

THE CAMPUS

Undergraduate Newspaper of the City College Since 1907

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Supported by Student Fees

Chairman Faces Pressure on Tuition Fee

By Bob Jacobson

Increased pressure for a tuition fee at the municipal colleges is expected by Gus Rosenberg, Chairman of Board of Higher Education.

Rosenberg said he had read several unsigned letters asking a tuition fee, and that he thinks certain groups may pressure the BHE in the near future. He did not specify the groups.

The BHE "is in absolute support of maintaining the 112 year tradition of free education," the chairman said. He expressed the hope that Mayor Robert Wagner will support the Board's plan.

The College's first "academic convocation" Wednesday, Rosenberg spoke before more than 250 students, graduates, faculty members and parents. He appealed to those who would not be able to afford a tuition to write to him opposing a fee in charge.

A committee established as a special "Committee to Look to the Future" was appointed Wednesday by the Board of Higher Education to work with the college presidents to determine what essential needs and services exist in the municipal college system.

Gus Rosenberg, Chairman of the BHE, said the committee will assist the presidents in determining the number of students each college must be prepared to accept, how many teachers and members will be needed... especially to help the colleges provide the facilities needed for their objectives" from now until

Mary S. Ingraham, a member of the BHE for 23 years, was elected chairman of the five-member committee. According to Ingraham, no date has been set for the committee's first meeting with President Gallagher.

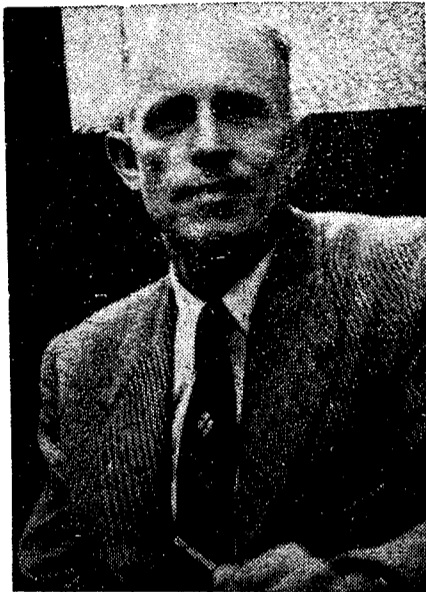
Delegates Named for NSA Conclave

Delegates and alternates to the National Student Association convention at the University of Illinois this summer were elected by Student Council Wednesday.

NSA is an association of student organizations throughout the nation. Member colleges have a total enrollment exceeding one million. The delegates elected were Rita Kenas '61, Carol Groelinger '60, Guy Kahn '60, Irwin Pronin '62, Gene Roth '62 and Barbara Weider '62. Miss Roth was selected head of the delegation.

The alternates are Les Fraidin '62, Joseph Hankin '61, Mikeowitz '59, Neil Salzman '62, Steinberg '61 and Jerry Seltz '60.

Easton Quits Post As Advisor to SG



PROF. STEWART C. EASTON

Prof. Stewart C. Easton resigned yesterday as faculty advisor to Student Government. He had held the post for five years.

In a letter to SG President Renee Roth '60, President Easton stated that although he originally intended to resign at the end of next semester, "in view of recent developments it seems to me better to resign now."

Earlier this term Professor Easton received the Alumni Faculty Service Award.

The professor said yesterday that one of the "recent developments" that influenced his decision

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General Faculty Adopts Minority Lists Report

Complete Roster Mandatory For All Student Groups

By Fred Martin

After two hours of debate the General Faculty re-established yesterday compulsory membership lists for all student organizations at the College and divorced the questions of student fees from the lists controversy. The vote was 46 to 42.

The plan approved by the GF was the Minority Report of the Special Hearings Committee on lists and fees submitted by Prof. William L. Finkel (Chairman, Speech). The Professor's report was submitted separately from that of the rest of the six-man committee headed by Dean Samuel Middlebrook (Liberal Arts).

While the General Faculty was sharply divided over the two reports, both sides expressed their belief that the Finkel plan provided the best system of safeguards since lists were instituted five years ago.

The plan will require every student to file a card indicating his membership in a student organization with the Department of Student Life. However, at any time

he will have the right to leave the organization and withdraw his registration card from the files. No other record of the student's activity will be kept.

Dean Middlebrook's plan would have required membership information only "for chartering purposes." An organization must submit twelve names to the Department of Student Life to keep its charter.

Few members of the GF appeared completely satisfied with the Finkel plan, but many said it was "very logical" and Professor Finkel's eloquent oratory in defense of his proposals had swayed many "uncertain" members of the group.

"Professor Finkel is a marvelous orator," Prof. Mark A. Brunswick (Chairman, Music) remarked as



LISTS PLAN offered by Prof. William Finkel received General Faculty approval.

he emerged with the other General Faculty members from the hot, crowded Faculty room in 200 Shephard.

The only point that received almost unanimous approval from both factions of the GF was the question of student fee allocations.

The recommendation accepted by the General Faculty on the fee question states: "The disposition of funds collected by the College for student activities should be returned to the various Student Faculty Fee Committees, as was the case before the General Faculty resolution of January 15, 1959."

The January 15 meeting of the GF had placed the question of membership lists and student fees together, stating that "political, religious, and social action organizations" would not have to submit lists but could not receive student fees. Beginning next term all student groups will again receive fees.

The six-man Special Hearings Committee on lists and fees was appointed by President Gallagher early in March.

Quiz Team Appears Sunday

To Compete on TV Against Goucher

By Francine Pike

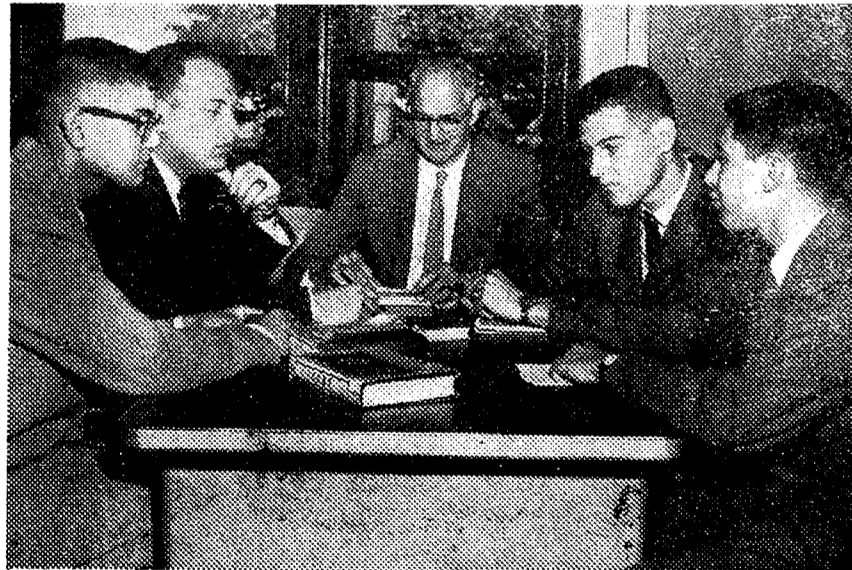
The four male students selected to represent the College on the television quiz show, the College Bowl, will compete Sunday against the girls from Goucher.

After two weeks of reading newspapers and thousand-page almanacs, Marcel Sislowitz '59, Bruce Gilson '62, David Sussman '60 and Warren Randall '59 (the four representatives) said they were well-prepared for the contest with the small Maryland school.

Their TV appearance, originating in Baltimore at 5:30 on Channel 2, will be followed starting Monday by final exams in chemistry, philosophy, German, physiology, psychology, economics, and art.

Asked whether preparation for the quiz show had hampered his studying for end terms, Gilson answered, "I never study for them anyway. I absorb the material learned in class each day of the term."

Sussman, who "usually crams the last couple of nights," is planning to stay up "quite late" Sunday night studying for his exam



PREPARED for battle, the College's Quiz Bowl team will compete with Goucher College Sunday. Here Dean Barber (center) coaches (l. to r.) Bruce Gilson, Warren Randall, Marcel Sislowitz and David Sussman, team members.

in physical chemistry the following morning.

After watching their opponents defeat Wayne State University on last week's show, the members of the College's team are fairly confident of a victory.

They attributed the final score—Goucher: 250, Wayne: 35—more to Wayne's incompetence than to Goucher's superiority. "Win or lose," Gilson said, "we certainly won't do as poorly as Wayne did." Referring to the Goucher pan-

elists, Sussman said "they are a strong, impressive team."

Each member found he was able to answer at least half of the questions asked during last Sunday's contest. Gilson said he answered many before the MC finished asking them. Randall said he did likewise. "Only some of my answers were wrong," he added.

For the past two weeks each panelist has been going through the Information Prease Almanac

(Continued on Page 4)

Graduate Studies Offered in Jungle

Several graduate education students will tramp through the jungles of Mexico and Central America this summer for an archaeology course offered by the College. The cost per credit is \$223.50—plus a two dollar registration fee.

The four credit course—Education 500 M—is given jointly by the College and the Museum of Natural History. Beginning July 1st the students will spend five weeks touring ruins of the ancient Mayan, Toltec and Aztec cultures.

Time also has been allotted for a side trip to Mexico City where the students may take a break for sightseeing, shopping and the bul-

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A REVIEW

'Mercury'

By Lew Egol

How much humor do you expect for a quarter? The answer should determine to what extent you will enjoy this term's "Mercury."

If you are looking for a generally high level of amusement, save your money. You won't find it in "Merc." On the other hand, if you are at all like me, perfectly content with one hilarious piece, and a few mildly funny efforts, then you will not be disappointed by the magazine; not even when the best part was borrowed from the "Fordham Ram."

I thought you all might like to know how "The French Lesson" came to be printed. These two guys from Fordham University came to visit CCNY one day last year and, purely by chance, wandered into my French I class and took notes on my conversations with Mister-the-Professor. Since I had had two previous terms of French I, I was quite capable of carrying on an intelligent conversation in that language. Then these two visitors went back to the Bronx and submitted their notes for publication. Somehow, the editors of Mercury learned of this and borrowed a copy of this linguistic gem. They have omitted my name, but anyone who has ever heard me speak French cannot doubt my story.

Most of the rest of the magazine is pretty bad. Julio Delatorre is represented by a short story and a long poem, neither of which are quite as silly as Marty Fink's take-off on a beat party; but they come close. The short story is called "Chez Jose," and ends on a whimsical note reminiscent of John Collier. The bulk of the story is pretty banal, though. It's a shame that Mr. Delatorre wasn't up to his own climax. His poem seems more cute than amusing, perhaps because it is so overlong.

"The Day I Lost James Thurber," by Bernie Lefkowitz is easily the best of the longer articles. Mr. Lefkowitz just stands around and casually tells of one of his adventures as an employee of "The New Yorker." It is a delightful story.

William Radin has contributed a sarcastic note on the "no reading in the cafeteria" ruling. It is entitled, "The Bathroom Door," and it is done in the style of an Edgar Allan Poe horror tale. As in the past, the "Campus Camera" section acquits itself adequately.

The editors have also printed a magazine subscription spiel. It might have been amusing if I was not cursed with the lowest sales resistance in the world. My contacts with this spiel have left me

New Bulbs Revive Microfilm Machines

After wearing "Out of Order" signs since March 30, four microfilm machines in the Cohen Library resumed operation Tuesday — in time for persons still writing last minute term papers.

The machines, in the general reference room of the library, were disabled because light bulbs needed for their operation had blown out.

Library officials claim that, in February, they had foreseen a bulb shortage and filed a request for more bulbs.

However, their request was not acted upon until the library administration sent in a rush order on April 16.

Yesterday, thirty bulbs, bought from the manufacturer, arrived from the Cleveland plant of the General Electric Company.

German Unification Called Impossible

Re-unification of Germany is impossible during our lifetime, Dean Saul K. Padover of the New School for Social Research said yesterday.

Speaking at a meeting of the Students for a Sane Nuclear Policy, Dean Padover said Germany could not be unified because of an "unbridgeable gap" between East and West Germany.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men won't unify Germany," the Dean said.

Dean Padover cited the difference between the East and West German economies and government as a basis for his opinion.

"In the past ten years, the West German Republic has developed a western-type government and economy and the East German Republic has developed a communistic—but not necessarily pro-Russian—government and economy," he said.

Dean Padover said the "Berlin Crisis" developed because Russia wanted recognition of East Germany, recognition of western Polish lands and a declaration making the division in Germany permanent.

scarred forever. I am probably the only man in the world with a 263-year subscription to Cue Magazine. I took National Geographic once for five years, because the "route manager" broke into tears in the middle of the spiel. I am besieged by strange little men delivering exotic, useless premiums at all hours of the night. If there is a sucker list on which I do not appear, I have not heard of it. So please forgive me, Mercury; you just hit a sore spot.

I have saved the most distasteful part of my commentary for last, and I will be quick with it. Harry Hirschberg has written (?) a poem called "The Monk." There is a word for what Mr. Hirschberg has done, and there is a law against it, too. If I were Ogden Nash I might even be moved to invoke this law. That's all I have to say. Mr. Hirschberg knows what I mean, and if the Editors want to know I will be happy to tell them. After all, they are responsible for what they print.

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Thirty

By Abe Habenstein

Journalistic writing is by its nature an impersonal affair. It is the task of the newspaperman merely to report what has happened. He must be careful never to interject his own opinions or emotions into his work. He is an observer and recorder, but never a participant. He finds his reward, if nowhere else, in his weekly paycheck.

The college editor is in much the same position as the professional man—except for the paycheck. His work, if not always as comfortable, is at least always free. His time, effort, talent and energy are his own. He must search for his rewards wherever he can.

For me the rewards have been great. Now as I am about to be laid off, I am granted a newspaperman's windfall, an opportunity to write about myself, a thirty column, a fond farewell—by coincidence thirty inches in the paper—in which I can at long last dust the first person singular that has lain dormant beneath my Who, Where, When and Why exterior and review the significant and salient events of the last four and one-half years.

As I think about the years since February, 1955, it is the personal rather than the significant remembrances that come to mind. But they do not mean that they do not concern THE CAMPUS. For I am one of a breed, along with the others who have columns in issue and a handful more, whose entire life has centered around the paper. Indeed, almost every memory that stands out clearly in my mind is concerned in some way with THE CAMPUS.

The day-to-day workings of the paper, the long nights at the press, the Campus parties, the John H. Finley Friday Afternoon Tea Club, the suspension, the internal political conflicts—these are unknown to all but a few, have been important in my life. They are some of the significant events, the broad categories, that I suppose I could write about. But they are already beginning to blend and fade into a hazy blur in my memory. Individual instances, however, little as they are, some amusing, some important, most completely insignificant, come to stay with me sharply and clearly.

I remember joining the paper in my first week at the College. A high school teacher told me I could write and I had some romantic ideas about becoming a newspaperman. I can still remember my shock on my first issue night when I found student editors, rather than the faculty adviser, checking the copy. Then I learned that most of the editors had never even met the faculty adviser. I thought to myself that this was going to be different from the old Morris (H.S.) Piper.

I remember my first assignment. I was sent out with another date to interview President Gallagher. My only comfort was the fact that the other guy was even more nervous than I was. I recall, the other kid's name was Victor Ziegel.

After a few months on the paper I had the realization that I was to do almost all CAMPUS editing—late nights at the printers and grades don't go together. After a talk with a serious, pipe-smoking curriculum adviser, I decided that I was in college first and foremost to get a classroom education and that if THE CAMPUS interfered with this, I would just have to give it up. I took my decision to the managing editor, an underweight but persuasive fellow, and in a matter of minutes I was back on the staff. I never regretted that decision, average notwithstanding.

I remember being elected copy editor, the next semester and interviewing candidates for Student Government office, who were seeking the paper's endorsement. It was a hot day, the major candidates had been screened, and the managing board decided to conduct the remaining few interviews for minor offices in a sort of mock serious and austere manner. A freshman coed running for Student Council was completely taken in by our act. When we finally finished our questioning, she was so unnerved she ran quickly to the nearest door and scurried out—into a closet. She didn't emerge for about half an hour.

I remember a kid on Mercury getting ready to pose for a comic strip for the magazine. It was to be a take-off on the Hathaway advertisements. He was wearing an eye-patch, Hathaway shirt and tie, patent leather shoes—but no trousers. We were waiting in the bus office for the photographer to arrive. The kid was modestly sitting behind a desk. Then a girl came in to place a club note. With a short of brilliant comic timing, he arose, revealing his bony torso and said drolly, "May I help you, miss?"

I remember a dark-haired features editor who was a buddy of mine and "one of the boys" for over two years. It took a CAMPUS article to throw us together and for me to realize that she wasn't one of the boys after all.

I am grateful to the paper for these and for scores of other memories—many more serious. I am grateful also for the opportunity to fill four or eight blank pages when I was editor. This is surely the best experience any would-be journalist can have. In the CAMPUS office at the printer I learned the essentials of my craft—a feeling for words, an ability to put them together quickly, and an instinctive knowledge of grammar. Here I learned how to write a straight news item in thirty minutes flat and to dummy a page in half that time. I never learned to tell an editor that a headline is impossible or that there is no story. I learned how to talk to another strange breed, editors, and could even get them to listen to me—sometimes.

But even more important is the feeling of responsibility, or what I think is better described as the feeling of finality, that can come with the realization that the decision you make is the final one, the way you say it is the way it will appear in the paper the day after tomorrow.

Thirty means the end, and there is nothing much more to say. This is truly the end of an era, the most important four and one-half years of my life. It has been a rich and varied period but everything has revolved around one focal point, THE CAMPUS. In my parting gesture, I have no profound insights to expound, no silent secrets to reveal, no last minute vindications to offer. I am quietly and gratefully, taking with me my most substantial memories—my friends, and a few memories.

Jungle

(Continued from Page 1)

fighters. All expenses of transportation, guides, food, lodging and baggage transfer will be covered by the \$894 total cost—except for meals in Mexico City.

Included in the group's itinerary are visits to the areas of Teotihuacan, Xochicalco, Teopencolco, Tenayuca and Cuicuilco near Mexico City; Kaminaljuyu near Guatemala City and Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Sayil, Labna and Kabah in the Yucatan province of Mexico.

The group's director, C. Bruce Hunter of the Museum of Natural History, plans to lead his party into many of the jungle regions by plane.

In only one area does Mr. Hunter think there might be any danger—Guatemala. "There was a Communist uprising there recently," he said.

Finley Window Sill Is for the Birds



Photo by Martin
A VIEW FROM THE RIDGE

A window sill in the first floor men's lavatory of the Finley Center has been turned into a maternity ward by two birds.

A pigeon built her nest on the sill, probably seeking to hatch her eggs in peace and solitude. However, the curious phenomena of two baby pigeons has attracted many students to note their daily progress.

Thus far the birdwatchers have been unable to catch a glimpse of the mother pigeon. "She's probably out taking a birdbath," one of them quipped.

Easton

(Continued from Page 1)

was the invalidation of SG elections because of ballot-stuffing.

As SG stands now, it would be "a waste of time and energy" for him to continue as faculty advisor, Professor Easton said. "Student Government seems not to know where it is going," he added.

Professor Easton said he hoped the committee to study SG that was appointed Tuesday by President Gallagher would make "positive" proposals by the end of next semester.

"The present situation cannot go on," he said. "Either there must be more government, less government or no government."

In his letter to Miss Roth, Professor Easton advised SG to devote itself next term to "aiding the committee and contributing to the eventual reorganization of itself into a more effective body."

He described his five years as faculty advisor as "frustrating and always difficult."

"But it has had many compensations, not least in the building of relationships of friendship and confidence with many students of outstanding calibre," the professor said.

Thirty

By Jack Schwartz

The psychologists tell us that an individual talented in one endeavor is merely compensating for a defect in another. With a slight qualification this would explain my moderate success on THE CAMPUS—the qualification being that I was defective in everything. Unaware of this during my first six months at the College I made the mistake of attempting to become a well-rounded youth.

My first encounter with the socially conscious on Convent Avenue occurred the day I was pressed into House Plan. I had just completed a harrowing freshman registration, being ejected from the tallyroom eight times in classic Sisyphian fashion, and was thus in no condition to object when a student leader ordered me to fill out an orange program card. I assumed it was part of the registration process. As the first and only vice-president of Baskerville '59, I played a diligent role in its early and much lamented demise. So much for social life.

My academic efforts fared little better than my social ones when I began enjoying the brighter side of classwork. I recall with special fondness my geology field trips, particularly one where we marched over Highbridge on a raw April morning and I kept the class warm with occasional nips from a decanter of Manischewitz wine. I became so fond of field trips that I enrolled in another geology course. In this one we visited the zoo occasionally. Once there, the class purchased gaily colored balloons and took coffee in the outdoor restaurant. Afterwards we went to visit the animals. I shall never forget how heartily the professor laughed as the rhesus monkeys exercised their libidos.

After being rebuffed then, by the College's social and academic media, and rejecting them in turn, I ricocheted onto this newspaper. I first ventured into the old CAMPUS office more than four years ago, clutching a sardine sandwich with one hand and hastily stuffing the New York Post into my leather jacket with the other. It wasn't long before I began compensating.

I received my first by-line for a story concerning the alumni reunion on Homecoming Day. It began, "Get out the racoon coats and the Serutan . . ." I have written less baroque copy since then, but I have never quite gotten the same kick out of any story. I must have carried home thirty issues containing that flamboyant article, most of which my mother mailed out to all the relatives.

At this point I would like to remember two unsung martyrs to the newspaper game—my parents who have patiently absorbed a cruel buffeting in their valiant but fruitless struggle against THE CAMPUS. It is still incomprehensible to them why school should end at four o'clock in the morning. The first time I returned home from the printers at dawn, I recall that they were both in a mild state of hysteria, and my mother was about to phone the principal to inquire what sort of a school he was running anyway.

A little afterwards, she informed me that "they're taking advantage from you," warning that soon they wouldn't even stop at dragging me from bed. A week later at 2:30 in the morning, I received a phone call from a CAMPUS photographer telling me to meet him at 42nd Street to cover a publicity stunt for the Manhattanville Safety Project. On my way out of the house I advised my mother to become an oracle.

Reporters were pretty scarce on THE CAMPUS in those days and so were stories. Along with a few other trusty drones, I was literally sent to every nook and cranny on campus to ferret out the news. If datelines were given out I would have had them from: The Finley Center bell tower, a crypt underneath Steiglitz Hall, an observatory atop Shepard Hall, and a runaway watchman's booth. I don't mean to imply that we worked ourselves to the bone, but by the end of the term, any five of us could have played see-saw with Bobby Shantz and lost.

Emaciated though I was, I was still worth my weight in adversity. Probably my most noteworthy bid for Lavender infamy occurred when I disrupted the Board of Higher Education's hearing on Mercury. During the hushed proceedings, somebody whispered that a window should be opened. Volunteering, I struggled down the aisle clutching a window pole. I looked from left to right, making sure not to trip over anyone. Unfortunately, I failed to look up. I shall never forget the look of painful shock on the face of Dr. Charles H. Tuttle when the window pole met the chandelier. There I stood before the venerable BEE, laughing uncontrollably, and just barely managing to balance the pole which was hovering menacingly over their heads.

For more than four years I have hoarded anecdotes, waiting for this opportunity, and now that the time has come I consign most of them to oblivion. Two years ago, it would have been unthinkable to write a "Thirty" column without filling it with vignettes of the Nada Tea Club, the 1956 April Fools Issue for which five editors were suspended, and the four hectic weeks which followed, and the changes which the CAMPUS had undergone since then. However, now all they will receive is negligible mention since I am unwilling to dismiss them in a paragraph, and unable to wrest more space from the editor.

There is however one brief moment that I have determined will appear in print. It concerns an incident which befell me in an elementary swimming class almost four years ago. I had just completed my thirty minutes of floundering in the Wingate pool and was trudging towards the locker room when I came upon a portly youth under the showers, scrubbing himself and crying, "Rain! Rain! Will I never get off this goddamn island!" He has been trying to get out of the rain ever since. Two years ago, when I saw that my friend Victor might not have his own "Thirty" column, I promised myself to put him in mine. All right, Ziegel, you're Insert A.

In this final paragraph I really wanted to end on a note of optimism, nostalgia and satisfaction. But in retrospect, my feeling towards the last four years can probably best be summed up by an evaluation which my father once gave it. "At least it's kept him out of the pool room," he said. Little did he know that I would complete my academic life as an employee of the Finley Center billiard lounge. Well, there's no room for two oracles in one family anyway.

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Editorial Policy Is Determined by a Majority Vote of the Managing Board

A Majority of One

At the beginning of the semester President Gallagher appointed a six-man committee to "hold hearings and thoroughly investigate" the much overworked questions of membership lists and student fee allocations. The men were intelligent and interested in reaching a solution. They set aside three days for listening to various opinions, and accepted numerous carefully-prepared briefs on the problem. Then they deliberated, and at the end of their deliberations the committee members found areas of agreement which were embodied in a report to the General Faculty. But one man would not concur with his colleagues, and prepared a report of his own.

Yesterday, the General Faculty made a statute of the one man's opinion.

This opinion, by Professor William Finkel (Chairman, Speech), establishes mandatory lists for all students in all clubs. Thankfully, it provides for destruction of the lists of "sensitive" groups at the end of a semester; and thankfully, it separates the question of receiving fee allocations and submitting lists. But these also were features of the preferred majority report.

The appealing feature of the rejected majority report was that political, religious and social action groups would be required to furnish the names of only the minimum number of persons necessary for the group to establish its existence—twelve. The Finkel plan demands the full roster.

By rejecting the majority report of a committee that made a thorough study of the lists question, and maintaining mandatory lists, the General Faculty demonstrated that on this issue at least its mind is still closed.

The student body gained nothing from yesterday's General Faculty action. Imposing the ridiculous amalgamation of lists and fees one semester and removing it some months later hardly calls for appreciative applause.

SG's Loss

When Professor Stewart Easton resigned as the faculty adviser to Student Government yesterday, he reiterated his contention that SG, as now constituted, is both cumbersome and ineffective. During his five years as adviser to SG, Professor Easton sought to channel the energies of his organization towards eliminating these deficiencies. His efforts were not strikingly successful. But the opportunity to take action along these preferred lines has presented itself in the form of President Gallagher's committee to probe the underlying philosophy of SG. It is hoped that the committee can implement the ideas for making more meaningful the organization to which Professor Easton has devoted much of the last five years.

Next Question

A member of the College's "College Bowl" team said yesterday that there is not much difference between boys and girls.

We hope he and his teammates do better on the program Sunday.

Letters

CITES ADVISERS

To the Editor:

Each term the SG Freshman Advisory Committee plans a program to aid the entering freshmen. This term, an expanded program was instituted to include a volunteer core of "Big Brothers" to work with students in their lower freshman term.

This term, about 1600 freshmen will enter the college, and approximately 160 advisors are needed for the orientation. It is extremely important that the freshmen be given a sense of belonging to the College, and the best way that this can be accomplished is through direct contact with the students here.

As part of their duties, the "big brothers" will meet with a group of about 10 freshmen on September 10th, to discuss the College and answer any questions pertaining to it. They then act as guides in a tour of the school. They will meet with the freshmen two or three times during the semester. These meetings have no connection with the weekly Freshman Orientation classes.

This program is a necessity at CCNY, and because it is so vital to the freshmen and to the school, it is about time that it takes its rightful position of importance.

Any students who are interested in participating in this program are invited to apply in Room 152 Finley.

Bobbi Mendelsohn
Sara Kabakow,
Co-chairmen,
Freshman Advisory Committee

Bowl

(Continued from Page 1)

or the World Almanac, or both. Sislowitz and Sussman have been studying Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winners, statesmen, history, geography and current events. Randall says he closes his eyes, opens the Information Please Almanac to any page, and starts reading.

Gilson said he did no extra work because "I always read the almanac anyway."

The team is looking forward to the competition. Randall, however, said he has qualms about being opposed by a team of four girls. He said the team would have "a better chance against boys. Girls are so studious."

While Sussman said "it's not humbling to be beaten by girls," Sislowitz admitted that he would "resent it."

Gilson commented: "There's not much difference between boys and girls."

Should the College's team win, the next show will come from a CBS studio in New York. Originally, the show was to be telecast from Townsend Harris Auditorium. The change was made because operational difficulties were encountered at Goucher last week, and CBS decided not to broadcast any more shows from college campuses.

Free tickets for the show may be obtained next week in 152 Finley. Approximately three hundred will be available.

The College's four representatives and Steve Brown '59, an alternate, will board the train for Baltimore tomorrow at 2. They will be accompanied by Mr. I. E. Levine (Public Relations).

They will be met in Baltimore by their opponents and the show's Master of Ceremonies, Allen Ludden. According to Sislowitz, the team then will "go to dinner with the girls." Mr. Levine and the MC will "come along too," he added.

Thirty

By Bob Mayer

On an unexceptional page in a forgotten textbook barely remembered sociology course, there is a sentence I will never forget. It is scrawled on a card in my desk at home, just as I copied it in 1955, and it reads: "Undirected potentiality is also sprawling helplessness." That card and a friendly pile of old newspapers are my most significant possessions of the past four years.

I entered the College with a high IQ and a mediocre high school average, and I leave with a high IQ and a mediocre college average. But in between, thanks to the card and the newspapers, the potentiality has found a direction, and the helplessness—if it hasn't disappeared completely—at least no longer sprawls. That may sound like a return on four years of one's life, but it's far more substantial than the few facts I've accumulated, and the many more I should have while attending occasional classes between issues of THE CAMPUS.

The first uncertain step in my hazy new direction—although I didn't realize it at the time—occurred in the fall of 1955, when I conducted my first interview as a cub sports writer on Observation. It happened to be with an earnest, eager, gentleman-coach named Dave Polansky, who was warm and friendly toward a nervous reporter. I shudder to think that if that first interview had been with a certain cold fish in the Wingate pool, a promising career might have ended before it began, and I might be sprawling still.

A year later I was sports editor of OP; an interview with a longer an event to be remembered; success had underlined journalism as my new direction.

Considering the de-emphasized program, that fall and winter of '56-'57 was the most fantastic athletic season the College has ever known, and reporting it was the most absorbing thing I had ever done. The soccer team went undefeated and rocketed to national prominence; the cross-country team was unbeaten; the swimming and wrestling teams lost only one match apiece; and the basketball team under a guy named Polansky, surpassed them all with an amazing streak that led to an NCAA tourney bid. Working on the newspaper that term was intoxicating.

If the work was a stimulant, however, it was also a drug. The OP staff had dwindled to OPscurity, and the editors published the paper while in a perpetual daze. After constant fights with parents because of unpaid bills, with parents because of all-night marathons at the printer, and with our own pride because of diminishing journalistic standards, we threw in the towel, and reluctantly buried the paper.

As it turned out, the burial was premature. Weeks later, OP revived—at first as a sickly caricature of its former self, later as a more or less acceptable newspaper. But by then the other editors had joined The Campus, and experienced two important lessons in the process.

The first came when OP's martyrs—friends who had deserted the paper and later returned to revive it—called us traitors. Their did not bother me, and I learned then that if you know you are the hoots of the cynics can't touch you.

The second lesson was an affirmation of the cliché about knowledge: people before you judge them. When I joined The Campus I found "the sneaky rats down the hall" to be as fine a bunch of people I have ever known.

In my two years before the CAMPUS mast I have risen—a peculiar mixture of eagerness and reluctance—to the highest position. My specific tasks have changed from writing sports copy to news copy to writing editorials and guiding the entire paper. But the general routine has remained the same, and it is that routine—sometimes exhilarating, sometimes tiring, always satisfying—that makes semesters fly by which otherwise might have dragged.

When all the classroom lectures have been forgotten, I will remember the regular dawn watch at the printer, and the next morning a mingled feeling of exhaustion and serenity; the headline-and-party at the High-Lite after basketball games; the screwball parties at the subway early in the morning, and the screwdrivers in the Mar Rouge late at night. And I will remember too the doubts that arose in sporadic moments of despair—doubts about whether this exciting direction was really a profession, or merely an escape.

Now graduation approaches. Unlike most editors, I am getting out in four years—mainly because of a persistent vestige of bourgeois inhibition that THE CAMPUS couldn't quite kill. In the future, perhaps beyond a year of graduate school, lies uncertainty, and it is on that note that I planned to end this column—until the eventful last Wednesday night provided the only possible climax.

First, at the Student Government dinner, I received a leadership award. It was a pleasant token, but I must admit that it did not mean much. What was far more appropriate, President Gallagher unexpectedly made remarks at the dinner that gave us our big story of the year. We raced to the printer, remade the front page, and I hacked out my last Campus story under a banner headline. The satisfaction of a job well done was immeasurable.

But even that was topped. When the story was completed and we were reading the last page proof under my editorship, the lights in the print shop were turned off, and half the CAMPUS staff marched bearing a cake aglow with thirty candles. Twenty people had loitered on Fourth Street from midnight until 3 AM on a school day, just to pay this small surprise tribute in the most appropriate place—the familiar grime of ink and paste and newsprint. It was a night I will remember, a night to banish doubts, and a night saying thanks that was nothing.

News of the Term in Review

Being Red

Students watched a political football game this term in which the two sides wore different uniforms but claimed that they were both running in the same direction.

The teams were the Democratic Forum Union and the Party of Liberal Students. Both claimed they were formed to support liberalism, both adopted similar election platforms and both stated their constitutions that they would fight against a "small minority" of "anti-democratic" students in Student Government.

But it was on this last point that the parties agreed on paper and differed in reality. PLS leaders asserted that the "anti-democrats" were in the DFU, and DFU leaders declared they were in the PLS. And the "small minority" clause in the DFU constitution caused one of the most serious controversies that has arisen at the College in recent years.

The DFU was formed early in March by President Renee Roth and former SG presidents Bart Cohen, Steve Nagler and Ike Horowitz. It soon was apparent that DFU founders believed the "anti-democratic" threat came from left-of-center.

The party found itself in serious trouble even before the first membership meeting. The DFU statement of aims was so broad that any student, including the "leftists," was able to join, and many whom the founders felt were "anti-democratic" expressed an intention to do so. After the first DFU meeting, three of the founders argued that "anti-democrats" had been elected to some officers' posts in the party.

In an attempt to separate the "liberals" from the "leftists," the founders introduced a resolution at the second DFU meeting stating that Communists and Communist sympathizers were not welcome in the organization.

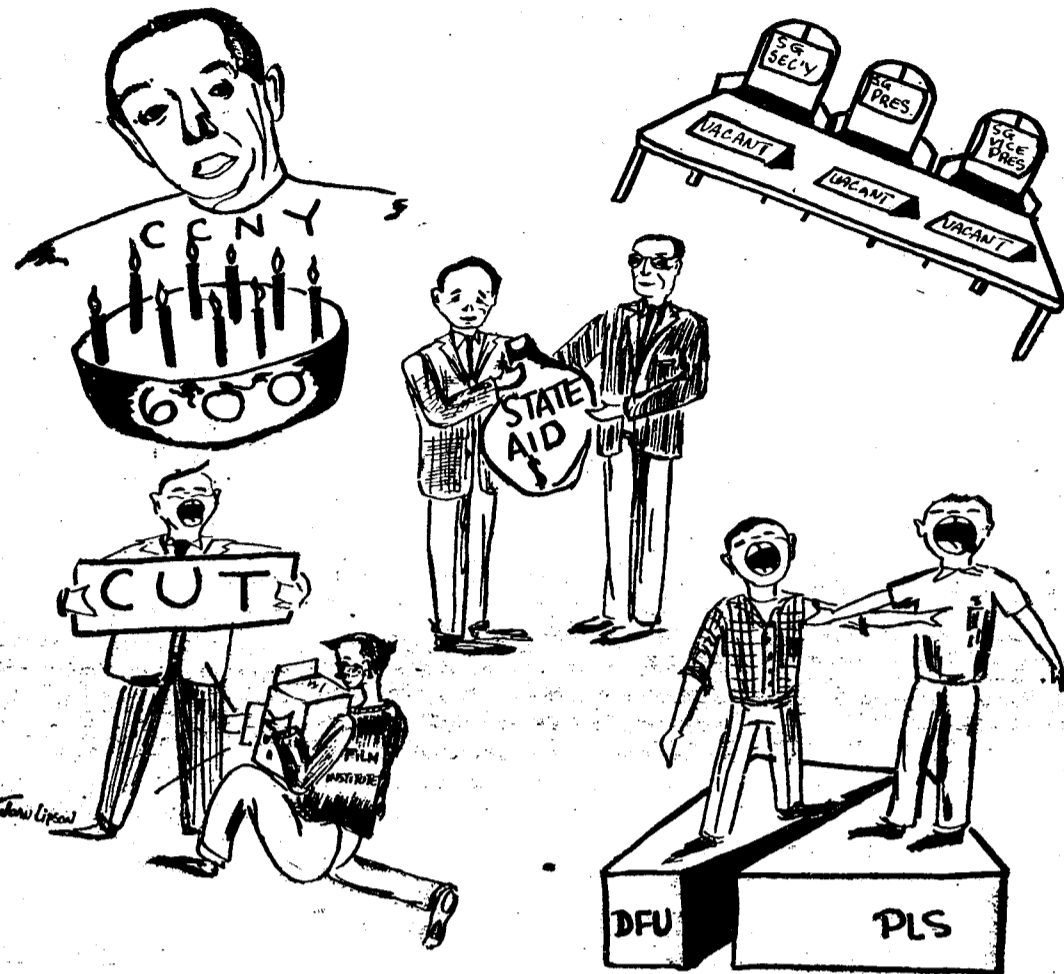
The vote on the "Communist" resolution split the DFU down the middle. Realizing that the party could no longer operate effectively, three of the founders and many students who had voted in favor of the resolution left the DFU and formed the PLS.

The two parties then concentrated on the SG elections. Both adopted similar platforms, except for a plank on the Anna Youth Festival. The PLS condemned the Festival as Communist-dominated. The DFU opposed sending an official festival delegation but did not characterize the Festival in any way.

It was evident that the two parties differed in that the PLS believed there was a "leftist" threat at the College and the DFU did not. But there were no published statements on the matter until last week. At this time, President Gallagher surprised students and faculty members at the SG awards dinner by declaring that he feared the future political complexion of SG and Observation Post.

The President clearly implied that what he feared in SG and OP was Communist left wing activity. After the dinner, Mike Lefkowitz, editor of OP, said the "Communists" on the paper had hampered this term.

Neither the President nor Lefkowitz mentioned any names. They also did not specify what they expected the "leftists" to do. But the issue raised by the President's statement will certainly be argued at the next term and may prove to be a valuable that unleashes a political tornado.



But the allotment had one string attached—that the city colleges admit non-city residents.

The bill, submitted by Republican Sen. MacNeill Mitchell of Manhattan, provides that the state pay one-sixth of the cost of educating students during their first two years at city colleges.

Governor Rockefeller, who had endorsed the principle of state aid in his election campaign last October, promptly signed the bill. The Board of Higher Education currently is deciding how the money will be allotted, and how many non-city residents will be admitted to each college. President Gallagher requested that the College's quota be set at one hundred.

To Be Continued

The chain of compromises, interpretations, and interpretations of interpretations in the membership lists controversy this term was finally broken yesterday when the General Faculty approved the minority report of a special committee on lists.

The confusion began early in the semester after the General Faculty Committee on Student Activities proposed a list compromise to the GF. The compromise provided that political, religious and social action groups would not be required to submit lists, but also would not be eligible to receive funds from student fees.

The GFCSA compromise raised more questions than it solved. For instance:

- What groups were religious, political, or social action?
- How was it to be determined whether a group fell into these categories?
- Were they to receive no funds at all, or should they get money for activities other than religious, political or social action?
- Was the compromise legal?

Late in February, the GF met to reconsider its ruling. After a motion to reconsider had received a tie vote, the GF discovered that it did not have a quorum, and made no decision.

At the height of the confusion, President Gallagher appointed a committee headed by Dean Samuel Middlebrook to hold open hearings on membership lists and fees and to make recommendations to the General Faculty.

The committee reported its decision last week. It proposed another compromise, the main points of which were:

- Student fees were to be allocated as they were before the GF ruling.
- Social action groups were to file a list of only twelve names.

Records of membership in "sensitive" organizations were to be destroyed at the end of each term.

- "Non-sensitive" groups were to file full membership lists.

One member of the Middlebrook committee, Prof. William Finkel, submitted a minority report. His recommendations were similar to the majority proposal, but he asked that "sensitive" groups be required to file a full list of members—not merely twelve names.

The General Faculty accepted Professor Finkel's recommendations by a 46-42 edge. Simultaneously student leaders differed on the plan's merits, and it seemed that nothing has been solved after all.

Curriculum

Major changes in the College's curriculum designed to give students more freedom in choosing their courses were approved this term and will go into effect next semester.

In answer to the growing demands for more liberal arts courses for engineering students, the chemical engineering curriculum was revised to include five credits in elective liberal arts courses. Studies are now under way to extend the liberal arts elective plan to the College's other engineering departments.

The Liberal Arts program for students majoring in social studies underwent the most drastic of the curriculum revisions. The number of required courses was reduced by nine credits, and the number of elective concentration credits was raised from 24 to thirty. In an attempt to combat over-specialization, students will be required to take six of the thirty credits outside their major field.

While the engineering and liberal arts curricula were being expanded, the Day Session program of the Films Institute was discontinued. According to College authorities the expense involved in maintaining the Institute during Day Session hours was not justified by the number of students registering for the films courses. The Films Institute enjoyed an international reputation in the films industry, particularly in the field of documentary film, and its closing was viewed with little joy.

Two other curriculum changes were proposed this term for future consideration: The addition to the College of a School of Architecture and a closed circuit television system. A group of students initiated the architecture...

ture school here and President Gallagher announced that the idea was being studied by three College committees. A total of \$40,000 has been included in the College's proposed capital budget for 1960 to cover the cost of building and equipping a television studio in Shepard Hall.

Inflation

Tapping the student body, the administration has found, is the quickest and most efficient method to get money.

So, beginning next term, the student fee will be increased three dollars, two dollars for the running of the Finley Center and one dollar for the athletic program, for a fourteen dollar total.

The need for the increase in the Finley fee arose this term after the City College Fund announced it will withdraw part of its financial aid to the building. Of the Fund's projects the Center is the only one with another means of income, and the Fund decided to withdraw aid in order to give more support to its other projects.

The Finley Board of Advisors quickly approved a fee rise that was later endorsed by the Board of Higher Education.

The increase in the athletic fee was proposed jointly by the Student-Faculty and General Faculty Committees on Inter-collegiate Athletics. Rising costs of supplies and the desire for more freshman teams were cited as reasons for this increase.

Too Many Votes

There were more votes than voters in the Student Government elections this term, and the result was invalidation of the ballots.

Members of the Elections Agency became suspicious after they discovered numerous write-in ballots for the same person in the same handwriting.

A student involved in the write-in venture said he had done it to "demonstrate the inadequate way the ballots are collected." A more idealistic spokesman for the Elections Agency said it was thought that "the integrity of the individual student would suffice, and therefore no absolutely foolproof system would be needed."

Meanwhile, the SG Executive Committee invalidated the elections and set another one for next term during registration, and the Elections Agency began drafting an elections procedure that relied less on personal ethics.

And . . .

Lending Library?

The library reported at the beginning of the term that more than 13,000 volumes had disappeared in the last twenty years. Without delineating the mechanics of the disappearance, a top library official complimented students here on "their respect" for the library. "This is very good compared to other colleges and universities," it was explained. At the same time, Burns Guards were stationed in the library, apparently to avoid overtaxing the student body's benevolence.

Infidel, Outfidel

The College was one of the few places to which Cuban leader Fidel Castro didn't come to sell his 26th of July movement. Indeed, he didn't come twice.

At first, Cuban consular officials thought Lewisohn Stadium would be a fine site for Dr. Castro's rally with Spanish-speaking New Yorkers. College officials thought it wouldn't be such a fine site because spectators might get hit on the head with lacrosse balls or baseballs because varsity teams practice in the Stadium.

Then the Government and Law Society invited Dr. Castro to speak in Aronow Auditorium. He accepted, and a few peo-

State Aid

The Legislature opened the state's purse the late hours of its final session this day, just as it did on the day of the municipal colleges. The grant marked the end of a long campaign for state aid President Gallagher...

News of the Term in Review

Continued from Page 5)

Eple in Student Government who were "in the know" said that he was coming here only because the parents of one of the society's members ran guns to him while he was fighting Batista.

A swarm of police showed up to check security precautions. A sergeant indicated he was peeved at having to follow the bearded Cuban around on his whirlwind speaking tour of the city. When College officials mentioned dining facilities, the sergeant suggested that Dr. Castro be sent to Bickford's.

Presumably, officials rejected the suggestion, but Dr. Castro cancelled his appearance anyway.

The Hind Quarter

The College's poorer academic students were under pressure this semester, even before attending their first class.

History Professor Bailey W. Diffie wrote The New York Times during inter-session that a quarter of the student body here was unqualified, should not have entered college, and should quickly have their connections with this institution severed.

The administration frowned on this departure from the current educational doctrine, and circulated a memo inviting instructors to take complaints to the President before airing them publicly.

Meanwhile, Dean Samuel Middlebrook presented, in The Times, the administration's case for maintaining large enrollments, and Professor Diffie went to Florida on sabbatical leave.

Bowl Bid

Not since the athletic de-emphasis in 1951 has a College team competed in the national spotlight. But it will happen this Sunday.

Midway through the semester the College received a bowl bid—and accepted. No eyebrows were raised, however, because the competition was to be in brains, not brawn. The bid came from an intellectual television quiz show, "College Bowl."

After a week of tests, four male "varsity scholars" were selected to compete against a championship female quartet from Maryland's Goucher College. The big contest is only two days away—but thus far the bookmakers have shown no interest.

Athletics

A Cold Winter . . .

Winter sports this season were a mixture of some pleasant surprises . . . sprinkled lightly with that apparently eternal Beaver mediocrity.

Number 600

The basketball team finished its season with a 6-12 record but did manage to win the "big game"—Nat Holman's six hundredth contest as coach here. The cagers were unimpressive through most of the year, but by their last two games had improved to the point where they battled St. John's and NYU, the top teams in the city, almost to the final buzzer.

Much of the team's improvement was directly due to the play of Marty Groveman, a left-handed jump-shooter with an uncanny eye. Groveman wound up as the team's high scorer with a 17.4 average by scoring twenty or more points in each of the last five games.

The injury jinx which plagued the team since the opening of pre-season practice in October continued during this term. Hector Lewis and Julio Delatorre, two starters, were forced to miss games, and Joel Ascher never got into shape after missing pre-season practice.

While the varsity was having its troubles, the freshman team finished with its best record, 11-7, in many seasons. With Mike Genber (who broke the fresh scoring mark with 32 points in one game) and Tor Nilssen moving to the varsity, there is some cause for optimism next year.

Better Late . . .

The other three major winter sports squads—the fencers, wrestlers, and swimmers—each had undistinguished regular seasons distinguished by post-season performances. The fencing team finished with a 3-5 record and proceeded to take eighth place in a field of nine at the IFA's. But the sabre squad of Harold Mayer, Andy Kemeny, and Dick Koch, placed second. Then the fencers pulled a mild surprise by finishing eleventh in a field of 24 in the nationals with Kemeny placing fourth in the sabre competition.

The wrestlers finished their dual-meet

season at 4-4 and then took fourth in the Metropolitan championships as Jerry Horowitz won the 157-lb. title.

The swimming team had the worst regular season record of the three squads, 3-6, but was the most successful in tournament competition. Nick West, undefeated in dual-meets, won the diving championship, Mike Bayuk took the breast-stroke crown—and the team finished fourth in the Met Conference championships. Then they capped the season by finishing fourth in the Easterns as Bayuk, only a sophomore, won two events.

Not Quite

The rifle team almost won (1) the Met Conference championship (2) the St. John's Invitational tournament and (3) the eastern sectionals of the National Rifle Association tourney. The nimrods, 16-2 in dual-meet competition, finished (1) second (2) second and (3) third, respectively.

. . . And a Warm Spring

It was a balmy spring sports season this year, the strongest breeze occurring in the wake of Stan Dawkins' speeding figure.

Dawkins, etc.

The track team, paced by the "quick quartet" of Dawkins, George "Second" Best, Josue Delgado, and Ralph Taylor, finished 5-0, its fourth undefeated season in five years. Dawkins, of course, was the key man, never winning less than four events in the dual-meets. As a suitable climax to his athletic career at the College—including his service on the soccer team—Dawkins received the Ben Wallach Memorial Award last night as the outstanding Beaver athlete of the year. Best, despite occasional victories, earned his nickname after finishing second to Dawkins four times in the opening meet.

Delgado, only a sophomore, consistently won the one and two-mile races. Taylor, while perhaps not as spectacular as Dawkins or Best, was the Beavers' top runner in the middle-distance races.

The aforementioned four, and Ike Clark, a steady performer the past two years, were the only trackmen the College entered in the CTC championships—and they managed to place second, only four

points behind the winners. Dawkins the meet's top individual scorer for second consecutive year.

Guidance Aplenty

The gratifying success story of the crose team this spring will long be remembered as a model of team spirit. Stickmen shrugged off their past record of three straight losing seasons and came up with a 5-2-1 record. Willie Rodriguez, Jerry Kolaitis, Fred Schwettman, and Goldman were the men primarily responsible for putting the ball in the opponent's nets while Dave Elias protected Beaver goal.

The story of the lacrosse team did take place only on the field—there's one on the sidelines. Leon (Chief) Miller, starting his twenty-ninth season at College, became ill and was replaced by Dave Polansky, a basketball coach. Polansky won two games and then handed the reins to George Baron, who finished the season quite successfully. Miller will be back next year to greet a host of turning lettermen.

False Start

For a short time it looked as if the baseball team was going to fool even this spring. But the batsmen did not follow through after their opening win over Hofstra. Down they went one time losing nine straight—until once again became a fight to stay on the Met Conference cellar. The Beavers won this fight, for the first time in seasons, by repeating their initial performance in their last game—beat Hofstra. Tim Sullivan, the team's dynamic centerfielder, was the top hitter with a .415 average in league play.

Vanishing Team

Tennis, anyone? Harry Karlin has been saying that over and over himself this spring. The Beavers had a first-rate team in April but by the time the season ended many of his players weren't around. His top man, Ben Steiner, was ineligible; Ronnie Blumberg, number three, left the squad; Vic Levin left the squad; and Hal Deutschman, newcomer, had a late lab on Wednesday which forced him to miss his turn in singles.

Nevertheless, the netmen won four



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'Thirtyish'

By Lew Egol

THE CAMPUS wouldn't allow me a thirty column — never been on the Managing Board. OP wouldn't give a thirty column—I am no longer on their staff, although I serve three terms on the OP managing board.

So this is not a thirty column; it is my reflections on the current politics situation at the College.

I came here in September 1954, trailed by a high school record proclaimed in red ink that I had never taken swimming, a red course at my High School; and by a Public School notation that I be ruled with an iron hand!

I wanted to be a journalist. I will leave in August with a permanent record testifying that I cannot be ruled by force. My ambition is to become a movie star, a baseball player and a fireman, all at once.

This will strike you as rather strange. "Goodness gracious," you say, "College has done nothing for this boy." And you will be right than wrong. After more than five years of higher education, I leave as academically ignorant as when I entered. What I have learned, with a few exceptions, I learned on my own. But I don't care. Being around so many people, so many ideas, so many things for five years cannot fail to have an effect upon an individual. For this I thank the people with whom I have associated at the college and outside of it. They have been responsible in part for my getting a foolproof answer to every question. Write this down clearly; I will not repeat myself:

Freud, Aristotle, Jung, Marx, Dewey, Darwin, Descartes, Nietzsche, Joyce, Lawrence, Wolfe, Shakespeare, O'Neill, Toynbee, Elliot, Mac, Einstein, Stevenson, Bacon.

Now, skip a few spaces and add: Pragmatism, communism, ultimatum, dichotomy, stream-of-consciousness, redundant, prefrontal lobectomy, existential, differential, pious, and divinity, autocratic, paralytic, morals and virginity.

You may arrange both sections as is your wont, and offer them as a solution to any problem with which you are faced. For example: a question is put to you, as I am sure it will be, what is truth? hesitate a moment, and answer: "Well, at the risk of being dramatic, I should like to quote Freud, who constantly refers to the effect of prefrontal lobotomy on the moral structure of society; Freud, ever, was of an autocratic nature, so it might seem best to elaborate on the existential views so subtly expressed by Darwin, who has the chief influence on Shakespeare, particularly in his views on virginity. And if you don't agree you are a paranoiac."

You have used only a few words on the list and already you have the argument. You may be wrong, but your opponent, not having the list, will never know it. You might even pass a few courses. So much for that sport. There is another game they play at the college, which I have found far more interesting and rewarding. It is played, by those in the know, "putting out a #&%4&6*% newspaper." I joined the Observation Post in my upper freshman term, as a candidate. I still remember the first story I wrote; it was about DesGrey, Faculty Manager of Athletics, and the fact that he is a amateur magician. I referred to this ability as "prestidigital prowess" a phrase which still delights me. Largely on the strength of this story, I was subsequently elected to the offices of copy editor, sports editor, and finally managing editor. When I was managing editor, I had Ralph Dannheisser in the mouth, and threw a typewriter at Lazar.

At the end of that term I took leave of absence, during which OP and I like to think of it as a cause and effect relationship, but it wasn't. A few talented, dedicated people worked themselves half dead, trying to publish a semi-weekly four page newspaper without a ghost. When they were finally forced to give up the ghost, they were called "traitors" by those who had earlier deserted the paper. This is a kind of justice which, unfortunately, is not confined to College journalism. It is the kind of justice which eats away at everything touches, and it has many fingers.

When I returned to school, I was determined to leave the papers behind, and look out for myself. After one term of this, I went back to sports editor. I lasted exactly one issue, when I discovered that the switch to CAMPUS of most of those I had grown with, was something missing on OP. It was talent. I joined THE CAMPUS, with my pencil drawn and my hopes high. I was really going to work. Somehow, it didn't work out that way. While away from the paper I had lost most of my desire to work for a student organization. I waited for assignments, and the editors asked for me to volunteer. My efforts appeared sporadically on the pages of this paper. Before I sat down at the typewriter today I determined to call them all sorts of names; I was ready to say that the student press 1) did not have the interest of the students at heart, 2) did not represent the student body editorially.

Then I thought of the old days on OP, and even the present situation. The people on the newspapers make many sacrifices; social, economic, and physical. They are limited in many ways. And they are complimented for the job they do. I am only sorry that I could not bring myself to join them.

I have said most of what I am going to say; all that remains is to tie up loose ends, a few loose ends to be tied together.

I don't think the friendships I have made here will last very long. I've already lost the only one I really cared about. But it was fun while it lasted; I'm glad NADA ended as it did, but I am just as glad that it existed when it did. I shall always respect Bob Mayer, one of the most capable, considerate persons I have known; I am indebted to Joan Snyder; and THE CAMPUS parties once were fun. One student stands out though. There is a lovely young lady who lives in a coal mine, who knows the whole story, despite the phone games.

One thing seems sure. I am the people I have known, and the people I have been; all of us are. My existence is very tightly tied up with the existence of many others. It is the one thing I learned here, that's what.

Dinner

(Continued from Page 8)

and basketball co-captain, stopped at one portion. "Normally I could eat at least three or four platefuls, but not of this stuff," he said.

When the ceremonies broke up, Heinz Minnerop, a member of the soccer team, headed towards the door and passed freshman basketball coach Dave Polansky. Minnerop was holding an almost pocket-size trophy and Polansky congratulated him.



TOP SCORER of the cagers, Marty Groveman was presented with two trophies last night.

Minnerop was holding an almost pocket-size trophy and Polansky congratulated him.

"What for?" asked Minnerop. "For your trophy," Polansky replied.

"Oh, it's nothing special." "I would say it's quite an achievement," Polansky insisted. "I guess you're right," Minnerop smiled.

The trophy was given to members of the College's national championship soccer team of 1957.

Sullivan Selected To All-met Squad

For the second successive season a College player was chosen as All-Metropolitan Collegiate Baseball Conference centerfielder. Tim Sullivan, a 5-5 junior, was chosen this year after hitting .415 in league play.

Last season's all-met outfielder, Bobby Iacullo, was declared ineligible and Sullivan, the leftfielder last year replaced him in center.

Sullivan's batting average, second best in the league to the .425 of Manhattan's Mickey Burkowski, was an improvement of almost 300 points over his average of .119 last year.

Two other Beavers, shortstop Bobby Demas and leftfielder Ken Rosenblum, were given honorable mention on the all-met team.

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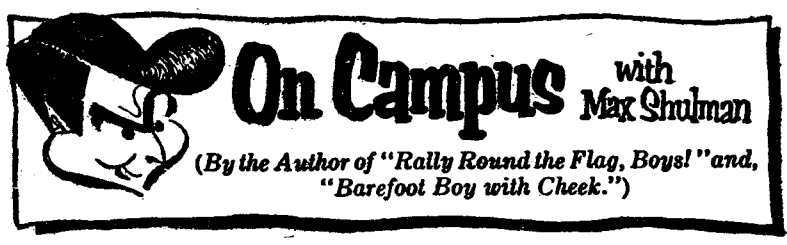
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On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

This is the last column of my fifth year of writing for Philip Morris and Marlboro. I have made it a custom in the last column of each year not to be funny. I know I have also realized this aim in many other columns during the year, but that was not for lack of trying. Today I am not trying. I am not trying for two reasons: First, because you are getting ready for final exams and in your present state of shock, nothing in the world could possibly make you laugh. And second, this final column of the year is for many of us a leave-taking, and good-byes always make me too misty to be funny.

For me the year ends neither with a bang nor a whimper, but with a glow—a warm, pleasant, mellow glow—the kind of glow you will find, for example, at the end of a Philip Morris or Marlboro.

It has been in every way a gratifying experience, my five years with the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, and I would like to take this opportunity to extend my heartfelt appreciation to these good tobaccoists, to assure them that the memory of their kindness will remain ever green in my heart, and to remind them that they still owe me for the last three columns.

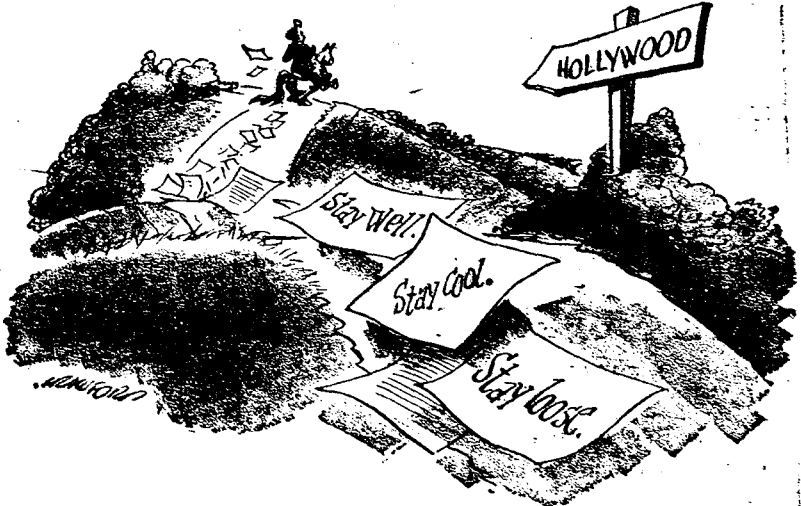
And in these waning days of the school year, let me address myself seriously to you, my readers. Have I trod on any toes this year? Ruffled any feelings? Jostled any sensibilities? If so, I am sorry.

Have I occasioned any laughs? Chuckles? Sniggers? Mona Lisa smiles? If so, I'm glad.

Have I persuaded any of you to try Philip Morris and Marlboro? To taste that fine flavor? To smoke that excellent tobacco? If so, you are glad.

And now the long, lazy summer lies ahead. But for me summer is never lazy. It is, in fact, the busiest time of year. Two summers ago, for instance, I was out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. There was a contest, you see, and the kid in my neighborhood who sold the most bluing won a pony. I am proud to report that I was the lucky winner.

Last summer I was also out ringing doorbells every single day, morning, noon, and night. I was trying to sell the pony.



This summer I am not going to be out ringing doorbells. I am going to saddle the pony and ride to Hollywood, California. What am I going to do in Hollywood, California? I am going to write a series of half-hour television comedies called THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS, and starting in October, 1959, your friends and mine, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, are going to bring you this program over the Columbia Broadcasting System every Tuesday night at 8:30. Why don't you speak to your housemother and ask her if she'll let you stay up to see it?

And now good-bye. For me it's been kicks all the way, and I hope for you it hasn't been altogether unbearable. Have a good summer. Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

© 1959, Max Shulman

For us, the makers of Philip Morris and Marlboro, it's been kicks too, and we would like to echo kindly old Max's parting words: Stay well. Stay cool. Stay loose.

Dawkins Receives 4 Awards Netmen Beat St. John To End Season at .500

By Mike Katz

Stan Dawkins received a few trophies and then 500 athletes, faculty, alumni, and assorted free-loaders grumbled at and then ate the spaghetti and meat balls yesterday at the fourteenth annual All-Sports Nite dinner.

The program was divided between two places, the Grand Ballroom and the cafeteria in the Finley Center. In the ballroom, speeches and the presentations of trophies were made. In the cafeteria, indigestion was offered.

During the presentations, Dawkins was loaded down with trophies. Co-captain of both the soccer and the track teams, he received the highest honor given a Lavender performer, the Ben Wallack Memorial Award presented to the outstanding athlete of the year.

He also received awards for being the outstanding track and field competitor last year and the winner of a decathlon held among members of the track team. He received the John D. Lasak Memorial trophy for "best exemplifying the skill, ability and character of the late John D. Lasak."

Billy Sund, holder of the soccer team's game, season and career scoring records, received two trophies: as the booters' most valuable player and the Arthur H. Greenberg Memorial Award as the athlete who "reflects the most honor upon the College by his skill, ability, and character."

Marty Groveran, the basketball team's high scorer, won trophies as the cagers' MVP and top foul shooter. Bobby Iacullo received awards as the baseball team's MVP and top hitter in 1958.

The evening started with an address by Clifford Anderson '22, chairman of the All-Sports Nite Committee. Somehow he wandered off his major topic—introductions of other speakers—and was reciting an anecdote about a term paper on Hamlet (a former Danish prince).

Meanwhile, President Gallagher, waiting to deliver the next introduction, sat at the dais fanning himself. It was a warm night.

Dr. Gallagher, while congratulating the recipients of the trophies, praised the unsung heroes of the College's squads, those players "whose faces get stepped



ONE OF FOUR: Stan Dawkins (r.) receives the John Lasak Memorial Award from Stan Greenwald. Dawkins also was given three other trophies last night at the fourteenth annual All-Sports Nite.

Photo by Martin

on during football scrimmages."

The major address of the evening was given by Leo Klauber '23, president of the Alumni Varsity Association. Mr. Klauber called for an expansion of the College's sports program and facilities.

The College's four-man entry in the TV College Bowl was also introduced. Of their talents Mr. Anderson said, "Well, I suppose it's some sort of athletics, sitting on your fanny while you think."

As for the eating part of the dinner, Randy Crossfield '58, a former cross-country and track star now teaching at the College, took first place by almost finishing seven portions of spaghetti.

Joel Ascher, a 6-4 220-pounder (Continued on Page 7)



SOCCKER STAR: Billy Sund was chosen the most valuable player on the booters.

The College's tennis team had to extend itself more than it expected Wednesday to defeat St. John's, 6-3, at the Fleet Tennis Club. The Beavers finished their season at the .500 mark, 4-4.

Jay Hammel and Mike Stone, the number one and two men respectively, accounted for half of the College's points. Hammel defeated Frank Sacco, 6-3, 6-2, and Stone beat Frank Gallagher, 6-2, 6-0. They then teamed up to defeat Sacco and Gallagher in the doubles, 6-4, 6-0.

Sy Silver, who replaced the ailing Mark Buckstein in the number three slot, won his singles match against Ken Kubicki, 6-2, 6-0. Vinnie Catrini scored the College's final singles victory by defeating Maurice Vallat, 10-8, 6-1.

After Hammel and Stone had clinched the victory in the first doubles match, the pace noticeably slackened. Jerry Swartz and Gad Selig dropped the second doubles event.

Although Silver and Richard King won the last doubles match, their victory was accomplished by relying more on the ineptitude of their opponents than on their own prowess.

"The team's performance this year was remarkable," coach Harry Karlin said after the match, "when one takes into account that we lost our top player, Bernie

Steiner, because of ineligibility. We were also hampered by the loss of Hal Deutschman in the NYU and St. John's matches.

"We could have easily won 5-4," he continued, "if we had an opportunity to complete the Hunter match which was canceled because of rain while we were leading, 8-0.

"The prospects for next year are excellent," the coach added. "I expect a fine crop of freshmen coming to the varsity and with the help of this year's team returning, the possibilities for an undefeated season are excellent."

Karlin expects to enter Hammel and Stone in the Metropolitan League individual championships held during the first week of

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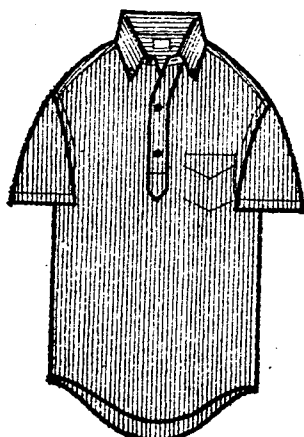
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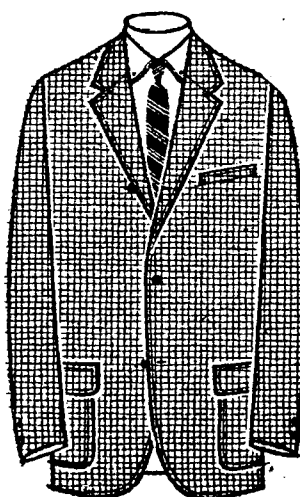
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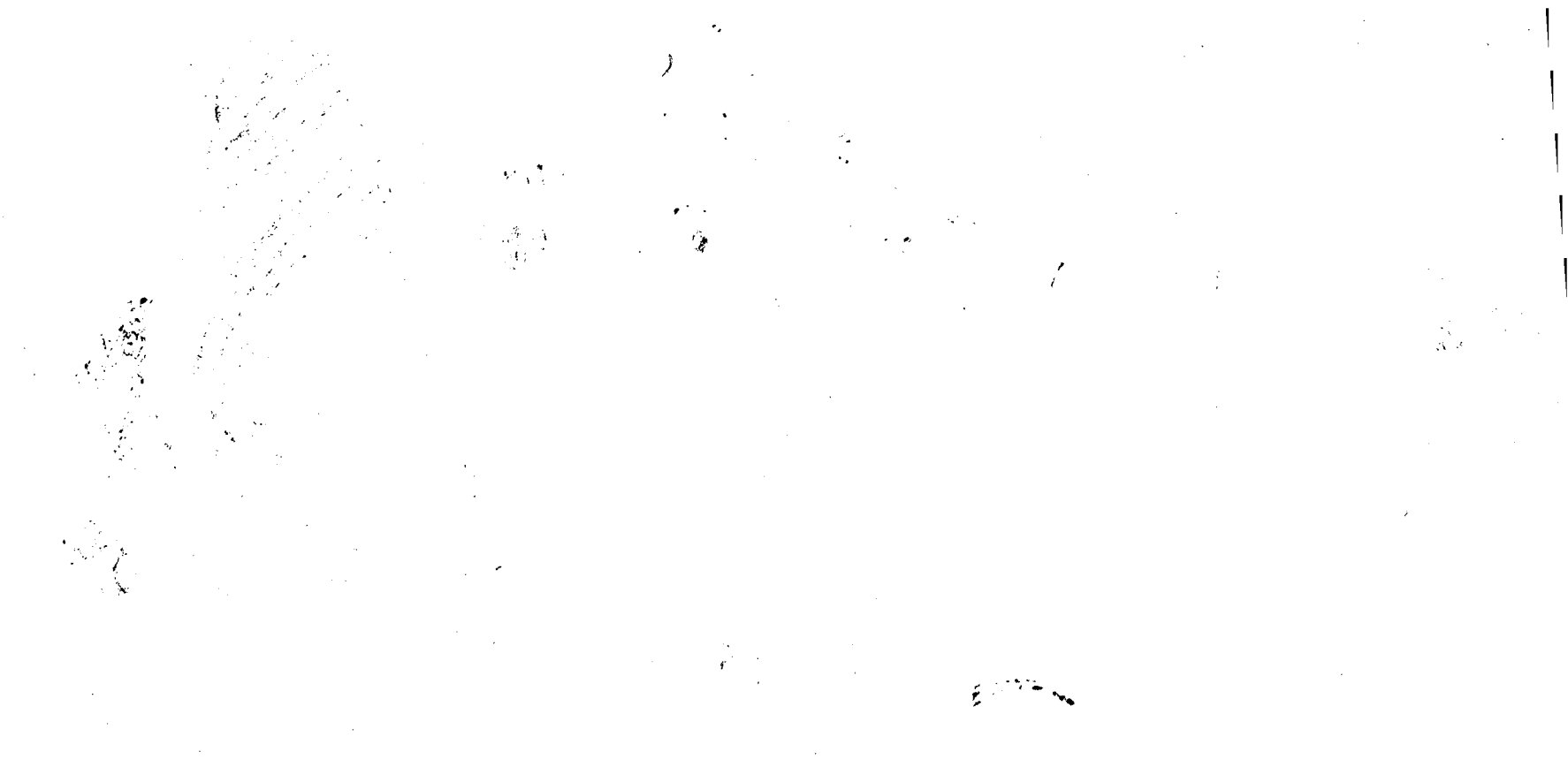
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