

ere's  
Smoke  
MEN

READ SUMNER  
INTERVIEW  
ON PAGE THREE

# The Campus

## The College of the City of New York The City College

BASEBALL TEAM  
AT PRINCETON  
TOMORROW

Vol. 50, No. 13

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 18, 1962

PRICE FIVE CENTS

### MILE RELAY TEAM EXPECTED TO PLACE AT RACE IN PHILA.

Speiser, Lazarus, Stein and  
Silverman All Excellent  
Quarter Milers

### SPRINT TEAM TO RUN; IS NOT YET SELECTED

Lazarus, Leightman, Fanassy,  
Schwartz Superior to Other  
Century Men

The fastest mile relay in the history of Lavender track is now being formed by Coach Lionel B. MacKenzie. With the Penn Relays only eleven days off and the men showing unusual pre-season speed there is every reason to expect a College victory in the relay.

The College has never succeeded in annexing a first place in the relays, although it has frequently finished second or third. Last year a phenomenal 49 quarter by George Bullwinkle enabled the College to finish third, after being "hopelessly in the rear for most of the race."

#### Four Are Stars

While the College boasts of no individual star of Bullwinkle's calibre, it possesses four excellent quarter milers who rate practically on a par. Mel Speiser, Metropolitan A. A. 600 meter novice champion; Dave Lazarus, football star and a sensation of last year's frosh track team; Marvin Stern, the winner of numerous races in the metropolitan area and a holder of the College two-mile record; and Morty Silverman, a 53 second quarter miler, comprise Coach McKenzie's relay hopes.

Lazarus, Speiser, and Stern are of the same ability, while Silverman holds a slight edge over the rest. The men have been hindered by the inclement weather of the past few weeks, but have nevertheless turned out some sparkling times in their trial heats.

#### Sprint Quartet to be Entered

Besides the mile relay, a sprint quartet will also be entered. There are many sprinters on the squad and no definite selection has yet been made. The outstanding century men are Dave Lazarus, a 10 1-5 man; Al Leightman, who has done similar times; Lois Tanassy, a sophomore with a powerful drive and Joe Schwartz, a veteran sprinter, unusually strong this year.

Opponents of the Lavender in the mile relay at the Penn carnival probably will be the Manhattan College, the Detroit City College, and the Temple University quartets.

#### Candidates for the Campus Staff Will Meet Today for Interviews

All candidates for the staff of The Campus will be interviewed today at 1:00 p. m. in The Campus office. Final appointments, which will be announced in a subsequent issue of The Campus, are to be based in part on the results of this interview.

#### Campus Staffs to Meet Today

The editorial and business boards of The Campus will convene today at 8 p. m. in room 411. The attendance of the entire staff is absolutely mandatory, according to an announcement by the managing editor.

#### Inter-Fraternity Council Dance To Present Recording Orchestra

The Inter-Fraternity Council will hold its first dance in four years on May 20 in the gym, it was announced yesterday by Arthur Scholder '33, president. The attendance will be limited to members of the College fraternities.

"This event," Scholder declared, "is a sign of the rebirth of the I.F.C. as a functioning organization in the social and extra-curricular life of the College." Entertainment and a radio recording orchestra will be added as features. Tickets to the dance will be sold in blocs to fraternities by Richard Rice, of Zeta Beta Tau, and by Scholder, who is a member of Omega Pi Alpha.

### DEUTSCHER VEREIN PRESENTS URFAUST

Goethe's Great Drama Evokes  
Praise of Audience Saturday Evening

The first New York presentation of Goethe's "Urfaust," a production of the Deutscher Verein, took place on Saturday evening in the Pauline S. Edwards auditorium of the School of Business. Preceded by an address by Professor Edwin Carl Roedder, explaining the historical background of the drama, the play evoked the applause of a large audience, as much through the acting of the principals as through its own intensive excellence.

The three leading parts, Faust, Mephisto, and Gretchen were taken by Herbert Schueler '34, Bernard S. Brown '33, and Miss Amelia Shapiro, respectively. Dr. Samuel Sumburg, of the German department, personally directed the actors. Through the co-operation of the Dramatic Society, the scenery and costumes were constructed by Jack Stern '33, and supervised by the society.

Tickets, which sold at one dollar, fifty, and twenty-five cents, were almost sold out and the audience comfortably filled both orchestra and balcony.

### Frontiers, Out Today, Features Report Of College Delegation to Kentucky

By Leon Zitver

Featuring the report of the College delegation to Harlan County, Frontiers, organ of the Social Problems club, will make its initial appearance of the semester today. And what an appearance! With a makeup which would cause any journalist to roll over on the floor and moan, the magazine, from a typographical and technical viewpoint, is an eyesore. This is the first reaction. And the feeling is confirmed by a cursory glance at the contents. It is still further confirmed by a thorough reading of the magazine.

It is propaganda. But it is not good propaganda. A piece of propaganda may be a masterpiece of literature. In fact, being propaganda gives it a reason to exist, and thus enhances its value as work of art. But a poor sample of such art, especially one which appeals melodramatically to the emotions, instead of logically to cold reason, is absolutely terrible. And that's how I would characterize Frontiers.

It has, of course, its good points. An article by Scott Nearing comes,

### LAVENDER JAYVEES OVERCOME TEXTILE IN LAST INNING, 1-0

"Swede" Larsen Holds P.S.A.L.  
Champions to One Hit in  
Five Frames

### INSLER AGAIN DRIVES HOME DECIDING TALLY

Gainen Stars in Field as  
Lavender Wins Third  
Straight

Excellent pitching by Carl "Swede" Larsen enabled the undefeated junior varsity baseball team to shut out the Textile High nine 1-0 in a five inning pitching duel Saturday morning in the Lewisohn Stadium. Larsen limited the P.S.A.L. champions to one hit and received some excellent support to win the third straight game for the Lavender.

Irv Inslar, flashy second baseman, duplicated his feat of last week, when he drove in the winning run in the last inning. After Gainen and Davidson had been retired easily in the fifth, Frank Litsky doubled along the first base line for the second Lavender hit of the game. Inslar, finding himself in a similar position to that of last week against Evander, did exactly the same thing—singled sharply to center. The throw home was poor and Litsky scored.

#### Textile Run Discounted

Textile pushed over a run in the first half of the sixth, but since by previous agreement the game was to last only until noon and it was then past twelve o'clock the inning did not count and the score reverted to the end of the fifth.

Apart from Larsen's sterling pitching, and Inslar's timely hit, the feature of the contest was the scintillating fielding of Harry Gainen, diminutive Lavender shortstop. In the first frame he ran into deep center to pull down a line drive and make a double play, thereby getting Larsen out of a difficult situation.

(Continued on Page 4)

### Abolition of City Colleges Advocated By Prominent Realtor in Interview

Stewart Browne, president of the United Real Estate Owners' Association, leaned forward in his chair, Saturday afternoon, and shouted that "free institutions of higher education—seven free preparatory schools—will be the ruin of our country!"

In an exclusive interview with The Campus, the aged lobbyist, who last week introduced before the Board of Estimate and Apportionment a resolution asking for the abolition of the city colleges, declared that there is no reason why "New York should give every Tom, Dick, and Harry a diploma." A slave class, he asserted, is necessary for "doing the dirty work—cutting pigs' necks and the like"

and, through its free schools, the city is educating the lower classes and making them "too good to work."

With education for those who deserve it, he said, he has no quarrel. But "education for morons can only lead to the collapse of our systems and to revolution."

#### Students Should Work

"City College," he asserted, "has graduated some very fine men into the world. These men, however, would have been even finer, if they had been forced to work their way through school."

When reminded that educators assert that working and going to classes

(Continued on Page 4)

### VARSITY LACROSSE PREPARES FOR N.Y.U.

Lavender Expected to Make  
Fine Showing Against  
Violet Team

Thoroughly recovered from the effects of its gruelling encounter with Johns Hopkins a week ago, the College lacrosse team is completing its preparations for the game with N. Y. U. which is to be played Thursday afternoon at the Stadium.

The Lavender twelve will meet far more prominent teams than N. Y. U. in the course of its season, but around no other game is there expected to center so much interest. In the two years that the College has had a recognized lacrosse team not once has it been represented by one that managed to defeat the Violet.

But this year under the excellent tutelage of Coach Leon Miller the Lavender twelve promises not only to give the Violets a keen struggle for the first time in the short but intensive history of their rivalry, but even shapes up as almost a certain winner. The St. Nick team has participated in two games up to now, defeating handily the strong Western Maryland outfit and bowing to the perennially great Johns Hopkins aggregation.

#### In Fine Condition

In these two engagements the Lavender has shown that it has overcome lack of condition, the greatest weakness of all previous St. Nick twelves since the reawakening of interest in the Indian sport at the College a few years ago.

"Chief" Miller has his men out in the Stadium every evening for at least two hours which he manages to cram full of action of the type that builds up the wind and the muscles. For the past week, aided by the calling off of the scheduled game with Long Island University because of that institution's inability to support a team, the Lavender twelve has been going thru thorough stick-handling drills which are expected to lend deception to its offensive. Wednesday the team will go through its last heavy workout in preparation for the game with N. Y. U.

#### Heinroth to Feature Polish Music

Chopin, Uljinski, and Paderewski are included in the list of composers from whose works Professor Charles Heinroth will draw selections for his Great Hall organ recital of Polish music to be held Wednesday evening, April 20, at 8 p. m.

### FORUM TO PREPARE LETTER TO PRESS

Action Caused by Trustees Ignoring Application to Publish Magazine

The Student Forum moved Saturday to take action in its efforts to obtain trustee permission to publish a magazine. At a meeting of the Executive Committee held that afternoon, it was decided to prepare a letter for the metropolitan press, explaining the entire situation.

The Forum, according to Winston Dancis '32, ex-president of the club, submitted its application to the Board of Higher Education in May 1931. At the end of the month, a reply was received stating that a sub-committee of three had been formed to investigate the matter. The committee, consisting of Mark Eisner, John G. Dyer and Maxwell M. Marcuse, is still functioning.

Dancis wrote to the committee explaining the purpose of the publication and the nature of its prospective contents, and volunteered to cooperate in the investigation. However, no answer was received. In October 1931, he sent out another letter with the same result.

This semester, a committee consisting of Leon Zitver '34 and Louis Horowitz '34 was appointed to deal with the trustees. Letters were sent to Messrs. Eisner and Dyer. Eisner's secretary answered stating that Mr. Eisner was out of town and would give the matter his prompt attention when he returned. "No answer has

(Continued on Page 4)

### C.D.A. Selects Cast For Italian Comedy

With the final selection of the cast completed, rehearsals for "L'Oro e L'Orpello," the Italian play to be produced by the Circolo Dante Alighieri, are now progressing rapidly.

The two feminine roles are played by Miss Mary Massar, of the evening session, and Miss Enes Barboglia of Hunter College. The other players are Nicholas Mirabito '34, Peter M. Gallucci '34, Caesar Cassano '33, Arthur Steig '33, and Salvatore Morabito '34.

A comedy in two acts, the production is being directed by Professor Alfonso Arbib-Costa of the Romance Languages department and will be presented together with a dance at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University on May 13.

### PARKERMEN DEFEAT RUTGERS NINE, 4-3; RAUSCHKOLB STARS

College Hurler Pitches Well  
Allowing Six Hits and No  
Earned Runs

### MORTY GOLDMAN SCORES WINNING TALLY ON BALK

Lavender to Meet Princeton  
Nine in Contest at Princeton  
Tomorrow

Behind some fine pitching by Jerry Rauschkolb, who didn't allow a single earned run, the Lavender nine played timely ball and made use of all of its opportunities to beat a strong Rutgers contingent, 4-3, at the Stadium Saturday.

The six hits that Rauschkolb permitted were scattered over the first eight innings. Two of the four errors compiled by his team mates, combined with a hit, a passed ball, a sacrifice, and a walk, put two unearned runs over for the Scarlet in the fifth inning.

Entering the sixth inning with the score tied at 3-all, the St. Nicks pushed across the winning run when Goldman beat out an infield hit, stole second, went to third on Kaplowitz's infield out, and scored on a balk by Janin, Scarlet hurler.

#### Five Hits for Lavender

Only five hits were garnered by the Lavender, but four of them were bunched in the third, and, together with a walk and an error, were sufficient to push three runs across the plate.

Rauschkolb started the rally with a walk and went to second when Oglio bunted safely. Friedman Rauschkolb. Oglio went to third and Friedman took second on the throw home. Oglio was out at the plate when Gladstone hit to short, Friedman going to third and Gladstone to second. Goldman lined out to first and, with a sure double play ahead of him, Burke, Scarlet second baseman missed the throw, enabling both Friedman and Gladstone to score. Levy and Kaplowitz singled in succession, but Solomon, running for the latter, was put out stealing second.

#### Scarlet Scores in Fourth

A hit by Dunlop, who then stole second, an error by Kaplowitz, and a single by Baker gave Rutgers its first run in the fourth inning. The Scarlet's two previous hits, a single by Hirschhorn in the first and a double by Herrna in the second, went for naught as Rauschkolb bore down. In the fifth inning, however, a let-down by the College allowed the Jerseyites to tie the score by tallying two runs on one hit.

Janin was safe at first on Levy's error, and went to second on a passed ball. Hirschhorn sacrificed Janin to third, and the latter scored an instant later on Burke's Texas leaguer. Dunlop walked but was forced by Horton, Burke going to third, from which

(Continued on Page 4)

#### Holiday Absences to be Excused

Absences incurred Thursday and Friday, April 21 and 22, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 27 and 28, will be excused, according to an announcement made by the recorder's office.

girls toy with their  
olders—let them park  
es with their powder  
s the time for you  
REAL MAN'S smoke.

And what can that  
be but a PIPE!

There's something  
about a time-proven,  
companionable pipe  
that does satisfy a  
man's smoking in-  
stincts. You become  
attached to it—like  
the way it clears  
your head, stirs your  
a keen edge on your

w the heights of true  
ction when you keep  
with Edgeworth. It's  
l of choice, selected  
e mellow flavor and



The smoke you can  
call your own

Or, if you wish to try  
send for special free  
Larus & Bro. Co., 105  
mond, Va.

WORTH  
G TOBACCO

end of fine old burley,  
avor enhanced by Edge-



EDGEWORTH  
EXTRA  
HIGH GRADE  
READY RUBBED  
TOBACCO  
EXTRA  
HIGH GRADE  
PURE SLICE

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Begins

27, 1932

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# The Campus

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## EXECUTIVE BOARD

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## THE COLLEGE BOY AND POLITICS

EVER since the recent publication of an editorial in the Yale Daily News, the subject of the college boy and his relation to politics has received a good deal of journalistic attention. The argument waxes with fervor and not a little furor.

On the one side it is asserted that college boys, grounded in a classical traditionalism and lost in a dream world of pleasant reveries and knowledge for knowledge's sake, must not be contaminated by any sort of connection with sorry, sordid, graft-ridden politics. Such stuff is not for college boys. Theirs must be a finer and nobler station in life. We are very perverse, and whenever we hear this argument we immediately think of the noble stations of some of our friends—college graduates. Some are in the shoe business, some are in the lace business—ennobling stations—and very many of them have healthy, open-air, steady jobs on long, winding lines in the streets. As for ourselves, we would go in for a bit of intellectual debasement and take a job in the legislature if the bread lines were too crowded, and one couldn't have the comfort he is accustomed to.

And, now, the other side of the argument. Why, the college boys have it in them to reform politics. They have undergone a strict intellectual discipline. Their minds are clear, their outlooks fresh. The reforming fires of youth burn brightly. The college boys can apply their knowledge of the past to the betterment of the present. To this argument we reply with a loud, distinct, and emphatic "nerfs."

We said "nerfs." Dear reader, believe us, it isn't of the slightest importance whether college boys go into politics or not. And if they do, not all their intellectual discipline—which few of them have anyway—would do the slightest bit of good. It might be a positive hindrance. For, as everybody knows, politics is swayed by business, controlled by business, and is synonymous with business. Our political system, and undoubtedly all others, is based on privilege, patronage, and graft. To attempt to improve the system by throwing out a few politicians is like putting court plasters on advanced stages of cancer.

The political systems in the world, as Lincoln Steffens showed in his Autobiography after an exhaustive study of city, state, and national government throughout the world, are rotten and putting up any hypocritical front of righteous indignation. Then, at least, we'll have honest thievery, which is superior to hypocritical graft.

So, fellow students, enter politics and become a grafter. But please admit it. We'll like you better rotting because business must control politics and, consequently, the politicians. And the worst thing about it, as that great and conceited journalist, Mr. Steffens, goes on to show, is that politicians usually do not know, until they are told, that they are grafters. So, he says, politicians would do themselves, if not the people, the best service do themselves, if not the people, the best service possible by realizing what they are doing and not

BESIDES two arms, two legs, two eyes, and two lungs, each member of the Student Council has two types of resolutions: those which he will introduce in public, and those which, for some reason or other known only to himself and to his colleagues, cannot be discussed except in the privacy of executive session. With increasing frequency, of late, it is resolutions of the latter type which are of importance. Indeed, so true is this that it might be said without exaggeration that no sooner is a motion of significance to the students of the College introduced, than President Warshauer clears the meeting room of all spectators and proceeds to go into a huddle with the Council.

The possibility has, apparently, never occurred to him that a matter of such importance that it could be mulled over by the Council only behind closed doors is just the type of proposal upon which should be cast the full light of publicity. It has never occurred to him, too, that if the students of the College will prevent the passage of a resolution upon discovering its existence, then, according to the most elementary of democratic doctrines, there is no justification for anything but the motion's rejection.

As conditions are at present, Council meetings

## Gargoyles

### LINES FOR BETH

You're like a soft-stringed breeze wafted by brown boughs

In a deep-dark forest dell

Where the stately stag silent-treaded goes

In paths we knew so well.

You're like the trickling babble of the crystal-clear brook

Neath the green-shaded canopy

By the moss-covered cove, the flower-scented nook,

Where we whispered so tenderly.

You're like the cheery trilled notes of a bird's even-song.

In the purple twilight's last breath,

Echoing eternal challenge, that we had heard so long,

To the tragic finality of death.

OH, YEAH?

Albert Jay Nock, in his latest tome, "The Theory of Education in the United States," states that it is impossible to get a colleger at Columbia College or any other institution with which he is acquainted.

In other words, he Nocks our coliffiches!

### NIFTY

Not so very long ago, Etch Steinberg was the principal speaker at a Frosh chapel. The handsome, blushing Merk editor proceeded to tell the yearlings that the City College humorag was the second oldest mag of its kind.

Someone in the rear nifted very audibly, "Sure, and it has the oldest jokes."

### OH, PROFESSOR!

It really happened, according to Joe Friedberg, in the Law Philosophy class. A student asked Prof. Cohen, "If a house to house canvasser asks a housewife whether she would like to have an electric refrigerator and she says that she would, is a contract established?"

"You mean," retorted the professor, "that the salesman asks, 'Lady, would you rather have an electric refrigerator in your home, or an iceman?'"

### OBSERVATION

Hendrik Van Loon, the noted historian, writing in the Nation not so long ago, stated that no professional philosopher of the last 20 years has succeeded in interpreting the American soul.

"Yes," he continued, "there is a man here in N. Y. by the name of Cohen, and once in a while I get a glimpse of what he means."

### FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

This story concerns Professors Otis and Guthrie. They once went to see a performance of "Darling of the Gods." The fellow at the box office had promised them seats, but when they entered they discovered that there was scarcely any standing room in the theatre, let alone seats.

They returned to the box office and demanded their money back, but the fellow refused to refund it. "You know what you are," retorted Prof. Otis.

The man snapped back, "Yes, you're one, too!"

Seeing that their arguments were of no avail the profs went outside and bought two large bags of peanuts. They then went in again and proceeded to the top balcony. During the intermission period Otis and Guthrie each spotted a group of bald pates in the audience. Then, when the lights were doused for the very dark stage scenes demanded by the play's script, they both started throwing peanuts, aiming their missiles in the direction of the bald-headed ones.

Pretty soon the place was in an uproar. The peanuts seemed to be fired from all directions. In the darkness the profs couldn't be discovered, but their mischief was annoying the patrons. A squad of police was summoned to seek out the culprits but failed, although they sought high and low. The profs had their revenge on the management.

Of course, that was about 25 years ago when men were men and Professors Guthrie and Otis were just boys.

Barney Friedman

might just as well be held in hotel rooms over bottles of White Rock and horrible pinocle hands as in room 306. The College would be no less wise as to what is being done and the Council would be ever so much more comfortable while doing it. And, if an outsider persisted in demanding his right to attend the meeting, instead of threatening to throw him out, Mr. Warshauer could call up the hotel desk and say:

"Send up the house detective. Quick. There's a man in my room!"

## THE ALCOVE

Well does Arnold Bennett advise the novice in literary adventure to abstain from modern works, forming first a sound taste for the classics. But he might go further, and even counsel against the classics, against reading them simply for pleasure until that taste is quite unassailable. In one of his papers Lafcadio Hearn sets twenty-five as the age before an intelligent person can truly read, and that dependent upon whether he has eschewed all along anything which promised mere delight in its perusal. Thus to learn how to read, and how to read good books, taking as our criterion for a "good" book its survival in the literary passior of the passionate few, one must deliberately shun reading for pleasure; and if Lamb threatens to be an opiate to our suspicion for everything pleasurable, one must calmly cut him to pieces, subordinating the context of his works and dispassionately seeking the mental processes behind them. Seeking the motivation behind a piece of literature, and pursuing the thread of its development, the logic of its unwinding, is anterior to all understanding of literature; it is difficult—intellectual labor rather than emotional play—and full well obviates the danger of merely deriving pleasure; but to learn to read, one must learn first to read the writer.

Reading for pleasure alone is dulling to the mind, and once the habit is inveterate, the mind has become obtuse to the beauty in beautiful poetry or prose. Just as delighting in the stuff that passes for music on the radio will thoroughly cure one of any predilection for Wagner. A young woman I spoke with the other evening protested her ability to appreciate the concerto from Mozart we were listening to, as well as an occasional program presented by Paul Whiteman; her library included a well-thumbed copy of Milton's works, some of Spenser, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Jeffers, and the like, while a current number of *True Story Magazine* lay upon the table.

She insisted that one could indulge in something laying no great claim to intellectual endeavor without impairing one's appreciation for art. Perhaps, but I did not believe it; I could not conceive of a twofold personality so demarked each from the other as to permit of displaying the same lively interest for Paul Whiteman, on the one hand, and Mozart, on the other. A high-strung personality keyed to beauty's pitch would shudder at anything antithetic; a personality that can attend rapt to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—ignoring the wretched translation of Schiller's *Ode to Joy* at the close—is hardly compatible with one able to revel at the same time in the dubious harmonies of the intellectual relapse, wicked laziness, and well betrays that those years have not been spent adhering to the literary orthodoxy I speak of.

Abstaining from reading for pleasure connotes nothing particularly ascetic. Good reading is precedent to good living, to say which is at once sententious, and trite from repetition. And as a maturer life of significant, rich reading is the product of those prior years formative of taste, so the maturer life of living derives strength only from the manner in which the plastic state of youth has been treated. We cannot hope to spend a youth of dissolution, and an age of intellectual sagacity. We cannot hope to be in the line "Let not concealment, discover the connotative beauty like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek"—as did last seek a thrice-favored class in English rhetoric—by first reading Harold Bell Wright. S. C.

## Bound in Morocco

### Autobiography of Sinclair

AMERICAN OUTPOST, A Book of Reminiscences by Upton Sinclair. Published by Farrar and Rinehart, Incorporated. 274 pages and an index. Price \$2.50.

That strange man, Upton Sinclair—who combines a violent Socialism with an absurd mental telepathism, whose hatred for capitalism is matched only by his love for prohibition, who embraces Puritanism, dietetics, fasting cures—that man has written an autobiography. It is called *American Outpost*, and it is an immensely interesting, engagingly frank record of Sinclair's early years—of his childhood, his days at the College, his early hack work and his youthful idealistic outpourings, his conversion to Socialism and his two marriages. It is a record of revolt, but strangely enough, the author keeps to his resolve early in the book to steer clear of his fundamental thesis of economic inequality and capitalist cruelty and except for a few lapses, maintains the threads of his life story.

Of especial interest are his remarks about the College, from which he graduated in 1897. Sinclair has never liked the College. He riddled it in his *The Goosestep* from the Socialistic viewpoint and here too he occasionally refers to the evil influence of "capitalist education." But in the main he tells of anecdotes of his five year stay at the old 23rd street building, and gives impressions of his old professors. Here is R. Ogdon Doremus, who had "snowy white mustaches and a peppery temper." Sinclair relates, that because the professor had termed him an "insolent young puppy" and predicted that he would flunk, and thus not be promoted to the next class, he (Sinclair) purposely flunked the course, and got such high marks in the other courses that he was not held back. Sinclair pictures himself as a rebellious, questioning, young student, who was a bit too clever for his professors. Whether or not the fires of intellectual genius burned high in the young student, we may be sure that he was arrogant and self-assertive. And if time could be turned back and the young Sinclair recreated, we should willingly forego never-ending rounds of pleasure merely to see the sneering Sinclair struggle in mental combat against the cruel tongue and remorseless logic of Professor Morris R. Cohen. And it is possible that Mr. Sinclair would have other, and perhaps less flattering anecdotes, for his books.

Sinclair describes other of his professors, who, at the time, he says, "were nearly all of them Tammany appointees, and therefore Catholics," and whom he found "kindly, but set in dogma." Charles George Herbermann he describes as a "stout, irascible old gentleman with a bushy reddish beard." And according to Sin-

clair, this is what would happen in his classroom:

"Mr. Sinclair," he would roar, "it is because I say it is so!" But that did not do with me at all; I would say, "But Professor, how can it be so?" We would have a wrangle, pleasing to other members of the class, who had not prepared their lessons, and were afraid of being called upon. We learned quickly to know each professor's hobbies, and whenever we were not prepared to recite, we would start a discussion."

He mentions Professor George Hardy, who taught English, and Professor Johnston, who taught history, and "had no dogma, so I was permitted to learn English and European history according to the facts." He describes Professor Hunt as "a lean gentleman with a black mustache and a fierce tongue . . . roaming about the room like a tiger at large, and taking a swipe with his sharp claws at this or that helpless victim," a picture far removed from the kindly aristocratic-looking Professor Hunt who is occasionally seen around the college.

When the downtown building became overcrowded, an attempt was made to persuade the legislature to vote funds for a new building up-town. "No easy matter to persuade politicians to take an interest in anything so remote as higher education!" observes Sinclair, and then relates how he circulated petitions to be signed by voters. "I brought in some six or eight hundred signatures, and had my name in the college paper for my zeal. You see here the future Socialist, distributing leaflets and making soap-box speeches to the same ill-informed and indifferent crowd."

Fraternities he disposes of thuswise:

"When I was soundered out for a 'frat,' I actually didn't know what it was, and could make nothing of the high-sounding attempts at explanation. If the haughty upperclassman with the correct clothes and Anglo-Saxon features had said to me in plain words, 'We want to keep ourselves apart from the kids and wops, and make up the greater part of our student body,' I would have told him that some of the faces and wops interested me, whereas he did not."

Sinclair, in the past, has been unfair and over-exaggerative in his condemnation of the College. But the bitterness is missing here, and the author at times even achieves a condescending sort of mellowness. At any rate, it is interesting to read what this great Socialist agitator, who decries communist violence as well as capitalist oppression, says about his college days. And he is as frank in other matters as he is here. How many men would set this fact down in print: "I learned to work fourteen hours a day at study and creative effort, because it was only by thus being occupied that the craving for women was kept out of my soul."

The book is free from what is known as "propaganda." But, strangely enough, it is not free from Sinclair. And the book is vital and arresting, like the man who made and wrote it.

## On the Campus

It was in the second half of the College-Yale basketball game two years ago. The whistle blew, and the referee called a decision against a Yale player. Immediately little Albie Booth ran up to the referee and protested. Captain Frank De Phillips also ran up. Words were exchanged. Booth glowered. Both glowered. The players gathered around. Then, when things began to look serious, Joe Davidoff, who had been mooning in the background, walked calmly up, grabbed De Phillips by the arm, and said: "Come on, Frank. Let the kid alone." Was Albie sore!

A very Student Forum meeting was nearing its climax. The speaker was shouting, gesticulating. He spoke with force, finality, like one acquainted with his facts and anxious to put them across. His listeners hung on to his every word, anxiously, expectantly. The speaker slowly climbed the oratorical heights. "We must form

a cohesive whole. We must present a united front. We must organize and . . ." his voice dropped for a moment, in preparation for the final appeal. "we must organize and we must . . . propagate," he fairly screamed. "Ah, some more of this birth control stuff," muttered a tired listener in the back.

"May I look at a copy of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*," innocently inquired a student of the Co-op store attendant. The request was complied with, and the student calmly stood over the counter, read through the book and took notes. After about one half an hour, the attendant walked up to him, and asked him whether or not he wished to buy the book. "One moment, please," he replied. He hurriedly glanced through the pages, made some more notes, and handed the book back. "I guess this isn't the book I'm supposed to read," he said calmly.





# SUPPRESSION

A Modern Problem

An interview with

JOHN S. SUMNER

By Ingram Bander

The following interview is the first of a series of two on the current topic of suppression. Mr. Sumner is Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice.

One of the most baited men of the day, one whose name crops up periodically in the newspapers and is attacked on all sides, John S. Sumner, secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, retains his good-humored equanimity. He is not, he explains, interested in prying into other people's morals. He is not even interested in censorship. He is interested only in attempting to enforce existing legislation.

"The society was organized in 1873," he said when asked for a historical survey, "following a Y.M.C.A. investigation." The investigators joined with the famous Anthony Comstock—"that old gentleman up there," Mr. Sumner noted, pointing to a portrait of the bewhiskered leader—and gave birth to the present organization. "We aim," he stated, "to enforce the state statute—Article 106 of the Penal Law, Section 1141—which fixes a maximum punishment of a year's imprisonment and a thousand dollars fine for the manufacture, advertising, or distribution of obscene books and objects. We also cooperate with the federal authorities in enforcing the postal regulations against the sending of obscene matter through the mails. I am satisfied with the existing legislation. I do not think it is in any way repugnant to the constitutional guarantees of free speech and to our traditions of individual liberty. And while we have been attacked as a sinister organization, our position before the law is simply that of a complaining witness."

### Censorship and Suppression

Although Mr. Sumner is frequently mentioned in discussions of censorship, he makes a distinction between that term and suppression. Censorship is an attempt at passing upon matter before it appears in print or performance, and that the Society rarely does. "Very infrequently I have written to publishers before publication of books which might call for later action if published—but very infrequently."

Mr. Sumner was asked if there were any particular groups which opposed his activities. "Well, there's the press," he replied. "Almost every New York paper's against us. And we have other enemies who are actuated by ignorance or by commercial motives. The Church," he regretted, "has been rather diffident in supporting the Society's activities. It has too many activities of its own."

### Conditions Worse

"The fact is that the freedom permitted in this country to exploit lewd books and plays has in large part led to our present condition of widespread sexual licentiousness. Our Society's campaigns have helped as much as they could, but conditions are worse today than ever before. We cannot, of course, pretend to entirely abolish dirty books. We can only maintain outward decency. While suppressed books circulate even after suppression, they are at least more inaccessible."

"We are hampered somewhat," he added, "by the fact that books must be considered as a whole if they are to be branded as obscene before the law—that is, as tending to incite improper thoughts in the minds of those who might be liable to those thoughts." Thus a book may contain several filthy passages and still not be actionable. As for the flood of so-called humorous magazines—Ballyhoo and the rest—they are not technically obscene but vulgar. They should be suppressed for American manners if not for American morals, but the License Commissioner has shown little inclination to remove them from the stands. We did have five certain magazines removed from the stands recently, but we can only act against

The celebrated "Psychopathia Sexualis" having been observed on a nearby shelf, Mr. Sumner was asked his opinion of the Kraft-Ebbing work. "It's a sincere discussion of its subject, but I don't think it ought to be in general circulation. I am, of course, in favor of scientific sex education, to be presented unobtrusively from about seven years even up to the age of marriage."

### College Men "Fresh"

The vice crusader was asked his opinions of certain current public problems. Questioned about blue laws, he smiled. "A blue law," he said, "is any law you don't like. New York is free of the particular type of legislation usually designated by that term, and as for other states—well it's none of our business."

What did Mr. Sumner think of present day college students? "I think most of them are very fine but some of them are damned fresh, butting in where they don't belong. This Kentucky business, for instance. Why should the people of Kentucky be told how to run their affairs? As for conditions there, I'd just as soon believe the county officials as I would the self-appointed publicity-seeking investigators."

### Prohibition Bad

What did Mr. Sumner think of prohibition as a means of suppression of vice? "I think it's a bad thing. Not all alcoholic drinks are harmful, you know. The temperance movement was going along promisingly until prohibition was brought in. Beer and wine are frequently wholesome. They're not like obscene literature, which is bad

### College Humor Selects Spahn For Second All-American Five

Moe Spahn, captain elect of the College basketball team, has been selected for the second All-American basketball team chosen in the current issue of College Humor. Spahn is characterized as the outstanding guard in the East.

On the second team with Spahn are Loughlin, Navy, and Linthicum, California, forwards; Steward, Auburn, center; and Tackett, Butler, guard. The first team is made up of Bender, Columbia, and Sale, Kentucky, forwards; Krause, Notre Dame, cen-

ter; and Wooden, Purdue, and Berger, Maryland, guards. Spahn was an all-scholastic player while at Bryant High School, played on the College junior varsity, and has played regularly on the varsity for the past two years.

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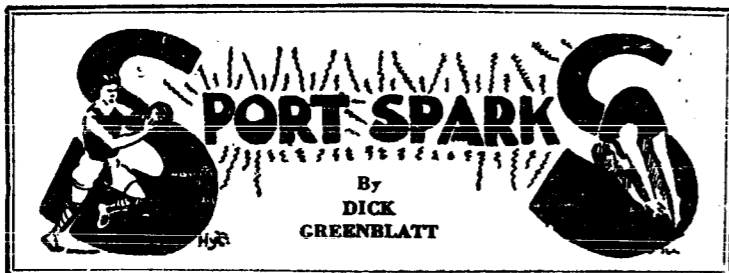
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The Sports Editor Becomes a Romanticist

Like Mr. George Schwartz, who is the business manager of the Micro-cosm and an investigator of sundry, sordid affairs for the Student Council in his spare moments, I have become a romanticist. Unlike Mr. Schwartz, however, I have not evidenced my romanticism by growing a bit of fuzz over my upper lip and calling it a moustache. My romanticism has taken the form of an optimistic outlook for the College baseball team.

A few people have intimated that I have been bulldozed, so to speak, into this optimistic attitude. To prove their point they mention a little incident that occurred last spring. It seems that I wrote a story about a little fiasco or what-have-you in which the Lavender nine took part, and that in the course of this story I made several caustic remarks about the baseball ability of several members of the team.

My Elbow and Third Base

Some of these several members did not take very kindly to my remarks. I might even go so far as to say that they were thoroughly displeased with these remarks. One day a few of them cornered me in the Concourse and suggested that I did not know anything at all about baseball. They were so foolish as to declare that I did not know my elbow (or maybe it was some other part of my anatomy) from third base. Of course, I disagreed with these gentlemen. But they were quite firm. The reaffirmed their declaration that I could not discriminate between my elbow (as I think back to the incident I become more and more convinced that it was not my elbow) and third base. Finally the gentlemen became so aroused by the intensity of their convictions that they offered to bust me on the nose if I did not agree with them.

Now I am after all a social being. I think that the individual must subordinate himself to society. I reasoned that here was an undeniable majority, and I decided very altruistically to subordinate myself to society. In short, I agreed that perhaps I did not know my elbow (or whatever it may have been) from third base, at the same time making several reservations. And for this reason my enemies declare that I am not sincere in my statements as to the current crop of Lavender baseballers, as the poet, Polonsky, might say.

Dr. Parker Has a Smart Club

Yet in point of fact I really think that Dr. Parker has his best team of recent years. As usual his young men have been displaying the regularly inelegant brand of Parker baseball intelligence. They may make mechanical errors once in a while, (written without a smirk), but they never pull any mental faux pas (this last pair of words is pronounced fox pass by the baseball players and means blunder, but I cannot vouch for the spelling).

It is true that the Lavender nine lost to Columbia twice after apparently having both games sewed up, barely nosed out little Brooklyn College, and then fell even further in the estimation of most of its followers by bowing to lowly Pratt Institute. But I still had faith in Morty Goldman and his fellows. I do not know why. Perhaps it was the spring. Yet on second thought, after calling to mind all the hot coffee I consumed in the course of that Pratt game, played in a foreign country way out in the wilds of Brooklyn some place, I am sure it could not have been the spring. It must have been the pitching of Irv Spanier, Jerry Rauschkolb, and Lefty Cohen, who, I am told, rivals that other lefthander, the basketball playing Alphonse Solomon, in lunacy, and the fielding support they were getting.

And Saturday my confidence was borne out. That very neat 4-3 victory over Rutgers confirmed my romantic optimism. Rauschkolb pitched an excellent game. He was in a few tough spots, but he kept his head and came out of them very nicely. The support he received was on the whole pretty good. Mel Levy made a couple of errors, but he made many more good stops. And Hy Kaplowitz, back at third base, gamboled around like a young lamb and undoubtedly strengthened the infield considerably.

All we need now is a victory over the powerful Princeton nine tomorrow afternoon. That, I think, will give the team plenty of much-needed faith in its own ability, if it has not already gotten that from its Saturday performance.

These Hardy Athletes

You can take this or leave it as something funny. The entire baseball team thinks it is the most humorous happening in the history of 20th century civilization. Hy Kaplowitz was so enthused over it that he ran all the way across Lewisohn Stadium to tell me about it.

The story, as told by Kappy, is that Irv Spanier was standing outside the dugout last Thursday holding one hand in the other. One hand was smeared all over with iodine. Dr. Parker happened to notice this and very naturally became very much excited. After all Spanier was at that time the only College pitcher with a victory to his credit.

"What's the matter with your hand, Irv?" Doc asked, visibly perturbed. "Oh, nothing much," came the Spartan reply. "But what's all the iodine for?" demanded Doc, not yet satisfied. "Nothing much," Spanier repeated.

"Don't try to hide anything from me, now Irv," Doc urged. "If you aren't fit I'm not going to pitch you." "It's o. k. Doc. I just hurt my cuticle." Tee hee.

A Poem

That red-headed maniac, Mr. Leonard K. Schiff, has forced me into accepting some poetry of his about one Jake Lipitz, a discuss-thrower on Mr. Mackenzie's track team. I offer it to you for what it is worth. All bids will be given the most-serious consideration.

MR. JACK LIPITZ

Breathes there a man with mind so dead,  
Whose egotism rules his head;  
Who goes through life astride a discus,  
Who never heard of Aves or Pisces;  
Whose heart unravished by emotion,  
With mind untroubled by a notion...  
O Lipitz, virgin still uncaught,  
Was not seduced as yet by thought!

leonard k schiff

VARSITY NINE BEATS RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

(Continued from Page 1)

Rauschkolb Pitches Well Following Six Hits and no Earned Runs

base he scored when Oglio missed Solomon's throw in an attempt to catch Horton stealing.

Rauschkolb nursed the one-run lead gained by the College in the sixth, allowing only one hit in the remaining innings. Liddy, who beat the Lavender 2-1 last year in an eleven inning game, held the College hitless in the last two innings.

To Meet Princeton

The St. Nick's will attempt to bolster their average to .500 when they meet one of the best fortified defensive teams in the East. In Chet Bowman, the Tigers possess one of the most effective collegiate hurlers. Behind his fine pitching, the Orange and Black recently lost a 3-2 decision to the Philadelphia Athletics.

However, the Tigers lost a 19-3 contest to Lehigh and a tight 3-2 game to Fordham. Irv Spanier, bespectacled College hurler, will probably oppose the Princeton batters.

The lineup:

Table with columns: RUTGERS, C. C. N. Y., and statistics (ab, r, h, po, a, e).

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S.C. Faculty Bulletin Committee To Make Report at Next Meeting

The special committee appointed by the Student Council to investigate the infringement of The Faculty Bulletin aim, financial backing, and alleged on the field of The Campus, will make its report at the next meeting of the Student Council, April 29. The Committee is made up of George Schwartz, chairman, Samuel S. Ellman, and David Hofstein, all of the class of '32.

Astronomy Club Hears Address

The "Nature of the Stars" was described Thursday by Irving Herman before the Astronomical Society in room 109.

Abolition of City Colleges Advocated By Prominent Realtor in Interview

(Continued from Page 1) at the same time has a detrimental effect on one's studies, Browne declared: "In that case, the government should grant scholarships to worthy students just as is done in England and Germany. In no case should the government found free colleges for these worthy students. "In doing so, we help a few but destroy many. City has graduated a ton of lawyers. Some of these are very good men but the great majority are shysters—crooks. They have become crooks because there is no room in our country for so many lawyers. Had these men not been educated, they would have been shoemakers—good shoemakers—and not crook lawyers.

Class of '34 Germinates A New Idea; Will Not Divulge It Before Its Dance

The officers of the '34 class went into a huddle Friday in their alcove. As a result, three students cut Math, four cut French, three swallowed their Adam's apples, two lost interest in ping pong, and an officer didn't polish his brass buttons.

At the root of all was a plan. For weeks and weeks the officers of the class had been meditating, pondering and puzzling over the question of how to amuse their constituents in some original way. A few days ago something dawned, but what it was they would not tell. When somebody asked a question, they filed into line, side by side, faced east, bowed their heads, and intoned reverently: "Buddha be thanked! Glory to Allah! By

God, it's original! Simply sensational." Then their jaws snapped shut, and they put on their best Mona Lisa smiles.

Friday morning the officers sneaked into a corner of the alcove, and proceeded to talk over their plan. Suddenly one of them got excited; ten words of The Idea jumped out, and the thirteen aforementioned students were affected.

The facts of The Plan are still fairly secret, and publication is not permitted. It will all come out at the Junior Informal Dance to be held in the Candle Light room of the Villa Venice on Saturday, May 14. Tickets are \$1.50.

Screen Scraps

Marital Relations THIS IS THE NIGHT, a Paramount picture directed by Frank Tuttle, with Lily Damita, Lenore Tucker, Roland Young, Inelma Todd, and Larry Grant. At the New York Paramount and the Brooklyn Paramount.

On the theory that when you've become accustomed to a little nonsense now and then a little more won't harm you, Paramount offers of the most amateurish and unpolished concoctions it has been the misfortune of your cinema spy to see.

It may be somewhat crude to speak of superlatives in this picture—for there is hardly anything superlative in "This Is the Night" when, with the exception of some swell photography, there is little to praise in this melange of marital relations. There are six important characters in the cast. They might profitably have added a seventh, a detective preferably, to find the plot. Or an author to rewrite it.

Every performer struggles with his role in a vain endeavor to make something out of a hodge-podge of foolish intrigue, and Roland Young almost gets by with his characteristic foolery.

Lonely LOVE STARVED, an adaptation of the play "Venice" by Hugh Stanislaus Stange; directed by William Seiter; an RKO Pathé production at the Mayfair.

Glib and goofy wisecracking combine with soft-eyed sentimental romancing to make the current offering at the Mayfair, a fairly decent evening's entertainment.

Allie Smith (Helen Twelvetrees), often confessed she was lonely. Lonely for far-away places like Madagascar, Calcutta, and Ragoon. Starved for romance, she marries Charlie Riggs (Eric Linden), the bragging, dance-hall sheik.

Then life! But proving a contention of the psychologists, the dream explodes during the honeymoon. Charlie goes back to the dance-hall (something he never should have done). Some highly effective acting follows, with the result that a new individual emerges. Charlie finds himself and goes home to Allie.

FORUM PREPARES LETTER FOR CITY NEWSPAPERS

(Continued from Page 1) yet been received, though Mr. Eisner has long since returned," the Forum Committee announced. "Mr. Dyer has ignored our letter altogether."

Several phone calls and attempts at appointments were made by Horowitz. Friday, Horowitz called up Mr. Eisner's law office and was told by his secretary that he wasn't in, and to call up again at three o'clock. Horowitz did so, and was informed that though Mr. Eisner was in, he was preparing to leave for Washington, and couldn't be disturbed. "He will return Tuesday," the secretary said, "call him then."

A meeting of the executive committee of the Forum was quickly called, and resulted in the decision to give the facts to the press. The letter will be released Tuesday to the World-Telegram, the Herald-Tribune, and the Times, if nothing is heard from the Board or if no appointment is made.

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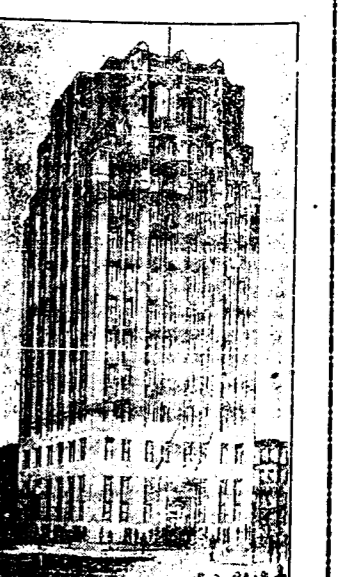
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LAVENDER J.V. NINE SHUTS OUT TEXTILE

(Continued from Page 1)

"Swede" Larsen Holds P.S.A.L. Champions to One Hit in Five Innings

The Lavender continued its flawless fielding, committing no errors and at the same time executed some excellent plays. Lena, Textile center fielder, deprived Larsen of a no-hit no-run game when he singled to right field in the fifth inning.

The lineup:

Table with columns: JAYVEES, ab, r, h, po, a, e, and statistics for various players.

SCORE BY INNINGS

Table with columns: JAYVEES, TEXTILE H. S., and statistics for various players.

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Guests of honor from leaders in General Douglas of staff of the 1st ant-General Chas. Jor-General Denmander of Second General William mander New Y and Brigadier G. taffeld, are among military merit Secretary of V ley, Ass't. Sec Colonel Patterson Prison and Corridor of the Ne Adler of the Ne tives of the D.A. 1812, the Daughtion, the American V. F. W. have b

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The proceeds will go to the M Aid Committee, of Damrosch is chairman Dollar tickets The Concert Bureau Fifty cent ticket thirty cents.