

OBSERVATION POST

Brown Captures SG Presidency; Veep Contest Ends In Deadlock

Blume, Kessel Tie at 576



Ira Bloom



Ted Brown



Mark Kessel

Fields, Pell Also Win

Ted Brown, heading the Responsible Student Government Party (RSGP) won a solid victory in last week's Student Government Presidential race. Brown bested Alan Blume (Independent Reform Ticket) and Herb Berkowitz (This Campus First), garnering 859 votes to Blume's 514 and Berkowitz's 385.

Without "in-class" voting, the voting turnout was the smallest in recent years.

Although Brown's victory was complete, the Vice-Presidential contest was very much up in the air as Ira Bloom (TCF) and Mark Kessel (RSGP) tied at 576 votes in defeating Robert Levine (IRT), who gained 469 votes.

In the race for the SG Secretaryship, Marjory Fields (RSGP) defeated Samuel Eiferman (IRT) by an 860 to 529 count, while Mel Pell running unopposed gained the Treasurer's spot.

In the first school-wide election for National Student Association Delegates, Marjory Fields, Judy Kaufman, Robert Levine and Howard Simon—all running unopposed—won the right to represent the College at this year's NSA Congress.

In the Class of '63 elections, Ken Schlesinger, running uncontested, won the Presidency, while Joan Farber (IRT) defeated Richard Weisberg (TCF), this term's SG Secretary, for the Vice-Presidential post. In other contests, Myron Danzig (RSGP) defeated Richard Schweidel (IRT) for Class of '63 secretary, while Neil Erdwein, running unopposed, captured the Treasurer's spot.

Mitchell Zimmerman, president of the College's Debating Society, defeated Lawrence Weiss and Martin Fogelson for the class of '63's SG vacancy. Zimmerman gained 147 votes to Weiss' 121 and Fogelson's 79.

Robert Atkins, head of the College's chapter of Congress of Racial Equality, won the lone SG seat in the Class of '64 defeating

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to be held before the end of the term so that the same electorate may participate and the issues be known. "The sooner the better," declared Kessel.

Bloom intends to run for a vacant Council seat in the Class of '64 if he loses the repeat election. Kessel, an upper-junior, hopes to become an executive vice-president, if he loses at the polls. Both are confident of victory.

For the first time in memorable SG history, a vote tie has stymied the election of a major officer. A special runoff election for Vice-President is expected to be held either next week or during registration next September.

At its meeting this afternoon, Student Council will decide how and when to conduct the runoff. Chances of a new election this term are lessened by the fact that the elections agency is presently busy running the "Ugly Man on Campus" contest.

Both candidates involved in the tie, Ira Bloom (TCF) and Mark Kessel (RSGP), remain unperturbed by the unique problem they have indirectly caused.

"Before I knew the results of the vote," Kessel said Monday, "I felt that if either of us (Kessel or Bloom) won, it would be okay," Bloom echoed his opponents sentiments.

Both contenders favor a runoff however.

SAB Gets Underway; Tentative Budget Set

By VIVIAN NEUMANN

A major step toward implementation of the new SG Constitution was taken Monday when representatives of all campus clubs and organizations met to elect Student Activities Board (SAB) delegates.

The presidents of all chartered campus groups were requested by SG President Fred Bren to attend organizational meetings of the nine federations of common-interest groups which comprise the SAB. The federations include House Plan Council and the Interfraternity Council (IFC) as well as several new categories.

The SAB's formation was the most significant change instituted when the new Constitution was passed by the General Faculty Committee on Student Activities (GFCSA) last month. This action will give SG expanded responsibilities in the area of co-curricular student activities.

Exercising another power, newly delegated to SG by the Constitution, the student activities budget for next semester was accepted by SC last Wednesday evening. Further discussion of finances will take place at the final meeting of the semester tonight.

People Elected To New Positions

Barbara Brown, a nineteen year old upper junior majoring in Political Science, was elected Editor-in-Chief of *Observation Post* for the fall semester last Thursday.

Barbara Schwartzbaum will fill the post of Managing Editor, while Tim Brown was selected as News Editor. Other Managing Board positions will be filled by Mike Gershowitz, Features Editor; Richie Coe, Sports Editor; and Judy Montag, Business Manager.

On the Associate Board are Dave Rothchild, Assistant News Editor; Steve Abel, Copy Editor; Bob Nelson, Circulation Manager; Dave Schwartzman, Exchange Editor; and Larry Weissman, Photography Editor.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT FEE COMMISSION	
Budget Recommendations For Fall Term 1962	
MAJOR CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS	
	Allocation
Student Government	\$3,285.00
AIEE-IRE	305.00
Debating Society	650.00
IFC	160.00
Hillel	226.00
House Plan	1,347.50
Total Major Campus Organizations	2,688.50
PUBLICATIONS	
Campus 15 issues @ \$200	3,000.00
Observation Post 15 issues @ \$200	3,000.00
Tech News-8 issues @ \$154	1,232.00
Vector	1,000.00
Journal of Social Studies	315.00
Baskerville Chem Journal	225.00
Total Publications	8,860.00
OTHER CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS	
Architectural Society	91.50
Alpha Phi Omega	18.00
American Rocket Society	60.00
Beaver Broadcasters	24.00
Baskerville Chem Society	50.50
Blood Bank Council	50.00
Class of 1964	125.00
Caduceus Society	80.50
City College Conservative Club	15.00
Chess Club	20.00
Democratic Student Union	17.00
Economics Society	42.00
Gamma Sig	25.00
Government & Law Society	49.00
Italian Club	9.00
History Society	12.00
Modern Dance Society	40.00
Musical Comedy Society (Underwrite)	200.00
Newman Club	113.00
Omicron Chi Epsilon	18.00
Psychology Society	41.00
Pershing Rifles Co. A-8	55.00
Railroad Club	18.00
Sociology-Anthropology Soc.	28.00
Soc. for Criticism & Discussion	5.00
Young Conservative Club	15.00
Young Democratic Club	50.50
Young Republican Club	24.00

The Word Was Out - 'Brown Had It Won'



The emotions were stronger, and the results less predictable in last terms election. Pictured above are Les Fraidstern who lost, and SG President Fred Bren after the final totals were read.

"Berkowitz 385, Blume 514, Brown 859." You won, you won, Ted, somebody cried. The new president of SG just smiled in that crooked way of his. Ted Brown wasn't surprised, he had known it all along.

The word was out long before 8 when the election results were read off in the Grand Ballroom. The first indication of a premature leak came Thursday from former SG Vice President Jack Fox. At 4 PM he stood in the Finley corridor telling friends that Brown was in the lead.

Equally confident of Brown's victory and her own election as SG Treasurer was Council member Marjory Fields. On her way to Friday night's SG dance Marjory said she knew she had won. That was at 7:15.

Buttenweiser Lounge began fill-

ing up but none of the presidential candidates were there. Ted Brown was packing away a chinese meal at 125th St. Alan Blume was over in Townsend Harris watching the final performance of "Arsenic and Old Lace."

In stride Berkowitz. How do you feel Herb? "I'm as nervous as a corpse," he answered, sinking into a chair. "It's like watching two other guys fight."

Berkowitz knew also. He came in third as he expected.

Council member Joel Forkosch ambled into the room, climbed up

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SG Leaders Honored At Semi-Annual Dinner

Renewed efforts against the imposition of a tuition fee were called for by Student Government President-elect Ted Brown in an inauguration address Monday night.

At the semi-annual SG Honors and Awards Dinner, Brown asked that the free tuition campaign be conducted "using practical methods while fighting on a philosophical level." He called for students to assume "full citizenship of undergraduates" and not to "merely go for a degree."

At the dinner address by Borough President Edward Dudley and City Councilman Bernard Manheimer, thirty-five students re-

ceived awards for outstanding performance as undergraduates here.

Heading the list were Mike Strauss and Irwin Pronin, past presidents of House Plan and SG respectively. Both received the Richard Roger Bowker Memorial Award.

Receiving Outstanding Leadership Awards were Campus Editor Ralph Blumenthal, SG President Fred Bren, and Tech Council President Mike Rukin.

'Radical Right' Is Attacked By History Club Speaker

The Head of the Union Theological Seminary added his voice to the growing nationwide attack on the "Radical Right."

Speaking before the College's History Society, Dr. John C. Bennett charged the "activist conservative movement" with callous disregard for American liberties.

"We cannot deal with the threat of Communism," the theologian stated, "by smear tactics, irrational agitation, and the activities of Congressional committees."

Dr. Bennet characterized the

Leak . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

on a chair and staged a mock reading of the results. "Remember those totals he said, as he got down. He picked Brown to come within fifteen or twenty votes of the actual total."

If there was anyone in the Lounge who didn't know in advance that Brown was the winner it could only have been Alan Blume, the Independent Reform Ticket candidate who came in second. Blume entered Bittenweiser and refused Brown's offering of some space next to him on the floor. "I don't sit with losers," Blume said as he strode by.

Blume's bravado continued as the SG party moved over into the Grand Ballroom for the reading of the results.

Finally, the elections official finished the minor offices and reached the presidential totals. "Berkowitz 385, Blume 514, Brown 859." And then it was over—officially.

rightists as over-enthusiastic conservatives who refuse to face the world problems of hunger and ignorance which Communism is attempting, even if by the wrong method, to overcome."

"The answer to the Soviet threat," the bespectacled professor concluded, "is in the recognition of socialist reforms as steps towards vital alternatives to Communism."

—Silverstein

SC . . .

SC will elect alternate delegates to this summer's National Student Association conference today at 4 P.M. Interested students should attend the meeting in Room 121 Finley. Budget recommendations will also be considered. Interested organizations should send representatives to the meeting.

Winners . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

Richard Kane, Barry S. Smith, Robert A. Dimino and Stephen Stark.

All Class Council positions in the Class of '64 were uncontested. Ronald Friedman, Caryl Singer, Gerald Oppenheimer and Jerry Perlman won the Presidency, Vice-Presidency, Secretaryship, and Treasurership, respectively.

In the Class of '65, Robert

DeStefano beat Arthur Dobrin and Geraldine Rhyhus for the President's spot, while Martin Kauffman and Sandy Halfen captured the Vice-President and Secretary posts, respectively. Running uncontested, Peter Honigsberg copped the Treasurer's spot.

In the Freshman elections, Stanley Shapiro, Beverly Roth, Joel Goldberg, Michael Birnbaum, Dennis Neier and Susan Fischer were elected as SG Representatives for the Class of '66.

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The Sisters of STD

A SHORT ROMANCE
Act #2

Marvin? It's me again, Zelda. Have you done it yet? Well, why not? Oh, don't be silly when did you ever study? No, I won't go to a cocktail party. No, Marvin what would people say! Anyway, it'll be more fun to

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Reviewer's Notes

Promethean

"Obscurity for obscurity's sake" seems to be the catchword of this term's issue of *Promethean*.

Although poetry ought to be more concise and direct than prose, several writers in the College's literary magazine have confused obscurity with art and verbosity with vision. That the modern poet aims not to produce needless brain teaser, but rather to give new meanings to our time through the transformation of old mythology and usage to modern idiom escapes them.

A fine instance of the sort of verbiage employed is "Benedictus . . . Kennedy . . . (a fragme...)." Even its author finds it laughable, as shown by his footnotes. If this is an example of an attempt at a "Poetry of the Absurd," in the genre of Ionesco's plays, it fails miserably. If it was meant to be a joke, it succeeds admirably. However, Mr. Sloman's "A shimmer of joy . . ." displays a fine sensitivity to the English language, although, at time, he allows his language to carry him away. Compare the beauty of his first line, "A shimmer of joy always follows a wilting song . . ." with the pretentiousness of "reincarnate reverberation of heckling sound . . ."

Another of his poems, "The Royal Summer," is an example of unfulfilled potential. The fine irony of the first four stanzas leads the reader on to expect a great deal more than the last three offer. The abrupt change of mood is unwarranted. "Auguries of Happiness" may be dismissed as not worth discussing.

Happily, there are redeeming features in *Promethean*. The experiment of Pablo Figueroa Davila in the sonnet form is striking. Here we find a true poet, a poetry without pretentiousness, a poetry whose complexity lies not in its language, but in its significance. Notice the beauty and simplicity of this line of "The East River Recalls the UN:" "And the inevitable caissons of words/Echoed in the marble floors of halls/Like drops of molten wax."

Louis Warsh's poetry also leaves little to be desired. His two poems in this issue show his gift for imagery. His style varies from that of Mr. Davila, but is excellent in its own right. A talent for quiet, gentle poetry whose melody pleases the senses is revealed by Miss Fanny Pudlo. The precision, and at the same time, imagination of her description of Narcissus displays a sensitive technique.

George Wolff is represented by one poem, "With the Detachment of a Fisherman," in which he treats the old theme of passion with an objectivity that can only have come from deep feelings. His restraint is in sharp juxtaposition to the pointless stumbling of John Curl along sexual pathways in "Roses" and "The Moon Girl."

There are only two prose selections in this issue of the magazine, one of which would have been better deleted. Martin J. Hamer tries to capture the speech of childhood, but his ear for dialogue is not keen enough; the conversations of the two children seem stilted and unreal. Mr. Hamer also seems obsessed by a strange youthful morbidity which twists the story, "I Wonder What Henry Wants to Be," to an extremely unrealistic ending. This type of ending also characterizes "The Theater Party" by David B. Meyers. However, his skill as a writer is evident in his descriptive passages. What Mr. Meyers needs is less amateur psychology and more attention to realism in his writing. He does show promise and should continue to develop his inherent talents.

However, the poetry of Pablo Figueroa Davila, Lewis Warsh, and Fanny Pudlo more than make up for the shortcomings in *Promethean*. These are poets from whom we can expect much in the future and who deserve our support.

—Montag

Dramsoc

The College's Dramatic Society retrieved its theatrical reputation last Sunday afternoon with a strong assist from playwright Joseph Kesselring.

Dramsoc, which battled "Epitaph for George Dillon" last term, to a shutout in favor of the play, was back in good form this week with a high spirited production of "Arsenic and Old Lace." Kesselring's classic tale of two Brooklyn maiden ladies who do for lonely old gentlemen with arsenic and elderberry wine, what the ASPCA does for animals with ether, was an excellent choice for the student performers. Too funny to be ruined by occasionally poor delivery and requiring little character development, "Arsenic" like the Philadelphia Phillies, was a successful training grounds.

Playing the parts of the dizzy Brewster sisters whose hobbies include mercy killings ("It's one of our charities") were Veeps Pomex as the fluttery Aunt Abby and Lynne Schwartz as the more restrained Martha.

Miss Pomex, who gave an impeccable performance in "George Dillon," once again effortlessly stole the show. From the moment she minced onto the stage, walking on the sides of her feet like a wound up toy, to her last exit, with a truly Victorian twitch of her bustle, Miss Pomex was a thorough professional. Playing straight man to her Abby, Lynne Schwartz did a very convincing job as the strong and sober Martha but was overshadowed by Miss Pomex's dominance of the stage.

As the Brewster girls' three whacky nephews, Bill Zukof, Dick Schlesinger and Walter Scheps matched their aunts in eccentricity though not entirely in dramatic ability. Bill Zukof was "utterly bully" as the Brewster who thought he was Teddy Roosevelt.

The theatre hating drama critic, Mortimer Brewster who discovers that his aunts are conducting their personal funeral parlor in the cellar of the family mansion, was made appropriately nervous and bewildered by Ken Schlesinger; although occasionally one suspected that he nervousness was Mr. Schlesinger's and not Mortimer's. Walter Scheps, as the Boris Karloff look alike brother Jonathan, delivered his bloodthirty lines with too much realism for this first row viewer.

Completing the major characters in the cast were Dorothea Beckwith as Mortimer's fiancée, Diane Harper and Vic Wiener as Jonathan's frightened side kick who dabbles in plastic surgery. Wiener, in a role largely characterized by facial smugging and physical contortions played

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Progress? . . .

Joseph Hanson, the Editor of the Social Worker Party Weekly "The Militant" will debate a member of the College's history Department on the merits and demerits of "The Alliance For Progress" at Thursday's meeting of the Eugene V Debs club.

Mercury Killed, But Not Journal

A paper by Hans Kohn, noted Historian and past Professor at the College, will be featured in this term's Journal of Social Studies, to be released Wednesday.

The article, in an issue dedicated to Professor Kohn, will discuss "The Gospel of Nationalism."

Also of interest will be a symposium, "Is Disarmament Possible?" with contributions from Professors John H. Herz and Harry Lustig, and Carl Weitzman, Jack Mazelis, and Rick Brown.

MERCURY, the College's humor magazine, will not be published this term as a result of "internal difficulties," according to its Editor in Chief, Ira Herzoff.

SG Exec Votes Down Tech Vote

A controversy between Student Government and the Technology Intersociety Interfraternity Council (TIIC) arose Friday over the interpretation of the new SG Constitution.

At issue was the question whether TIIC could still function as a self-governing body concomitantly with the newly organized Student Activities Board (SAB). Under the new SG Charter, TIIC was dissolved and replaced by a Tech Council, containing some, but not all, of the organizations which presently sit on TIIC.

The debate reached a climax Friday when SG Exec denied a TIIC appeal to recognize the election of six at large members to TIIC by a 4-0-0 vote Friday.

"In the middle of this semester," declared Ken Rosenberg, President-elect of TIIC, "we proposed an amendment to our constitution which would provide for six representatives from the Tech School to be elected and sit on Student Council. Exec passed this."

Also, he added, SG passed another motion giving permission to these six people to run for office

during SG elections on a ballot for Tech students only. "We thought that it was a valid election," Rosenberg said.

Thursday night, however, SG President Fred Bren appeared at a meeting of TIIC "to inform us that the ballots were being discarded and that the Exec had revoked the amendment," Rosenberg claimed.

Bren replied that there were "no valid reasons" for the election of the six members at large. He asserted that such an election would be contrary to the principles of student self-government, because in effect SG would be yielding to a pressure group.

He declared that, employing the reasoning of TIIC, a separate Tech School SG could be formed. He hastened to explain that a separate Tech School SG would hardly be in the interests of student self government.

Rosenberg's reason for creating the six man appendage of TIIC was that it is asked to help with certain matters that concern not only the member organizations, but every Tech student.

Rosenberg also complained that the federation system forces organizations with several areas of interest to restrict themselves to the activities of their federation. He proposed that SG Exec re-charter TIIC and permit other organizations to join it as an organization, not a federation.

"This would enable the organizations to have some say in Tech School, while remaining in their chosen federations," explained Rosenberg. SG Exec defeated the measure by a vote of 4-0-0.

Gallagher to Compete For Ugly Man Crown

By PHYLLIS BAUCH

Carnival Queens move over! The Ugly Man Contest is here! Such noted campus cuties as Dr. Buell G. Gallagher, Dean James S. Peace, and Mr. Irwin Brownstein (Student Life) will compete for the coveted honor.

In the student division of the competition, SG President Fred

nominees. Although Bren felt he had a "sure victory," Brown felt he would win in this capacity as well. "I feel confident that I am uglier than any other candidate and I hope the student body will support me in this view."

Horowitz, who has clashed with (Continued on Page 6)



Ugly Man

Bren, SG President-elect Ted Brown, and Gary Horowitz, Chairman of the Committee to Save Hamilton Grange, are among the

Cosmonaut at Hunter; Describes Space Flight

Soviet Cosmonaut Gherman Titov made a call for world peace Wednesday before 2000 cheering students at Hunter College.

Describing the view from his capsule while circling the earth, the astronaut declared, "The world looked so beautiful; too beautiful; too beautiful to have a war." He said that "we should not let our children even know what the word [war] means!"

The girls of downtown Hunter gave the handsome blue eyed Russian a standing ovation as he entered the auditorium and strode to the platform.

During his prepared talk the

Soviet visitor said that the primary purpose of his flight was to test the effects of weightlessness on man. He characterized this "experiment" as very successful.

Southern Court Acquits Student

By BOB NELSON

The state of Mississippi has dropped "breach of the peace" charges against a student at the College.

The student, Morton Slater, who is white, was arrested last summer while sitting in a Negro waiting room in Jackson's segregated bus terminal. He served forty days in a Jackson County jail before being temporarily released.

The nineteen year old math major, who had been out on bail was to appear for trial two weeks ago but was notified several days earlier that the charges had been dismissed.

Slater felt the state had let the matter drop because the waiting room was empty and because he wasn't with a Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) group when arrested. CORE organized the "Freedom Rides" which attempted action similar to Slater's last year.

Professor Spends Easter In Thailand Making Study To Plan Aid Program

Easter vacation, for most people at the College, was spent incarcerated between the tightly-packed shelves of the 42nd Street Library. But Professor Gerald Serkin (Economics) passed his three weeks of freedom surrounded by the undeveloped vistas of Thailand's rural villages.

Part of a four man "team" of experts sent by the government's Agency for International Development. Dr. Serkin studied the possibilities for a long range aid plan for the South East Asian country.

Due to the implications of important policy changes resulting from the study, Dr. Serkin was unable to disclose the findings of the group. However, he was able to say that "the effects will be re-

flected in US actions."

Occidentals have successfully invaded the country before (witness "Anna and the King"), and according to Dr. Serkin, well-tanned from his stay, "Relations are quite good." There is "tremendous sympathy" for our way of thinking, and on our part, for theirs, he said.

The Agency is aiding the nation with road building projects. "Wherever we build a road villages spring up along the way." he commented with a satisfied smile.

OBSERVATION POST

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The Editorial Policy of Observation Post is determined by a majority vote of the Editorial Board consisting of the Managing Board and Ella Ehrlich, Mike Gershowitz, and David Rothchild.

Wrap-Up

The theme of the term was set when Dr. Buell G. Gallagher returned to the Presidency of the College nine days after the start of the Spring semester. Perhaps the most surprising and exciting event of the term, Dr. Gallagher's return from California was greeted by students here with almost unanimous enthusiasm and anticipation. His stand-in for about seven months, Acting President Harry N. Rivlin was a well-liked educator, but the tall, energetic ex-Chancellor was expected to liven things up. The awaited resurgence of controversy and activity did not materialize, however.

The President kept good his promise to introduce no innovations, but simply and quietly to re-orient himself. After the bally-hoo caused by last term's Communist speaker ban, the student body apparently decided to do the same thing. Except for the brief fee allocations fiasco, the past four months have been devoted to typing up loose ends and finishing several long campaigns, inherited from previous semesters. Student Government finally has its new constitution; the one-dollar rise in the student activities fee has at last received student approval; and the seemingly endless struggle for Hamilton Grange has successfully ended.

Prelude

In this sense, the term has been a prelude. Whether the SG Constitution with its complex coordinating agency for extra-curricular activities—the Student Activities Board—will prove to be the panacea it has often been made out to be, cannot be answered until it has fully gotten underway. Allocation of the additional fee revenue will undoubtedly spark considerable dispute. How Student Council will handle this problem and its other new responsibilities again cannot be determined until next term. Nevertheless, we have confidence that SG President-elect Ted Brown will be able to lead the student legislative body in the right direction—toward a truly 'responsible' student government. We hope that SC will learn from the all too frequent mistakes of the Student Faculty Fee Commission which it replaces.

Hopefully the tie between the vice-presidential candidates will be resolved before the end of the term, since the person who fills that office will be vital to the proper functioning of the SAB.

Although OP made no endorsement for vice-president in our last issue, we indicated preference for either Mark Kessel or Robert Levine over Ira Bloom. Since the tie is between Kessel and Bloom, we now wholeheartedly endorse the former aspirant. For his views, integrity, and ability to command, Kessel is by far the superior candidate.

Unresolved

Unresolved this term were the drives against a threatened tuition charge and for increasing aid to the City University PhD. programs. Certainly a major job for the next SG will be to increase student support and awareness of these crusades so that repetition of this March's disappointing anti-tuition lawn rally may be avoided. New ideas and new approaches in this area are sorely needed.

The new term will begin in September with three physical additions to the College. Alexander Hamilton's ancient home will grace (or deform?) the southeast boundary of the campus. And the geometric Technology and Administration buildings are scheduled to be completed and in use. These, together with the less physical innovations that SG will confront, should make next term more dynamic, if less stable, than the one that is now at an end.

LETTERS

DEVOTED

Dear Editor:

As an alumnus of the College and as a member of the coaching staff at the College, I was shocked by the thinly disguised criticism of Mr. Edward Lucia, Varsity fencing coach and former alternate Olympic Fencing Coach of the United States in an article of the April 10 issue. Mr. Lucia is a coach of national and international reputation, not only for his skill as a teacher of olympians and coach of world championships, but for his great integrity and courage. I have found in my eight years of close association with Mr. Lucia, that he is one of the most humanistic and sincere people that I have ever known and is in every sense of the word, a gentleman.

I question the motives of both Mr. Rohrer and Mr. Lowin in this implied criticism of Mr. Lucia. On the surface, this article seems a rather simple declaration of Mr. Rohrer's philosophy. However, it seems strange that such an article is placed in such an important place in a major college newspaper: space usually devoted to more important sports news. Perhaps, some conscious or unconscious hostility is the explanation.

It seems rather presumptuous for a person who is not qualified either as a fencer or educator to pass on the methodology of a teacher who has proved himself on the international, national and collegiate scene on countless occasions. Mr. Lucia's list of championships on all levels would require a letter far longer than this will be. Moreover, Mr. Lucia, among other awards has received the "Certificate of Merit for Teaching" from the Amateur Fencers League of America: a rare distinction.

What are Mr. Rohrer's qualifications and achievements in this field?

Once again, this college newspaper has misused the trust placed in it by the student body, by sully the good name of an individual who could not and would not grace the article with any sort of reply. To reply would give the aura of a need to defend where there is no such need. No reply leaves these innuendos to free public reign.

It is my sincere hope that this letter serves to straighten the record now and for all time.

Emmanuel Fineberg '58B
Freshman Fencing Coach
C.C.N.Y.

Member National Fencing
Coaches Assn. of America

DISMAYED

Dear Editor:

As a former participant, Student Government Campaigns will always hold a place in my heart. I was dismayed by the fact that no mention has been made of the increasingly large sums of money being spent by the Student Government Candidates.

The actual amount of money will probably never be known but one candidate assured me that his presidential campaign plus the expenses for his slate would exceed \$50.00. Multiplied by three candidates and three slates the present election should therefore run in excess of \$150.00. This may not seem exorbitant to many people however, at a college where most students work part time it assues a much larger proportion. Contrasted with my own campaign which cost the huge sum of \$5.00 (primarily for mimeograph paper) and the cam-

(Continued on Page 5)

Thirty

By BRUCE SOLOMON

In a way, this column in itself tells the story of the four years I spent at City College—that is, I should be doing a paper on guerilla warfare in South Viet Nam, instead of spending my time with this. But if the third floor of the Finley Center has always proved for me a stronger attraction than the classroom, it's not due so much to any aversion to academic discipline that may have carried over from high school. Rather, I lay the blame to the Siren-like song of the undergraduate newspaper office, whose lure definitely is a carry-over from the Clinton News.

There's this day when I'm covering a Student Council meeting—it's Bernheim's term, I think—and for twenty minutes I'm watching this bunch debate whether or not they should throw me, the only outside observer in the place, out, and go into Executive Session. Finally, I got up to leave and received the only round of applause I've ever gotten. Two guys ran after me to call me back, but I had to call the printer's, anyway.

Perhaps, like Odysseus, I should have had myself lashed to the mast of my merry-go-round—forgive the poetic license—while the companions who've ridden this thing with me had their ears stuffed with wax. At any rate, the seduction has been complete, but the damage done has fortunately been negligible and on the whole I consider myself richer for the experience. I've learned a trade, made some friends, exulted at success, suffered at failure both personal and artistic, effected a personal political transformation, and learned something about people—all on a microcosm within a microcosm of the outside world where there are "no backs."

Once, during a geology field trip in Fort Tryon Park, I pretended to tie my shoe lace while the class jogged around a bend in the road on a bitter cold day. Bidding the tourmaline crystals, pigmatite dikes and mica schist of upper Manhattan a fond farewell, I then rushed down to the College to circulate an April Fool parody of the very paper I'm currently writing for. I wish we had done an April Fool satire of The Campus this Spring, but we didn't have the money.

Perhaps this column really should have appeared in The Campus, where, but a year ago, I was editor-in-chief and where, after all, most of my social life here has centered. But I prefer to think the break which brought me to OP has been complete—even the causes of it ought to be forgotten. The view I have of Campus is only one of nostalgia for the old days of cohesiveness and camaraderie; I'd just as soon overlook the petty backbiting, the insincerity and personal ambition that seem to be taking their toll of the paper now. What is particularly annoying, though, is that the smug pretentiousness which is an essential part of any "in-group" has lost the fun edge it once had—the old guys were really imaginative—moreover, they were close.

Remember when the great pastime used to be recalling old baseball players? I can still rip off the 1950 Detroit Tiger lineup without much trouble. If you couldn't remember a whole lineup, you at least had to know nonentities with "cat" names, like Clem Koshorek, Dick Kokos or Sam Zoladak.

A line about OP: it differs from Campus and to this day I'm not sure into which mold I really belong. There's a quieter, yet warmer and more folksy sort of crowd here and the conversation is more politically sophisticated, but I can't really get used to the idea of editors who all attend their classes. My only regret is that what with the Flight to Europe and three jobs, and spurred on to a measure of scholastic achievement by the payment of ten dollars to Microcosm, I never did put in the time I'd planned to with this paper.

I'm shopping in Safeway the other day, and this kid at the checkout counter notices in my wallet some discount tickets to the Central Plaza. "I've been to the Plaza a few times and, do you know, I've never seen Conrad Janis," he says. "Unbelievable," is my reaction, delighted as I am at finding "one of us" in Safeway, of all places. I remember the first time I saw Conrad and his hack but hot trombone. A girl we met kept drunkenly oozing, "He's got se-e-ex!"

I'm sorry, but somehow I can't write paeans to the College for taking me a raw, unbroken piece of rock and molding me into a smooth, polished sand crystal like all the other sand crystals on the beach of humanity. Indirectly it did show me some of the consequences of such a fate, however, by inducing me to join both House Plan and the ROTC. I've often thought since of starting a propaganda service of my own to counteract the literature that is sent each summer to entering freshmen telling them of the downright satisfaction to be found among young people "just like yourself" enjoying good, clean, well-organized fun. But I'm not quite certain of what I would say that wouldn't fall on deaf ears as it would have fallen on my own four years ago.

Old parties, old people in long-forgotten apartments. (Can you imagine, they tried holding a party in somebody's House Plan the other week? Alas, that it should come to that.) The time I walked from a Campus picnic at Van Cortlandt Park to a Campus party at 160 Street (I live there now) singing folk songs with a bouncy, bird-like Campus girl (She's in France now). Some of us would work as copy boys on the New York Post at night and sleep on the beach at Rockaway during the day. Don, Jack, Barry, Joan, Fran, Mike. Some are in the Army, some are waiting and the rest are married.

One thing I've come to like about the College is a seeming attempt to ignore the activities of its political clubs, save for an occasional speaker ban or an uncalled-for comment by a President or Dean. I think the students getting the most out of extra-curricular activities are the kids in these clubs who are learning just by going it alone, without the services of kindly Student Life officials to guide them along.

Then there's the girl, another bird-like creature, with whom I once toasted marshmallows on the South Campus lawn. She's another reason I never did do that paper on guerilla warfare in South Vietnam.

I like to think of this column and everything else I've written here as a silent bid for immortality, in the archives of the Cohen Library, if nowhere else. How else will I exist here when Barbara Brown and Ralph Blumenthal and all who are to come have taken over?



Thirty

By RENEE COHEN STEINBERG

It was a Thursday afternoon, Fall, 1958. The OP office was filled with noise, students who were associated with the paper, and some who were not. A tall, thin, Ivy-league-ish fellow stood near a desk and spoke to some of the more youthful and callow students. President Gallagher was there in the OP office, . . . and so was I.

Time sure can change things. My candidacy for the OP staff was over that term, and I have since stumbled through all the Managing Board positions save Sports Editor and Business Manager. Oh yes, Pres. Gallagher has not visited us since that Thursday, but that is not to say that he has not always been with OP. As a matter of fact, there is one more time I remember quite vividly, but that time I visited his office - for a press conference. That was 1960.

I was sitting in one of those big leather chairs in the President's office a little embarrassed because my feet didn't reach the floor. OP's editor was sitting next to me. Questions were asked and some placating answers were given. Then the meticulously dressed President spoke and in a rather impassioned way told the student journalists that *Observation Post* was controlled by Communist sympathizers and Communist oriented students.

We just sat there, the editor and I, stunned and pale. I felt sort of sick, not because I had been on the Managing Board to which the President referred, but because of the potential effects Dr. Gallagher's words could have on the editor who would become the object of suspicious stares and infectious national publicity. How could such nebulous, false charges coming from the mouth of an avowed anti-McCarthy liberal be refuted? Sure there are slander and libel laws, but there's also public opinion.

There it was - the shot heard round the country and the shot that has been reverberating ever since. There were many people (students and faculty alike) who knew the President was factually wrong and that he had violated every conceivable aspect of academic morality.

But time changes things, and I must not be bitter. I must not forget to thank Dr. Gallagher for the public relations work he did for OP in his effort to swell its staff and rid the paper of its "leftist" leadership. The next annual Freshman Day, recruitment of candidates was quite educational. Many of the young hopeful who would approach OP's desk on the South Campus Lawn and offer a resume of all his "radical" ideas as if to confess his qualification for eventual staff membership.

Come to think of it, I was recruited for OP at a rather crude Freshman Day set-up four years ago. That was a crazy day. After surviving the tortures of registration on North Campus, I meandered "down South" to complete the chore. There was a table with signs reading "Observation Post-voice of the student body." When I went over to the two girls sitting at the table, they asked me if I wanted to join. "What would you like to do on the paper?" a deep-voiced, dark-haired girl asked me. "Oh, I'll do anything, I answered nervously with visions of myself sweeping up the office. "Are you even willing to write?" Little did I know then that that ironic question summed up the plight of the College newspapers.

That was the same year that the College saw an attempt to form a campus political party. But that was ruined by the College's self-consciousness about its "little red schoolhouse" reputation. Since that time, students running for SG election have seen fit only to form meaningless slates - loss formulations of high-sounding ideas which in many cases are only supported by the Presidential candidates. SG has a great potential for making students realize they are responsible citizens of the College and the community. It's a shame that certain past and present elections have offered the student body some candidates with a Dobie Gillis type intellect and outlook.

As a lower Freshman I walked "down South" and became a candidate for OP. As a lower senior, I flew down South to report the trial of Freedom Rider Terry Perlman. Aside from gaining the flying experience (that was the one thing that scared me crazy), I met many southern students active in the non-violent integration movement. I was amazed and awe-struck by their courage. Those Jackson, Mississippi jails atop the county courthouse building look pretty awful even from the outside.

After I returned from Jackson, the colleges in City University were hit once again by a ban on Communist speakers. It's pretty sad that the highly lauded institution of academic freedom must be in constant jeopardy.

There's so much to remember - leaflets announcing every conceivable type of meeting; the non-OPeople who eat lunch, sleep, and talk, . . . and talk in the office. There's the bewildering fraternity pledge who comes to our office to pay for an ad his frat put in *The Campus*.

But naturally this column is not only a farewell to the newspaper, but a good-bye to friends and teacher also. It's time now for thank-yous, and they are cumbersome to say. I was quite lucky in finding excellent teachers at the College. I say thank you to Professor Leo Hamalian for his astute guidance as a genuine teacher and as OP's concerned and helpful faculty advisor. Thank you too to Professor Marvin Magalaner for the probing insight he offered into literature. There are many more, but . . .

Now comes the most difficult part of all - verbalizing a farewell to the people I've worked with for four years. To Grace, who shared candidate's tramas with me, I confess the ever-growing respect and fondness I've had for her. I hope that our acquaintance will not cease after June 13. Ella - I guess I'll have to hear your lab problems over the phone. I'm glad you stayed up North, not like some people. . . . Fudge - an revoir. Bobbie S. - congratulations on not being Features Editor. I know just how you feel. Good luck to OP's Class of '63. . . . 1958 . . . January 23, 1962: there's one OPerson to whom I shall never say THIRTY!

Letters . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

paigps in the past where nothing or at most a few dollars were spent, campaign costs have multiplied ten times over in the space of two years. (Nor is this in proportion to the "rising cost of living").

To my knowledge there is at present no law nor by law in either the old or new Student Government Constitution which makes provision for candidates to report campaign expenses or provides fee allocation to the candidates.

I think the situation demands a complete accounting by all concerned and immediate passage of regulations to control expenses by Student Council.

Sincerely,
Alan S. Linden '61
Student Government
President Emeritus

PILE

Dear Editor:

The recent demonstrations of Columbia University architecture students against plans to build an allegedly monstrous edifice on the Morningside Heights campus was in my mind yesterday as I walked east from Amsterdam Avenue on 138 Street.

In front of me was the new administration building, almost completed; I wondered, is it too late to destroy the thing? All observers of the buildings on St. Nicholas terrace erected during John H. Finley's day here praised their unity as a group.

The new administrative pile, in "contractor's modern," destroys this unity, and what is more, achieves genuine ugliness in its own right.

Marvin E. Gettleman '57

Debating Team Places Second

The College's Debating Society remained undefeated in six rounds of debate last week at Yeshiva University. However, due to an adyerse scoring system based on individual accomplishment as well as teamwork, it finished second in the tournament.

Len Machtinger won the affirmative speaker award.

Mitch Zimmerman, President of the Society, said that this has been "one of our most successful seasons, with two first place victories, two second place victories, and six individual speaker awards."

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Thirty



By GRACE FISCHER

There was a child who walked home every day from school past brownstone houses that weren't really brown, but grey. And the child used to wonder, and sometimes know, how the worn and peeling buildings must feel as the men with cranes came to smash them down to make room for the erect and rather antiseptic housing project. At times, depending on the child's mood, the ornately decorated houses, each with distinctive personalities of their own, seemed too proud to be torn down to their graves of rubble. At other times, weighed down by black and brown human carcasses, mutilated by shouting children, the sagging houses seemed glad to be allowed to die. How much the child could see through those houses! The stately black carriages that used to pass by. The junk man's cart that now stops before each building. The people on the doorsteps, each with a face that told a story.

And then one day, no longer a child, she went into one of the quaint and rather kind-looking houses. Not too far in, just to the corridor. But the farther she walked inside, the darker it grew, so she closed her eyes. There was a stifling odor, so she shut out the smell. It was terribly noisy, so she pretended not to hear. Then, quite quickly, and all at once, she opened her eyes, breathed deeply, let her ears take in the sounds. And the blackness blinded her, and the stink revulsed her, and the noise deafened her.

Next day, she again passed the buildings, recalling her child feelings. But the experience of those feelings she could not relive. Emptiness, a gaseous vapor, lay in its place.

We were discussing God the other night. I don't know how He crept into the conversation, but it livened things up. Tempers flared too. We're a 'religious' family with some 'irreligious' relatives, and when the two get together and religion becomes the topic, tempers are bound to flare up. We have to shut all the doors so that the neighbors won't hear.

Anyway, there we were with God and Judaism and the meaning of life all prepared for our final judgment over the dinner table.

The agnostic said you couldn't prove the existence of any such higher, eternal being. Which you can't. Besides, where was He when six million Jews were murdered?—the usual arguments like that. The pious retorted that one couldn't question the ways of God. He has a higher purpose, often beyond the reach of human understanding. That's why He is God in the first place. After all, if we know what He did and why He did things, He wouldn't be anything special, He wouldn't be above us. To prove or discover God, is to discover the non-existence of God.

Can you imagine no God? Total meaninglessness. Two unthinking cells made us and when we die—nothing. No meaning. Ah, you say, but during our lives we may have left something tangible for the earth to inherit. Even if we influenced only a single human being who lives after us, we have not lived in vain. But if our lives have no meaning except in so far as they touch upon those who come after us, will not the same be true for our inheritors. What point in leaving our accomplishments to those whose lives in turn are meaningless?

Besides, who says there is a world after we die? If I die, I do not exist. My brain does not function. The world, its history, its people, live only in my mind. What I do not know does not exist, I have never thought of it. When I die the world dies.

What is one and one? asked the teacher.

I don't know.

Nonsense, said the teacher. What is one dog

and one dog?

Two dogs?

Then, what is one and one?

I don't know. I've never seen one.

You've seen one dog, haven't you? demanded the

teacher.

Yes. But one dog has many parts. He has four

legs, and . . .

You've seen one leg? shouted the teacher.

Yes. But a leg has many toes and nails and

skin. And the skin has many cells, and the cells have many protons and neutrons. And in each are many atoms . . .

You've seen one atom?

Yes. But they've split the atom.

What is one? asked the teacher.

I don't know. Maybe its God.

Four years. How many days has that been? The days between seventeen and twenty-one.

Today I saw a stooped man take half a loaf of stale bread from a trash can on the street, embarrassed.

Last week I saw a Negro woman with a kerchief around her head selling loose apples and oranges and odd-shaped potatoes, like a gypsy.

Last month the rain came down, cold and damp. The people talked in inconsequential sentences, faraway. A cat, his belly flattened, lay dead on the road.

Yesterday someone said hello to me and smiled. The rest of the day was beautiful.

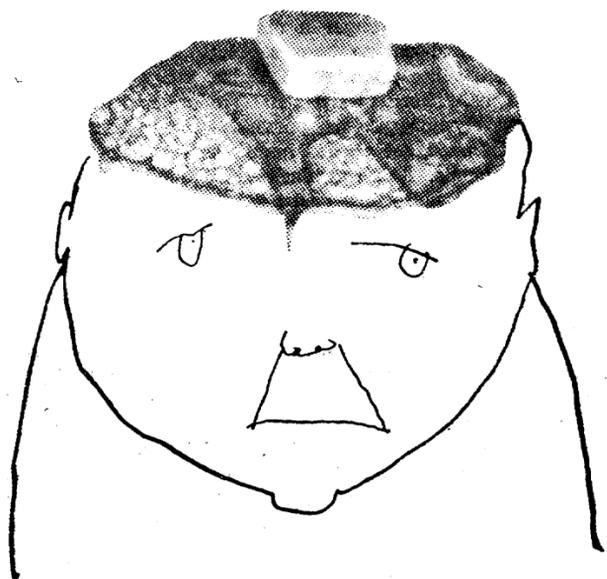
Almost all things in the world contain within them their opposites. Males possess female hormones, and similarly, females house male hormones. A tree grows upwards from the ground, its roots downward. Good is mixed with bad in people, the beautiful with the ugly. A mountain is next to a valley.

A college is to use words, learn ideas, and read books. It is libraries, classrooms, and exams. It is cold, impersonal, intangible things. But it is also warmth, substance, irrationality, love, hate, and being. Because a college is also people.

I will forget all of the exams, most of the words, some of the ideas. I will forget few of the people.

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Ugly . . .

(Continued from Page 3)
 Brown before (Bagels vs. Bialyes), said if he is victorious he will "put bagels in all the kitchens of the country."

In answer to an unofficial nomination last week, Alen S. ("be sure to spell my name right") Blume declined on the grounds that he did "not want to beat Ted Brown twice." However, Mr. Blume has not beaten Mr. Brown once.

The student body will have the opportunity to decide the vital issue of who is the ugliest by casting their ballots (pennies) in the voting booth opposite Room 152 Finley this week. The proceeds of the contest, sponsored by Alpha Phi Omega, will go to the Heart Fund.

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Like 'em Don't like 'em
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HERE'S HOW MEN AND WOMEN AT 56 COLLEGES VOTED:

① Yes	87%	82%
② No	13%	18%
③ Like 'em	61%	48%
④ Don't like 'em	12%	15%
⑤ Take 'em or leave 'em	27%	37%
⑥ Friends	58%	65%
⑦ Ads	27%	20%
⑧ Contests	15%	15%

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New Additions To College's Family Scheduled For Completion By Fall

Three long overdue additions to the College will finally arrive in September.

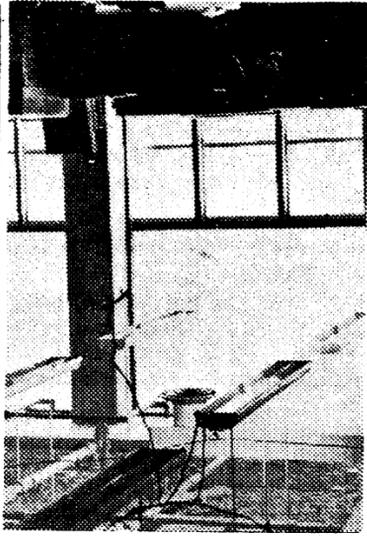
One, Hamilton Grange, is an adopted acquisition. The new Technology and Administration buildings are, however, natural siblings.

The green and white Tech building, christened Steinman Hall, has been under construction since 1959. Its prolonged gestation period has been caused by unexpected strikes and the bankruptcy of a construction firm.

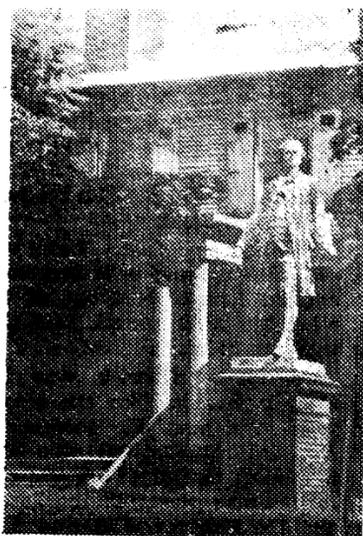
The Administration building will also be ready for occupancy in the fall. This new addition to the campus has had a smooth construction period, having been completed in less than two years.

Hamilton Grange is presently residing in cramped quarters at 141 Street and Convent Avenue. Its new home will be a spacious lot behind Eisner, now used for faculty parking facilities.

Upon arrival the deteriorated structure will undergo a face-lifting. The whole operation will cost about \$300,000.



Tech Building



Hamilton Grange

Junior Day

The following is a schedule of the College's Junior Day activities which will be held on the South Campus lawn tomorrow.

- 12 Noon - 12:45 PM—Entertainment by the Musical Comedy Society. Highlights from their celebrated successes.
- 12:45 PM - 1:15 PM—Miss Junior Day Contest. This year's judges: Mr. Brownstein, Professor Paul and Professor Taffet.
- 1:15 PM - 1:30 PM—Prize raffle drawing. President Gallagher will draw the five winning raffle tickets. Winners must be present at the drawing.
- 1:30 PM - 2 PM—Special entertainment. Also, free cigarettes for Juniors, wearings class of '63 buttons or presenting class cards.

In case of rain, activities will be held in the Grand Ballroom of the Finley Student Center.

Dramsoc . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

his comic part to the hilt but managed to make the sad faced Dr. Einstein a pathetic figure.

Miss Beckwith as the Reverend's daughter who decides that sex beats choir singing any day spent most of her time in unconvincing clinch scenes with Mortimer. Mr. Schlesinger and Miss Harper pose no threat to Liz and Burton.

In his dual role of the stodgy Reverend Harper and the playwright-cop, Officer O'Hara, Michael Dublirer succeeded in creating two distinctly different characters with, unfortunately, uniformly poor line-delivery.

Ben Bronfman, and Fred Weintraub were adequate in the roles of two friendly but dumb policemen while Joel Waldman in the small part of their tough talking lieutenant outshone several of the cast's principles.

Listed last on the theatre bill and seen on stage for the shortest length of time, Herbie Schiff as a dead body gave a truly heroic performance. Mr. Schiff, who spends most of the play in a window seat, is finally unearthed to the audience at the second act curtain when Dr. Einstein attempts to drag him from the box into the cellar. A well built young man Mr. Schiff almost proved too much for Victor Weiner and was resounding dropping on the floor several times and finally thrown roughly back into the wooden window seat. But like the rest of the cast Mr. Schiff put on a good show and took the tumbles like the "stiff" he was.

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- Mr. Frederick Cooper
- Mr. Monty Davis
- Miss Sema Fichtenbaum
- Mr. Jay Hauben
- Mr. John Kefalas
- Mr. Joel Leftoff
- Mr. Robert Marino
- Miss Judith Montag
- Mr. Neville Parker
- Miss Susan Schorr
- Mr. Ethan Schreier
- Mr. Stephen Seidman
- Miss Joan Seliger

to Associate Membership

and has elected

Dr. Abraham Schwartz

to Faculty Membership



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Friedman Remains Only Winning Pitcher

By STEVE ABEL

There's a saying that "parting makes the heart grow fonder" and a month and a half separation from victory made last Thursday's triumph over NYU so much the sweeter for the College's baseball team.

But it was only a brief taste of victory since they dropped a pair to Wagner, at Grymer Hill, Staten Island, Saturday.

In Monday's action at St. John's the College's baseball team was defeated, 14-2.

At the Beavers' "home" field, Macomb's Dam Park, they were leading NYU, 4-3, going into the top of the ninth.

But Warren Albert, the leading batter in the Met Conference with a .375 average, evened the score by clouting a 325 foot home run.

In the bottom of the 9th Howie Friedman walked. He moved to second when the Violet third baseman muffed Ed Oblow's bounder.

Bart Frazzitta then drove Friedman home with a long drive into centerfield to win the game.

Friedman struck out eight Violets and received credit for the win. He was also the winning pitcher in the only other Lavender win. That was the opener against Hofstra in which he tossed 17 strikeouts.

In the St. John's game Paul Lamprinos was shelled for 7 runs in the 1st inning but Coach Frank Seeley couldn't take him out because the other pitchers were



Vinnie Hanzich Scores 13 Points

playing the field. Only nine men showed up so Mike Grennan and Mark Heyman were manning left field and second base, respectively.

The Beavers' last chance to improve on last year's record will be tomorrow afternoon at Hunter.

Strong pitching by the Wagner Seahawks held the Beavers to two hits in the first game and three in the second.

The score was tied 3-3 in the ninth inning of the first game when the Beavers loaded the bases on a single and two errors. But Ed Oblow hit a chopper to the second baseman, who fired to plate getting Dave Eig on the force-out. The next two batsmen struck out.

The Seahawks produced a run in the bottom of the ninth, on a squeeze play, to win, 4-3.

In the second game Bob Morio struck out 14 Beavers to win 9-6.

Hanzich Scores 13 Beaver Points

Vinnie Hanzich scored 13 of 29 points to pace the Beaver trackmen to a second place in the Collegiate Track Conference (CTC) Outdoor Championships.

Fairleigh Dickinson University (FDU) ran away with the meet, but the Beavers beat out all the other teams for second. Iona College was third.

Co-captain Hanzich was the meet high scorer for the second year in a row. He successfully defended his Shot-Put title with a winning toss of 47-8 $\frac{3}{4}$. He also took second places in the Discus and the Hammer with throws of 132-10 and 127-1 respectively.

Gerry Fasman, Lavender record holder for the event, took a third in the Hammer with a 126-3 $\frac{3}{4}$ heave.

The Beavers scored eight of their points in the Hop-Step-and-Jump. (Lavender Coach Francisco Castro was an Olympic hop-step-and-jumper in his younger days.) Bill Hill won the event with a 41-10 $\frac{1}{4}$ effort, Ernie Nolan did 40-11 $\frac{3}{4}$ to take third place.

Lenny Zane was fourth in the Mile Run which Herb Lorenz of Trenton State won in 4:16.5, a new meet record.

On the Lavender Mile Relay Joel Saland, Bill Hill, Billy DeAngelis, and Don Cavellini added up to a 3:27.4 clocking which took a third to Iona and FDU.

Norman Jackman made the finals in both the 100-Yard Dash and the 220-Yard Dash, but was unable to score. Hill ran into the same difficulty in the 440-Yard Run.

The highlight of the freshman section of the meet was a thrilling duel in the Mile Run between Beaver Cub Marcelino Sierra and Panther Cub Vic Powers. Powers surged past Sierra in the last 100-yards to win. Nonetheless Sierra's 4:34 clocking bodes well for the future.

The Lavender will conclude its track season by engaging Columbia Saturday at Eaker Field. The Light Blue has some stellar performers, but lack of depth has been hurting them all year. The large Beaver squad just may overwhelm them.

Beavers Top Lafayette, Army—But Not Colgate

After traveling in a bus for several hours the College's Lacrosse team was dismayed to discover that Colgate hadn't provided them with the promised dormitory rooms. Instead they were sheltered in a small gym on cots.

One member of the team said it looked like "an emergency hospital ward."

They were even more dismayed the next day when Colgate's Red Raiders won, 8-5.

The Beavers' record is now 5-3, including Wednesday's win over Lafayette College, 11-9 and last Saturday's triumph over Army in a thriller, 8-7.

Colgate and Johnny Orlando exchanged a couple of goals and the score was tied 2-up until the 3rd quarter was half over.

But then Colgate scored 5 goals in a row.

In the middle of the final period, after the Red Raiders had surged to an 8-3 lead, Coach George Baron called a time out. When he finished talking to the team he walked over to the scorers' table and remarked, "Johnny [Orlando] is gonna score now." He did but it was too late to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

Orlando had turned in very sharp performance in Wednesday's game at Lewisohn Stadium against Lafayette.

He figured in eight of eleven goals with four tallies and four assists.

In the game against the Army "B's" he collected the same num-

ber of goals.

Before that game Baron had predicted either his stickmen would win by a close score or lose by a lot and that the team to score the first goal would lose.

Although the Beavers scored the opening goal they won — by a close score.

Adelphi Edges Netmen; Beavers Win 2 Others

The Metropolitan championship—that's what the Beaver netmen got edged out of last Wednesday when they were stopped by Adelphi, the Long Island College champ, 5-4.

In two other games the Beavers beat the defending Met champs from Kings Point, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Brooklyn Poly, by a forfeit.

The Adelphi match seemed to be starting well when Al Smith won the first two games of the pivotal first singles match. However, Panther Pete Jurow switched to a soft-stroking defensive game which upset Smith to the tune of 6-4, 6-4.

The Brown-and-Gold's Noei Corpuel remained undefeated by topping Stan Freundlich 6-2, 6-0.

Karl Otto supplied the first bright spot in the Lavender lineup smashing Steve Solomon 6-2,

6-3. Joe Borowsky and Al Loss also won for the College, bringing the score to 3-3 after the single matches.

With three undefeated doubles teams ready things looked pretty good for the Beavers. Smith and Freundlich won their first set, but Jurow and Corpuel came back to win 3-6, 6-4, 6-2.

Otto and Bernie Wasserman then smashed Panthers Solomon and Norm Reich 6-1, 6-3 to tie the score again at 4-4.

But Steve Ricken and Mike Corpuel stopped Beavers Borowsky and Loss 6-2, 6-1 to give Adelphi a slim victory.

Thirty



By JOE LOWIN

There are times when Paris should be called Paris, and others when she should be called the Capital of the Kingdom.—Blaise Pascal

It's customary for a sports editor during his tenure to write a few columns expressing his personal feelings on sports at the College. Sometimes he praises a coach for having a winning team. Other times he will try to show why a losing team is doing so poorly, and he'll try to tell you what's wrong with sports at this school.

I have never done any of these things during the term I've served as sports editor, and this is going to be my first and last column for a newspaper.

You see, I'm satisfied with the way sports are run at the College. If one of our teams wins, I'm happy. If one should lose, I realize that more can't, or shouldn't, be expected. Then why, in the name of anything, did I become sports editor?

I have a better question. Why would anybody, knowing that life is so very short, and realizing that there are so many more important things to do with his time, waste (and that's the right word) even a few of his precious hours at, let's say, an unimportant thing like a basketball game of the City College Beavers?

The answer is not easily supplied by one who looks for reasons. Sure, I could say that I go because I'm likely to see a beautiful play which would satisfy my esthetic desires. Don't laugh, there's truth in that, but it's not the whole truth. For someone who was raised as a boy in the school-yards of New York City, the love of sports still lingers on even after he has become what he considers a serious student. It is that love of sports, or some other mysterious power, that enticed me to "waste" my time.

It wasn't always this way. I didn't always think I was wasting my time with sports. But last year, as a student at the Sorbonne in Paris (I knew I could get that in some way), I came across the little phrase you see at the top of this column, written by a man who died three hundred years ago this August 19—an anniversary that will now not go unnoticed.

This sentence, like life in Paris, taught me many things. But most of all it taught me the lesson of discernment. It's a very seductive sentence because it doesn't propose to tell me what to do, it just arouses the importance of even our most minute actions.

And knowing that there are so many more important people to write and read about than athletes, I could never bring myself to take an initiative and put a personal touch to a sports story. I do admit that there was one time that I was tempted to write such a story, but it wasn't about an athlete, a coach, or a man.

She's Miss Johnson, the Athletic office secretary. The very first story I wrote was a feature about some wrestler. I was a novice, so I went with some trepidation to the Athletic office for information. There I found the congenial smile of Miss Johnson. She didn't treat me like some insignificant kid who was taking away her precious time. She tried to help the neophyte that I was to learn the ropes.

We even had a little joke between us that always allayed all my fears. I don't look much like an athlete, being 5'2" and pretty stocky (that's what you call an understatement). But every time I walked into the office to ask her about a team, like basketball she would raise her head from her work, recognize me, and, with the sweetest smile you ever saw, ask me, "Are you planning to join the basketball team?" And then she would widen her smile and I would grin too, feeling warm all over.

That is the only concrete memory associated with sports that I choose to retain. The rest is only a blur of cheering and excitement. There are many, many more important memories—most of them having to do with people sitting behind a bigger desk than students.

This school suffered one of the greatest losses imaginable last December when a man named Vincent Luciani suffered a heart attack. Recovery for this Professor of Romance Languages is taking place, but it is painfully slow. Prof. Luciani is one of the reasons why I could never write a column about sports, knowing that he existed on campus. He's past president of the American Association of Teachers of Italian, and has many more qualities listed in Who's Who Among College Teachers. But that's not why he's so important a figure to me. The reason lies in our personal relations.

Not infrequently we would meet on campus, and for some reason I always wound up walking his way. One of our main topics of conversation was scholarship and literary research. This may sound damn uninteresting, but it had the stimulus of not being pervaded by the phoniness you so often find in conversations of this type. You could always sense you were talking to a real man.

And indeed there are more like this one. Only we never hear of them. There are great scholars on Joyce and Dickens in our English Department. There are great musicians. There are great historians and great philosophers and great scientists. I hope to learn more about them in the years to come.

It's time now to bid a farewell to the many acquaintances I've made while at college. To "The Boys," whose *raison d'être* was our Saturday night blasts. To the stimulating (in more ways than one) girls on the Thursday afternoon luncheon and heated-discussion group. To the French and not-so-French majors at our table in the library. To the people of OP and to the people at the printer's. And to our Alma Mater: *Ave atque Vale.*

I'll be up at Yale next year trying to learn all I can about nineteenth century French poetry, but I'll be back—for the Stein Fund Game

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