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No Mayonnaise for Them

THERE MAY BE MORE DIRT IN the lunchroom than meets the eye. And we're not referring to the soup-splotted tables or the paper-strewn floors.

Last week the lunchroom workers entered into collective bargaining negotiations with the Lunchroom Committee. Organized one hundred percent into their union, they are seeking to ease the burden of a sixty-five hour week, an inadequate wage scale, and a day-killing split shift that keeps employees in college hours over their regular limit.

There should be no hesitancy on the part of the committee as to recognizing the union and giving immediate consideration to the demands of the workers. The cafeteria field is one which has been merciless in the exploitation of its workers. Our lunchroom must not be another Automat. The committee must realize that the students, who form the bulk of the clientele of the lunchroom, will be vigilant and insistent to see that the inalienable rights of collective bargaining are assured in the lunchroom. They will not permit sweatshop exploitation in the College. The committee must know that the threat of united support of the student body is not to be ignored.

Perhaps that fear led them to the old "one-two," otherwise known as "passing the buck" to the Board of Higher Education. The Board has an overcrowded schedule; it may take weeks before the lunchroom situation comes up. The Lunchroom Committee has original jurisdiction. It passes on such matters as salaries. Its shifting of the responsibility, therefore, must be looked upon with the greatest apprehension.

Whoever passes on recognition, however, ought to know that there's a solid union front at City College, Teachers Union, American Student Union, the Association of Custodian Employees, and Soda Dispensers and Luncheonette Workers Union. Whoever passes on recognition ought to know that the methods of Tom Girdler or Hilliam Green never break this solidarity.

could not make the grade. This "C" average is a lopsided, ridiculous and unfair barrier. Its removal must be one of the big jobs of the newly-formed NYA Club.

The arrival of the club on the college scene will be greeted with the most widespread support possible. Students who are now receiving the meager NYA allotments and those who are not able to secure jobs although they showed dire need will find the club a vital force in championing their grievances. There are over 1,500 such students. The club, with the active participation of even a small minority of these, can be built into a union for 1,500 students.

The NYA Club is fighting for decent, adequate allocations. It wants the absurd "C" requirement removed. It asks student representation on administrative commissions. And as a long-range perspective it is rallying the student body in support of the American Youth Act, the only proposal thus far which can be called an intelligent attempt to solve the problems of youth.

If you are an NYA worker or hope to be one, your place is in the club. To stay out is cooking your own goose.

The Power to Destroy

WHEN JUSTINE SEEMAN OF HUNTER was removed from the Student Council, a minor hubbub arose throughout the City Colleges. Her dismissal seemed a somewhat odd exercise of unsuspected power, an act which had little precedent or legal justification.

But the fault that made it possible for a dean to overthrow the wishes of an entire student electorate lies only partly at the door of the dictatorial administrator. Dean Egan was using powers held by the faculty, but to hand such authority back to that body will not solve the problem. A grant of extraordinary power to the faculty is hardly less dangerous than delegating the identical authority to any individual.

Section seven of the Board of Higher Education's by-laws gives the faculty "full power to regulate, suspend, or discontinue the extra-curriculum activities of any student or group." Full implies a complete lack of democratic trial or defense.

At the College of the City of New York, it was suspended when the thought of expulsion of the most intelligent of students was any form of student action. The council has the power to do this but the weapon of its existence is its own power.

If it can be shown that the student body is mature enough to handle its own parliament, the council should be granted the power of expulsion. We must demonstrate to the faculty that striking from the ranks of the council which makes its rejection contrary to the interests of the student body.

Set 'em Up

By Albert Sussman

Whenever my pulse restores itself to a normal beat I shall sit down to write a book on organizing student demonstrations for peace. It shall be the history of Student Council's deliberations in preparation for Armistice Day activity. I've decided to call the book, *How to Win Friends and Alienate Peace Lovers*.

I remember that as a member of Student Council some short time ago, and as a keen observer of its activities at all times. I was always impressed by the magical quality to its deliberations. The antics of Student Council members was always more entertaining than the first act of a vaudeville show. The manner in which student self-government has expressed its authority on many times in recent years would have been envied by Houdini. I could never understand how the boys did it. I watched closely this past week. I think I have the answer. When the Student Council Peace Committee had rested from acrobatic exhibition and drawn a rabbit from the hat, I walked up close. I'm prepared to report that the rabbit is actually a wharf rat.

I guess I should expose the trick as a fake, but the problem is much more fundamental one. It's almost impossible to recount the history of the preparations for today's Armistice Day celebration. There have been at least five separate decisions that the Council Committee to Prepare the Demonstration announced within the last week. At one time the group agreed on a united student meeting to consider concrete methods for prevention of war. Later they decided on a forum at which all representative viewpoints might be heard. Still later the committee decided that Max Schactman, America's Leon Trotsky, represent a viewpoint that is inimical to the interests of student action for peace; it therefore decided to withdraw its invitation to him to address the Great Hall meeting. Still, still later the President of the Student Council, agreeing with Dean Turner's argument that student unity must be maintained at all costs, decided to invite Max Schactman to speak.

Still, still, still later the Student Council arrangement committee became convinced that Schactman should not

Student Council Antics Humorous

share the platform with the other speakers and so ruled that he was not to be invited.

As a student determined to fight war fascism wherever and whenever it exists, I could not participate in a Student Council peace meeting at which a Schactman speaks, with the conviction that the interests of peace and democracy will be advanced.

Student unity against war and fascism is not the same for me as it for Dean Turner. Student unity represents common agreement on a program for action. It does not mean that speakers be permitted to inveigh against the Spanish people's government and against

the fascist government of Italy. I saw *The Return* last Saturday evening immediately after the SSL showing of *The Youth*, and it was only a short walk from the one house to the other.

It was William Dieterle, the outstanding Hollywood director of *Pastor and Zola*, who, on his return from Russia, heralded a new era in Soviet cinema. The Russians, he claimed, were surpassing themselves in the new season's film production. Last week, the first of these Amkino photoplays carrying his advance accolade moved into the Cameo. It is *The Return of Maxim*, the long-awaited sequel to *The Youth of Maxim*. And it is a justification of eloquence and pictorial beauty.

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Screen

Life of Maxim

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Hunger: Two Kinds

FREE EDUCATION IN THE