



The Bridge

FIORIELLO H. LaGUARDIA COMMUNITY COLLEGE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK Winter 1986

Need Money? Read This!

by *Veronica Swicord*

Well, here I am again, the Bridge reporter on another assignment.

I went to go see Dr. Bob Durfey who is a sponsor of the Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society and counselor to students. While I tried to pronounce Phi Theta Kappa (with Dr. Durfey's help) I almost spit on myself. It's hard for me to pronounce Greek words with braces and two sets of rubber bands in my mouth.

As I waited for him, I stared at a Business Week magazine on the table, hoping that the interview wouldn't be too long.

The telephones in the office can really drive you goofy. Every minute, the phone rang! The secretaries were talking among themselves. I really couldn't make out what they were saying because I was too busy looking over my questions. I stared at the clock hoping that time would go quick and hoping that Dr. Durfey would show up. Finally after twenty minutes of waiting he showed up. While he was spelling out his name, the tape that was slowly turning almost fell to the floor. Even though I'm not Catholic, I did a couple "Hail Mary's" the George Carlin way. I knew I should've smoked a cigarette before coming to the interview. To play it safe, I put the tape recorder on my red duffle bag. So if it did fall, my tape wouldn't have far to fall. I got myself together, I started off with a question, "What are some of the scholarships?" I asked, hoping to get things rolling. With my notebook open, and my Bic Biro black pen poised and ready to take notes, I waited for my first answer.

Heart Attack City, U. S. A!

Each year, Dr. Durfey explained, the week before the annual graduation in September, there is an Honors night ceremony. Honors night is where each division within the school gives awards to students who have met the accreditation for those awards. For example:

The Accounting Department might give an Accounting award for the highest academic average in Accounting.

"What maybe the college is addressing is that many students don't know that these awards exist until they get an invitation to come to the ceremony to receive an award," says Dr. Durfey, in his office. (Somehow I can't imagine opening a letter and finding out I've won an award I didn't know existed.)

So, for people like me, the college is creating a brochure that will list the different awards and the needed accreditation to get those awards. By giving this information to students in their freshman year, students will then know about these awards and work toward winning them.

"They have never been written down before for students to know about them," Dr. Durfey says, I tried to take a look at his diploma behind him but his head was in my way.

For three years, Dr. Durfey continued, Long Island University has offered two scholarships to LaGuardia graduates who plan to attend full time at the L. I. U. Brooklyn College Campus the following September.

"To receive scholarship assistance," he adds, "you must have a cumulative grade point average of 3.75 or higher, and two letters of recommendation." According to Dr. Durfey, "Because most of the candidates have 3.75 cumulative average, it is the letters of recommendation that really help the students win scholarships. Anything that makes the student outstanding. Extracurricular activities in addition to academic average will also help you."

Trying to overcome my nicotine fit, Dr. Durfey goes into the Belle Zeller scholarship.

Belle Zeller is a \$500 scholarship awarded yearly, he pointed out, which is sponsored by the CUNY Faculty and Staff Union. To get this award, the

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Dr. Durfey (far left) and Dr. Andritsi (4th from left)

Are LaGuardia Students Party Poopers?



by *Beverly Taffe*

Before I became a college student, I was always under the impression that college was not only a place for learning and exploring different things, but also a great place for socializing. The impression I got was that college students always got involved and were constantly holding rallies, having parties, contests and all sorts of various events. However, this does not seem to be the case at LaGuardia Community College.

I would like to be entertained more at the college. Don't get me wrong, my studies are very important to me, but as an adult at the college I would like for the students to have more in the way of entertainment and to be more informed as to what clubs are available. I think that many of the students at LaGuardia would agree that they would like to see more events happening at the college. Student Govern-

ment says that there are clubs and activities for LaGuardia students, yet they (the students) don't seem motivated or interested in getting involved.

Just why do the students lack motivation? Why are LaGuardia students such party poopers? What can be done to get LaGuardia students more involved? What part does the existing clubs have in all this? These were a few of the questions that need to be answered, so I decided to investigate.

I stopped by the Student Government offices, located in room M160. There I was greeted by the receptionist. "Hello," I said "I'm from the Bridge can I speak to Eugenie White regarding the clubs and student activities? The receptionist told me to go on into Eugenie's office. I had made an appointment previously with Eugenie, so she was expecting me.

Eugenie White is Vice President of

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The Big Spliff: A New Drug Craze

by *Tonya Lightfoot*

There are many stories written about drugs these days, and many people have fallen prey to this merciless predator. Drugs devour your confidence in yourself. It lowers your self esteem; it distorts your reality (so it looks like some crazed beast from your worst nightmare) and it often strips you of your dignity. I have encountered this predator, but I managed to escape its clutches and emerge victorious.

My meeting with this predator occurred nearly four years ago. Marijuana smoking became my favorite past time. I would get high at least twice a day. I also smoked hashish and opium whenever the occasion arose. I briefly experimented with cocaine, smoking it in cigarettes, till I thought I could float on air. When "crack" appeared on the scene, I started smoking that too. I would either smoke it in a "joint", or in a "White Owl" cigar.

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The Fight To Save Day Care

by Vanessa Correa

There we were, on a "no frills bus" on its way to Albany, an hour late. A group of women and children, still sleepy from having awoken so early to be able to meet the bus at 7:30 in the morning on the side of Madison Square Garden. I sensed an internal debate striving to make clear that what we were about to do was well worth the effort. The bus windows were grimy, metal edgings were protruding, there was no ventilation, but our spirits as a group were not deterred by these details. As we waited for the last person to arrive, Mr. Love (our bus driver), informed us that he was ready to leave the city streets. As I sat, I looked around and I attempted to decipher who besides myself, was going to lobby to Albany for the first time. "What will be done and said," I wondered, "while in the capital city?"

Lobbying. Appropriations. Bills. Senators. Assemblymen. You wonder what all this political jargon has to do with a mother going to school. I'm a mother and at first I thought that I would just be attending classes, and doing my best to graduate as quickly as possible. Going back to school is a step in the right direction for a better life for my child and myself. Being a single mother makes it more so. But quickly I realized how untrue this was. I found myself getting involved in the college community, but especially in the LaGuardia Learning Center, where my son is enrolled. Through parent meetings, personal discussions with the director, and talks with other mothers, I began to grasp the work and time that goes into having a day care within a college community. It infuriated me, that time had to be taken away from the education of the children, and directed to politicizing, for more funds, but it also made my sense of doing something, quite acute. Why should day care personnel, mothers and school officials continuously plea and beg to government officials, struggling to open their eyes to the necessity of day care within a college community? They shouldn't!

Everyone concerned with a day care program within the CUNY system should be dedicating their energies and capabilities to the children. One reason is: that the children are being instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The facility provides daily meals, personal care, and the peace of mind to the parents of knowing where their children are during school hours. Worrying and dealing continuously with budgets and government is taking away from the whole goal of this organization.

That is why we find ourselves on a bus heading for Albany. In Albany we plan to lobby for the extension of a bill passed two years ago from which state money has been appropriated for child care for the senior colleges (4 year) of the CUNY system. Though LaGuardia is a two year college, this particular extension does affect us (though not urgently...yet!)

(Before I continue I would like to explain what "lobbying" means. Webster's dictionary says, "to conduct activities aimed at influencing public officials and especially members of a legislative body on legislation. To promote or secure the passage of legislation by influencing public officials. To sway toward a desired action." Since legislators need votes to win, lobbying is a useful tool; they want your vote, they will listen to you. Lobbying can also be done by letters, petition drives,

and getting media attention for your cause. Lobbying is the right we all have but many lack knowledge of its existence or its importance.)

Now: Even though the bill to fund our center extends for another year, work must begin now to make sure the monies are continued. If the proposal of the legislation does not receive approval by the Assembly and Senate, all CUNY colleges will be without any State day care funds.

And if this does most (if not all) CUNY day care centers will cease to exist as we now know them, including the day care here at LaGuardia. Without funds, for example, our day care center will be unable to employ trained personnel; we won't have facilities to handle the amount of children



we now have, and thus our student mothers/fathers will be unable to attend classes.

On the highway, passing idyllic country scenes, barren from winter's embrace, we continued discussing our dilemmas and possible solutions to everyday problems. "Do you have much time to study, what with a man and child to make care of?" "Yeah, its tough, but I do my best to organize time."

The mothers talked on. Some didn't even notice the beautiful homes we passed. I said, "Miriam, wouldn't it be nice to live in a home like that one day, with all that free space for the kids to run." "One day," she said, "one day..." As I faintly listened to the conversations about me, the thought of a "grain of sand" came into my head. I realized that as you bring together more and more grains you are able to amass a great mountain of sand. This is how one develops and evolves a belief, a need; by joining many grains of sands with the same needs.

The hours passed and finally, after a quick roadside lunch, we were at our destination. I remember, as a child, visiting the United Nations, and the sense of "too big and powerful" engulfed me as I entered there. The State buildings in Albany gave me the same feelings.

All the buildings focused on a park. The building directly across from us, had many stairs leading up to its columnar entrance. At the top of the park, was a more traditional, Liberty Square building, with its spire and red brick walls. The building we entered was a black and white marble. I noticed a considerable lack of crowds. I was

expecting a vision of Washington D.C., crowds, grey suits, limos. and flags, always, there are many flags. But this is a real "hometown". What made every thing look even more somber, was the overcast skies and the abundance of concrete and marble. Here we were foreigners, in a foreign land. Who cares about us...all the way up here?

Since time was short, we separated into small groups; our objective being to speak to as many legislators as possible.

We had an excellent, well practiced leadership. They instructed us in how we should confront our political leaders and what we should make a point of. They were very confident, direct and outspoken as to what our liberties were. Ms. Geraldine Price,

After Ms. Perone, we regrouped and took the elevator to Senator Martin Knorr's office. There were about 10 in the group as we approached the entrance to his office, the secretary in the outer office quickly stood up, and directed herself towards us. Quickly, I felt as if were intruding. I heard the secretary say, "He isn't available at the moment. Where did you say you were from?"

Ms. Butler answered, "We represent the CUNY day care Council and would appreciate it if the Senator could take a few minutes of his time to listen to our cause." "CUNY? What's a CUNY?" she asked again.

We left some literature with this secretary, explaining who we were. But I imagined that these were people who didn't want to be bothered by a group of women expressing a need.

They had their tweed Sear's suits, blond 60's hair teased, and perfectly unspoiled ruffled blouses! How could they associate any feelings with Hispanic and black women, who are struggling through the red tape to get services the government should provide our children. They looked down and right through us. Ironic! A man whose office is encased with "Right to Life" posters has not educated himself or his staff, I believe, to the simplistic idea that if people believe in protecting children in the womb, why don't they feel a need to protect them once they are in this world?

Senator Knorr has been against the funding of day care by state monies, and he wages a strong battle against abortion.

The ladies in the office closed ranks, and they slowly but insistently told us that the Senator was not available nor interested in seeing or hearing from any of us. "I know who I'm not voting for come next election," one of the mother's said clearly enough for all to hear. They didn't flinch.

From here, we went to see Senator Kenneth Lavelle, who is totally supportive of our cause.

When we arrived at Senator Lavelle's office, he was in meeting and was not able to attend to us, because our appointment with him had passed. We were quickly attended to by his assistant Ms. Molly Gibson. Immediately this woman, slim, late 40's, tweed suit, her hair done in a page boy, and a none ending smile directed us to a meeting room which was very comfortable. She recalled to mind memories of Donna Reed.

"My name is Ms. Gibson, please sit down, make yourselves comfortable. I am very anxious to speak with you, as always. Let's begin."

She directed her gaze to Ms. Charlotte Belemy, who quickly went into the details of our visit. "We want to make it clear that we will not be able to maintain ourselves, if the State funded money is cut off next year. We would like to see an extension of that bill passed, but more ideally, what we would like see happen is that we become institutionalized permanently within the CUNY system."

The CUNY Day Care Council finds that it would be feasible for CUNY to incorporate us within their budget, a permanent part of the University. There are 38,000 students within the CUNY system that are parents. 92% of prospective CUNY student/parents need State child care to enable them to attend college.

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Is Light Skin Better Than Black?

by Ronald Rhames

He's too black!...Yellow niggers are stuck up!...She could never be my girl; she's Army boot black. White boy! I never liked you anyway. I like black men, not half white creatures...I wonder what you would look like if your eyes were green? What kind of hair does your mother and father have? I don't want my baby to be too light...She's so black, she's blue...I don't want my baby to be too dark...Biscuit lips...Darky...Spade...High Yellow...Piss Color Perfect...Redbone...Tar baby...Eclipse...Light, Brown and Almost White...Roasty Toasty...Half Breed...

If you are black, chances are you have heard these sort of things throughout your lifetime; and you have accepted them as part of the norm—as a part of growing up. Yet many Black people, young and old, fail to realize that there is a serious problem among us—that there are actually Blacks who discriminate against their own kind on the basis of skin color.

The problem is not a new one. In fact, its origins go back to the slave plantations—when blacks were not even considered human. They were nothing more than property, or livestock like cattle or sheep. And so, the problem of blacks discriminating against blacks began as a result of the way the slaves were treated.

Often the darker slaves were given the task of harvesting the sugar, rice, tobacco or cotton crops, while the MULATTOS or QUADROONS were given the privilege of working as house servants or drivers—the easier tasks. (A MULATTO is the child of one black parent and one white. A QUADROON is the child of a MULATTO and a white.) Moreover...although the house servants were still considered property, they were classified as part human and thus they were given a higher status than the darker slaves.

In fact, the "lighter" slaves were given tailored made clothes and shoes—something that even many poor whites could not attain. And they (the mulattos and quadroons) often tried to emulate their masters by looking down on the darker skinned slaves. This led the darker people to have a feeling of resentment toward the lighter ones. And though this is 1986, I believe, many of these same feelings are still in existence.

The majority of Black people, I believe, still place a great deal of emphasis on skin tone. I have always been aware of this problem, but I never fully understood the magnitude of it. So I discussed this issue of Blacks being prejudiced against Blacks on the basis of skin tone with a Black faculty member here at LaGuardia.

And he said, "When I was a small boy and growing up in the South, I used to think that lighter skinned blacks had more money and were more intelligent—because, in many cases, these people had been fathered by a white man. And though this white would not legitimize his child by giving his last name, he would often make sure the child was being taken care of by giving money."

Unreal, I thought to myself. I thanked him and asked if I could quote what he told me for my article. "Yes," he said, "but don't use my name."

Still, during the course of writing this article I began to feel uncomfortable with much of what I discovered in my research, especially the responses of the people I interviewed. It's not that I was getting hostile treatment from



anyone, it's just that most of the students I interviewed made statements that seemed to favor light skinned Blacks. For example, I found, almost all of the guys preferred girls with light skin and long straight hair. And almost all of the girls seemed to think light skinned guys were more attractive.

I asked one girl, Marceline, what her ideal man would look like and she replied: "...light skinned, handsome and intelligent." "Why do you prefer light skinned guys?" I asked. She replied, "Because I want my babies to come out good looking." (This girl is radical, I thought.) She sat there smiling, but I could sense that she was beginning to feel ill at ease. I asked her if she thought it was possible for someone with a dark complexion to give her a good looking baby. "Maybe," she said, "but most of the time you find that light skinned people are more handsome than dark skinned people."

Now, the following statements are excerpts from interviews I did with some LaGuardia students (and this is only a random sample):

JEROME SMITH: "I like tan girls. But I will settle for a brown skin girl because I can relate to them better. Light skin women are cool, and some will look at you—like you the ape! Sometimes, I'll see a woman who is much darker than me and I'll have a negative reaction. It's not something that I plan to do. It's just a reaction that comes over me..."

"A light skinned cat," Jerome continues, "can look just average. But girls will still be attracted to him. But a dark skinned dude has to look above average in order to get some attention...Sometimes, on the train, I'll see a light skinned girl, but I won't go after her because I believe she wants a mate closer to her own color. I now have a light skinned girl...But I've been through some f—ed up s—t! I've experienced situations where light skinned people have teased me. They tried to treat me like a second class citizen. They'd call me names like PEPSI-COLA."

BUTCH M. McMICHAEL: "One of the major reasons light skinned people are held up so high is because of the egos of the dark skinned people. They have an obsession with getting a light skinned mate; and this causes the discrimination between blacks. More or less, light skinned individuals are used as trophies to sport around the block—just to show others that hey! I achieved a goal that you wish you can. It's a sad stereotype that if you have a

light skinned girl, you're more or less the king of the block."

JONEE ELLIS: "If you would have asked me that question when I was younger I would have told you I couldn't stand being with a dark skinned guy. When I was younger, I was around more light skinned people...it seemed like the cute guys were light. They were more popular, or outgoing. As I got older, I found that the color of your skin doesn't make you a person."

DANIELLE PALMER: "To me, there is nothing wrong with being light skinned. Some people feel that being light skinned makes you conceited. But it's the guys who make you feel that way! They always walk up to you, saying, Hey, light skin. Damn, you look good." But in my opinion there is no difference between brown or light skinned girls. Both can be pretty. It doesn't matter what you look like on the outside. It's what you have on the inside that counts. This applies to men also. I am light skinned and I will go out with anyone of any color. It's a matter of personality and intelligence. But everyone has their own opinion."

QUALAND SAMUEL: "I was walking across the bridge one rainy afternoon and this light skinned guy asked me if he could get under my umbrella; so I said yes. As we were walking, he tried to rap to me, mostly talking about himself. He told me that he never had a dark skinned girlfriend, so I asked him why he was talking to me. The fact that he told me this completely turned me off. I feel that Black people should not discriminate against each other. We are all one people."

After the interviews, I thought—outrageous! It shouldn't make a difference what a person's skin color is. So how do you explain this? As I was walking through the student lounge, I heard someone say, "I don't want to deal with any black guys that look one hundred percent black."

According to Dr. Lawrence Rushing, a psychologist at LaGuardia, "Oppressed people, strangely enough, tend to adopt the views of their oppressors." That is to say that blacks measure their standard of beauty by the same criteria as whites.

Still, it's not my intention to cause any dissension among blacks or to alienate anyone by writing this article. I just want to bring attention to a problem that has prevailed us (blacks) for too long. I feel that if we are progressive, we must recognize this problem for what it is—prejudice!

It is absolutely wrong to judge a person without knowing him/her first. What we (blacks) need to focus our energies on are legitimate concerns, such as unemployment, affirmative action, the struggle for equality, black on black crime, the mortality rate of black males, the incarceration of black youths, illiteracy and affordable housing—only to name a few problems blacks must fight against.

The Bridge welcomes your comments, views and opinions on this subject. We will try to print as many responses as space allows in the next issue of The Bridge (the Spring issue). The deadline is May 10th.

LaGuardia Student Union

During the winter registration period almost all of you filled out a form to indicate which facilities you would most use in a Student Union. You indicated whether you would use the facilities Often, Sometimes, or Never. (The results are printed...)

Your responses have enabled the Student Union Task Force to recommend to the Student Government, Student Activities Committee, and to all students that a referendum be held; that a petition be drawn up proposing the construction of a Student Union Building. A Student Union would provide programs and services which would make the college's social, cultural and educational environment a more rewarding and exciting one. New and expanded facilities such as cafeteria, lounges, game rooms, early childhood facility, and student organization offices could be created to the benefit of the entire student population.

In May, during the Student Government Election, you will be asked whether you wish to have a Student Union and whether you are willing to see your student activity fee increase in the future to support a Student Union. Students, and only students, will decide his issue. During the next few months more information will be available. If you need more informa-

tion now, contact the following offices:
Dean of Student Services Office S 152 (718) 626 5061
Student Activities Department M 115 (718) 626 5595
Student Government Office M 160 (718) 626 5597

LAGUARDIA STUDENT UNION



Logo by The Communications Department, Bill Freeland, Director

The Big Spliff: New Drug Craze?

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After the tobacco was emptied out of it, I would replace it with marijuana and sprinkle the "crack" on it for the finishing touch. This seemed to be the ultimate high. One day I realized that all of these drugs were messing up my life physically, emotionally, and socially. Extensive drug use often leads to depression, frustration, and loneliness. I didn't feel like I was a part of the real world anymore, so I decided to stop and join the world of the living again.

The drug world is as varied as the people who inhabit it. Over the years, I've known this world and those who live in it.

It's a cold day, and I'm on my way to Ron's house, which is located in the Bronx, to get the overall picture of this drug world from the inside. As I walk, I pull my hat down over my ears which fell stiff and frozen. When I reach my destination, I walk to the back of the large one family home and knock on the small, glass, basement window and wait for someone to open the back door. The small basement apartment is unexpectedly neat and clean, the living room comfortable, with its large brown pillows, which serve as seats, strewn across the carpeted floor, in an orderly type of fashion. This is where most of the business procedures take place. Noticing the small wooden clock on the wall, I realize that it is three o'clock p. m. Ron tells me that in a little while they will go downtown to an undisclosed location in Harlem, to buy a large quantity of drugs. Since the mainstream of drug activity is now in "crack" the money will be spent on this product.

"Crack" is the name given to a heated mixture of cocaine, water, and baking soda. You can buy it in capsules which cost ten or twenty dollars, depending on the amount you want. Ron plans to spend seven hundred on "crack" and he will make fourteen hundred in return. Ron plans to spend seven hundred dollars on "crack," and he will make fourteen hundred in return.

It's three thirty now and "we" are waiting for one of his associates, who will drive "us" downtown. I wait patiently, but notice how impatient everyone else is. They talk about the new

movies that are out, the clothes they are going to buy, the "fresh" girls in the neighborhood, and those that are not so "fresh". I especially notice Ron, who is originally from Jamaica, twenty years young. I notice his clean cut, tailored trousers, just the right length to meet his soft, brown, leather "Clarks" shoes. You can see his argyle socks underneath. His large burgundy knit hat covers his uncombed head of hair, which looks as if it's trying to escape the knit cap. He is extremely serious about what he does, someone who has an everlasting goal to "make it" in America, the only way he knows how.

He is struggling against so many odds. Faced with the responsibility of supporting a wife and child, his eyes are filled with stars of what he could someday be, wanting it all, the "American Dream." When I ask him why he chooses this way of life, he replies abruptly, "What else is there for someone like me? I don't have a green card and no job that I could get is gonna pay me what I can make in one day on the street."

"What the f---k is up, where's Ernest?" Ron asks one of his associates, "Don't he know time is money?" His associate replies, shaking his head, but giving no verbal response.

Ron started out selling nickel bags of marijuana to oncoming cars at a neighborhood shopping plaza, known for its high drug activity. He could sometimes make seventy five dollars a day. Eventually the demand for marijuana decreased in the area and he moved up to bigger drugs and bigger money. For the next six months, he sold cocaine and soon became a heavy user and abuser of the drug. On some occasions, he would consume up to fifty percent of his supply, sometimes within hours. Parties, drugs, and more drugs became a way of life. He was slowly, but surely slipping, but somehow managed to grip on long enough to realize the seriousness of his problem. But now with "crack" in such high demand, he's naturally moved to where the money is.

Time seems to be racing by so fast and we are finally ready to go pick up the "crack". The drive downtown is quite short and despite the cold weather outside, I crack the window,

which allows the frigid air to seep its way into the stuffy car. This helps relieve the nauseous feeling, a sign of car sickness, which I often suffer from. Since this is not the first time I am taking this type of trip, I am quite relaxed, and can only think about reaching our destination because I know that is the only real cure for car sickness.

We finally reach our destination and begin to walk down a long narrow street. We are surrounded by over filled garbage cans and decaying buildings. We enter an old apartment building, I twitch my nose in response to the awful pissy smells inside. We approach an apartment on the first floor, where Ron knocks and waits for an answer. A thin, black youth answers, allowing us to enter.

Inside the small dimly lit room, which offers no warmth or comfort, only stark reality of what is about to take place. We wait. "What you want man? What you need, I got it all, I got it good." He asks, almost as if he were doing a television commercial. "Forty capsules." Ron replies.

The youth leaves and soon returns with two small plastic bags, each filled with the tiny, clear colored capsules containing "crack". Placing them on a small nearby table, he waits for the money, which will finalize this transaction. A roach is racing down the wall, and over the shabby, tattered chair in the corner. I wonder if he lives here?

During the drive back, I imagine myself in a "Miami Vice" episode. Back at the apartment, I sit on a large pillow on the floor, like everybody else, and await the next order of activities. There's loud music playing, reggae music, rich sounding, blending in with the scenery, people and activities taking place. The smell of "crack" soon engulfs the room. I notice that Ernest, who has become dependent on it, is smoking a "crack spliff" which is nothing more than a very large joint. The scent of "crack" is distinct, a sweet, one of a kind scent that is hard to forget. "You want some?" he asks me, stretching out his hand to pass me the spliff.

I hesitate at first, but think "what the hell" as I reach out to take the spliff. I smoked it intensely for a little while, but soon pass it along to someone else, realizing that I've had quite enough. I start to relax, my head light and airy, like a marshmallow. Everything looks magnified or just very clear if that makes sense. I'm aware of everything, pictures, people, drugs, sounds that I immerse myself in. I feel as though I'm inside my own mind looking out. It's a good, peaceful feeling but then it becomes somewhat disturbing, unnatural, unreal. I'm floating in space, I want to be alone, to think, reflect on my life, past, present, and the future...

I jumped because someone is knocking on the window, a customer, perhaps, calm, the police, worried, maybe it's a set up, nervous, paranoid, excited, "Can they tell? Is it just me? It's alright, it's only Phil, a friend."

It's time to "unload" the "crack" now and Ron and I left the apartment. We end up at a familiar location, not far from the apartment and wait for the "custies" as they are frequently called. I serve as "look out" and I also hold the drugs just in case he is "busted". I'm not that worried because it's unlikely that I'd get searched, unless of course, a police woman makes

the "bust." Within ten minutes a customer arrives. It's a nursery school bus driver, who buys two capsules and drives off. I now become the banker, left with added responsibility of holding the money. Within an hour we have sold eight capsules, and have made eighty dollars.

With "crack" use so widespread, its no wonder that people from all walks of life use it.

A car is beeping its horn and Ron walks over to it, signals for me to come and we return to the apartment. He unlocks a large, black, metal case which is home for his drugs, two small pistols and a large .007 blade. There are large amounts of cash and an incredible jewelry collection, which I am told has an estimated value of three thousand dollars. "I started out in America with nothing, and now look" he exclaims proudly. Out of sheer curiosity, I decide to play with one of the guns. Taking a stance, aiming at the wall, I point the .38 caliber pistol and yelled "Hold it right there! Don't move or I'll blow you away!" Then coming down to reality, I put it back, realizing how nervous Ron was.

The world of the drug dealer, on any step of the ladder, is exciting, challenging, but very risky, and often short lived. There are no guarantees, no "sure things." One minute you can be on top of the world, and the next minute, you can be down in the gutter. It's a fast life, where you can make fast money, but at some point it must slow down. There's constant change, as with most things in life. You're always looking over your shoulder, and behind your back. Who can you trust? You don't know. Who are your real friends? You don't know that either. If you get robbed, who can you report it to? No one. You're all alone.

Once policemen know you as a drug dealer, they make your life constant hell. A casual trip to the corner store could end up as harassment by the police, and even possible arrest. If you're arrested, many a night will be spent in a crowded cell, many a day will be spent in a crowded courthouse. For example, if you're arrested for possession of "crack," your facing felony charges, and at the very least, one year in jail. If you're lucky enough to get away with it, you're placed on three to five years probation. Each and every arrest is more nerve racking than the last.

When the police aren't hassling you, customers are. Some become dependent on your product, and ... want a "free ride." And they will stab you to get it, if they don't have the money to pay for it. Your life is always in danger and there are many setbacks.

One arrest too many has left Ron with the decision of serving one year in jail or leaving the country. So the ultimate question is... Why waste your life on a lifestyle that you know will eventually crumble?

The Bridge Staff

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LaGuardia's Lover's Lane?

by Ignatius Nwagbo

College campuses can be a lot of fun; and LaGuardia is no exception. There is one spot on campus that students cherish. This is the "Red Carpet Area" or as some call it, "The Free Zone." That is the open lounge behind the school theater.

A visit to this "Zone" should convince anyone that it is a popular student hangout. This area has the most comfortable sofas and chairs in the school. There is even a sun roof. And in fair weather, many students can be seen basking in the sun with their loved ones.

I remember my first visit to the "Free Zone." It happened almost by accident. It was a Tuesday and I had to study for an exam. So first I went to the library, but I couldn't find a seat. And what really got me angry was the fact that many students in the library just left their coats and bags all over the empty seats. Frustrated, I headed for the cafeteria. It was worse. It was loud. It sounded like a war was going on in there. One girl was trying to get her friend's attention by shouting her lungs out.

At this point, I had no other choice but to look for another—a quieter spot. And this is how I happened to stroll into the "Zone." First, it was the lovers that caught my eye. They were everywhere. Each couple held onto each other as if they couldn't afford to let go. I was glad that day to find a decent place to study, and I vowed to return to check it out.

And so I did. I had to write an article for my journalism class and I decided that I would interview the students in the "Zone" to see what this area meant to them.

First, I talked with Jesse and Linda, two of the many regular couples at the "Zone."

"Hi, folks," I said, "I'm sorry to disturb you. My name is Ignatius and I am a reporter for the school newspaper, The Bridge. May I talk to you for a few minutes about this lounge?"

Jesse is a tall, slim guy and Linda is short with a big afro hair-do

"Come on," shouted Jesse, "I am out here for some peace and quiet and I don't want to be bothered. You guys are trying to be some big time reporters, yeah! And you're into some big money, yeah! Well, what I don't need is you!"

At this point, Linda cut in: "Man, we'll tell you our mind in a few minutes and then you break loose, OK?"

"It won't take much time," I replied.

"Alright man," said Jesse. "Flip it out. What the hell you wanna know?"

"What do you think or feel about this area?" I asked.

"I come here with Linda," Jesse said, "because I get tired of running into people or being watched."

"Yeah," Linda added, "Here, anything goes. You are free to smoke as much as you wish and eat your meals. And sometimes I just lay down on one of those sofa chairs to catch up on sleep between classes."

As we were talking, some of their friends arrived. Jesse called out: "We have a God-damn reporter with us.



Better watch it."

One of Jesse's friend's Joe, answered: "Oh, yeah. What the hell does he want?" Joe's girlfriend, Cindy, added: "Yeah, we don't need all that s—t!"

They all insisted, at this point, that I leave them alone. As I looked around, I saw other couples and groups of friends. Then I interviewed another student, Eric. He had a high afro hair cut which made him look like a young Don King. He told me that a lot of beautiful girls hangout at the Free Zone. "Where the girls are," he added, "is definitely where I belong."

Eric went on to say that you can see the singles pretending to study when actually they were looking for a date.

As for the couples, I witnessed a girl studying hard while her guy was busy fondling her bosom. I am quite sure that she was catching everything and expecting nothing less than an "A" from whatever subject she was studying. And she must be a real genius, I thought, to be able to concentrate on her book while in "limbo."

If you really want to experience this place, take a look yourself. The policy is open admission. It doesn't matter if you come alone. The possibility of getting hooked-up with someone is not far fetched. Best, bring your own man or woman. Lovers, the ball is in your court.

cont. from p. 1

Need Money?

student must have the accreditation of 3.75 or higher, and must be a full time student. Full time means a minimum of seven credits. Students are invited to pick up the application, which is in the Fall, when the application process takes place. Right now, Dr. Durfey and Dr. Pierrina Andritsi run a workshop with former LaGuardia Belle Zeller winners, who assist students in filling the application, and give suggestions in writing personal statements about themselves.

According to Dr. Durfey, "Most of the scholarships require an essay. And sometimes the essay asks students to outline their career goal and life accomplishments to date," he says: "It's really the first time a student actually sits down and thinks about himself."

He then explained that the Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society is a National Honor Society of the community colleges. LaGuardia's chapter was founded in 1983. The chapter recognizes achievements of outstanding students with a grade point average of 3.75 or higher in LaGuardia. Students are invited (at the end of twenty credits) to become a member, and come to an Induction ceremony. This year's Induction took place on February 26th. Some colleges offer scholarship assistance to students who have been members of the Phi Theta Kappa Honor Society.

Currently, two LaGuardia students have received full financial aid to attend New York University because they were members of Phi Theta Kappa.

Dr. Durfey and Dr. Andritsi work

with Phi Theta Kappa members to encourage some of the students to continue their education at a four year college, and to apply for scholarship assistance being offered by some of these colleges. A number of these colleges, especially private colleges, offer scholarship assistance other than TAP and PELL. For example: At Long Island University you can get half of your tuition paid if your average is 3.20 or higher. Adelphi offers similar opportunities. A student who doesn't have a high average can still get scholarship assistance in addition to their regular financial aid. If you want to find out more about scholarships and awards, another source you can check is the Career Transfer Resource Center. The Career Transfer Resource Center, has a catalog listing scholarships provided by organizations. Certain companies such as The Plaza Hotel provide scholarship assistance for children of their employees. The Career Transfer Resource Center is located in MB 65.

Also individual colleges list scholarships in their college bulletins. For example: Hunter College has scholarship assistance for transfer students who have a 3.20 or higher.

This is based on academic, rather than financial need. This is it folks! For more information says Dr. Bob Durfey "You can get books and books in the library and at the Career Transfer Resource Center, "There is a lot of money out there, but it requires research."

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No Cheerleaders

call Jay Horowitz in the Mets public relation office. When we called Mr. Horowitz the next day he sounded sympathetic, but said, "I'm sorry but I can't sanction it." You block peoples view." We explained that the only view we block is that of those people on the subway platform across the stadium, who weren't paying to see the game anyway. He replied by saying, "Well I can't do it." We asked him why and he said, "Because I can't."

The thing that has my friend and me so mad is that no one gives us a straight answer.

The first time we tried to get permission we received a letter from Mr. Michale Aronin. He said, "We do not have any plans to utilize formal cheerleaders. I will however, keep you letter on file and if we should decide to pursue this matter, will be in touch with you." As far as we know our letter

ended up in the garbage, unless they have a file marked future cheerleaders, which I doubt.

On the night we were told to move, we went around the stadium having fans sign unofficial petition and got over 100 names. So the fans are behind us, and they still wish us luck in getting permission, and tell us not to give up.

There is nothing the front office can do about us going to the games and doing our cheers, because we pay for our tickets and obey the rules of the stadium. Whether the front office likes it or not we are gaining popularity. We've been on Diamond Vision three times and on public television and cable once in the past season.

Every once in a while we'll here someone say, "I didn't know the Mets had cheerleaders." And we say to them, "Neither do they," and we turn around and smile.

Yankee Stadium: Home of the Drug Market

by Miriam Abreu

The Bronx is not really a borough, but a town in itself. It has many different neighborhoods. But the focus of this story is the area around Yankee Stadium—home of the Yankees. It's an exciting, crowded area in the summer, baseball season. Middle class baseball fans fill 161st Street, guzzling beer bought at Manny's on 157th. Beer is cheaper there than at the Stadium. Many of these young fans parade the streets like maniacs after they get drunk on their "Becks." They act as if they own my neighborhood, crowding the sidewalks, double parking and buying up all our beer. (And God, we do need beer on those hot summer days!)

The neighborhood is also filled with Yankee memorabilia. The bus stop on 161st Street and River Ave. is named after Babe Ruth; and there are portraits of the Yankee players at the McDonald's.

When the games are played, I can hear the organ. And the light of the Stadium glares right through my window, which is a nuisance especially when the games go onto weird hours of the night. But for baseball fans, Yankee Stadium is a place to enjoy the roar of the crowd—popcorn, peanuts and Cracker Jacks. But to another breed of thrill seekers, the area around the Stadium (mainly Gerard Ave.) is known as "The Drug Market."

This Market became popular 2 years ago. It began slowly with "weed," a variety of Jamaican, tye, cese, etc. And the weed was pushed by local black and street kids trying to make some money after school. They also supplemented their incomes by robbing apartments. (This reporter was one of their victims.)

The block is now mainly inhabited by Puerto Ricans. Most of the families are low income and the average 22-year-old woman already has a 6-year-old child. In the mornings, many of these young mothers send their children off to school and then after their afternoon ritual of soap operas, they're left with too much free time; and so many of them turn to drugs.

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Day Care

Dean Jefferson reiterates the importance of these figures. "These numbers are a substantial force in demonstrating the need for day care. And let's not overlook the potential these students are to themselves, this city/State and this country. It is our duty as educators and public emissaries to make it attractive and as practical for them to receive an education."

The conversation goes on for about a half an hour. The peace of mind that comes from knowing that your child is in a day care center on the premises of my school is reassuring to me. I also know that children who have pre-kindergarten schooling, do better in school, than children who do not. And I want to know why monies not used within a fiscal year are taken back (or away from day care)? Ms. Gibson said that she herself would look into the issue. "So," she says, "the Senator can have an overall picture of the problems."

After listening to all these issues being discussed, I felt it was time for



The young mothers smoke pot and cocaine is used primarily on the weekends, by most. Dope (heroin) is also used, but it is not viewed as common. *Note: these drugs are used openly around the children, as if the children don't know what's happening.*

It's also sad that these unfortunate children have to watch their mothers "shoot up" in the park or in a building. In fact, baby strollers are a common site in the buildings known for dealing dope.

An important person at the Drug Market is the "door monitor." He watches the front of the building being used to distribute dope: From my faithful window overlooking the Market I can hear what's being said.

The monitor: "Yo, yo, no more man. Na, na no more after that guy in the blue jacket. Na, man, keep it back, keep it back."

The monitor is speaking to the "line keeper." He's the guy who controls the flow of the line leading into the building. He usually pushes along the crowd pretty fast, fearing those dreaded words: "Bajando, bajando." That's the

code word for "The cops are coming!" The guy who usually calls out these dreaded words is the "spot watcher."

As the line waits to go into the building the line keeper informs the customers when the buying begins by using another code word—"Serving." It means just that. They are serving the dope. The guys who run this operation usually live in the buildings. I call one guy Muscle Man because of his enormous size. (I have become familiar with these guys from my window so I feel comfortable giving them names.) Everyday, he wears the same outfit: a dungaree jacket, matching jeans and a blue hood. This guy is all macho.

Once I saw Muscle Man beat up a guy with a baseball bat. The guy was almost half dead but he still managed to stab Muscle Man with a knife. Then he ran away. What awed me was the fact that Muscle Man just stood there with his jacket open, bleeding! He didn't get medical help. He decided to look tough in front of his friends. He stood there sipping a beer.

The Drug Market is supposedly run by this guy named Shorty. I am sure he

the mothers to voice an opinion. I asked to speak and immediately all attention was set on me.

"Besides all the numbers being discussed, I would like to say what I came here to say."

Everyone said, "Yeah, speak out, go ahead."

"I am an example of what you are discussing. I am the mother who wants a better chance at life for her child. I do not live off anything given to me, I work very hard for it. My grades prove it and my presence here does also. All of us here, do not expect you here in Albany to ignore your other projects, but we are here to make you understand that your efforts are not in vain. I find us all to be excellent results to your efforts, ones that will benefit everyone. We as humans have a right to a new beginning. We do not want our sons and daughters to struggle as we are now doing. And isn't the best way to avoid that, is your helping us to help them."

My gut tightened, but I wanted desperately for everyone, especially Ms. Gibson to see the truth and the pride in my words. Then as if on cue all the mothers wanted to make their voices heard. Repeating what I had said in

different words, "I need a chance, a break to prove myself," "It gets harder and harder for me to make ends meet, I don't want to leave school, but my little girl is in a day care that is mile from where I go to school at Hostos and I walk everyday in order to save bus fare"

We wanted her to see that we were this country's assets and its resources. Let us be given the chance to cultivate it.

Ms. Gibson's mild mannered voice rose, "Everything discussed here today will be questioned and answered. Your being here and speaking out is the correct approach in changing laws and bills. Believe me, all public officials want to hear from the constituents. And Senator Lavelle is an avid and strong believer in you. He is realistic about votes and elections, and his job as a public servant is to serve as best he can. Because if we don't hear from you we won't be able to help you."

I came away with a feeling of accomplishment. Something I was unsure about when we started out on this trip. I was enthusiastic. My fellow bus riders felt the same. It was good we left there

is not the head, but only an assistant. Shorty is a short Puerto Rican guy who wears a brown sheepskin coat. He is respected and feared by many of the "workers." Shorty is a loud mouth. He gives commands and expects them to be carried out. Last fall, I witnessed a dispute regarding Shorty and a worker.

Shorty had fired this 6' 1" black guy because the man had supposedly left his post while on duty. The argument went more or less like this:

Black man to a worker: "Nah, nah, this fucking Shorty fired me for nothing. I was just getting my friend's car started. I only left my post for 2 seconds."

Worker: "Yeah, Shorty could be messed up sometimes. Man he fired me on Friday. I should throw him in a fucking garbage can."

The Black man then went to confront Shorty. After giving Shorty explanations with lots of profanity, Shorty rehired the black guy.

There is supposedly a lot of money to be made in the Market. A source tells me that they can bring in \$80,000 a week. Why so much money? The source says it's because "We're organized."

But where are the police throughout all this? I wonder. They come around, but they don't make arrests (as far as I can see). What is being done? I put this question to the 44th Precinct. I asked Sgt. Perterson, "Do you know what's going on at 157th Street?" He replied, "You mean between Gerard and Walton Avenue?" "Exactly," I said. "What are you doing about all this drug dealing?" His voice seemed strained, "We're making arrests, but it's so common..."

Recently, there was a shooting at the Market. A cop supposedly shot one of the dealers. There was a commotion all day Sunday. There were cops on the roof of my building taking pictures. Since this incident, the Market has grown quiet. But for how long? I think it's time for the tenants in these buildings where drugs are dealt to take firmer action—to stop the pushers. And for those poor drug addicts, if the drugs were not so available, they might not be compelled to buy them.

on a high note. It gave us cause to believe that there was a hope for the future. That people do really listen. We were already planning our next trip to Albany which will take place in late March. As we ran down to the snack bar to pack up some junk food, I knew that this would not be a struggle. It had to be continued until what was needed was obtained, however long the battle.



SOUTH BRONX '86

by Maria Davila

One early morning I got up from bed and started thinking about the story that was due for my journalism class. I began pacing back and forth thinking about what I was going to write. I opened my window and then I heard three gun shots. I began to worry because my brother had gone to play basketball. I got dressed and ran downstairs.

As I was walking to the basketball court, I spotted my brother playing basketball with some friends. When I got to the court, I asked my brother if he heard the shots. He said, "I heard it. Two guys ran down the block to get some other guys." His friend Louie said, "I think there's going to be a rumble tonight."

I started thinking about what the guys had said. "A-ha, I got it," I said. Then I asked my brother's friends "What do you think about life in the South Bronx?" They all replied, "What?" I told them I was going to write a story about the South Bronx.

My brother said, "Girl, you better go home and get some more sleep." Louie said, "Yo, man, Ed. I think you better take your sister home." Fat Danny said, "What do you think you are, a writer for the press?" All the fellas started laughing.

"You'll see," I said. "When the paper comes out, I'll bring you a copy." I went home and started jotting down notes, quoting what the guys had said. As I was writing *my story* my brother came home. He said, "You was just kidding about the story, right?" I told him that I wasn't and I kept on writing.

After 22 years of living in the South Bronx who would ever think I would want to leave and go somewhere else? Well, I think it's about time. The South Bronx was once a good place to live. The people were helpful and trustworthy. For example, when I used to go shopping at FEDCO Supermarket, I'd have to carry two or three shopping bags. But when the boys from Cypress Avenue used to see me, they used to help me with the bags and they rarely



expected a tip. Now you could go shopping, you could be crawling on your hands and knees, begging for some to help you with your bags, and people would pass you by. You'll be lucky if you don't get mugged!

But back in the late 70's, the South Bronx was peaceful and quiet. In the summer, you could see everyone hanging outside. The men would wear t-shirts and the women put on shorts, skimpy shirts without a bra and some sandals on their feet with their feet all black from the dirt. These people would hangout "24-7." My mother would say, "Don't these people ever eat or cook?"

The men on the corner would sit and play congas or guitar and they'd sing songs like "EL ultimo trago," the last drink. They were always drunk on Barcardi and Miller. The women would sit on milk crates in front of their building, smoking a joint and drinking beer. They would talk about their husbands, family and lovers. That's all they knew how to do—gossip! One day I overheard a woman, Frances, saying "I did this and that to

my husband and he turned all crazy. He loved every minute of it." I feel the majority of us Spanish women are all alike—gossipers.

But now, the South Bronx has changed for the worse. On 141st Street and Cypress, there are many gangs, like *The Cypress Boys*, *The BLS Crew*, *The Fun City Crew*, and *the Savage Skulls*. On every street corner, you can find people selling drugs—cocaine, crack, dope and marijuana. That corner is now know as the "drug store." People from all over the Bronx, Brooklyn and Manhattan come to Cypress to buy drugs.

One day, I remember hanging out with my daughter and my girlfriend in front of my building on 141st St. I saw two young Puerto Ricans walk by. They were saying, "We need some get high." Then a black man walked by and suddenly these boys jumped the man—they hit him and put a gun to his head. The black man was crying, yelling: "Help me, please, someone call the police." But then the two guys hit the man with the gun and ran away after they stole his money.

This took place in broad daylight. I was upset because I wanted to get in and defend that poor man. But my girlfriend said, "Are you crazy? You know you can't get in. They'll just hit you with the gun and you're out."

That same day, a shootout broke out with the Cypress Boys and the BLS Crew. During the rumble, two young guys got shot. One was shot in the leg and the other in the back. That was Eddie. He's now paralyzed from the waist down. He won't be able to walk again for the rest of his life.

On January 3, 1986, there was a party. Everyone in the neighborhood was invited. I went with my girlfriend Alicia and a guy named Mr. Pete. The party was jumping. At about 2a. m., a fight broke out between a guy and a girl. The host of the party stopped the music and told them to take it somewhere else. The girl went downstairs and the guy followed. My girlfriend and I followed them. We were very nosy! We wanted to see if the guy would beat the shit out of the girl. My friend Mr. Pete showed up also. He never liked men hitting women.

When we all got on Beekman Avenue, the guy started beating on the girl. The girl kept screaming, "You fuckin' son of a bitch, I'm going to kill you. You're going to pay for this." Then the guy got all hyper and he began hitting the girl harder and harder and he kept kicking her. My friend Mr. Pete told the guy to stop. The guy said, "I suggest you mind your business before you get hurt."

Mr. Pete said, "Why don't you just leave the girl alone and go home." The guy kept on hitting the girl. Finally, Mr. Pete pushed the guy and told him to stop. So the guy pulled a gun and shot Mr. Pete. Mr. Pete fell to the floor. I screamed and ran to him. The guy that shot him ran away.

Mr. Pete lasted three days at Lincoln Hospital and then he died. Now I feel there are many cruel people in the South Bronx. I feel it wasn't necessary for the guy to pull that gun and shoot Mr. Pete. But Mr. Pete died a hero. There are very few decent people in the South Bronx.

Since then, there are more policemen stationed around Beekman Avenue. A car patrols every half hour. But that isn't enough. There are still too many shootouts, rapes and drug dealers on the streets around Cypress. But I hope that one day the South Bronx can become respectable and safe again, like it was in the 70s.

cont. from p. 1

Party

the Student Government. She is petite, and attractive. She greeted me with a smile. I said, "There doesn't seem to be much happening in the way of student activities." "Why do you think this is so?" Eugenie sighed. "Because of the lack of time. The students have work, family and other interests outside of school. This will always be a problem, because the students have to work to support themselves. They don't want to hang around the college." "Isn't this a bother to you?" I asked. "Yes" said Eugenie, "because much more would be accomplished if the students would participate. The Student Government would know what the students needs were if they (students) would express them."

"What efforts are Student Government making to get more student awareness of what is available to them?" I asked.

"One way we try to get students more aware is by holding forums," replied Eugenie. "Recently, the Student Government held an information forum for the clubs here, student rights

and the upcoming events. Student Government is also pushing for a Student Union Building. This building would be for the exclusive use of the students to do anything they desired. In order to get this building students would have to agree to an increase in student fees."

Talking about fees, "what happens to our student fees?" I asked. The committee is allocated 35,000 dollars a year, Eugenie explained. The money is always there for the students and clubs to use. There are 19 clubs on campus. Their main purpose is to enrich the students' college experience. If students don't unite there's not much Student Government or clubs can do. A few people cannot do that much.

Even though Eugenie has a full work load with a family and school work, she still finds the time to be involved, and to be concerned. Eugenie believes that school work alone does not give one's personality a total balance. "Being exposed to activities and getting involved, enriches ones education," Eugenie concluded.

The students claim that the they are ill informed when it comes to what's happening at the clubs. They would like the clubs to publicize more. There seems to be a lack of communication

between the Student Activities Department and the students. Madeline Evans, a student told me "once in a while you will see a small notice on the board. That at a glimpse you would miss it."

I went into the student cafeteria, the college hangout spot to speak to two students. Marcia Smith, who is into her second quarter here at LaGuardia. When asked how she felt about student activities available at LaGuardia, she thought for a second then she said "LaGuardia is boring." I then asked another student, who was seated at the table with Marcia. Her name is Carolyn Jack. "There's not enough facilities and activities, they don't have what the students want. It's boring." "What do the students want?" I then asked, "don't you think the students should let the administrators know?" She gave no reply.

Carl, a tall athletic student, said he would like to see more events planned at the college. "Maybe we should get a P.A. system around the college, so that upcoming events can be announced over the air."

There clearly seems to be a lack of promotion and advertising of clubs and events. The so called lounges are not the students idea of a place where they can sit and be intimate, relax, or study. We need more facilities.

DEAR WEBZ

Dear Webz:

I have a problem. I am 19 and my stupid step brother is 22. Lately, he has been giving me looks that are not brotherly love looks. I do not want that kind of relationship, but it is hard to stay away from him because we are both home a lot and my parents are seperated and my mom goes out almost every night. What do I do? Signed, Sister Christian

Dear Sister Christian:

Confront your step brother and tell him that nothing is going to happen and that if he does not stop, you will tell your mother. Try not to stay home too much and do not get into situations where you are alone with him. If it does not work tell your mother and get out of the house. Move.

Dear Webz:

I am a little worried about my boyfriend. We are both 18 and been going together for 6 months we have a good sex life and I have been LUCKY enough not to get pregnant. I really like him, but he wants to start doing weird stuff when we make love and Webz they are so weird that I do not think I can mention them. What do I do? Signed, Scared Normality

Dear Normality:

You have to put a stop to this now before you get hurt. Tell him that you



are not into kinky sex and that if does not want to have a normal sexual relationship, you are not going to go out with him. Or you could try some of his plans maybe you will like it. If not give me a call. P.S. Get some birth control it will help stop heartache later.

Dear Webz:

I am embarrassed to tell you this. I am 20 years old, female and a virgin. I have been running away from sex for years, but it harder as you get older. Right now my boyfriend is pressuring me into having sex with him. I don't really love so I'm not going to give it up. The problem is when I tell my girlfriends that I'm still a virgin, they me

that I am frigid and that I am going to be an old maid. They don't understand that I want to keep my virginity until I am either married or until I meet someone I really love. I don't think any less of these girls because they "lost it," but it isn't right for me. What do I do about my boyfriend and my friends' attitude? Signed, Wanting to keep it

Dear Wanting:

A girl's virginity is a very personal and individual thing. Every girl has to decide for herself when the time is right for her. It is not up to boyfriends and peer pressure. If you don't want to have sex, it doesn't mean your frigid. If your boyfriend doesn't care enough about you to wait till you are ready then he isn't worth it. If your girlfriends can't understand that you want to keep it until you are married then they aren't real friends. Keep your ideals together. Don't let anyone pressure you into doing something you don't want to. There are a lot of other men and women who feel the same about sex as you do. It may take time, but you will find them. P.S. If you do decide to have sex before you are married, please remember birth control. Write me from time to time and let me know how you are doing.

Dear Webz:

I am a 22 year old black male. I am in love with a 20 year old Chinese girl. The problem is we know each other as only friends. She is a very warm, caring and loving person. My question is, do I tell her about my feelings or do I keep on living without opening my mouth. I don't want to lose her as a

friend, but I want more. Signed, In Love With A China Girl

Dear In Love With...

Tell her just what you told me, but make sure you stress that you do want to be friends if it is what she wants. If things work out like you want them to, do forget to invite me to the wedding.

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The Iron Eagle

by *Eartha Green*

If I were to describe "Iron Eagle" in two words, I would use riveting and compelling. The screenplay commences with fantastic, breath taking aerial scenes and continues with lively rock music from groups such as Twisted Sister, James Brown and Queen.

Iron Eagle (Tri-Star) stars the infamous Lou Gossett Jr. (Chappy) who won an Oscar for best supporting actor in "An Officer and a Gentleman;" and recently he starred in "Enemy Mine" as an alien. Again he appears in uniform, portraying a strong, demanding father figure and hero for Doug Masters (played by Jason Gedrick). Chappy, a retired Air Force Colonel, tries to help Doug rescue his father, who is held prisoner and sentenced to die in the Middle East.

Doug, who flies F-16 jets to screaming rock music from a walkman strapped to his leg, portrays a young man—brave, talented and struggling to prove he can take care of his destiny. And the real test comes when he and

Chappy undertake their rescue mission.

The screenplay deals with the political aspects of how the White House is reluctant to get involved in the Middle East, though they are eager to take credit when someone else does the rescue.

This movie is a must—not because of the edge-of-the-seat action but because it portrays a bond between a man with guts (Chappy) and a boy (Doug) who is ready to face danger to save his father. However, there was one major flaw; and that was the role of women. Doug's mother (played by Caroline Lagerfelt) and his girlfriend (Melora Hardin) have no impact on the men; in fact, the women are portrayed as mere "emotional" and dependent beings. Consequently, I saw them as extra baggage.

Still the acting was superb and I felt as if I were in a cockpit fighting. And I could feel all the rage and vengeance that Doug felt toward evil enemies and the White House that didn't care about Doug's dilemma.

In my book, this movie rates three stars.



Murphy's Romance

by *Eartha Green*

Getting a man is not difficult. But it is difficult to choose the right one—without getting a migraine. But in Sally Field's latest film "Murphy's Romance" (Columbia Pictures), she sure makes the right choice!

Set in the small western town of Florence, Arizona, Sally Field plays Emma Moriarty who has a twelve-year-old son, Jake (played by Corey Haim). Jake, it seems, is missing out on his childhood because his mother makes him do household chores. In order to survive, Emma needs all the help she can get. But then she meets Murphy Jones (played by James Garner from the "Rockford Files").

Jones is a middle-aged, pot-bellied

pharmacist with a "take-life-as-it-is" attitude. And so the "chunk" of the movie deals with Emma's struggle to form a healthy relationship with her new found man.

The acting was acceptable, nothing superb or memorable. The characters were convincing, especially Emma's ex-husband Bobby Jack (Brian Kerwin). He is a prototype of a special kind of man who repels women. He's a blood-sucking lecher.

Ultimately, Emma reveals the difficult saga of a single parent—a conflicting, emotional journey. And good news...there is no blood and guts, no cheap sex scenes and no Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson—no guns!



Starlines

by *Karen Starr*

Welcome to another edition of "The New Dating Game." Our first contestant is the very gorgeous Don Johnson of Miami Vice...Hey, chicks! Wait! Back, back you beasts! the second contestant is George Michael of Wham! Ok Girls. GO FOR IT. Next! Prince's "Under the Cherry Moon" is due for release soon along with the album... After a great tour with Roger Daltrey, Big Country is back in the studio with Sade's producer, Robin Miller...U-2 is also putting together a new album. Rumor has it that they might play a benefit concert here in April (HOT!)...The Bangles have finally arrived with their first hit "Manic Monday" while the Norwegian hunks, HA-HA, second single "The Sun Always Shines On TV" just reached the top ten. DURAINÉ ALERT—Nick Rhodes and wife Julian are expecting their first child in August while newly weds Simon LeBon and Yasmin Parveneh are expecting in late October...Happy Birthday to Andy Taylor (1/4 century old!)...Julian Lennon's second album is due for release soon along with a new video...Speaking of New releases,

Billy Idol's album should be out in the beginning of the summer...Yoko Ono will be doing her concerts in Yugoslavia, Belgium, Germany, Japan, Russia and the United States...If Harry Belafonte runs for Governor and wins, he'll have New York State dancing in the streets! Speakaing of ploitics, California may soon be our first crime free state. How you ask? Clint "Dirty harry" Eastwood is also thinking about going into politics. I could just picture his campaign slogan: Go ahead CA, make my day." (KA-BOOM!) Minnie Mouse is going to become Madonna Mouse! Yes, she is changing her image to gain popularity...Wasp, Anthrox, and Black Sabbath are at the Meadowlands on 3/24. We all know, and want to know, Rob Lowe. Well, he finally decided to move from tinsel town to the REAL HOLLYWOOD (New York). Some other dah-lings who moved back to this mah-velous city are Ralph Macchio (Karate Kid), Tom Cruise (Risky Business) and Matt Dillon (Flamingo Kid). I wonder who else from the "breat pack" will wisen up? "Chow" for now!

Women in Sports

by Rosemarie Kessler

A plain, worn out door with a big square window which has two thin, wooden bars. From the outside it looks like a cage at the zoo, and the people inside are the animals. Inside there are three windows which open only six inches, so no one can jump out. Six rows of broken down, worn out desks are nailed to the floor, resembling an unvarnished gym floor. I walk in and take my seat at the end of the first row. There is no one directly in front of me, and there are two boys on my left: one is white and the other is black. The teacher, Mrs. Moore, a short, thin, woman with a kind face and wild light brown hair walks in. "Everyone must give a speech on a person they admire, next week," she says. She goes around the class asking everyone who they plan to use for their speech. My turn. "Okay Rosemarie, who did you pick?" All eyes on me. I feel my face turn red. I was never one to be in the spot light until recently. "Jackie Robinson." I whisper. "Who?" she asks. "Jackie Robinson," I say again.

The following week I give my speech; when I finish, Mrs. Moore asks why I admire him. "Because it took a lot of guts for him to do something different; since I want to be a sports writer, he's a good role model because if he can do it with all those people against him, so can I." When I said sports writer, the girls faces took on a look of puzzlement and the boys laughed. When I got back to my seat the boys on my left insisted on testing me to see just how much I actually knew about sports. "Who's Dr. J?" "Julius Erving, a basketball player." "What team does he play for?" "The Philadelphia 76ers." "What position?" "Center." That shut them up for the rest of the quarter. Unfortunately the discrimination is lot worse outside of the classroom.

Boys would talk about baseball or football and they'd talk to me as long as they could tell me what was what, but as soon as I showed them I knew something about sports they felt threatened and stopped talking to me; or they wouldn't talk at all because I was a girl and "didn't know anything." Not many girls would talk to me because I was "weird."

Some people believe girls are only interested in sports because it's mostly men who play them and all they want

to see is a cute guy. Well, that baloney. My friend and I were talking about baseball when her father, 6 feet tall with brown hair and blue eyes in his 40's walked in and said, "The extent of your baseball vocabulary is, He has a cute butt." Debbie let out an infuriated "Oooooo!" And I screamed, "It does not and you know it!" "I was just kidding," he said. Kidding or not, he nor anyone else has the right to presume those kinds of things just because we're girls.

I couldn't even escape it in books. The authors felt that women are only interested in reporting sports so they can sleep with an athlete. For instance, "The Seventh Game" by Roger Kahn. The one female reporter, Priscilla Coe goes into the trainers' room for an interview and says "Naked bodies mean as much to me as to a nurse on duty." They tell her to strip if she wants an interview and she does it. While in "You Gotta Believe" by David E. Hubler, again the only female reporter, Jerri Macke is in the locker room with naked football players and is trying to do an interview with Jordan Hamper. However, She is getting some trouble from him so she says, "You're a cute guy but..." Then he says, "I'm just not used to having women in here, especially when I'm bare assed." "It's a cute one, so don't be so embarrassed," she says, and eventually sleeps with him. With these kinds of images women will never make it in in the world of sports.

In December of 1982, I was listening to a talk show that had three women sports writers on it. I listened with intensity, if these women could do it so could I. I heard where they went to school: NYU, UCLA, and Columbia. They described the papers they wrote for and their experiences. There's one that still makes me mad to this day. She was sent to cover the Mets in Spring training. On her first day the Mets management asked her not to go in to the locker room until the next day. The player rep., John Stearns, was supposed to tell the rest of the team she was coming, so they wouldn't be standing around the clubhouse naked. She agreed and came back the next day. When she walked in everyone was dressed. John Stearns walked up to her and said, "Wanna watch me get undressed?" She started crying and walked out. I'm sure Mr. Stearns had a



good laugh for himself. When I heard this, I was so mad at him for doing it and at her for letting him get away with it. If I was in her place I would have pulled up a chair and said, "Sure I could use a good laugh." Or "If I want a cheap thrill I'll buy Playgirl." Then I'd walk by him and do what I was there to do. Then let's see how fast he'd ask a question like that again? It doesn't only happen with N. Y. teams. One of the other women was in Philadelphia doing an interview with Bake McBride, and outfielder for the Phillies. But then Tug McGraw walked up and took a wooden stool and threw it against a large metal garbage can and screamed, "Why don't you go interview Billie Jean King!" Everyone was quiet and staring at him. McBride asked, "Would you like to finish this later?" "No we'll finish it now," and she just ignored McGraw. In my opinion she had the perfect attitude, she wouldn't let some chauvanistic jock intimidate her.

This kind of discrimination doesn't exist only in professional sports and journalism, it's in schools too. My friend Debbie, a pretty girl with light brown hair and brown eyes, in Larchmont, wrote the sports for the school news program, MHS Info. She asked Pete the producer, who the last team to

go undefeated in the NFL was and he said, "It was the Miami Dolphins and they did it in 1972." in the most obnoxious, patronizing voice he could manage. Then after she wrote it up he changed it completely. She thought to herself, "This can't be happening!" When she got it back she showed it to Mike the faculty adviser, a heavy man about 40 with brown eyes and brown hair, a beard and glasses with a gentle disposition but a bad temper. He told her to "Do it your way, Pete is stupid." Pete uses phrases like, "Sure as the roosters crow in the country Joe Paterno (field goal kicker) won the championship for the Mamaranek Tigers (football team)." She went back to Pete and told him, "I'm doing it my way. Mike said your isn't any good."

Pete is completely against girls in sports. He once made an announcement, "All girls who want to major in Physical Education, see one of the teachers in the Phys. Ed. office." When he said it he said it with a chauvinistic laugh and wished them a harty good luck, like it was impossible for girls to major in Physical Education.

Once, Debbie got fed up with his chauvinistic attitude and told him that, "Someday you're going to meet up with the producer of a sports show and it's going to be a woman and she's not going to put up with any of your 'men are better' attitude, and you'll be out on your ass so fast!" But he just patted her head like she didn't know what she was talking about. "Don't patronize me, Pete. I'm serious!" "Calm down, Deb, I know what I'm doing." On the same day he challenged any and all girls to the sport of their choice and promised to beat them. On January 17, he played 17 year old Traci Brown, a pretty black girl with black hair and brown eyes and a medium build, in basketball. Everyone, girls and boys included, were rooting for Traci. Well, his plan to prove male domination in sports failed. Traci in sweats and a white nylon jacket gave it her all and beat Pete, who wore tight black shorts and orange tee shirt that said, "Mr. Wonderful."

Pete made a public apology for offending anyone and now maybe the next time he has any thoughts about how well girls and sports go he'll remember Traci and change his mind, but I doubt it. It takes a lot more than losing a basketball game to change a person like that.

As for me, way to go, Traci, show that bum and others like him that sports is a coed field.

No Cheerleaders

by Rosemarie Kessler

Why doesn't baseball have cheerleaders? My friend and I have tried to find out the answer to this question, but at Shea Stadium no one will give us a straight answer. Everytime we inquire we get a big run around.

Two and a half years ago my friend and I started going to Met games as cheerleaders. We wore blue and orange skirts and white blouses. Since then our uniforms have improved. We now have white body suits with Mets on the front and Mets embroidered on the right arm in blue and orange sequines hand sewn by my friend. We have twelve cheers and a dance routine. One of the cheers is "The Mets Are Mighty Tough," which goes like this:

The Mets are might tough!
The (Cubs, Pirates, As, etc.) ain't got the stuff!

So let's hear the call!
Let's hear the cheer "Cause we're going all the way this year!"

We would stand over by the Mets'

bullpen and watch the game and do the appropriate cheers; when a pitcher like Doug Sisk, would warn up we'd do a cheer for him called "Say Who"

1st person: Say who?
2nd person: Say Doug! 1st person: Say What?

2nd person: Say Sisk!
Together: Doug Sisk, Doug Sisk Get up, get up and do your thing; woooo!
And do your thing; woooo!

When we were first told to move we assumed it was because they thought we bothered the pitchers, because a lot of people called down to them, but we didn't and we don't. We just want a place to do our cheers.

Still, a policeman once told us that the management didn't want anyone standing by the bullpen. When I asked him who the "management" was, he said, "You don't know who the management is?" I said "No" and asked who it was. He said, "I can't tell you that. It's priveleged information." In my opinion, everyone that goes into

the stadium has a right to know the management. I refused to move until he answered my question, so he go someone else to try and make me leave. I asked him why we had to move and I was told that we could stay if the management said it was okay. So again I asked, "Who is the management?" And he said, "Anyone downstairs." Which could have been any one of 100 people. I asked what the man's name was, and he gave me a description of who I was to ask. No name, just a description. So I went downstairs and found a Met security person who said it was okay for us to stand at the bullpen. Then I went back upstairs and told the cop it was okay and he said, "Have him come up here and tell me." He did. He came up and told this cop it was okay with him if it was okay with another cop. Which brought us right back to the place we started.

After that attempt failed, we went to the executive office to inquire about getting permission. We were told to

1986 Mets: Rise To The Top

by Scott Engel

1969. The year that the "amazin'" Mets shook the baseball world by taking all the marbles. Since those glory days some seventeen years ago, the Mets have finally come back to where they belong. After years at the bottom of the barrel and being laughed at, the "boys from flushing will have the last laugh.

1986 will go down in history as the year Doctor K and his crew rock the baseball world with a stunning array of skill on the diamond. In the past few years the Mets have built a foundation of strength that will stand for years to come. Mostly via their tremendously talented Tidewater farm system did they acquire the most potent group to occupy Shea Stadium since the days of Tom Seaver.

The infield has become one of baseball's most consistent units, supplying clutch fielding and hitting. They are anchored by one of the best all around first basemen to ever play the game, Keith Hernandez. On the field, he has proved himself over and over again, making impossible plays look routine. Last year he had another banner year. He led the team with a .311 batting average, set a Major League record for game winning runs batted in and collected his ninth consecutive gold glove.

At second, Wally Backman is consistent and hard working. He can make the tough play at the plate or on the field. He will be challenged by the Mets' newest acquisition, Tim Lincecum, who the Mets acquired to give them strength against right handed pitchers. Look for them to platoon with one another. If Lincecum can do for the team what Kelvin Chapman did in 1984, that can only help. At shortstop, Rafael Santana has locked up his spot with slick fielding. If he can bring his batting average up, Ron Gardenhire will soon be paying to get in. Third base, though stronger is still questionable. Howard Johnson almost singlehandedly decimated St. Louis last year by showing flashes of brilliance. But the

team needs more consistency if they are to take it all. Ray Knight is definitely not the answer.

When the Mets are rolling, the outfield is their well of power. In left field, George Foster's days are numbered, as he is losing his speed and eye. Every so often he shows his former all star form, but it has become too little, too late. It's time for hard hitting Danny Heep to get the starting spot he deserves. In centerfield, the Mets have a platoon of two whippet quick players. Mookie Wilson has seemingly recovered from his shoulder problems and is ready to reclaim the basepaths. But if injury does strike, Len Dykstra proved he can burn up the bases as well. In right field stands one of the most potentially awesome players to ever play the game. Darryl Strawberry finally began to live up to his tremendous promise. While missing seven weeks last season he still managed to hit 29 homeruns and drive in 79 runs. Don't be surprised if he hits 40 homers and hits .300 this season.

Behind the plate, after years of searching, the Mets finally have the catcher any team would love to have. Gary Carter is blessed with all the talents of the prototype catcher. Carter can drive the ball with a simple flick of the bat as last year's 32 homeruns can attest. His experience is perfect for the young pitchers and he can still throw out runners with the best of them.

When the Mets won the series back in 1969, the pitching staff was the core of the team. And this year's club is no exception. In two short years, Dwight Gooden has become a living legend. He has accomplished things most fireballers only dream of. And he still has at least 13 years to go.

The rest of the staff does not compare, but they are stars in their own right. Ron Darling is one of the most underrated pitchers in baseball and would be the ace of any other staff. Sid Fernandez has fantastic potential, but must gain control. Other starters include Rick Aquilera, Bruce Berenyi

and Ed Lynch, who can also relieve. The acquisition of lefthander Bob Ojeda from the Boston Red Sox should only strengthen the already excellent staff.

Except for young sinkerballer Roger McDowell, the bullpen has become the team's Achilles heel. Jesse Orosco and Doug Sisk have declined in the last two seasons and the rest provided little or no help.

As you can see, after years of suffering the Mets finally have the team that can take it. If the bullpen is adequate, and the infield's bats improve, the Mets will be on top come October.

Yankee Preview

by John Fenico

It is February and less than a month until spring training begins. The questions on the minds of Yankee fans are, what are the Yankee's chances of pulling off a world championship this year? What can expect from the "Bronx Bombers" this season? Who are the starters?

The lineup for this year's Yankee team will be basically the same as last year's, but with a few exceptions.

The starting catching spot will be a toss up and a dog fight between Butch Wynegar and the recently returned Ron Hassey. Wynegar had a bad season, due in part to being hit with a foul ball while waiting in the on deck circle, but he has recuperated and intends to fight hard for his spot. Hassey, on the other hand was traded to the White Sox and then, a few weeks later traded back for pitcher Neil Allen and catcher Scott Bradley.

Don Mattingly will once again patrol first base. Mattingly, American League Most Valuable Player came off a great season. He batted a team leading .324 and drove in a league leading 145 runs. His display of talent made him a force to be reckoned with.

At second base will be veteran Willie Randolph. This is Randolph's tenth year with the Yankees, but he is still considered one of the best defensive second basemen in the game. Ran-

dolph, who batted a hefty .276 last year, specializes in being a table setter, getting walks and stealing bases.

At shortstop we see switchhitting Bobby Meacham. Meacham, an average fielder, is backed up by Andre Robertson. Robertson who has come back from a terrible car accident in 1983, possesses a good righthanded bat and an excellent glove.

This year at third base, Mike Pagliarulo will take command. With good fielding and a strong homerun bat, Pagliarulo should be a main stay with the Yankees for years to come. He will be backed by former manager Yogi Berra's son Dale who fields well, but has no bat.

In leftfield there is Dan Pasqua. Pasqua's line drive swing and good fielding could make him the next Mattingly. He is most likely to share the position with veteran Ken Griffey. Centerfield offers speed demon Rickey Henderson, who hit .314 and stole 80 bases. He should once again be the catalyst for the Yankee attack. In rightfield there is Dave Winfield. Winfield, the Yankee's other big gun is expected to continue to produce the way he has the last few years.

The position of designated hitter will once again involve a platoon system with Don Baylor and Ken Griffey.

Pitching will be the key to Yankee pennant hopes. Their starting group is experienced, but their bullpen is still suspect.

Ron Guidry will once again be the ace of the staff. Though his power pitching game has faded, he still continues to be a consistent winner. The Niekro brothers, Phil and Joe provide the good righthanded pitching the Yankees need. Their experience on the mound will be invaluable during the stretch drive of late August and September. The addition of lefthander Britt Burns from the Chicago White Sox can only help the Yankee cause.

In the bullpen, Dave Righetti will once again be the fireman. He will be joined by young fireballer Brian Fisher, who should compliment Righetti's talent. Lefties Al Holland and Rod Scurry round out the rest of the Yankee relief corps.

cont. from p. 12

Underrated

Bannister:

I feel very comfortable. It seems like every year, my role will change. Last year I couldn't afford to get in foul trouble, which comes with the learning abilities of the game. Plus when you come into the NBA, you have to set a basic background of what type of player you're going to be. When Moses Malone came into the league he was an aggressive rebounder. Charles Barkley takes the ball coast to coast.

Bridge:

Your'e a great dunker(Bannister laughs) Have you thought about entering the slam dunk contest?

Bannister:

No, I don't get nothing of slamming by myself, just to show off. You have experts in the slam dunk contest, doing things for the crowd. I feel I'm an expert of slamming on people. That's where you have two different types of dunkers.

Bridge:

What do you feel is strongest part of your game?

Bannister:

My desire. Without desire and heart, there's no way you can play in the

NBA.

Bridge:

Who are your favorite people to play against?

Bannister:

Artis Gilmore, Moses Malone, Rick Mahorn. They're all good, they're all big and they're all physical.

Bridge:

Do you like to play physical?

Bannister:

Definetly

Bridge:

What is your favorite team to play against?

Bannister:

L. A. (Lakers), because they run the floor. Mostly basically, they have the top talent as does Philadelphia and Boston. The people that have the most talent on their teams now, if you look it up, are number 1 and 2 in every conference.

Bridge:

How do you get along with coach Hubie Brown and the Knick players?

Bannister:

I get along well with everybody. You got to in order to survive. Everybody has

got to function as one, like a machine. If one person goes sour, like a machine a nut will break, the whole thing will break down. So, everybody has got to stick together and cheer each other up.

Bridge:

How did it feel to come in as a rookie and get thrust into a starting role?

Bannister:

It felt good. I know I have a couple of starting spots coming up, and I feel I will get into the starting line up before the season ends. When the opportunity comes, I'll just be ready for it.

Bridge:

How do you see your future with the Knicks?

Bannister:

It all depends on how they need me. Certain teams, have to certain people to go with certain coaching style. Some people tell me I might be better off with another team, that they might be better off in another surrounding. Take Kareem for a change, he went to Milwaukee and look what happened to him.

Bridge:

What's the game you'll never forget?



Bannister:

It would have to be one game against Milwaukee. I had seventeen rebounds and sixteen points. Every game is best for me when I hit the boards hard. I consider those my best games because the Knicks need someone for scoring and rebounding. Like I was saying about certain teams needing certain people, some teams need people to score, others need them to rebound. In this situation, they just want me to rebound.

Bridge:

Can you tell us about yourself personally?

Bannister:

I live in New Jersey, born in Baltimore. I didn't start playing ball until 7 or 8 years ago. I played a year and a half of high school ball and played football the other years, then played junior varsity and then I moved on to college.



The Bridge

LaGuardia Basketball

by Scott Engel

Lee Grant pushing the ball up the floor. Dwight Clark slamming on an opposing center. Al Smith ripping rebounds off the offensive board. No, it's not the Los Angeles Lakers, it's LaGuardia's newest collection of hoopsters. The LaGuardia Basketball team.

This year's squad features scrappy rebounders and intimidating big men. Everyone contributes well and the team is quickly rising in the Long Island YMCA's American Division. I spoke to coach Jeff Hiss and assistants Steven O'Bryant and Eric Hall. They expressed optimism and hope that the team could put on a strong showing this year.

O'Bryant had no reservations about showing his enthusiasm towards the team. He commented: "Although the team doesn't practice, they are very hard working and energetic." The team seemed to show those qualities in their first five games. The lack of practice seemed to reflect upon the players as they dropped three of those contests. But the team bounced back with a 69 to 62 triumph over the WBL's Sureshots in their sixth game. The team seemed to exhibit a flair for energy and quickness and ran the break well. "Much of their enthusiasm comes from Coach Hiss," added O'Bryant, "and it reflects on the team's performance." This energy carries over onto

the court as the team used their superior speed to burn by the Sureshots.

The team has a well structured frontcourt, led by the all around talents of center/forward Dwight Clark. He is averaging 14 pts. per game, which tops the squad. Clark also applies defensive pressure by clogging the lane. The dirty work is handled by center Al Smith, who leads the team with eight rebounds per game. He is also the team's leading shotblocker and key intimidator.

The main outside scoring threat is small forward Troy Harrison. Coach O'Bryant emphasized Harrison's jump shooting and his ability to drive to the basket. The rest of the frontcourt is rounded out by rebounder Victor Riveria and Joseph Hutchins, who coach Hall describes as "a streak shooter."

The backcourt has had its problems, at times lacksidical and out of control. Lee Grant is the point guard who controls the flow of the game. He is a good passer (six assists per game), but has problems with his outside shooting. He teams with Vincent Council, who can hit the jumper, but has free throw problems. They are backed by Ben Crenshaw, who provides offense off the bench, and William Jones who can penetrate to the basket.

The LaGuardia basketball team is now in a position to challenge for a playoff spot, and you can cheer them on. See the coach for game schedules.



KEN BANNISTER

Underrated Stars

by Scott Engel

As a new feature in *The Bridge*, every so often we will run interviews and profiles of players in all sports who do not get the attention they deserve. This issue we feature Ken Bannister of the New York Knicks, who sacrifices his body for the good of the team, and is a valuable bench reserve for the young Knicks.

Bridge: Where did you get the nickname "Animal?"

Bannister: Well, playing very aggressive for teams. I feel (The Knicks) needed someone very aggressive, they needed someone to go strong to the boards, and start with the aggressive move, and get the fouls and rebounds when they needed it. I just got a little physical, threw a little elbows, and they liked my game. Last year I was 6' 10", 240 pounds, and I was pretty fast for my height and weight, and they liked that.

Bridge: Who gave you the nickname?

Bannister: My New York fans (laughs). Everybody from New York. Richie Abudato's (Knicks assistant coach) son was out recruiting and he told his son, don't come back with anybody who's not physical. Richie's son said, 'Dad, you have to come and see this guy, he plays like an animal.' His son played center against me in the NCAA Division II championship, and we beat them.

Bridge: You were a seventh round draft pick out of St. Augustine's and 146th overall, the lowest pick ever to make the Knicks. How do you feel about beating tremendous odds to make the team?

Bannister: Opportunity's always there, if you

want it bad enough you can get it. Whatever you want in life is there, all you have to do is step through the door and get it.

Bridge: How does it feel to play in New York?

Bannister: Oh, I love it, I love the fans, they know all about the game. Most fans don't know anything about the sport, but New York does. They cheer you when you're up and when they know that you give your all.

Bridge: Do they put you down when you're down?

Bannister: Definitely (laughs).

Bridge: Do you feel any pressure playing with two big stars such as Patrick Ewing and Bernard King?

Bannister: No. I don't feel no pressure because I have to be a role model. My time will come to be a star. I'm a star now, but I'm just doing a role, playing a job. I do all the things they (the stars) do, which is the little things.

Bridge: You have had some trouble in the past with your foul shooting 46 percent last year, 51 percent this year, and 71 percent in the preseason. What have you done to improve?

Bannister: We've had several shooting coaches come in to help us work on our shots. Gerald Wilkins, Bob Thornton, and I need more self confidence in our shots. Just go up there, relax, and follow through.

Bridge: How did the transition from St. Augustine's to the pros affect you?

Bannister: Well, really, it's no big change. I just stopped running plays until I got here with the Knicks. I learned more and more about the game, day in and day out. It's hard, but only as hard as you make it on yourself.

Bridge: With the string of injuries striking the Knicks, how do you manage to avoid injury?

Bannister: Well, I try to stay in shape, because you don't know when Hubie will call you off the bench to play ball. I just try to keep my mind in the game.

Bridge: Does it pressure you to come off the bench?

Bannister: I like to come off the bench, because in the playoffs and against good teams you have to have a good bench. Several players have to come off the bench and do a good job. I feel without a doubt, what we have here now we have a serious bench. We have a lot of power and scoring. We're weak in some places, but we go in there and play hard every game.

Bridge: Do you feel comfortable in your role with the Knicks?



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