"The more things change, the more they stay the same."

Take a leisurely walk around the Brooklyn College campus and that old cliché will come to life. For as new buildings have gone up, as the faces of students and faculty have gotten younger or older, as the grass has faded in some spots—and totally disappeared in others—there are still to be seen familiar landmarks, some old and some not so, that mean Brooklyn College to those who take the time to look and remember.

Start at the right of LaGuardia Hall, where stands a weathered marker, reminiscent of headstones in country graveyards but representing a pledge to the future and not a reminder of the past. Inscribed in Greek, it's the Epebic Oath, at one time uttered by every graduate of the college on Commencement Day.

We who are about to graduate from Brooklyn College reaffirm without reserve our allegiance to the United States of America and, in the tradition of the ancient Athenians, take this oath of devotion to our city: We dedicate ourselves to the ideals and sacred values of our free society. We will never bring disgrace upon our community by an act of dishonesty or cowardice; nor fail to respect our fellow citizens. We will revere and obey the laws under which we live. We will do our utmost to quicken understanding, respect and reverence for them. And we will strive unceasingly to strengthen the public sense of civic duty. Thus, in all ways, we will seek to transmit this city, better and more beautiful than it was when transmitted to us.

But with the growth of activism in the 1960's and dwindling patriotism for country or city, such sentiments became embarrassing and maudlin. Today the marker stands silent vigil, unspoken, but still witnessing every graduating class on its big day.

Walk to the right side of LaGuardia Hall and you will find another Brooklyn College landmark, a spot of quiet contemplation where students since the forties have taken their books, or each other, to study—the Lily Pond. Even though the sun dial has lost its dial and the waters are a trifle murky, students still sit among the roses, azaleas, rhododendrons and holly trees. The pond has had several resuscitations, the latest five years ago when a botany class drained and cleaned it and restocked it with turtles, fish and lilypads. The fish are still there, flashing gold for all who care to look beyond the wear and tear of time and urban nonchalance.

Cross in front of LaGuardia Hall and stop for a minute to read the marker before a flowering double cherry tree:

The Freedom Tree
With the vision of universal freedom for all mankind, this tree is dedicated to Capt. Vincent Chiarello and all Prisoners of War and Missing in Action. 1973.

Although not a Brooklyn College student, Capt. Chiarello was from the borough and was chosen to represent all of Brooklyn's sons and daughters in Southeast Asia. It was planted by the college chapter of Gamma Sigma Sigma, the women's national service organization, in quiet contrast to many other demonstrations of student concern about Vietnam.

Further on you cross a campus walk, descend some steps and you're in the Hillary Garden, named to honor Arthur H. Hillary, a custodian at the college who rose to become its first Business Manager. The garden of trees, benches, and colorful brick, commemorates a man who, according to former College President Harry Gideonse, "possessed a rare combination of common sense, untutored sagacity, catholicity of interests, wide information, intelligence, and pat judgements of things and of men that rendered his contributions invaluable not only in the mundane matters of paint contracts but on the highest level of administrative policy."

The Hillary Garden stands today in tribute to this man who knew the intricacies of gardening—and accounting.

Across the street—North Campus Road—stands a monumental tree that, pardon us, Betty Smith, should really be the prototype for the tree that grows in Brooklyn. This copper beech stood for over a hundred years next to the Ditmas Homestead, one of the oldest houses in the borough. When the homestead came down in 1962 to make way for the Student Center, the tree was carefully tended (Mr. Hillary is said to have fed it aspirin!) and one corner of the new building was changed so as not to disturb its graceful branches. The tree has survived and its dark copper-hued leaves link present and past in a most beautiful way.

Stroll through the Quadrangle and...
you will be surrounded by Brooklyn College landmarks, each with a plaque testifying to its dedicatory importance.

**LaGuardia Hall:** Dedicated by the students and faculty of Brooklyn College to the memory of Fiorello H. LaGuardia, Mayor of the City of New York, 1934-1945. “Advanced education is a responsibility of government, and every boy or girl who can absorb it is entitled to it.”—From the address of the Mayor at the Inauguration of President Harry D. Gideonse.

**Boylan Hall:** To commemorate the service of William A. Boylan, First President of Brooklyn College, 1930-1938. Able administrator, tireless worker, for the building of Brooklyn College on this site and its upbuilding as a College of Liberal Arts with High Standards of Attainment.

**Ingersoll Hall:** To commemorate the service to Brooklyn College of Raymond V. Ingersoll, President of the Borough of Brooklyn, 1934-1940, whose support of the vision of a great college on its own campus for the youth of Brooklyn brought success to efforts to secure this site.

You cross Bedford Avenue under the new soaring bridge that replaced the intricate wrought-iron gates with the college seal in them, and there is another plaque.

**Roosevelt Hall:** Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1882-1945. Dedicated by the students and faculty to the memory of the Great American who, as President of the United States, laid the cornerstone of this building in 1937. “There’s Not a Breathing of the common wind that will forget thee . . .”

The women’s athletic field in front of Roosevelt Hall is gone, covered with the modern box known as James Hall and the tree-topped roof of the Plaza Building. But there in the well of the Plaza Building stands the college’s newest monument, a sculpture of interlocking rectangles embedded in white cast cement. Completed in November, 1973, the sculpture is 23 feet high and is made of satin-finished aluminum. Its designer, Vytautas K. Jonykas titled it “Education in Time,” but he didn’t say why.

If you climb to the plaza there, in one sweep of the eyes you can see Brooklyn College’s three towers: that red brick of the Heating Plant, made even redder by the sun setting behind it; the delicate white tower atop Roosevelt Hall, and there, beyond the arches of the plaza, across the quadrangle green, the gold-topped dome of LaGuardia Hall.

The LaGuardia tower remains to most people the only real landmark at Brooklyn College. “Lifting white spires in air,” sings the alma mater. Its bells tolling the quarter-hours have summoned 40 years worth of students to class. Its pure, clean lines have become a symbol of high ideals and youthful aspirations—a inspiration to the men and women of Brooklyn College’s yesterdays, todays and tomorrows.

Yes, it is true that the more things change, the more they stay the same. It is as true at Brooklyn College as in the world beyond its gates; and a walk around the campus will prove it to most people. But, still, there are things that stand the tests of time, landmarks of the mind and spirit that remain unchanged because they mean so much to so many. In reality they may decay, may even crumble and fall, but in truth, the absolute truth that dwells within, they will always be the same.

Students relax in garden of Lily Pond.