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THE CAMPUS

Undergraduate Newspaper of the City College Since 1907

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1967

232

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Korn and IRT Slate Victorious in SG Elections, Take Exec Posts and All But One Council Seat

What a Disaster. What a Total Disaster



AFTER THE BATTLE: Loser Larry Yermack (left) smiles graciously; Winner Joe Korn embraces his running mate Janis Gade happily.



Photo by Seltzer

By Andy Soltis

In an overwhelming upset, Joe Korn '68 led the Independent Reform Ticket to a landslide victory in last week's elections, defeating his opponent Larry Yermack '68 for the Student Government Presidency next term.

With over 2500 students voting Korn achieved a 319 vote plurality over his opponent.

Every candidate on Korn's ticket—six executives, nineteen Student Council members, and five NSA delegate—was elected. The sole non-IRT winner was Councilwoman Ellen Turkish '68.

Korn's running mates, Janis Gade '68 Henry Frisch '68, Honey Weiss '69, Jeffrey Zuckerman '69 and Suzy Matson '70, captured the positions of Educational Affairs Vice President Campus Affairs Vice President, Community Affairs Vice President, Treasurer and Secretary respectively.

Barry Shrage '68, running unopposed for the Executive Vice Presidency on the Student Involvement slate was rejected by 208 votes.

"Never in the six years that I've been here has there been a sweep of this magnitude and it probably goes much farther back than that," said Korn's campaign manager Mark Landis, a graduate student.

In the two referendum questions on the ballot, the students voted to continue SG's membership in the National Student Association and voted down a one dollar increase in the Student Activities Fee.

Korn had urged that SG concentrate on educational reform while Yermack had called for a strong anti-war position.

According to Yermack "the Vietnam issue" was the main cause for his defeat. "If I had to

(Continued on Page 9)

By Steve Dobkin

Hours before the polling booths closed Friday, the outcome of last week's student government election was becoming more than apparent.

In the early afternoon Larry Yermack stood just outside Finley Cafeteria handing out the last remnants of his campaign literature.

"Have you voted yet?" he would ask hoarsely of the people hurrying in to get lunch. Few stopped.

The perennial smile was gone from Yermack's face. There had been a heavy turnout on North Campus, much heavier than expected, and Yermack knew that the massive ROTC—Engineering vote was going to beat him.

Upstairs, members of Korn's slate were gathering outside the Interfraternity Council Office. Smiling, Janis Gade and Henry Frisch led the group into the office.

"IFC must be destroyed," they sang. IFC had endorsed much of Yermack's ticket. Their endorsement of Alan Rabunski over Miss Gade for Educational Affairs Vice President had hurt her.

(Continued on Page 3)

Budget Cut Linked to Tuition Plan

By Tom Ackerman

The Lindsay administration's cuts in the City University's executive budget may be the first step in a drive to impose tuition, President Gallagher indicated Saturday.

Dr. Gallagher disclosed that the city's Budget Director Frederick O. R. Hayes had suggested in a letter April 16 that the University could increase its revenues by 9.8 million dollars if it charged fees.

He said that it was interesting that "the amount cut out of the University's budget was identical with that amount."

The president also said that although the University had been granted budgetary flexibility, the college might still have to reduce next term's freshman class by forty percent.

Status Uncertain

He said he didn't know yet if the students involved would be denied admission to the University entirely or sent to other units of the University.

Dr. Gallagher had previously said that refusing these students admission, might leave the college open to law suits of acceptance because the students have already been sent notices of acceptance.

CU Chancellor Albert Bowker, said last week that budgetary flexibility, which will give University officials a free hand in applying a "lump sum" to those items

which they give priority, would probably assure admission of all freshmen already accepted.

However, he said that some would have to be shifted to colleges other than those of their choice, that average course loads would be reduced from 15 to 12, and that basic services would be drastically curtailed.

Alumni Meeting

Dr. Gallagher's remarks were made at the annual meeting of the alumni association.

Although Dr. Gallagher said later that he had not intended to accuse Mayor Lindsay of renegeing on his free tuition promises, alumni speakers at the meeting were more explicit in their criticism.

Dr. Seymour Weissman, executive vice president of the alumni association charged that "Mr. Lindsay is trying to increase the proportion of fees in the City University and would not be adverse to putting in tuition."

"He doesn't understand the value of the City University", Dr. Weissman said, and "on any pretense of financial reasons, he would be happy to turn over its financing to the State University. The whole budget revolves around this issue".

Conceding that the city was having fiscal difficulties, Dr. Gallagher proposed that the required money could still be obtained from the Mayor's special contingency fund.

(Continued on Page 4)

DSL FORBIDS PUBLICATION OF 'OP,' CITES DEFICIT BEFORE FINAL ISSUE

Observation Post, scheduled to come out tomorrow with its last issue of the term, has been suspended indefinitely because it has incurred a \$2 thousand deficit.

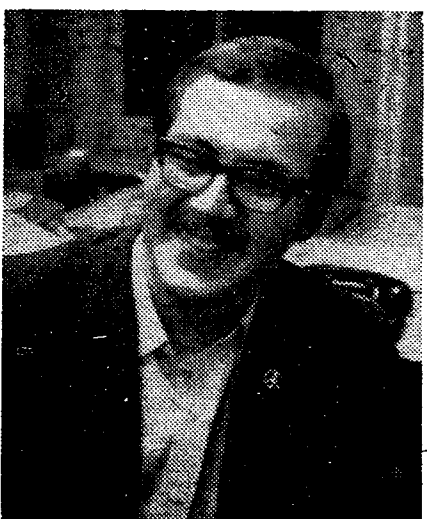
Dr. Harry Meisel (Student Life) announced the suspension yesterday after a conference with Noe Goldwasser '68, the paper's editor-in-chief, and Danny Weissman '68, the news editor.

Both Dr. Meisel and the two editors, however, expressed confidence that the financial problems will be cleared up over the summer so that the newspaper can begin publishing again in the fall.

According to Goldwasser, OP's deficit is due to a failure to collect \$2,500 in outstanding bills over the past few months.

He said that the National Advertising Service which supplies the newspaper with many of its advertisements had not forwarded several hundred dollars in revenue owed to OP.

In addition, he said, several organizations on campus such as



OPHURIOUS: Observation Post Editor Noe Goldwasser termed the paper's suspension "tragic."

Student Government and House Plan Association have not been billed for large ads which appeared "in the past few issues."

In announcing the suspension Dr. Meisel said, "It would not be an act of responsibility on my part if I were to stand by and see additional debts incurred."

In a letter to OP he said his action "is probably the most difficult decision I have had to make in a long time."

Goldwasser said after his conference with Dr. Meisel, "I think it's tragic when any newspaper has to stop its presses. It is a disservice to the students and a disservice to the people working on the paper."

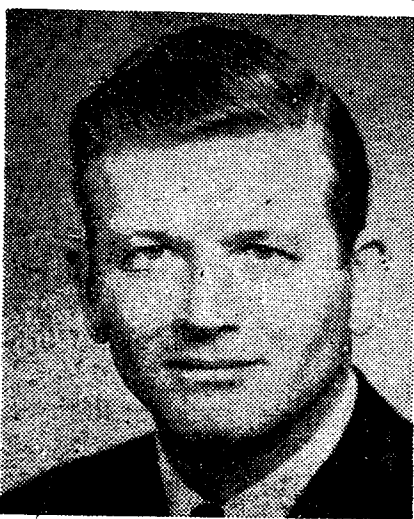
—Soltis

Blitz Is Elected Editor of 'Campus'

Eric Blitz, a nineteen year old junior majoring in English, was elected Editor in Chief of The Campus for the fall semester at a staff meeting Thursday.

Andy Soltis '68, Steve Dobkin '68 and Tom Ackerman '69 were elected News Editor, Managing Editor and Assistant Managing Editor, respectively. Joel Wachs '69 was chosen Sports Editor, and Barbara Gutfreund '69 and Ralph Levinson '69 will be Associate News Editor and Associate Features Editor, respectively.

A newcomer to the Managing Board, Carol DiFalco '69, will serve as Copy Editor. An election will be held tomorrow to fill the post of Business Manager.



SCHEMER?: President Gallagher accused Mayor Lindsay of plotting an imposition of tuition.

Draft Tests to be Discontinued

By Barbara Gutfreund and Ralph Levinson

The Selective Service System announced last week that draft deferment tests will be discontinued in the fall thus opening the possibility that many students here will be left without a basis for maintaining their 2-S classifications.

The Selective Service's decision came a day before the Faculty Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences recommended the elimination of class ranking, the other criteria for obtaining student deferments.

The Faculty Council of the School of Education is scheduled to consider the class ranking system tomorrow. Last term, the Education School was the only unit of the College to approve a motion to end the release of class ranking.

Dean of Education Doyle Bortner refused to predict the outcome of tomorrow's meeting because the subject of debate has been shifted from release to maintenance of class ranking.

A spokesman for the New York City Selective Service headquarters, who wished to remain anonymous, said that "a local board will probably classify a man 1-A if there is no information about him in his file."

"Why should he be entitled to anything other than 1-A?", he added.

However, another spokesman, Captain William Pascoe, from the national Selective Service headquarters said reclassification would not be automatic. "The student from a school which doesn't release class ranking will just have less evidence of why he should be deferred," he explained.

Under current practices, deferments are granted if the student has either passed the draft test or acquired a high class ranking. A student in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences who has not taken the test will, therefore, have neither basis for deferment if the Faculty Council's recommendation is upheld by the Board of Higher Education.

The draft tests were discontinued because "the entire question of student deferment" was "in an open state," said Lieut. Gen. Louis B. Hershey, head of the Selective Service.

The Faculty Council recommendation does not necessarily mean an end to the use of class rank in recommendations for graduate schools and selection of honor society students.

According to Prof. Robert Taylor, Assistant to President Gallagher, "This point was not really discussed by the Council this time. If the proposal is taken literally it could wipe out this type of ranking. But as this is far from clear we are bound to discuss this further at our Council meeting coming up May 25."

According to Prof. Robert Taylor, Assistant to President Gallagher, "This point was not really discussed by the Council this time. If the proposal is taken literally it could wipe out this type of ranking. But as this is far from clear we are bound to discuss this further at our Council meeting coming up May 25."



NOT GUESSING: Dean Doyle M. Bortner refused to predict Ed. faculty's ranking decision.

Peace to Take Sabbatical

Dean James S. Peace (Student Life) will take a one term sabbatical this Fall, after 35 vacationless years at the College.

The Dean plans to spend the



GOING ON LEAVE: Dean Peace will spend a one term sabbatical in fall at his "retirement home."

time trying "to codify all the policies that exist around here in people's minds." Many of the College's regulations, he explained, are not formally stated anywhere. "Where does it state in the regulations, for instance, that you shouldn't throw eggs at the building?"

While not codifying rules or visiting "one or two colleges in the Northeast," Dean Peace will try to take life easy for a change. "Maybe I can go out and break 100," he quipped.

During the period, the Dean will reside in his recently completed "retirement home" in Cape Cod, his legal residence. But total retirement is not yet in Dean Peace's plans. "I think I'd die if I didn't have something to do," he commented.

Sohmer to Replace Hamalian As Curricular Guidance Head

By Aaron Elson

Prof. Bernard Sohmer, Chairman, (Mathematics) will replace Dean Leo Hamalian as Dean of Curricular Guidance next term.

"It will be a hard job but I will do my best," the assistant chairman of the Mathematics department said after learning of his promotion yesterday.

Professor Sohmer has served as a guidance counselor for several years spending "somewhere between ten and fifteen hours a week" giving advice to students.

When asked if any changes would be made in The Office of Curricular Guidance next year, the new dean said he would implement Dean Hamalian's plan "to interview freshmen and transition students before they enter the College in September, rather than after."

Professor Sohmer's promotion marks the first action the College has taken to fill the gap caused by the loss of three deans for the fall term.

In addition to Dean Hamalian's resignation as an administrator in order to devote more time to teaching, Dean Reuben Frodin (Liberal Arts and Sciences) is resigning to join the Ford Foundation and Dean James S. Peace (Student Life) is going on sabbatical.

Dean Frodin joined the College three years ago leaving a position as educational consultant with the Ford Foundation.

When asked about his experiences at the College, he would only say, "No Comment."

A committee composed of Prof. Thomas Karis, Chairman, Political Science, Prof. Irving Branman (Chairman, Speech) and Professor Sohmer has been chosen to find a replacement for the dean.



IN GOOD COMPANY: Dean Frodin is no longer the only official to quit his job this week.

Sol M. Linowitz Scheduled to Be Graduation Guest

Mr. Sol Linowitz, recently appointed by President Johnson as U.S. representative to the Council of the Organization of American States, will deliver the commencement address for this year's graduating class.

The ceremony traditionally held "under the stars" in Lewisohn stadium will take place Sunday, June 11 starting at 8 in the evening.

Mr. Linowitz was formerly chairman of the board of the Xerox Corporation and was a negotiator for the Kennedy family during the recent legal dispute over the publication of William Manchester's "Death of a President."

Last year the commencement speaker was Mr. Charles Tuttle.

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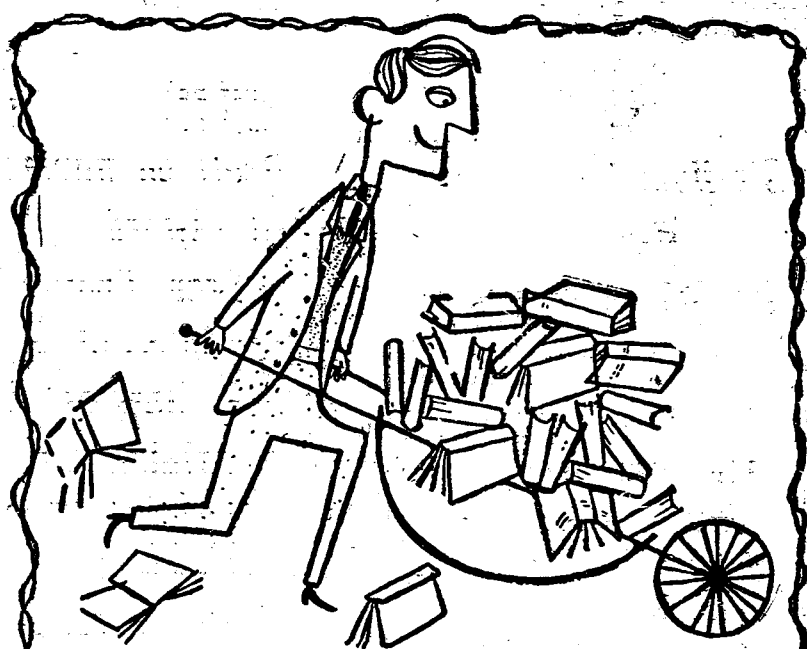
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For Larry Yermack's Ticket the Election Was 'A Total Disaster'

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deeply. "Someone I trusted stabbed me in the back," she had said.

Soon the last ballots had been cast and the nerve-wracking wait began. Over in Tien-Tsien Chinese Restaurant on 125th street, Korn and the other members of his ticket sat quietly around a big, circular table. Korn, seemingly devoid of any emotion, flawlessly manipulated a pair of chopsticks through his dinner of fried rice. The inscrutable Chinese. Occasionally he would turn to his constant companion, former Educational Affairs Vice President Herman Berliner, and mutter a few reflections on the election.

Meanwhile, Shelly Sachs had returned to Finley from up North where the ballots were being counted. Going into a private conference with Yermack and a few of the other Student Involvement candidates, Sachs was compelled to perform a painful job. He had seen a tally of about a third of the votes. A complete sweep for Korn's ticket looked inevitable. Even Barry Shrage, running unopposed for Executive Vice President, was going to lose.

Suddenly, with the release of

tension, the losing candidates became giddy. Shrage and Fergus Bordewich, running for Community Affairs Vice President, began wildly tossing leftover campaign literature around the small Student Involvement office. "I was beaten by Dr. No," Shrage laughed.

"I was beaten by Dr. No."

Yermack strode along the hall outside the Student Government Office, an ironic grin on his face. Janis Gade came running from the opposite direction.

"What happened?" she asked.

"We didn't get a seat," Yermack answered, the smile disappearing.

"I hope you're not kidding," she responded breathlessly. It was a thoughtless thing to say.

"We didn't get a seat," Yermack repeated. "It looks to go three to two."

Ellen Turkish, the only Student Involvement candidate to win a Council seat, was in front of the student government office talking to some friends.

"What a disaster. What a total disaster," she was saying. She

raised her eyes and grinned. "Woow."

Upstairs in the Graduate Lounge, Korn was still playing it cool, refusing to comment until the official results came in. Berliner, still at his side, was trying hard to suppress a grin. "Why can't this be Joe's year?" he asked. Last year when Korn was defeated by Bill Reich for Educational Affairs Vice President, the job Reich was forced to give up "for personal reasons," Berliner was also at his side. Last year they had gone to Yonkers Raceway to forget their troubles; this year it would be different.

Yermack and his followers decided not to wait for the official results; they knew there would be no startling changes in the trend. As Ellen Turkish, running for Council '68, put it: "We got schlanged."

A little after nine, two members of the Elections Agency en-

tered Finley, carrying three large cardboard boxes filled with the election ballots.

Don Davis, the head of the Agency, delivered the authoritative report.

"As you've probably heard, the

"We got schlanged."

Independent Reform Ticket won all the executive seats. Shrage lost by 125 votes."

For the first time a trace of a grin appeared on Korn's ordinarily stoic face. As he hurried toward the Student Government Office, he was thinking up a statement for the student newspapers. The final product was a masterpiece, ideally suited to Korn's favorite game: campus politics.

"It [the victory] means that the majority of the student body agrees with my conception of what Student Government should do to concern itself with on-campus issues as opposed to political questions outside the College," he commented.

In the Student Government office things were already in a frenzy. A crowd had gathered around the successful candidates. Guys kept running up to Honey Weiss, the new Community Affairs Vice President to kiss her. Korn worked his way through the crowd, a broad grin on his face.

"This is my desk," he said, indicating one of the heavy metal desks outside the small partitioned office of the president. I want it inside. Get it inside." The desk was pushed into the office.

Kneeling on one knee, Korn dialed the phone on the floor of his new office.

"Ma, I won. I won't be home until late tonight."

When the excitement of the moment had subsided, the vic-

torious slate retired to the Phi Epsilon Pi fraternity house on New York University fraternity row, where the party continued into the night.

Downtown on 27th street, at the Sigma Pi Alpha fraternity house, a far more reserved, somber kind of party was proceeding. Yermack and his fellow Student Involvement candidates had been down at Sach's fraternity house since around nine o'clock. Now, a few drinks later, the disaster of the election was a dull, but recurring pain.

Tom Friedman, a sophomore and a newcomer to campus elections, was still a little stunned by the totality of the loss.

"We were beaten so badly," the Campus Affairs Vice Presidential candidate sighed ironically. "So bad."

"You can't stress Vietnam too much."

"I don't feel terribly bad," Shrage said, smiling wistfully. "I guess there are students in this school who want to go to Vietnam. Goodbye, mazel-tov."

A little later, his mood had changed into a deep sadness, for the school and for himself.

"You should have been campaigning with me up North. It would have been an education for you. They figured I was a communist. Is that believable? They figured I was a communist only I didn't join the party because I wanted to be a lawyer. It would have been an education for you . . . an education." His voice trailed off.

Exhaustion had finally caught up with Yermack and he lay silently on a couch, his head on his girlfriend's lap, while the others quietly discussed the election. Occasionally someone would begin strumming a guitar and five or six of the people present would join in the singing of folk songs.

Shirley Appel, the outgoing Campus Affairs Vice President looked up. "I told them. Told them not to run." She shook her head. "It doesn't matter."

"You can't stress Vietnam too much," Rabunski was arguing. He had.

At about 12, Pat Luchak arrived, hurriedly running over to embrace Shrage.

"Barry, I love you. And I voted for you. And I told everyone I know to vote for you. And I think you're great . . . but you're so stupid!"

Shortly afterward, Mr. Irwin Brownstein (Student Life) arrived with his own explanation of the debacle, designed to buoy the sinking spirits.

"You know what it is. There's an anti-establishment at the College that swings every year. If you hang around awhile," he theorized, "your turn will come in May."

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'MA, I WON': Victorious Presidential candidate Joe Korn relays the good news to mother.

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Phone: FO 8-7426

FACULTY ADVISOR: Mr. Jerome Gold

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

As They Were Saying . . .

Sharon Fisher, freshman, on her first registration experience: "Once I got to school, I learned everything."

Miss Fisher is available for consultation and counseling in 201 Administration Building, from 12 to 2, any day.

Lucia Isbey '69 on why she came to school during the February blizzard: "I came to view the scenery and to see people stumble through the snow."

During the summer, Miss Isbey goes to Orchard Beach to watch people drown.

Jeremy Fish '68, commenting on a 12-foot snowman he and friends built in front of the Administration building: "When we finished, some of us called it Gallagheroo."

Some others called it Frosty.

Long-haired Steve Johnson '68, on his long hair: "You wouldn't believe how many guys on campus have approached me lately."

Are you sure they're guys?

Prof. Bailey Harvey, on the fight to obtain a College theater: "We've been pushed around from pillar to post."

And to News and to Times and to Widget . . .

President Gallagher, after publication by The Campus of the Middle States accreditation report: "Campus has now descended to a level of yellow journalism which is indefensible."

Yellow-baiter.

Susan Schumolowitz '68, a Lost and Found Staffer, on an item that's frequently lost: "We also have got a lot, well, thirteen or so, of those things that boys use in gym."

Do you think those boys have picked up their sneakers yet?

Harry Lew '68, organizer of last month's Teach-In on God: "Everybody's talking about God . . ."

But what's anybody doing about Him?

President Gallagher, on the re-publication of his book, American Caste in the Negro College: "Books are to authors what children are to mothers . . ."

You there, Catcher in the Rye, I'm sending you to bed without supper.

CU Chancellor Albert Bowker, on finding that the State Legislature had not allocated any funds for the University's SEEK program: "We were thunderstruck to see no funds provided."

If we have told a falsehood, may God strike us down with thunder.

Roseanne Zuckerman '70 on her fondness for buttons: "Buttons are a way of life. It's really a great goof to wear buttons . . ."

It's even more fun to push them.

Prof. John A. Davis on methods used by the J. Frederick Brown Foundation to secure funds: "We hustle around and get money the best way we can."

A few cute instructors, a couple of free evenings, it all adds up.

SG President Shelly Sachs on Dean James S. Peace: "Peace has been good about people who violate civil law . . ."

He beats the hell out of them.

Dean Eugene Avallone: If temporary facilities become permanent, I will see that they are accidentally burned down."

Match, anyone?

CU Chancellor Albert H. Bowker on the scheduled ground breaking this summer for the College's Science and Physical Education Building: "There is still a little redesign of the building necessary. That should take a few more months. Then we'll send out bids to contractors, which usually takes about thirty days . . ."

And then we will have to fight the city for more funds. And then we will have to threaten to close. And then . . .

Mr. Irwin Brownstein, after being pelted with an egg at a "Support Our Boys" rally in the Grand Ballroom: "The only thing I'd like to do is publicize it so that sincere individuals who are opposed to the war in Vietnam will be a little more concerned with who their bedfellows are."

A sore sport with syphilis.

Budget

(Continued from Page 1)

"They can find the four and a half million dollars needed", he said "and then we're in business".

Dr. Gallagher also bitterly attacked Mayor Lindsay for his treatment of Board of Higher Education Chairman Porter Chandler at last week's budget hearings.

"The dedicated arrogant man called the May of New York City needs to know that along with arrogance there must be compassion," he said.



AGGRAVATED: Alumni Director Weissman said Mayor Lindsay doesn't appreciate the CU.

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INSIDE OUT

By Neil Offen

So we have rejected in our election activism, progressivism, the left, the existence of the War, Larry Yermack, Barry Shrage, a lot of others and where does that leave us now? Primarily, of course, it leaves us with Joe Korn. Hard-working Joe Korn. Dependable Joe Korn. Dull Joe Korn. Bookkeeperish Joe Korn. Uninvolved and uninvolved Joe Korn. And it leaves us with a lot of little, underling Joe Korn. And it undoubtedly leaves us secure and contented.

By the power of a majority of ballots, we have chosen curriculum reform over stopping the bombing. We have chosen teacher evaluation over the withdrawal of troops. We have chosen freshman orientation over eliminating the draft. And of course, we have chosen the easy way out.

And it could have been so easy. So god damn easy. We could have, by the ballot, by the anonymous ballot, taken a stand. We didn't even have to stand up and show ourselves. And be counted. No one was watching us. All we had to face was our own moral codes and we failed even them. They, those who have the requisite guts, would have done our speaking for us. They, the Yermacks and the others, would have stood up for what we believe in.

But wait — that's it. That must be it. It's not that we're against the War and didn't have the guts. We're for the War and did have the guts. Peace is not what we believe in. At least this I can understand.

No, that's wrong. I can't understand that. I can understand people wanting to kill. I can't understand people wanting to die. Even to keep this nation safe from communism.

So, then, it must be cowardice. It must be that we're too secure. Too insulated. Too content. I wonder if we'll still be that way after we make our first kill?

In other Inside Out action, it's that time again, so to a less somber note. After four years of dirty hands, inky shirts, reddened eyes, and no doz that invariably fail during Music 1 classes, I'm being left alone.

We all came in together — Alice, Frank, Henry, Jane, Jean, me — and we're all leaving together — Alice, Frank, Henry, Jane, Jean — make that almost all.

And I owe them so much . . . Alice eleven packs of cigarettes, Frank twenty three dollars, etc. How can I ever repay them? I mean not using money.

Or, as Alice would say: "Number one, Neil."

So it's goodbye but not adios (or is it adios and not goodbye?). But before they leave, for these good graduating friends of mine, I have one final word:

Avast.

COMPUTER INSTITUTE

CI offers more programming training . . . with six computers on its premises (far more than any other school) . . . more hours of instruction . . . an outstanding teacher staff. Computer Institute is a division of Computer Applications Inc., cited by Fortune Magazine (March 1967) as one of the nation's "leading programming companies . . ." Doesn't it make sense to train with those who know the industry best? No other computer school comes close.

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The Campus
 Congratulates
Henry and Alice
 on their Forthcoming Marriage

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News of the Term in Review

La Guerre Est Fini

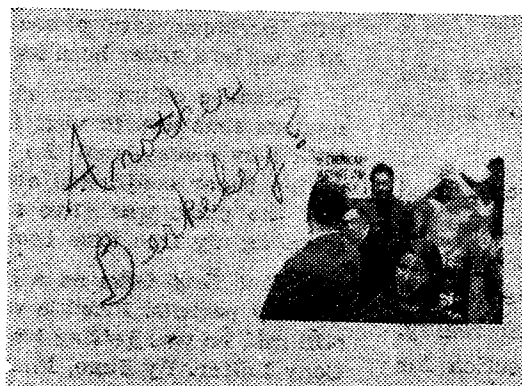
It didn't work. That's the only way to sum up the blatant attempts at instilling an anti-war spirit into the student body—attempts which suffered a severe beating at the hands of the voters last week.

The term's beginning should have served as an omen. University-wide Students for a Democratic Society announced that it would picket the Board of Higher Education building February 11 over draft policy. The protest never came off.

Meanwhile, rightist groups were beginning to plan protests of their own. February saw Young Americans for Freedom planning a rally three months later to support United States policy in Vietnam; no mention of eggs was made. And two weeks after this announcement, members of rightist groups began a campaign to end SG's affiliation with the National Student Association, whose leaders, it was disclosed, were receiving funds from the Central Intelligence Agency.

Following a record-breaking blizzard which shut down the school for two days, *The New York Times* reported that President Johnson's draft commission had called for the gradual abolition of the student deferment. A few weeks later, a Congressional committee recommended that the 2-S deferment be continued. The recommendations gave student activists two views to ponder, and ponder they did, but still no action.

March began as a month of announcements. On March 1, then SG Educational Affairs Vice President Joe Korn announced he would seek the SG Presidency. If there was any reaction at all, it was that he had announced too early to even hope for victory. A day later, President Gallagher announced that he would sue if linked



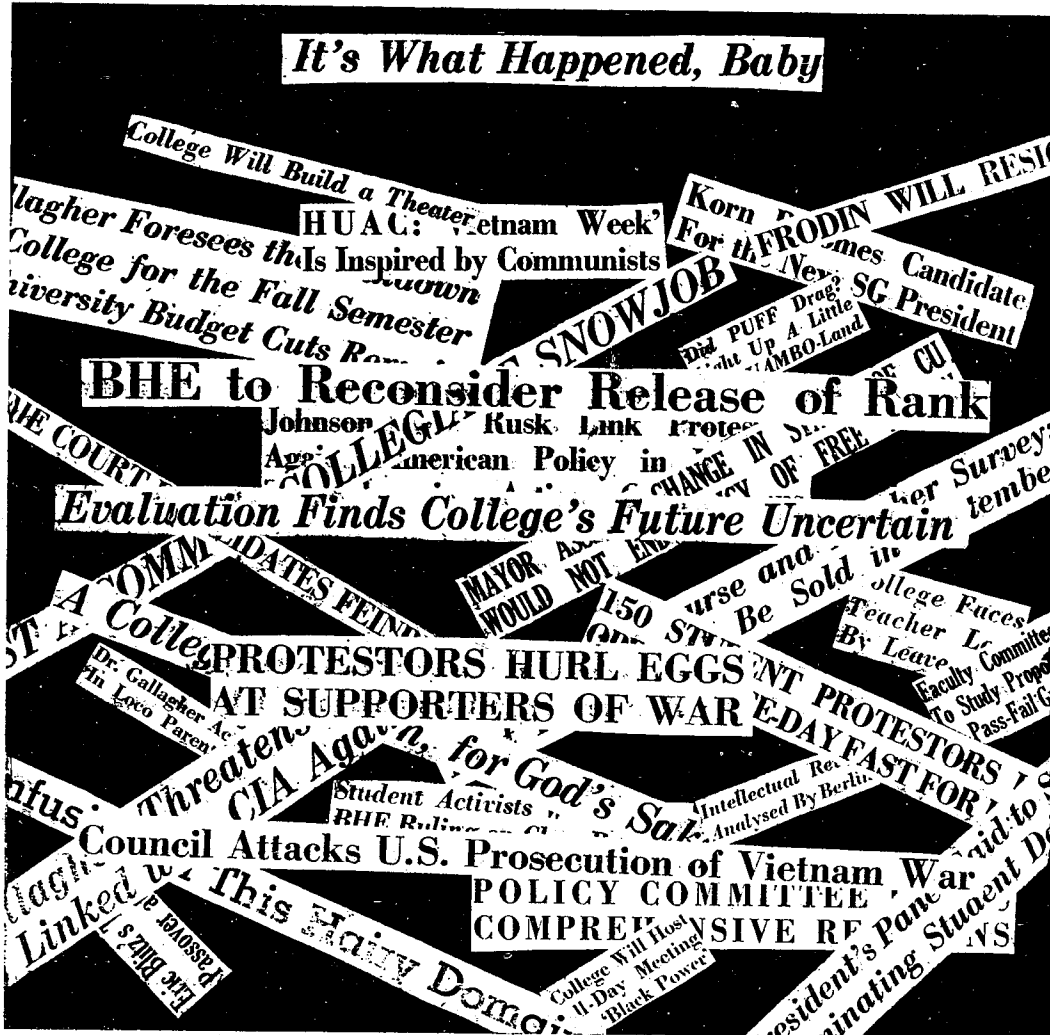
again with a CIA conduit group. The next week, the Committee of 17 announced preliminary suggestions for structural revision at the College, including the establishment of student and faculty senates. And optimistic activists announced a rerun of last year's Fast for Peace in Vietnam, but this time promising to double the number of participants to 300.

Then in April the action finally began. Student Council overwhelmingly condemned US policy in Vietnam, citing the National Liberation Front as the only hope for peace. The three-day peace fast started, with only 150 supporters, but still, spirit-famished, maybe, but there. And several days later, "Vietnam Week" was celebrated, with a teach-in whose highlight was a disappointing turnout, and a happening, whose smiling, painted faces still remain on the lawn walk.

But from then on the war effort waned. The House Committee on Un-American Activities declared that the participants in Vietnam Week were Communist dupes. About the same time, only eighty protestors turned out to ask the Board of Higher Education to reconsider its draft policy; surprisingly, they agreed. This decision was surpassed only by the landmark vote last week of the Faculty Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, directing the College to cease compilation of class ranking for Selective Service use.

But the joy activists then felt over the Board decision was overshadowed by an event that Presidential Candidate

It's What Happened, Baby

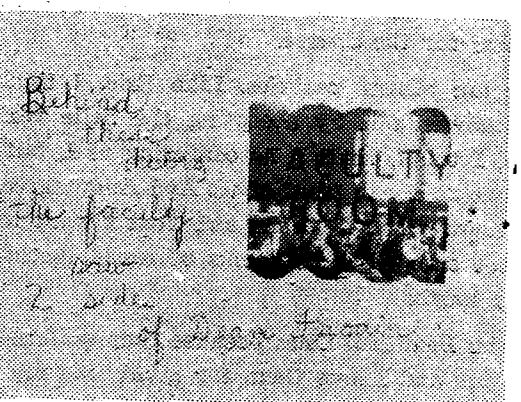


Larry Yermack was to term later "my worst mistake." On May 4, anti-war protestors, led by Yermack, splattered participants at a "Support Our Boys Rally" with eggs and hit a few bystanders, including a member of the Department of Student Life.

Whether it was the eggs, watery orange juice at the fast, or plain disgust something went wrong somewhere. Yermack and his slate were slaughtered in last week's elections. Apparently, a small core of anti-war protestors was not enough to put the College on record as opposing the war in Vietnam.

Frodo Leaves

It's just a few more school days now, and Reuben Frodin will be able to add the deanship of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences to his list of former occupations.



Maybe it was the fact that his tenure was so much shorter than Dean Gottschall's, or the fact that this dean didn't hand out money to students the way his predecessor did, but no teachers or students are crying in the halls since the day the announcement became official.

It was at a Faculty Council meeting two and a half years ago, when the dean was new in his office, that he threatened to quit unless he received ex-officio membership on the Council's standing committees. Several terms later, the Faculty Council approved the College's most sweeping curriculum revision in fifty years, largely to the credit of the dean. It was two sides of Dean Frodin that the Faculty Council saw at these two meetings, and this is perhaps why he has endeared himself to some but not to others.

And it was at last week's Faculty Council meeting that President Gallagher announced that the controversial dean

would retire, effective September, and return to the Ford Foundation to work. A Faculty Council committee is now seeking a replacement.

What's So Funny?

The City University sits on the edge of its seat now wondering if, within the course of a semester, a Fun Mayor can



replace Governor Rockefeller as the greatest threat to a 120-year tradition of free tuition.

It started back on February 16 when Mayor Lindsay, pleading financial concern, called for the merger of the State University with the University here. It didn't take long to gauge the implications of his proposals; the State University charges tuition and no merger would be complete to the State Legislature without the same financial arrangement at the City University. But the Mayor begged to disagree with such an interpretation, claiming five days later in answer to criticism that he never intended to threaten the free tuition status of the University, and besides, his proposal was "just a suggestion."

The month of March saw, as usual, the passage of the free tuition mandate for the third year in a row in the Democrat-controlled State Assembly. And, as usual, the bill was killed in committee in the Republic Senate.

Then when the Mayor's executive budget was announced, college administrators began to explode with a rash of threats, claiming that they would be forced to close the colleges down, or slash admissions drastically, or ask students to attend classes without light bulbs, all unless items in the city's executive budget requests for the City University were restored. By way of answer, the Mayor's office explained that the University would be given "budget flexibility" and would have enough money to pay operational costs. But President Gallagher indicated

Saturday that Mr. Lindsay's statements over the past semester might mean a reversal of his free-tuition position, and that his refusal to restore the cut items could force a tuition charge here.

Story of O

Horny males gucked at a girl in a see-through dress attending last semester's PUFF, but it was during an underground film at this term's GUAMBO that they got to see underneath.

As early as Valentine's Day—or even as early as an ad last term asking "But how many will be GUAMBOed?"—students began wondering how a psychedelic SG could take its constituents on a trip without giving out the real thing, and in a more convincing way than PUFF tried to. Perhaps, they thought, the secret was in the "O" of GUAMBO—the Great Underground Art and Masked Ball. Did it stand for Orgasm? Or maybe the Story of O Dress.

Well, GUAMBO night dawned bright and foggy, and the girl was there, her O on film, and a few wore costumes, and two groups tried to scream above the music. But most people agreed that, considering hundreds of dollar losses suffered by SG because of programmed trips, the price of synthetic psychedelic acy isn't worth it.

More or Less

"A little less complacency and a little more imagination . . . given these, City College could become great."

Thus, a year of reading hundreds of pages of reports, conducting scores of interviews, and viewing a sit-in proved to the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools that the College is not laying groundwork now for a reputable future.

And the "now" of the College was also questioned by the Association, accrediting agency for universities in this area, when it likened the school to another Berkeley: "The disruption of academic life, the violence, the use of police power, the resort to techniques used by labor when bargaining fails, the insults hurled at administrators and other like events which have occurred on several American campuses may be anticipated for City College on the basis of acts which students have already engaged in."



While praising the College for offering its students an education that is "beyond a doubt highly competent," the Association's tear of investigators also criticized the College for its failure to create any "innovative educational ideas," its inadequate preparation of the school for its approaching role as a university, and its failure to realize a commitment to a graduate school.

The Baruch School suffered most embarrassment from the Association's report. In harsh language, the investigators wrote that the business school's "disgraceful" facilities was responsible for a grave decline in educational effectiveness. To avoid increased deterioration, the report urged a speedy decision on the business school's future.

Now, as a result of the report, the College will begin to change. Already alterations have begun in the cataloging system in Cohen Library, and the College has created a Dean of Campus Planning. Bigger revisions are on their way.



By Henry Gilgoff

Sixty

By Alice Kottek

My first rejection came for a short story I had written as a 16-year-old sophomore in high school. A much too serious person even then, I apprehensively viewed a future of unemployment. I was dangerous in a lab or a shop; I had never really understood math, and I had not yet heard of political science. Against the advice of my English teacher, I applied for a special course on journalism and immediately set off a barrage of letters to the editor on such erudite subjects as "What the Students in the Cafeteria Are Thinking about Adolf Eichmann." Thus it was that I was led to journalism by a rejection from a school magazine and the great American hangup with what are you going to do after high school, during the summer, and after college.

In the basement office of the Taft Review, my high school paper, I met a quiet girl who had gained a reputation in my American History class as the silent one. At first, she was the American Bandstand, ankle bracelet teen-ager. But soon she became my Miss UNICEF, Miss Tuck Tape, the rebel who quietly organized a flight to bar an editorial criticizing school chartering of a liberal club, the Zionist who didn't believe in God, the girl who contemplated with more sensitivity and greater depth than I the apparent lack of purpose in life. And now, after four years of "Oh Alice, oh Henry, oh God," Alice and I will be married on June 12.

Having given my high school faculty advisor a "heart attack" and having won, with her help, a typewriter for exposing censorship in school libraries, I took my first trip on the D train to City College. I and FVR, my friend from the Review who was destined to stand "this close" to Homer Bigart and Ross Barnett, were determined that we should allow ourselves time to adjust to the rigorous routine of college life. In a few days, both of us were in The Campus office signing away our academic records and soon enjoying the publication of our socially significant first stories: mine on the Finley Center pool hall and his on an oversized puddle in front of Harris. Soon we two, along with the rest of the candidates that term, were competitors, and yet Alice and I are still arriving late for dates with Frank and Chris. The lateness taken for granted, the continued friendship is something rare in a newspaper office where fierce competition and cheap politics having little to do with "the good of the paper" play havoc with friendships and ideals.

In my term as editor-in-chief, I gave all my energy to trying to put out the best Campus possible, and, for that term, I was part of a group of persons who worked together closely with respect. But now the respect has been substituted in some instances with varying degrees of animosity, and some day, later on, when the "mean jokes" told about each other to keep together a conversation have lost their "in" humor, we will miss each other. I think I will. Probably very much.

But The Campus is more than politics and competition, persons taking themselves too seriously, climbing up and falling down Bear Mountain. It is above all a fine newspaper and an excellent training ground for journalists. It was only a few hours after the President had been shot and killed that the Campus editor rushed into the office and imposed a "Kennedy Without Tears" atmosphere. Among the orders that he flung across the room at an office of persons waiting to see the tempo he would demand in the midst of tragedy came one for me to get reaction from students and teachers in Mott. I did my job, just as other reporters did the same cold work in Wagner and up north.

That Friday evening, Frank and I came to the College to carry copy to the printers only to be told that the editors would do the job themselves. And so Frank and I decided to travel downtown to see if we would find a city in mourning. After walking aimlessly for awhile, we spotted a small group clustered outside the old Herald Tribune building. When we joined them, we realized that they were reading copies of the Trib's front page that had been displayed in a window to let everybody read the known facts of a momentary power vacuum ripe for rumor, anger, and despair. Having done our sometimes "dirty" jobs with a slight hesitation only a few hours ago, we now felt proud to be part of our profession.

Life goes on beyond The Campus as one sage has noted and as I was forced to recognize when I became a 20-year-old has-been after completing my upper sophomore term as editor. After you have immersed yourself in the paper, however, wise sayings do not help so very much in disentangling from an endeavor that just a moment ago was almost a 24 hour a day occupation. Eventually, I did come to accept to some degree the more sedentary role of a student, aware that my restlessness in class was caused more by personality and the influence of the paper and its traditions than by the school itself. In my four years here, I have appreciated the vast majority of my teachers, and I have often suffered the usual Campus remorse that comes when wasting the time of an exceptionally good professor.

In fact, I still have hanging on my bedroom door, a letter from a teacher who made Psychology One the fascinating course it should be. Signed Anne Roskam, it describes the protest she and five other instructors were organizing against the use of grades by the Selective Service System. I disagreed with the intent of the protest, but I respected the courage of a non-tenured teacher risking a City College job to live up to her convictions. As I leave the College with Alice to join the Peace Corps in Micronesia (a group of Pacific Islands, not a restaurant), the only campaigns to my credit have been for curriculum revision and free tuition, and I have allowed neither to consume much of my time. But that's the way it is, and maybe it will change.

In the meantime, to the Printer family, who must realize by now that the late nights will never change, and to Blitz, the new board and staff, who will soon be volume 121 of The Campus, and to you all, the best of luck.

What is this?

Thirty inches to say what I want but not really for it's at least minus two for the head. Thirty inches waste of student fees and ad revenue but not really for if it teaches one of you one thing it's not a waste. Thirty inches to try and tell you how I feel but not really for I feel it Here and can't put it here. Thirty inches to tell you how I sense it's the end but not really for it's just a chapter.

But what do you care for my chapters anyway? You've got your own and yours will go just as fast as mine, and then we'll be dead, you and me. But I am just as phony as you, and I will pretend to myself that I am telling you something worthwhile so I can justify this egomania that makes me try and teach you something. For I don't want any part of it at all if I can't feel I will learn something and you will learn something in everything we do, and then maybe in a long time from now when we've all learned and taught each other so much that It's Up to Here we will know either why we are here or that it's time to push the button or jump the sill.

So I must tell myself that you will care about the names you never heard of, and the people you'll never meet, and that they helped make me this way and that if you care for me you'll bear with me though you'll forget in five minutes.

* * *

I found Alice Rachel Kottek back when I was 16, when suddenly I started realizing I really did have things and Hallelujah, It was the Glory of Me. When I was 16, I met Henry, and I'm almost sure he did it to me, but sometimes I think maybe it was just growing up, you know glands and all, that did it, but anyway they both occurred at the same time, Me and Love, that is. And if it was just coincidence, well, that's OK too, because I do not pretend that my love is the greatest love in the world, or even any better than yours, because sometimes it feels good to be like everyone else. But I know that I am special in a way that you can never be because I know Henry better than anyone will ever know him, and if you don't think that's special, well then you don't know Henry even a little.

And I am lucky too, because he helps me with the others who try to shatter my reality; you have to have one of those and not be afraid to admit it.

I once did a terribly mean thing on this newspaper when I tried to shatter the Ugly One (inside and out)'s reality. So there was a meeting about it at the end of last spring's term, and you wouldn't believe how the gods punished me by introducing me to the lies and dirty politicking people employ when you try to shatter their reality. But I learned something (oh how I lost respect and affection for them) and so I was prepared for what almost happened to Eric last term and said Par for the Course.

Then there are others' realities. Like Eric, I think, accepts it. And Frank circumvents it by accepting the little realities as they come. And Neil, I think, finds it as confusing as I, but he has more ego because he won't cry in front of us. And Andy agrees to so many things, I don't know what to think, and Tom I want to know more, and Steve I don't care what he thinks of reality because he makes me (Thank you) laugh.

These are the Beautiful Ones because they suffered me through my term as Editor and I love them for giving me my moments. At the Thirty Party I just couldn't tell them how I felt, but it was all great, all of you who were there and you who couldn't stay—like Noe (man), and Nat (hope to see you), and Clyde (it's sad), and even Jean (there were times), and Gene and Bernie, though at least Eddie and Lou were there.

And they suffered me through at home, and now I will miss Russie and Mother so much again. But of course not the same way as Daddy. Never.

* * *

My first term here I walked into The Campus office with Henry and ran out crying and said, "It's yours; it can never be mine." But it was, for a while. And before Frank's election I quit again, but then I cried during Geology so much that I had to come back. See, it was something I needed, something we all need, but I know it's just a chapter.

And now I go on and leave the country to try to change the reality of some Micronesians. And it's good, because there will be teaching and learning again, but it's good too, because, you know I like it this way.



She was there that first night, my first night I got her home late, as I always do last night too, as a surprise, as a woman that moment with someone you've very

The afternoon was becoming the first heard he was actually crying and who went into the buildings with camera reaction story. Later, we were a tele Press Club banged out the same story in a pile earlier. And we felt proud

In happier days, Jean and I were sitting "R" during an issue night. Neil was there then, at Hunter night.

The phone rang in the office it was Henry and Clyde, was at the door when the lights had blown wide open that afternoon. "The lights are going out."

Five years or perhaps five from now I mean very little to me. But as I sit here as a play pundit, they mean an awful lot which I could say, with a pride a few years stand: "I'm Frank Van Ripper Campus

You come to college especially school like of things to do besides study. It was then it was a bunch of initials: (HPA, etc.) Some activities ask but a few weeks; and it turned out, I picked one or two.

I came out of high school to write. I had been soured on journalism practiced Review—after the paper's factor threw the day a story I'd written out teacher the school's literary magazine idea the beginning.

During those first weeks of college, the early hung around with was he'd also with perhaps more pleasant of work. At least he'd never been kicked out of the office.

Because of my own memories old paper anxious that day to visit the office, but with how professional the paper always appeared of the paper, contrasted against the filthy. But the place was alive and two were spending my free time browsing bookstores.

That first term as a campus something and my parents. Frankie was home at 3 still said he was getting his head done. By June Copy Editor. By June, I'd been out of school.

Summer Session bought me back into that, it was pretty much the same for me. Of course, the high point for my own term. During those five months, I tried to be Tribune, the City University impose tuition anything, the dozen or so persons of the The Campus more than just only the unsuccessful.

In my introspective moments they come been told I'm overcut—I wonder I might to attend City College as a student not as the rare individual who can't find fairness teach here, I'm sure I would've missed of the reasons it was so damn hard to write simply that people here—on top of the lecture want both often and well. And students like the Malins, the Hutcheons and golds who those feelings and hasten their end.

And even if I attended the more participant, it was great to see what were doing.

I'm almost at the end now not kidding getting difficult to keep writing word by word end and there's so much I'd like to say.

It's only when you're alone that you have the changes the four years brought with entered, Henry, Alice and I were really. No man. Four years ago, I'd never seen or Steve. The same with Nat, Tom, Dan, and, of course, family, Gene, Lou, Bernie and how much been without their friendship. I'm grateful I am them.

Someday if I'm lucky—if I'm lucky—I'll be a very sweet girl with very big eyes and long hair now, there's really no time left to linger.

Thirty

By Frank Van Riper



Thirty

By Jean Patman



Thirty

By Jane Salodof

at first, my first issue as editor, and as I am to do. She was there that surprise, as a wonderful feeling to share someone you very much.

was becoming that November when we actually cry and I were among these buildings with campus to put together a r, we was a teletype at the Overseas at the same story we had helped to com- felt proud

Jean and sing "Rock of Ages" together Neil and then. He was on sabbatical

in the it was Joe, who, along with as at the covering the tuition story that that aff said. "Hey wait a minute Joe, out."

perhaps first from now, these "bits" will me. But as I sit at a typewriter and an an away mean the four years during with a pride a few can or want to under- an Riper Campus."

lege especially like City and find a lot es study. It was The Campus. For others initials: OPA, IFC, YAWF, YAF, etc. but a few week; others a lot more. As ed one of's.

high school to write ad copy for BBD&O. n journal practiced at least on the Taft paper's factor threw me out of the office written of teacher's strike appeared in magazine idea then, but that was the

st weeks college, the only person I regu- with was ed also come from Taft, but pleasant of working on the Review. een Kieko the office

own mem he old paper, I was less than visit the office, but I'd been impressed d the pathways appeared. The slickness ed about the filthiness of 338 Finley. alive and, two weeks before, I'd been ie brows bookstore.

as a can something new both to me nkie was come at 3 in the morning but ing his home. By May, I'd been elected e, I'd been out of school.

bought back into academe and after uch more same for the next two years. int for my own term as Editor-in-Chief. onths, tried to look like the Herald iversity impose tuition, and more than so perse ore of the paper, tried to make an just only the CU, Thank God, was

ive mom they come usually after I've —I wonder I might have been content e as a ed not as an editor. It is only ho can in fairness to the people who I would yed myself as a scholar. One so dan un to write for Campus was re—on b of the lectern—say what they well. Accidents here, it's the Kriegels, icons an golds who help give form to len their n.

ended tes more as an observer than at to see at work, enjoying what they

end not kidding when I say it's ep writ word brings me closer to the ch I'd p say.

u're abave that you become aware ur year brought with them. When we and I really. Now I'm Henry's best I'd new ic or Steve or Andy or Neil. om, Don, and, of course, the Printer nie and w much poorer I would have ndship. eful I am now to have known

cky—if lucky—I'll take the hand of very b and look into tomorrow. But time let n't linger here.

I don't exactly recall when the dream began, but one of the first things I remember is coat hangers. Lots and lots of them, and I kept tripping and falling over them in the doorway of a small, dirty office filled with strange faces and voices saying strange things like "gimme two twenty-four bee bee eye by two on freshmen."

It's all in a scrapbook, four years of my life, cut up into yellowing, frayed pieces of paper. Not much to show for a college education. Looking back now, I wonder how I did it. Not just the late nights, the extremely long weary late nights, but the whole myth of the "groves of academe." The only thing I know about them is that they cannot be paved with macadam, which sort of leads you to wonder if I learned anything that wasn't in, around, about, or because of The Campus.

I certainly took enough English courses, but by now it's all become the Great American-English-Oriental Novel-Short Story-Poem. And I'm sure I had some of the best professors, it's just that I rarely met them. Why? Let's just say it was a mutual agreement. The College didn't care and I didn't care. Sad? Not at all. I loved every minute—well, anyway, most of it. It was hectic, fun, exhausting, ridiculous, and I'll never do it again. Not because I don't want to but because it seems fated that youth is really for the young. That's the sad part.

Then the voices changed and the locale changed and it was another dirty, small room filled with long tables, violin cases, paper strewn all over and a beautiful Afghan hound stinking up and down a carpeted staircase that pealed like a doorbell.

I came to The Campus speechless. For the first three weeks, I sat and blushed if anyone looked at me. After I learned to talk, I usually just switched feet. And then I found that everyone was human. Though not really. The office has never really been normal. By health standards, I'm sure we should be condemned; by sanity laws, I've often wondered. We created our own laws of gravity, defying and contradicting Newton. The formula was simple: what goes in doesn't come out—and that went for classes, home life, sleep, meals. It's a hell of a way to gain independence. At least once a term I regretted it and tried backing out. Only, I always ended up getting more involved, moving higher up on the masthead, losing more weight, getting deeper rings under my eyes, and by the time I reached the top, smoking more and enjoying it less.

It was a funny thing about being editor. I've always considered myself a girl in a guy's world. So I could never quite get used to shouldering the responsibility for the paper—talking mah-to-man with printers, officials, anybody assigning fellows to take the girls home from issue and stone. Maybe that's why I recollect very little, except the frustration and weariness, of my term.

And I blinked and found myself in still another room with torn couches, dirty drapes, dim lights, empty Scotch bottles, figures dancing to jukebox music, and a young guy in a green sweater.

The rest of it remains somewhat dim also in terms of dates, events, good lines. I recall clearly the hours of laughter and giddiness yet haven't the foggiest notion of what most were about. I probably didn't at the time. But that's one thing the paper always had—a good sense of humour. We choked ourselves on wonton soup, gagged at our cleverness, giggled in our drinks, chuckled at the College, laughed at ourselves. Lately though, it's become a bit more somber, some don't laugh, out of respect.

What made it all worthwhile? There were the dreams. Some lasted as long as my Fiat. Others are still floating around like Australia. And there were the two golden lovebirds on a crescent moon. The crazy, hectic night we spent at the EHE breaking the City University crisis story, stumbling around in the dark when the city forgot to pay its light bill, typing the story at the printer's with a candle stub sitting on the typewriter carriage, huddling in the cold hallway of an apartment house around a pool of wax on the floor. The non-journalistic endeavours where we cracked our bones at skiing, horse back riding, Bear Mountain climbing. All this is the newspaper, in every line, between every column.

The room revolved and I sat at my judgment, facing familiar voices snapping out questions rat-a-tat-tat and I began to laugh, hysterically.

And there were the printers. I don't want to sound rambunctious but that Bernie is the most adorable printer anyone could meet. But as for a man, Eddie. But as for a man's man, take that great Italian, Gino. And then you can take Lou—smile.

And there were the kids, who sacrificed their hours and marks and health for their first love affair with life. I'll always remember the picture of early-morning to early-afternoon hours in the office, with the bodies strewn all over the couches, tables, anywhere you could throw yourself. There was always the deadening weariness after a long night at the printer's, yet in the silence of those hours, there was also a spirit of pride, accomplishment, fulfillment that sat on the windowsills and peeked from the files and made everything worthwhile.

Most of the kids will soon become names on a faded masthead, but there are those who will always be apart from and above any names list. Guys like Joe and Clyde, who don't come along very often. They embodied, for me, the spirit and way of the old Campus, something which only the ghosts in the files still whisper about now. To them, I owe my sanity. Because of them, I no longer blush so often. Guys like George, who will always remain the better part of my life, are still rarer.

They washed the windows in the office the other day for the first time I can remember in four years and there was a world outside. That's how I woke up.

I guess I joined The Campus for the view. Sitting on a window sill at the office's head, one could gaze out and see the promised land fall gently into place. The setting sun would streak bright orange lullabies across the sky, and then, in the night, the city's lights would flirt knowingly with their distant reporter. The darkness obscured Harlem as if the abyss did not exist between the watcher and the watched. The glare camouflaged the emptiness of the Emerald city as if a void did not await the blind. And so, I pursued a vision of a world which never really existed; and now, after four years, the shadows are all that remain.

Scores of black and white newspapers wrap round my desk like shrouds. They cover stories—curriculum revision, draft debate, tuition campaigns, motorcycles—but they never say what it was all about. Oh, we eulogized between the lines; life is hard, but it will get better. What else could we say? Life is hard.

The Campus made it harder, and that was probably its attraction. Surreptitiously the paper seemed to promise: Run fast enough and escape the maze. Then—just chart someone else's time. The personal fouls and final defeats will be at a distance. Just work hard enough at getting away. Journalism offered hope in its commitment to distance. Stand back, look at the world's problems and they will be solved. The fourth estate applies itself to a trouble spot and the faults will be lifted out like bunions. An expose here, an analysis there, a few words of truth everywhere and miracles will be performed.

But of course they will not be. Journalism, affectionately known as the dying profession, is paralyzed by its own ambitions. How can a reporter have distance when standing face to face with the tragedian? From what vantage point, if any, can he view the whole picture? An analysis of half a story is only a half truth, but truth is never found in its natural state anyway. It is a statement which supports an argument or it is a statement which, for all intents and purposes does not exist in this society.

What then does exist on the front page of a newspaper? In elementary school, the teacher said the press is a journal of current events: Read newspapers to know the state of the world and how to improve it. I read newspapers and I am aghast at the horrors behind every line. A President is assassinated, civil rights workers slain, and children scalded with napalm. Newspapers are shrouds of tinsel words and catchy epithets, but they can not grow thick enough to cover the face of death. And they can not dig deep enough to bury despair.

The columns of type become grey rivers, flooding out hope with words of doves and hawks, government programs and budget cuts, proposals and excuses. Leaders commit themselves to war because they desire peace. And the only road open to the dignity of man is paved with thorns for black feet and white.

But newspapers do not make the news, they only report it—so I am told. Wanting to know from where the story came, I actually walked into 338 Finley and put on the vacuum powered set of ears, the x-ray pair of eyes and inquisitive mouthpiece set aside for the extrahuman fourth estate. Armed with pencil and paper, I was prepared to take down all the facts floating around pertinent to the College and my story. Of course, I never found them all. But at the typewriter, with cool calculation, I fit some into the clever analytical formula called news.

The story was that people do not come from formulas. Despite every effort of the world outside to deny the existence of human beings, somehow in this strange private world, people existed. The substitution of lights for men, the cage dispensing subway tokens, the numbered society—none of the contrivances could stop these insulated seekers from affirming their humanity. Some affirmed that they were less than human.

But there was laughter once, and the memory of people running through this magical, mystical never-never land, is still welcome. Seeking to escape the big maze, we created our own. Sixty hours a week; start in the office, up north to a press conference, back to the office, knock out a story, leave the office in exile, lug a typewriter to the Moulin, lug yourself home for a few hours, back to the office, run around a lot, down to the printers, run around some more, watch the sun rise and then start all over again. As people, we had to eat—usually on the run. And we had to sleep—all too often in subways or on desk tops. But most important we—a few who wrote the paper, those who printed it, a few who made the news in it, and even one president who refused to comment—we had to let go. We used to laugh a lot once and then sometimes we shared agonies as if there would never be laughter again.

There will be. That is part of the lesson I learned at the College; but there is more. I came here for an education and the College said no—it could not give me one. Knowledge, it indicated, is too infinite to wrap up in a bundle like laundry. B.A., M.A., Ph.D., they are just markers on open doors. They don't tell what is inside. I studied a little American literature, a little political science, a little of this and a little of that. I'm not an expert on anything and I never will be. But I have had a door opened to me and I intend to look inside; even though in a million light years, I still may not have the time to peruse all the contents of the room.

And with life, I guess I will have to do the same. I do not know that life will get better. Perhaps, secretly I have my doubts. But I know that life will go on. And it is entirely possible that I may be caught on another window sill on another day.

Reports Exonerate Gallagher of CIA Complicity Charge

By Jay Myers

Two reports have been issued backing President Gallagher's assertion that he has never been a link in the recently disclosed vast financial network of the Central Intelligence Agency.

A committee of the World University Service apologized last week for a WUS news release that implied that the President had taken an oath of secrecy to the CIA.

Dr. Gallagher had reportedly taken the oath in his capacity of a chairman of WUS, which has been listed among the organizations alleged to have received money from the CIA.

The second report supporting the President said that there was no evidence for a charge that the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs of New York was a CIA conduit. Dr. Gallagher has served as a member of the found-

Registrar's Office Tightens Release Policy In Effort to Thwart Unauthorized Inquiries

By Carol DiFalco

In the wake of disclosures that government agencies have been obtaining information on students here through their teachers, the office of the Registrar has tightened its regulations on release of information.

According to Prof. Robert Taylor, assistant to President Gallagher, the office will no longer release information about students, other than date of graduation, degree and honors received "unless it is first cleared by Dean Peace."

Companies seeking information on students applying for jobs, will first have to secure waivers from the students involved. The waivers will be issued by Dean Peace.

An article in *Tech News* last week reported that the CIA, FBI, and army had been contacting teachers at the College, in order to investigate their students.

The agencies, according to the story, had received the names of the teachers through the Registrar's office.

On several occasions, the story said, members of the faculty were

interviewed under the pretense of loyalty checks on the students.

In the case of one graduate student investigated last year, the agents told a teacher that the student had applied for a security position and had given the professor's name as a character reference. The student later denied that he had applied for the position.

The Dean explained that releasing information about students has always been a problem since "anyone can walk on campus," and there is no way of knowing "who

is here legitimately."

President Gallagher is currently conducting an inquiry into such investigations but said that so far he has reached only "dead ends."

Dean Leo Hamalian (Curricular Guidance) suggested that a faculty member should "refuse to speak" to any investigator if he has "any doubts" as to the nature of the interview.

"The question involved is one of policy," Dean Peace added, and "should be determined by the President."

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English Dept. to Get Four Writers in Fall

By Tamara Miller

A noted poet, a newspaper editor, a scholar of eighteenth century English literature and a specialist on the plays of Samuel Beckett will join the faculty of the English department next term.

Prof. Edmond Volpe (Chairman, English) announced on Monday that Muriel Rukeyser, an American poetess with "an international reputation," will hold the position of poet in residence next term. Miss Rukeyser, who has had over a dozen books of poetry published, will teach a poetry writing course, English 71, previously taught by Denise Levertov and, this year, by Paul Blackburn.

Kalman Siegel, a graduate of the College, and presently assistant metropolitan editor of *The New York Times*, will teach a journalism course, English 52, during the fall semester.

Dr. Arieh Sachs, a scholar on eighteenth century English literature, who is presently at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, will be teaching graduate and undergraduate courses.

In addition Dr. Ruby Cohn, noted for the material she has published on Samuel Beckett, will teach English 190 and a graduate course in drama.



ABSOLVED: President Gallagher was cleared by two committees of alleged ties with CIA.

The statement on the youth and student affairs group was made by the United States Youth Council on April 26.

A student Ad Hoc Committee to Investigate Pres. Gallagher had been initiated after newspaper stories connected him with the CIA. The panel had demanded that the President issue an explanation or resign.

At a press conference two weeks ago Dr. Gallagher revealed he had received a letter charging that he was involved with the CIA from Michael Wood. Mr. Wood is a former Ramparts contributor who first uncovered the National Student Association's ties with the intelligence agency.

Dr. Gallagher said he demanded either proof or an apology from Mr. Wood but has not received a reply.

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Korn and IRT Candidates Sweep SG Elections Mayor Lauds Tutoring Here

(Continued from Page 1) pinpoint a single moment in which the election was lost," he explained, "it would have to be the ten seconds when I stood up at last week's rally."

Yermack and several of his running mates had led an anti-war walkout from a "Support our Soldiers in Vietnam" rally on May 4.

Few observers had given Korn a chance before the four-day bal-

loting began May 9. Outgoing SG President Shelly Sachs '67 predicted a Yermack victory by over 250 votes. Last year's SG President Carl Weitzman had said that Korn would be elected only if there was a very large turnout.

Minutes after hearing the final vote totals, Korn surrounded by jubilant members of his slate, said, "I feel this is a mandate for the positions and programs of my slate."

"It means the majority of the student body agrees with my conception of what SG should do— to concern itself with on-campus issues as opposed to political questions outside the college," he explained.

Although there were several charges of publicity irregularities during the campaign, the election was "never close to invalidation," according to Don Davis '68, an elections agency official.

Several students had also charged that Independent Reform campaigners had removed several hundred copies of Friday's *Observation Post* from the stands because it contained an editorial attack on Korn.

However, Davis said that no such charge was ever brought to him.

Korn said that the charge was "ridiculous. As you can see," he said Friday night, "there are still copies of *OP* available."



It's not every day that someone at the College gets a telegram from the Mayor of New York; or even a post card for that matter. So when Rina Folman '68 received one last Friday, congratulating her for the work of the College's tutorial program, she had just cause for pride.

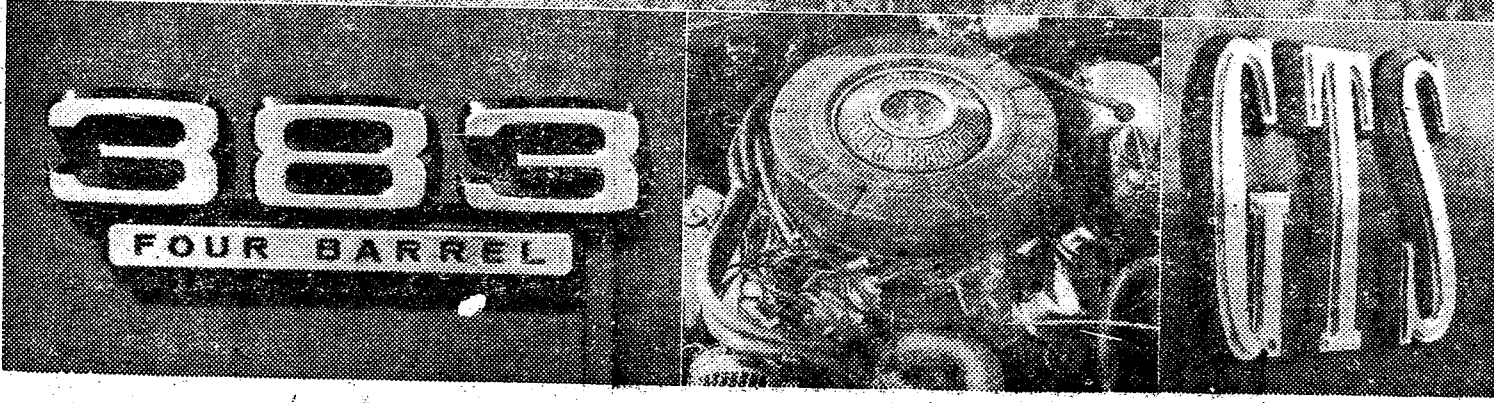
The Mayor, who learned of the program in a letter sent to him by Miss Folman, timed the telegram to arrive in time for the Tutorially sponsored "Happening" Friday afternoon, a bash involving many neighborhood kids and students at the College.

"My mother's counting the words now," Miss Folman said over the phone Monday evening. "Twenty-four."

The City Budget office was unavailable for comment.

—Dobkin

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Blood

A 1964 graduate of the College is scheduled to undergo open heart surgery on July 11, to correct a congenital heart defect. Six to eight persons having B-negative type blood, which is in short supply, are needed as donors. Volunteers may call Dr. Kranz from Monday to Thursday, 7-10 in the evening, at 294-1292.

Shavuoth

All students who cannot register for Summer Session courses on Wednesday, June 14, because of religious reasons should follow the schedule listed below.

- Matriculated students can register either Tuesday afternoon or Friday morning.
- Non-matriculated and visiting students from any other college should register Friday morning.

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BOOTERS MAY PLAY AT YANKEE STADIUM IN FALL

By Joel Wachs

The scene will be Yankee Stadium for the College's soccer team and possibly more than 5,000 spectators next month if the General Faculty grants its approval tomorrow.

The game in question is a proposed exhibition match on June 17 to precede the scheduled contest between the New York Generals and Toronto Falcons.

Long Island University, second ranked team in the nation and reigning champion in the Met-

ropolitan Conference, is slated to be the Beaver's opponent.

The Blackbirds achieved nationwide attention when they placed second in the annual National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament last winter.

George Quittner, manager of the soccer team, said yesterday the game "would greatly increase the College's prestige in the East." However, he added, approval of the match may be affected by "many faculty members' fear of the return of contact with professionals."

The College's policy of steering clear of professional sports originated with the uproar following exposure of the basketball scandal in 1951.

The game at Yankee Stadium was proposed by the Generals, who are playing their first season in the new National Professional Soccer League.

Hoping to boost attendance and interest in the game, the New York team contacted LIU soccer coach Joe Machik.

Asked to pick his competition, Machik chose the College. Ray

Klivecka, the Lavender coach, was formerly a star player under Machik.

Klivecka and Professor Behrman brought the offer to the Student-Faculty Committee on Athletics. The group chose to let the General Faculty make the decision.

If the game is approved, the College would probably be playing before the largest audience any of its teams have attracted in years. Crowds at NPSL games in its first season have thus far averaged over five thousand.

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• Sports of the Term in Review •

Tops Again

It took a full year for the Beaver netmen to return to their usual groove, but now they're on top again.

In what became an almost boringly consistent pattern, Coach Robert Cire's tennis terrors came up against, saw, and conquered ten opponents, nine of them Metropolitan Conference contenders. It was with little surprise then, that after last week's season finale against Queens, the league title was returned to the Lavender. They had lost it last season to an aggressive Hofstra team.

The Flying Dutchmen, by the way, were quickly dispatched in the opener.

Neal Spanier, the squad's top performer in '66, was a doubtful starter as the season opened in April. But he eventually rejoined the Beavers and proved again to be a dependable winner, along with Arnold Garfin, Charlie Mattes and Alan Marks. Other members of the unbeaten squad were Peter Willman and Steve Resnick.

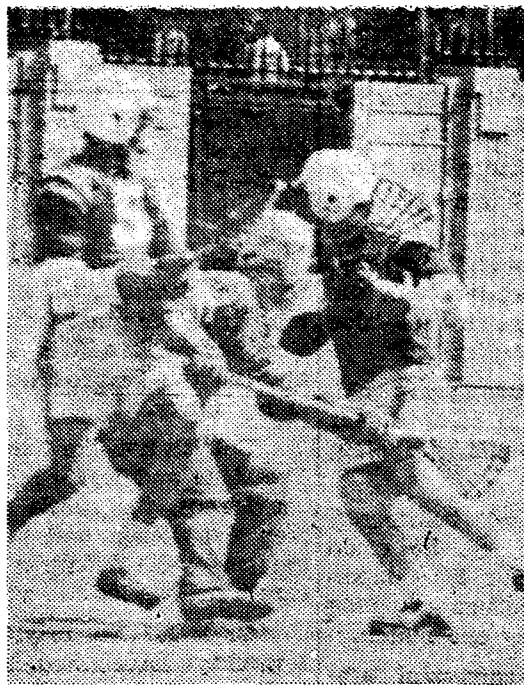
Strike Out

There is no joy in Mudville.

The Beaver diamondmen may not have struck out, but the sense of disappointment over a lackluster season is almost as great as if they had.

Sol Mishkin's squad, of course, was aware that a twenty-man ensemble with eleven fresh-faced sophomores was not going to enshrine itself in the Hall of Fame. But the hope that a season roughly equal to last year's, which ended at 6-8, could be achieved kept the young team hustling.

Unfortunately, the hopes were not realized. Sunday's loss to LIU, now the



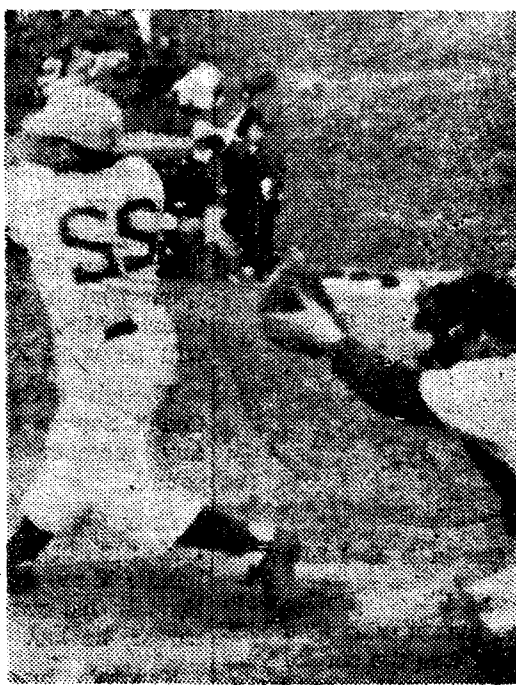
new Met Conference champion, gave the Lavender an overall season's record of 4-8-1 and a league record of 3-5. The league mark placed the Beavers roughly in the middle of the loop.

But if experience is, as widely rumored, the best teacher, the diamondmen will be a formidable aggregation next season. Among the reasons the Beavers are awaiting the future with optimism are sophomores all: outfielder and outstanding batsman Bob Nanes, catcher Bernie Martin, third baseman Steve Mazza, and the pitching duo of Barry Poris and Andy Sebor.

Maybe next year joy in Mudville.

Track Treks On

The track team went through another round of indoor and outdoor meets this



term and gave a respectable, though by no means outstanding, showing.

The winter months saw Don Schlesinger, a graduating senior, win the Junior Met AAU 60-yard dash title and the Metropolitan Intercollegiate Championship too.

The team picked up second in the CTC relays, winning the shuttle hurdle relay in record time. Jimmy Sharps and Artie Dickinson sparked the effort.

The mile relayers were fourth in the Millrose cup race in Madison Square Garden but moved up to third in the Knights of Columbus meet. In the Philadelphia Inquirer Games, the relay was cheated out of gold medals by an official's change of plans midway through.

Queens beat the Beavers in the City University meet. In the outdoor season, Coach Castro's charges won three dual

meets but lost miserably to Fairleigh Dickinson in early April.

Lew Rosenblatt has progressed to the point where he is the team's best middle distance runner. One of the high points came when Jimmy O'Connell placed fifth in the 10,000 meter race at Quantico, Virginia. O'Connell's time of 31:00 was exceptionally fast.

Except for the Intercollegiate Championships in a week and a half, O'Connell has finished running for the College. His career will probably stand for a long time as that of the best distance runner to come out for the Lavender. At the very least, he's been the best to practice on Lewisohn Stadium's awkward cinder track.

Sticks Up

The record books will show they were tabbed "superstickmen." It will point to their nine wins and two losses as the best in College history better than the famed 1947 team. Jimmy Pandoliano's new scoring marks will be entered. Goalie Bernie Halper's shutout, the first in twenty-three years, will also be placed in the books. All League lists will add defensemen Marv Sambur and Pandoliano.

For the 1967 squad though, more than the victories and personal heroics will be remembered. The Lavender will record the "all for one, one for all" attitude that characterized the team. They will remember the Drexel rout, yet they will remember the tears and locker room silence after losing to Adelphi. Georges Grinstein's eight goals in a game will only share memories with Jerry Miller's lone tally.

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Netmen Regain Crown Beating Queens, 7-2

They're number one again. Three College doubles teams made short order of their Queens opponents, Friday, to give Lavender its second Metropolitan Conference Tennis title in three years. Even with first place assured, the netment proceeded to blank Kings Point, 9-0, on Saturday, for their eleventh straight victory in a perfect, undefeated season.

The title clincher against Queens was the completion of an earlier May game halted on account of rain. Singles matches were played before the storms and the College had gained a 4-2 edge going into Friday's competition. The victorious duos that took the game and the championship were, Peter Willman-Steven Resnick (8-6, 6-2) Neal Spanier-Alan Marks (9-7, 6-1, 6-4), and Charles Mattes and Arnold Garfin (6-2, 10-8.)

Though the entire squad was tremendous all season, two names stand out, Arnold Garfin and



Arnold Garfin & Joel Litow

Captain Joel Litow. Both went through the season without a loss. For Garfin, it was the second year in a row. Litow relies on defensive play. Playing against the Captain, Coach Robert Cire frequently muses, "is like playing with a handball wall—there's always a return."

For Mentor Cire, the returns are also very consistent. In three years at the College, he has compiled a fantastic 30-2 won lost record. He has the material, but a great deal of credit for the team's success must go to his pre-game review of the opposing lineup and an assessment of their strengths and weaknesses.

Grappler Joe Sapora Begins Slow Recovery From Heart Failure

Wrestling Coach Joe Sapora is showing improvement from the heart attack he suffered in April. According to William Locklin, freshman Coach, "Joe is steadily improving; he's tough." Showing spirit that is associated with the Coach, Mrs. Sapora insists "Joe will be back in September."

Though sixty two years old, Coach Sapora could easily defeat any member of his grappling squad.

Only four years ago before suffering a back injury, he could handle three or four team members. In his own college grappling career, he lost only one match.

Sapora's most successful student in thirty six years at the College, was Henry Wittenberg, an Olympic champion. Another famous prodigy was Jacob Twersky, a blind undergraduate at the College who later gained the N.C.A.A. grappling championship.

This season, the wrestling team posted a 4-5-1 record. It was a respectable showing for an inexperienced team in a rebuilding season. With one year under their belts, the corps of sophomores should make a better showing next season.



Thirty

By George Kaplan

"Until men learn that of all human symbols, Robin Hood is the most immoral and contemptible, there will be no justice on earth..."—Ragnar Danneskjold of Atlas Shrugged, by Ayn Rand.

That's funny. I always thought there would be a lot to say. D train. Second Ave. station. Astronomy notes. Hot air rises to the top. Urine air must work on the same principle. It rises off the station pavement and is all-pervasive. Then a funny line, or a "good bit," as the bearded would-be prophet would have it. Gotta put it in my thirty.

But it's not like that now. No, it's not that way at all. The things I've done and learned (mostly in the past two years), my deepest convictions, the subtle sharing with a very select group of young men and women, and, yes, even some of the funny lines are all a bit too personal to share with all you people. Not that you're going to care a helluva lot one way or the other. But I do. That's the point.

Or is it? No, maybe the point is that there was a time when I wouldn't have cared. But all that was Before the Bug, who really had quite a deal to do with my rehabilitation, though the Bug will swear that I am the way I am in spite of it (the Bug, that is.)

But what I want to do is say something about The Campus. The Campus. Yep, it's got that ring again. Some names just don't have that ring because you say them over and over and pretty soon they're as elusive and intangible and meaningless as the words spoken in a mystical chant. Your own name is like that, if you're not careful.

Anyway, The Campus, once upon a time, lost that ring, either because I wasn't really a part of it anymore, or because I had had too much of it, or something. And then, in the next instant, I was spending quite a memorable day in a country area, and everybody said, "You know what was really great about it, huh? We didn't mention the paper once." I've never thought much of Thoreau, but anybody who has ever felt as I felt understands what Walden is all about. Yes, there may have been a better way to spend those years. But I wouldn't have given up the people and the experiences we've shared for all of the tenements in the Bronx.

Not that all of the things we did were particularly brilliant, or even funny. How odd it is, for instance, that we idolized a man like Bogart (at least, until we read that Harvard and Yale liked him, too.) After all, despising phonies while exalting courage and honesty is a trait which is common to most people.

But a man named Joe Hyams wrote a terrible biography called "Bogie" and in it Lauren Bacall recalls that her late husband cautioned her repeatedly:

"Your friend's life may look romantic. What you have to do is make sure that you always live your own."

I liked that. The last time I saw another guy named Joe he was walking down the street with a pretty girl who bore a striking resemblance to Vj.

We've come quite a long way. Thank you, City College.

I know that I'm going to remember quite a few people. Isn't that the only way you can repay those who, at a free tuition school, have made life seem just a bit more enjoyable than it otherwise might have been? Some of these individuals know who they are; others do not, but it is not for the latter's sake that I list the following names. It's more or less traditional to do so, and I've always been rather partial to traditions, especially good ones.

Therefore, my heartfelt appreciation (and a lot more, in some cases) to: Nikos Kazantzakis (a hardy perennial), Benjamin Franklin, Clyde Haberman, Ian Fleming, Leslie Charteris, Jean Patman, Prof. Stanley Feingold, Prof. John Hinz, Prof. Irving Rosenzhal, Joe Berger, William Buckley, Thucydides, Ayn Rand, Ruth Eiss, Francisco d'Anconia, Simon Templar, Batyah Janowski, Ernest Hemingway, Truman Capote, Nancy Sorkin, John Galt, Dagny Taggart, Gert Froebe, Eva Posman, Paul Harvey, James Burnham, and Duncan Renaldo.

And I owe Su-MacLad exactly \$12.80.

And to Mike and Mickey I think I ought to tell you, in all honesty, that I wasn't going to do it. But then I figured, what the hell, some of my best friends are white.

Heads of most organizations, clubs, or what-have-you quite pretentiously claim that their groups defy an oft-quoted principle of mathematics: that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts. As Marty once asked, "How ya gonna measure, huh? What're ya, a nuclear?" I don't know, Marty, but I doubt these people anyway. What I mean is, Campus people, that I feel ridiculously old writing this. Not the kind of old that you feel just because you're graduating or something. This feeling that I have transcends that. Not tired, either, because I've never felt better. But what I keep thinking is that I'm Maugham, or maybe an actor, and pretty soon Of Human Bondage is going to end, and I'm going to walk out into the square with the sun shining.

It is rather ridiculous, isn't it? That's a part I could never play. I've had it much too easy.

Okay, Gene, Lou, and Bernie. Right after I tell a certain perennially giggling, brunette ex-editor that I think she has a lot of class, you can take this and judge whether or not it's five years' worth.

Harriers 3d At C. T. C.'s

By Danny Kornstein

The whole purpose of a track athlete's practice sessions is to reduce the uncertainty of the outcome of the race. But, as physicist Heisenberg noted in another field, a lot happens between practice and breaking the tape on the straightaway.

Saturday morning, Coach Francisco Castro figured his runners would place seventh in the Collegiate Track Conference championships at C.W. Post's campus in Greenvale, Long Island. Jim O'Connell was considered by most observers a lock in the mile and three mile events.

By the time the meet was over, the team was in third and O'Connell had gathered no laurels. Uncertainty.

Lew Rosenblatt picked up the only gold medal for the Lavender. His 50.2 second time on the composition track caught the rest of the field by the end of the 440 yard distance.

O'Connell, the prospective two medal man, had stomach trouble Friday night and about two hours before his first race disappeared from the track. Now, O'Connell maintains that long distance running is a contest between the competitor and nature. In the instant case, however, nature won.

Karl Birns and Mike Gershon placed second and third in the hammer throw, with heaves of 129'3" and 119'2" respectively. For Gershon, it was a personal best.

In the 440 yard hurdles John Fick set his second school hurdles record in less than a week. Last Tuesday he lowered the mark in the 330's and pushed the standard to 57.2 in the CTC 440. Fick's effort was good enough for a silver medal and teammate Artie Dickinson was right behind him. Dickinson took another third in the 120 yard high hurdles, hitting 16.5.

Don Schlesinger, the College's premier sprinter, never accelerated. In the hundred yard dash, Schlesinger placed fourth in 10.6. His 23.8 in the 220 also was good enough for fourth. Placing so far back in the field is unusual for Schlesinger.

Superstickmen Down Siena Ending Best Season Ever

By Joel Wachs

"MURDER"

All season, the superstickmen terrorized their opponents when signals for the "murder" play were shouted from the bench. Usually, the wingest lacrosse team in College history made their kill, and retreated. Saturday, in the final game of the season, they went berserk.

Siena was the victim of an 18-6 slaughter. They never had a chance.

Two of the slayers had their reputations precede them. Captain Marv Sambur and "Jimmy" Pandoliano were named, earlier in the week, "All League," for the Lydecker Division. For Sambur, it was the third time he was selected. Pandoliano, who has an excellent chance at "All American" honors, received more votes than any other player in the league.

The big attacker showed why he was picked, scoring six times and boosting his season point total to sixty-five. Georges Grinstein closed his College career scoring seven more goals. The big story, though, was the murderer's accomplice. For three years amiable Jerry Miller worked out hard but played little, and always in Pandoliano's shadow. The senior finally given his chance was placed in the starting lineup by Coach Seymour Kallman who subbed for ailing Coach George Baron. Miller responded with a goal; play had to be halted as Beavers pummelled and congratulated the elated scorer. Joe Rizza, Abe Ruda, and Billy Muller also tallied while "Dudley" Goldstein "murdered" his first.

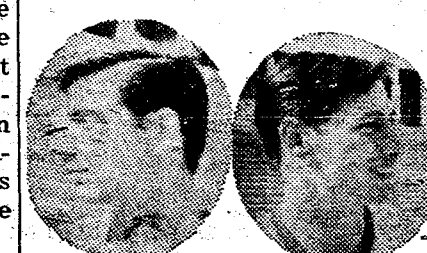
For the closing five minutes, Kallman fielded an all senior team. Grinstein, Pandoliano and Miller were up front while Pat Vallance joined Captain Freddy

Bernstein and Abe Ruda, at his original home, the midfield. John Spinner helped Sambur and Barry Traub on defense.

To single out one factor as "most important" to the 9-2 record is extremely difficult, but de-



SAMBUR GRINSTEIN



PANDOLIANO BERNSTEIN

fense does deserve special praise. The best team in College history, according to Baron, boasts "the best defense in our history." Number 5, Sambur, must be singled out as the trio's stalwart. All season, he handcuffed the opposition's top scorer; typical, was his performance on Stevens' "big gun" Fred Heinrich who was held scoreless until Sambur left the game. Teaming up with Sambur is Pat Vallance. Playing center defense, Baron "couldn't say enough about the job he has done." His open field running aside, the Coach stresses, "the subtle plays of a pro that ruin an opponent's attack." Somewhat eclipsed by his playing partners, Barry Traub is a star performer in his own right. A steady ballplayer, Traub would probably have been top defenseman on any other squad in the league.

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