

THE PAPER

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222

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1973

So we stand here
on the edge of hell
in Harlem
and look out
on the world
and wonder
what we're gonna do
in the face of
what we remember.

—Langston Hughes

Professor Denied Tenure In Wake Of Faculty Demo

By RAFAELA TRAVESIER

In the wake of several demonstrations against a quota system for the awarding of faculty tenure, Melvin Bye, an assistant professor in the Department of Social and Psychological Foundation (School of Education), was recently denied tenure by the department's Executive Committee with no reasons given.

The most recent demonstration against the issue of the alleged "tenure quota plan," which has marked student-faculty politics these past few weeks, was held in front of Cohen Library this past Thursday, December 13th.

Approximately 75 students and

faculty gathered in front of the library during the club hours (12-2) and listened while speakers discussed the plan.

The essence of what State Assemblyman Jesse Gray, Dean DeBerry, Chairwoman Leacock and other guest speakers said was that as of now the faculty here at City is not representative of the student population.

In the past years the minority student enrollment has increased considerably but, according to the various speakers, the number of minority faculty has not increased by the same proportion.

Melvin Bye predicts that by 1980 50% of City College will be made

up of what is now called, minority students, yet only 7% of the faculty is presently composed of minority backgrounds.

Chairwoman Leacock of the Department of Anthropology explained, "There is a need here for a heterogeneous faculty."

Dennis T. Torigoe, of the Asian Studies Department, expressed the views of the Asian population by saying that they are realizing that "unless they (the faculty) fight for what is their due, they will not get their share."

"CCNY," urged Professor Bye, "is the only college in the United States completely surrounded by a Spanish-speaking and Black community; so concerned and qualified faculty are necessary for developing the image and consciousness of self."

The number of minority faculty which showed up to the demonstration was considerably low. Bye felt that the reason for the poor attendance on the part of the faculty was one of fear.

"After all, they may be coming up for tenure next year."

"The student is dead," Bye continued, "and I say that when I recall the days in '68."

Few students were present at the rally. The Student Senate was scheduled to have an organizational meeting, and the Seek Student Government, a Central Committee meeting. Neither one of the two stu-



The Paper/Robert Knight
"We must give our students the faith and the confidence that they CAN succeed."
— Professor Melvin Bye

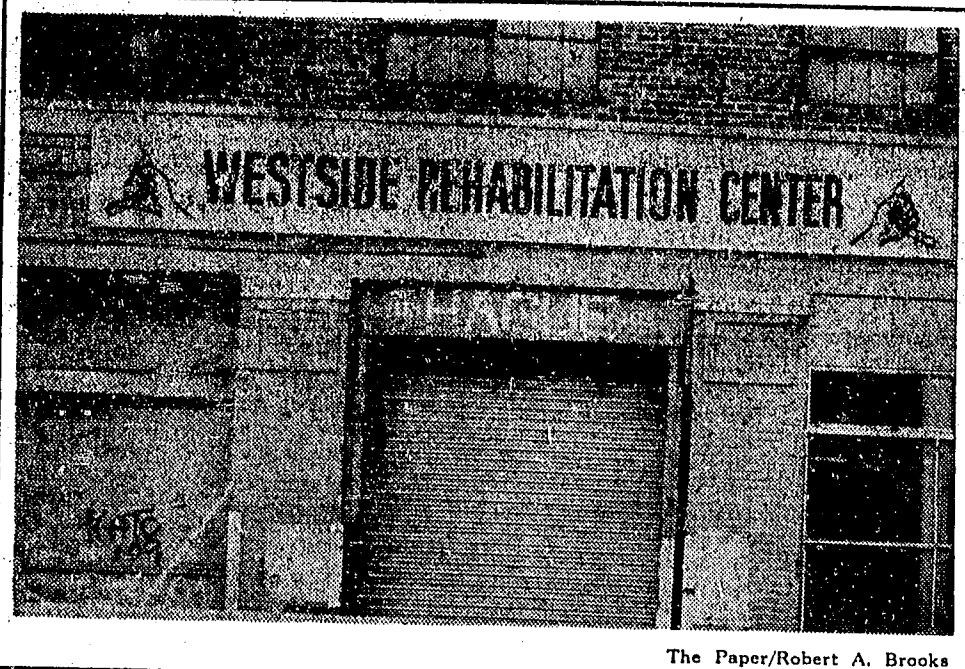
dent organizations were represented at the demonstration.

Melvin Bye's Denial

Melvin Bye, who has been teaching in the School of Education for more than five years, was recently denied tenure by the Executive Committee of his department, and no reason was given for the decision. No professor who is denied tenure is legally entitled to reasons for denial.

Bye, an alumnus of City College, came to this institute in September, 1968 as a part time instructor and shortly thereafter, February '69, he was appointed director of the Experimental Pilot Program in Teacher Education.

(Continued on Page 2)



The Paper/Robert A. Brooks

Rehabilitation: A West Side Story

By SHERRY LYONS

The West Side Rehabilitation Center, located at 103-7 W. 108 Street, is a rather unique drug-free program which is geared primarily to rehabilitating young Black and Puerto Rican addicts. In fact, the program is significantly the only one of its kind.

Presently, however, it is undergoing tremendous struggle in finding a residential component facility for its patients.

The Addiction Services Agency (ASA), which allocates funds for this program, has informed West Side to find new residential component facilities, or that by November 30, monies will be cut off and they'll have to vacate the premises.

Undoubtedly, The West Side Rehabilitation Center welcomes the opportunity for finding suitable residential facilities for its addicts. For,

indeed, its residential area suffers from severe problems.

Nevertheless, program participants have consistently tried to find a new residential component area, but attempts were aborted.

Frank Desilva, program director states, "We've encountered vehement opposition.

"We've tried the Columbia University area, but meetings were held by them to investigate who, in fact, was coming into the area.

"When they found out it was a drug program we were turned down.

"In other words, a feeling of distrust immediately arose."

Desilva continues:

"We've also tried other areas but were also met with the same opposition."

Thus, The West Side Rehabilitation Center is presently in the process of finding a new location for its

residential facilities and definitely needs community support.

Among the myriad of services, The West Side Rehabilitation Center, specializes in the treatment of adolescent addicts. It is essentially a drug-free program; that is, it doesn't cater to Methadone Maintenance.

Other services include:

- Drug Counseling & Referral
- Inpatient Detoxification
- Personal & Family Counseling
- Remedial Education
- Job Counseling
- Physical Fitness & Recreation
- Preventive Education

The program seeks to embrace community efforts and that of St. Lukes to combat drug addiction in the community.

The in-patient detoxification unit began in March 1970. It wasn't until a year later that the ASA offi-



The Paper/Robert A. Brooks
Program Veteran

cially began funding the program. Throughout its existence, ASA never really approved of the type of program the rehabilitation center was sponsoring, advocating rigid discipline in the treatment of the addicts.

(Continued on Page 3)

Prof. Denied Tenure . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

After two years as director of the Pilot Program he resigned when he suffered a heart attack. Bye feels that the Executive Committee used this incident to show supposedly poor administrative ability on his part which may have been used as one of the factors in their negative decision.

He also feels that they may have also used his not having a doctorate degree, which he intends to receive from Columbia's Teacher's College in June '74, as another reason for not granting him tenure. Bye, after being refused tenure, appealed to the Appeal and the Personnel & Budget Committee but they both upheld the decision.

Peer evaluation is taken into account when deciding who should receive tenure. Bye, a trained anthropologist, says that "surprisingly" he received his first two negative evaluations this past year just before he was reviewed.

Harold Carter, a now retired philosopher and Dean Paul Burke, associate Dean of Education gave the two negative evaluations. During the same year Chairwoman Elenor Leacock, of the Department of Anthropology, gave Bye a positive review.

Student evaluations are supposed to be considered when a professor is going up for tenure, but Bye seems to feel that, in actuality, very little attention is paid to the student evaluations. He is confident his students are pleased with him.

Allan Pinkard, one of his students, describes Bye as being, "One of my best teachers. He enlightens a great many of the students."

Another refers to his instructor as a person who, "tries to get out your inner vibration."

Lesson In Politics

From The Collective:

Often we are placed in a situation where we fall and don't know the fall took place. An example of this is when we become bold enough to challenge forms of oppression against us, and then, reactions begin to rise, destroying our will to challenge.

A clearer example can be seen in the following letter, printed here for your convenience. One of our writers, a graduate student in Math, did a little homework and came up with some facts about how we get iced from math and the sciences.

The game become clear when we note that no sooner than the last issue gets distributed, and people read the article, "Crisis," our reporter receives this note:

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS
THE CITY COLLEGE

Dec. 11, 1973

Clarice Brown, felt that he was simply, "Fantastic."

"I am a progressivist," relates Bye, "on student needs, especially for the ill prepared student. A key area is to provide self-confidence. The faith and confidence that they can succeed." He believes in working to "stimulate the thinking process" of his students, and thinks of himself as a "resource consultant."

In a study, sponsored by the Council on Graduate Schools in US and GRE Board, it was stated that new ways of selecting faculty to serve student population was necessary. The selection process should be based on participation in solutions of major problems in society, rather than on doctoral research or publication.

The study also stated that community activity was crucial, and, that colleges should hire experts with qualifications beyond traditional background. Bye feels if the college took this report into account they would also be forced to admit that he deserves tenure.

He is a board member of the Harlem Interfaith Counsel; a founding member of HARCAP College Information Center; HARCAP Tutorial Program; MIA Housing and Tenant Relocation; a consultant to ASPIRA in the Bronx, financial secretary to the Community Participation Educational Program; and, vice president of Ministerial Interfaith Association of Harlem.

"I don't know too many," exclaims Bye, "tenured professors who are as active in the community as myself."

He points out that in the entire School of Education, which has a great number of Black student enrollment, there are two tenured Black professors.

Professor Bye ended Thursday's demonstration by mentioning how he was a bit disappointed with the student and faculty turnout, but that the Coalition for Job Equality at City College would continue to have meetings and demonstrations to fight what they call, "job discrimination and racism."

Dear Mr. Dorsey:

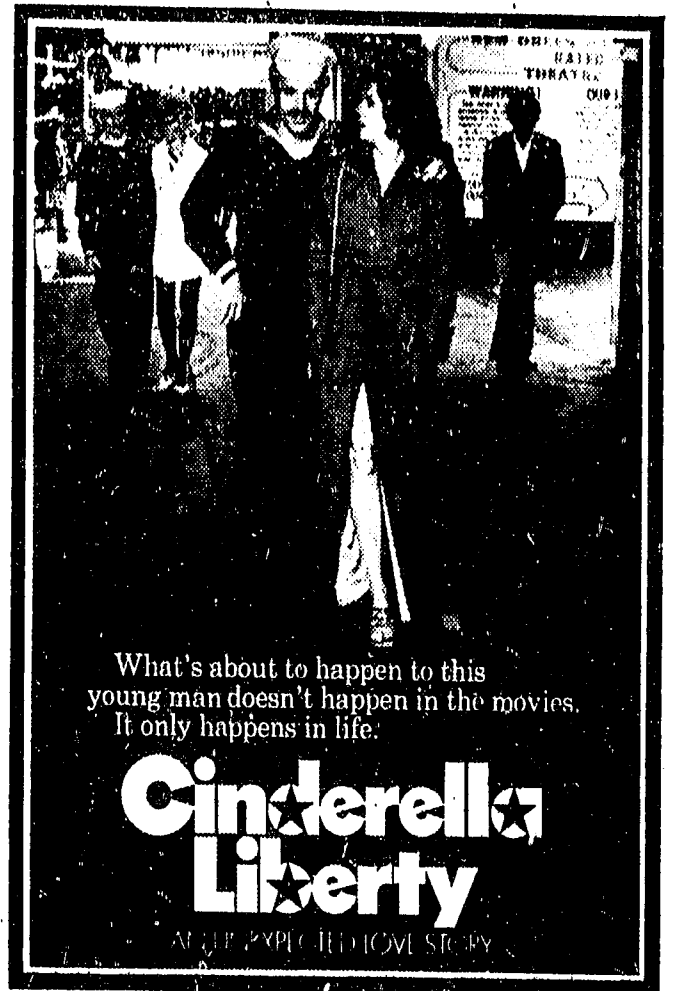
In response to your recent inquiry, we may have a small number of openings to replace some of our faculty. I am enclosing our standard application form as well as three forms for letters of recommendation. Please forward these to the three references you are asked to list on p. 4 of our standard application.

Your application will be answered as early as possible.

If you applied to us within the last 2 years and you want to use that application and references, **please let us know.** We will then attach any updating information sent to us.

Sincerely,
Jonah Mann
Chairman

The coincidence is strange, since the 'recent inquiry,' was placed well over four months ago, and it is only now that it receives an answer.



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West Side Story

(Continued from Page 1)

Frank Desilva explains, "they don't understand the concept we're attempting to employ. We want to treat the addicts like human beings and to suggest other alternatives to life rather than drugs."

"We also feel we cannot cure an addict unless he wants to cure himself. We must create new goals and needs in life for him."

In brief, the director asserts, "the ASA concepts and goals are anti-humanistic which our addicts simply cannot relate to."

The residential unit houses numerous teenage boys and girls throughout the course of a year.

They are allowed to stay as long as it is felt necessary to them. There aren't any stipulations regarding time an addict must stay.

Whenever one thinks he or she can deal with life's complexities comfortably, it is then the person can leave with either employment or education in mind.

In terms of discipline, Val Lewis, counselor, says, "We don't believe in treating the addicts like animals. We feel they are mature enough to know when they have overstepped their boundaries."

When asked what the penalty is for misconduct, Lewis states, "there is a contract they must abide by. What this entails is essentially that the individual must either clean

up, or his pass is temporarily taken away. Other than that they are involved in activities which keep them active and busy."

The teenagers appear satisfied with the way the program is run. The idea of moving out disappoints them greatly. One teenager characterizes the program as, "one big family. I feel like as if I'm at home."

Everyone gets along most of the time. In part, the thought of having to leave terribly upsets them.

The program has offered vehicles for self-help and development.

For now, the residential component facilities can possibly extend to Feb. 74. As of yet the ASA hasn't administered an official communique to leave immediately. Desilva

says, "We've managed to keep enough money to last us through Feb. '74."

However, February is two months away and they must work fast, hoping that if it becomes impossible to stay, that at least the ASA would help fund a site being considered on 107 Street.

Meanwhile, Frank Desilva says, "the community can help by volunteering their services, writing letters to the ASA, and if necessary, establish fund raising drives."

For additional information call Frank Desilva, program director, 666-3127(8); or Barbara Dorsey, Clinical Director, 666-2548 and, Frank Alvarez, Residential Director, 666-3127.

Morgan And Michael Of Financial Aid

This "job is challenging and frustrating" is the response of mutual feelings from both acqueline Michael and Jo Ann Morgan.

Of the four Higher Education officers in the Financial Aid Office, Ms. Michael has been with the office the longest; twelve busy years to be exact. Ms. Morgan is the most recent executive female, she too is now equally as busy.

There are great similarities plus great differences between these two charming ladies. Both native New Yorkers, Jackie Michael was born and bred in Harlem some 15 years before her 25 year old co-worker. The natural, innocent blush on Jackie's cheeks hardly show the two-score they have seen.

Pretty, green-eyed Jo Ann, from a Catholic background, spent her younger years at St. Mark's, 138th and Lenox Avenue. A graduate of Cardinal Spellman High School in 1966, Jo Ann received an Associates Degree from Bronx Community in 1969. In that same year, she enrolled at City College then dropped out and started to work for the City of New York.

Realizing the sensitive qualities of her nature, JAM (as she is affectionately known throughout the office) utilized her social welfare potentials with a portion of the Department of Social Services — Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Returning to school by the next term, for a while she did both.

Civil service supervisors transferred her to Girl's Home, as opposed to the Boy's Shelter in which she was most active.

At the Girl's Shelter, the atmosphere was much different. Resignation from the position quickly ensued.

Continuing in school, JAM received a B.A. in Sociology in August 1971.

She substituted at Day Care Centers, even worked at a hospital, all of which proved unfulfilling. Then Ms. Morgan went back to working for the City at the same Girl's Shelter and was accepted immediately. Family counseling was her greatest desire.

One day, word came to her that there was a position open in the Financial Aid Office. Arriving in jeans, for she was on campus when the news came, our future young exec was interviewed 45 minutes later. Jo Ann qualified and had the job less than a month later.

Presently, she, too, is like Brunette Isom and Marlene Whittaker seeking her Master's in Guidance and Counseling but now part-time.

Cool, mature and confident, Jackie Michael "is not returning to school." She feels her future is secure because she's climbed the Civil Service ranks and scored highest



JO ANN MORGAN



JACKIE MICHAEL

The Paper/Robert A. Brooks

on some of their tests.

Special consideration from the College enabled her to become part of the SEEK Department only last year. Before that she was office manager. Her duties overlapped many administrative duties, relative to Financial Aid. Superficially, she displays supreme sensitivity and understanding when reviewing an application for Financial Aid.

"Considering your 12 years of interviewing experience," I questioned, "not to mention the 6 years with the City's Health Department, are social problems ever solved?" "There are always problems," she replied calmly. A major concern is making the operation run smoothly so students don't feel the result of the complications that actually arise. There are so many areas we have to deal with," she continued, "I wish the students could understand the complications of the system from our end. It seems as though they expect us to work miracles. I'm sure it's frustrating for the students."

Jam's comment on the subject was similar. She says she "can see the frustrations all the way around, and being on this end, we must find the solutions for them. It really distresses me," she said wholeheartedly, "that many times students take too much for granted."

"What advice would you give the students," I eagerly interjected. The intricately detailed, business-side of Virgo surfaced and Ms. Michael responded, "Read carefully and follow instructions for deadlines. Take the forms seriously rather than haphazardly."

"This is a complicated system (to which we are subjected) "and I can't blame the students for their feelings." And Ms. Morgan caution-

ed, "talking over the phone is the worse thing to do. We're not perfect here but we keep trying — sometimes it might take an extra check. I'd advise students to stop being so intimidated by the forms. There really should be a course to show how to fill out forms."

The system changes every year, but it is a unified system throughout the City University. The incoming freshmen will be bombarded with mail. For you old-timers, as time goes fleeting by at escape velocity, Basic Educational Opportunity Grants will eventually phase out Educational Opportunity Grants. And it sure will be a lean year. When situations change, let the Higher Education Officers know this. No need for conflicting documentation.

With their help, our next year should go much smoother. All the SEEK students should try to be on time with their applications. Jackie Michael has started work on the list of some 340 entering, fumbling freshmen and Jo Ann Morgan went to the graduation party of the SEEK students this year. She felt good about their success.

Both J.M.'s employ the contact and realize their much needed guidance. It would appear that the volume of work is not the biggest problem only the inadequacies of the office space.

Lately, the office has been cold and chilly due to the Energy Conservation of the government. Ms. Michael has been ill and I wish her a speedy recovery. However Ms. Morgan, Ms. Isom, Ms. Whittaker, and Ms. Henderson will be available at the Financial Aid Office until the Christmas vacation. They will close for two weeks, pending the scarcity of No. 2 oil. — DEB

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Kwanza Blooms

In a different hemisphere at the height of neocolonialist aout (August), there is a traditional festival handed down from the first sons: KWANZA.

For seven days and seven nights, the people rejoice and collect their meager harvests.

Then, a smile broadens across their blue-black faces because they know that in the face of adversity the earth still blooms.

Praise the ancestors!!!

Teach the children!!!

Be as deep as the need!!!

Kwanza children, KWANZA!!!

Understanding seasonal displacement, the Kwanza that is our ancestral right is upon us.

Folk will be celebrating Kwanza from the week of the 24th through the New Year. Within this period, there are a few spiritual and cultural emphases for Black People.

Some people call these cultural and spiritual emphatics Nguzu Saba, the seven principals of Blackness!

They are Umoja (unity);

Kujichagulia (self determination);

Ujima (collective work and responsibility);

Ujamaa (co-operative economics);

Nia (purpose);

Kuumba (creativity);

and, Imani (faith).

The Black, minority, oppressed and alienated student body at CCNY need Nguzu Saba; if only for peace of mind.

Kwanza is a festival, but not a substitute for Christmas which some people somewhere still find necessary.

However, it is a time where we have "imani" in each other;

"kuumba" by resting;

"nia" through our inter-love;

"kujichagulia" at work;

"ujamaa" for the whole community;

"ujima" at home;

and "umojia" from hemisphere to hemisphere.

All folk will not go to the places of peace, but each person is a possible festival of peace.

Kwanza is a celebration recognizing the African seed within us.

"... as from the ground came the flower; so must that flower (us) recognize its roots in order to be strong."

On the 22nd of December, the East, 22 Claver Place in Bedford-Stuyvesant, is presenting a Kwanza festival of Jazz; as always.

For the children on the 22nd, a Kwanza festival at the Sumner Avenue Armory between Jefferson and Putnam Avenues, is presenting a festival for the children: children with parents—\$2.00 each; adults with children free; and adults alone—\$5.00 each.

In our respective habitats, people of African descent light seven candles representing the spiritual and cultural emphatics of Nguzu Saba. As each day passes, one more candle is lit, connecting all of us in spirit.

At the table each night, a cup is left empty in respect for the memory of our ancestors.

Then, a broad smile stretches across our faces; knowing that in the face of adversity we still bloom. . . .

Peace created Kwanza.

And KWANZA understood instills the harmony of inner peace.

Gemini

To My Queen

By DARRYL ALLADICE

... While walking through the hall it sounded as if someone was screaming a message so loud that he wanted the world to hear, but no one came to the rescue . . .

I am I and only I. I want to be loved not like any man that you've already seen, but like a king; and you are my queen to whom I shall give love in return.

I desire to be needed by you as you desire to be needed by me. I want you, I love you. I want you to feel the same for me. I come from a long line of warriors determined to fight for someone worth believing in; for someone I love.

You are my Queen, my love, my woman. I cannot denounce you for your wrongs, for we are only human beings seeking shelter in a complex time. I praise you for being what you are to me: for being a true woman. I cannot get mad at you, for your decisions in the past, which seemed stupid and shitty. Now I understand why you made those decisions: you wanted to protect yourself.

I know you called me a jive nigger when I kept leaving you without any reason; and I kept calling you a jive bitch for not dropping your drawers every-time I wanted you to.

But you see, you was destroying my manhood when you didn't yield to me. You were supposed to be my woman — you know — my woman! You were supposed to do anything I said because you were mine.

I'm sorry for all of that because I didn't understand what love was all about: I didn't understand what the true meaning of "woman" meant.

Now I know.

I apologize.

I believe in you as you believe in me. I am not the kind of man to say that I love you as a means to get into your drawers, but the kind of man to say that I love you as a means of finding truth.

... He had heard their groaning, and how his heart was moved; and how he bid them wait but a little season 'til he should send deliverance . . .

I cherish and respect your womanhood as you cherish and respect my manhood. I know that it took a while for your womanhood to reach its zenith, and I don't wish to destroy it: I don't want to destroy you.

I love you, Black woman because you used your love to warm me up when I was down and out; you nursed me when I was weak; you gave me shelter when I was out in the cold.

I am I and only I, and I want to be loved by you and only you, Black woman. I dig your taste; I dig your style; I cherish your decisions.

It has been your strive for independence which let me know that I must not let any one rip me off: ripping off my manhood. I am proud to be a Black man. I love myself as well as anybody should love himself.

I believe in sharing my love with you. Sharing my love with you will help me to build a nation: a nation of love and independence and originality linked with universality, amongst ourselves.

We need no outsiders to tell us how to run our game; we need no outsiders to tell us how to love: we know that much. I know how to love you, Black woman: I know what you want; I know what you need; I know that I need you.

... And when that voice kept on screaming, someone had come to the rescue to see what the message was all about . . .

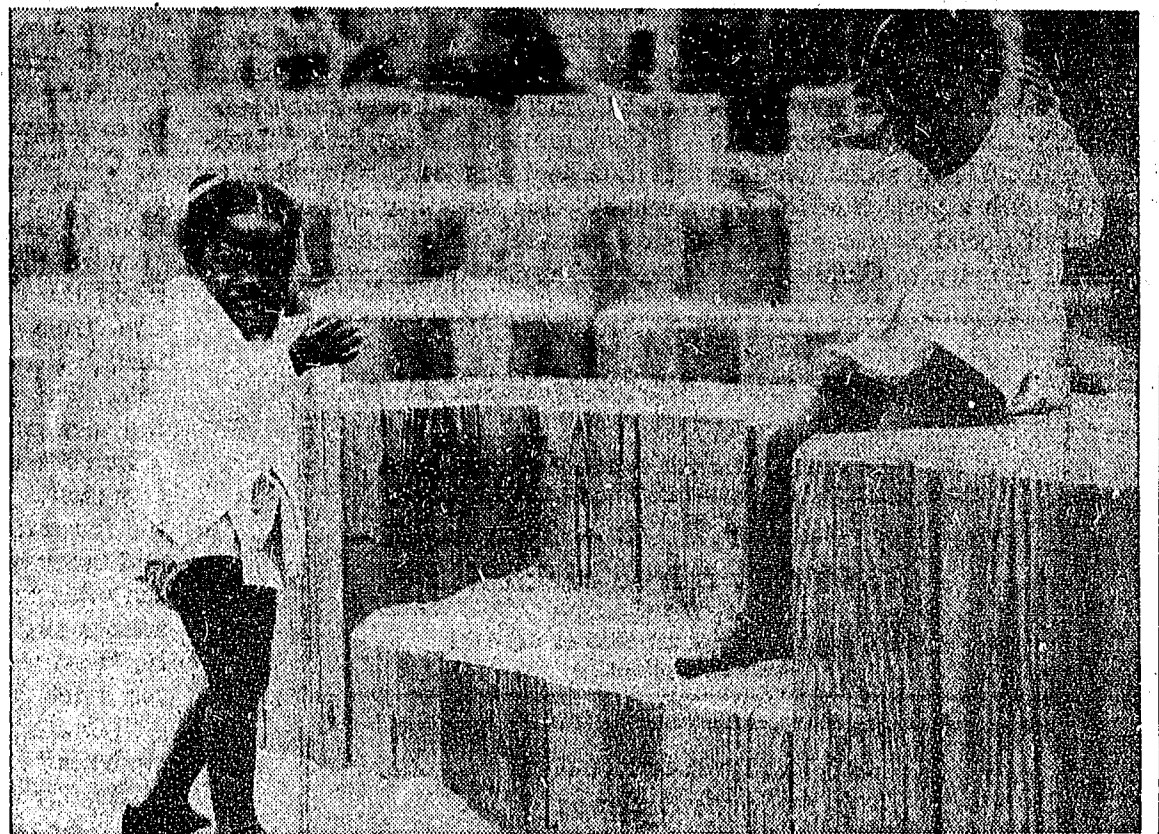
Oh, precious Queen, whom I want so much, I hope you understand where I'm coming from. I come from a nation of warriors who know what to fight for; I come from a nation of believers who know what to believe in; I come from a nation of givers who know how to give.

You see, Black woman, I also come from a beautiful Black mother who taught me how to treat a woman, a Black woman, who shall one day be my Queen.

I know how to love, how to share, and how to be thankful.

I love you, Black woman, my precious Queen, to whom I shall yield everything.

... And from that day, the message kept on ringing and everybody heard it; and they called each other so they could rescue themselves and rejoice . . .



Photograph by Archie Lynum

HAVE A HAPPY

PPHS Dead?

By DENNIS E. MACK

At a recent meeting of the Educational Policy Committee, the Planning Program in Humanistic Studies (P.P.H.S.) was denied an extension past the Spring '74 semester.

Since its inception in Fall '71, P.P.H.S. has been an innovative, highly relevant program of interdisciplinary studies.

For many this program has been the difference between four years of meaningless courses and the opportunity to take courses one is actually interested in.

P.P.H.S. allows its students to engage in exciting, highly meaningful field work projects which no other department in the school affords the students.

One student who did a project for P.P.H.S. was able to save himself from further and further involvement with drugs.

Why then is it about to be ended?

The future of the program has always been in doubt. The best it could do to survive was to gain one-year extensions despite highly favorable reports

by various evaluating committees.

If President Marshak is truly concerned with special programs at the college, such as the Leonard Davis Center for the Performing Arts, Pilot Program in Teacher Education and the Bio-Medical program, he can have the final say in determining the future of P.P.H.S.

The survival of the program can do much to bolster the declining enrollment of City College and to give its current students something to stay here for.

Marshak will not act unless students show they are concerned. An initial step should be for all those students who have taken courses in the department to write Marshak letters expressing their disapproval of the Educational Policy Council vote.

If students act in this manner something can be done. If not, the only relevant education City College has to offer for many of its students could very well die.

After P.P.H.S. who knows what else will be terminated?

Go Ask Alice

By DENNIS E. MACK

"Some pills make you higher and some pills make you small, but the ones that mother give you don't do anything at all. Go ask Alice when she's ten feet tall." (White Rabbit. Words and Music by Grace Slick Co. 1967.)

Go Ask Alice is the candid diary of a fifteen year old drug user. This is an excellent work; nothing so lifelike and painfully honest will be written about the drug experience for a long time.

The main character in this diary is a desperate girl on the run, who, like so many of us, almost, but not quite, made it.

Alice uses this diary as an emotional springboard. She has two loving parents who talk to her but don't listen when she tries to talk to them. As a result she can't get as close as she would like to either parent.

Alice tries too hard to be accepted by her peers and takes too many of life's pitfalls the wrong way, by turning on.

She goes to a party and is unknowingly turned on to LSD. Her encounter with the mind-bending psychedelic drug proves to be disastrous.

Alice never becomes physically addicted to drugs. Her addiction is a psychological one, which is just as hard to break as a physical addiction.

Once Alice gets into the groove of getting high she finds it difficult to go more than a few days without getting high.

An introductory page to this book says that *Go Ask Alice* is not a definitive statement on the middle class, teenage drug world; but it is.

In order to get stoned as much as possible Alice turns to dealing drugs, very often to kids much younger than herself.

Alice and her friend Chris leave a bad scene at home and go to San Francisco to try and

open a boutique. They both become involved with drug users again and the strong appeal of drugs lures them in once more.

They learn a harsh reality about the drug world: Once you start liking it it's almost impossible to completely reject it and lead a straight life again.

In the world of drugs Alice finds everything she couldn't get out of the straight world. She loses her inhibitions, insecurities and hang-ups.

On the surface she appears to be very happy, but drugs start to take their toll on her mind. She starts to have very confusing thoughts and can't quite make the separate reality she always longed for.

She is so used to being stoned that she finds it impossible to go on living any other way.

Alice decides to give up drugs but the people she has dealt to won't let her cut off their precious supply.

She becomes caught in a web of terror. Even after all her "doper" friends ostracize her, she still doesn't go back to drugs.

However, a friend of hers spikes her cake with acid. She wakes up in a mental institution. Alice finally has that bad trip all LSD users know can happen but refuse to think about.

She resents being put in an institution. After all, she made the vow to never use drugs again and kept it. It wasn't her fault someone spiked her food.

We never find out if Alice can make the vow permanent. Three weeks after her decision to stop keeping a diary she dies of an overdose. And we don't know if it was self-administered or not.

You can't ask Alice anything anymore but you owe it to yourself to read this diary because Alice can be your daughter, lover, or even yourself.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I ATE THE WHOLE THING !!

News In Brief

By AYAD MOHAMED

Black Studies Department News

The Black Studies Department at City held a 2-day student conference on December 6 & 7 from 9:00 am-8 pm at Goethals Hall. The first day of the conference there was a buffet reception held for both students and faculty.

The purpose of this conference was to familiarize everyone on campus with the new "BLST" faculty as well as with the current programs, and the course sequence for Black Studies majors and minors.

The coordinators were Professors Barbara Wheeler and Franck Laroque.

The new faculty members are: Professors Ladeepo, Mackey and Vansertima.

If you are interested, or have any questions about majoring or minoring in Black Studies, studying and analyzing the Black experience in Africa, Afro-America or the Caribbean:

- Consult the current City College bulletin

- Contact professor Franck Laroque — Black Studies — Adviser in rooms 113 or 106 in Goethals.

- Read and publicize and circulate list of Spring 1974 courses

- Considering registering for one or more of the following Spring 1974 Black Studies Courses:

Black Studies 33T — The Black Woman, deals with the Black woman at home, in the USA, Africa and other areas, and her socio-political role. It is 4 credits, Tu, Th. 3-4:15. The instructor is Aminatu Sanga.

BLST 20 — Introduction to Swahili, History and Culture, 4 credits, M 1, Tu, Th. 2. Instructor, Sanga.

BLST 51 — Caribbean and Brazilian Heritage, deals with history and contemporary heritage and politics of the Caribbean and Brazil. Professors Scobie and Riviere.

BLST 77.1 — Elementary African Dance, learning African Dance techniques. 4 credits, instructor, Jess Oliver.

BLST 77.2 — Advanced African Dance — continuation of Elementary African Dance.

BLST 89 — Afro-Vernaculars. Deals with various spoken dialects of the Caribbean, particularly the Creole dialect spoken in Haiti, Domineca, Martinique, Guade-

lope, Jamaica, and Louisiana. You will also learn to speak the dialect. 4 credits, instructor Max Manigati.

BLST 120 — Analysis of Teaching of Black Studies in Elementary and Secondary Schools. It is a Black Studies course dealing with education and is recommended for those brothers and sisters who are Education majors. 4 credits, instructor, Barbara Wheeler.

BLST 131 — Afro-American and African Music Workshop. Strongly recommended for those brothers and sisters who are in the music field.

BLST 132 — West African Dance — 4 credits, instructor, Ladzekpo.

The Black Studies Department also sponsors various trips during the summer to Africa and the Caribbean, where you could earn credit for going and for studying your visiting area. It is called "Area Studies." For more information, get in touch with either Professor Cartey or Professor Mathias.

5th Annual Conference on Black Students in Medicine & Science

The National Black Science Students Organization is having its 5th Annual Conference at the University of California (UCLA) from December 26-30, 1973.

Topics will include: Acupuncture, Black Mental Health, Engineering, Economics, Environmental Diseases, Psychology, Athletic Medicine, Workshops, Seminars, and Guest Speakers.

For further information, write or phone:

NBSSO Conference Committee, P. O. Box 116, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, California 90024. Phone: (213) 936-3520.

A Cultural Affair

SEEK Student Government of City is presenting a cultural affair on Thursday, December 20, 12:00-4:00 pm at the Finley Ballroom, room 101.

It will feature live entertainment by the fabulous Ju-Ju Players.

Mr. Charlie Russell, author of "Five On the Black Hand Side," and counselor on campus, will be the guest speaker.

Admission is free!!!

What Happened To Love?

What hapened to love and
where did it go?
The people here seemed
to have lost it.
Many take love, use it, then throw
it away.
What happened — tell me — what happened
to love — where did it go?
Where are the people, you know, the
ones who took love and let it blossom?
Have they all disappeared?
Don't you know love is the
conqueror, it can't lose,
it's infinite!
People today just molest it but
no one wants to give.
True you can't give it to everyone,
but isn't it better to give love to
yourself and if you have enough
for yourself can't you share it
with someone?
I want to love, I love myself,
I want to share — but who will
share their love with me —
or have all the people disappeared?

— C. S.

Plain 'n Simple

I keep telling you
to go to the doctor
because you don't Look so good;
but you don't
Understand
what I mean . . .
maybe I'm
talking outta my
Head
with blinding
Love and
Fear of losing you,
but please Understand
me even though
I might not
be making any sense
to You;
I gotta keep
you looking Good
so I can Think.

— Darryl Alladice

COOL

It's not a mood,
more like an
attitude that
is neither
sad or glad . . . mad,
no not really,
just a cool . . .
a cool that's
too smooth,
too easy,
too unfeeling to
be blues, to be
used . . . a tool
to set him free,
cause he is caught,
caught between our world
and theirs . . . shuffling
through his hazy, clouded
air, where nothing
reaches to . . . or comes from,
the bible, the gun . . . neither one,
just nothing.
no moon,
no sun . . . but,
he's cool . . . he's smooth . . .
he doesn't walk
or run . . . just
shuffles through limbo . . .
cool.

fred henry

The Drifter

The Jukebox sits and waits. To cry for you. The box
will cry you Lonelyblues for a quarter. The box will cry
your joy for a quarter.

The only outlet for the barfly trying hard to figure how
you got into all of that in the first place, is to cry.

So to maintain the cool and show that you hasnot
broken to the pressure. You must remain cold, not shedding
a tear for others to see the despair.

Although you are uptight you cannot let it make you
cry. So you drop another coin in the box and it screams
and cries for you again, so soothing to your hidden tears.

GOD KALIM

Tense

It is funny watching
 the graffiti artists
 exploit the subway full of shit advertisements
 while rushing through
 the Dark tunnel
 to get out into the Light
 with such speed and Confusion;
 rainy days and Mondays;
 and a blind man plays
 and I get off at the
 next Stop into the streets
 of civilization
 with Fear

— Darryl Alladice

Graffiti

. . . It is funny watching the graffiti
 Artists
 exploit the subwaaaay full of shit
 advertisements
 as the train stretches
 through the tunnel of Darkness
 with the fear of never coming into
 the daylight with
 preciseness without
 confusion and a bliiiiinnnd man
 plays rainy days and Mondays
 and then I get off
 at the next Stop.
 into the streets of Civilization. . . .

— Darryl Alladice

Thanksgiving in retrospect

— Last Thursday of November —
 Colonists befriended Indians,
 Stealing from them the next day
 — Last Thursday of November —
 Annual celebration:
 Family reunion,
 Friends come together,
 Tasting big juicy turkey,
 Hot, buttered cornbread,
 Long-awaited home-made pumpkin pie.
 — Last Thursday of November —
 Special appearance by tall, tan, temps at apollo:
 "I can't get next to you, babe,"
 "Papa was a rolling stone,"
 "Masterpiece"
 Band playing, lovers exchanging kisses and sweet notes
 Thanksgiving dance at St. George Hotel:
 Lights low, music slow,
 grinding, feelin' so good,
 woken by James Brown: "Stone to the Bone."
 "Paaar-tay, Paaar-tay!"
 — Last Thursday of November —
 Veins a popin', eyes red, itchy skin,
 sudden burning followed by chills:
 "What's hapnin O.D.!"
 — Last Thursday of November —
 Arabs forced to be desert tenants
 paying price of blood to "Is-Realy" landlords
 — Last Thursday of November —
 Portugese sending Africans gift-wrapped bombs:
 "Do not open until thanksgiving."
 — Last Thursday of November —
 All this will go on for another few. . . .

—Ayad,
November, 1973.

ebonywoman

ebony morning
 dancing in the
 mist, shrouded
 in a rainbow . . .
 can't
 you feel her aching,
 her drumming heart,
 her love . . .
 in soulreds,
 joyousgreen,
 and blacklove
 she comes
 to you dressed
 as her mother . . . in nature,

fred henry

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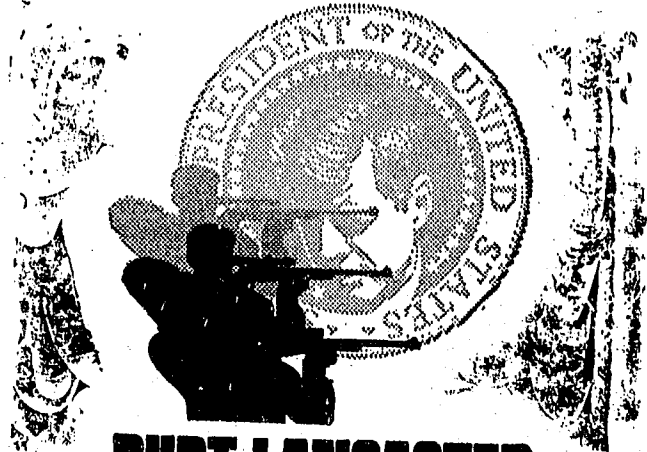
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Joyce Harrigan Dances

By AYAD MOHAMED

"We give expressions rather than concerts. We feel that concerts are for those who want to be entertained. Expressions are for those who want to be educated," stated Joyce Harrigan explaining the goal, the model and the reason for the existence of the Joyce Harrigan Dancers.

The group originated two years ago in a fine arts pre-vocational program, consisting of various fine arts areas. The purpose of this program is to develop skills for future professions. Miss Harrigan was ahead of the dance department. Thus, the dancers graduated and went on to a more professional level. The dancers could have individually gone to different professional dance companies. How-

ever, since the group members were very closely-knit, they stayed and name themselves the Joyce Harrigan Dancers.

The Joyce Harrigan Dancers consists of eighteen charming sisters, ranging from age 17 and up.

"I started dancing at the age of seven and took every form of dance there is to take. I've developed my own type of dance called *Rhythmic Dance*," recanted Joyce Harrigan.

Rhythmic Dance is the technique that the Joyce Harrigan Dancers use. It deals with the expressions of our life crisis. Our life crisis includes everything that happens to us throughout our existence. It involves the movement of Blackness within the universe. It

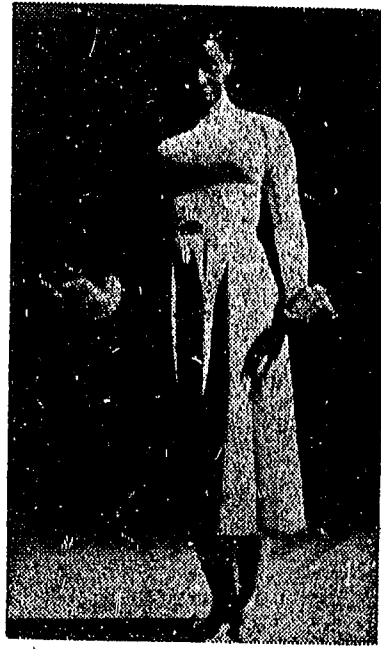
does this by taking the spiritualistic being within man and communicating that to the intellects of each other existing intellect.

A beautiful example of this technique put into practice was a recent dance concert of the Joyce Harrigan Dancers. Whenever I hear Stevie Wonder's song "Don't Worry About A Thing," it reminds me of one of the scenes of that performance. These dancers do a dance interpretation of that song that I will never forget.

Whenever I see this attractive, ebony-skinned woman with features of African countenance, do a dance solo with music backing her, she gracefully goes through the routines she expresses the emotions as well as dance steps according to the mood of the music.

Miss Harrigan was born in Harlem and grew up in the Bronx. At the age of six she took private dance lessons. During her junior high years Miss Harrigan formulated a dance club which blossomed into a department. All throughout her attendance at Evander Child's High School Miss Harrigan was involved in various dance agencies.

November 17, 1970 marks the beginning of Watu Weusi Umoja, which Miss Harrigan formu-



The Paper/Archie Lynum
Joyce Harrigan
keeping her
own time to
the rhythm.

richment of her creative ability. As far as school is concerned, Watu Weusi Umoja is non-existent or at least, not a chartered organization at CCNY.

This creative, inspirational Arles also has a workshop at Public School 88, located on 127th Street between Lenox and 7th Avenues in Harlem. It meets from Mondays through Thursday evenings at the auditorium. Anyone wishing information about the class may call 881-6626 after 10:00 p.m.

Miss Harrigan, who expects to graduate from CCNY in January 1975 plans to become a Dance Therapist as well as pioneer new fields for Black people in the fine arts.

The dancers will next appear in expressionist elements of the poetic concert of Kalon Cruse, on January 19 at the 128th Street YWCA.

The Joyce Harrigan Dancers' headquarters is: 4016 Lowerre Place, Bronx, New York. The phone number is 881-6626.

The Joyce Harrigan Dancers is a good example of African Art expression which is, unlike the western syndrome of "art for art's sake." The art form of this group is rather "art for survival sake," which in turn symbolizes the "Movement of Life."

lated, choreographed and was he president of during her freshman year at CCNY.

Watu Weusi Umoja became a chartered organization at City and gave various dance performances here.

Miss Harrigan however, left this dance group on February 1973 for the expansion and en-

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YIN-YANG



THE DEMI-GODS OF YIN YANG

By BILL ROBINSON

The Demi-Gods . . . Yin-Yang.

It was the second in the Davis Center Performing Arts Series, and in spite of the snow, the performance was invigorating, warm, and intellectually

stimulating. There was excitement at every turn of the cycle represented symbolically by the sign Yin-Yang, the name of the show.

The play was written by Joseph Walker, author of "The River Niger," with music writ-

ten and directed by Dorothy Dinroe.

The play in many ways defies discussion, and should be experienced. The text emerged from the Book of Job, The Book of Revelations, and the Yin-Yang (negative-positive re-

spectively) symbol which is Zen.) The play continuously posed many questions and contradictions, and exposed the complexity of solving the problems.

The cast of performers were well seasoned, highly trained

and coordinated showing the benefits of hard work. All of the characters were strong.

So, on a snowy Sunday afternoon, December 17, 1973, I saw God (and Satan), and you know what? "She . . . is . . . a Negro."

Cinema Notes

There is a line sung by Stephen Stills: ". . . Jesus Christ was the first non-violent revolutionary." Besides being hard enough to swallow, it's also not true. J.C. just got the franchise, and that appears to be what counts. Since Corporate Christ is down in the market these days (although it owns more land than anyone else), I submit if J.C. had been a cop, he'd still be in his prime. Cops and robbers remain the primary staple of the film industry, and Sidney Lumet's "Serpico" is going to reinforce this notion considerably.

A very fine lady I know declared after its screening that it was a fine movie. Yes, it is; "Serpico" is so good that after capturing you for over two hours, it almost makes you accepting of the fact that it does not really tell you anything! Frank Serpico's story is true, but this film is not the truth. And probably has never before a movie so ingratiously exploited our public knowledge—our belief—of something as it has police corruption. After it's run its course, you want to spit on the next cop you see; but it never touches upon the "Whys?" of cops being "pigs" or suggests that there's really anything to be done about it. But even if I could accept that why do the facts have to be so slanted? We see Serpico's fellow officers wait an eternity before aiding him even after he's been shot. A look at Peter Maas' source novel reveals that their actions were much quicker, but just slow enough. Thus Lumet's cynicism has heavy-handed one of the subtler facts: **Serpico really was set up!** True, no one may care, at least not enough, so "Serpico" gets away with being chopped-stein instead of flet.

Al Pacino pulls us through the whole thing and comes to typify the movie's often low-brow humor. His excellence is essential, because no one else is given space or time to create a dimensional character. Pacino is a very intense actor, and he's very good one to study, especially when he has a substantial role to play. (He didn't have one in "Scarecrow.")

Here, his personal intensity is much like a beacon light shining through a gray mist; I could almost sense him trying to explain through his acting why an intelligent individual like Serpico would want to be a policeman in the first place — beyond that boyhood dream stuff. And while his intensity comes to pass as Serpico's conviction, the film becomes quite appetizing, but not food for thought.

More cops? Clint Eastwood is back as "Dirty Harry" Calahan in "Magnum Force." After some initial rushes of gut excitement, it tails off into being plain and crummy. Eastwood doesn't really suffer at all from this junk, but if 20 minutes or so had been chopped off, "Magnum Force" might have been tolerable.

It occurs to me that part of my movie-going mentality is based on waiting for the next slice of Woody Allen. He seems to be the only one around whose work contains liberating humor and is uplifting at the same time. The search for escapism has become more a dire need of relief. While often brilliant and always clever, he also has the nerve to resort to choice vulgarity in a pinch. He has that kind of talent, and "Sleeper," his latest effort, has the kind of humor that completely fractures. Our favorite nebbish, as Miles Monroe, wakes up 200 years in the future after undergoing routine surgery for an ulcer at St. Vincent's hospital and finds himself hunted as an illegal alien.

He is aided in the future by Diane Keaton (who goes by

the name of Luna Schlosser) and together they combine comic forces in the cause of the 2173 revolution. Miss Keaton, who's come of age as a comedienne, brings smartness to her playing of a scatterbrain female as she changes direction with ease, right on key. Meanwhile,

Woody takes dead aim at '73, particularly Billy Graham: "He knows God personally."

"Two things I may never forget: (1) him dueling a four foot blob of instant pudding and (2) his describing his brain as "my second favorite organ."

— Ted Fleming

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Beavers Scar Panthers

By BOB NICHOLSON

The Beavers used a 3-2 defense and came away with a two-point victory, 59-57. Earl Taylor scored 18 points, including four in the overtime clutch, helping the Beavers win victory number one.

The first half left the Panthers with a four point lead at 33-29, with forward star Robert Madaleme scoring 14 of his game high of 18, and Mike Rizzo 10 of his game total of 14.

The game was tight or as Captain Jack Kaimer said "a dog fight." Kaminer said, "tonight I just thought we'd play a different game, with a different pattern."

This somehow worked because Adelphi couldn't control it.

With four seconds left, Adelphi held a 51-49 lead, but Earl, the Glider, Taylor threw up a jumper from 15 feet that tied the score and sent the game into overtime.

This proved to be bad news for the Garden City Mountainers but great news for the Beavers.

With this victory Captain Jack was especially elated after the Beavers 33rd loss with him as coach.

There's nothing like winning! Beaver Den: Kenny Gelb needs to take a Jerry Lucas memory course so that he won't forget the amount of time left in the game, especially those close ones that turns Jack back to last-second heroics.

Remembering an old tune which comes to mind: "I feel the spirit saying loudly to me now, stop, look and listen here come the mighty Beavers."