

## 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.

This depression on the part of the library and librarians was brought on by a report issued yesterday which reveals that the recently-completed building was erected on a quicksand bed and is sinking at the rate of two inches a day.

The report is based on studies by a team of municipal engineers, who were making a routine periodic check.

Although final submersion is still far off, preparations are already being made for exacuation to a still-unknown new haven.

Head librarian Jerome K. Wilcox, greets all talk of relocation with a blank stare and spends each day gazing wistfully at the rapidly-emptying shelves.

His behavior drew this comment from one of his colleagues: "When

we heard the news, it was almost as if the ground was swept out from under us. But something really went inside of him.

"He instructed us to tie him to the card catalogue when the time comes so he can go down with his library."

President Gallagher, meanwhile, was less dismayed.

He said yesterday he was sure the library could be saved and told of an offer by U. S. Navy engineers to secure the sinking library to a giant zeppelin.

He explained that the upward pull of the blimp would equal the downward pull of the quicksand, with the library remaining in a state of equilibrium.

"But," he cautioned, "the blimp deal is looking up. Nothing definite, but there must be a way. There must be a way."

Students will have to pay twenty-five dollars a credit next semester—but they can stay at the College only if they rank in the top two-thirds of their class.

This drastic revision in the enrollment procedures was announced by a special committee of the Board of Higher Education (BHE) last night. Moving swiftly the BHE implemented the Mitchel State Aid to Education Bill passed last week.

It was estimated by the BHE that "at least one-third of the students would have to be dropped to make room for out of city students." Gustave Rosenberg, chairman of BHE, said, "This is a great victory for higher education."

"The enrolled students will now be of a higher quality," he explained. "Now we can be assured that progressive education is progressing nicely."

The remaining students will be assessed a tuition fee of twenty-five dollars per credit hour. The stipend is being levied to finance an increase in capital expenditures.

"Despite the state aid allotment," President Buell G. Gallagher said yesterday, "the administration of the four Municipal Colleges has decided that this unwelcome step must be taken because New York City has cut our budget mercilessly."

The College's budget has been decreased from ten million dollars to 6.5 millions, according to a report made public by Lawrence



Former New York Governor Averell Harriman enjoys a rare moment, as Mike Horowitz stands speechless before him.

Gerosa, City Comptroller.

Both facets of the plan had been previously suggested. Last semester the New York Chamber of Commerce proposed a tuition fee of \$250 a semester. Also, Professor Bailey W. Diffie said that 25% of the students at the College were "unfit to benefit from a college education."

Reached at his Miami residence he exclaimed, "They have finally understood what I was driving at. They may have gone a little too far, but they're on the right track."

A spokesman for the Chamber of Commerce said, "For forty-four years we've been trying to get rid of fee loaders."

Dean Morton Gottschall (Liberal Arts and Science) attacked the plan as "illiberal. In the old days they could never have put over a plan like this," he said, "and if the students have any backbone we can still stop them."

Dean James S. Peace (Student Life) amplified the uses of the new

funds. "The Finley Center will be converted into dormitories," he insisted.

The Dean continued, "The fourth floor will be for girls, the third for males, the second for girls and the first for Department of Student life personnel. Our own lovely Miss Nobel will be house mother. Sammy Zades will keep the boys in line."

"The dance lounge will serve as the only legal meeting place for the dorm residents," Dean Peace added.

All students residing at the College will have to file a roster of names with Mr. Zades.

"This is just another form of membership lists," Ellen Beforeman, Charwoman of the SG Civil Liberties Committees, charged.

Student opinion was inflamed yesterday over both provisions of the new plan. Mike Horowitz was speechless yesterday, according to informed sources.

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

"However," he went on, "I do have this to say. Although I am in the top 18 of the class, I really feel for my less fortunate brethren."

"My God," he interpolated, "this is a one-hundred year setback for the forces of universal education. I'm sponsoring a bus ride from the College to city hall tomorrow. I really feel this way from the heart."

"I am speechless," he assured. Miss Reenie Wroughth said she is consulting her lawyers about the advisability of paying her tuition fees "under protest."

Mr. Harold W. Burton, (Bursar), occupied with installing cash registers, said, "Things are looking up for the office. We're holding a faculty-faculty picnic at Tavern-At-The-Green this afternoon."

Barry Mullin, Campus jaded editor, declared, "They can't do this to me. I have the money to pay and they can't drop me like this."

## Veep Crushed By Totem; Apostrophe to Remain

Recent hostility within Student Government, ended in tragedy last night when former SG Vice-President Paul Kahan was crushed beneath former SG President Mike Horowitz's totem pole.

Upon hearing of the accident, Horowitz reportedly blanched.

Kahan met his death when he surreptitiously reentered the SG office at 12 Midnight to delete an offending apostrophe from the latest stencilling of SG Notes. Arguments had raged the previous afternoon over the correctness of spelling "its"—the possessive pronoun—with an apostrophe.

SG President Renee Roth and former SG President Bart Cohen, upholders of the apostrophe, had emerged victorious from the scrap. Kahan, according to informed sources, had "sulked all the way home, squinting malevolently." At the time, the squint was attributed to a swollen eyelid incurred earlier from one of Horowitz's sweeping gestures.

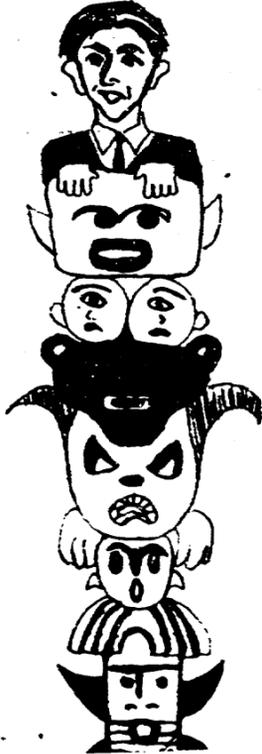
Kahan, whimpering softly and clutching an inverted bottle of correction fluid, was found last night pinned under the 8-foot, 125-pound pole by Mr. Irving Slade and Dr. David S. Newton (Student Life). He died before he could produce his ID card.

Dr. Newton and Mr. Slade had remained after hours in the Finley Student Center for "some extra-curricular socializing."

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

He sneaks into some dark office while I count to ten. After that, it's every man for himself.

"Irv plays guard and calls out



Eskimo Totem Death Weapon

"Your ID card or your life." Dr. Newton chuckled. "Then he runs around as fast as his little legs

can carry him looking for me."

"Dave usually gets such a case of giggles that finding him isn't very hard," interjected Mr. Slade, nudging Dr. Newton amicably.

"More fun than a barrel of (Continued on Page 3)

## 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.

It was noted that the killing was not intentional but, said SC-President Renee Sloth: "This new bit—I mean firing warning shots over kids' heads to clear the cafeteria during the busy hours—has just got to stop. The cafeteria is being turned into a bloodbath!"

When confronted with these statements, Burns Guard George Carew said, while cutting a new notch into his gun belt. "What bloodbath? The bullet went clean through. No bloodbath — just a small trickle.

"Nothing personal, you understand, but we do have our orders. I don't see what all the fuss is about anyway. If we don't get 'em,



Renee Sloth Rides Bloodbath

the food will. Hot lead or ptomaine—what's the difference? Why pick on us?"

# OBSERVATION POST

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## Letters

### DROP

As a member of the English 52 class, I wish to register a petty protest against that absolutely atrocious, horrible, mortifying letter (or is it text and signature) which appeared in the March 12 issue of OBSERVATION POST. Those morbid editors perpetrated a horrendous breach of ultra-fine taste and editorial irresponsibility in reading it and actually printing the thing.

The entire content of the piece was an absolute classic in the art of backscratching. The persons responsible for it were punk enough to attack a lovable classmate without mentioning their dastardly names. On top of this they compounded the offense by so wording the letter that it sounded like as if the whole class was against the poor boy. This is so wrong, you fool, you.

In the disinterest of inaccuracy, the person attacked, and the foul reputation of my classmates, I would like to state that I was not involved in this snide affair.

The 98% of the class that was should only drop dead.

Dolorously yours,  
Outraged

*Ed. Note: OP regrets that we included the above classified ad. We are so sorry that OP has served as vehicle for the Ad. We add our protest to that 98% who should only drop dead.*

### PROTEST

In a recent issue of your paper I noticed an ad for pool players which leaned on the ridiculous. I am strongly registering a complaint on behalf of all pocket billiard players who were slighted by your reference to their pocket-sized tactics. I assure you that the American Academy of Pocket Billiards will hear about this misuse of our fine parlor sport.

How can OP have the nerve to put pocket pool in the same class with pocket billiards. In the first place, we use a different sized stick (discounting certain abnormal people) and our total score doesn't add up to two as does the former sport. Another thing, our pool parlors are not as mobile and portable as the aforementioned.

And to doubly ask for someone who can cover the events competently is asinine. Just try and find somebody small enough to cover a pocket pool tourney. Plus tying in that Bacchanalian jazz is just too much. You gave the impression that only sex-starved fiends and Freudian aficionados would be eligible. It so happens that I am not a fiend.

Yours Always,  
Tekcop Loop

### WHY?

In the February 30 issue of your so-called newspaper you published a story on the annihilation of H-Bomb testing written by the president of the Society Of Orthodox Jewish Scientists in collaboration with the Students For A Sane Nuclear Policy.

I'd like to know why you did this.  
Reverently Yours,  
Frankie Spellman

*Ed. Note: Why not?*

### WHERE?

Tell us, Mister Editor. We of the Engineering School are just drooling for the taste of old fashioned collegiate life. We can sit in our classrooms for hours and not get anything out of it because we are dreaming of "Collegiate Atmosphere." Tell us, please. Is this really a College?

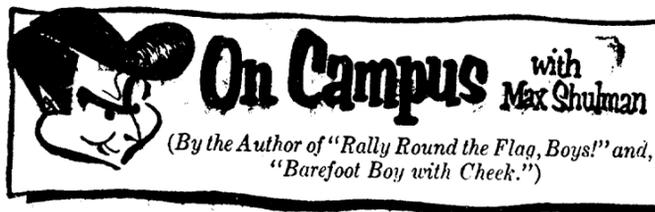
Engineeringly,  
Sam Silderale

*Ed. Note: We regret to inform you, dear Sam, that you never walked to the South Campus lawn during the Spring.*

## The Theatre . . .

Dramsoc will begin casting for, "Tis Pity She's a Dirty Stinking Son of a Lolly Eating Masochist." According to Gene da Groner, the title is only an "audience come-on."

The play is really about Sunday Trent, an innocent young girl from a small mining town. The play deals with her romance with Lord Henry. It delves deeply into the basic question, "Can a girl from Silver Creek Colorado find happiness as the wife of a wealthy and titled Englishman?"



### 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 honorable thing to do?

Well sir, you can do what Rock Sigafos did.

When Rock left Cut and Shoot, Pa., he said to his sweetheart, a simple country lass named Tess d'Urbervilles, "My dear, though I am far away in college, I will love you always. I will never look at another girl. If I do, may my eyeballs parch and wither, may my viscera writhe like adders, may the moths get my new tweed jacket!"

Then he clutched Tess to his bosom and planted a final kiss upon her fragrant young skull and went away, meaning with all his heart to be faithful.



"You can do what Rock Sigafos did..."

But on the very first day of college he met a coed named Fata Morgana, a girl of such sophistication, such poise, such *savoir faire* as Rock had never beheld. She spoke knowingly of Franz Kafka, she hummed Mozart, she smoked Marlboros, the cigarette with better "makin's". Now, Rock didn't know Franz Kafka from Pinocchio, or Mozart from James K. Polk, but Marlboros he knew full well. He knew that anyone who smoked Marlboros was modern and advanced and as studded with brains as a ham with cloves. Good sense tells you that you can't beat Marlboro's new improved filter, and you never could beat Marlboro's fine flavor. This Rock knew.

So all day he followed Fata around campus and listened to her talk about Franz Kafka, and then in the evening he went back to the dormitory and found this letter from his home-town sweetheart Tess:

Dear Rock,

*Us kids had a keen time yesterday. We went down to the pond and caught some frogs. I caught the most of anybody. Then we hitched rides on trucks and did lots of nutsy stuff like that. Well, I must close now because I got to whitewash the fence.*

Your friend,  
Tess

*P.S. . . . I can do my Hula Hoop 3,000 times.*

Well sir, Rock thought about Tess and then he thought about Fata and then a great sadness fell upon him. Suddenly he knew he had outgrown young, innocent Tess; his heart now belonged to smart, sophisticated Fata.

Rock, being above all things honorable, returned forthwith to his home town and walked up to Tess and looked her in the eye and said manfully, "I do not love you any more. I love a girl named Fata Morgana. You can hit me in the stomach with all your might if you like."

"That's okay, hey," said Tess amiably. "I don't love you neither. I found a new boy."

"What is his name?" asked Rock.

"Franz Kafka," said Tess.

"A splendid fellow," said Rock and shook Tess's hand and they have remained good friends to this day. In fact, Rock and Fata often double-date with Franz and Tess and have heaps of fun. Franz can do the Hula Hoop 6,000 times.

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*All's well that ends well—including Philip Morris. Philip Morris ends well and begins well and is made of superb natural tobaccos by the same people who make Marlboros.*

## A New Era

It is with a rather singular combination of joy and sadness that we contemplate the tuition fee provision of the Mitchell State Aid Bill.

The pure uninhibited joy stems 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, and with the utmost humility. Teachers 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 to surpass and outshine all others.

All those remaining within the walls of this institution of truly higher learning will be the real students with that uncontrollable yen to learn, that unquenchable thirst for knowledge and that unsatiable hunger for intellectual enrichment.

Certainly, none of us can, in all honesty, deny that this education which is offered to us here, is one of the most glorious gifts that we could hope for. Therefore, we have no right to expect it for free. It has been correctly suggested that we tend to appreciate those things for which we have to pay, more than those which are charitably donated to us. 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 for granted, and the time has come to do something about this grave and shameful situation. The only answer is to equate money and instruction time. Most of us are misers at heart and it would kill us to see our very own US currency go down the drain while we catch a few minutes of sleep that we forgot to get the night before, or anxiously scribble down the answers to a month old assignment.

Many of us will be forced to go to work in order to continue our education. This will be gratifying for now these students will feel a greater responsibility and a more pronounced obligation to do well in school. The acquisition of knowledge will not be a sideline with any of us any more, nor will it serve as a means of avoiding work . . . or the draft. It will change into a serious vocation, and we will all benefit from that change. We may not be able to appreciate how wonderful this new tuition is, but when we get out and look back on it we will not be able to shrink its enormous value in our minds.

We ecstatically welcome the inception of dorm life. We have repeatedly pointed out the significance of the part it plays in the all too confining and bewildering growing up process. Finley Center and the whole 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 saying hello to all the elevating values, we must bid adieu to many of our friends for they will be leaving the institution with all those in the lowest third of the present student body. We really hate to say this, but we did warn you . . . Well, cheer up, maybe you can come back someday. At least you will be saving money for awhile.

Again, we bid a sad farewell to the friends who are leaving us. We must be optimistic, for this will be a far, far better College than we have ever hoped for . . . A far, far better.

## Down With Books

It wasn't bad enough that we couldn't even get books out on time. Ohhh, no! It wasn't bad enough even that we had to wait half a year longer than we expected for it to be put up. Ohhhh, no! Now it's sinking!

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

We are sad, beyond all expression, that this comely edifice should sink. But nothing is forever, everything comes to pass, mere flesh is but mortal and all that crap.

And so, as students tow away the books back to the Great Hall from whence they sprung, and as sun sets over Finley we say Sayonara to Old Cohoney.

# Club Notes...

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CLUB**  
Hear the Dali Lama lecture on "The Festival Site."

**EDUCATION SOCIETY**  
Through a lively meeting today Helena Troy Rubber Co. representatives discuss "The Industrial Uses of..."

**SOCIOLOGY SOCIETY**  
Concert with House Plan will discuss several folkways and mores behind...

**MODERN JAZZ SOCIETY**  
Present Stan Cohen speaking on "Orange Means to Me."

**YOUNG REPUBLICANS**  
Mr. Stamos Zades speak on "Free the Red Belt."

**ASCE**  
A representative from the Pocahontas Co. speak on "How to Grow City Growth."

**PHILOSOPHY SOCIETY**  
"Did Ty Cobb Worry About Sin When He Stole Second Base?"

**PERCHING RIFFLERS**  
Present an honorary Battle Award medal Brickbat for valor in the face of the Webb Patrol.

**THE WEBB PATROL**  
Practice sniping.

**THE CAMERA CLUB**  
Auction off a half million dollars of film today on a Staten Island...

**THE LAW SOCIETY**  
Attempt to get Mitch Koch and out of jail.

**BURNS GUARD ASSOCIATION**  
Hold target practice in the cafeteria.

**BEAVER BROADCASTERS**  
Hear Alan Freed lecture on how to do the classics in the modern age.

**PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY**  
Hear Dr. K. Stuart Metviner discuss "Are Any of Us Really Sane?"

**DEBATES FOR A SANE NUCLEAR CADUCEUS SOCIETY**  
Visit Greenknoll cemetery. Please novels and canvas sacks.

**COMMITTEE OF ORTHODOX JEWISH SCIENTISTS**  
Decide on what day Shabbos falls on cross the International Dateline.

**THE CHESS CLUB**  
Has all co-eds to attend a special on "The Niceties of Mating," in 613 Wagner.

**CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**  
Throw several Romans and pagans lions in Lewisohn today.

**HILLEL**  
Hold an emergency meeting to deal with several tons of left-lies.

**ALPHA PHI OMEGA**  
Engage all sororities to a card game—choice.

**THE BIRD WATCHERS**  
Assemble behind Mott. Bring binoculars.

**MARKIST DISCUSSION CLUB**  
Will stay away from Room 372 Wagner.

**THE HISTORY SOCIETY**  
Will hear Marv Markman lecture on "The Snooze That Changed the World."

**THE PHYSICS SOCIETY**  
Will hear a lecture on "Constipation and its effects on the theory of relativity."

# Crush...

(Continued from Page 1)

Houseplanners!" Dr. Newton continued with a mischievous wink.

According to Llewellyn Shapiro, an Engineering student who witnessed the accident, Dr. Newton and Mr. Slade were "inadvertantly responsible" for the tragedy.

The Engineer, trying to retrieve a Humanities crib sheet through a Snack Bar window, was climbing down a homemade chain of intertwined garrison belts when he heard noises one flight above his destination.

"Everything happened so fast after that," he recalled, "that it was hard to make out what was coming off. First I heard Slade cry 'Tap tap Davie, one-two-three.' Then Newton giggled hysterically in a corner. Then whatizname, Kahahan, yelled 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're very sorry it happened. Although we didn't notice Kahan until it was too late, I doubt if anything could have been done for him anyhow."

# Sucker



Hilda Sfelt

The Hillel Association will hold a special meeting today to decide what to do with 1,683,456 lollie pops left over from last Thursday's fiasco.

Hillel President, Nels Grumsky, said that the lollies had to be gotten rid of within two weeks. They're not paseticah, he explained.

One student, who preferred to remain anonymous, said, "I think all members of Student Council should put a dozen or so lollies in their mouth before every meeting. It would make the meetings so much more intelligent sounding."

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 aid bill."

Governor Rockefeller, when contacted in Albany, said, "I would be very pleased to get a lollie pop from Miss Sfelt."

President Gallagher, however, was not so happy about the imminent affair. "We all know," said the President, "that everything is on the up and up, but some cynics may interpret this to be some sort of quasi-bridge given to Rocky for his work on our behalf."

# Thirty

By Nat Gnat

How can you say it; I mean just how does the word come out. T\*H\*I\*R\*T\*Y — thirty. No matter how you put it — it's the end of the line, the last stopping-off place. The final waterhole, the penultimate oasis.

Can you put four years into a few sticks of type. What shall I talk about? There's so many things to remember. There were bitter, sweet pickle-jelly sandwiches and those genteel-discreet salivating printers with their sharp eyes and wandering hands. I must forget sallow faced perverts on the tram back to school after those nights at the printers. Ah! Yes — sweet memories.

\* \* \*

I recall when I first made staff. It was a beautiful spring morning. The sun made the dew-soaked campus glisten with a pristine purity. I drove around the corner from 135th Street to Convent Avenue. I couldn't really see the little girl. I was marking galleys and I caught this typo. Then there was this shrill cry and I looked up. It was too late. I finished proofreading the galley and got out. I had run over a little girl. Quickly I wiped the blood off my fender and scampered up to the newspaper office.

"Chief," I said, "I just run over this kid on Convent Avenue."

"Good," he lauded. "Write twelve inches and set it up by two columns."

And there are other memories... Like buying ties in Sir George's and then passing Brooks Brothers and finding it on display for half-price. Yes! Yes! There were the soft-sweet parties and the young candidates growing up quickly with the help of ardent editors. I remember one girl—Anthracine Pique. She developed a terrible case of schizophrenia, torn, as she was, between House Plan and the paper.

Then too, there will be a sharply-etched picture of earnest, sincere, delightful, young politicians striving to better the College, representing their constituents with big fidelity. I remember the night when sophisticated Rennie Reignbaum, stood up, tears glistening and asked, "Why, why can't we have supper money?"

"On this night, of all nights," Rennie added.

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 Sloth 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 Monroe Clean 'n Dry vote "Yea" when the question of care packages to Krushchev arose at Student Council.

\* \* \*

The starlight nights return with a slushing 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 Ooze of the Table. Prof. Magdalenie and ol' Cohane of Math earn my undying respect for failing me three times each. If you can't learn at first...

To Johnnie and Jim of the snack bar... Pete and Tom at the Moulin Rouge... Prof. Irving Rosenthal... and the back row of English 52.

But finally to the one who made the difference. To the girl I found sleeping behind a lino machine one night so long ago. To this girl who curses like no one I know, who yelps at the moon with death-like clarity. To her of the small bust and big nose, to her who can spy type lice a mile away, I dedicate this column. Hilda Sfelt you, only you have made it for me. S'long fans. Thirty. —30—3—0—...

# K. B. S.

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

Saturday, April 4th, at 8:30

JEROME K. ARONOW CONCERT HALL

# HANDEL'S XERXES

Opera in 3 Acts, in Concert Form

SOLOISTS—Constantine Cassolas, Arthur T. Andersen, Clarice Crawford, Paul Bell, Velia Nemenyi, Sylvia Mills, Thomas Carey.

ARRANGATOR—Adolph G. Anderson

The City College Orchestra and Chamber Chorus  
Under Direction of Fritz Jahoda

TICKETS \$1.25 ON SALE IN 152 FINLEY OR AT BOX OFFICE

"I Got My  
Job Through

'The  
Campus'"



Before



After

# ACTIVITIES FAIR

APRIL 2nd — THURS., 12 - 2

SEE WHAT THE CLUBS DO !!  
EVERYONE WELCOME !!

Sponsored by GSS

# 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 laid 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 writeups."

Despite the team's fine showing, Luciano was not too pleased with the way some of his boys handled themselves. "Sophomores," he cried, "too many sophomores, that's our trouble."

"They lack competitive experience," he continued, "all they did was stand around and drink up the blood. Vampires are all right,



Coach Ed Luciano  
Back From Appalachin

but what I need is killers."

Luciano is planning to hide out in his fencing room at Lewisohn Stadium. "I don't think they'll find us," Luciano said. "The room is so small that if we put a few hangers up, the police will think it's a clothes closet."

## Sport Notes

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 Dramsoc will merge next season in order to facilitate the desires of growing wrestling audiences.

Dramsoc, 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 Joe Sapora.

## More Bull

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

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

Charles Rostov, 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 '30's when I visited Spain.

"Furthermore, 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, Rostov is as qualified as any in our country to discuss features.

While interviewing him, he produced from his card-filled wallet several aged newspaper clippings of himself encountering bulls of various "cellas," (rings).

One of the articles headlined "Rostov Epitomizes Izquierdita The 'izquierdita," he explained a subtle, and intricate move to left just when the bull is about bear down on you. It is designed to throw the bull off his stride and make him act blindly, there making him easier to kill."

Another photo showed him looking an impoverished looking fellow. "I keep this one in the back of my mind because it was taken in my younger days, when I was inexperienced and less confident of my abilities."

Charles returned to bullfighting in general. "It is a very old sport which has survived because of its subtleties and complexities."

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

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

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

Others, dressed in striking purple and yellow uniforms, follow the bull, traveling around him, and driving sharp spears into him, intended to make him act blindly. Hence, their name "follow trailers."

## Gironamo Scalped By Fighting Chief

Funeral services will be held in Lewisohn Stadium tomorrow for Harry Gironamo, track coach. Gironamo will be buried under the 135-yard mark on the third turn of the cinder track—weather permitting.

A family feud ended when Chief "Leon" Miller scalped Coach Gironamo in Lewisohn. The Chief, while cleaning his Bowie knife, said that the feud dated back to Custer's Last Stand when Gironamo's ancestors, Sitting Bull, et al, massacred the General and his army.

"Ugh," said the Chief. "They didn't even invite our tribe to the cocktail party that followed."

The Athletic Association named Nat Holman as the next track coach. When told of his new appointment, Nat, who was sitting in Sardi's with Earl Wilson, shouted, "Whoop-pee, now I have a fast breaking team!"

Dave Polansky was told of his appointment to lacrosse coach last night. He sighed. "Now I'll have to abandon the new book I was writing. 'How to Get to the Top.'"

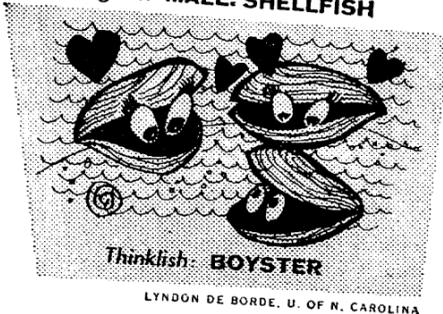
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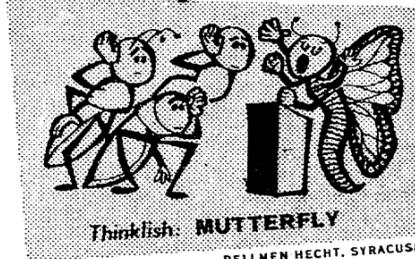
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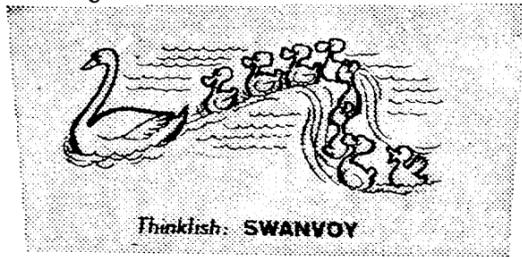
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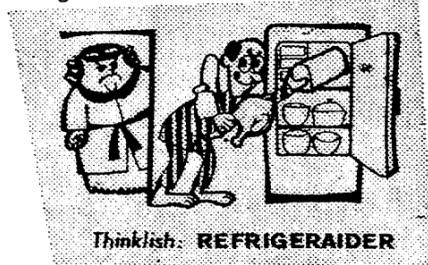
English: WATERFOWL FORMATION



Thinklish: SWANVOY

ROGER JENNINGS, U. OF CAL.

English: MIDNIGHT SNACKER



Thinklish: REFRIGERAIDER

HARRIET DOYLE, MARYLAND



English: MAN WHO CONDUCTS POPULARITY SURVEYS

**Thinklish translation:** This fellow knows more about polls than a telephone lineman. When someone starts, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!"—he counts noses to make sure. If he canvassed women, he'd be a *galculator*. If he totted up crimes of violence, he'd be a *stabulator*. Actually, he checks on the popularity of Luckies, and that makes him a *lauditor*! His latest survey makes this heartwarming point: Students who want the honest taste of fine tobacco are unanimously for Lucky Strike!

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