

OBSERVATION POST

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THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1963

CITY COLLEGE

Billion Dollar Aid To Colleges Approved by House Committee

A bill allotting over \$1,000,000,000 in Federal funds to the nation's colleges was approved Friday by the Education and Labor Committee of the House of Representatives.

The proposal, passed by a vote of 25-5, calls for a three-year program of grants and loans designed to aid in construction of classrooms and other academic facilities. Of the total \$1,195,000,000 allotment, \$835,000,000 is authorized in grants and \$360,000,000 in loans.

A similar bill was approved by the House last year, but was defeated when the question of aid to church-connected universities arose. The current action, like its predecessor, specifically forbids the use of these funds to construct "any facility to be used for sectarian instruction or religious worship."

There would be no restriction upon aid to religious colleges, provided that the funds are used only for educational purposes.

Student loan provisions recommended by President Kennedy were not included in the version



President John F. Kennedy Supports Legislation

of the bill which was approved. According to a story in *The New York Times*, "efforts will be made to incorporate them into a subsequent bill for expansion of the National Defense Education Act." The 25 supporting votes were cast by eighteen Democrats and

Suspended Sentences Imposed On 2 CORE Demonstrators

By CAROL HERRNSTADT

Judge Benjamin Gassman imposed a one year suspended sentence and up to three years probation on two students from the College Monday. Both Jane Barnett and Stuart Wechler had been convicted for trespassing and disorderly conduct after participating in a Congress of Racial Equality demonstration in New York.

In handing down his decision, Judge Gassman called the demonstrators "misguided," adding that

integration struggles in the South should not be brought North. Mrs. Barnett charged Tuesday that the Judge's attitude toward the case "supports silent northern discrimination."

Wechler added that the sentence

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Hodges ...

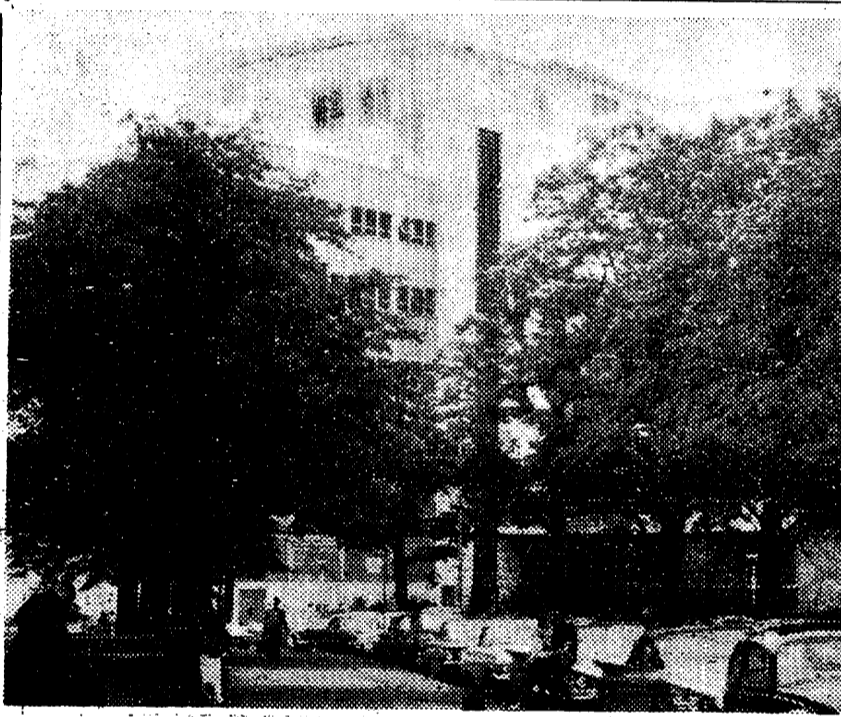
Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges will address the Government and Law Society today at 12:30 PM in the Grand Ballroom.

Secretary Hodges will speak on the "State of the American Economy."

Beyond The Fringe

Over one thousand five hundred students are expected to flip their tassels June 12th, and officially end their years at the College. The average senior spends four years here—a little less than a fifth of his young lifetime.

Who will address them is not yet known, although everyone from the President of the United States to the superintendent of holes in the borough of Manhattan has been mentioned. But whoever he is, and whatever he says, most of the students will probably be sitting there, thinking of their years at the College. Some people will remember the squirrels and others student government and others a favorite professor and others a favorite girl. People are no different and inside this issue, four of our crew do their own remembering, and invite you to listen in.



Another graduating class will take a last look at the College

Integration Is Now Inevitable, Gallagher Tells Mississippians

By GENE SHERMAN

The elimination of segregation "in every form and vestige from the whole of American life is now clearly inevitable," President Buell G. Gallagher told an audience at Tougaloo Southern Christian College, Mississippi.

Speaking a century after the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, Dr. Gallagher asserted that emancipation has not offered a solution to racial problems, but has presented them "in a more insistent form."

He declared that the "unfinished task" of achieving Negro equality and the "insistent pressures of historical movement will not permit us longer to postpone the day of decision." We stand today in the early stages of a nation-wide revolution, he added.

"Students at Ole Miss may still be dreaming of a white campus," Dr. Gallagher declared, "but the very violence of their position testifies to the fact that deep down within themselves, they know segregation must go."

President Gallagher asserted that a decade ago the desegregation of schools, the Freedom Rides, and sit-ins would have been impossible. "Just 25 years ago, nobody expected that segregation could be eliminated," Dr. Gallagher noted, "Today, everybody expects it."

He said that the problem of Negro equality will be resolved in this generation. "There is nothing quite as powerful as an idea whose time has come," he added.

Student Council Rejects Anti-NSA Resolutions

A motion which would have discontinued the College's membership in the National Student Association (NSA) was defeated last night 2-19-3 at Council's last meeting this term.

The proposal, introduced by SC member Bob Marcus, would have

removed this term's allocation for next semester's NSA dues.

Prior to the failure of Marcus' motion, Council defeated an attempt to eliminate the entire allocation for delegates to this summer's NSA Congress.

Proposed by Council member Stanley Lowenthal, who said that "the amount of money given to NSA is ludicrous," the motion was defeated by a vote 4-19-1, with Richard Kane, Martin Kauffman, Marcus and Lowenthal in the affirmative.

During spirited debate, SG President-elect Ira Bloom, noted that last term's council had already allocated funds, and "this is a matter of public record." He added, "Council has no moral right to change its mind because of the result of the election."

Responding to accusations concerning NSA's political position, Dean Willard Blaesser, chairman of the organization's first National Advisory Board, noted that NSA has continued to "be alert to the true nature of the Communist and has been effective in dealing with Communists both within and without."

In other actions, Council approved the Planning Board set up by the Finley Board of Advisors which will seek to avoid conflicts of major College activities, and ejected Marcus from Council for disorderly behavior for a period of fifteen minutes after a Burns Guard and a member of the Department of Student Life were summoned.

Open Heart ...

An open heart surgery being performed today requires fresh type A-positive blood. The College's Blood Bank is accepting donations in Bittenweiser Lounge today, between 9:30 AM and 3:15 PM.

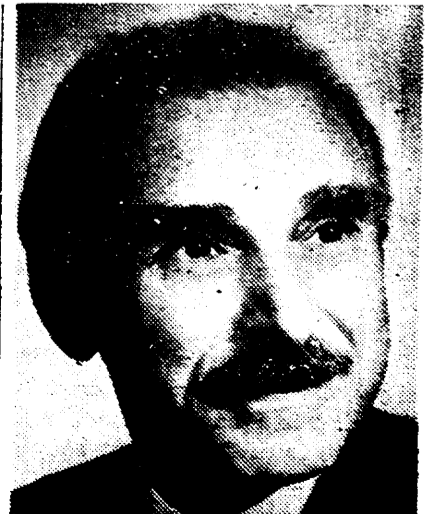
Jury Trial Denied To Profs. In Anti-Catholic Bias Charges

The State Supreme Court on Tuesday denied a jury trial for two Queens College teachers who charged that they had not received full professorships "solely because of anti-Catholic bias."

In a six page decision, Justice Charles D. Breitel stated that no jury of laymen could be expected to evaluate "the elusive qualifications of teaching ability, administrative capacity and creative inspiration," upon which promotions are based.

The controversy which began in 1960, has been the subject of extensive legal and administrative scrutiny. Their charges were originally dismissed by an administration investigating committee but soon thereafter the State Commission For Human Rights found that there was in fact discrimination against Catholics at Queens College. Since then the matter has

(Continued on Page 6)



Gustave G. Rosenberg Chairman of BHE

In an issue packed with over ninety pages of writing, *Promethean* has surpassed itself in its trend toward expansion and improvement during the past two terms. A short novel, two short stories, four critical works, an essay, and assorted poems are included to satisfy the taste of nearly every reader, and the greater part of the material is of the highest quality.

By far the most rewarding sections of the magazine are Mr. Saland's short novel, and the critical sections.

Of the latter, three are by faculty members (one a group of hitherto unpublished letters of William Carlos Williams), and one is a condensation of a paper by a student here.

The paper, by Leslie Freeman, "The Magic Mountain Interpreted as a Work in Symphonic Counterpoint," is a concise, thorough piece of work. Miss Freeman does what seems to be an excellent job of tracking down all the contrapuntal elements in the Mountain, from the sickness-death-life-health motifs, with all their ramifications, to the dionysiac-apolloian synthesis-antithesis developed throughout the novel. She has a good command of the wide background material needed for such a study, and presents her material clearly and without the ambiguity and esoterica that so often characterize literary criticism, and students' work in particular.

Professor Thirlwall's second contribution, the Williams letters, is the sort of

PROMETHEAN

An OP Review by Tim Brown

thing that will gain the magazine a reputation among others in its field. Perhaps Dr. Thirlwall's breaking the ice, allowing *Promethean* to publish original prominent material, will encourage others to do so, and so expand and better its status. The introduction he provides, although he might have expanded it, is appropriate and informative, and displays Prof. Thirlwall's knowledge of Dr. Williams' background to great advantage. Among the letters are four to other writers on their work, one to the editor of a Wellesley College publication, and four to Professor Thirlwall relating Williams' experience and giving advice to him for a collection of his letters. The collection is enlightening and worth reading.

Another article, by Dr. R. A. Zimbaro, "The Two Climaxes in Camus' 'The Stranger,'" sets down, in precise terms, the thesis suggested by the title. In a short analysis, Dr. Zimbaro places the two turning points at the shooting of the Arab and the end of the novel, where Meursault realizes something of the nature and implications of his crime. Her

approach to literary analysis is methodical and scientific; her conclusions certainly seem sound.

The same holds true for Professor Morton Cohen's defense of the subject in "The Return of Rudyard Kipling." Dr. Cohen defends Kipling against attacks, and asserts that rather than the blood-thirsty imperialist that he is sometimes held to be, Kipling was a spokesman for humanity over Empire and a reformer in his time. Prof. Cohen is preparing a collection of Kipling's letters, never published before in any form.

The last large item in the volume, aside from the poetry, is Arnold Saland's short novel. This is an honors thesis for the English Department; it is an outstanding example of collegiate fiction of good quality. Such material rarely seems to find its way into such publications, and its appearance here is to be lauded. Mr. Saland, in "The Days And Demise Of Albert Carr, Esquire: An Examination into Hyposupraciliostpection," (that last word means 'under-over-eyebrow-looking') describes an 'Artist-errant' of a sort. He

is a thoroughly entertaining, at times serious individual, of the type J. D. Salinger created in "Seymour," although Saland's writer is more like an over-educated Stephen Dedalus than a Seymour. While there are serious, even tragic undertones to the novel, its surface is extremely humorous, displaying a talent for sharp satire and subtle comedy.

Albert Carr is a genius who grows up too fast, and remains out of communication with the world until he decides to stop living. The comedy, intended or not, comes from the incongruity of Albert's intellectualism against what we know as the ordinary man. "What kinda name is that?," his fiancée's mother asks him, and he replies, "O! if you mean Carr, it's an etymological variation of Cohen." Her answer: "It still sounds **goyish** if you ask me." This sort of juxtaposition provides funny dialogue, but gives one the impression that Albert is so far into the clouds that he needs psychiatry, even at the hands of the awful Dr. Keiner who saw him during his childhood.

The novel is probably the best piece of creative writing in the magazine. The poetry varies in quality from item to item; much of it is enjoyable reading. Jefferson Fish's "Inspirational Exhilaration," a short essay on the origins of art, is effectively nauseating. Taken with a few dramamines, it is fine satire on overscholarly criticism.

The magazine is one of the finest in years. Buy it and read it.

Foundation Starts Work Next Term

A City College Research Foundation will begin operation in September, President Buell G. Gallagher announced Monday. The Foundation has been set up as a separate non-profit corporation to coordinate research programs.

At present, faculty members of the College are engaged in more than sixty research projects supported by grants totaling approximately one million dollars. It is expected that the Foundation will encourage further experimentation in the physical and social sciences and the humanities by simplifying application procedures for grants and speeding the purchase of necessary materials and equipment.

Letters

Dear Editor:

With this latest self-exposé, Mr. Blume has opened his big mouth just a little too far. It may be natural for SG members to feel grieved when their opposition wins a post in a free student election.

Private jokes about cutting NSA funds might be expected, but when Blume publicly states that he doesn't think I should be an NSA delegate he obviously reveals his total disregard for the SG electoral process. An actual attempt to curtail NSA funds because of disagreement with those elected is completely undemocratic, underhanded and juvenile. I have never hidden my view and I ran on a platform which I will firmly uphold. In my election to NSA delegate I have as much of a mandate from the student body to serve as Blume did in his election to the SG presidency last term. Blume, grow up and involve Council in that maturing process with you.

Eric Eisenberg

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As Cheaply As One


Two can live as cheaply as one at the new Manhattan-ville project.

Married students from the College will receive priority in obtaining apartments in the new buildings, the College's public relations officer has announced.

The project stretches from 126th Street to 133rd Street. Three-room apartments rent for \$71 per month and four-room units for \$89 per month.

Interested students should call Mrs. Latow at AD 4-4200.

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Thirty

By BARBARA SCHWARTZBAUM

The man who was sprawled out on the pavement was still a man, but drunk. He was lying in vomit, wearing grey cotton pants and a faded blue Alpine sweater. And you knew from looking at it that someone had knitted that sweater for him.

"Man bites dog" is news but man bites man, or himself, isn't worth two inches on the back page. So for four years you pound out school copy and don't write about what's going on outside of the College, or inside of you. But you're thinking about it all the time and you save it for your thirty and when your thirty comes you cry over every page and can't write it, and sit up all night and do write it.

And you write of the day a teacher came into the room cradling new life in his hands—a mouse so small and soft that its inch round form felt like a beating heart. You've always known babies start like this and then pick up hair and nails and their eyes open and they grow and some day will have soft warm bodied babies of their own, but this time you see it. And then you see its body topping the heap of cage emptyings and disregarded paper towels in the garbage can.

You write about an old woman who lived on the third floor of a building and couldn't walk more than a few feet with heavy bundles without dropping them and couldn't carry the bundles up more than a few steps without having to stop and rest. She kept a very clean four room apartment which had once warmed a husband and three children and now held only the woman and the brick-a-brack and flowered chintz peculiar to old Jewish women. "See how my children love me," the old woman said in her empty house, "see." And she showed me the postcard they had sent her. And then the old woman whom I had only met five minutes before pressed me to her and kissed me and cried because, "I was such a darling," to help her carry a bag of groceries up three flights of stairs.

And you write about the nights you sat in the OP office because you felt you had nowhere else to go, reading through all the back files. You thumbed past the old issues, the "great" layouts, the "big" stories, the "important" names that are dead or married or mothers or in grad school now . . . names fading out on fading pages. They worked four years, they sweated out stories, and then their thirties came and they cried over them and then they were last year's editor. "Who's she?" the new ones ask. Grace, gentle and sweet and not one unkind word in four years. Pete, who frightened us as candidates and honored us as co-workers. Sandy of the distant murky voice, the purple sweaters, the purple tempers. "Who's she, and he and she."

"Who's there?" And you write about the night you got out of the train and met a man who stopped you near the stairs because he said you looked as if you would listen and you thought first he was drunk or sick but then he started talking and telling of this woman and another woman, and Joyce and James and London and the books he wanted to write and started to write in all the countries you had never been to. And you listened for half an hour as he talked, watching him sweep up the dirt and papers from the Delancey Street station.

You write your thirty column the whole four years, and all the time it keeps changing. Once you were going to write about a girl with pig-tails who walked up the hill to a place called City College and joined a newspaper called Observation Post because she wanted to work on a paper and she thought it was the only newspaper at the place called City College, but then you don't wear your hair in pig-tails anymore and you know there's another paper and you even walk up a different hill now. Or you were going to write about the time you nearly had to take a sobriety test because you fell asleep on the fender of a car at three o'clock in the morning outside City Wide Printers. You were a freshman and it was your first time at the printers and no one told you to get a lot of rest the night before. And you were going to tell about the morning you locked up the paper in time for a nine o'clock class.

You were going to tell about the love you had, have, will always have for OP and the bitterness you had for the thing that happened to it when you were a sophomore—the thing that never un-happened. All the kids on the paper that term practically took a blood oath that they would write about Pete and Gallagher in their Thirty columns. And looking over the copy last night I saw that OP hasn't forgiven. (No one has ever let us forget.)

The headline in *The News* read: "College Prexy Calls CCONY Editor Pinko." Dr. Gallagher was all wrong about Pete but even if he had been right the spectacle of a fifty-nine year old "liberal" college President branding a nineteen-year old editor of a college paper a Communist sympathizer is unconscionable and the image of the accuser, at least for us, will never be the same again.

But we weathered it, got back our "voice" so to speak. We were too bitter to turn the other cheek and laughed when the President "got his" in California . . . poetic justice we called it, and hoped he would learn his lesson. We hoped, but the headline in last week's *Daily News*, Dr. Gallagher, read: "CCNY Prexy Accuses Students Of Red-Lining." So much for old angers and old hopes.

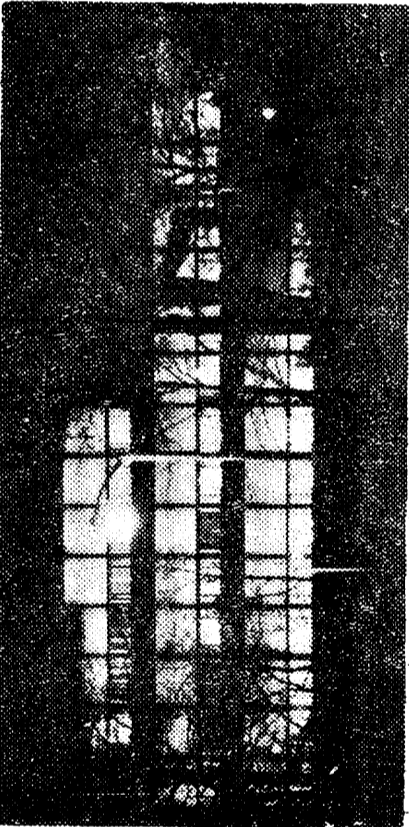
And at the end you write about commitments, about the lines you've walked and the beliefs you've talked. You write about the broken beer bottles that flashed above your head in Maryland one day. You write about how you had to wait nineteen years and go on a Freedom Ride before realizing the possibility for greatness in the most ordinary people—before seeing what the word dignity meant.

You write about meeting the kind of people you didn't really believe existed anymore, the kind who walk and sing and live with the soul of all the freedom and justice and humanity they are fighting for. Any one of them is worth all the books on what is man and what is his mission. For each is man and each has found his mission.

Lavender Blue



Marching in the warm spring air and heat-filled summer. Shivering when it's twenty degrees and a fierce wind is blowing. Walking with scattered leaves floating into your faces. Sing. Forget fatigue. Stand firm. We shall overcome. Maybe . . . this time, they'll listen.



Black and white serenity. Hours spent studying, nervously smoking. Laughter. Tension in the air, the sounds of crackling paper and fingers impatiently tapping, a book desperately needed and missing. One more hour before finals.



Some people do study. Or maybe it's a book of poetry or a stirring political treatise he's reading. Interested, absorbed, he is learning.

—Montag



Thirty

By BARBARA BROWN

What do you say and how do you say it? How can you sum up all of the myriad, labyrinthine emotions that result from four years of The College. It was a time of the intensest effort, the intensest laziness, the intensest nothingness, the intensest belly-scratching. College students are always intense.

A little of it left an impression, one or two things created an inoperable gouge.

What is the College? Certainly, its neither the disfunctional "Gothic" stonehenges that loom from the North Campus cement, nor the cell block-cheese box architecture which forms other of the halls of the academy. City College is Mr. Feingold, City College is Professor Bishop. It is not them alone. City College is all of the teachers who have, despite ardent protestations on my part, forced me to think. Of course, I can never forgive any of them for this. They extricated me from a pleasant womb-like state of slumber, and thrust me unprepared to the lions of reason, argument, and thought.

A good teacher is a complex thing; there is no easy answer, no sure model for success. Instructors who sit in front of the room and read off the five advantages and disadvantages of everything in the world don't stimulate, but intoxicate. Mr. Feingold and Professor Bishop never leave you alone; they annoy, provoke, challenge, irritate, incite. And yet their techniques are very different.

Mr. Feingold, in my eyes, always wears the same thing: long white toga, laurel wreath, and leather thongs. This is not meant to be a sophomoric witticism, but only to indicate that Mr. Feingold uses the Socratic method to great advantage, i.e., he teaches by reason and not by authority.

I remember one day when I was just sitting in my usual seat, just minding my own business, not bothering anybody, just sitting there with my fingers in my ears studying for a history midterm. I hadn't meant to be rude, I just didn't know that Mr. Feingold had entered the room. I was only in my usual pre-test stupor.

He asked one of his usual, penetrating thought-provoking questions, but of course I hadn't heard him — I was busy doing something else. Somebody gave me the elbow. I looked up, he was staring at me. What could I do? He was giving me that piercing look, so I answered. I didn't know exactly what the question was, but I wasn't going to let a thing like that stop me.

I answered — he probed — I retreated — he questioned — 2 steps back — he parried — 3 steps back — he thrust: my back was to the wall. I could have held the fort, but, I looked silly with my fingers in my ears. I went down to a graceful defeat, after all, there was nothing much left for me to do.

Professor Bishop is another golden Greek, but with a difference. He doesn't fence you, he stalks you. He teaches like a lion hunts his prey. You know that you never have a chance, but you can't just sit there and be eaten. So you fight. Professor Bishop teaches constitutional law. In the course of an hour, he asks you to present a case and to give your opinion of the decision. That is natural. Anything that happens from there isn't. You start answering, he gets the scent, you continue, he moves downwind. He's ready; you're not. He's got intelligence, knowledge, and verbal shorthand on his side; you've got an unfounded opinion, a lisp, a stutter, and a couple of Supreme Court Justices on yours. The match is obviously unequal.

While many teachers here have lit candles of learning, one member of the administration made a darn good attempt at snuffing them out and crushing the candles. For anyone on OP, That Man is Dr. Gallagher. He charged first that the Editorial Board was Marxist-oriented and then later refined his charges to single out the Editor, Peter Steinberg. The accusations presented me with a choice: I could either follow my natural cowardly inclinations and run out or for the first time in my life stand up for a principle, when I knew that the charges were false. I was scared out of my mind. I went through weeks of anguish and anxiety; I was worried about my family and expected the FBI to come knocking at my door.

My guts were being unraveled inch by inch and strewn on the floor; Dr. Gallagher was dancing merrily upon them. All this and I was not even on the Editorial Board. My brother stayed with me as always and counseled me; there was never a question of right or wrong — there was only one right thing to do, I had to stay with the paper and Peter and fight.

The reaction didn't end when the charges did; it still goes on, not as intensively of course, but it hasn't stopped. And once in a while somebody who has left OP or someone who has stayed, but has never actually been "on" OP, writes a 30 column and says that we're still practicing thought-control. These people have invariably had personality problems of their own to fight against and have only transferred their hostilities to an object that everyone would consider credibly evil — that object was OP.

The emotions of bitterness and joy get mixed up in my memory and become a little dimmer. The people I have met will not. Poor Evelyn, my sense of humor must have left her in agony. To Barney, his snickers and his knobby knees; To Elliot, my surrogate knight; To Gene Printer, love and trays of linotype; The best to them that are — Lena and Al. Ella and Bruce, Viv and Tim.

OBSERVATION *OP* POST

BARBARA SCHWARTZBAUM
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Wrap-Up

This is the last piece of copy going into the paper for the term and for many of us the last issue of OP we will work on. Journalists are superstitious traditionalists and one of our most fervently held beliefs — like a woman being bad luck aboard a sailing ship — is that spring's a bad term for news. Journalists shouldn't believe in old editor's tales because this term gave us more than our share of big stories and banner heads.

The term opened with the imposition of a tuition fee upstate and the tuition battle climaxed with the votes in the State Legislature leaving the Abrams bills locked in committee and many Republican Congressmen apparently locked in the men's rooms.

When there were no more tuition stories and the News Editor, now Editor (congratulations Bob) down the hall and the Editor, after tonight no longer Editor (congratulations Barbara) were worrying about what they were going to put into the paper, the Hispanic controversy, part II broke. The long awaited and no longer awaited report of the Committee for the Creation of a separate department of Romance Languages finally arrived.

One thing that marked this term off from any other we have been privileged to witness was the change in student government. Over the years we interview hundreds of would-be aspirants to Council seats and for our endorsements, and there are always a couple every term who sit across from you and admit they know nothing, and have no experience and say they despise your editorial policy, but would you please endorse them. Of course, you don't. But this is the type who dominated Council this term, and one no longer is shocked to run across an SAB chairman in the halls of Finley hot on the heel of a Council member who had stolen his water pistol. Immaturity we have come to expect but the lack of responsiveness characteristic of some members of the body this term is novel. Council first refused to put a petition regarding the SAB on the ballot, then refused to put questions polling students' opinion on the SAB on the ballot and now appears to be unwilling to undertake any substantial change in the body despite the tremendous anti-SAB vote registered in the recent referendum. Matters reached a new stage of degeneration last week when the SG President questioned the student body's choice of an NSA delegate. Mr. Bloom was worried about Mr. Eisenberg's representing our school. We are worried about Council's apparent refusal to even recognize the student body. There have even been moments when we were beginning to share Dr. Jaime Benítez' view of the benefits of student councils.

The last big story of the term, contrary to what President Gallagher thinks, was not started by a small group of students of any political coloration whatever. It was started by a telephone call about a book that somebody owed somebody else and gradually the conversation got onto the Hispanic Controversy and to Charter Day and to the guest speaker whose name was Jaime Benítez and to an NSA resolution and that's how it started. It's a commentary on how the news is made—how little things suddenly become big and rarely have a plot behind them.

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Thirty

By MIKE GERSHOWITZ

A green freshman walked into the Observation Post office three and a half years ago and shyly announced that he wanted to become a candidate. "A candidate?" some female member of the staff inquired. "A candidate?" Then suddenly, the realization dawned on her and she shouted, "A candidate! Quick, lock the door!" Candidates are pretty scarce at any time, especially in the spring, and OP was not anxious to lose one. But the precaution was unnecessary. The candidate had printers ink in his blood vessels and would not soon be lost to OP.

Looking back now, this candidate-turned-editor sometimes wonders whether all the intervening effort was worth it. On one hand, he got his name in print, in the form of bylines, which helped inflate his ego. He also learned something about journalism, politics, human nature, life. On the other hand, he spent many frustrated nights searching out revelatory features which ended up being cut to three inch nothings; was always outside of the "in" group; frequently had his stories distorted by his editors higher up who had their own axes to grind; often had to decide whether to fulfill his obligations to his paper or pass an exam the next day. In as many words as thirty inches will allow, he would like to enlarge upon these comments.

Contrary to the opinions of Student Government, President Gallagher, or *The Campus*, journalism is practiced on copy night by the people up in Room 336 Finley. Candidates' classes are taught by experienced people who know not only about ears, bugs, and widows, but about how to write good, solid unbiased news and feature stories. And they know how to instill these qualities in their disciples. They do a job superior to that done by instructors of journalism courses.

Having attended a number of these sessions, the new recruit is eventually given his first assignment. He goes out and writes a story. He is very unsure of himself, and is likely to commit many infractions of journalistic style, which is understandable. But he tries to be fair. Then, he submits his copy to an editor for editing. Here is where the problem arises. In addition to correcting the flaws, the editor who does not practice what she and the OP style book preach is likely to edit the story to conform to her preconceived notion of what the facts are and the emphasis should be. With a candidate, this is usually an essential step since he is unable, with his limited experience, to determine the news value of a story.

But when the facts of a competent reporter are altered by the editor, who is not at the scene or has not spoken to the news source, the situation is different. Several incidents come to mind, involving stories written by me. The description of one will suffice. A few days after the Bay of Pigs invasion in April 1961, I was sent to cover a demonstration at the United Nations in support of the Fidel Castro regime. Having spent several hours watching and talking to the demonstrators, I wrote that 15 to 20 students from the College had been in the crowd of approximately 500. These figures were changed, without my being consulted, to "35" and "over 1000" respectively. (The next morning's *New York Times* reported that there had been 500 picketers.) On being questioned, the editor said she had substituted the higher figures because they were "more impressive."

But the editors are not the only ones to blame for some of the poor news coverage in the student press here. The reporter must learn to cope with people like Professor Gille who don't say "no comment" when they ought to and people like President Gallagher who who say "no comment" when they ought not. These upstanding individuals apparently try to teach us by setting a fine example of how to use any pragmatic method to gain one's ends. The President provided OP with one of its most intense crises. Allegedly a renowned anti-McCarthyist, he seems to have had no qualms about falsely red-baiting one of OP's most competent editors in an effort to curb his influence on campus. The Professor provided me with one of my most intense crises. I had walked innocently into his office to interview him at the beginning of the present controversy surrounding his department. He interrogated me there until he had extracted sufficient information about me with which he threatened to institute reprisals should word of our "interview" leak out. (The kind sir refused to divulge one morsel of information during the half hour "interview.")

Part of my frustration with OP was caused by my not being one of the "ins," something I could by nature never be. During the afternoon, Room 336 Finley is a bustling place: people eat lunch, fill in crossword puzzles, play catch and basketball, and crack jokes. But as evening approaches and copy night draws closer, there is a mass exodus from the office. As I am on OP to write rather than to lounge around, I usually find myself bucking the crowd as I make my way up to the third floor of Finley after attending my classes and preparing my assignments for my courses. I prefer sitting behind a typewriter and pounding out a story to lying on our comfortable couch and procrastinating. And then I have to zoom out of the office, at the last moment, to catch the 11:53 train home to the sticks, unless I care to spend the night on the Penn Station benches, while the true OP people wend their way merrily down Convent Avenue in friendly companionship.

My experiences during four years at the College were not all as bleak and negative as this column may seem to imply. On the contrary, people like Professor Yohannan of the English Department. Mr. Byerly, who taught me symbolic logic, and Mr. Feingold, with his superb lectures on American politics, provided me with some of the most stimulating moments I can recall. And there were even a couple of humorous incidents. Last week I was sent sprawling with laughter over the South Campus cafeteria when a friend I was having lunch with told me his experience in the Education Department. He had typewritten a lengthy term paper on some obscure topic and submitted it after Easter. When he got it back, just before I saw him, this was the teacher's illuminating commentary: "Your e's are clogged."

Jobs . . .

Students are advised to apply now for Social Security Cards if they intend to work, full-time or part-time, this summer. The cards are available at 1387 St. Nicholas Ave., New York 33, N. Y.

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JUNE 24, 1963

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Thirty

By TIM BROWN

After three years of living with a newspaper, it becomes the nasty job of every editor to capsule his experiences in a final thirty inches—including in it his impressions, his affections, his fulfilled and unfulfilled hopes, and nearly everything else that has become his "all" for a few of the most important years of his life. Not a pleasant or easy task, but an important one. Four years at the College, three years on Observation Post.

I received two and one-half years of Chemistry "training," now a remnant of an era closed in my life. Of that, I remember Dr. Aaron Bendich, probably the best Professor of my first two years; he will win the Nobel Prize someday. I also remember the last instructor I had in Chem, who made Saturday mornings a real swinging success, with the best instant coffee I've ever tasted, a real hand for the lab, and less knowledge of theoretical organic chemistry and more good commercial ways to make Sulfuric Acid than anyone else I've since met who pretends in either of these fields. But he has retired, and the reign of alchemy at the College is dead—but not before I tasted of it.

Politically, I never experienced the "greenhorn-struggle-success" sequence, because I was never in any of those categories. Thanks to Irwin Pronin, I had a good idea of the right things to say and do before I even got here, and although it made for a good start, it took me a year and a half to relearn thinking after that—to join the paper, learn to write, and to quit SG politics before the latter atrophied my brain and destroyed my critical faculties. Winning an election, being removed as Council membership chairman as I tried to throw someone "significant" off Council for absences, serving a second term and then a third as Secretary, convinced me I was irreconcilable with the image, or it with me. I settled down to the paper. That was when the Steinberg-Gallagher affair began.

Peter was the most capable OP editor I knew, and was also none of the things President Gallagher said he was, but the stern, stony-faced liberal image was too much for even the forces of truth to contend with, and all that was OP was washed away with the tide for a time. Everyone turned tail in a great exhibition of cowardice, with the exception of Pete, and a lecturer or two who offered to help; even the ACLU and its Academic Freedom Committee chairman deigned to mind their own business in the best politic tradition, although none of these individuals supported the President in his actions. Undoubtedly, Dr. Gallagher will not relent in the assault he has now begun in twisting OP's criticism of the Benitez invitation into an attack on free speech by the "same small group" that supported Davis' right to speak last year. He does not answer the fifteen-year accumulation of English and Spanish newspaper articles used by OP in reaching a conclusion. Two years ago, Dr. Gallagher said he had spoken to encourage free and open debate; today, there are no more than five sophomores and juniors on the paper. It takes two years for a freshman to become a junior—the President may draw his own conclusions, while the paper faces the worst executive staff shortage it has had in many years. But City College is one of the freest in the country.

I don't dispute that last statement, but I do contend that this freedom has often acted as a narcotic rather than as the stimulant it should be. The tenure system continues to impede progress rather than protect professors, and just as the Romance Languages Department brazenly does what it pleases with the outspoken members of its faculty, so the Political Science Department dismissed one of its most popular lecturers two years ago (not, of course, for his liberal ideas, but for not publishing); so also will a well-liked and competent Ph.D. return to his home University to teach (the Ivy Leagues, incidentally) with a friendly parting kick—not wanted here . . . thinks too much.

Dr. Blaesser, our new and prodigious Dean, must top the list of good things, followed by Mr. Brownstein, Dean Newton, Mr. Sarfaty, and the others, who know who they are. They have saved the DSL from becoming an outpost of some great, world-wide security establishment, arming for the great assault from the anomalous neighborhood (how many rapes and robberies, real or imagined, today?), and are building a guidance and educational structure for the future. So too, we hope, will SG be saved from its present chaos and decadence by another Ted Brown (next Easter, perhaps), and our academic departments will be revitalized by new generations of Harvard- (and Princeton-) oriented scholars. No one, not even the institution, can stop that.

My personal thanks must go to Professor Magalaner, for showing me a way out of Chemistry, to Professor Hamalian, whose absence weakens his department immeasurably, and to Professor Yohannan, who reads poetry (even in Persian) infrequently, but superbly, and many others, for making years spent here a worthwhile experience. I have received as good an education here as I chose to make it; when its few faults are ironed out, City College will take its place among the great institutions of learning.

To my co-workers on OP go my fondest farewells. Barbara Brown did a really good job; Barbara Schwartzbaum has taken four years, with no time to spare, to learn what a paper should aim at and how it differs from other, more purposeful causes, but has never relaxed in her mission of serving the student body—something SC, in its customary blindness in giving "awards," has failed to recognize. I have enjoyed working with the "matriarchy." As for the rest, I have no need to take leave of Dave, or of those remaining to carry the burden, and I might even run into them again someday. These people are the ones who made the office a home and an institution, and are not easily forgotten. And I am taking home one of OP's prize properties for my very own—so she won't become a memory. Viv, and Richie, Steve, Carol, Phyllis and the rest, will keep OP intact—to them, the best that luck and their own minds can win them.

Core . . .

(Continued from Page 1)
in effect, "puts an injunction on sit-ins." He explained that anyone on probation risks a jail sentence if arrested again. Despite this, both students have determined to continue their civil rights protests.

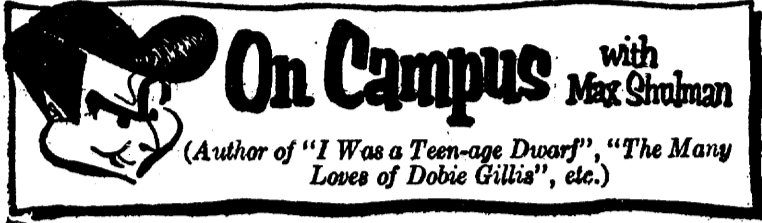
Percy Sutton, the students' lawyer, is appealing the case to the Appellate Court which will probably hear it next fall.

Bias . . .

(Continued from Page 1)
been litigated in court.

Dr. Lombardo, whose legal actions are directed against the Board of Higher Education, also charged that there was anti-Jewish discrimination in the administration.

The Supreme Court decision asserted that the two associate professors had not demonstrated a regular pattern of discrimination.



HOW TO SEE EUROPE FOR ONLY \$300 A DAY: NO. 3

When all of you go to Europe during your summer vacation, you will certainly want to visit Spain, where the tall corn grows,

The first thing you will notice upon entering Spain is the absence of sibilants. In Spain "s" is pronounced "th" and thereby hangs a tale. Until the reign of Philip IV—or Guy Fawkes, as he was sometimes called—Spaniards said "s" just like everybody else. Philip IV, however, lisped, and Spaniards, having an ingrained sense of propriety and not wishing to embarrass their monarch, decided that *everybody* should lisp. This did indeed put Philip IV very much at his ease, but in the end it turned out to be a very bad thing for Spain. It wrecked the saffron industry—Spain's principal source of revenue—and reduced the nation to a second-class power.



As a result, Spaniards were all forced to turn to bull fighting in order to keep body and soul together. Today, wherever you go in Spain—in Madrid, in Barcelona, in Toledo, in Cleveland—you will see bulls being fought. For many years the bulls have sought to arbitrate this long-standing dispute, but the Spaniards, a proud people who use nothing but Castile soap, have rejected all overtures.

It is therefore necessary for me to explain bull fighting to anyone who is going to Spain. It is also necessary for me to say a few words about Marlboro Cigarettes because they pay me for writing this column, and they are inclined to pout if I ignore their product. In truth, it is no chore for me to sing the praises of Marlboro Cigarettes, for I am one who fairly swoons with delight when I come upon a cigarette which gives you the full, rich taste of good tobaccos plus the pure white Selectrate filter, and Marlboro is the only smoke I have found that fulfills both requirements. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! The flavor reaches you without stint or diminution. You, even as I, will find these statements to be happily true when once you light a Marlboro. Marlbors come to you in soft pack or Flip-Top box, and are made only by the makers of Marlboro.

But I digress. Let us return to bull fighting. Bulls are by nature bellicose creatures who will keep fighting till the cows come home. Then they like to put on pipe and slippers and listen to the "Farm and Home Hour." However, the Spaniards will not allow the bulls any surcease. They keep attacking the bull and making veronicas—a corn meal pancake filled with ground meat. Bulls, being vegetarians, reject the veronicas and then, believe you me, the fur starts to fly!

To be perfectly honest, many Spaniards have grown weary of this incessant struggle and have left their homeland. Columbus, for example, took off in three little ships—the Patti, the Maxene, and the Laverne—and discovered Ohio. Magellan later discovered Columbus. Balboa also sailed to the New World, but he was silent on a peak in Darien, so it is difficult to know what he discovered.

Well sir, I guess that's all you need to know about Spain. So now, as the setting sun casts its rosy fingers over El Greco, let us take our reluctant leave of Spain—or Perfidious Albion, as it is jocularly called. Aloha, Spain or Perfidious Albion, aloha!

© 1963 Max Shulman

Let us not, however, take our leave of smoking pleasure. Let us keep enjoying those fine Marlboro Cigarettes—rich, golden tobacco—pure white Selectrate filter—soft pack or Flip-Top box—available in all fifty States of the Union.

The Private Life Of 'Private Life' Or Dramsoc Hit By General Strife

By MARC BRODY

It was expected that Dramsoc's presentation of Bertolt Brecht's "The Private Life of the Master Race" this term would stir a certain amount of controversy, but nobody thought that it would create a Civil War.

The foes in this war were not the North and the South, but advocates of the method theater and the new experimental theater of which Brecht's play is an example.

The proponents of the "new" theater were mostly new members of Dramsoc and were accused of joining Dramsoc specifically to act in the Brecht play by the method "school." Roberto Terzo, president of Dramsoc, replied that the old members of Dramsoc were given first crack at the parts and that open casting was held only after their participation was in-

sufficient. He also claimed that no objection was raised by the club to the choice of "The Private Life of the Master Race" as this term's production, or of Miro as its director.

As if this were not enough of a problem, the proposed symposium on Brecht ran into a financial block two days before its scheduled May 5 debut.

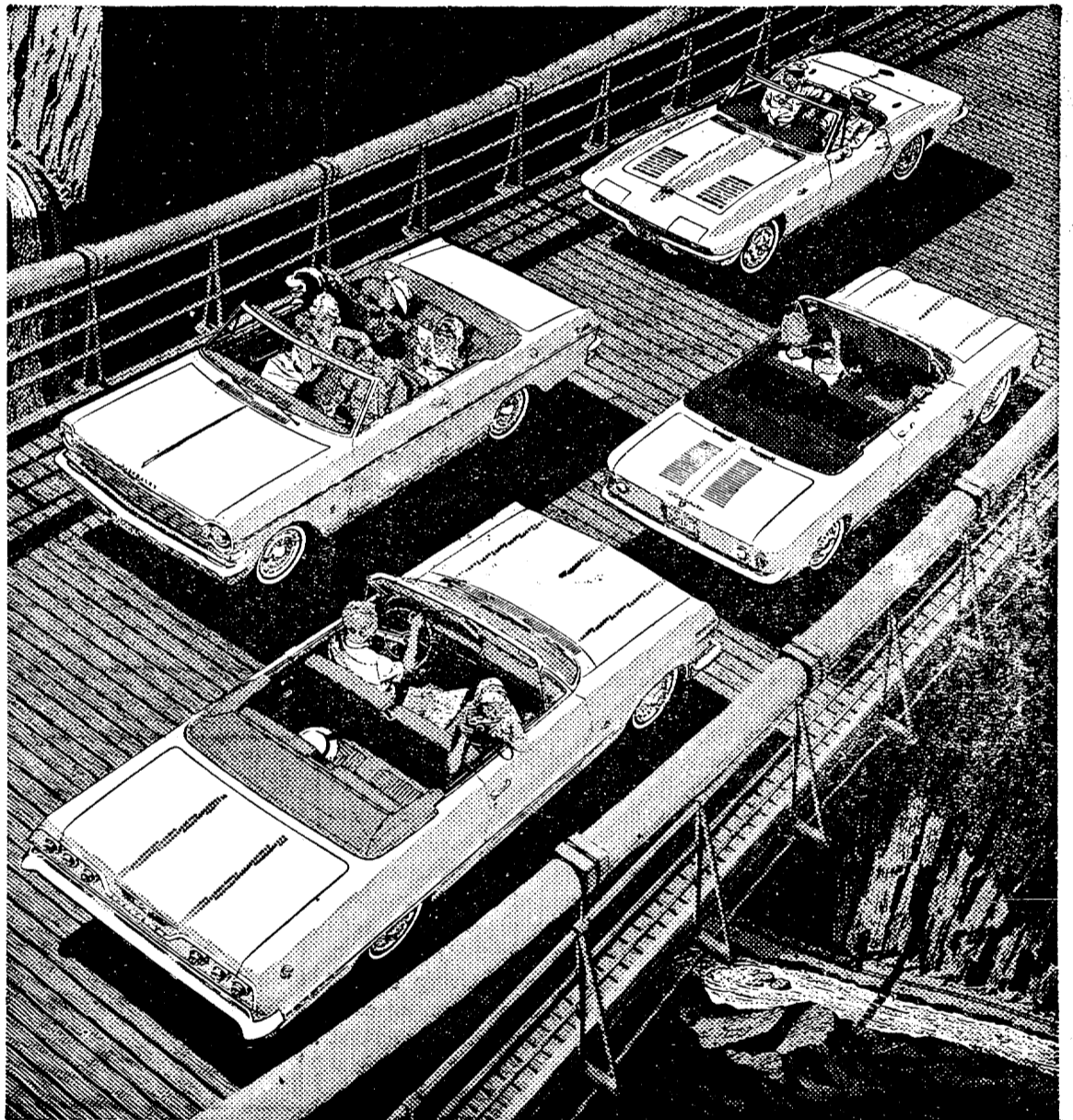
A difference of at least \$100 was found to exist between the organization's assets and their projected expenditures for the production. When this was discovered,

the Student Government Fee Commission refused to foot the extra bill. The May 8 performance was cancelled and the members of the production were left bewildered.

Performance Cancelled

It was finally decided by an S vote to allot the organization enough money to put on one performance rather than cancel the symposium altogether.

The producer of the play decided to give two performances of the play, one last night and second this evening, even if personal expense were incurred.



Clockwise from bottom: Jet-smooth Chevrolet Impala, Chevy II Nova 400, Corvette Sting Ray, Corvair Monza Spyder

Summer's coming, get going!

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a long vacation trip in a brand-new car. And it's a smart time to trade, what with your Chevrolet dealer all stocked up for a busy summer. Chances are, he has just the model and color you want—be it Chevrolet, Chevy II, Corvair or Corvette—ready to go right now.

So maybe now you're all wound up? Then spring into summer at your Chevrolet dealer's.



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L&M GRAND PRIX 50 WINNER'S CIRCLE



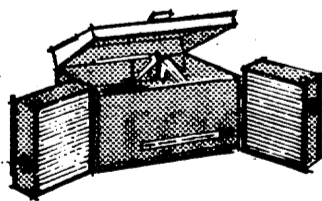
Tempest Winners... Final Lap!

 George P. Knapp U. of New Hampshire	 Alec R. Bobrow R.P.I.	 Larry W. Foster Millikin U.	 Joseph L. Pap Oklahoma State	 Vernelle Daily U. of S.W. Louisiana	 William W. Seegars U. of South Carolina
 Richard W. Berger West Virginia U.	 Neal N. D'Agostino Cornell	 Joy C. Greenwood Sacramento State	 David G. Taylor Lamar St. Col. of Tech.	 Lauren J. Hart South Dakota Tech.	 Linda L. Merron Bucknell
 Arnold H. Houchin, Jr. U. of Kentucky	 Bruce L. Baird Vanderbilt U.	 Vincent Pierdominici, Jr. Lowell Tech.	 George C. Anderson Williams		
 Cecil J. Ewing U. of North Dakota	 William G. Whitten Kent State	 Lee R. Hoffman U. of Connecticut	 Elfreda M. Lubbia Indiana State		

Coming next fall... a new L&M GRAND PRIX 50 for 1963-64!
Add your name to this growing circle of winners!

Final Lap Consolation Prize Winners!

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| Lewis J. Lobsinger
U. of Detroit | Stanley J. Foust
U. of Oklahoma | John C. Lavery
U. of Kansas |
| Roger E. Gorlicki
De Paul U. | Judson K. Farnsworth
Northeastern U. | Linda Francovich
San Jose State |
| Stuart Strenger
Georgia State | Raymond T. Joyce, Jr.
Bryant College | Cheryl A. Moore
Portland State |



FOR THE CONSOLATION PRIZE WINNERS
RCA Victor's 4-speed portable stereo hi-fi set, "The Waltz."

Tempest Winners...Laps 1, 2, 3!

- | | | | |
|--|--|--|--|
| FIRST LAP
Ashton B. Burke
U. of Kentucky | Jose M. Martinez
Gonzaga U. | THIRD LAP
Gary L. Lewis
U. of San Fran. | James W. Todd
Valparaiso U. (Staff) |
| Roger P. Blacker
N.Y.U. | Roger A. Kuefer
Loras College | John V. Erhart
Loras College | W. T. Oliver
Lafayette College |
| John N. Bierer
The Citadel | Earl F. Brown
Colgate (Fac.) | Byron D. Goff
Penn State | Justin C. Burns
St. Bonaventure U. |
| William P. Martz
Kent State | Cdt. B. R. Gardner
V.M.I. | D. B. MacRitchie
U. of Michigan | Edward R. Wassel
Clarkson College |
| Lucy Lee Bassett
Emory U. | V. M. McManamon
DeVry Tech. Inst. | J. L. Millard, Jr.
Fl. Hays State | Morris S. Boyer
U. of Georgia |
| SECOND LAP
Richard L. Smit
U. of Michigan | H. H. Anderson
Okla. State (Fac.) | J. O. Calleges, III
U. of New Mexico | G. J. Tamalovich
Worcester Poly (Staff) |
| R. Montgomery, Jr.
Texas Tech. | David E. Lloyd
San Diego State | N.T.G. Resania S.
Kansas State | Ancil K. Nauca
Portland State |
| | R. I. Salberg, Jr.
U. of California | | P. S. Holder, Jr.
St. Mary's U. |

Consolation Prize Winners...Laps 1, 2, 3!

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| FIRST LAP
Hubert F. Tett
Iowa State | Michael R. Reed
Ursinus College | Brian F. Goodrich
St. U. of N. Y. (Albany) |
| Billy B. Farris
Sam Houston State | Baxter Myers, Jr.
Stephen F. Austin State | Sylvan Gordon
Cal. State Poly |
| William L. Bradley
Louisiana State | George F. Smith
San Jose State | THIRD LAP
Rev. John Thompson
Gannon College (Fac.) |
| Charles Perry, Jr.
Providence College | Ronald L. Schild
U. of Illinois | Michael J. Kopke
Duquesne |
| SECOND LAP
John M. Moakley
U. of Connecticut | Richard Friedlander
C.C.N.Y. | James W. Wize
U. of Texas |
| | Rechele Tandy
Pembroke College | |



Get with the winners... far ahead in smoking satisfaction!

Club Notes

All clubs will meet at 12:30 PM tomorrow unless otherwise indicated.

ALCHE
Will hold nominations and elections for offices in Room 103 Harris.

ASME
Will hold elections in Room 106 Harris. All members are urged to attend.

AMATEUR RADIO SOCIETY
Will meet in Room 013 Shepard to elect officers for the coming term.

ART SOCIETY
Will award exhibition prizes in Room 101W Eisner at 12:30 PM.

ASIAN STUDIES CLUB
Will present Mr. V. T. Lee of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee showing recent slides from Cuba. The presentation will be held at 12:15 PM in Room 217 Finley. All are welcome.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY
Will hold elections at 12:15 in Room 16 Shepard. Important information will be distributed concerning the solar eclipse expedition.

BASKERVILLE CHEMICAL SOCIETY
Will hold elections in Doremus Lecture Hall, Baskerville Hall, at 12:30 PM. All members must attend.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY
Will hold elections at 12:30 PM in Room 306 Shepard. This meeting is compulsory for all members. Be on time!

CARROLL BROWN HELLENIC SOCIETY
Will meet in Room 111 Wagner. The Graduation Ball will be discussed.

CHRISTIAN SOCIETY
Will hold its annual Student-Faculty Luncheon at 12:30 PM in Room 438 Finley.

CLASS OF '64
Will hold a meeting at 12 Noon in Room 304 Finley. Bring Class Cards and card money. Attendance is mandatory.

DEBATING SOCIETY
Will hold very important election meeting. All members must come to Room 01 Wagner at 12:15 PM.

EL CLUB IBEROAMERICANO
Will hold elections for next term's officers in Room 302 Downer at 12:30 PM.

FAIR PLAY FOR CUBA CLUB
Invites everyone to hear Mr. V. T. Lee, National Secretary of the Fair Play For Cuba Committee, recently returned from Cuba. Slides will be shown in Room 217 Finley at 12:30 PM.

FOLKSONG CLUB
Will present an informal chat with the Rev. Gary Davis, a blind Harlem street singer, who is one of the outstanding figures on the American folk scene. The meeting will start at 12 Noon, in the Grand Ballroom. All welcome.

GERMAN CLUB
Will present its annual Spring Student-Faculty tea party in Room 348 Finley, between the hours of 12-2 PM. All those who wish to take this opportunity to mingle with the faculty of the German Department, are cordially invited.

INTER-VARSITY CRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
Will meet in Room 306 Cohen Library at 12:30 PM, to show films of missionary work. Everyone welcome.

ITALIAN CLUB
Will hold a general membership meeting at 12:15PM in Room 101 Downer.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS DU JOUR
Will hold elections in Room 307 Finley. All members are urged to attend.

M.D.C. CLUB
Urges all members to attend the Fair Play for Cuba meeting in Room 217 Finley.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB
Will meet at 12:30 PM in Room 308 Harris, to discuss the coming field trip, plans for next term, summer, etc. Everyone invited.

PHYSICS SOCIETY
Will hold elections for next year's officers at 12 Noon in Room 109 Shepard.

SCAIA
Will hold elections at 12:30 PM in Room 125 Shepard for Fall '63 and Spring '64 officers. Be there!

SHOLOM ALEICHEM KIDDISH CLUB
Invites all to attend a continuation of the discussion "The Significance of the Warsaw Ghetto" in Room 225 Wagner at 12:30 PM.

SOCIETY FOR CRITICISM AND DISCUSSION
Will hold an organizational meeting in Room 305 Finley at 12:30 PM. All members must attend.

NITELY AT 9:30
N.Y.'s CENTER of FOLK MUSIC

KNOB LICK
UPPER 10,000
Very entertaining trio

LISA KINDRED
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The Sisters of Alpha Sigma Rho

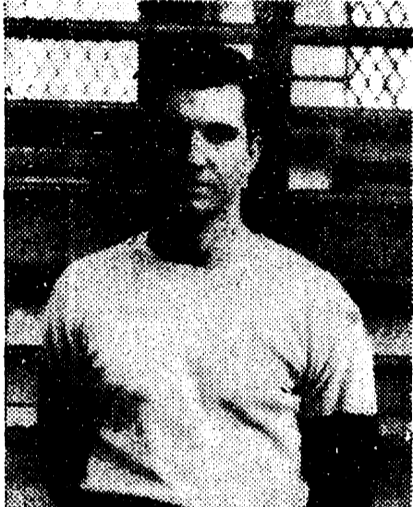
would like to thank the pledge class of Spring '63 for an enjoyable evening at their

PLEDGE SHOW

Baseballers Can't Subdue Wagner Lose And Then Tie In Twin-Bill

The College's baseball team did everything but win yesterday as they finally played Wagner College in a doubleheader, originally scheduled for last Saturday. The weather took the blame for the postponement but the Beavers could only blame themselves and Lady Luck for the 3-0 defeat in the first game and the 2-2 tie in the nightcap, both played at Grimes Hill on Staten Island.

The second game went eight innings before being called at 7 P.M., a time previously agreed upon by both teams. The Beavers now have an overall record of 7 wins, 9 losses and 1 tie.



Howie Friedman
Loses First Game

The Beavers were the first to score in the second game. After Bob LoDolce had singled, Ron Marino rapped one back to the box. The Wagner second baseman must

have been shaken by the oncharging LoDolce as he failed to touch the bag even though the throw was there in time. Bart Frazzitta followed by ripping a grounder to left, sending LoDolce home with the first Beaver run.

In the second, Wagner's Willie Radagem lined a single to left and took second on a hit by Mark Abbes. After an infield out moved both runners, Karl Olson got an infield hit to knock in the run that knotted the score.

With one out in the Beaver third, shortstop Ron Marino singled to the left side. On the first pitch to the next batter, Marino pilfered second. The fleet footed Marino reached third on Bart Frazzitta's infield out and the scored on John Ippolito's sacrifice fly. The Lavender now lead 2-1.

The Beavers had bases loaded in both the fourth and fifth innings but failed to score. In the fourth, Wagner reliever Grannif fanned Bart Frazzitta and with one out and the bases jammed in the fifth struckout Howie Smith and Arsen Varjebedian.

The Lavender lead stood until the seventh when Mark Abbes singled and as the ball got past

the Beaver right fielder, Abbes raced to third. Ken Smullen, the pinch runner crossed the plate on Hank Pedro's blooper to left.

In both games the College had men on base in every inning but were unable to get the big hit.

—Abel; Weinberg

Sis Wiley '65

wishes to congratulate

Hilliary and Harvey
Claire and Andy

on their pinning.

CARNEGIE HALL — Friday, May 31st — 8:30 P.M.

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Sports Fete To Honor Athletes; Allie Sherman Guest Speaker

There's a rumor circulating that the Varsity Alumni Association was asleep when they invited Allie Sherman, the New York Giants coach, to speak at their dinner tonight.

Sherman played fullback for Brooklyn College when the CCNY-Brooklyn rivalry was strong. So, on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, the College had built up a 20-0 lead over the Kingsmen at half-time. But sparked by Sherman's superb passing and two touchdowns, the Brooklynites ended up on top, 27-26. (It was in this same game that the College's punter caught his own punt. He kicked into a very strong headwind.)

The Giant coach, however, will be throwing words, not passes, at the Beaver athletes now. Although Sherman is the drawing card, most of the Lavender athletes will be there to receive their varsity "letters." More than 250 major and minor letters will be awarded at the Prince George Hotel.

Among the athletes, Vito Mannino



Vito Mannino
Two-Time All-America

Award will both go to Mannino in addition to a "fencer of the year" award.

Mannino is the first athlete to win all-America honors for two years in a row. This year and last year he took the honors in NCAA competition and holds the College record for most consecutive wins—19—which he set last year as a junior.

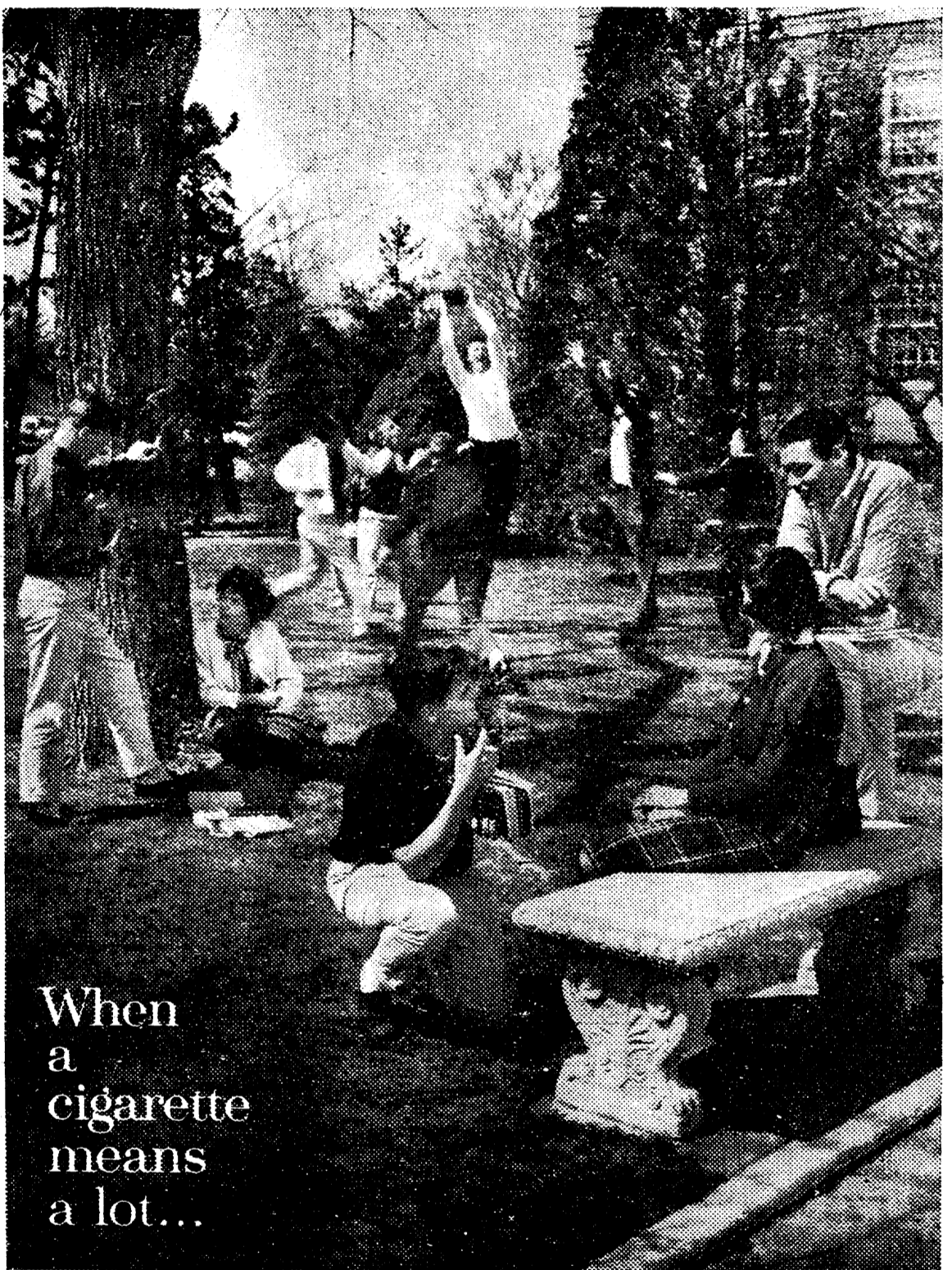
The Nat Holman Award, which goes to a senior on the basketball team who is going on to graduate school, and carries \$300 cash with it, will go to Joel Kramer. Kramer was a substitute on this year's team and will do graduate study in teaching at the College.

Bobby Sand will play the role of toastmaster.



Bobby Sand
Will be MC

nino, all-American fencer, will carry off the top awards. The Ben Wallach Award, to the years best athlete, and the John D. Lasak



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