

Wright Suspends Eleven Staffmen

Action Follows Board Charges On "Conduct"

By Henry Giniger

Eleven more members of the College staff were suspended yesterday pending trial by Acting President Harry N. Wright following charges by the Board of Higher Education Conduct Committee. Eight instructors and three administrative clerks were accused of "conduct unbecoming a member of staff and neglect of duty" by the Committee at a Board meeting Monday night.

The eleven are: Lewis Balamuth (Physics Dept.), Saul Bernstein (Biology Dept.), David Cohen (Library Dept.), Morris U. Cohen (Chemistry Dept.), Sidney Eisenberger (Chemistry Dept.), Jack Foner (History Dept.), Samuel Margolis (Library Dept.), Walter S. Neff (Psychology Dept.); also clerks Jetta Alpert, Jesse Mintus, Louis Lerman.

More staffmen will testify at the Rapp-Coudert hearings this morning beginning at 9:30. Philip Foner (History Dept.) and Seymour Copstein are among those expected to appear.

A total of fourteen have now been brought up on charges and suspended. In addition to the above named, Morris Schappes and Arthur Braunlich of the English Department and John K. Ackley, College Registrar, have been relieved of their duties.

The charges, arising out of the testimony these suspended staffmen gave at the Rapp-Coudert hearings, are similar in the case of each of them. They are all accused of having been and still being members of the Communist Party, giving false and evasive testimony at the hearings and violating a Board resolution, instructing them to cooperate with the Rapp-Coudert Committee.

In addition Lerman, Balamuth, Margolis and Neff were accused of having assisted in the preparation of *Teacher-Worker*, a Communist publication which contained "coarse, abusive, scurrilous, intemperate . . ." language against the administration of former President Frederick B. Robinson. Foner was also charged with having "attempted, without revealing his purpose or intent, to implant Communist doctrines and principles in the minds of pupils . . . he was employed to teach" and

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The CAMPUS

Undergraduate Newspaper of the City College

Vol. 68, No. 10 Z478

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1941

PRICE: THREE-CENTS

II A. M. Classes Called Off As College Acts For Peace

By Paul Rappaport

Two peace rallies will be held from 11 to 12 at the College in observance of the traditional April Peace Day. Classes have been officially called off during that hour by the Administration.

A forum to formulate a program for peace will take place in the Great Hall under the sponsorship of the Student Council. During the same hour the Peace Assembly has called a Peace Strike in Lewisohn Stadium.

Strike Features Canada Lee

Keynoted by the slogan "Guarantee that CCNY shall

not be America's War Victim No. 1," the Lewisohn Stadium demonstration to "keep the United States out of the war and oppose the actions of the Rapp-Coudert Committee" will feature the following speakers:

Beaver Nine Faces Green

By Dick Cohen

Benching co-captain Sy Balkin and returning the injured Al Signorelli to the lineup in an attempt to snap the Lavender nine's losing streak, baseball Coach Sam Winograd faces tomorrow's Manhattan game with a new lineup, ready to make further shakeups down the line.

Ray Driscoll, a big fella, replaces the slumping Balkin in left field, while Signorelli, the only left-handed hitter on the squad, returns to first base. Julie Savino and Bert Boyer, a .350 hitter, complete the starting outfield, while the rest of the infield remains intact — Mike Rudko at second, Pat Petrino at short, and the improving Ralph Trotta at third.

Manhattan Favored

The Kelly Greens, playing on their home diamond, will be favored to stop the Beavers and even up the oldest collegiate series in the city. To date Manhattan

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On Intentions And Methods

The back of the City College is being broken. The morale of the teachers and the students of this institution of free higher education is being shattered, day by day, by the accusations and lies thrown at us.

What has happened to the College, since those far-off days when the attack first began, has been shocking. Those of us who have traced the development of the Rapp-Coudert Committee's campaign, who have watched our teachers suspended, one by one, and then in a nicely timed climax, eleven at one stroke, have stood aghast. Monday night some of us prepared our assignments for yesterday's classes; then, yesterday, we went to our classes to find—eleven of our teachers, out of class, suspended without pay. With no word of warning, in indecent haste, Dr. Wright cracked down.

We have been assured that the Board of Higher Education is acting in this fight in all sincerity, in bringing up these instructors on charges. We are

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Wright Answers Students; Will Ask Open BHE Trials

Friday Deadline For Fall Elective Cards

Friday is the last day for filing elective cards for the fall session, according to Robert L. Taylor, assistant recorder.

Frederick C. Shipley, acting director of the Summer Session, announced that the summer term will begin on June 30 and end August 22. The schedule of subjects for the summer session is posted outside 214 Main. Students desiring to take courses during the summer must indicate their choices in the special space provided on the face of the elective card. The normal program should not exceed eight credits.

Acting-President Harry N. Wright yesterday agreed to ask the Board of Higher Education to conduct open hearings for the recently suspended members of the College instructional and non-instructional staffs. Dr. Wright also said that there was nothing he could or would do about the suspensions or his policy in regard to the actions of the Board.

Dr. Wright announced his decision to a delegation elected at an emergency rally in room 306 protesting the latest suspensions of eleven more College staff members.

The rally was called by the Peace Assembly. Meanwhile outside the president's office, more than two hundred students, who came down from the rally, staged a demonstration, shouting for the reinstatement of their instructors.

Dr. Philip Foner (History Dept.), brother of one of the suspended instructors and Professor John Bridge (Romance Lang.), president of the College local of the College Teachers Union, both denounced the suspensions and the Rapp-Coudert Committee before the student rally.

Lock and Key To Dine Friday

The semi-annual Lock and Key dinner will take place Friday at 8 p.m. at the Hotel Knickerbocker, 120 West 45 Street.

Speakers are Dean Morton Gottschall, Professor William B. Otis (English Dept.), and Joseph Taffet (Economics).

ond act that we caught on to the real spirit of the show. The pointless angle was due to the fact that a large portion of the material was somewhat in the manner of an unculminated sneeze. It just didn't come off, no punch.

With notable—and gratefully appreciated—exceptions. *Peter and the Wolf*, for one, which, featuring the interpretive gyrations of agile and talented Mel Fefferberg, was a delightful satire. Miles Cahn wrote and delivered the dramatic monologue: *Marvin, A Bedtime Story*, the most adult piece in the show. Half the second act was devoted to a good politically conscious job on the draft. Gwendolyn Michaels, a little Negro girl new

(Continued on Page Two)

Puzzling 'Skitsophrenia' Case For Psychiatrist

By Milt Rosenman

For the first time in many long and weary years, Dramsoc has written a spring show which agrees with its title. Above all, *Skitsophrenia* is decisively Schizophrenic. Talk about dual personalities! The beautifully printed program bore no relation to the order or contents of the show. Also, we might add, not only was the Thursday evening performance totally different from, and inferior to the Friday and Saturday show, but we are now beginning to suspect that several of the troupe decided to put their heads together and rewrite the script in the interval.

Starting off at a wild and woolly but somewhat pointless pace, it was not until the sec-

Broadway Beauty To Don Boatride Crown May 13

By Ira Neiger

A new batch of propaganda concerning the annual City College pilgrimage up the Hudson has just arrived, and "big things" are promised by the high-powered Student Council Boatride Committee.

For one, a Boatride chapel on Tuesday, May 13 at noon is promised. It is alleged that "outstanding stars of stage, screen and radio," will be present. A popular prima donna of a huge Broadway success will be crowned Boatride Queen, it is further alleged. Due to contract difficulties her name cannot be divulged. The boys are enthusiastic, anyway.

If you would like to go up the river, but haven't got a hag to drag, the committee will even fix you up, it is promised. If you fit into this category, argue with Herb Sulsky in the Boatride office, 10 Mezzanine. The boys are conscientious, too.

Anyone willing to help the cause may obtain tickets to sell, from class chairmen. Their names are posted outside the Boatride office.

At any rate, there will be a boatride to Bear Mountain on the S.S. Americana on Sunday, May 18. If you've got ninety cents, the committee guarantees a swell time. And, in spite of all other backwash, that's the truth.



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Editorial

(Continued from Page One)

asked to believe that the intentions of the Board of Higher Education and Dr. Wright are for the best interests of the College. A very familiar phrase! We know—we are convinced—that this witchhunt, these mass suspensions, are destroying this institution, are ruining it in the very best fashion that America's fascists would have wished. In their desire to rid the College of Communists, which they believe will remove the stigma attached to the college, the Board is playing into the hands of those who would destroy everything we cherish in a free America.

That is our thesis. We believe in Dr. Wright's desire to better the institution he heads; we put our faith in the good intentions of the BHE; but the means they are using will lead only to the destruction, the total ruin of an institution which has been a bulwark for democracy and academic freedom for 94 years.

The Managing Board.

Campus Column

My Time Has Come . . .

My time has come. In a few weeks I'll go before my local draft board, draw a deep breath and say: "Gentlemen, I am here."

I had never figured it that way. College had meant preparation for life. The years I spent as a student were happy years, years full of the joy of struggle, the warmth of many friends. I would have gone on to law school, done trade union work, and would probably have made a damned good labor attorney.

It's all different now. Only recently I realized it. Some of my fellow graduates still haven't. They talk glibly of their careers of their plans. If the subject of the war is broached they smile just as glibly and change the subject to something more pleasant. Maybe the proposed lowering of the draft age will set them thinking.

What difference does further

education make now? It's not just a question of "postponing your careers for a year" as the big boys in Washington say. The army has been hinting broadly to the fellows in camp that they'll be there for a little while longer. And there's no doubt that we'll be in "the shooting" by September—if the fat boys can work around the people's deeply-rooted opposition to war.

No, bullets are very impartial. They are the common denominator which reduces an M.A. and Ph.D., a farm boy and a worker to the same level.

That's how I feel now—and it's a hell of a way to feel in the spring. But while I can, I'll fight against this dirty, phoney business. There's the Peace Strike today, for instance. I'll be there. I want you to be there to help.

—Murray Meld.

Rapp-Coudert Committee Has Parallel In Lusk Group

(First in a series on predecessors of Rapp-Coudert.)

Swept into existence on a tide of post-war hysteria, the Lusk Committee, authorized by the New York State Legislature to investigate radical activities in this state, began its roughshod ride over civil liberties on July 1, 1919. Ignorant of the modern subtle smear system, the Lusk group adjusted its brass knuckles and entered upon a series of raids and mass arrests that imprisoned thousands in Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, and all corners of the state.

In New York City, the forces of law and order ransacked private files and safes all the way from the Russian Soviet Bureau to the Rand School of Science. The case of the Rand School was Senator Lusk's pot-shot at education and serves well to illustrate the work of the committee.

Following a raid on the school, Senator Lusk announced that evidence had been secured revealing that the Rand School "planned a Negro uprising and had dealings with Soviet Russia." On the basis of this "evidence," the Senator instituted proceedings to revoke the charter of the Rand School. Samuel Un-

termeyer undertook the defense of the school and carried it through a long and involved legal procedure.

The committee's evidence, which the *Nation* of that time characterized as "weak and flimsy," included readings from a "naughty little volume" (sic!—Lusk's description of Dr. Stopes book) entitled "Married Love," which Senator Lusk charged was a textbook of the school. Badly overplayed, this scene of the farce brought forth a public statement of rebuke from Governor Alfred E. Smith. The action against the Rand School was dismissed shortly afterward.

Senator Lusk also announced that he had unearthed six Communists in the New York City school system, but this phase of the investigation was not thoroughly developed.

After six months of such work, the Lusk Committee submitted its report and the total result of its investigation was a wordy bill "to curb Red activities by making it a felony to propagate in any way doctrine designed to effect governmental change except by constitutional means."

This soon followed the committee into oblivion.

—Bob Stein.

Former 'Campus' Man In Army; Second Letter Tells Of Tough Camp Life

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second half of the letter from a City grad who is now a member of Uncle Sam's army.)

Wednesday eve.

Today was the third and last day spent on the firing range. In the record run, yours truly sailed way past the requirement for "marksman" and, much to his own annoyance, fell seven points short of the 165 out of 200, required for the rating of "sharpshooter." So now I am entitled to wear a medal—which privilege is at my own expense—about four bits at a government store. In the golden pre-selectee era these medals were issued by the War Department. Them days are gone forever.

Nine hours in the cold, wind, sun, at the firing range, to say nothing of the punishment of actual firing, sure do tire a body, (which, incidentally, accounts for my delayed reply). But it's a lot of fun. After a while I found myself enjoying the kick of 6280 pounds per square inch of chamber pressure.

Well, all that is of the past. Now I expect to get in a little athletic work, and I've found someone to wrestle with, if I can get in to the town's YMCA gym. All in all it'll be pretty tough to work in a satisfactory program—the Army discourages most of our plans for extra-curricular activity. It provides recreation, of course, but the battle comes when one tries to secure the means of indulging in an exceptional activity—like wrestling. Did you mention a writer or an artist? Wow! what a lost sour he'd be!

Thursday afternoon.

Determined to finish and get this letter into the mails. Nothing now except that there's another forest fire and we're on

the alert—ready to go out and fight any minute. The first detail—two truck loads—has already gone out.

Other news of interest is that my pal, Ray—he of the Brooklyn rendezvous—is being very kind and is lending me, via mail, any of his excellent collection of books that I request. I feel like a real human being again to know

FIRE CALL!

Ten a.m. Friday

Again the mad scramble for equipment and canteens. Time: Three p.m. Seven truck loads speeded out to the site, and this time it was a killer. Sky lit up red, dense smoke obscuring the sun.

For five hours we sweated and struggled through the dense forest, beating out the flames with very young slender pine trees. A few boys had axes to cut these down and we sure kept them busy 'cause the severe pounding rapidly frayed the beaters down to nothing.

By dusk we were exhausted, but had the fire under control. Then stagger out through the burned forest—what an eerie sight: skeletons of trees, smoke rising everywhere like a thick fog, queer looking creatures (us in our "fatigue" clothes) filing through the grey-black unearthly quiet.

Back to the fort, careening over corduroy dirt roads. Seven black hulks tearing through the mad swirling dust—dust so thick that all one could see were the powerful piercing beams of the headlights. And we, the exhausted fighters, grimy, sweaty, covered with dust, jolted off the wooden benches, and yet dozing—or even sleeping.

And so back to the barracks by eight-thirty p.m. But were we off duty then? Not on your life. Supper, two hours sleep and then return, eyes smarting with sleep cut short, for an all-night vigil, by fireside, waiting for patrols to call us to quench any rejuvenated flames. Then, finally, at six a.m., return for breakfast and sleep.

That, my friend, is the army,

Armory Plans

As construction on the armory rapidly progresses, there is much conjecture as to what the building will be like. Although originally scheduled for completion by the end of the semester, a tie-up of the steel industry, due to the tremendous drain of the national defense program on its production, has halted construction.

The building will be a two-story affair, of Manhattan field stone, and will contain, besides one large drill hall, officers' headquarters, comfort station and a self-contained heating plant. An architect's sketch of the completed building may be seen on the Military Science bulletin board outside of Room 3.

The "buttresses" that the City College amateur architects claim should be on the outside of the walls, are not buttresses but will be used, in conjunction with brick pillars, to support beams which will in turn support the floor. The rock shelf will not be excavated, but will serve as foundation for the building.

Contrary to popular belief, the drill hall cannot be used as basketball court, since no money is available for proper facilities

except that manoeuvres are much worse: two days on two sandwiches and coffee—or may be only water; wash if there is a stream nearby. Three months after which one can call himself a soldier and a man—if he survives.

Thus our life, secluded, ignorant of all else in the world. Perhaps if one tried very hard he could keep up with the outside events, but military life saps all our energy and interest for its own. We're bound by the military organization—can't reason why, can only do and die (if you'll pardon the adaptation).

Damn it, now I'll finish and really, finally, once and for all deposit this in Uncle Sam's mailbox. Regards to all.

—City Grad.

Skitsophrenia

(Continued from Page One) to Dramsoc, did a lovely rendition of *Conscription Blues*, a really fine bit of singing, and good blues, too. (Lyrics—wonderful—by Dave Levine.) Hal Gross, who made a hit with *Vitamin Pills* earlier in the show, followed up with *My Heart Caught a Cold in the Draft*, done in a swell swing style, with a

(Continued on Page Two) fine skit on Winnie Rockefeller's conscription included. *Red Cells in the Sunset* was a neat—albeit brief—job on Rapp-Coudert, done with fine stage presence by the performers (who varied from night to night).

Credit for the show goes in large part to Dan Levin, Dramsoc's first student director, who turned in a splendid job both on direction and rewriting. The mainstay of the whole work was Bernie Slockower, however, who carried practically all the production numbers, and half the songs, on his ill-fitted shoulders. (They stuck him in tails once fitted to Lauritz Melchior.)

All the rest of the boys and girls were inexperienced, but worked like hell, and are to be applauded for the results.

Sport Slants



Stickmen Lose Games But Gain Experience And Enjoy Nature

By Lou Stein

Off-hand it might seem that Chief Miller's lacrosse-men wasted a lot of time and energy during the late Easter vacation. Instead of resting up for the scholastic ordeal which awaits them, they traveled nearly five hundred miles and lost ball games to Springfield College and Johns Hopkins by the lopsided scores of 19-10 and 22-0.

I say "offhand," because after travelling to Massachusetts with the boys, it is apparent to me that the time expended and energy, while not swelling the victory total, gave the gang something to remember in the way of experience and pleasure.

Naturally the team felt none too happy after dropping the contest to the Springfield squad, but under the influence of a grand spring day and their naturally exuberant spirits, the boys charged it up to experience and concluded that the trip through the sprouting New England countryside was well worth the incidental disappointment of the defeat.

Actually, the score should have been very much closer. The City College attack was definitely superior to that of the Massachusetts squad, but the weakness of the Lavender defense was so pronounced that after four minutes of the second half, the Beavers rarely got the chance to take the offensive. As a matter of fact, Chief Miller's sharpshooters were only able to smell the ball four times during the second period debacle.

While the attack was able to get possession of the ball with fair frequency, the game was a nip and tuck affair. Marsh Friedman, Mitch Hazam, Al Haman, Capt. Ed. McCarty, Stan Zmachinski, and Saul Bernstein showed a sweet little passing game and Friedman and Smachinski slammed some beauties through the Springfield netminder. I am sure that if the defense had held together with a little consistency, the attack men would have been able to shine for the first half when they held the Bay Staters to an 8-7 lead.

The defense, while admittedly bad, ought to improve as the season progresses. Bob Boye, tireless giant, couldn't turn in his unusually good performance as he wasn't feeling up to par, while Marty Multer marred his game with some ill-timed lapses. When the back-line lads finally get moving they ought to be able to body-check viciously and keep opposing attack-men from the City goal. If I know Chief Miller, the boys are going to spend a lot of time in learning how to stop an elusive runner effectively.

As far as the trip itself is concerned, everybody had a wonderful time, and although I didn't make the return trip with the team, the early morning jaunt up the Connecticut Valley was most enjoyable. The boys sang (get Rothbart to teach you the words to that "Cats" song), cheered, waved at the girls, and in general, "whooped it up" with a great deal of spirit. I understand that only the Chief's eloquence saved the gang from spending the night in the Noroton, Conn., calaboose because the bus driver was hitting it up in his own little way, but that was only a minor part of the day's events. The most important thing was that they had a lot of fun, fought hard, and were able to lose like gentlemen. And that, to me, is the really vital thing.

Nine Faces Jaspers Thursday

(Continued from Page One)

Miller's Fire Inspires Team

Coach Leon A. Miller is so burned up over the performance of his lacrosse team in their last two contests that his fire has penetrated into the players themselves. As a result of this fiery inspiration the stickmen are pointing for their first collegiate victory of the year at the expense of Stevens Tech whom they meet at Hoboken, Saturday.

Although the Lavender stickmen have lost many close contests and tied twice in the ten-year rivalry between the schools, this spring they may turn the tide over the highly favored, undefeated Stevens team.

Last week the team lost to Johns Hopkins of Baltimore, 22-0. But inglorious as this may sound, it is still encouraging when one considers that in four of Hopkins' five other games, the Blue Jays have not been scored on. Outstanding during the game was the ploy of center Stan Zmachinsky and mid-fielder Mitchell Hazam who played the entire sixty minutes. Hazam injured his kneecap and may not be available for the rest of the season.

JV Tops Harris, Faces NYU Next

The JV baseball team faces its biggest test this Saturday when it encounters the NYU yearling squad in Lewisohn Stadium. Hopes have soared high since last Saturday when the baby Beavers wrecked Townsend Harris more thoroughly than the Board of Estimate can ever hope to, in pounding out a 15-4 win.

Henry Nathanson will be on the mound, while John Lasplacas, Eugene Zuck and Walt Widmeyer are expected to do the slugging to avenge last year's 7-5 defeat.

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Tennis Team Blanks Rams

Despite the loss of two of its outstanding players, Harold Levine and Harold Schiffer, the College tennis team routed Fordham University 9-0 last Saturday. The fine performances of Ted Schein and Herb Wasserman were mostly responsible for the score piled up.

The victory affirms Coach Daniel Bronstein's (Philosophy Dept.) belief in the strength of his squad, and with the return of Levine from the sick bed, he feels it will shine this season.

Saturday afternoon the team will meet Manhattan College on home grounds, that is, on the Hamilton Courts at Nagle Avenue and Dyckman Street.

Sparks.

Spring fever has hit Lewisohn Stadium! The football, lacrosse, and track teams have been practicing for the last few weeks to the dreamy music of Paul Burk's amplified recordings from his room in the stadium tower. The *Herald Tribune* got wind of it and sent a reporter around. Result: He found Track Coach Tony Orlando's boys doing the mile to the rhythm of Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey. Their pictures later appeared in the *Trib.*

Swordsman Neil Lazar cut a glittering path to fame and recognition when he finished in the finals of the Metropolitan Open Saber Championships. He defeated the Olympic champion, Miguel De Capriles.

Lou Chesen, the track team's only promising broad jumper, took time off last week to hitchhike to Hartford —Chic.

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For Details Write Director Summer Session Colorado School of Mines Golden, Colorado

hattan has won eighteen contests, one less than our side, and with veteran Bob Bacherman on the mound and a couple of future Hassetts on the field, should hand Winograd's boys their third straight defeat.

Frank Tosa, knocked out of the box in the 15-3 Seton Hall defeat, will again pitch for the Beavers, with Marty Goldsmith behind the plate. Phil Gelfand, another hurler, will probably be pitching relief by the fifth inning. Rudko, batting a cool .400, Petrino, a weaker hitter, and the slugging Boyer, comprise the Beaver's batting punch.

Seton Hall, led by "Glamour Boy" Bob Davies, pounded out seventeen hits against a quartet of Winograd's hurlers last Saturday—Tosa, Ross, Gelfand, and Aaronson. These fingers, backed by a defense that made five errors, couldn't halt the determined Pirates. The New Jerseyites opened with a pair of runs in the first inning, added ten more in the fourth and fifth, and got tired after scoring three more in the seventh. Davies, rid at last of Bill Holzman, slammed out two doubles and a single.

Savino's infield hit, Trotta's single, and an error by the Seton Hall shortstop netted the Beavers their first run in the second. Two errors paved the way for another St. Nick tally in the fourth and an inning later the Lavender scored their third and final marker when Bert Boyer's single scored Petrino, who had just tripled.

Classified

Jobs Offered
Entertainer wanted for the summer. Applicant must be able to play piano.

50 men wanted, able to work full day on May 5th and 6th. Applicants must have Social Security cards.

Experienced and mature counsellors wanted for the summer, all activities.

French, Biology, and Geometry tutors wanted. Applicant must be on the approved tutoring list.

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Boatride

SUNDAY MAY 18th



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My Time Has Come . . .

My time has come. In a few weeks I'll go before my local draft board, draw a deep breath and say: "Gentlemen, I am here."

I had never figured it that way. College had meant preparation for life. The years I spent as a student were happy years, years full of the joy of struggle, the warmth of many friends. I would have gone on to law school, done trade union work, and would probably have made a damned good labor attorney.

It's all different now. Only recently I realized it. Some of my fellow graduates still haven't. They talk glibly of their careers, of their plans. If the subject of the war is broached they smile just as glibly and change the subject to something more pleasant. Maybe the proposed lowering of the draft age will set them thinking.

What difference does further

education make now? It's not just a question of "postponing your careers for a year" as the big boys in Washington say. The army has been hinting broadly to the fellows in camp that they'll be there for a little while longer. And there's no doubt that we'll be in "the shooting" by September—if the fat boys can work around the people's deeply-rooted opposition to war.

No, bullets are very impartial. They are the common denominator which reduces an M.A. and Ph.D., a farm boy and a worker to the same level.

That's how I feel now—and it's a hell of a way to feel in the spring. But while I can, I'll fight against this dirty, phoney business. There's the Peace Strike today, for instance. I'll be there. I want you to be there to help.

—Murray Meld.

Rapp-Coudert Committee Has Parallel In Lusk Group

(First in a series on predecessors of Rapp-Coudert.)

Swept into existence on a tide of post-war hysteria, the Lusk Committee, authorized by the New York State Legislature to investigate radical activities in this state, began its roughshod ride over civil liberties on July 1, 1919. Ignorant of the modern subtle smear system, the Lusk group adjusted its brass knuckles and entered upon a series of raids and mass arrests that imprisoned thousands in Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, and all corners of the state.

In New York City, the forces of law and order ransacked private files and safes all the way from the Russian Soviet Bureau to the Rand School of Science. The case of the Rand School was Senator Lusk's pot-shot at education and serves well to illustrate the work of the committee.

Following a raid on the school, Senator Lusk announced that evidence had been secured revealing that the Rand School "planned a Negro uprising and had dealings with Soviet Russia." On the basis of this "evidence," the Senator instituted proceedings to revoke the charter of the Rand School. Samuel Un-

termeyer undertook the defense of the school and carried it through a long and involved legal procedure.

The committee's evidence, which the *Nation* of that time characterized as "weak and flimsy," included readings from a "naughty little volume" (sic!—Lusk's description of Dr. Stopes book) entitled "Married Love," which Senator Lusk charged was a textbook of the school. Badly overplayed, this scene of the farce brought forth a public statement of rebuke from Governor Alfred E. Smith. The action against the Rand School was dismissed shortly afterward.

Senator Lusk also announced that he had unearthed six Communists in the New York City school system, but this phase of the investigation was not thoroughly developed.

After six months of such work, the Lusk Committee submitted its report and the total result of its investigation was a wordy bill "to curb Red activities by making it a felony to propagate in any way doctrine designed to effect governmental change except by constitutional means."

This soon followed the committee into oblivion.

—Bob Stein.

Former 'Campus' Man In Army; Second Letter Tells Of Tough Camp Life

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second half of the letter from a City grad who is now a member of Uncle Sam's army.)

Wednesday eve.

Today was the third and last day spent on the firing range. In the record run, yours truly sailed way past the requirement for "marksman" and, much to his own annoyance, fell seven points short of the 165 out of 200 required for the rating of "sharpshooter." So now I am entitled to wear a medal—which privilege is at my own expense—about four bits at a government store. In the golden pre-selectee era these medals were issued by the War Department. Them days are gone forever.

Nine hours in the cold, wind, sun, at the firing range, to say nothing of the punishment of actual firing, sure do tire a body, (which, incidentally, accounts for my delayed reply). But it's a lot of fun. After a while I found myself enjoying the kick of 6280 pounds per square inch of chamber pressure.

Well, all that is of the past. Now I expect to get in a little athletic work, and I've found someone to wrestle with, if I can get in to the town's YMCA gym. All in all it'll be pretty tough to work in a satisfactory program—the Army discourages most of our plans for extra-curricular activity. It provides recreation, of course, but the battle comes when one tries to secure the means of indulging in an exceptional activity—like wrestling. Did you mention a writer or an artist? Wow! what a lost sour he'd be!

Thursday afternoon.

Determined to finish and get this letter into the mails. Nothing now except that there's another forest fire and we're on

the alert—ready to go out and fight any minute. The first detail—two truck loads—has already gone out.

Other news of interest is that my pal, Ray—he of the Brooklyn rendezvous—is being very kind and is lending me, via mail, any of his excellent collection of books that I request. I feel like a real human being again to know

FIRE CALL!

Ten a.m. Friday

Again the mad scramble for equipment and canteens. Time: Three p.m. Seven truck loads speeded out to the site, and this time it was a killer. Sky lit up red, dense smoke obscuring the sun.

For five hours we sweated and struggled through the dense forest, beating out the flames with very young slender pine trees. A few boys had axes to cut these down and we sure kept them busy 'cause the severe pounding rapidly frayed the beaters down to nothing.

By dusk we were exhausted, but had the fire under control. Then stagger out through the burned forest—what an eerie sight: skeletons of trees, smoke rising everywhere like a thick fog, queer looking creatures (us in our "fatigue" clothes) filling through the grey-black unearthly quiet.

Back to the fort, careening over corduroy dirt roads. Seven black hulks tearing through the mad swirling dust—dust so thick that all one could see were the powerful piercing beams of the headlights. And we, the exhausted fighters, grimy, sweaty, covered with dust, jolted off the wooden benches, and yet dozing—or even sleeping.

And so back to the barracks by eight-thirty p.m. But were we off duty then? Not on your life. Supper, two hours sleep and then return, eyes smarting with sleep cut short, for an all-night vigil, by fireside, waiting for patrols to call us to quench any rejuvenated flames. Then, finally, at six a.m., return for breakfast and sleep.

That, my friend, is the army,

Armory Plans

As construction on the new armory rapidly progresses, there is much conjecture as to what the building will be like. Although originally scheduled for completion by the end of the semester, a tie-up of the steel industry, due to the tremendous drain of the national defense program on its production, may halt construction.

The building will be a two-story affair, of Manhattan field stone, and will contain, besides one large drill hall, officers' headquarters, comfort station, and a self-contained heating plant. An architect's sketch of the completed building may be seen on the Military Science bulletin board outside of Room 3.

The "buttresses" that the City College amateur architects claim should be on the outside of the walls, are not buttresses but will be used, in conjunction with brick pillars, to support beams which will in turn support the floor. The rock shelf will not be excavated, but will serve as a foundation for the building.

Contrary to popular belief, the drill hall cannot be used as a basketball court, since no money is available for proper facilities

except that manoeuvres are much worse: two days on two sandwiches and coffee—or may be only water; wash if there is a stream nearby. Three months—after which one can call himself a soldier and a man—if he survives.

Thus our life, secluded, ignorant of all else in the world. Perhaps if one tried very hard he could keep up with the outside events, but military life saps all our energy and interest for its own. We're bound by the military organization—can't reason why, can only do and die (if you'll pardon the adaptation).

Damn it, now I'll finish and really, finally, once and for all, deposit this in Uncle Sam's mail box. Regards to all.

—City Grad.

Skitsophrenia

(Continued from Page One)

to Dramsoc, did a lovely rendition of *Conscription Blues*, a really fine bit of singing, and good blues, too. (Lyrics—wonderful—by Dave Levine.) Hal Gross, who made a hit with *Vitamin Pills* earlier in the show, followed up with *My Heart Caught a Cold in the Draft*, done in a swell swing style, with a

(Continued on Page Two)

fine skit on Winnie Rockefeller's conscription included. *Red Cells in the Sunset* was a neat—albeit brief—job on Rapp-Coudert, done with fine stage presence by the performers (who varied from night to night).

Credit for the show goes in large part to Dan Levin, Dramsoc's first student director, who turned in a splendid job both on direction and rewriting. The mainstay of the whole work was Bernie Slockower, however, who carried practically all the production numbers, and half the songs, on his ill-fitted shoulders. (They stuck him in talks once fitted to Lauritz Melchior.)

All the rest of the boys and girls were inexperienced, but worked like hell, and are to be applauded for the results.

Sport Slants



Stickmen Lose Games But Gain Experience And Enjoy Nature

By Lou Stein

Off-hand it might seem that Chief Miller's lacrosse-men wasted a lot of time and energy during the late Easter vacation. Instead of resting up for the scholastic ordeal which awaits them, they traveled nearly five hundred miles and lost ball games to Springfield College and Johns Hopkins by the lopsided scores of 19-10 and 22-0.

I say "offhand," because after travelling to Massachusetts with the boys, it is apparent to me that the time expended and energy, while not swelling the victory total, gave the gang something to remember in the way of experience and pleasure.

Naturally the team felt none too happy after dropping the contest to the Springfield squad, but under the influence of a grand spring day and their naturally exuberant spirits, the boys charged it up to experience and concluded that the trip through the sprouting New England countryside was well worth the incidental disappointment of the defeat.

Actually, the score should have been very much closer. The City College attack was definitely superior to that of the Massachusetts squad, but the weakness of the Lavender defense was so pronounced that after four minutes of the second half, the Beavers rarely got the chance to take the offensive. As a matter of fact, Chief Miller's sharpshooters were only able to smell the ball four times during the second period debacle.

While the attack was able to get possession of the ball with fair frequency, the game was a nip and tuck affair. Marsh Friedman, Mitch Hazam, Al Haman, Capt. Ed. McCarty, Stan Zmachinski, and Saul Bernstein showed a sweet little passing game and Friedman and Smachinski slammed some beauties through the Springfield netminder. I am sure that if the defense had held together with a little consistency, the attack men would have been able to shine for the first half when they held the Bay Staters to an 8-7 lead.

The defense, while admittedly bad, ought to improve as the season progresses. Bob Boye, tireless giant, couldn't turn in his unusually good performance as he wasn't feeling up to par, while Marty Multer marred his game with some ill-timed lapses. When the back-line lads finally get moving they ought to be able to body-check viciously and keep opposing attack-men from the City goal. If I know Chief Miller, the boys are going to spend a lot of time in learning how to stop an elusive runner effectively.

As far as the trip itself is concerned, everybody had a wonderful time, and although I didn't make the return trip with the team, the early morning jaunt up the Connecticut Valley was most enjoyable. The boys sang (get Rothbart to teach you the words to that "Cats" song), cheered, waved at the girls, and in general, "whooped it up" with a great deal of spirit. I understand that only the Chief's eloquence saved the gang from spending the night in the Noroton, Conn., calaboose because the bus driver was hitting it up in his own little way, but that was only a minor part of the day's events. The most important thing was that they had a lot of fun, fought hard, and were able to lose like gentlemen. And that, to me, is the really vital thing.

Nine Faces Jaspers Thursday

(Continued from Page One)

Miller's Fire Inspires Team

Coach Leon A. Miller is so burned up over the performance of his lacrosse team in their last two contests that his fire has penetrated into the players themselves. As a result of this fiery inspiration the stickmen are pointing for their first collegiate victory of the year at the expense of Stevens Tech whom they meet at Hoboken, Saturday.

Although the Lavender stickmen have lost many close contests and tied twice in the ten-year rivalry between the schools, this spring they may turn the tide over the highly favored, undefeated Stevens team.

Last week the team lost to Johns Hopkins of Baltimore, 22-0. But inglorious as this may sound, it is still encouraging when one considers that in four of Hopkins' five other games, the Blue Jays have not been scored on. Outstanding during the game was the ploy of center Stan Zmachinsky and mid-fielder Mitchell Hazam who played the entire sixty minutes. Hazam injured his kneecap and may not be available for the rest of the season.

JV Tops Harris, Faces NYU Next

The JV baseball team faces its biggest test this Saturday when it encounters the NYU yearling squad in Lewisohn Stadium. Hopes have soared high since last Saturday when the baby Beavers wrecked Townsend Harris more thoroughly than the Board of Estimate can ever hope to, in pounding out a 15-4 win.

Henry Nathanson will be on the mound, while John Lasplacces, Eugene Zuck and Walt Widmeyer are expected to do the slugging to avenge last year's 7-5 defeat.

Tennis Team Blanks Rams

Despite the loss of two of its outstanding players, Harold Levine and Harold Schiffer, the College tennis team routed Fordham University 9-0 last Saturday. The fine performances of Ted Schein and Herb Wasserman were mostly responsible for the score piled up.

The victory affirms Coach Daniel Bronstein's (Philosophy Dept.) belief in the strength of his squad, and with the return of Levine from the sick bed, he feels it will shine this season.

Saturday afternoon the team will meet Manhattan College on home grounds, that is, on the Hamilton Courts at Nagie Avenue and Dyckman Street.

Sparks.

Spring fever has hit Lewisohn Stadium! The football, lacrosse, and track teams have been practicing for the last few weeks to the dreamy music of Paul Burk's amplified recordings from his room in the stadium tower. The Herald Tribune got wind of it and sent a reporter around. Result: He found Track Coach Tony Orlando's boys doing the mile to the rhythm of Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey. Their pictures later appeared in the Trib.

Swordsman Neil Lazar cut a glittering path to fame and recognition when he finished in the finals of the Metropolitan Open Saber Championships. He defeated the Olympic champion, Miguel De Capriles.

Lou Chesen, the track team's only promising broad jumper, took time off last week to hitchhike to Hartford —Chic.

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For Details Write Director Summer Session Colorado School of Mines Golden, Colorado

hattan has won eighteen contests, one less than our side, and with veteran Bob Bacherman on the mound and a couple of future Hassetts on the field, should hand Winograd's boys their third straight defeat.

Frank Tosa, knocked out of the box in the 15-3 Seton Hall defeat, will again pitch for the Beavers, with Marty Goldsmith behind the plate. Phil Gelfand, another hurler, will probably be pitching relief by the fifth inning. Rudko, batting a cool .400, Petrino, a weaker hitter, and the slugging Boyer, comprise the Beaver's batting punch.

Seton Hall, led by "Glamour Boy" Bob Davies, pounded out seventeen hits against a quartet of Winograd's hurlers last Saturday—Tosa, Ross, Gelfand, and Aaronson. These flingers, backed by a defense that made five errors, couldn't halt the determined Pirates. The New Jerseyites opened with a pair of runs in the first inning, added ten more in the fourth and fifth, and got tired after scoring three more in the seventh. Davies, rid at last of Bill Holzman, slammed out two doubles and a single.

Savino's infield hit, Trotta's single, and an error by the Seton Hall shortstop netted the Beavers their first run in the second. Two errors paved the way for another St. Nick tally in the fourth and an inning later the Lavender scored their third and final marker when Bert Boyer's single scored Petrino, who had just tripled.

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Boatride

SUNDAY MAY 18th

Eleven Suspensions Follow BHE Charges

(Continued from Page One)
having advised other teachers to do the same.

The first charge is interesting in that in addition to accusing the staffmen of past membership in the Communist Party it charges all with being members at present. Previously only Ackley had been accused of present membership.

According to a resolution passed at the meeting membership in the Party is "considered sufficient cause for dismissal of a staff member. Party membership was suggested by the Board to be an acceptance of the obligations, standards or discipline of a group "which requires its members to act in the interests of any foreign national group or to follow any predetermined policy or course of conduct . . ." The Board also declared that a staff member could be dismissed for having advocated, advised, or taught the doctrine that the Government of the United States . . . should be overthrown . . . by force, violence or any unlawful means, and the Communist Party advocated such doctrines.

The resolution concluded however with an avowal by the

Board Approves Six Appointments

The Board of Higher Education has approved six men for appointment to the College faculty. The new appointees include Franklin Prager, Lecturer in business administration; Norman S. Cannon, tutor in accountancy; Julius Rom and Richard Scalleter, fellows in economics and physics, respectively.

Board "to adhere to its established policy not to discharge any member of its staffs (1) merely because of membership in a political organization unaccompanied by any of the activities or elements referred to in the resolution above or (2) merely because of any difference of opinion on political, economic, or social matters."

Board trial committees were set up Monday night for all the suspended members of the administrative staff Dr. Wright will appoint three men committees consisting of one man from the faculty, one from the administration and one more from either.

Harris Protest Fails To Move Estimate Board

A final move by the Board of Estimate practically abolished Townsend Harris High School this week by a vote of 9 to 7. By cutting \$100,000 from the budget of Harris, the Board initiated the school's discontinuance in three years.

At another executive meeting tomorrow, the Board is expected to approve Mayor LaGuardia's \$574,000,000 budget. The City Council will then take it into consideration, but since the Council cannot add to the budget, it seems probable that Townsend Harris' doom is sealed.

The moves to abolish the school were protested vigorously during past weeks by City College students who are alumni of Harris.

News In Brief . .

The '45 class takes a step toward unity this Saturday night at 8:30 with the presentation of a Freshman Smoker at the armory, 140 Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Class cards are the only requirement for admittance, according to class President Sam Berger.
The Geological Society will present Mr. Peter E. Knight, American Airlines meteorologist, this Thursday at 12:30 in room 318 Main.

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