

Gallagher Backs ACLU Stand On Readmission of Resisters

The College will "readmit . . . without prejudice" any student who chooses "imprisonment rather than military service," according to a recent declaration by President Buell G. Gallagher in reply to a letter from the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU).

The letter, dated May 2, included a statement by ACLU's academic freedom committee which said that "the student whose moral convictions against the war are so deeply rooted that he prefers imprisonment to military service is entitled to the opportunity to resume his education . . .

"To refuse him this opportunity, after he has paid the penalty imposed by society would run counter to the Fifth Amendment safeguard against double jeopardy."

President Gallagher answered, "It has been, and will continue to be, the policy of The City College to readmit such individuals [draft resisters] without prejudice."

The ACLU letter was addressed to 630 college presidents and signed by Professor Samuel Hendel (Political Science), chairman of the academic freedom committee, and John J. Pemberton, Jr., the union's executive director.

Earlier this term, the School of Education passed a Resolution "welcoming back" students who have chosen jail or emigration "in preference to cooperation with war efforts."

The resolution declared that such students "shall not be held in double jeopardy." Dean Doyle M. Bortner (Education), noted then that the resolution "reflects what is already current policy" at the College.

The resolution also welcomed back students whose academic work was interrupted by military service.

OBSERVATION POST

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Dean Sherburne Barber
"Wait and See"

Requisites Face Armageddon As The Millenium Approaches

By KEN KESSLER

Liberal Arts students may have a new, almost unlimited freedom in choosing courses when they register for courses next spring.

Radical revision of the curriculum needs only the approval of Faculty Council, May 23, to go into effect. If it does, students would be required to elect 12 Science credits, 21 Humanities credits (including history, philosophy, and language courses), and nine Social Science credits. No specific course would be required. Students would be free to choose in each area of study.

Originally drafted by a subcommittee of students and Faculty, the final proposal gained the sanction of the Council's curriculum and teaching committee Tuesday. The committee liberalized it further, dropping required language courses and instituting optional pass-fail for physical education, which remains the only specifically required course.

However, every student will be required to pass a proficiency examination in Speech and English composition before being exempted from the two introductory courses.

"The major objection raised in

the committee was that in the absence of a language requirement, few students would elect to take any language course. Many of the members maintained that language study should have a 'unique position in the curriculum' because of its important cultural values," according to Sam Miles, a member of the subcommittee and the new Student Government educational affairs vice-president.

"The prevailing argument, however, was that every course has a unique role in the education of the student; and to single out language study by requiring it, while not requiring other courses, would be ridiculous," he revealed.

Faculty Council's approval had been expected at its meeting on May 9, but the proposal was tabled then. Its adoption would mean the first revamping of a curriculum that has remained basically untouched for fifty years.

Slight changes in 1966 brought charges from students of "logrolling" and "political treaties" among departmental interests. On several occasions President Buell G. Gallagher has chided the faculty about the difficulties of reforming the curriculum.

Dr. Gallagher was unavailable for comment on the new changes, while Dean Sherburne F. Barber (Liberal Arts and Sciences) withheld comment. "I'll wait and see what Faculty Council does," the Dean said.

"I think it's a step in the right direction," said newly-inaugurated Student Government President Paul Bermanzohn, "but I don't think it's complete." He said that the individual departments demanded too many specialized credits in some cases, citing the physics department, which required 36 credits.

Outgoing President Joe Korn called the changes "significant faculty recognition of student criticism." He added that it was important that students had helped form the new curriculum as members of the subcommittee. Korn himself was instrumental in the project as SG Educational Affairs Vice-President last year, and as president.

Other students mourned the language, history, or other courses which they had been forced to complete under the old curriculum.

Help . . .

Due to a diminished sports staff, OP may be forced to de-emphasize its sports coverage next term. All students wishing to help in reporting sports news are urged to visit the OP office, Room 336 Finley.

Two Political Rallies Attract 300

By JONNY NEUMANN

About 200 students and faculty filled the Grand Ballroom yesterday afternoon to learn about "Eugene McCarthy—the Man and the Issues."

Congressman James Scheuer (D-Bronx), Joseph Heller, the author of *Catch 22*, journalist Marya Mannes, and Conor Cruise O'Brien, former United Nations representative in Katanga, and a member of the New York University faculty—were among the speakers.

At the same time, Roger Hilsman, former State Department official in the Kennedy Administration, addressed a rally for Senator Robert Kennedy of less than a hundred persons on the Cohen Library steps.

"This is the first political campaign I've been in and I hope it's the last," said Heller at the Grand Ballroom forum, referring to his vigorous McCarthy campaigning. "If McCarthy is elected, people like Robert Lowell and Jules Pfeiffer and dozens of others of us can get back to our careers of writing books."

Marya Mannes, the next speaker, insisted that "McCarthy is a man — intellectually, spiritually, with guts." "We could be the first generation to elect a man who is right and not who is sold to us," she added.

Warning McCarthy supporters not to be fooled by the peace talks

now taking place in Paris, O'Brien said, "the talks are taking place to sooth the public, to let certain candidates get by—until after the election, when a Humphrey or a Nixon would escalate the war."

The Pocket Game

President Johnson was repeatedly criticized. "I'm told that the President had the original draft of his resignation speech in his pocket two months before he delivered it," O'Brien said. "It took McCarthy to fish it out of his pocket."

"I'm also told that before the Tonkin Gulf episode, Johnson had his statement in his pocket," he continued. "You know, for any of you students looking for a field of graduate study, take up 'President Johnson's pocket.'" After much laughter, O'Brien added, "Anything can turn up in the Presidential pocket."

At the Kennedy rally, Hilsman, who now teaches at Columbia University, called Kennedy "a man of courage," citing the New York senator for his "great concern" for Indians and migrant workers in the South West. "While all the others were talking,

Kennedy was the only man on record doing something," Hilsman added.

Hilsman termed Vice-President Humphrey "the enemy," arguing that Humphrey has "Johnson's resources behind him," and that Humphrey uses those resources "ruthlessly."

The Radical Middle

When the Revolution comes, and if the If . . . Then society's work bears fruit, at least some members of the middle class will know what's going on.

The If . . . Then society is a group of 25 students whose plan is to enter middle-class homes and attempt to convince the inhabitants that the radical point of view is correct.

"We function as a sort of radical placement bureau," says Jason Joseph, one of the leaders of the group. "The only way to discover what's happening is to experience. We go into their homes and show them what's happening. People who get turned on by us are really interested in doing things."

The group does face problems in arranging meetings and finding middle class people who are willing to sponsor their meetings. Joseph recalls one bad experience when a group of middle class parents failed to show up for their meeting. "We make sure that they outnumber us," said Joseph. "This way they feel more at ease and don't feel that they are being outnumbered or overpowered." But most reactions are favorable.

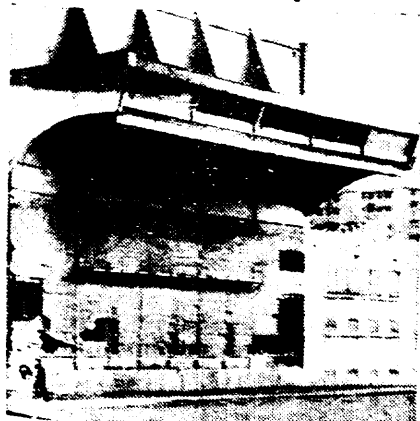
Today, the society is holding a Noodle Fest from 2-5 PM in Room 348 Finley.

Lewisohn Stadium

When the Music's Over

By ALAN SCHNUR

All-Americans, ROTC Drills, the famed summer concert series. Once it had a reputation; now it is a shambles. Soon it will be a memory.



"We will definitely use the site," says Dean Eugene Avallone (Campus Planning and Development), speaking of Lewisohn Stadium, "therefore the stadium must come down. I would hazard a guess and say in 1969 or 1970, but this is only a guess."

Meanwhile, the stadium is shod-

(Continued on Page 3)



The fate of the stadium is written on the Stage House (above and left) wall: exit.

—Photos by Alan Fischer

OP Reviews

'Blacks on Black' and 'Mercury' Premiere

Blacks on Black wavers between overstated political polemic and insightful social comment—but the second issue of the Onyx Society's magazine is worth reading if only to become acquainted with the work of its editor, Jim Brown, who must rank with any of our undergraduate poets.

Brown is conversant in the crisp technics to which Promethean has accustomed us, although his poetry does not lean toward the dazzling, so often irrelevant, personal puzzles which mar Promethean.

Brown can find the power and presence to portray our Holy War against Vietnam for the obscene thing that it is—to attempt an assault on Christ itself and bring it off. "Christ's second coming is upon me . . ."

And Brown, in the same language, can yet be subtle, painting a brief prostitute in "Here Comes Rosemary."

He is at his best when he is devastating, as in *My Maternal fragment*:

*You climbing the steps
each night
to cook supper
a drying roast
a golden goose.*

And he can be compassionate, even in a *Poem to The Man*.

Much of the other work is like Brown's, but on a lower level. The magazine as a whole is open to charges of repetitiveness; many of the lyrics have been written before. But these are people too little understood by The Rest of Us.

Blacks on Black is not simply, finally, an exhibition of outrage. In the only prose piece, Verna Haskins illustrates that condition which perhaps motivates these angry young blacks, for these are people who refuse to be wasted.

These writers will interest you.

—Ken Kessler

The College's oldest magazine has reappeared after a three year absence. First printed in 1880, *Mercury*, had printed continually until 1961, and appeared once again in 1965.

Mercury, the College's humor magazine, is not funny. There are only three items worth reading; "Elements of Humor," and "The Barbershop," two essays by Peter Livant, and a poem by Bob Falk, entitled "The Epic of Godzilla."

Livant is *Mercury*'s best writer, both in humor and style. "The Barbershop" takes a simple everyday occurrence, a haircut, and presents its lighter side: the different styles of the barbers, the actions of those getting their hair cut, etc. His other piece is exactly what the title says, elements of humor. It is well written, at times even witty. Livant's only failing as a writer is that at times he becomes too sarcastic.

The only other piece of any value is worth seven snickers. Godzilla arrives in New York and finds himself being arrested for "marchin' widout a permit," "obstructin' traffic," and "Indecent exposure." It brought back the absurdities of being arrested at the peace march on April 27 for soliciting funds without a permit.

The rest of the magazine will get you out of the bathroom quicker. Old jokes rehearsed, or pieces of potential humor which somehow miss their mark. M. L. Weisblut hits the epitome of mediocrity with "The Ultimate Kick." This joke, when told, takes anywhere from a half hour to two days to tell, depending on how hard the joker wishes to be hit after the punch line.

The cartoons are unimaginative. Two were even taken from national magazines.

Two articles are pertinent to the college, and they are very bad: Claude Rein's "The Big Snack Bar Bust," and "The Rise and Fall of the Lost City" by Choo Choo (Coleman?). The first describes a raid on the Snack Bar (on a Saturday), while the latter discusses differences between North and South Campus.

Miss *Mercury* is 36-25-36.

—Howard Reis

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We, the undersigned Upper Class Advisors, being opposed to the War in Vietnam and the draft for that War, feel obligated to discuss the relevant issue of the War and the Draft and their effects on City College. We will devote at least one meeting to this discussion.

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Gary Stern

Oberfest: 'I Started to Kick Doors'

By JONNY NEUMANN

It was 9:30 PM last Friday and Student Government President Joe Korn hadn't yet announced the SG election results.

Dean Oberfest, running unopposed for Community Affairs Vice-President, slowly approached Jeff Zuckerman, the Campus Reform candidate for President.

"We lost," Zuckerman said, over the cries of his girl friend. "You're kidding." Oberfest knew he wasn't. "No. We lost everything . . . everything. Even you." Even Oberfest. Dean Oberfest was running against no one, and he lost. And it hurt.

"You work so hard for something. You really believe that you're the best qualified. You'd expect . . ." Oberfest stopped, his face tensed. And then the truth: "It sort of kicks you: I lost to a no vote."

Before the election, he feared it, but he couldn't believe it would happen. "I knew there was an organized 'no' vote against me; but I didn't want to accept it."

And when he heard that he had lost, he didn't accept it. "I started kicking doors, kicking water coolers . . . I tried to calm myself down. 'Wait til next year,' I kept saying. And I cracked a few jokes about Tech News."

Then his disbelief turned to anger. "The South calls me a fascist. Up North I'm a commie. I thought it was funny—but then

I lose, and . . . it hits. It hits! What the hell, man? How can you vote no? How . . . ?"

Then the rationalization. "Undoubtedly an awful lot of those 135 votes that beat me were goof votes. Yes, I heard a lot of kids saying, 'you're going to win. I'll vote no just to keep your ego down.' Those damn goof votes . . ."

And it hurt even more because Oberfest was only the second candidate in College history to lose to a no vote. Barry Shrage, running for Exec. VP last year, was the first.

"When Barry lost last year I couldn't believe it. I thought it was impossible, but . . ."

But Shrage lost. And now, a year later, he knows what Oberfest must be feeling. "You could say I was unhappy. It was kind of an ego thing—to lose to a no vote," Shrage recalls.

"People just weren't listening," Shrage complains. "I had good ideas—against the war; in favor of experimental college. People just weren't listening."



Barry Shrage
He Knows the Feeling.

But now, a year after he was rejected, Shrage is satisfied. "I'm absolutely sure that I was better off having lost," he says. "The people downed me for my ideas, but I was still happy to be what I was. I've accomplished much. I couldn't do in SG—Experimental College, Human Relations."

Maybe Shrage's experience will comfort Oberfest. But not now. The only thing on Oberfest's mind last Friday was revenge, a chance to prove himself right.

"There was cheering when my no vote was announced. That really annoyed me. But, I'll get 'em next year. I'll show the newspapers, who think I'm dead."

Oberfest plans to run for councilman-at-large next fall. But, before he decides to run, one thought will undoubtedly plague him.

"One thing hit me," Oberfest confessed earlier this week. "I looked at the vote totals and it hit me: man, we never had a chance, we just never had a goddamn chance."

Lewisohn . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

dy — if repairs are not made soon, demolition will not be necessary.

Demolition was originally scheduled to begin this month to make way for the new Science and Physical Education Building. But the date was pushed back and finally postponed indefinitely.

While the bureaucrats in the City University argue about its fate, the stadium is coming down of its own accord. There are cracks in the walls and the plaster in the corridors is crumbling. After a heavy rain, the corridors inside Lewisohn are as wet as the exposed seats above.

The track team has the only locker room that doesn't leak. But Don Kalish, a member of the freshman squad, remembers dodging a piece of the ceiling as it fell.

The uncertainty about demolition has caused the cancellation of repairs. "We can't do anything when they're going to tear it down in six months," explained Robert Behrman, Faculty Manager of Athletics.

But no matter what the planners do, one thing is certain. One way or another, Lewisohn is coming down.

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A Tragic Irony

Student activists have cited the recent provost controversy as proof of the faculty's irresponsibility. In an election for an ombudsman to work with the administration, the faculty could not come up with a decisive winner. The choice of their own provost was then placed in the hands of their oft-professed enemy: the administration.

Ironically, an honors thesis on student-faculty relations revealed that many faculty members feel that the students' "irresponsibility," both academic and political, is one reason for the decline of the College.

Aside from their dislike of the administration, the politicians in both the faculty and student body agree on little. Mistrust is the rule, and both sides (and most will say that the lines have been drawn) have attempted to play their uneasy "allies" against the administration.

The hut controversy saw a faculty push for power at the student power advocates' expense. The huts were built, and students were suspended, but the faculty, unconcerned with student power, greedily pounced on Gallagher for an increased power base in the university. Gallagher, fearing an alliance between students and faculty, manipulated the situation with great skill. The effectiveness of the faculty's bid for power has been blunted by its political incompetence, its inability to achieve a solid front. The student power movement was destroyed by lack of faculty support. Gallagher differentiated between the irresponsibility of student power (and their "deplorable" tactics) and responsible faculty power. The faculty loved it. The student movement died, and now we see that the faculty is as incompetent in power politics as the students.

And everybody hates the administration, because Gallagher capitalizes on the absurdly chaotic state of affairs.

But we are talking about a handful of students and a minority of faculty, when we talk of activists. Certainly, the majority of students couldn't care less about student power. In the context of our society, a B.A. is a practical necessity for future employment, not the culmination of an education. Are we fighting the entire concept of higher education in America when we fight for a better, more democratic, more intellectually stimulating university?

Students will see the tragedy of the College when in future days they ask themselves what they learned in those four years of their lives. And America will realize the tragedy of higher education when it counts its job-tailored graduates, and searches in vain for its new intellectual community.

An OP Review

Promethean: Up Against the Wall

By S. J. Green

Has Promethean, carrier of the strong and powerful . . . died?

"We had needed a wheel. So said he'll walk in a circle.

But father decides he'll stand still and say he has completed a circle.

For many years we had needed a wheel. But father only stood still."

—Russell Edson.

Thus Promethean. Has Promethean, super literary magazine of the College, proud possessor of its own pages, courtier and carrier of the strong and powerful, died? Yes.

Oh, yes. An explanation.

It's hard, Charlie Kutcher. It's hard Paul Bresnick, Ross Feld, Scott Cohen. It's hard to say.

Let's take the poems one by one. First poem: Paul Bresnick's "Directions."

It's good; its sparseness, its message. "... Your life / and the life/ of anyone who interferes/ because of your foolishness/ cannot be replaced . . ." Bresnick feeds us values in an unmissable way. Its lack of imagery universalizes the poem, forces us to . . .

Let's not take the poems one by one. Instead let's read as the reader reads: open, waiting to be hit. Flip through the pages, linger here, there, now our heads when we understand, stop and read again when we don't; pull down the last page, feel the brown paper, ignore half the photographs.

"In the beginning God gave to every people a cup, a cup of clay and from this cup they drank their life . . . They all dipped in the water but their cups were different. Our cup has broken now. It is passed away."

—Digger Indian, California.

You may be right, Charlie Kutcher, printing these words in Promethean and following them with your poetry. "A Mythology for Peter" is worth it. Kutcher writes about the beating and the pain and hurts us. He wraps us in our thoughts, then uses our emotions as razors to cut through the words we like to use. "... Peter will write about Guevara . . ." and we will talk about our lives and feelings. And we will talk. And we will talk. And we will . . .

So Kutcher is an exception, perhaps, not for certain, but the spectre of Peter, writing appears too often and looms too large behind the glossy surface paper of this term's Promethean.

Scott Cohen writes nine passages of his poem, "In Response to Your Questions." His tenth pas-

sage starts: "... I've been talking for several minutes now / and haven't said anything important. / But you have felt that what I said had great significance. / Later you will discuss among yourselves just what it was I meant . . ."

No Scott, we won't. There isn't time. And because this Spring's Promethean people don't see that, Promethean has stopped breathing for now. It has traded in its birthright of here and now for the prospect of being Great Literature.

We need messages of pain and looks into one another. We need to strip each other bare, noting with our blood on souldpaper just what there is to see. It is no longer possible to introspect at 3 AM in our rooms. The times are teaching us encounter. And the room in which we dwell to ponder love loss and spiritual life are burning around us. Do you give us subtly veiled images and Freudian conceits, a walk in open fields, flower fragrances, the mysterious Mr. Baily and his magic machine? His machine has broken down, Scott, and our noses catch clearly the odor of people burning. Where are they, Promethean. Pick us their forms out of the singed air. Tell us where to be when the guns point at our doors.

There are 14 pages in this term's Promethean devoted to critiques: Ross Feld's piece on Gil Sorrentino's "The Perfect Fiction" and Donald Phelps' piece, "Nets and Neighbours." There are three pages of photographs by Danny Baumbach. And there are a lot of poems. And they all hide very well. The philosophical musings, moonlight questions, and butterfly images which characterize the largest number of the poems are out of place — disturbingly out of place. They lack life, because they lack guts. Because they're well-written and well-done and well-developed and they still say less than six or seven lines written by a pre-bac program student in Jim Brown's "Blacks on Black" or a four-line ode to Chicago by a small boy living in a South Side slum.

So, here are the poems, and they have people behind them who wake up in the morning and like themselves and are good people and the reviewer apologizes and Promethean apologizes and we all apologize for each other. Or else we think we're right and get indignant when someone hits us below the belt.

Sorry. But the poems have won and the writers lost and we're all losing and there's no time to apologize. Up against the wall, motherfuckers.

Thirty

Ready When You Are, C. B.

By Noe Goldwasser

Cut to the station: Mickey, holding forth on the piece of freedom he would like to find, mistakes a whisp of laryngitis for a zuzzah. Well.

"Are those guys listening?" "Well they all know he knows, so they agree. Real charisma that boy. Epotted him in Agadir. Didn't need a gun — dialectic, buddy. That's what / OK Gallagher, I know you're in there. / you need these days. Know what happens to those guys with the crew-cuts? Washed us."

—Shh, we're shooting inserts for the junkie movie.

—So, assert it with a simple needle.

The pages are stuck together. OK, so we write a thesis on "Was D. W. Griffith a fascist, or was he just faking everybody out?" And we analyze this one scene: A hospital guard in the civil war picking his nose. OK. First do the research. Drive down the west side with a camera and try to shoot people in their (imagine you are a monkey who has just found a bill-fold) cars. Right. Ultimate privacy. You know you're bound to catch ten of 'em exploring their olfactory cilia fibers. That's privacy, man. You know it if you've ever been caught red-handed. Nose-bleed, right. Or worse: OK so you do it and you get all the footnotes with the MLA stylesheet and everything put it through the moviola. Then you go down to the corner candy store, get an egg-cream for inspiration—

Well, forget all this, sue just got a terrific urge to go to Nathan's and we go, first pushing our way through the crowd — wrapt nose-pickers caught up in Mickey's rap — because he makes it so human. Right, so we push our way through all

these guys who had nothing to do and heard this kid talking about what they should have done in the thirties — and you know they're all over eighty anyway, so they probably have good excuses (like, "I was an old man then, what could I do?" which is also true — but its good, because Mickey's got em all wrapped up. He couldn't even stop 'em when they made the jump on Gallagher. (Right, Ken, go to the morgue and dig up my old obit. No . . . Steve, you do it. You're the only one knows where it is) (In the wallet: a parking ticket).

Anyway, we finally get to the soap-box and we pull Mickey down. Jeff is ready with the roach-holder. OK, Jimmy . . . hold his arms," (Marty pulls the car over, motor hot and ready). Where was I, oh yeah, the big scene: "Little Ellen, rub his back, big Ellen, you dance with me." Perfect. Mickey is crying because they got (fuck the ticket, they don't put monkeys in jail anyway.)

Gallagher. End of Scene One.

There must be something on the books we can get him for. How about a 347, "Masturbation with intent to subvert. Monday-Wednesday-Friday 8 AM to 11?"

Nope. Ex post facto on that — before the revolution. Can't waste the taxpayers money. Wait a minute. Check out if he's ever been seen near the sperm-banks.

—"Charlie, you're one helluva smart guy for a called fellak." Yeah, y went to night school. So I tell 'em that. They new are jewish they'd can me sure: "Whaddaya mean, ya can't get onna subway? Why't ya foreclose onna mortgage or some shit." What about the thesis? Some old guy with a hip beat me to it. He proved that the soldier was wearing a grey suit, so Griffith had the wrong politics.



Thirty

By Daniel Weisman

It's all over, college is finished. But somehow I feel incomplete. Four years, a BA degree and I'm a college graduate. What a crock of shit. College was a waste. 128½ credits and nothing.

I got into the College sort of through the back door — community college — and drifted through without much commitment. Incompetents gave their C+'s.

I joined the Campus, undergraduate newspaper of the College since 1907. I quit within a week. I joined OP.

Three years of copyrights and printer nights; miles of galleys, cuts, edits and typos later, I don't feel a thing about leaving. It's like it never happened.

What the hell are we doing? We put out 20 issues a term, put in 40 hours a week on this rag and it was always the same three people at the printers. We hide from each other behind endless whist hands, joints, and snack bar french fries. There hasn't been an OParty in over two years.

I wasn't a very good editor. I'm not a journalist. I can't spell and I have poor news sense.

I put out two good issues, bought business cards, changed one style rule and made up a five-column letters-to-the-editor-of-OP steth. That was the extent of my administration. I got arrested.

Everyone joined the paper for his own bag. Like, we were all there but there was nothing between us. I joined because I wanted an experience more meaningful than classes.

I lost perspective; I got sucked in. There was a vacuum when three managing board members quit. I moved up. I was elected editor (I ran unopposed). My index dropped; my eyes went bad.

Sometimes it felt like we were on a merry-go-round or in a room with no doors. Like, we had so much to say. But you look around and it's the same everywhere: the huts, Dow, Columbia, the Sorbonne, Berkeley, Prague, the war. Everything has a meaning, but they just don't see that.

Dow makes napalm because we allow it. This war can exist because we want it. Students can be beaten and arrested here, Columbia, Berkeley, or at any American campus because society condones it. Everything is related and it all has a meaning.

There is a system that allows these things to happen. It is the system that allows this war to continue, allows Americans to inundate entire jungle villages with burning chemicals that stick to hair, skin, eyes. It is this system that gives us a Gene McCarthy. He may end this war, but American politics is either unwilling or incapable of dealing with the fundamental causes of Vietnam's and Poverty — the system. By the way, look up McCarthy's voting record.

A revolution is needed in this country. This is a have-country and so many have-not. Even if the material was available to end poverty, this country would not end poverty because this country is not ready to end poverty. In Detroit (and elsewhere) housewives take target practice to prepare for this summer's riots.

A revolution is needed in this country.

It will take a revolution because people are not ready to give up part of their wealth so that others may live with dignity. For too many, the American Way is an unfulfilled American Dream.

American politics is not capable of addressing itself to the real problems of American life because democracy is not a reality until every citizen has achieved economic freedom.

Revolution is change. I don't honestly see how change can come in this country through the structured channels of change. It took the murder of a Dr. King to get an impotent open housing bill.

Indicative of the sickness of this society was Johnson's statement that the looting and rioting was equal in magnitude to the murder of Dr. King. Daley wants to shoot looters. We place a higher value on private property than on human life.

A revolution is needed in this country. A revolution is the only way we can purge ourselves of the elements that make this society sick. The values of this society stink, and it's the values that determine the direction of the society.

In the university, the bastion of the free exchange of ideas, structured channels for change are closed. How can a university teach peaceful change when it makes anything short of violence impotent?

It was the trustees and the administration that called the cops at Columbia, not the faculty. The trustees and administration represent the business, not educational, interests. Columbia is the largest slumlord in Harlem and is involved in business far removed from 116th St. and Amsterdam Ave. It has a stake in the status quo.

The university, according to Dr. Gallagher, is a

Columbia Conflict:

It Can't Happen Here - Or Can It?

By JOSH MILLS

Less than a mile separates the two white ghettos on Harlem's perimeter. But Columbia University and City College share more problems than their proximity to black neighborhoods. The city's two largest universities are both governed by small groups of men whose interest in education is at best a part-time affair — Columbia's board of trustees and CUNY's Board of Higher Education.

Both campuses are dominated by whites; both are caught between demands of their neighbors and their educational priorities. Both have money problems: the College doesn't have enough to spend on anything, and Columbia has trouble finding places to spend its funds.

Most foreboding is that both schools have resorted to police action this school year to resolve conflicts with their students.

But this is not to say that City and Columbia are identical: one is a public institution, responsible to the city, the other a private institution accountable to no one. And it would be hard to find a greater contrast between two schools' presidents.

Buell Gordon Gallagher is perhaps the most accessible of all college presidents. He meets with any student or faculty member at their request, at all hours,

and makes himself available to both student and professional press at all times. He is an ordained minister, a dedicated and lifelong supporter of civil rights. He is not a rich man.

Grayson Kirk, until the recent crisis, had rarely been seen by most Columbia students. During the confrontation, he was unavailable to any reporters — except a sympathetic editor on the Times — for but one press conference. A corporate director of several large firms, including IBM, he is wealthy, arrogant, and has a long record of refusing to meet with student and community groups.

The public-private contrast and the two presidents go a long way toward explaining why the bloodshed at Columbia has been avoided at the College thus far. Every demonstration here is

entrance "For local residents only" — are plans to take over other parcels in central Harlem.

It's easier and more justified to despise Columbia: for its contract with the Institute for Defense Analysis, for its board of trustees that includes the publisher of the Times, the president of CBS, the district attorney, the head of AT&T, and directors of all the large insurance firms, Lockheed Aircraft and IBM.

Columbia has ignored its community responsibilities, its students, its faculty.

But the College and Dr. Gallagher don't have clean hands, and now is the time to look at them, before the blood flows on St. Nicholas Terrace.

The president has been all too willing to engage in the rhetoric of authority. In Tuesday's "Campus," Gallagher endorsed the use of police when students "act illegally."

But what happened at Columbia — and here during the sit-ins over the draft and Dow recruiting — was that no one listened to student protestors until they acted illegally. The record at Columbia is clear: Kirk would not recognize SDS as a group to negotiate with. As late as Wednesday, the board of trustees refused to meet with the strike coordinating committee.

When students here asked for a referendum on class ranking for the draft, they were refused until they staged a sit-in in the Administration Building. And has the Board of Higher Education ever met with student protestors?

Not until the sit-in in Steinman tried to halt Dow recruiting was there a referendum on recruiting, and it was drawn up so as to exclude the protestors' choice of selective recruiting. In these cases, students were justified in aggressive action to force the administration to acknowledge them.

Unless Dr. Gallagher is willing to incorporate police into the College's administration, a new flexibility must be reached. He must not wait for sit-ins to open negotiations. The College was fortunate last term: twice it used police — for Dow and the huts — with no violence. But police have been running amuck lately, beyond the control of their own officers and city officials.

When Kirk brought in police, he undercut his own authority forever. He lost the campus when he denied there had been police brutality. A police riot could end the administration's power here as well.

It is not enough for Dr. Gallagher to be accessible.

The College must lay out these immediate goals force — feeding more ghetto residents into the student body and faculty, at any cost, to make the college relevant to its environment; student representation and a faculty vote on the Board of Higher Education; more sweeping student-faculty powers in determining college policy, and the clear understanding that police have no place on campus.

Amid the bloodshed at Columbia
(Continued on Page 7)



microcosm of society. The university represents what is going on in society. The university is unwilling to accept change unless it is preceded by violence. What can we expect of society?

Several people almost made up for the mediocrity of this school. Joan Gadel (History) gave me more attention than I ever deserved. Lenny Kriegel gave me only a B in Eng. 4 and wrote me a scandalous recommendation for graduate school, but his defense of me before the discipline committee was masterful.

My ten-year-old sister wants to go to this school. I won't discourage her. We started something here. Students and faculty are participating in decision-making; they are awakening to the revelation that Buell Gallagher and the administration have different interests than ours. And we have to look out for our interests.

Maybe the College will be able to offer my sister more than it gave me.

History...

The History Students Caucus has prepared a questionnaire for students to evaluate history courses. A report on the results of the questionnaire will be written this summer and distributed at fall registration. Students may pick up the forms in the OP office, Room 336 Finley, and should return them to the History Caucus mailbox in Room 152 Finley.

tinged with pathos: protestors acknowledge that Gallagher is caught among a snarl of political hacks in the State Legislature, city government and the BHE.

In many student campaigns — free tuition, expanding the SEEK program, greater community participation in campus life — Gallagher has fought on the student side. And the feeling is often there: oh, so much would Buell do if only he had the money to run the college properly.

Buell Gallagher is incapable of Kirk's statement — in a memo liberated from his files — that the university wanted no public housing between 110th and 125th Streets because local residents make a lot of noise and are not good neighbors for the faculty.

Buell Gallagher is incapable of the wheezing and dealing with corporate executives that is a way of life at Columbia. He does not yearn for the College to own an all-white Harlem.

On the other hand, Kirk does have such dreams for Columbia. Under his administration, tenants on Morris Heights were evicted to make way for offices and faculty housing. Aside from his new gym — with its separate

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Columbia ...

(Continued from Page 5)

bia was something very beautiful. As the protestors were dragged and staggered from the five occupied buildings, many bleeding heavily from head wounds, some with broken ribs, they all walked with heads high, arms raised in the "V for Victory" sign.

"Venceremos," they shouted to police and bystanders. They were right; they will win. Columbia

will have to change for the better. And the revolutionary elan that was born amid Kirk's inflexibility and police brutality will never die. It will spread from campus to campus.

Administrators must turn now to militant and forceful creativity. Good nature and good intentions aren't enough at a time when university life is rapidly losing all relevance to the society around it.

Mills, a former editor-in-chief of *Observation Post*, covered the Columbia confrontation for the *Associated Press*.

Sand ...

(Continued from Page 8)

gambol in, let alone our athletes to compete on."

Sand, who received the Mark Asa Abbott Memorial Award as "the alumnus who has elevated the program of the alumni varsity association," also condemned Lewisohn Stadium "as a rock-pile."

Dr. Gallagher had left after making the opening remarks in which he announced expansion of the women's athletic program but mentioned facilities only when commenting on the removal of dirt from Jasper Oval.

In praising the accomplishment of Beaver athletes throughout the

years, Sand also urged the future "Ph.D. candidates" and others to come more active in the fight for better facilities.

"You learned the leadership on the playing field," he said, "and now you should move ahead with us to get the proper facilities so that the City College student-athlete can take his rightful place in our society." —Gurock

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Resurrection ...

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Sand Denounces Athletic Facilities; Claims New Gym Will Be Obsolete

A former varsity basketball coach at the College lashed out last night at its current and future athletic facilities.

Speaking before more than 500 athletes, coaches and alumni at the annual All-Sports Night Dinner at the Hotel Roosevelt, Bobby Sand, assistant coach to Nat Holman during the early Fifties and now a physical education instructor here, described the current facilities as "the worst in New York" and as the reason why the College isn't ranked at the national level.

He was given a four minute standing ovation after his impromptu speech.

"Despite the fact that President Gallagher said earlier tonight that forty thousand cubic feet of dirt was removed from Jasper Oval," Sand said, "the



Bobby Sand
Sports Facilities "The Worst"

truth is that the new gymnasium [in the Science and Physical Edu-

cation Building] will be obsolete in 1970, before we even move into it. The gym will seat 3,500 students, although we will have a student body of over 16,000, all of whom are entitled to seats for basketball games. They've paid their three-dollar athletic fee."

In regard to future outdoor facilities, Sand was even harsher. "There will be no outdoor facilities of any kind. The only outdoor facility will be the so-called Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing strip on top of the gymnasium which will be 240 by 180 feet, surrounded by flower boxes three feet high. And that isn't even big enough for the flower people to

(Continued on Page 7)

Feit Grabs Individual Rifle Crown; Named Best College Shot in Nation

Late in the afternoon of March 16, the rifle team had finished shooting in the sectionals. Oddly enough, Alan Feit was far from jubilant over his score. At the end of the competition he was leaning against a wall in the Lewisohn range holding the trophy for the highest individual score in the sectionals and discussing his and the rest of the squad's collapse in the team competition.

On April 24, the 20-year-old senior was notified by telegram that the score he had shot in Lewisohn Stadium on March 16, a 295 out of a possible score of 300, had given him the highest score in the country. Alan Feit is the 1968 National Intercollegiate Conventional Individual Rifle Champion.

There will probably be a few other scores of 295 around the country, but Feit will receive the



Alan Feit
Crack Shot

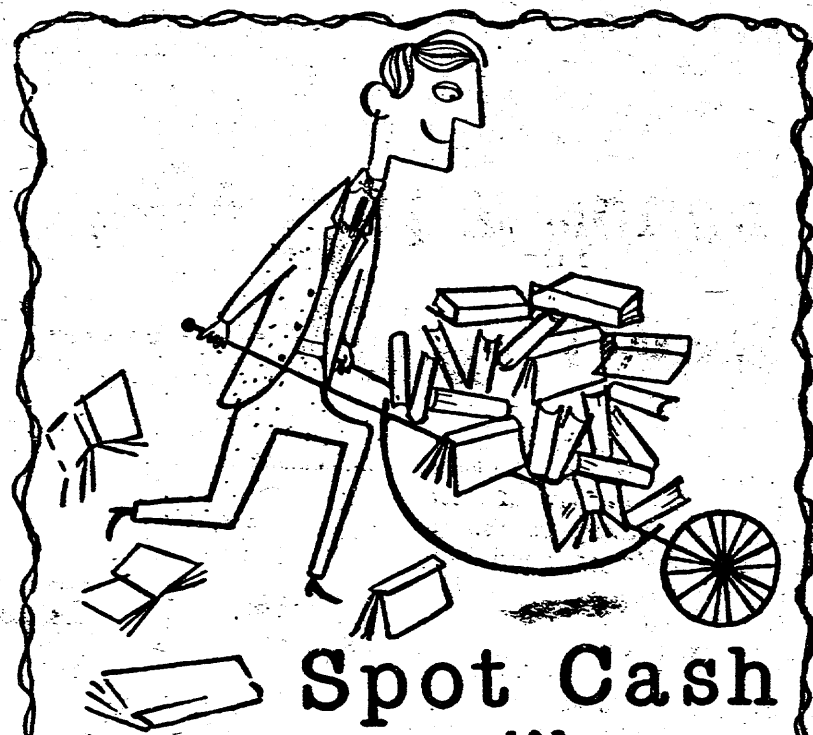
gold medal and the framed picture of the Redfield Trophy for first place on the basis of his bullet holes being closer to the center of the targets.

The individual competition is held in the morning, before the separate shooting for the team scores which are held in the afternoon. This year the sectionals for the conventional targets was held in Lewisohn Range against powerful Army. There are about 16 sec-

tionals in the country, from which all the targets are sent to the National Rifle Association (NRA) in Washington, D.C., which sponsors the tournament. The NRA then tabulates all the scores together in one list and awards medals to the top individual and team finishers.

Feit is the College's only nim-

rod in recent years to take first place in the nationals. He is also believed to be the only one to accomplish the feat in the long and illustrious history of Beaver riflery. The most recent comparable achievement by a Beaver athlete is probably Albert Axelrod's gold medal in fencing in 1948.



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Noah's Ark

The Long Season

By Noah David Gurock

It seems like it was ages ago, but actually it was only April 11, when Sam Rosenblum tried to placate a saddened lockerroom by telling his teammates: "Now let's just go out there and win all our league games."

It would be nice to say that the Beavers rebounded from the loss to Columbia that day by winning every one of their remaining baseball games, but they didn't. This is not to say that the team was disheartened by the second place finish in the Metropolitan Conference. On the contrary, when a local partisan laughed at the Beavers' mediocre 9-6 overall record as compared to the mark which St. Francis, the Beavers' opposition last Wednesday, had compiled up to that point, it was easy to say "but they play against a lot of patsies. We played Army, New York University and Columbia."

The unknown kibbiter disappeared somewhere in the middle of the Beavers' 10-0 shellacking of the host Terriers, at the Brooklyn Parade Grounds, but it didn't matter. There was pride in the way the Beavers ended their season.

Even as late as the top of the ninth inning the Beavers resisted the urge to goof off with a ten-run lead and a pitcher who looked as fast on the mound as the New York Mets' Nolan Ryan had looked at Shea Stadium the night before.

And so, when Rosenblum, the team's one-man cheering and coaching section, got himself caught off third base after a short pop-up to the right fielder, he also caught a short tongue-lashing from his coach.

"You know we've worked on that play all season," Sol Mishkin said. "If he drops the ball you walk home."

Sam walked to the bench and said: "It sure ended on a sour note. Getting picked off the bases like that."

But it wasn't really all that sour. Mishkin, the quiet man, whose growling is sometimes directed at his players, but never at the opposition or the umpires, broke tradition in the ninth after a strike from Charlie Kolenik, the catcher, to Ray Weronick, the second baseman, had cut down a St. Francis runner trying to convert a walk into a stolen base.

"If you played like you talk, you'd do better than that," Mishkin couldn't resist the urge to shout, after remembering that the Terrier had needed Sebor "can't you throw straight" after being walked.

Sebor threw so straight Wednesday that he fanned nine Terriers and walked only two, and, as another kibbiter pointed out earlier in the contest, "you know something, you got a pretty good pitcher there."

That "pretty good" pitcher was bordering on great as Sebor seemed to throwing harder as the game went on. Even when he lost his potential no-hitter in the fifth inning, he didn't lose his cool, except when he put some extra steam on his fastball.

And even Rosenblum, who is prone to losing his cool in the middle of a game when the excitement overcomes him, kept calm as the Beavers proved by their actions that they want to be a University Division ball club in the Met Conference, not a College Division team in the Knickerbocker league, like St. Francis.

But most important of all, the Beavers did what they did when they beat Queens by one run, Fordham by one run and Wagner by one run — they won when they had to. The Met Conference trophy would have been nice, but both coach Mishkin, and would-be coach Rosenblum had to admit that what they had accomplished this spring was an achievement, not a great achievement which will go down in the College's record books, or even a semi-great achievement which will take them to the college World Series, but merely an achievement. And one of which they can justifiably proud.

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