Hail Mary's the George Carlin way. I asked, hoping to get things rolling. I almost spit on myself. It's hard for me though I'm not Catholic, I did a couple turns 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 wouldLT 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. (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. Extra-curricular 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 student must have a cumulative grade point average of 3.75 or higher, and two letters of recommendation.

Eugenie White is Vice President of the Student Government, located in room Mi60. 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 Student Government. She says that there are clubs and activities for LaGuardia students, yet (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.

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We there were, on a "no frills bus" on its way to Albany at hour late. A group of women and children, still sleep from having awakened so early to be able to make the out of 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 bus windows were grey, metal edgings were protruding, there was no ventilation. I was afraid that our group were deterred by these details. As we waited for the last person to arrive, Mr. Lover, our bus driver, informed us as foe he was ready to leave the city streets. As I sat, I looked around and I attempted to determine what this was all about. I was going to lobby to Albany for the first time. "What will be done and said," I wondered. "While in the capital?"

Lobbying, Approprations. Bills. Sena­

tors. Assemblymen. You wonder what all this politics has to do with a mother going to school. I'm a mother and at first I thought that I would just be passing time, 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 realize how much I was found myself getting involved in the college community. To be able to see where the funding of day care by state monies, , was a black and white marble. I noticed the office is encased with "Right to Life" signs. And if this does most (if not all) of women expressing a need. Didn't want to be bothered by a group of women expressing a need. Imagined that these were people who didn't want to be bothered by a group of women expressing a need. We left some literatu re with this sec­

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frustrated me, a sense of "too big and powerful" en­

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Is Light Skin Better Than Black?

by Ronald Rhames

He's too black!... Yellow nipples are stuck up... She's Army boot black. White boy! I never liked you anyway, I like black medical and not like white. I wonder what you would look like if your eyes were green! What kind of hair does your 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... Dark, High Yellow, Past Color Perfect... Redbone... Tar baby... Eclipse... Light, Brown and Almost White... Reanty Beaty... Half Brood... 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, old and young, 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, it's quite old. Back to the slave plantations—when blacks were not even considered human. They were much like cattle or sheep. And so, the problem of blacks descriptimating among themselves as a result of the way the slaves were treated.

Often the darker slaves were given the tasks of harvesting the sugar, rice, tobacco or cotton crops, while the MULATTOS or QUADROONS were given the privilege of more comfortable positions or easier tasks. (A MULATTO is the child of one black parent and one white. A QUADROON is the child of two MULATTOS and a white.) Moreover...although the house servants were still considered property, they were classified as part human and thus 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 couldn't claim. And they (the mulattos and quadroons) often tried to emulate their masters by looking down on other darker skinned people. This led the darker people to have a feeling of resentment toward the lighter ones. And they thought, in 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 decided to write about it. Back to the slave plantations—when blacks were not even considered human. They were much like cattle or sheep. And so, the problem of blacks descriptimating among themselves as a result of the way the slaves were treated.

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The Big Spiff: New Drug Craze?

Cont. from p. 1

After the tobacco was emptied out and the cigarette was ripped with a scrapper and sprinkled with "crack," it was ready for the finishing touch. This seemed to be the ultimate high. One day I realized that after taking a "spiff", I was losing my life physically, emotionally, and socially. Extensive use of drugs leads to destruction of one's entire life. 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 talk to crack and he will make fourteen hundred dollars in return. Ron plans to spend seven hundred 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 bring Ron "crack." 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, tapered hair and short right leg to meet his soft, brown, leather "Clarks" shoes. You can see his Argentine socks underneath. His large biceps covers his uncombed head of hair, which looks as if it's trying to escape the shape of his face. He has just learned about what he does, someone who has an everlasting goal to "make it" in New York. I thumb my way to his room, where most of the business procedures are taking 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 drugs is now in "crack" 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 sell seven hundred on "crack," and he will make fourteen hundred in return.

Time seems to be racing by so fast and we are finally ready to go pick up "crack." The drive down was quite short and despite the cold weather outside, I crack the window, which allows the frigid air to seep into my 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 avoiding 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 filled garbage cans and decaying buildings. We enter an old apartment building, I thumb my way to Ron's floor, and wait for someone to open the back door. The small basement apartment is located underneath, and clean, the living room comfortable, with it's 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 drugs is now in "crack" money will be spent on this product.

The youth leaves and soon returns with two small plastic bags, each filled with a tiny, clear capsule 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 "Mafia" style atmosphere. Back at the apartment, I sit on a large pillow on the floor, like everybody else. I await the arrival of the "crack." The youth leaves again and I begin to think of the money I could realize if I comply with this young man. I think of 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.

I hesitate at first, but think of the "crack" as I reach out to take the split. 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 marshmellow. Everything looks magnified or just very clear that if 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 reflect on my life, past, present, and the future.

I jumped because someone is knocking on the window, a customer, perhaps an wired, 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." He came to "unload" the "crack" 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 frequently call someone who serve's "look out" and also hold the drugs just in case it is "busted." I'm not so worried because it likely that it get searched, unless of course, a police woman takes 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 told eight capsules, and have made eighty dollars.

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

A car is beeping its horn and Ron walks down the road, signals for the money, and we return to the apartment. He unlocks a large, black, metal case which holds our small pistols and a large .007 blade. There are large amounts of cash and an in­credible no one. You're all alone, which I am told has an estimated value of three thousand dollars. "I started out in hell. A casual trip to the corner store could end up as harassment by the police, and even possible arrest. If you're arrested, namely for the night, you may be in a crowded cell, and a day will be spent in a crowded courthouse. For example, if you're arrested for possession of "crack," your face carries that charge, 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 of probation. Each and every arrest is more nerve racking than the last.

When the police are 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 it. Your life is always in danger and there are many setbacks.

One arrest to Ron and I 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?
College campuses can be a lot of fun; cherish. This is the "Red Carpet Area" or as some call it, "The Free Zone." That is the open lounge behind the cafeteria. They were every­where, people looking for somewhere to sit and be left in peace. As we were looking around, we saw a couple trying to get his girl's attention by shouting her name. "Hey!" she shouted, and the guy answered back, "Yeah, here I am!" They were members of Phi Theta Kappa.

At this point, I had no other choice but to find a spot. And this is how I happened to stroll through this area. There were people everywhere, everyone seemed to be looking for somewhere to sit and be alone. As I looked around, I saw a girl sitting alone in a corner, lost in her thoughts. I approached her and asked if she was okay. She looked up at me and said, "I'm just thinking about things." I told her that sometimes it's nice to talk things over with someone, and she seemed to agree. We talked for a while about various topics, and I could tell that she was feeling better.

As for the couples, I witnessed a girl studying hard while her boyfriend was busy with his friends. I am quite sure that she was catching everything and existing 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. It's 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.

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BETTER WATCH IT

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CALLING ALL CAMP COUNSELORS!

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No Cheerleaders
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, teeming with kids and 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 done with their "Becks." They act as if they own my neighborhood, crowding the sidewalks, double parking and buying up all our beer. (And we do need beer even those 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.

The conversations I have with my friends 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 on all 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's a place where kids go with the 'weed.'" It is a mixture of datan, tye, coke, etc. And the weed was pushed by local boys who were 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 2-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'll run away. What awed me was the "spot watcher." He usually takes the crowd and his presence here does also. All of us are here to make you understand that the police are not in vain. I find us all to be excellent results to your efforts, one that will benefit everyone. We are humans like you, with a right to a new beginning. We do not want our sons and daughters to struggle as we are now doing. And 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 understand that we were the country's assets and its resources. Let us be given the chance to cultivate it.

The young mothers smoke pot and coconuts usually opens on the weekend, by most. Dope (heroin) is also used, but it is not viewed as a common use. Note: these drugs are used openly around the children, as 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 sight 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.

I ask the police about this and they say, "Do you know what's going on at 157th Street?" He replied, "You mean between Gerard and Walton Avenue?" "Exactly," I say. "What are you doing about all this drug dealing?" He made a face, thinking of a solution. He ran away. What awed me was the fact that Muscle Man just stood there with his jacket open, bleating, "I didn't get medical help. He decided to look tough in front of his friends. He stood there, fabrication.

The Drug Market is supposedly run by a guy named Shorty. I am sure he is not the head, but only an assistant. Shorty says that he is a guy who wears a brown sheepskin coat. He is respected and feared by many of the "dealers," Shorty, for his "muscles." 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' black guy because the man had supposedly left his post while on duty. The argument, went more or less like this:


There is supposedly a lot of money to be made in the Market. A source tells me that they can bring in $500,000 a week. A source says, "It's because we're organized."

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 are we doing?"

"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 on Friday. There were cops on the roof of our building taking pictures. Since this incident, the Market has gone quiet. But for how long? I think it's time for the tenants in these buildings where drugs are dealt to form a union — 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.

Cont... from p. 2

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, to society and to 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 is more than just having peace of mind. It is having your child grow at a normal rate. It is having your child learn to talk. It is having your child learn to walk. It is having your child learn to eat. It is having your child learn to play.

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

the mothers to voice their 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.

"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 at it. My greatest prove it and my presence here does also. All of us 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, one that will benefit everyone. We are humans like you, with a right to a new beginning. We do not want our sons and daughters to struggle as we are now doing. And 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 I saw the mothers wanted to make their voices heard. Repeating what I had said in different words, "I need a chance, a break my mother that this would not be a struggle. It had to be continued until we started out on this trip. I was enthusiastic. My fellow bus riders felt the same. It was good we left there

on a high note. It gave us cause to believe that we were a family, a family that could stand together. That people did 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 pick up some junk food, I knew that this would not be a struggle. It had to be continued until we started out on this trip. I was enthusiastic. My fellow bus riders felt the same. It was good we left there

cont... from p. 2

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This took place in broad daylight. I was upset because I wanted to get in and defend that place. My girlfriend said, "Are you crazy? You know you can't get in. They'll just hit you with a baseball bat." I was scared.

That same day, a shootout broke out with the Cypress Boys and the BLS Crew. During the shootout, 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 2 a.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 her. We were very noisy. We wanted to see if the guy would beat the shit out of the girl. Mr. Pete showed up also. He never liked men hitting women.

When we all walked down the avenue, the guy started beating on the girl. The girl kept screaming. "You fuckin' son of a bitch, I'm going to kill you. Who's going to stop me now?" The guy all of a sudden started hitting the girl. He was hitting the girl. Mr. Pete was watching. He turned on the guy and told him to stop. The guy who was hitting the girl kept on hitting the girl. 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. Mr. Pete 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 very sorry for the guy who pulled that gun and shot 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.
Dear Sister Christian:

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 at home a lot and my parents are separated 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 Sister.

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 do not want to have sex, it doesn't mean you frigid. If your boyfriend doesn't care enough about you to wait till you are ready then he isn't worth it. If your girlfriend 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.

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 work tell your mother and get out of the house. Move.

Dear Normality:

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 in. The problem is when I tell my girl friends 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 "do it", but it isn't right for me. What do I do about my boyfriend and my friend's 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 your boyfriends and peer pressure. If you don't want to have sex, it doesn't mean you frigid. If your boyfriend doesn't care enough about you to wait till you are ready, then he isn't worth it. If your girl friends 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.

Signed, Wanting to keep it

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.

Drop your letters, notes, scribblings, etc.

In the Yellow Box Outside

RM.115 (Sac)
The Iron Eagle

by Eartha Green

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

"Iron Eagle" stars the infamous Lou Gossett Jr. (Chappy) who won an Oscar for best supporting actor in "An Officer and a Gentleman" and recently starred in "Enemy Mine" as an alien. Again he appears in uniform, portraying a strong, demanding father figure and one 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.

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 enemy planes and the White House that didn't care about Doug's dilemma. In my book, this movie rates three stars.

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, chicken! Wait Back, back, back you beasts! the second contestant is George Michael of Wham! OK Girls. GO FOR IT! Next Princes. "Under the Cherry Moon" is due for release soon along with a new album. Rumor has it that they might play a benefit concert here in April. Happy Birthday to Andy Taylor (1/4 century old)!! Julian Lennon's second album "breat pack" will wise up? "Chow" Kid). I wonder who else from the cast of Miami Vice will be doing her concerts in Yugoslavia, Belgium, Germany, Japan, Russia, and the United States... If Harry Belefonte runs for Governor and wins, he'll have New York State dancing in the streets! Speaking of politics, California's first child in August. DURAIN, 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 Rob Lowe. Well, he finally decided to move from tinsel town to the real Hollywood (New York). Some other dashings who moved back to this man-velocity city are Ralph Macchio (Karate Kid), Tom Cruise (Rainy Business) and Matt Dillon (Flamingo Kid). I wonder who else from the "breat pack" will wise up! "Chow" for now!

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 leech.

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 gun!
by Rosemarie Kessler

Women in Sports

A plain, worn out door with a big square window. Two thin, wooden bars. From the outside it looks like a cage at the zoo, and the people inside have three windows which open only six inches, so no one can jump out. Six cows, a brown cow, and two black cows are nailed to the floor, resembling an unravished gym floor. I walk in and take my seat at the end of the first row. Then no one else is in front of me, and there are two boys on my left: one is white and the other is a black. The teacher, Mrs. Moore, is 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," 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?" I look at her, I know she's going to ask me some trouble from him so she says, "I was never one to be in the spot light that might be why I was never one to be in the spot light." She starts going to Met games as well as baseball games. With brown hair and blue eyes in his 40's. He said, "I can't tell you. That's privileged information." In my opinion, everyone that goes into the stadium has a right to know the management. I moved to prove until he answered my question, so he go someone else to try and make me leave. I asked who, we had to meet and I was told that we could say 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. We 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 we went downstairs and found a Met security person who said it was okay for us to stand at the bull pin. Then, we 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 the cop it was okay with him if it was okay with another cop. Which brought us back to the place we started.

A good laugh for himself. When I heard this, I was so mad at him for doing it and for 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 if 'I want a cheap thrill I'll buy Playgirl." Then I walk by him and do what I was to do to. Then you see how fast fall ask a question like that again? It doesn't only happen with N.Y. teams. One of the three women was in Philadelphia doing an interview with Mike Burger, and outfielder for the Phillies. But Ray 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 Willie Jean King? Everyone was quiet and staring at him. McBride asked, "Would you like to finish this litter?" "No well finish it now" and she just ignored McGraw. In my opinion she had the perfect attitude, she didn't let some chauvinistic jerk 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 that was in the same class, wrote the sports for the school newspaper, MHS Info. She asked Pete the producer, who was the last team to go undefeated in the NFL was and she said, "It was the Miami Dolphins and they did it in '72." In the up and down obnoxious, patronizing voice he could manage. Then after she wrote it up he changed it because he thought of it on himself. "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 voice. He told her to strip if she was trying to do an interview with Jor- dan Hamper. However, she was getting some trouble from him too. "You're a cute guy but..." Then he says, "I'm just not used to having women in professional sportswriters, especially when I'm in the middle of a football game when you're in football mode because he can do it with all those people against him, so can I." When I went to Met games, the girls faced and went 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. They actually had to know about sports. "Who's Dr. J?" Julius Erving, a basketball player. "Who's Philidelphia 76ers?" "What position?" "Center." That shut them up for the rest of the quarter. Unfortunately the rest of the week I'm interviewed by Rosemarie Kessler.

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. However, we have tried to find out the answer to this question, but at Shea Stadium no one will give us a straight answer. We finally found it out. The time we inquired we got a big run around.

Two and a half years ago my friend and I started going to Mets games as well as baseball games. With brown hair and blue eyes in his 40's. He said, "I can't tell you. That's privileged information." In my opinion, everyone that goes into the stadium has a right to know the management. I moved to prove until he answered my question, so he go someone else to try and make me leave. I asked who, we had to meet and I was told that we could say 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. We 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 we went downstairs and found a Met security person who said it was okay for us to stand at the bull pin. Then, we 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 the cop it was okay with him if it was okay with another cop. Which brought us back to the place we started.

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1986 Mets: Rise To The Top

by Scott Engel

1986: The year that the "amazing" Mets shot themselves in both barrels is one that will forever be etched in baseball lore. After a 25-10 start, the Mets devolved into one of the most storied collapses in baseball history. At one point, they were the laughingstock of the baseball world.

But the Mets are back. They have finally come back to where they belong. After years at the bottom of the National League East, the Mets are once again a force to be reckoned with. The acquisition of lefthander Bob Ojeda from the Boston Red Sox strengthen the already excellent staff.

For example, young starting pitcher Roger McDowell, the bullpen has become a thorn in the Mets' side. Len Dykstra proved he can hit for average, set a Major League record for hitting in 79 runs. Don't be surprised if he has 40 home runs and hits .300 this season.

Behind the plate, after years of searching, the Mets finally have the catcher they 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 and has the last year's 72 home runs. He is perfect for the young pitchers and can still throw out the best of them.

When the Mets won the series back in 1986, 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 ballplayers only dream of. And he still has the potential to be even greater. Fernandez has fantastic potential, but it has become too little, too late. It's his right hand that 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 New York Yankees? "Bronx Bombers" this season? Who are the shutdown pitchers? The lineup for this year's Yankee team will be basically the same as last year, 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, who has had a bad back in the past, will be challenged by the Yankees. In right field there is Dave Winfield. He has a .344 and stole 80 bases. He should once again be the catalyst for the Yankee attack. In right field there is Dave Winfield. Winfield, the '86 Mets' other big bargain, will be on top come October.

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 right-handed pitchers the Yankees need. Their speed on the mound will be invaluable during the stretch drive of late August and September. The addition of lefthander Brett Burnis from the Chicago White Sox can only help the Yankee cause.

The position of designated hitter will once again involve a platoon system with Don Baylor and Ken Griffey. pitching will key the key to the Yankee pennant hopes. Their ring group is experienced, but their bullpen is still struggling.

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: You're 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. I have experience in basketball, 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 players to play against?

Bannister: Artis Gilmore, Moses Malone, Rick Mahorn. They're all good, they're all physical.

Bridge: Do you like to play physical?

Bannister: Definitely.

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.

Bridge: How do you get along with coach Mahorn and the Knicks players?

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

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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. 1 isn't 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 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 teams 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 centerforward Dwight Clark. He is averaging 14 pts. per game, which tops the squad. Clark also applies defensive pressure by clogging the lane. The fifty 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 Roy 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 Rivera and Joseph Hutchins, who coach Hall describes as "a streak shooter."

The backcourt has it's problems, at times lackadaisical 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, 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 few elbows, and they liked my game. Last year I was 6'3", 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 (Knick's assistant coach) son was out recruiting and he told this 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: Do they put you down when you're not doing well?

Bannister: No, I don't feel any 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 good job at playing my job. I do all the things they (the stars) do, which is the little things.

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 terrific 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?

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 any 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 good job at playing my job. I do all the things they (the stars) do, which is the little things.

Bridge: You've had some trouble in the past with your foul shooting 46 percent last year, 51 percent this year, and 71 percent in the present. 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.

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