

OBSERVATION POST

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CITY COLLEGE

Cafeteria Fears Poisoned Tunafish Here; Lives Of Many May Now Be In Danger

3 Vie For Presidency; All Freshmen Running

Students at the College will get an opportunity to abolish *The Crampus* and select a new SG president in the upcoming schoolwide balloting.

Three students—SG President Alan Blossom, heading the Beaver Less Understanding More Excitement slate (BLUME); Robert Levin, topping the More Experienced Than Others Organization (METOO); and Margie Washfield, head of the College Reconstituted Action Party (CRAP) are seeking the top post.

In addition, 2,472 candidates are seeking six seats in the class of '66. When told this fact, Barry Dumber, Chairman of the Elections Agency expressed great surprise. "I was informed," he said, "that there are 2,470 students registered in the class."

Also to be included in the referendum on the ballot are several minor points. These include the abolition of (from left to right) SG, YRC, JFK, CCC, GOP, NBC, NYC, EE, FDR, SPU, MDC, VD, and OP.

SG President Blossom expressed hope especially for the removal

of NYC from the College saying that "being the origin of many left-wingers, it has an unfavorable influence on the College's reputation and graduates' job opportunities."

Blossom's administration has been marked by many changes on SC. "Council has excelled this term," emphasized the candidate. "The mature deliberation engaged in by the body should be ample evidence of my leadership qualifications," he said.

The BLUME platform stresses free tuition, civil liberties, and increased allocations for *Green Letter*, the IRA publication. Our motto is "Liberty, House Plan, Fraternity," said Blossom.

Commenting on his platform (96th Street IND) Levin said, "SC has had a tendency to emphasize the stress on reestablishment that being a trend whose direction can lead to deteriorating consistency (Try Page 2)



A Health Department official nails the quarantine sign on the cafeteria's doors which are now closed to all.

Nineteen cans of poisoned tuna fish may have been dispensed in the cafeteria last week, according to health authorities here.

The spokesmen said there would be no way of telling whether the cans had been spoiled until the poison took effect, which should be in the next two days.

If it is present in the food, the pathogen would be an unusual species of botulism bacillus, known as type "F." It was present in a California shipment of the fish, and was sent to a chain store in this area.

Officials would not speculate as to when the poison might take effect, or how many had been affected. They did say, however, that it was too late to pump the stomachs of those who consumed it, since they were served the food over three days ago.

Cafeteria management officials

here said the defective food had been obtained when the kitchen ran out of tuna last week. "We sent out one of the men to buy the nineteen cans," explained manager Seymour Hockblock, "and we just bought it in the wrong store. I guess we had better not do that again."

It is characteristic of this bacillus to show no evidence of its presence until approximately five days after consumption, when immediate death ensues.

"We'll just have to wait and see," Hockblock said. He offered

'The Crampus' Takes A Stand Breaks A 56 Year Tradition

The Crampus shocked its readers yesterday by taking a stand on a controversial issue for the first time in its fifty-six year history.

In a front page editorial, the newspaper vigorously denounced the

failure to put larger salt shakers in the College cafeteria.

An undergraduate newspaper at the College since 1906, *The Crampus* has never been known to take a strong stand on anything before.

The sudden turn-about in the paper's editorial policy stunned the College administration. "What has happened to my favorite newspaper?" Dr. Buell G. Gallagher was heard to exclaim.

An explanation was offered by *Crampus* cutie Ken Kopius. "Violations of civil rights don't bother me; civil liberties don't interest me; (Continued on Page 2)



An unknowing student takes a bite of a tuna sandwich in the cafeteria.

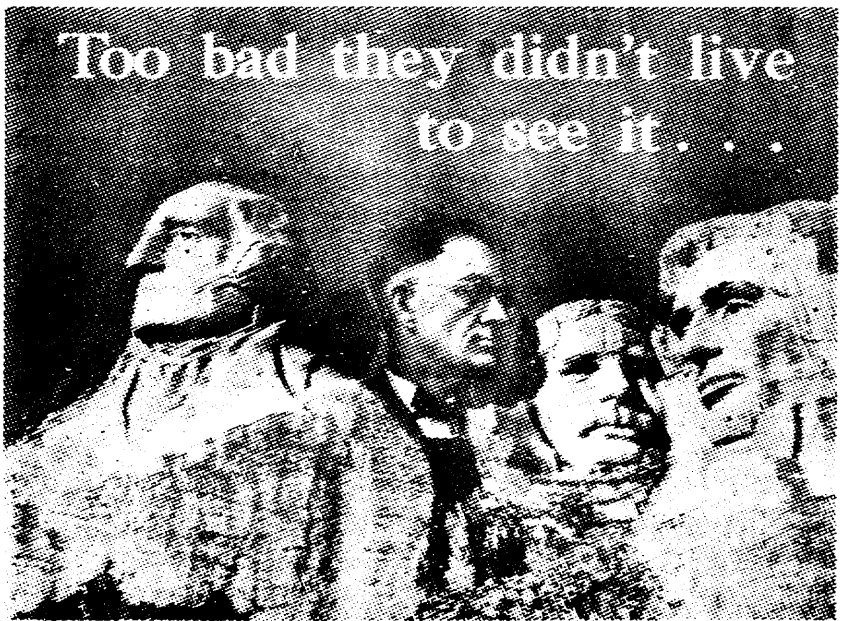
a free meal to any who could show receipts for the tuna.

He described this procedure as "customary," but would not elaborate. (Continued on Page 3)

President Gallagher On The Rocks—Immortalized On Mount Rushmore

President Buell G. Gallagher will be immortalized on Mt. Rushmore, it was announced this week by officials in the United States Department of The Interior.

Spokesmen said that the President had been selected for the honor in reward for his



A speculation of what President Gallagher will look like when he is immortalized on Mount Rushmore, is presented by our photographer above.

civil liberties record, "statesmanlike manner," and "versatility."

"We also think he will blend nicely with the present decor at

the site," the spokesman, who asked that his name not be used, said.

Dr. Gallagher, informed of his selection, expressed "great pleas-

ure," and said that he would "accept the honor enthusiastically." He expressed concern, however, over his placement on the monument, saying, "I suppose any spot would do, but I never did like staring at George Washington."

Officials indicated that the President would be installed on the monument within the next year, "as soon as a slight eye inflammation he has clears up."

Here in New York, Board of Higher Education officials declined to speculate on who might replace the President at the College.

The Destructive Action Party, through its President Marjy Fields, expressed anxiety today over preserving the President's image here at the College.

"We are seeking to have a bust made of him before he leaves," the buxom Miss Fields loudly asserted. "Hopefully, it could be dipped, thus saving artist's fees, and insuring an accurate rendition," she concluded.

A Farewell To Arms



The statue-stealers have struck again. Not content with stealing Dante, they have now pilfered this statue's arms—and, what's worse, her clothes.

A protest has already been lodged by the Society for the Prevention of Indecency to Naked Animals. Although the lady isn't exactly an animal the society is taking up her case because, according to its president, Alexander Adam, she was probably stripped by squirrels. "This is what happens when you let the little beasties run around nude," he declared, "had you heeded our warning and dressed the squirrels this never would've happened."

OBSERVATION POST

HIGH BROWNS

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LOW BROWNS

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SWEAT BROWNS: Harvey Brownest.
BRAINY BROWN: Professor Black and Tan(Irish)
BROWN HOUSE: Room 336 Finley.
BROWN BOX: FO 8-7438.

Profile In Courage

The Crampus has finally managed to steer a course between the extremes of "moderation" and gradualism."

By advocating the use of larger salt shakers in the cafeteria, The Crampus has indeed come into its own. But as a newspaper that has developed thrice the quality in a quarter of the time, we must warn our colleague that this path is a perilous one.

Indeed, the ominous grumblings from Dr. Gallagher about "sodium oriented, chloride sympathizer" sound very familiar to us and we feel duty bound to warn our less experienced neighbors of the consequences.

Prospective journalists will shun them. Epithets such as "ehlor-symp," "salt-lover" and "dupe" will be hurled at them as they travel to and from classes.

We hope that they weather it also.

The High And The Mighty

Now it's time to say goodbye to President BGG... again. Fondly we wish him farewell as he ascends to greater heights on Mount Rushmore. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

The King is gone; long live the King! We must swallow our tears and enter upon the arduous task of finding his successor. As we watch our beloved mentor leaving for his well-deserved rest, we must be secure in the knowledge that a capable man is waiting in the wings to take over where he left off.

We most heartily urge that you thrust your support at the one most truly fitted for the job — a man ready to assume responsibility, ready to beard the legislators in their own sacred halls, ready to assume control, ready to seize Power — Alan Blossom.

Here is one truly meant to hold the future of the College in his never faltering, uncompromising, idealistic hands.

We ask you to join us in the fight to which we have dedicated our lives, our fortune, and our sacred money — when Alan Blossom takes the chair as our Leader, we will see the beginning of a new era — in which people the world over will look at our institution, consider its standards, view its graduates... and say: "Only Blossom could have done it!"

We would also like to recommend that the General Faculty join Student Government. We are certain that they, too, will be allowed to play potsy.

Don't Panic!

April Fool! (Just in case you hadn't noticed.)

Well, it was fun to put out. But it's not all in fun: at least one story in every April Fool's Day issue always come true. (Once OP predicted a tuition fee.) So look in between the lines — you might find something.



CRUD NOTES

All clubs meet unless otherwise indicated.

Will discuss plans to form own college.

TECH NEWS

Will criticize and discuss

SOCIETY FOR CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION

Will discuss Anti-Op hysteria and its mean-

PSYCHOLOGY SOCIETY

on Amherst campus.

Requests all members to attend the "History

MARXIST DISCUSSION CLUB

Will the person responsible for inviting her

Presenters Brunhilda Fump speaking on the

HISTORY SOCIETY

Soviet challenge is

Lentel Sander will finally reveal what the

By Professor Hilary Bishop, also Professor

Sponsors a lecture on "American Const Pines"

GOVERNMENT AND LORE SOCIETY

Wishes it were 62

CLASS OF 63

during last 10 minutes to make final conver-

The Rev. Billy Graham is scheduled to appear

Sponsors a discussion on (Chinese type).

CHINESE STUDENT ASS.

Soyez les bienvenus.

Presenters une film educative sur la

CERCLE FRANCAIS TON JOURS

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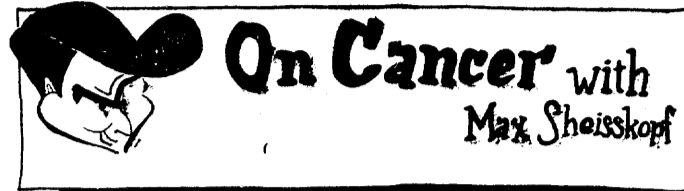
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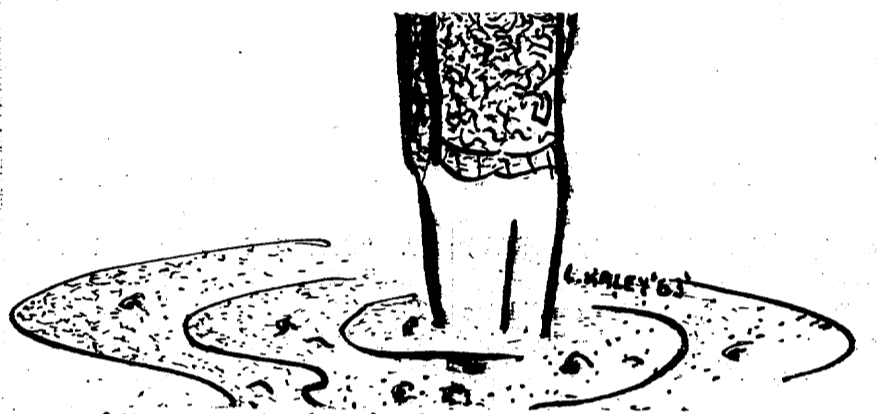


WHEREFORE EAT THOU?

Now that the frozen wastelands have begun to thaw, spring is officially upon us, and young men's fancies are roaming free, it is time to discuss the subject uppermost in the mind of every serious student... food.

As you may know, the most common species, (found nationwide in the best beaneries, flophouses, and campuses) is the GREASAE SPUNE, also known as the plain, wholesome variety. The most common cigarette, by the way, is of course the Mulberry. "Why," you may ask, "is this true?" And I reply that in view of their unquestioned superiority, their superb flavor, their unprecedented length, and my monthly check, (which is always late), the statement must stand on its own merit. Furthermore, I am mad at the A.M.A.

But I digress. To illustrate the care which must be taken in the selection of on-



campus victuals, let us examine the sad and sorry plight of a typical freshman — uninformed, naive, unassuming, and somewhat petrified — on his first day of school. His name is Linus Gromley, and he attends Pebble Tech, but as I have promised faithfully to keep his identity secret, we shall refer to him as Cyril.

Properly humble and a trifle nervous at his first contact with higher education, Cyril, son of a well-known cigarette manufacturer, was making his way determinedly towards a table in the back of the cafeteria. He groveled politely at the senior recumbent thereon.

"Well?" the fellow said kindly. Cyril, grossly uncertain of himself, spent several minutes with his coat draped over his arm, his hat in his hand, and his books clenched in his teeth, deliberating. At length he made a friendly gesture.

"Pardon me, sir, but I am the son of a fell-known cigarette manufacturer, and I was wondering if you would like a sam..."

"Never smoke the rot," the lad said graciously in a loud and vibrant basso that rang throughout the cafeteria. He pulled a fat Havana cigar from his pocket, and began to chew on it lazily.

But here I go digressing again. Cyril, anyhow, finally got up the courage to leave his books on the chair, and make his way swiftly to the lunch line. He turned to the man in the crisp white uniform who was meticulously combing his crisp white hair over the crisp green soup.

"May I have a bowl of Chicken a la King?," Cyril asked. Spitting solemnly upon his hands, the cook fell to his task with great vigor, and dished out for Cyril, with but a very few near misses, a tidy bowl of fast-clotting mush.

"Thank you, sir," said Cyril, beginning to feel a bit ill. The cook bent stiffly at the waist, in a neat little bow, and mopped up the spilled mess with his handkerchief.

"Don't mention it." Cyril selected a cruller and a glass of milk and a pink Australian Camquat, and proceeded to his precious table, and began copiously to weep in his chagrin. For the table was now devoid of hat, books, coat, chair, and previous occupant. Crouching wretchedly upon the floor, Cyril regarded his fare, a glutinous lump, akin to the one on his plate, rising in his throat.

So Cyril, a bright young lad after all, reached frantically into his pocket and brought forth a firm, flop-top box of Mulberry cigarettes, secure in the knowledge that for nervous, tense moments, relief of stomach upset, and instigation of fulminant cancer, there is nothing as perfect as the smooth, flagrant, pleasing aroma and taste of the burning tobacco weed. As he felt the smoke pour down his throat, stream from his ears, eyes, and nose, and react slowly with his partially digested breakfast, his feelings of queasy discomfort fast departed, leaving him with a soothing, pleasing, calming, hacking, retching cough.

Well, sir, from that day on, Cyril was never again troubled by the cafeteria, barnacles, or prickly heat. Having thoroughly reformed, he now spends his lunch hour as many other wise classmates do, enjoying the incomparable taste of Mulberries. So the next time you feel those uncomfortable pangs of hunger or nausea, try a Mulberry. They're delicious with sour cream.

Student Council CONFIDENTIAL

As part of our extended school coverage **Observation Post** presents below excerpts from the minutes of Wednesday night's council meeting. We believe the electorate should know what they elected.

By MIKE SICKTIN

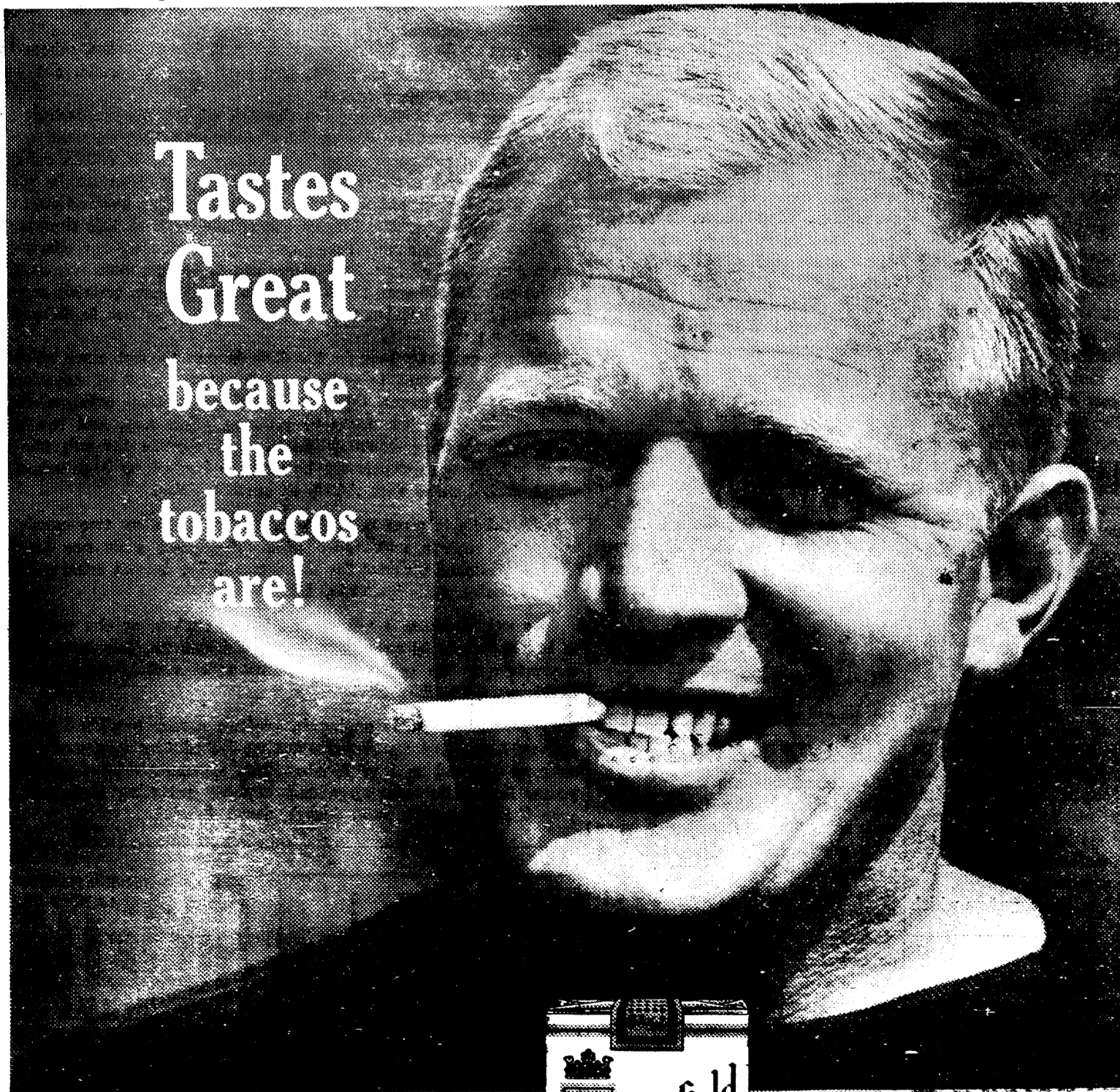
Mr. Broom: (bangs gavel once) The meeting is in session.
Mr. Carcass: According to Slobber's Rules of Order, paragraph 76, sentence 3, the meeting is not in session until the gavel is banged twice.
Mr. Frozenberg: All in favor? Clearly accepted.
Mr. Ripper: But nobody raised their hands!
Mr. Frozenberg: Nobody started booing either and what's sufficient in this regard for the New York State Senate is sufficient for us. We are now on announcements.
Mr. Frozenberg: Will Miss Tribestein please read the executive committee minutes?
Miss Tribestein: The following clubs' charters were approved: Cannoneers Club, Committee

to Abolish Women Suffrage, Young Syndicalists' Society, Eugenics Club. The request of the Eugenics Club that Student Council ask the Dept. of Student Life to refer all failures and drop-outs to it was turned down 1-5-0.
Mr. Frozenberg: Is there any objection to adoption of the minutes? Seeing none...
Mr. Risenscatter: Your eyes are closed!
Miss Tribestein: Meeting convened at 4:00. Attendance was taken and all were present except the delegates from the Class of '66 who were busy folding newspapers. Meeting was recessed for dinner after a 2½ hour debate over the agenda. All were present when the meeting reconvened at 7:30. Agenda passed upon motion Chain/Bang. The executive committee minutes were under consideration for 3½ hours. The proposed air-raid on Albany was finally declared inadvisable until such time as the Student Government obtains some aircraft.
Mr. Broom: I now introduce

Mr. Larry Sombre of the City College Fundamentalists Phalanx, the group requesting our co-sponsorship of the project.
Mr. Sombre: Thank you, I am here today to invite your participation in the most important project you will ever encounter on this campus, the salvation of your souls and the cleansing of the student body. The featured speaker at the meeting will be Linen Mather, a man with illustrious ancestors, a scion of a family clothed in glory. Satan shall flee City College forever! You are the shepherds. Help us save your flocks! We would like only \$250 for programs.
Mr. Pooper: Why do you need so much money for programs?
Mr. Sombre: You are a man of sin!
Mr. Pooper: Point of personal privilege!
Mr. Sombre: Men of sin have no privileges!
Mr. Broom: Please stop baiting our guest, Pooper.
Mr. Chain: Will the printing be done off-set?
Mr. Sombre: It will be set off

with glory!
Mr. Chain: In that case, I move to allocate \$240 as part of our co-sponsorship endeavor.
Miss Cracklin: Second.
Mr. Broom: Due to the controversial nature of this allocation, there shall be no debate! All in favor, raise their hands. (counts) Twenty-six. Is your hand up or down, Pooper?
Mr. Pooper: Mr. Sombre is standing there and staring at me and my hand is rising involuntarily.
Mr. Chain: The meeting of the SAB last Tuesday was as regular as most. Mr. Titano of the Political and Social Action and Reaction Federation was awarded the SAB's first gold medal for heroism. He stepped in to call his federation's meeting to order just as the various factions were charging across Jasper Oval with bayonets lowered.
Mr. Fautobeerianos: We have two motions which passed the committee and one that failed.
Coughman/Negra Mano: "Resolved that, in the event tuition

is instituted, all money due be paid in pennies."
 Failed 1-3-1. We thought it to be too defeatist.
Faultobeerianos/Saber: "Sociology 63, Marriage and the Family, is a most valuable course for future adjustment. It helps those who do not avail themselves fully of the opportunities offered for marital practice by the co-curricular program. Therefore, we protest the raising of the lab fee from \$10 to \$15. We mandate the Dept. of Sociology to reconsider its decision which can only have detrimental effects such as the further frustration of students who need an A in something."
Mr. Broom: All in favor? Clearly passes. Carcass Majorus, please read the Cool Affairs report.
Mr. Carcass: We have one motion to report. I will try not to be brief.
Carcass/Ripper: "Whereas members of the Student Body often find themselves subject to difficulties brought about by solidified precipitation of a meteorological nature and these difficulties impede their inter-campus locomotion, Student Council mandates extension of the North Campus tunnels south. Said tunnels were built before the Anschluss in 1953 and we urge their adaptation to the New Order." Passed 6-0-0.
Mr. Chain: In the interests of economy, I wish to add to the motion the following amendment: "Existing sewer facilities shall be used as part of the tunnel extensions."
Mr. Broom: All in favor? Clearly passes.
Mr. Chain: What kind of vote was that? Three people voted in favor and two voted against! I demand you awaken the rest of the body.
Mr. Broom: When everyone is asleep, the meeting goes more smoothly so don't complain. Mr. Conspiro, please read the Infernal Affairs Report.
Mr. Carcass Major: Once more since according to Slobber's Rules of...
Mr. Broom: I'm sorry. (bangs gavel again)



Tastes Great because the tobaccos are!

21 GREAT TOBACCOS MAKE 20 WONDERFUL SMOKES!
 Vintage tobaccos grown, aged, and blended mild... made to taste even milder through the longer length of Chesterfield King.
CHESTERFIELD KING
 TOBACCOS TOO MILD TO FILTER, PLEASURE TOO GOOD TO MISS



FOR A GENTLER, SMOOTHER TASTE

ORDINARY CIGARETTES

CHESTERFIELD KING

ENJOY THE LONGER LENGTH OF CHESTERFIELD KING

The smoke of a Chesterfield King mellows and softens as it flows through longer length... becomes smooth and gentle to your taste.

Tuna Fish...

(Continued from Page 1)

orate on reasons for the move.
 The last instance of such an outbreak was at an army germ warfare laboratory in 1947. At the time, 6 men were accidentally exposed to the bacillus, and died within the time period mentioned.
 An army biologist denied any connection between this instance and the 1947 incident. "It is no longer used," he explained, "and we are out of stock."
 "The beautiful thing about this bacillus is that it shows no effects until it acts," he continued, "and it was one of our most successful developments."
 He said he knew of no antidote for the poison.
 President Buell G. Gallagher was unavailable for comment yesterday. His wife would not answer when asked whether the president had had his stomach pumped.

