfighting is a very exciting, and lovely sport," he explained. "I came to love it in the hectic 30s when I visited Spain."

"Furtunary, I consider the College, with it's traditionally liberal atmosphere an ideal spot for it's introduction into the country."

"If my plan materializes," he continued, "the contests will take place in Lewisohn Stadium. Of course first the Right Wing of the Stadium will have to be torn down and rebuilt according to the proper specifications."

No newcomer to the sport, Rostow is specified as one of our country to discuss the subject.

While interviewing him, he displayed from his card-filed several aged newspaper clips of himself encountering bulls various "vows" (rings). One of the articles heading "Rostow Epitomizes Iquique" the "inquiquite," a very exciting, and lovely sport, in a sudden, and intricate move to the bull, and then making him easier to kill."

Another photo showed him standing in an impertinent looking pose. "I keep this one in the back ground because it was taken when I was very young, and very experienced and less confident, my ability.

Charles returned to bullfight in general. "It is a very old sport, which has survived because of the bull's subtileties and complexities."

"At first the bullfighter armed with only a red cape, which he alternately teases the bull with before the "coup de grace" is administered and the bull is killed."

These first moves are called "bull throwing," which comes from the Spanish "Propagandino," an interesting title, he continued, derived from the name of the inner castle of the late Presto Zamora of Spain where tradition says that this phase of the sport reached its peak."

"The Matador, while the cent figure in the arena, is by no means the sole figure."

"Others, dressed in striking pupils and yellow uniforms, follow bull, traveling around him, driving sharp spears into him, tended to make him act blind. Hence, their name "Follow ta­eles."

Gironamo Seal pi

A motion was passed by the SC (Student Comittee) yesterday, to introduce the sport of Bullfighting into the Athletic Curriculum of the College.

Sports Notes

We're paying $25 each for the hundreds of Thinklish words judged best! Thinklish is easy: it's new words from two words—like those on this page.

Send yours to Lucky Strike, Box 67A, Mount Vernon, New York. Enclose your name, address, college or university, and class.

Thinklish translation: This fellow knows more about polls than a telephone lineman. When someone starts, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"—he counts the names, and if he's got the majority, he's got the majority. When someone starts, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"—he counts the names, and if he's got the majority, he's got the majority.

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