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# The Dolphin

Staten Island Community College



VOL. IX

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401

No. 9

## Concert Series Finale

### Sailor's Snug Hosts to Martha Schlamme

By Douglas Korves

"Would you please close the rear doors so we may have the illusion of a full house." These words were spoken by Martha Schlamme to the seventy people who attended her concert May 1, 1965. Although the atmosphere was not that of a sell-out crowd at Carnegie or Town Hall, the mood existing was that of a private performance.

Miss Schlamme's selections well attest to her knowledge of sixteen languages. Her first number, a Spanish folk song entitled "THE WEEPING ONE," demonstrated her vocal ability and the dramatic feeling representative of her work. Succeeding numbers were delivered in French, some in German, and others in no language. One of the numbers without words was a lullaby sung to her by her father during her childhood in Austria.

Contrary to the general student opinion, Martha Schlamme sings popular and folk music as well as more serious vocal works. One of her favorite songs, which she performed at Sailor's Snug Harbor was "WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE," by Pete Seeger. She also pointed out that the origins of contemporary folk music can be traced to European sources. For example, "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME" is a derivative of an Irish battle hymn, "JOHNNY I HARDLY KNOW YE."

The faculty and the few students present called her back for two encores and climaxed her performance with a standing ovation. SICC students, you have missed the best program of a five concert series and you have again demonstrated your general apathy.

## President's Welcome

On behalf of the administration, faculty, staff and students of Staten Island Community College, I am happy to welcome you to Open House 1965.

Two years ago in January 1963 our accrediting agency, the Middle



PRESIDENT WILLIG

States Association, said of us "an enthusiastic student body is getting the benefits of a challenging program, conducted by an exceptional faculty."

We trust that your observations today will confirm that statement as well as the obvious fact that we are laboring in a situation of extremely crowded facilities. On the horizon, however, is a new \$12,000,000 campus, now under construction, which carries the promise two years hence of both relief from the crowding and the resources for a more extensive and enriched educational program.

We hope that you will enjoy yourself and cordially invite your questions, comments, and suggestions.

Sincerely yours,  
Walter L. Willig  
President

## Welcome to Open House!

In this issue:  
• THE BAY — The Dolphin literary supplement, pages 3-6  
• OPEN HOUSE CAPSULE — a rundown on exhibits, page 7

## Club Debates Mixed Marriages

By Catherine McGuigan

On April 29th the Discussion Club held an open debate on the question, "Should there be interfaith and interracial marriages?" Moderator was Edward Baldinger and the principle speakers were Pat West, Nancy Taylor, Jerry Katz, and Catherine McGuigan.

The negative argument concerned the possibility that children of mixed marriages would become "social outcasts." It was felt that a child's mixed background would create great social and economic hardships.

A second negative argument mentioned the immediate families of the married couple. Since the parents are usually against such marriages, difficulties would arise. A psychological sense of guilt or "wrongdoing" might hinder the family relationship and in times of serious trouble the couple would have no relatives to assist them.

The affirmative reason for intermarriages stemmed from the conflict between society and the individual. The question was raised as to whether society should be allowed to govern a person's life to the extent of marriage. People marry for love, not for social conventions. According to the affirmative, the criteria for marriage should be character and personality, not race or religion. If the couple is mature and aware of the social and economic difficulties they will be faced with, they can overcome these problems with only slight inconvenience.

The intention of the discussion was to familiarize the students with the pro's and con's of intermarriage. Therefore, a final solution was not formulated. The ultimate decision was left to the individuals. Those in attendance found the discussion was informative and stimulating.

## Attorney General Talks On Consumer Fraud

By Frederick Holman

The Honorable Louis J. Lefkowitz, New York State Attorney General, spoke to the student body



ATTORNEY GENERAL LOUIS LEFKOWITZ

on May 6, 1965. His topic was consumer fraud.

The adage, "Buyer Beware," is (Continued on Page 8)

## Ferry Strike Continues Thousands Inconvenienced

By ROGER J. MEYERS

Tuesday afternoon's wildcat walkout of ferry workers left many Staten Island Community College students with commuting problems.



FERRIES TAKEN OUT OF RETIREMENT: Two former Brooklyn-Staten Island ferries were taken out of retirement and used on the Battery run during the rush hour Wednesday evening and Thursday morning.

Tuesday evening attendance was very poor according to reliable sources. Some instructors were not able to get to the Island in time to teach their classes. Low attendance was obvious Wednesday. One instructor stated, "Attendance was cut approximately 25% in three classes." (This reporter found almost 50% of his mathematics class absent Wednesday.)

Students and faculty alike were complaining about additional expense and travel time due to the walkout. Students who usually pay twenty cents to get to school are now paying sixty and travelling on as many as five busses. One faculty member stated it took him three hours and a slight additional expense to get to school. Another instructor stated she would not be able to get to a graduate course if the walkout continues.

Students were making such remarks as: "Disgusting", "Aggravating", "One Hell of a trip!" and "Terrible" while discussing the situation. One Staten Islander said, "I don't give a damn. The City is delinquent in not providing better alternates." "The Naval Militia should be called out immediately [to run the ferries]" was another remark.

One newsdealer in St. George said, "Do you got a day's pay?" when asked how the walkout effected him. On his counter was a very large stack of left-over newspapers. He also remarked that due to the walkout he received only one fourth his usual order. Another newsdealer said, "Business is terrible, it stinks." A bus driver stated that sixty extra busses were put on the R-7 (Verrazano-Narrows Bridge) route and that they were all jam-packed. He noted that the riders were not going the usual way (toward St. George) but to the Clove Lake Expressway to get the bus to Brooklyn.

The tie-up stems from the rivalry between Local 333 of the Na-

tional Maritime Union (representing 550 non-licensed ferry employees) and the Maritime Engineers Beneficial Association. The walkout started Tuesday afternoon when a ferry captain declared that his vessel was "unseaworthy" and could not be operated in such condition.

The Transit Authority announced that the Fourth Avenue BMT Local station at 95th Street recorded more than twice the usual number of fares Wednesday morning. They also announced that additional cars were added to the Fourth Avenue line. The Domenico and other bus lines have provided additional busses which go via New Jersey.

## SICC Set For Summer

By Alan Farb

The SICC summer session will be held this year from June 28 thru August 6. Summer session offers the student an opportunity to ease his work load in the following September term. Furthermore, those students who are on probation, or have conditions in certain subjects, will find a wider choice of courses offered this summer than ever before.

### Tuition Established

Because funds have not been made available to the Community Colleges for free summer tuition, there will be a fee of ten dollars per clock hour for matriculated students who are bona-fide residents of New York City, and a fifteen dollar fee per clock hour for non-matriculated students. The higher fee also applies to matriculated students who do not meet the residency requirements.

The tuition system works this way: a matriculated student taking a course such as Govt. I, which is three clock hours, pays

(Continued on Page 8)



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## Vietnam

While the United States is stepping up air strikes in North Vietnam and landing marine and army units in South Vietnam, people are asking, "What's it all for?" and "Is Vietnam worth the price of American lives?" President Johnson is looking for some way of negotiating a settlement in the troubled southeast Asian country and until some settlement is reached the United States is committed to the protection of South Vietnam.

The United States is in Vietnam at the request of the Vietnamese Government. Originally, the U.S. role was one of supplying military advisers and equipment to the area. It is apparent that the U.S. is becoming more active in the struggle against Communist infiltration. This has been in the form of air strikes on guerrilla staging areas, radar bases, and supply roads. The logic behind this effort is the military principle of OFFENSIVE. Only an offensive can secure a decisive victory. President Johnson hopes that the use of an offensive will place him in a better bargaining position for a peace settlement.

The United States is in Vietnam to keep a free people from coming under Communist domination. In the last decade we have seen the expansion of the Communist bloc at the expense of free peoples. To abandon the people of South Vietnam by pulling out our troops and assistance, as someone like Senator Fulbright advocates, would be to condemn these people to the hell of Chinese domination. The U.S. fought two world wars to make the world "safe for democracy." South Vietnam is no democracy, but that should not mean that we must accept the inevitability of dictatorship in underdeveloped countries.

Another reason we are in Vietnam is because of its strategic significance in Southeast Asia. A victory for the Communists there costs the U.S. much more than mere prestige. Vietnam is part of the Southeast Asian "rice bowl." Food is the Achilles Heel of Communist China. Red China would like to spend more time developing its atomic bomb than developing agriculture. In the effort to sustain its massive population the Red Chinese have aimed their sights at the rich Southeast Asian rice bowl. Rice from Vietnam could feed the Red Chinese Army. As Napoleon so aptly put it, "An army travels on its stomach." The U.S. cannot allow China to solve its agricultural problem through an unwillingness to pursue a difficult war.

Another point to remember is that an aggressor's appetite is never satisfied. The allies learned this lesson the hard way when they attempted to appease Hitler at Munich. Already Red China and Indonesia have begun infiltration in Malaysia and Thailand. Make no mistake. The Red Chinese openly boast that they welcome a nuclear war. They feel that with their massive population, they will survive and pick up the pieces after such a war.

The United States has realized that Vietnam is merely hours away by airplane, and that all nations are at our "back door." President Roosevelt once said, "Suppose my neighbor's house catches fire, and I have a length of garden hose four or five hundred feet away. If he can take my garden hose and connect it up with his hydrant, I may help him put out his fire." Such is the situation in Vietnam. By saving Vietnam we save ourselves.

## Daytop Lodge

It is time that the people of Staten Island realized that they are part of New York City, and not exempt from the responsibility of helping those in the city who seek medical assistance. On April 19, the Staten Island Chamber of Commerce voted opposition to a proposed extension of Daytop



The first week my Professor, told me that MY WRITING SUFFERED FROM "ORAL CONSTIPATION." SO I WENT HOME AND WORKED ON IT.

### By FRIEDMAN



The third week he told me that my writing suffered from "ORAL LOOSENESS" SO I WENT HOME AND WORKED ON IT.



The fifth week he told me that my work was "trite and insipid" SO I WENT HOME AND WORKED ON IT.



The seventh week he told me that MY WORK WAS "UNORGANIZED" and "SOPHOMORIC" AND SO I WENT HOME AND DID NOTHING.



The tenth week he told me that my writing sounds exactly the way he thinks and feels



MY Professor thinks I write well.

Lodge, a halfway house for drug addicts in Tottenville, S.I.

The extension, Daytop Village in Prince's Bay, S.I., would offer facilities to 200 more addicts seeking help. A halfway house attempts to provide a complete change in an addict's surroundings and rehabilitates him to the point where he can leave the center during the day to work. The system has proved very successful in many areas of the U.S.

Nevertheless, the people of Staten Island feel that they will be subjected to sick and dangerous criminals. They have been misled. As stated in a recent article of *Life Magazine*, drug addicts are "aggressively passive" people. Under trained supervision the addicts would have no cause to resort to violence. Addicts are not criminals, but people who could not cope with their own inner problems. It is important that facilities be available here in New York City so that they seek help before turning to crime.

The Tottenville and Prince's Bay sites were chosen for their partial seclusion. A change in surroundings from the normal city environment is vital to the therapy of addicts and cannot be provided in any of the other boroughs.

Unfortunately, the issue has become a political one. Borough President Maniscalco is following the wishes of his electorate in trying to prevent Mayor Wagner from authorizing the project.

Some day, Staten Island will face the problems of the other, more populated boroughs. Drug addiction will be among these problems. The provincialism of Staten Islanders must end. It is time they consider themselves as New Yorkers first. Daytop Lodge represents an enlightened approach to drug addiction. It must be supported.

## The Bay

The Dolphin Literary supplement, *The Bay*, has been organized by Mr. Schwerner of the English department, William Wereley, and Douglas Korves. Through the publication of this supplement, Dolphin hopes to encourage creative writing on the campus. We hope to see the literary supplement published either as a biannual part of your student newspaper or as a full-fledged literary magazine.

## Camera Demanded

The *Dolphin* needs a professional camera. The administration has ignored repeated requests by this newspaper for funds to purchase a high quality, versatile 35mm camera.

The *Dolphin* can no longer depend upon volunteer photographers. One function of a newspaper is to print quality photographs of timely student and faculty activities. In order for this newspaper to expand and improve, the administration must provide the necessary funds.

### Student Profile:

## John Darden

By Barbara Kasdin

On April 13, 1965 John F. Darden became Staten Island Community College's eleventh Student Association President. Mr. Darden is an upper freshman in the business technology curriculum. He was graduated by Xaverian High School in Brooklyn.

John has an admirable scholastic record. With a 3.25 index he hopes to make the Dean's list this term. Eventually he hopes to enter the field of management or accounting.

Our newest president is six feet tall, and handsome. He takes an active role in the athletic program here, especially baseball. When questioned about the future S.A. projects, Mr. Darden offered the following suggestions: change the orientation and registration programs to avoid confusion, give students the opportunity to choose their teachers, organize a boat ride next Spring with another college, plan bigger and better dances, change some of the cultural programs in an attempt to discourage student apathy (have a hootenany and not a Pro Musica), organize a club to be sponsored by the S.A. devoted to discussing school and career possibilities with regular guest speakers, and have a special uniform for our school representative—sweater or blazer.

Recently Mr. Darden attended the C.I.S.G.A. conference held at Grossingers. He felt that it was a valuable experience which taught him the importance of respecting the rights and opinions of others.

Mr. Darden has definite views regarding the "as-of-late" touchy subject of dress regulations. He feels that a college should have at least minimal standards of dress, Dungarees and Bermuda shorts should never be worn, and girls' slacks should be permitted only during the winter months.

The next S.A. President is of the opinion that everyone in a school cannot be satisfied with every decree and regulation issued by its government. He feels that the previous administration was on many occasions unjustly criticized and adds that he will try to do as well as Miss Iacobozzo did. Mr. Darden hopes that future relations between the Student Association and the *Dolphin* will be without animosity. All constructive criticism will be welcomed and there is the hope that the good accomplishments of the S.A. will not be overlooked. Mr. Darden wants more space in the *Dolphin* because he feels that S.A. receives insufficient representation. He stated that it should not be necessary for S.A. officers or representatives to contribute news articles. Rather, the *Dolphin* staff should cover and write the data.

John Darden is looking forward to a productive and meaningful term as head of the Student Association.

### Foster Child Drive

The Dolphin House, SICC's houseplan, is conducting a drive to adopt foster children overseas. Gummed stickers have been sold on the campus during the past weeks to raise the necessary funds.

The Dolphin House expresses thanks to those who have purchased the twenty-five cent seals and hopes that student generosity will continue. SICC students are not only giving to a worthy cause but enhancing the name of the school.

DOLPHIN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BERNIE

# The Bay

## WRITINGS BY STUDENTS AT STATEN ISLAND COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Editor—William Wereley

F. A.—Armand Schwerner

Technical Advisor—Douglas Korves

### The Light

a lady  
 majestic  
 reaching  
 but most important green  
 is seen  
 at night  
 shedding false light  
 From "The Gold Star Mother"  
 she had appeared so huge before  
 but now  
 as I reflect upon democracy  
 as I am kicked  
 see others licked  
 as I learn  
 each day  
 as I ride "The Gold Star Mother"  
 instead of taller  
 I see democracy's green mother  
 growing smaller  
 Dreadful  
 if the day should come  
 that she grows so small  
 when even kindergarten kids are too large  
 to climb her stairs

Milton McSween

### #23 Po Splitting Apart

The mountain rests on earth  
 probing touching the heaven  
 suspended

Under heaven thunder rolls  
 unexpected rousing  
 drums of God

The wind drives across heaven  
 man and wife roll their eyes  
 no one sees

William Wereley

### A Modest Proposal

The problem of civil rights has become more than a major topic of discussion and argument. It has become the cause of a racial revolt. As a graduate of "Freeman's University," of the fine state of Mississippi, I credit myself as being an expert on the present situation and through research and observation have devised a plan for ending segregation. Being a fair and just American, I take pride in my great love for humanity and feel that it is my duty to make known my proposal.

God, white, created the first humans, Adam and Eve, in his image. Therefore, we may further state that the first Negroes didn't evolve until civilization took root in Africa. The intense rays of the sun caused their black color. Their savage and backward ways came from their contact with the surrounding jungles and animals. From this short history of the Negroes, and from a paper written by a doctor living in South Africa, I learned that through a minor operation the top layers of skin could be removed from the Negro, giving him a white appearance. Thus he is spared the humiliation of sitting in the back of the bus and receiving an inferior education.

The skin is removed; after subjection to several sterilizing and cleansing processes it can be used for soft ladies' boots, imitation leather jackets and perhaps, as tubing for electrical appliances. This process will not only give the Negro a profit, skins selling at about three dollars a yard, but will open new jobs for the country's unemployed.

Those who have undergone this operation will then spend three years in government-owned schools learning the proper laws of etiquette and health improvement. They will then be able to benefit our society, since there is a great need for low-salary butlers, maids and gardeners in the suburbs of all cities.

This plan, after being carried out, will benefit not only the citizens of America but its government as well. First, the Senate will be relieved of the great burden of carrying the responsibility of passing a civil rights bill giving the Negro equal rights with the Whites.

Then the President himself can reduce his new tax plans because of improvement in the employment picture and the decrease in tenements. Because we will be teaching the newly white-washed citizens health habits, we can clear the slums and allow them to live in communities with normal rent rates. The country will no longer be responsible for their livelihood since they now can make great profit from the sale of their own and children's skin.

The government will not only gain internally but internationally by the sale of skins and the eventual acceptance of this plan in many other independent and unprejudiced countries.

Fashion will undergo tremendous changes, as the sale of Negroid boots and jackets becomes the rage of the sixties and seventies. Children between the ages of five and ten having strong but still soft skin will furnish the best material for fashion. Industry, needing a firmer stuff, will make use of the skins of teenagers and adults. Babies' skin, the softest, will sell at the highest price because of the great demand for kid gloves and men's belts. What mother wouldn't give her child the opportunity of growing up a free white American, and in the process make money to pay the rent on their own new apartment?

There are infinite advantages in my plan for both the Negro and the White. Americans can sleep restfully with a clear conscience, unashamed of the slums and no longer afraid to walk at night. No one would have to move to the back of the bus or be rejected from jobs, and we could boast of a free America, a land of opportunity where all men are equal and white.

Laura Simms

This material does not necessarily represent the views of S.I.C.C.

When I first heard about it, I almost flipped. Bernard Rabinowitz had just become president of the Upper-East-Side John Birch Society, and only one month ago Heshie Abrams joined the Young Republicans. What was the world coming to? Frankly, Heshie was no great loss to liberalism. He even said he joined only to meet some swinging WASP chicks. But Bernard Rabinowitz! I just couldn't understand or believe it. We both had belonged to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, SANE, and even the Hands Off Lenny Bruce Club. What was this guy, a political schizophrenic? I had to find out for myself. Maybe it was just another Bernard Rabinowitz. So I called, and they told me what time the bund got together.

When I arrived the meeting was already in progress. The place was absolutely packed. Many of the members were the buttoned down cats that you see downtown; others looked like they had just stepped out of the "American Gothic" scene.

The house lights were suddenly turned out, and someone started for the podium. Sure enough, it was old Bernie.

I always knew he was a good speaker, but he really came across that night. No one in the room moved; all eyes were fixed on him. It was as if the whole bunch were hypnotized. Every point Bernie made they cheered, and every time he mentioned the name of someone who was a bit left of George Washington, the booing could be heard blocks away. He had them in the palm of his hand; they were his.

I waited until the meeting was over, and when I saw that Bernie was alone in the corner of the room, I walked over and started to call him every name in the book from fat bellied imperialist and warmongering monomaniac to S.O.B. apostate. I was all set to belt him when he grabbed my arm and in this low whisper said "Comrade, you are very imperceptive."

Going home I was in a daze, and finally it came to me. Huey Long said it quite a while ago, but it still holds true. "The only way Fascism is going to take over in this country is through anti-Fascism." The same relates to any other ism. Boy that Bernie.

James T. Block



### One Light, Two Forms and Shadows

Shells  
are shadows  
of beaches washed by  
the consuming waves  
where is the substance of the wave?  
where is the shadow of the wave?

Shells tossed by waves  
bodiless beings tossed  
shadows without light  
shadows without form  
waves without shore.

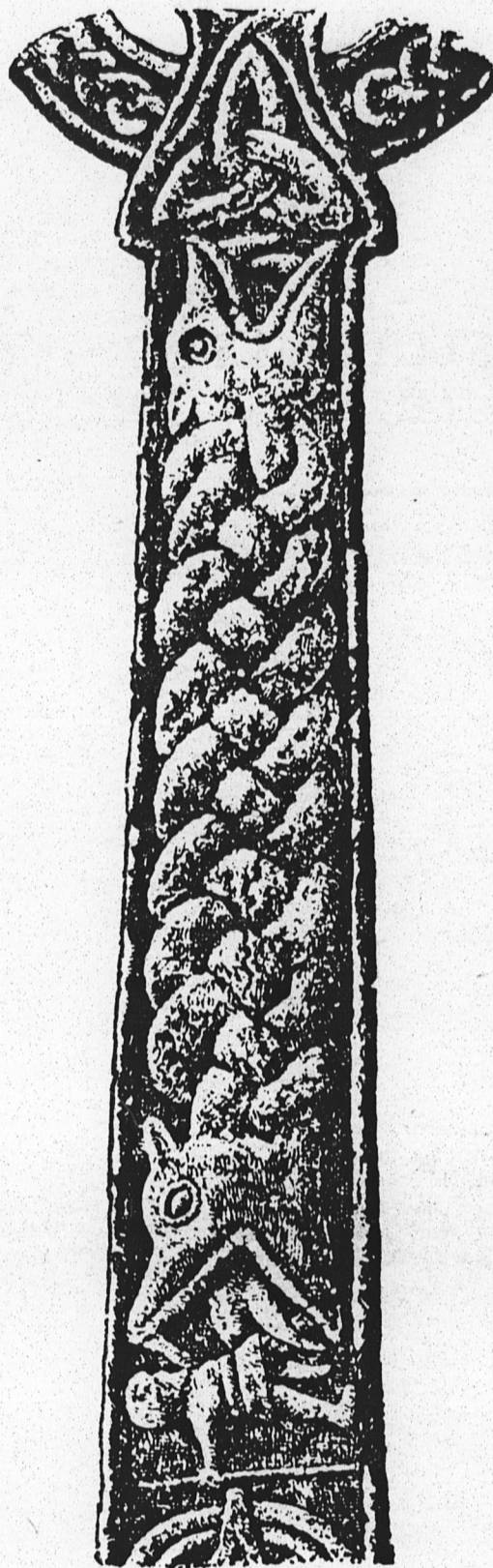
Two shadows, two waves  
consuming desire for form  
and yet  
a skeleton  
erected by force held  
momentarily in consumation.

The shore approaches  
and form  
becomes movement  
form is sight  
movement without sight  
insight.

The Waves close and shadows merge  
the touch  
their origin a light  
but unknowing of its inventions  
it never erects  
it never consumes  
it the projector.

But the projections  
of forms  
touch  
the light  
touches  
the forms consume  
the forms erect  
the forms never  
touch.

W. R. Wereley



### Bird

I'm  
a sad man  
singing glad songs  
I'm an elephant  
window-washer  
a penguin  
in red pajamas  
I'm  
a high perched bird  
seldom heard  
sitting  
on a feathered tree  
growing leaves  
a Muslim  
fighting  
for a piece of bacon  
I'm Dorothy  
singing  
Negro spirituals  
hung  
on a high note  
secretly  
I'm shaving Santa Claus  
searching for a cause  
not to fight for  
I'm  
caught  
in a Poe nightmare  
screaming  
nevermore  
I'm a critic  
eating watermelon  
in the first row  
at a concert  
trying  
desperately  
to break  
the buttons  
from my shirt  
young  
I'm  
hung  
by  
polka dot  
suspenders  
from  
the  
3rd Ave. El  
waiting  
for  
time  
to  
tell

Milton McSween

### Cinquains

So long  
Since I held a  
Small warm young one covered  
With friendly fur and quivering  
For love

Sitting  
Without content  
Listening with regret  
Lost to old forever begging  
Come back

New York  
Slowly leaves as  
A train moves over a  
Sun splashed river echoing a  
Skyline

See there  
Pushing rivers  
Smooth jutting, angled rocks  
Preparing and waiting for my  
Journey

Judy Duncan

### After Dark Vapours



He is suddenly aware of the sea sliding across his naked feet, and he feels sweet, smarting sensations there as gathering swirls retreat and wind touches at his heels. He is unconcerned that it is February and that time of year, and walks silently, absorbed, mincing footsteps. The moon's path on the receding water, following him, shimmers, and on the advancing tides; his thoughts are with the sea, where life began.

He thinks of Prometheus unbound, of an old Japanese fisherman shrunk in moody silence in a tiny wooden boat wrinkling still waters in a grey dawn, and of his wrinkled wife squatting among her nets on the jetty. A compelling silence gently flows, deep from within her small, black, wet eyes, reflecting a beginning soldier fresh from the States, and he wishes he could say to her, "No, I am not the one who dropped The Bomb."

The ebb and flow of lonely men. Of Onan hiding under yellowing sheets, and of non-heroes sitting under naked light bulbs in rented rooms. Always rooms, and always stains, stains hard and dry on turned-over flowered mattresses, set against faded flowered wall paper. The lecture-halls spoon-feeding heroes from some other time. Telling us to look back into those dead worlds stained hard and dry by professors trapped in Prufrock's wheezy song but never their own. To think of the millionth war-dead American dying on the Korean battlefield, and of losses released by insurance companies as statistical studies . . . We must allow ourselves illusions. He walks alone as following tides free his fossil-like foot prints on a shadowy beach.

He stops and unties the laces on his shoes strung across his shoulders. Thick, sturdy, muddy shoes making a play on his identity. He turns and walks away from the beach towards the village. The United Nations' Police Forces, what an arresting description; he thinks of preventiveness rather than destructiveness. Will the world really end in a whimper? Will it be the whimper of men brought to their knees in the broken cry of a child, or will it be a whimper like that of an animal with its tail between its legs? Perhaps it will be the whimper of a whore who suddenly experiences genuine love when she knows it is too late. He walks into the darkness and then through the village.

Night in a Japanese village is always so total. Its tiny houses silhouette one against another

into absolute abandonment. It's not at all like colorful tea houses shown on lovely travel brochures. It's shabby, almost primitive, not lacquered like so much of its behavior and art. The villagers shrink from the night.

The blue and white United Nations patch on his shoulder gives him a reason to be here. Symbols are important in war; soldiers can then remember the Senders. That blue and white patch also makes him a mercenary, he thinks somewhat poetically, an American attached to the World-Organization-Expeditionary-Forces, journeying because of a violation of human rights. He wonders now why the recruiting sergeant was so ill at ease when he told him that he had no religion, as such. From out of a crisp, fresh uniform, bedazzled with spanking brass, and topped with a chunk of blond hair he drawled:

"Youall just GOTTA have religion in the Air Force, it's un-American not to!"

"Can't I still be an American and write 'none' on the questionnaire."

"Oh! No. Boy! Youall just can't do that, we must put 'P,' 'C' or 'H' on them there dog-tags, now why don't youall make it easy for me and tell me which one o' them there letter to write?"

"Put an 'N' for 'none' or 'no-preference,' which ever sounds the least 'un-American'," he replies with a quick smile.

"But suppose now, a nice young boy like you goes out there and gets himself killed. What will they think; besides, boy, think of your mother!"

"They will think that in this 'non-war' that I had a 'no-religion'."

"Look boy, don't make it hard on me, ah knows youall ain't no subversive otherwise you wouldn't be here, youall must be one of those city-boys, so I'll tell you-all what I'll do, I'll put a 'P,' and between you and me, since we need you, youall can think of it as one big Protest."

He stops at the gate to present his pass, "Purana Guy, Corp. USAF 234896," he blurts, while saluting, "reporting from 849th Installations." He is given clearance and enters the Base. He feels the cold metal of his dog-tags playing against his chest and he thinks for a moment about his name. Someone once said that by naming a thing, one could therefore control it. He gives an oblique reply to those who show a special kind of interest in the origins of his name.

The Base is built around a few run down airy hangers which the Japanese used in their war. Beyond the hangars are rows of airy tents to bunk the troops, and one solidly built administrative building which also houses the PX and the Colonel. To the other side of the air strip are the officers' tents which are more air-

tight than the tents of the troops. Rank has its privileges, and for some reason hierarchy has to be obvious in the armed forces. The Base unlike the village never shrinks from the night. Night and War are compatible; each brings its own kind of darkness, unfaithfulness, and deceptiveness, with which the soldier in the field continually compromises.

C-47's and C-46's from his brother's war, taken out of mothballs, are airborne. Their noses animated with various pictorial platitudes have a false sprightliness, and they are known among the troops as 'gooney-birds.' The rising again of nascent myths by men who fear the strain of war. The mythological beings of the old gods have failed, and have become replaced with flying hubcaps; it helps to soften the soldier's exposure to twentieth-century war.

The soldier reports to the lieutenant in one of the old hangars. Facing him, the lieutenant stamps something; "The gooney-birds are late tonight. Get some coffee over there and take number six; here's a stack of tickets."

Number six is one of the make-shift desks facing the great doors of the hangar. He stacks the tickets neatly besides the typewriter, and sits behind them enclosing the make-shift desk between his legs. Sipping from his paper cup which also warms both hands, he stares at the great doors of the hangar, waiting for them to open. Turning and facing the corrugated-steel walls of the hangar, which are rolling with the wind, number five says to him: "Man, it's colder than hell, these mudder fingers won't be able to type tonight." He said the same thing last night, and the night before that, and will probably say it again tomorrow night. Number six isn't sure if he hears mother or mudder; in any case everything in this man's war is 'mudder' this or 'mudder' that.

Firetrucks and ambulances are lined up facing the runway waiting to fill a sea of cots lined up inside the hangar. A fluttering assemblage of tiny Japanese girls in blue, with red crosses on their hats, are hurriedly moving about laying blankets across the cots. Doctors are checking their temporary dispensary, mixed with stale odors of gasoline, in the quiet anticipation one senses before a storm. Faint murmurs of engines are beginning to be heard; they grow louder and louder and come to a whining halt somewhere, out there in the darkness.

Reg Razzi

### The Joyous Lake Twice 58

Ours  
a joyous lake  
damned and held  
by  
her guileless gentleness  
which even  
forces the flowers  
to bloom.

William Wereley

### Down

Saturday night

my eyes sighed "sorry" on Bleeker

But she was ready for me;

and rode her high horse upward

towards the 14th St. I.R.T.

I died  
in

little

loving

pieces

of

apology

Milton McSween

### Eyes in the Rain

If the year is a woman  
then my year  
is held in spring  
for the rain of  
blossoms just  
burst

shines  
in beauty  
opening and closing  
framed  
by the oval  
mirror  
of youthful  
Spring.

William Wereley

## The Light 2-6-2

Revelation embodies a concept as faceted as the contours of a freshly plastered fresco on a virgin wall. It involves a quickening of the heartbeat, a surging of fresh blood through oxygen-starved veins, an increased rate of respiration, and a mildly warm sensation originating in the center of the chest radiating outward around the rib cage. It means a minuscule moment of omniscience, when a man becomes totally aware of himself, his significance, his worth to the world, and the world's worth to him. In short it involves a time when, during a period of intense satisfaction, one suddenly realizes how good it feels to be alive. Moments such as these occur sporadically during a man's lifetime, and when they do their fleeting presence should be cherished. One incident remains indelibly imprinted in my mind.

I was a volunteer flagman for the Empire Railway Museum on a train operated on the tracks of the Middletown and New Jersey Railroad. I had been assigned along with two others to ride the open platforms of two old-time passenger cars which were owned by the museum. Our engine was a light 2-6-2 painted an apple green, with black drivers and gleaming running gear. We had stopped for a crossing somewhere between Unionville and Slate Hill, New York. The wind was blowing from the north and wafted the soft haze from the cleanly burning anthracite high above our heads. Several passengers plodded lethargically to the front end of the lead coach in a vain effort to leave the train and stretch their legs a bit. I listened sympathetically as my comrade stationed in front informed them that this was not a scheduled stop and that we would be leaving shortly. Suddenly the engine acknowledged her full head of steam by releasing her safety valve with a resounding pop. The hot steam condensed into a cloud of billowy white contrasting sharply with the dark blue of the sky. I climbed down from between the cars and onto the roadbed of cinders. I glanced at the rapidly disappearing clouds of steam and reflected that I could do whatever I damn well pleased on this run. The passengers would have to sweat in the cars but I could get off.

## The March

Opening my eyes to the darkness of the dingy cellar which I was calling home at the time, I thought about the days before the war. I thought about the days when I could dream without keeping one ear open. The days when life was measured out in deeds and not in silence. Before the running, before the hiding, before the crying, a time which by now seemed like before the wheel.

The cellar, my womb and castle, was small and every day grew a little smaller. The floor was dirt and sand, cold and damp at night, warm and damp during the day. There was one distraction however, a window, my sun, my air, my connection with the outside. Through the window I could see an alleyway inhabited by a few bent garbage cans and every now and again a rat, although rats had long since left this neighborhood like a sinking ship. Once a day my solitude was interrupted by my hosts. This was my feeding time; they brought down what food they could spare. It usually consisted of a potato, some bread (usually hard), a few carrots and peas and on one occasion a piece of ham the size of a golf ball.

I often thought that just some seven weeks before, I had been in New York with my wife and kids. Just seven weeks before I had been eating, sleeping, and working in safety. Now here I was a world away, hunted, wanted, an animal chosen for extermination. I had known things were bad when I volunteered for the march, but I realize now that I had had no conception of what bad really was.

I thought over and over again about what I would do when I heard the sirens, the Sirens, the wailing, the clanging dirge that would separate me permanently from all that had come before. I thought about where I would hide, and what I would say when they found me. I knew however that I wouldn't be able to hide; I knew when the sirens came it was the end. I was trapped, I couldn't leave my new home, I was a foreigner here and would immediately be recognized as such.

A foreigner, yes I was that, but still I knew I belonged. I knew I had a purpose in being here. I still don't feel that my purpose is to die and I just don't like the look of the martyr role. But here I am, me, John Thompson, twenty-four year old high school teacher, sitting in some dark cellar waiting for them to come and I wonder what the end will be, what will happen after they come? I wonder if they will take me to trial or just shoot me?

I began to doze again when I heard my number being called, I heard my name being read. The sirens were coming; the dirge was being played. At first I thought that they might not be coming here, but I soon realized that I was only trying to fool myself; they were after me. As the noise grew louder I felt my palms beginning to sweat, I felt the water running down my forehead. I thought about running, but where could I run to. The sirens slowed; they were on this street now. There were three, possibly four, cars coming. They stopped in front of the house; I went to the rear window; I knew some of them would come in that way. It was like a grade B detective movie, except when the guns went off my acting career was over. I heard them first and then I saw them coming down the alley, three leather jackets, three helmets, three pairs of boots and about as many guns. Suddenly I heard a noise upstairs and realized that the others had forced their way through the front door. How long now? I thought that I would scream and tell them that I was down here so that this waiting didn't have to go on. Then a light appeared at the top of the stairs, at first only a little slit, and gradually it grew until the door was completely opened. Slowly a huge figure was moving through the door and down the stairs. When he got to the bottom of the stairs I could see him plainly, about six foot three, a heavy face under a bent and beaten trooper hat, a dark leather jacket, a heavy pair of boots and, most frightening of all, a black miniature cannon in his hand which he probably called a pistol. From where I was crouching I could see it shine; it shone like only a gun can. The inside of the barrel looked to be about two inches across and he waved it as if the sight of it could kill. Then he spotted me. I was shaking as he said,

"Howdy nigger lover, I heard you hit a cop when he was performin' 'is duty."

## Poem to Me

swinging my legs and sitting on the rim of the grass  
up the way from 28, Bay  
where the sign on the library lawn reads "keep-off"  
I improvised a heart sung song on my mandolin  
and a rather plain looking blue eyed girl approached r.  
for a moment my heart forgot my fingers  
she scorned the song I played  
saying that she was a blues singer  
and I told her that the songs my heart wrote could destroy feminine pride  
but my finger was a bum singer  
she laughed and as she ascended the hill  
just one melody towards 350 St. Marks  
from my hearts repertoire  
destroyed her  
Milton McSween

The sun rode high in the sky but in spite of its warm glow the air possessed a characteristic coolness. The refreshing country air had a taint of new-mown hay within it and complemented the mixed odors of musty wood, heated oil from the axle packings, and hot gases from the firebox. I looked to the front of the train. The road had been cleared and we were ready to move.

I grabbed the handhold mounted on the left side of the rear car, about an inch from the corner. I planted my right foot firmly on the edge of the step and pulled myself up. The brake did not appear to be engaged and the platforms were clear. I again placed my right foot on the edge of the step, grasped the handhold and swung out over the roadbed. As I did so two other figures did the same, on the car in front from the platform adjacent to the tender and from the rear. We each swung our left arms up in the air giving the familiar "highball" sign to the waiting engineer. He responded with a long tug on the whistle cord. The shrill tone echoed eerily in the distant hills. He pulled the Johnson bar, admitting steam to the dry cylinders. The drivers began to move a quarter turn at a time slowly and irresistibly. The slack in the drawbars took up and the coach started with a slam. The drivers increased their revolutions and the stack began to emit staccato and rhythmic barks. I remained hanging off the platform catching the breeze for the next half mile or so. I glanced at the horizon. The wind stung my face . . .

-- Thomas Pinto

*The Light 2-6-2 was awarded a literary prize by the Belles-Lettres Society of Staten Island.*



## THE MAKER

Because I had been there at the time, you can well imagine my surprise when I read the Bible's version of the fall of man. If ever there was a gross untruth, that insipid story is one. An apple, a tempting serpent, a knowledge-full tree, and a naive Eve . . . The thought that this fabrication is held in popular belief makes me cringe. Now please, don't turn away and pass me off as some pompous old fool. No, I'm not a prophet. Prophecies I leave to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Jesus; nor a theologian either; after all, Buber, Aquinas, and Niebuhr cover the field so well. Actually the only talent I boast of is longevity, but at that I put Methuselah to shame.

It all happened a very long time ago, when I was drifting around the universe on my search for truth. In my day they used to search a bit further for truth than they do today. On this one journey I happened to run into God. He was lying stomach down on a cloud and looked up when He noticed my presence. I thereupon said, "Hello God," (I've always favored a more personal relationship with the divine), and He returned my greeting. He was looking at something below us. It was then that I noticed this circular mass suspended in midair. I pulled up a piece of cloud and joined the Eternal in his pastime. When one has as much time to kill as I do, he appreciates any diversion, but this time I was quite impressed. There below us was this glowing ball of light, and to the right of it, the circular mass I had noticed before. On closer observation I noticed it to be full of numerous forms of life. After a while God turned to me and said, "Not bad for six days work, is it?" However I couldn't help but notice a slight hint of dissatisfaction about his obviously great achievement, and soon I came upon the reason.

One area on the sphere I regarded as far more beautiful than any other. God told me this was his special creation and called it the Garden of Eden. I was given sort of a running tour of the place, and let me tell you, I've seen many creations, but this was something God could really be proud of. There was still this note of displeasure in the voice of the Lord, and I wondered at its cause. The Almighty seldom opens up to anyone, so I was taken a bit off guard when He began to tell me the reason He wasn't in a mood of artistic jubilation.

In the center of the garden, resting beneath the bough of a tree, was the source of God's disappointment. Yes, there he was, Adam in all his glory, lazy, lethargic, munching on grapes, figs, dates, and organically grown vegetables. Eve, whom I remember to this day as the most beautiful creature to ever grace my vision, passed in front of Adam without drawing the slightest response. I think he even begrudged her his missing rib. God explained that this had been going on since the beginning. He had hoped this creation would sustain His interest for all eternity; I already noticed traces of boredom on His visage.

You see, the world has no other purpose than to amuse the Creator, and now it bored Him. I then suggested that He add an ingredient, libido, to Adam's recipe, which He did. Adam thereupon got up and chased Eve from one end of the garden to the other, as men have been chasing women ever since. It really made all the difference in the world, for God is still jumping from the outcome. So, people, when you see yourselves in the great hunt for love, response, warmth, or any other euphemism you have for the chase, think of all the pleasure you're giving the Lord, and smile.

James J. Block

P. 3 — *Book of Changes, Ancient Chinese.*

P. 4 — *Vidarr's fight with the Fenris Wolf. (Relief from a cross Churchyard of Gosforth, Cumberland.)*

P. 5 — *Picture done by a patient of Dr. Carl Jung. A study in the process of individuation and integration of self.*

P. 6 — *The Union of Irreconcilables, the marriage of water and fire. From an Indian painting.*

# Capsule of Open House Exhibits

Open House 1965 presents departmental and student displays. Open House allows parents to meet instructors and observe the fruits of college-level work. This year's program includes exhibits by the following departments and clubs:

## Mathematics Department

The Math Department Program, organized by Professor Robert Gordon, includes cartoons, pictures and working models explaining mathematical concepts.

The cartoons consist of a poster sequence satirizing the early history of mathematics and later developments in pure mathematics.

A sequence of pictures and graphs will enumerate applications of probability and statistics. A class of seven students will have its marks analyzed to show computation of mean, average, and median grades.

A full-scale model of a high-speed computer will illustrate how mathematical systems can be constructed to describe physical phenomena. Several math games supervised by a department member will be included for visitors' participation.

## Electronics Department

The Electronics Society, under Professor Ronald Meyers will show the relationship of electronics to everyday life. Technical instruments applied to practical machines will carry out this theme.

In Room 205, an analogue computer will simulate the motion pattern of a bouncing ball. A stroboscope will illustrate the splash pattern of a drop of milk falling into a bowl. An exhibit of control of large rotating machinery by a pen light flashlight will be held in Room 204. Visitors will also be permitted to use and program the computer in this room.

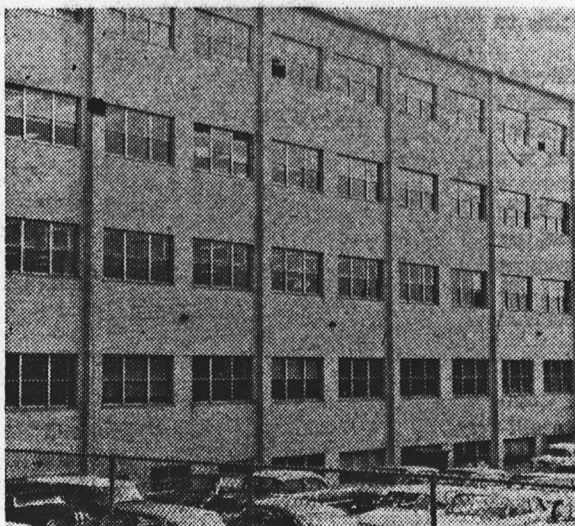
## Science Department

The Science Department will emphasize student involvement through the Physics Department and the Bio-Med Society.

The Physics Department will offer a prize to the student experiment showing the most originality and work. The prize will be an autographed physics text and the projects will be displayed in Room 309.

The Bio-Med Society will illustrate the comparative anatomy of a shark, a rat, and a cat. The dissected specimens of these mammals will be exhibited in Room 209.

The Bio-Med Society will also show the embryonic development of chickens. The idea will be highlighted by an incubator containing hatching eggs. Another live exhibit will illustrate the behavior of a rat in a maze.



350 St. Mark's Place, our 'New Building'

## English Department

Professor Armand Schwerner will produce an abbreviated reading of "Spoon River." Professor Schwerner's group consists of Bill Wereley, Connie O'Lenick, James Block, Judy Duncan, and Jane Freedman, who will present the recital in Room 512 at St. Mark's Place.

The department will also provide copies of the faculty publication SPARKS. This annual literary magazine is edited by Doctor Bernard Blau.

## History and Social Science Department

The History and Social Science Department will show a series of films on sociology, psychology, and the history of man. These films will be shown starting at 4 P.M. The final showing is at 8 P.M.

## Physical Education Department

The Physical Education Department will conduct an exhibit in the library at 28 Bay Street. Gym equipment and uniforms will be displayed. The display will also include a picture sequence of the accomplishments of our athletic teams.

## Mechanical Technology Department

The Mechanical Technology Department will conduct its display in the Strength of Materials Laboratory on the first floor of 50 Bay Street. Experiments will be conducted on the various machines emphasizing the properties of materials in tension and compression.

## Industrial Exhibit

International Business Machines will conduct an exhibit in Room 203. The IBM demonstration will show the application of computers in the field of production.

## Language and Arts Department

The Language and Arts Department will sponsor an art exhibit in the new lounge on the fifth floor of 350 St. Mark's Place. The show will include paintings, drawings and graphics by our students and faculty.

## Business Department

The Business Department will emphasize professionalism in business. This theme will be developed by displays concerning the accomplishments of alumni. The display will be on the fifth floor of 350 St. Mark's Place.

## Library

The exhibit in the library at 28 Bay Street will be conducted by Martin A. Kuhn, Chief Librarian. The exhibit will consist of extensive displays of topics ranging from collections of rare documents and texts to military manuals.

## Lambda Omega Chi Sorority

The Lambda Omega Chi Sorority will again serve as hostesses for the Open House Program. Cookies and punch will be served by the officers and general membership in the lounge at 350 St. Mark's Place from 4 P.M. to 9 P.M.

## Horizons

Professor Roslyn Atkinson will display the development of the yearbook, HORIZONS. The exhibit will show the procedures involved in publishing the yearbook from the initial stages to final form. Copies of HORIZONS will be present for guests to read.

## Bartlett Rangers

The focus of the Bartlett Rangers' exhibit will be the role of the R.O.T.C. in college programs. Pamphlets will be available for visiting high school students who are interested in the R.O.T.C. The display will consist of light armament and riflery along with various equipment and uniforms.

The members of the Bartlett Rangers will also serve as hosts during the Open House Program.

## Musicians Group

The Musicians Group will present an impromptu combo made up of a saxophone, an accordion, a trumpet, drums, and an electric guitar, playing popular music in one of the rooms at 350 St. Mark's Place.

## NAACP To Mount Ghetto Project

The Youth and College Division of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People today announced its 1965 summer project which will consist of community action programs to develop minority group participation in efforts to overcome racial barriers.

The project, which has been named the "Community Action Project," (CAP) calls for the NAACP youth wing to recruit volunteers, primarily from college campuses, who will spend their summer vacations living and working in minority group ghettos.

The committee is an advisory body which helps formulate programs to be undertaken by the Association's more than 500 youth, junior youth and young adult councils, and 90 college chapters that go to make up the Youth and College Division which is headed by Laplois Ashford, national youth secretary. The committee announced its new program at the conclusion of a two-day meeting here today.

The new youth project is in line with the direction which NAACP Executive Director Roy Wilkins said the Association's programming would take in 1965. In his annual report, Jan. 4, Mr. Wilkins said

the NAACP would foster projects designed to get information down to the neighborhood level on the resources available to help solve community problems.

Specifically, CAP volunteers will be prepared to work with minority group persons in achieving increased employment opportunities, open occupancy, housing rehabilitation programs, strict enforcement of housing codes and standards of retail merchandising. They will be concerned also with any general infringements of civil rights which are encountered.

CAP volunteers will also seek to demonstrate methods of combating school drop-outs, including stay-in-school campaigns, tutorial, recreational, vocational and career guidance programs and minority group history courses.

The volunteers will undergo training sessions conducted by the NAACP. CAP activities will be administered by the NAACP Youth Division, utilizing the resources of local NAACP units in the respective communities. Other organizations will be invited to join in the NAACP project.

Mr. Ashford and Mark Rosenman, an NAACP youth field director, will be in charge of directing CAP. Persons interested in participating in the project should contact them at the NAACP National Office, 20 West 40th Street, New York City.

## Movie Reviews:

### Nobody Waved Goodbye

This movie is about teenagers, and they will most appreciate it. Parents may also learn a good deal from this film.

The National Film Board of Canada produced *Nobody Waved Goodbye* in an off-beat, amazingly realistic style. As in *Nothing But A Man*, much of the film seems to be without written dialogue. The conversation is natural and spontaneous.

Peter Krastner, (like Salinger's Holden Caulfield), comes from a comfortable middle-class home. Yet he is on the verge of leaving school. He is also on the verge of falling in love with Julie Biggs. The names, incidentally, are the actor's real names.

His parents are so involved with bickering over Peter's education that they forget to consider him as a searching individual. The frustration, confusion and desire he feels are beautifully portrayed. His parents unwittingly force him to leave home. The plot centers around his attempt and failure at striking out on his own.

As a documentary about a dropout, the film is very successful. It has many weak points, such as the middle class father's refusal to aid his helpless son. Probably it will

not be noted as a great film. Still, it is worthwhile to see as a very moving and convincing work.

As a postscript, this movie, and many other fine pictures often play at the Rugoff Theater chain in the city. The discount coupons to these theaters (the brown card) should be a coveted possession of any moviegoer.

### The Pawnbroker

By Alan Farb

Very rarely can a motion picture overcome its shortcomings and still rank as a film "not to be missed." *The Pawnbroker* is such a film. It is a top-rate motion picture with powerful emotional impact, overwhelming acting by Rod Steiger, and excellent direction by Sidney Lumet.

Steiger portrays Sol Nazerman, a Jewish survivor of the Nazi terrors who had lost his wife and daughters during World War II. He came to America, opened a pawnshop in Spanish Harlem, and closed his eyes, his ears, and his emotions to all that reminds him of the past. But his private world is ruffled by several events. He lets himself become a front for a racketeer. Finally, a chain of events revolving around his Puerto Rican assistant brings new terror into Nazerman's life. The result is shattering.

The battle within Nazerman's "closed" mind is vividly shown by

the use of a startling photographic flashback technique. One sees the horrible family life Nazerman had gone through. The dagger-like flashbacks, some lasting only a tenth of a second, add emotional force to his struggle.

The film represents the best work of Sidney Lumet, director of *Twelve Angry Men* and *Fail Safe*. Rod Steiger gives the finest performance in his movie career. *The Pawnbroker* offers a powerful exploration of personal guilt and responsibility in our time by telling of a man who has tried to blot out emotions—past and present.

The film's major weakness is the artificiality of the supporting actors. They appear too melodramatic and sluggish. However, the acting of Steiger, along with the scope of the theme make *The Pawnbroker* a memorable film.

### Newman Club

Club meetings are held every other Thursday at 12:30 in Room 405. All students are welcome. Instead of wasting the club hours in the lounge, come up to the meeting, says the president. Mr. Rivas says "It's a question of just one person breaking the ice and bringing a friend." The topics are always fresh, alive and informative, and there is much activity at the business meeting which follows.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

An article in a recent issue of the DOLPHIN mentioned a supposed stigma associated with attending a community college. I must admit that while attending SICC I also told everybody that next term I would be transferring to a "better" school. However, now that I am graduating from City College and have the advantage of being able to reconsider, I believe that I transferred from a "better" school.

Many capable students graduate from high school with low averages not due to the lack of knowledge, but due to the lack of work produced. Only at the community colleges are the teachers interested enough and the student body small enough, to give these students a FAIR second chance.

At one of the large schools, a student is just one of thousands, and no personal interest is taken in the student as an individual. Should the student have academic problems, he is just pushed by the wayside and forgotten. His education is mass-oriented as is everything else. At the community colleges there is still the personal touch. This fact makes the com-

## Freshmen View Their Superiors

By Eugene Kahn

A poll has been taken of freshmen opinion of the sophomore class. From a random sampling, freshmen opinions separate into two general types: isolationist versus intergrationist.

Some freshmen seem to be shy and have had no contact with sophomores. "I don't know any" was a common reply. One freshman felt that the sophomores had "looked down on us for the first few months" of the term. Very often because there were no sophs in his classes, a freshman was unable to give any opinion.

However, this was not the most frequent response. The majority of freshmen knew many sophomores and thought all were friendly and seldom condescending.

When asked if there was any physical difference between members of the two classes, most frosh could find none, explaining that this was only a two year college where the age difference is just one year. This is unlike a senior college where there is a noticeable difference in ages and courses.

One young lady, referring to the sophomore boys, felt that they were all good looking and said that the girls were neater and better dressed than she had expected. She also liked the way they used make-up.

In general, there was little dispute that the sophomores looked like the freshmen. A difference in maturity was rarely mentioned.

The only advantage sophomores seem to have, from the freshman viewpoint, is knowing more teachers and the possible short cuts to studying.

The school clubs have also helped mix the upper and lower classmen. One frosh member of the DOLPHIN said that nearly all his friends were sophomores. This was also true for many engineering students.

The sophomores are also concerned and realistic about their futures. They do their work, though not without some grumbling, and are interested in getting good grades.

munity college more conducive to learning.

The idea held by unintelligent people that the level of education at the community college is below that of our four-year colleges is a complete fabrication. In another twenty-six days I will graduate from CCNY, and in my opinion, my education at Staten Island was as good if not better; also more digestible than the one I received at City College.

No student need feel ashamed to say, "I go to Staten Island Community College," for any intelligent person will know that without the community colleges, many of our college graduates would not be graduates at all. It is up to the students of the community colleges to let the general public know this.

I am proud to say that I am a graduate of Staten Island Community College, for if it were not for SICC, I would not now be graduating from City College.

Hy Brown, '63

Dear Editor,

It displeases me greatly to look at the mess the sun bathers leave on the library steps after they eat their lunch. This is the only place near the school where the students can congregate. If they were not permitted to utilize this area because of the way they leave it, the students would be forced to remain in the hot, smoke filled, crowded lounges. Please keep the library steps clean.

Steve A. Metzger

## Lefkowitz

(Continued from Page 1)

still a rule-of-thumb in American business. Although organizations like the Better Business Bureau and the Attorney General's office provide help to the consumer in getting value for his money, Attorney General Lefkowitz gave several recent instances in which buyers were severely cheated.

Mr. Lefkowitz was elected Attorney General in 1958, when Governor Rockefeller defeated Averell Harriman. He was re-elected on the the Republican ticket in 1962. Mr. Lefkowitz was the Republican candidate for mayor of New York in 1961, but was defeated by Mayor Wagner.

The discussion was organized by Dr. Bernard Blau and was a joint presentation of the Menorah Society and the Student Association.

**STARLITE  
BALL**  
coming up  
FRIDAY, MAY 14th

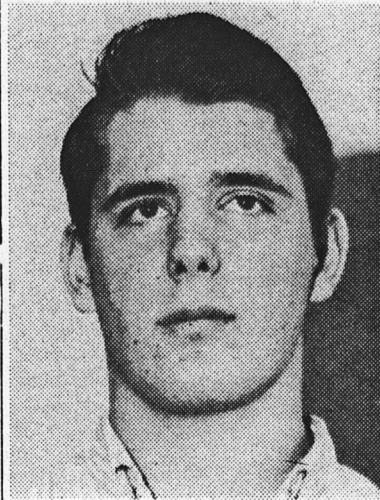
Theater Workshop Presents  
**ONE WAY PENDULUM**  
A Play by N. F. Simpson

Sunday, 8:00 P.M.  
Sailor's Snug Harbor  
Staten Island

Tickets are 25 cents  
and may be purchased at the door.

## Student Profile:

### John Sasson



by Alan Farb

John Sasson's first term at S.I.C.C. was the kind of term any serious student dreams about. Not only did John have one of the highest academic indexes in the school, a 3.52 mark, but he achieved it in the Engineering Science curriculum.

John originally planned to continue his education at either the U.S. Coast Guard Academy or the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy after graduation from Brooklyn Technical H. S. However, John's blood pressure was a little too high to suit the medical authorities at these schools, and he was turned down. At first, this seemed like a terrible misfortune, but in view of the success he is having at S.I.C.C., John admits "being turned down by these schools wasn't so bad after all." John hopes to complete his education at Pratt Institute after graduation from S.I.C.C. He plans to major in electrical engineering.

In addition to his academic talents, John is also a good athlete. He played on intramural basketball and football teams this past term, and is all set for the coming softball intramurals. Also, John is a member of a baseball team near his home in Brooklyn.

Whenever he has the opportunity, John enjoys going to his family's country home at Lake Hopatcong, in New Jersey. John owns a small runabout, which he keeps there, and he is constantly making alterations on the boat, or its motor. "And," adds John, "I like the peace and quiet around the lake, at least in the winter, before the crowds arrive."

When he is at home with nothing much to do, John enjoys listening to his large collection of records and tapes, most of which are pop music. Also, John enjoys recording baseball games, horseraces, and other sports events on his tape recorder. As if all of his interests are not enough to keep him busy.

# Sports News

By Allan Livingstone & David Breslauer

## Golf

The SICC Golf Team has yet to score its initial victory as it has dropped each of its first six matches. The last game was decided on the final green as Rockland County C.C. defeated the Dolphins 3-2. Coach Ferguson's leading golfers are Rich Dammer and Ed D'Alessandro, both averaging in the low 80's.

## Baseball Victories

The newly formed Baseball Squad, coached by David O'Brien, has posted a 2-1 record. The victories were over Pratt by a score of 25-0 and Ulster County C.C., 10-5. The only loss was at the hands of Rockland County, by 6-0. Leading players are Joe Gambazza and John Darden, who already has fifteen strikeouts.

Coach Donlin is eagerly awaiting the arrival of more student teams for the opening of the 1965 Intramural Baseball season. Girls interested in intramural tennis and volleyball should see Miss Glocker. Tryouts for the 1965-66 soccer season will be held at Walker Park. All interested, please contact Marko Jelenkovich.

## Awards Night Coming

The Eight Annual Athletic Awards Banquet will be held at the Corner House, Grant City, Staten Island, on May 18, 1965. The Awards Night is presented each year and all members of the Athletic Advisory Board are invited.

## The Case For Land Value Taxation

By Bart Di Giovanni

The construction of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge has caused land values in Staten Island to rise considerably. Land that only a few years ago no one would touch is nearly worth its weight in gold. Why the sudden demand for Staten Island land?

Land has no value in itself because it is not produced by man's labor, but since man needs land to live on, his presence gives land value. Land speculators buy and hold land in expected growth areas and profit by the inflated prices; in Staten Island, it is the expected population growth due to the bridge that has given speculators a field day.

As in any business, people invest so that they may receive a return for their investment. Since the taxpayers of New York City invested their tax dollars in the construction of the bridge, the return for the investment should be a percentage of the net increase in land values which they created. Instead, the speculators profit at the taxpayer's expense.

There are many who point out that tax dollars will be earned from the new construction on the Island and that although revenue will be lost by not taxing the increased land values, revenue will be gained from real estate taxes. This may satisfy some, but expected real estate tax gains may be offset by unexpected deterioration of buildings combined with large tracts of land holdouts, simply because the speculators will avoid the tax to make profit. And as holdouts in land raise the price to equal Brooklyn land, the building boom will almost automatically come to a halt. This means the loss of badly needed industries that would increase employment and buying power in the community.

Although this is what is in store for Staten Island, it can be avoided. We must tax the land on the basis of its value, that is, not the buildings and land as in real estate tax, but just the site. This type of tax is called **Land Value Taxation** and is being used successfully in Pittsburgh. The advantages of this type of tax are clear: it inspires improvement of homes instead of encouraging deterioration of them; it is relatively easy to collect, and it returns the full

tax value. Such a tax not only provides needed revenue but actually inspires growth. This is one tax that would be welcomed.

## Summer Session

(Continued from Page 1)

thirty dollars. The actual number of hours he is required to attend class has nothing to do with the tuition fee. Only the designated number of clock hours is important in determining the tuition for a course.

In addition to the regular fee, there will be a general registration fee of five dollars for all students. There will also be the customary lab fees. Additional information is available in the Summer Session Bulletin, now available at 350 St. Marks Place.

Registration by Mail

Starting May 15, applicants may register for summer session by mail. Applications are in the back of the Bulletin. When registering by mail students should include a check or money order for the correct amount of their tuition fees. Prof. Spiridon, director of the summer session, advises students to register because applications received by mail are processed long before those of students registering in person in June. Students who mail their applications will have first choice of courses and reduce the possibility of being closed out of a class. Finally, Prof. Spiridon points out that, if and when funds become available for free tuition, all monies already sent in by mail will be promptly refunded.

