

UNITY

VOLUME III ISSUE VIII

TOMPKINS CORTLAND COMMUNITY COLLEGE

May 23, 1975

NEW STUDENT SENATORS ELECTED

**ROSE
SCHWARTZ**



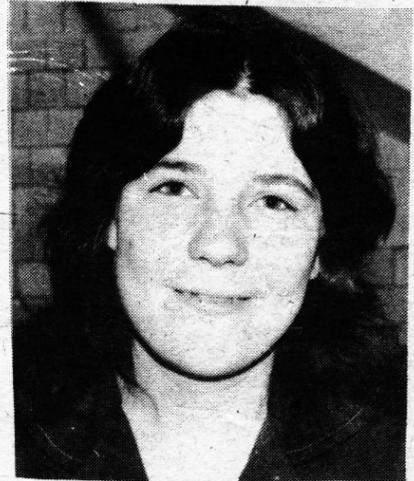
**LINDA
HOTCHKISS**



**DAVID
SLOVACEK**

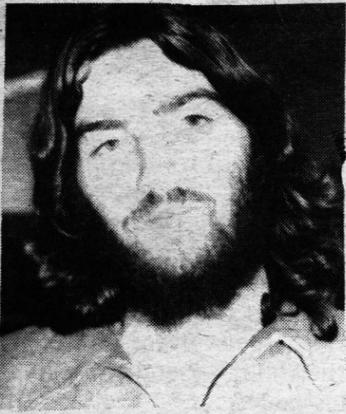


**KITTY
WILLIAMS**



The eight candidates elected to the 1975-76 Student Senate during the May 5th and 6th balloting are: Jerry Wolff; Linda Hotchkiss; Steve Weston; Kathy Shew; Rose Schwartz; Kitty Williams; Mary Jo Bowie, and David Slovacek.

**JERRY
WOLFF**



**MARY JO
BOWIE**



**STEVE
WESTON**



**KATHY
SHEW**



GRADUATION

JUNE 8th

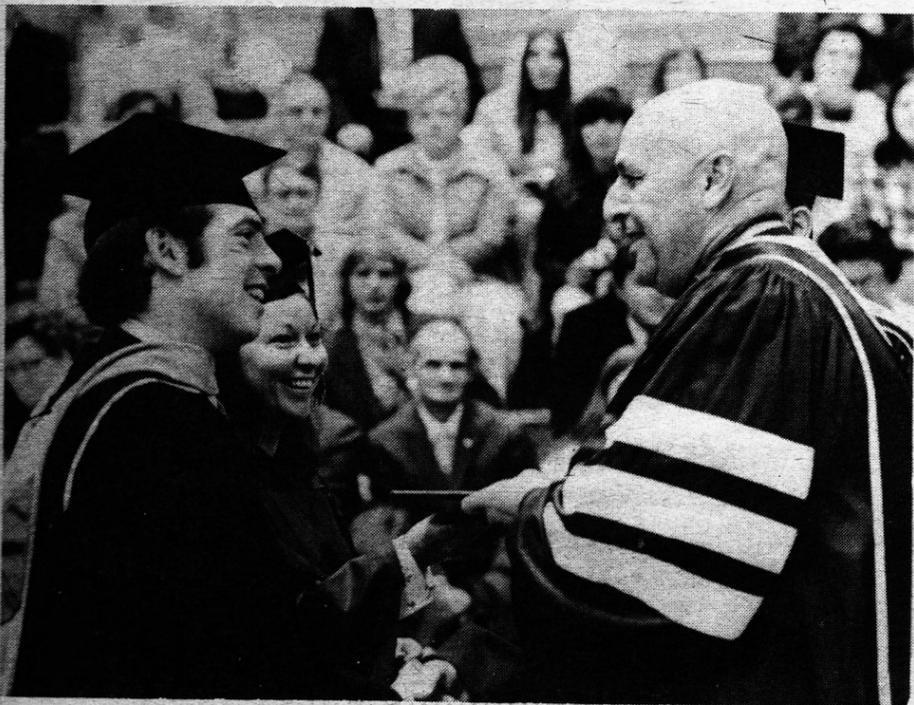
The sixth annual Tompkins Cortland Community College commencement ceremony is set for Sunday, June 8th. The 2:00 p.m. ceremony will be conducted in the gymnasium area.

As in the past, graduates will be allowed to have a "sponsor" march in and be seated with them during the ceremony. A sponsor is a friend, relative, teacher, spouse, or some other person who has made a contribution to the individual graduate

during his or her college career.

There will not be a rehearsal for the graduation ceremony, however all graduating students and their sponsors must be at the Frank K. Taylor Forum no later than 1:00 p.m. on the day of graduation. The processional will be formed at that time.

The graduation committee reports there will be no invitations sent. There will be plenty of seating available for friends and relatives.



355
345

EDITORIALS

The weekend of the 12th and 13th of April I had the opportunity to visit "The Tenth Coin", Institute of Signs For The Deaf, in Medina, New York. I lived with the deaf those two days and learned much of their sign language and a basic understanding of how they relate to the world around them.

I have always enjoyed working with the handicapped, but had never tried working with the deaf for I felt it was too demanding. Since my studies in Human Services, I have felt a great burden placed upon my heart to initiate a program for the deaf, possibly in the TC3 environment.

At the present I am taking the sign course offered at BOCES. During the last year of my studies at TC3 I hope to institute a deaf program in Social Services in Cortland County and surrounding areas.

Within the last couple of months I have witnessed a concern by many TC3 students involving the possible addition of a course for sign to be offered for instruction at the TC3 campus. I feel there is a great need for concern and involvement, not only for this course proposal at TC3, but for community recognition and hopefully future action.

Tom Moore,

LETTERS WELCOMED



**TOMPKINS
CORTLAND
COMMUNITY
COLLEGE**

UNITY is the official student newspaper for the Tompkins Cortland Community College. Letters to the editor, articles, Dear Auggie, and calendar information must be in the newspaper office by 12:00 noon on Friday, if expected to go into that week's issue. The newspaper office is located across from the gym, or information can be given to any of the staff. There are meetings every other Friday at 12:30.

STAFF

TOM MOORE

EDITOR

SHIRLEY CHANDLER

EDITOR

DAVID STEWART

ADVISOR

REPORTERS

JIM NICHOLS

BOB LIVINGSTON

TOM HASKELL

PAUL SONES

It is with great regret that I view the state of UNITY as a newspaper. As this semester draws to a close, the staff is now reduced to one (?). Graduation and resignations of members have severely depleted the staff. If no interest is generated, then TC3 again will be without a student newspaper.

I especially feel depressed because three other students and I tried to rejuvenate this paper in the spring of '74. I watched it grow and expand from four pages to ten or more and now I see it dying before my eyes. All you students who feel it's your right to bitch about what is wrong with it don't even seem to want to help when it looks good.

Complaints are okay but helping is one way of solving what you feel is wrong. It's all up to the students who will be here next year. Doesn't anyone care?

Shirley Chandler

HAVE A NICE SUMMER

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To All Members of the TC3 Community:

As you may know, I will be leaving TC3 in June. Before I leave, I would like to thank you all for making my five years at TC3 enjoyable, rewarding and exciting. It has been a tremendous experience to watch TC3 grow from a small school in an old building in Groton to this beautiful new campus.

Specifically, I would like to thank—

—my students for providing me with many enjoyable and challenging experiences. I have enjoyed your enthusiasm and your excitement. In teaching you I have learned; it has been a shared journey.

—my friends and colleagues for giving me the opportunity to grow professionally and to learn that a job means laughing as well as hard work.

—the Support Staff for helping me even when I didn't deserve it; like the time I forgot to turn in an assignment to be typed until twenty minutes before class, or ordered the wrong A-V equipment.

As I leave TC3, I take with me memories that I shall always cherish. I know TC3 will continue to grow and prosper.

My deepest thanks to you all.

Susan Bravman

TO: UNITY

FROM: David Slovacek

I take this opportunity to thank my active supporters in the Student Senate Election. My condolences go out to those who chose not to be represented and who did not vote. My vote will not end at the ballot box, as I have already started work with other representatives. I look forward to the fall—first working with the Senate and second, working with you, the students. I believe the Senate should serve the students.

Clearly it may not appease all, so I extend an open invitation to all students: If problems or discrepancies and, yes, complaints arise, please feel free to contact me or any Student Senator.

We were elected to work with you, not behind you.

To the Editor:

Two weeks ago, I began to question the integrity and intentions of UNITY on the basis of the "Security" issue. Today, after having read the "Shit List" and, in light of the way in which it was presented, I feel that I have reasonable cause to suggest the abolition of the present newspaper staff. It appears that the school newspaper does not represent the best interests of the students at TC3.

If this college intends to maintain a level of prestige considered above that of grade-school level, I would suggest a mandatory exclusion of membership of the press from members of student government. Obviously, the newspaper staff is not capable of handling a conflict of interest.

It is particularly interesting to note that, while the newspaper staff does not feel they have the time to pursue Club news stories (as indicated by their recent Editorial Policy statement), they do have the time to spend compiling shit lists and furthermore to develop codes.

In addition, the very fact that the newspaper demands that all letters to the editor be signed and then proceeds to print obvious personal opinion without the benefit of signatures is in itself deplorable.

It is indeed unfortunate that a publication that is supposedly for the mutual benefit of all the students can be so ill-used for personal gain.

Sincerely,
Stephanie A. Corina

**ALL RETURNING VETERANS
MUST NOTIFY EITHER THE
REGISTRAR OR THE
VETS OFFICE.**

**TRY
A CLASSIFIED AD**

MORE LETTERS

To the Editor:

With varied interest I have watched the letters about Mr. Kelly and Mr. Golden. I would also like to add my opinion.

What is "Art"? Must one person's opinion affect everyone, or is it a question that can be left to each one of us? One person's choice of "Art" may be obscenity to one and not to another. There has to be room in the wide world of Art for disagreement.

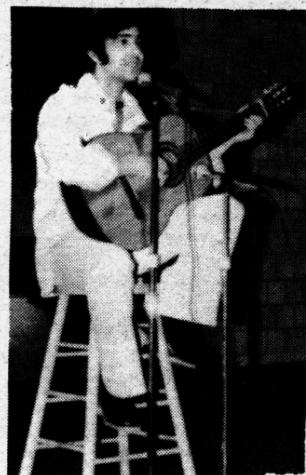
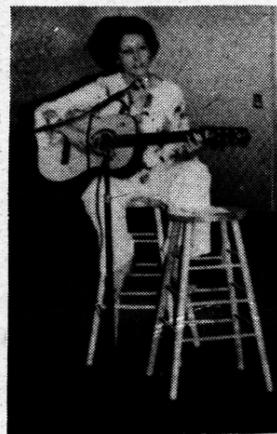
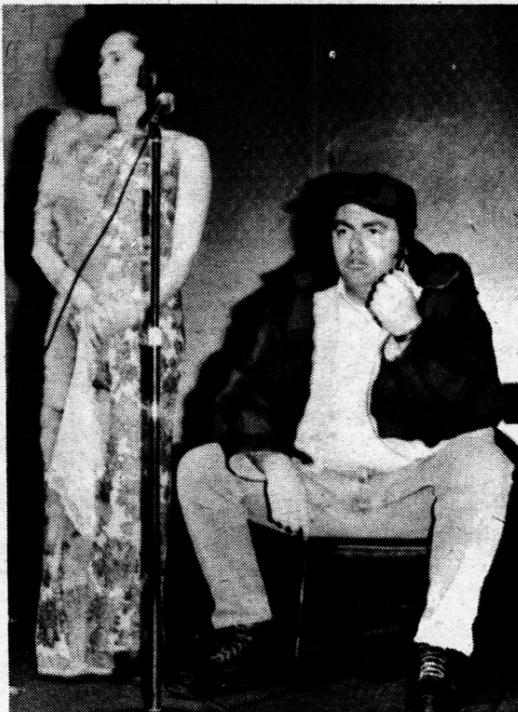
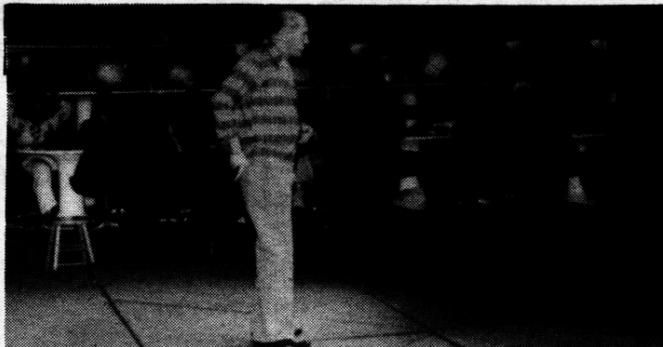
On display earlier this semester were photographs by both Charles Golden and John Kelly. Both use nude models in their work. As could be observed, the models, with a few exceptions, were females. Mr. Kelly's use of the models is to relate them to nature. As far as I can see his pictures are only sexually suggestive. But, that might be overlooked as personal choice if his technique and composition were of better quality. Mr. Golden's photography, at least in some of his pictures, is of interesting quality.

Why only the use of females, or is this another exploitation of women by men? Don't get me wrong, the human body is a beautiful thing and the use of it, in Art, can be greatly appreciated in some of the great masterpieces. The female form, in Art, has a long history. It is when I, as a female, walk down a hall and see something which makes me ashamed or disgusted, of the female form, that I feel it is not "Art".

I am speaking not only as a female, but as an Art Major. As women, if this type of exploitation upsets you, let your voice be heard. Or, as just an observer, let it be known what, in the name of "Art", you appreciate and what you don't.

Perhaps there should be active student involvement in the selective gallery process.

Shirley Chandler



TALENT SHOW

by Tom Haskell

Not enough can be said about the TC3 Student Faculty Talent Show held on Saturday, April 26th. In the last issue of the paper, space was somewhat limited, so we thought it would only be fair to let you in on some more of the talent on hand.

The show was opened by Darlene Harvey and Jean Hines with a modern dance routine set to the music of Jesus Christ Superstar. They were very exciting and professional to watch. Anyone who has ever danced on stage could greatly appreciate the routine Darlene and Jean performed.

Steve Legro, who had never played guitar before coming to TC3, demonstrated Charlie McMullen's expertise as a teacher by doing a very fine job on an original tune.

Fran Uhler, as predicted, knocked 'em dead. He would never get up and do anything so hilarious, or so we all thought, but "Little Georgie" and "Who Swallowed a What" were just incredible.

One of the real surprises of the show was a fine guitarist-vocalist by the name of Margie Proctor. "The voice of an angel", as we used to say, and the description used to go, fits her very well. She astounded the house and was a most memorable performer.

An equally delightful surprise was Mike Tomassini, who never mentions his ability while handing out tape recorders and the like. He doubled on guitar and piano with excellent vocal work. Mike brought the house down. Think of the talent wandering through the halls of our campus.

Katie, Jack and Eddy (Karen Cato, Jack Coughlin and Ed Pelato) got us all going really well. "Hey Joe", "4 & 20" and an original TC3 party song kept the crowd in delight and kept Katie, Jack and Eddy on stage for nearly half an hour.

The team of Cooper-Cardwell-Gantert and May was unbeatable. Sue Cardwell has more noises in her than you can list. Isn't that true Cambridge?

LOCKE DESTROYED BY FIRE

A Journal Entry...

It was a glorious April morning, the sun was bright, the sky clear and so blue. The air was crisp but spring was in the air. By seven o'clock that morning spring fever had flooded the entire household and all of us were bustling about, eager to start the day. The flood of brightness seemed to buoy our spirits and we felt that fresh alive happiness that the first signs of spring seem to bring.

My daughter Lisa, who is twelve years old, had gone outside earlier than usual to await the school bus. George was feeding the birds and urging me to come see the many expectant mothers perched on their limbs, seemingly to be singing about

the beautiful morning. Lisa very suddenly noticed an unusual black cloud hovering over Locke and came to ask if it could be a storm cloud. We looked at it and thought it to be a rather strange shape and not really looking like a storm. We dismissed it as being a passing dark cloud. Just as I turned back to the house, a fire truck passed by. They were going along quietly and leisurely so we assumed they were taking the nice day to fill their tankers down here at the creek, a routine occurrence. The bus came and Lisa left, so I began preparing for school. George and I had decided to leave early and enjoy the drive to Dryden and we felt like we were about to indulge in a small luxury, turning the usual rush into a leisurely drive of enjoyment.

My five year old daughter, Melody, and I were engaged in a conversation when George came in from the outdoors. He had been listening to the radio and rather calmly asked me to gather my things up for school. The Bank of Locke, at the main intersection, was on fire and we would have to drive a considerable distance to go around it. He had heard the bulletin on the car radio and said it apparently would be impossible to take Melody down into Locke or for us to go that way to school. There had been no explanation of what caused the fire or how bad it was but I felt I had to know before going to school. We left Melody at a cousin's home and decided to drive as far as possible and then walk if necessary. It was early and so I had decided I would feel

better about going to school if I knew first how my friends were and what had happened.

As we came closer to the village the sky changed into a luminous white cloud of strangeness. Cars were everywhere and we were soon stopped and began our long walk. We were still some ways from being able to see the intersection when I came upon a friend who had been evacuated. Maral told me the bank was gone; so were the buildings below it. Across the street, my friend Julia's house had burned to the ground rapidly and she had just gone by ambulance to the hospital. I listened but my mind said no, this wasn't that bad!

Cont. on page 8

Lacrosse Record



The Panther lacrosse squad boasted a 2 and 3 record this Spring with wins over Broome Community College and SUNY-Binghamton JV's.



GLIMPSES OF SPRING WEEKEND 1975



The Affordable Summer School

\$ 20
PER CREDIT HOUR

There are more than 60 courses to choose from day and night this summer ...courses for high school students, college students, housewives, vacationers business people, and even sports and theatre camps for the youngsters.

Registration is June 5th and 6th . Tuition is just \$20 per credit hours for New York State residents.

All classes are held at the beautiful new TC3 campus in Dryden which features complete recreational facilities for the entire family.

CLASSES START JUNE 9 & 25, JULY 21

TOMPKINS
CORTLAND
COMMUNITY
COLLEGE



Tri Via by ART. MOGER

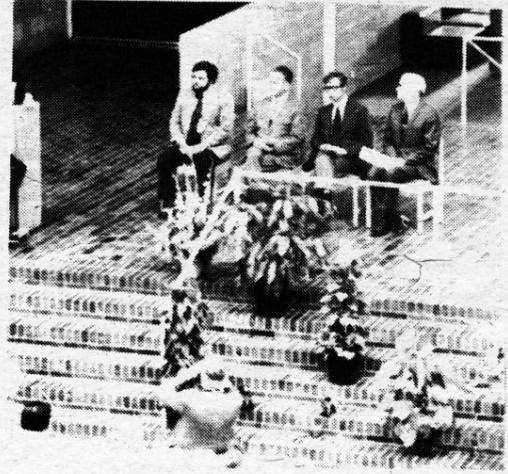
WHAT IS GROUCHO MARX'
REAL FIRST NAME ?



LAST CARTOON ANSWER: 'GOODNIGHT
MRS. CALABASH, WHEREVER YOU ARE?'

WHAT IS A COMMUNITY COLLEGE?

SCENES FROM DEDICATION



Beth Wolfman (left), Ronald W. Space (center) address audience during Dedication Ceremony.

At TC3, the idea of education has not changed since the college was conceived. TC3 still provides a comprehensive selection of Liberal Arts and career programs. It is still dedicated to helping the individual, no matter what his or her career goal may be.

The Liberal Arts program helps the student who wishes to transfer to a four year college or university and continue the educational process. There are also programs in Humanities and Social Sciences which fulfill the needs of the transfer student.

Career programming meets the needs of area employers. TC3 is interested in providing the student with skills needed to find meaningful employment.

Some of these career programs are taught through continuing education classes at night. These classes enable people who work to advance their skills or learn new ones. Under the flexible programs at TC3, students may take classes for job advancement or just for enjoyment.

Community college education, with its low tuition and easy access, has made it easier for many people to further their education.

Advisory committees also help to keep the college aware of employer's needs and make

for changes in course content. Because of the total involvement of the college with the people it services, TC3 is able to serve not only as an agent of change in the community, but can react where necessary, to changes in the community.

Tompkins Cortland Community College adds new programs each year and will continue to do so as the needs of the communities and employers change. New methods of teaching and learning will be instituted.

"A college must be a part of the community and the community must be a part of the college."

Shirley Chandler



Award of Merit

To TOMPKINS CORTLAND COMMUNITY COLLEGE

for Outstanding Contribution to
The Syracuse Regional Red Cross
Blood Program

GOOD LUCK

ON

EXAMS

**ALL THE
POWs**

**ARE NOT
HOME
YET!** 

**VFW SEEKS SUPPORT FOR
"MISSING IN ACTION"**

The VFW liason officer, John Turner, visited the TC3 campus May 7th. He was representing Sgt. Robert Simmons, an MIA, a former resident of Georgetown, N.Y. and employee of SCM. Turner said he was concerned not only for this man but for all of the POW's, MIA's and their immediate families.

He expressed a deep concern for the 1,334 unaccounted for from the wars in North and South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos. This seemed to contradict those views expressed by President Ford the night before when he stated over national TV, "All the prisoners of war are home."

"What about the remainder of the POW's and MIA's....? I don't want these men abandoned," Turner stated.

Turner made an urgent plea to all TC3 students to write their Congressmen concerning the backing of House Resolution 380. If passed, the resolution would establish Congressional Hearings to help solve the problems of U.S. servicemen still identified as POW or MIA as results of the wars in southeast Asia. 179 Congressmen are presently backing this resolution; only 39 more Congressmen are needed to gain approval for the resolution.

Turner calls upon President Ford to make a nationwide television retraction of his May 6th statement.

If you would like to purchase a wrist band honoring Sgt. Simmons, write to Mr. Richard Simmons, 1669 Lake Ridge Road, Lansing, N.Y.

**COMMUNITY
PLAY**

Any Number Can Die, by Fred Carmichael, will be presented by the Dryden Footlighters June 12th, 13th, and 14th at the Dryden High School Auditorium. Check it out for a night of fun and laughter.

The Dryden Footlighters is a community theatre group and has been in existence for ten years. Some of their past plays include Brigadoon, Oklahoma!, and Arsenic and Old Lace.

Ray Gridley, a student at TC3, plays Jack Regent. Regent is—you might say a reporter—but he is also a lover. Another TC3 student, Darlene Harvey, is working on some of the committees.

**SUMMER COURSES
OFFERED**

More than one-half of the five dozen courses scheduled for the 1975 Summer Session at Tompkins Cortland Community College will begin Monday, June 9th.

Day and night sections are among the 37 courses in accounting, art, business, economics, English, Spanish, geography, history, math, music, philosophy, psychology, reading, secretarial studies, sociology, and laboratory sciences listed by the local community college.

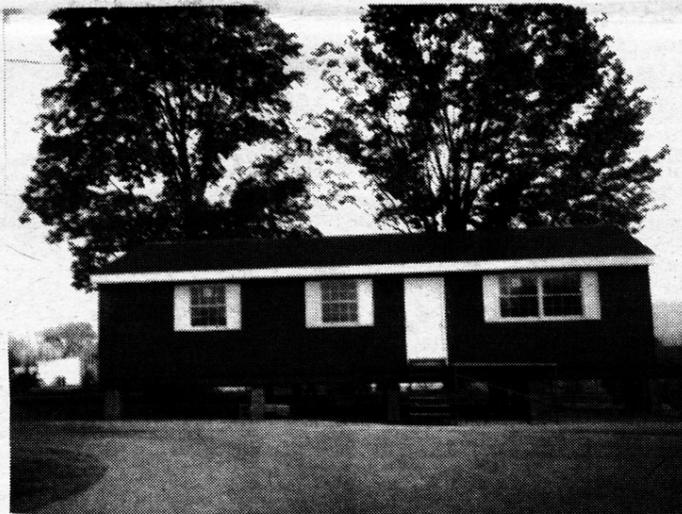
In addition, two non-credit courses scheduled at night begin the week of June 9th. "Wines of the World" is slated for Wednesday nights, while "Hatha Yoga" is slated for Tuesday and Thursday nights.

Registration for these and other courses will take place June 5th and 6th at the TC3 campus. Persons wishing to register by mail should request the necessary forms from the Summer Session office prior to May 30th.

Tuition for credit courses at Tompkins Cortland Community College is \$20 per credit hour for New York State residents presenting a certificate of residence. Each non-credit course has a separate fee established.

Further information about the 1975 Summer Session at TC3 may be obtained by contacting the Summer Session office.

SALE OF HOUSES



A new house and an "old house" were the center of discussion at the May 1st meeting of the Tompkins Cortland Community College Board of Trustees.

The Board spent considerable time discussing the fate of the former TC3 campus in Groton, and the future of the 3-bedroom ranch house constructed by students in a special carpentry course.

A measure to reject all bids received earlier this year on the former campus property in Groton was introduced, but later withdrawn by Trustee Robert Spole. He suggested that economic conditions are improving and it might be worthwhile to re-advertise for sale the old campus since the two bids received were extremely low.

"We owe it to the taxpayers of the sponsoring communities to sell or least

that building for as much as possible. We have to show we made every possible effort to dispose of the property," Spole explained.

The two bids on record for \$2,000 and \$2,610 earlier had been termed "ridiculously low" by Spole.

He also proposed an upset price be set, somewhere between \$10,000 and \$15,000, and that display ads promoting the low heating cost in the former TC3 building be highlighted.

Trustees sent the matter to the buildings and grounds committee for consideration and a report at the next scheduled meeting, and directed the administration to make one final exploration of community interest with Groton village and school district officials.

The 3-bedroom ranch house, now nearing completion, will be advertised

for sale with purchase offers to be submitted in June. A minimum purchase offer of \$12,500 or better will be considered by the Trustees.

Prior to the regular monthly meeting, the community forum was dedicated formally in memory of Frank K. Taylor, former chairman of the Cortland County Board of Supervisors and an early supporter of the community college proposal in the mid 1960's. Taylor died in July 1974.

Ronald W. Space, chairman of the TC3 Trustees, described Taylor as "Mr. Community College" in Cortland County, and praised his efforts in support of the College and the people of Cortland County.

More than 50 people, including members of Taylor's family, attended the ceremony in the Frank K. Taylor Forum.

RESIGNATIONS

Charles Hartman UNITY EDITOR

Sandy Rubaii UNITY ADVISOR

David Mishanec FSA MANAGER

TC3 STUDENTS WIN AAUW SCHOLARSHIPS



AAUW SCHOLARSHIP — The Cortland Branch of the American Association of University Women (AAUW) annually awards the Eleanor Blodgett Scholarship, initiated in honor of the local group's first president. The scholarship was established to help a married woman complete her degree at a four-year college in any academic area or to obtain an RN degree. This

year, awards were presented at Monday evening's meeting to Mrs. Shirley Chandler, left, (\$250.), and Mrs. Jeanne Dexter, center, (\$200.) by the scholarship chairman, Mrs. Dorothea Allen, right. Mrs. Chandler is completing her second year at TC3 and will attend SUCC in the fall. Mrs. Dexter is in the first year of the nursing program at TC3.

(Art Allen Photo).



Tri Via

by ART. MOGER

WHY WAS JULIUS LA ROSA FIRED FROM ARTHUR GODFREY'S PROGRAM?



LAST CARTOON ANSWER JULIUS

HYDE BEN TOLD ACE REPORTER



GIFT GIVEN TO TC3



Pictured left to right:

Hushang Bahar, James A. Carrigg, William Androsko.

New York State Electric and Gas Corporation has made a \$500 gift to the Tompkins Cortland Community College Foundation to establish a student loan fund.

The funds will be used on an unrestricted basis to provide financial assistance through loans to students at Tompkins Cortland Community College, according to Hushang Bahar, President of the College.

The gift was presented to Bahar by James A. Carrigg, General Manager—Ithaca Area of NYSEG, and William Androsko, Manager of the Cortland office of NYSEG.

The Tompkins Cortland Community College Foundation provides student scholarships, grants and loans, and supports continued development of faculty, staff and general college programs which cannot be financed by public monies.

CHILD CARE CENTER PROPOSED

Would you like to see a Child Care service offered on the TC3 campus? All interested TC3 mothers are urged to contact Robert White or sign the list positioned just inside the main entrance. This service will be offered for children ranging in age from two year six months through five years.

It is proposed that the Child Care I and II courses be increased to five credits and all students taking these courses would volunteer a number of pre-established hours at the Care Center. These services would be offered for both day and night students.

Tom Moore

BEGINNINGS IS HERE

After many months of waiting and many more of hard work, we are happy to announce the "birth" of our pride and joy—the 1975 "BEGINNINGS". There are only about 100 copies left, so you'd better grab 'em while they're hot. The price is \$6.00 a copy. If you already paid for yours, bring in your receipt and you will be handed a masterpiece. If you paid half (\$3.00), bring in your receipt and the remaining \$3.00.

You poor souls who didn't order them at all will have to fight off the crowds to get yours!

We hope this first major edition of a TC3 yearbook will bring back fond memories of your great 1974-75. And remember, this is just the "BEGINNINGS". Next year will be better than ever!

Kitty Williams

Cont. from pg. 3

I hurried on towards the four corners. There were so many people and fire trucks everywhere. What could be going on? I saw people I knew but no one talked. It was so quiet, a stillness of unbelief and shock. I stopped short in the middle of the intersection; there was no bank! Nothing!!! It was gone. No, not that brick, it couldn't burn. It had been there forever. It was part of the family; my uncle had been the first President of it. It had been the welcoming landmark as you descended the hill into the quiet, peaceful village.

The smoke was so thick that not much could be distinguished down the main street. I made my way across to the other side as soon as it was safe and found myself looking into a fog that seemed to contain nothing within it. Julia's house was supposed to be in there. It had to be. Someone came up to me just then and began telling about the gas tanker that had come off the hill with no brakes and how it had crashed into the front of the bank, spilling its contents into the street and then bursting into great walls of fire.

People spoke of running to wake those who were sleeping and dragging the sick and aged from their homes. Gas had poured into the drains and into an old creek bed and rushed along, taking barns and a house that stood within the grasps of the flames that leaped out at them swiftly and without warning. The trees along this bed were singed and blackened when the smoke cleared away.

I had started searching faces of all those who passed by in hopes of seeing Vern, Julia's husband. I knew he would have been able to get closer to their home and could see just how bad it was. I felt he'd tell me it would be alright, that he could fix it. Just then the community doctor strode past and I inquired about Julia and he reassured me she was shaken but precautions were being taken to prevent another heart attack. She was in safety and not to worry.

The longer I stood there the more I could see that a disaster had truly happened right here at home. There was still a dense air of smoke but there was an emptiness through it. There were no buildings out there, just hundreds of men and too many fire trucks to count. I began to feel part of myself going to one side, as if there were just a shell standing there gazing at something that wasn't real, just part of another world.

George and I decided to walk along the tracks in back of the town in an attempt to reach the other end of the village where I had friends. I was cold and felt numb so we hurried along, eager to reach the warmth of Bernice's home. But the warmth was gone. There was confusion, shock, wide-eyed amazement, and fear was shouting off the faces of those there. Bernice told of the house by the creek burning and then gasped that

my new wedding gown was gone with it. It had been there for alterations. I just stared, but my mind was racing. It couldn't have all burned; probably just a small portion of it had. The gown would be all smoky, but it would be there. I said nothing as I considered that seven children had been taken safely from the house and so a dress was immaterial right now. But as we returned along the tracks that lovely dress kept reappearing in front of me. It was idiotic! I just had seen and heard too much at once, it would all go away. It was time to drive away from it and have a cup of coffee. It would all look much better when people calmed down and the smoke cleared away. After all this was home, and it had always been the same.

As we drove to Dryden to another friend's home for coffee, we listened to the news reports on the radio and talked about what each of us had seen or had heard. It still seemed unreal and I just knew that it would look better to us after we had refreshed ourselves. I found my friend Gloria in near hysteria. Her husband Ed works at the feed mill in Locke and she had spent two hours trying to find me and him. Since the phones

were dead she was in desperation as each radio bulletin became more alarming.

I called the hospital immediately and found Vern there with Julia. He hadn't been near Locke as yet so couldn't tell me anything about their house. Julia was just fair and he was in shock but assured me he would see me back in Locke later on and all would be alright. I called my parents, as they had grown up with Julia and Vern in Locke and would be alarmed if they heard the news and couldn't reach me. When my mother reacted to what I was saying as if it were true, I began to feel reality creeping in and the tears began. I choked them back and told myself it just wasn't "that" bad!

George and I returned to village three hours later and found the smoke had cleared. I walked past the bank, which was now reduced to a free standing vault in the middle of a vacant lot. Next to it sat the ill-fated tractor, charred and with tires that had burned away leaving strange looking gaps in the wheels. I stood there for some time before crossing the street, looking over at Julia's house which was a burned rubble. To my left were five other buildings, smoldering heaps of ugliness that had been quaint places of familiarity just hours before.

Very slowly I crossed the street, quite sure that it would look better when I reached the other side. Here lay forty years of hard work and memories. All the hand painted dishes and paintings of Julia's healthy years were not to be seen. Her many hours of crocheting and knitting that became works of art and love to all of us were gone. As my eyes searched for it to all reappear, I spotted small strands of yellow and lavender yarn, unburned, laying atop of it all. Just then Vern came and stood quietly beside me. I looked up and was startled as I realized a robot stood in his place.

Still not believing what I was seeing, George and I walked silently down the street and viewed the death. People of the town were just watching, still shocked and

not talking. The men were still at work with hoses, their faces haggard from the battle and the loss. When we came to the home at the end of the creek, where my gown had been, I felt an eeriness come over me as I realized there was no house there...or anything else.

I returned to the village several times that day and it just wasn't real. That evening my mother and I returned to see Vern. Crews of men were hard at work replacing phone and electrical service and clearing away the debris. We stood watching the bulldozer tear into Julia's life and then turned away. The streets were jammed with sightseers; traffic was overwhelming and backed up as far as one could see. I began to feel an intrusion from these outsiders so I hurried back home.

As I write, it is one week later. All the charred remains have been removed and the lands cleared and smoothed.

There are two trailers serving as our bank and post office. Julia is home in a brand new trailer that is elegant in every detail. But there are no memories there, nothing of hers. Her eyes are full of horror from seeing the flames. Vern is tired from the long hard hours of work that were needed to prepare a new place to bring her home to, and his face is full of the grief that has been shoved aside.

I walked along the street last night and it was dark and still. That stillness once represented peacefulness and security to me, now it represents death. There were no calling hours and no funeral, yet the blackness of the street appears like a shroud and calls the heart to mourning. I feel the grief and sorrow of those loved ones who have lost the precious things of their homes and I long for the lights along the street that said, all is well tonight.

(Editor's note: This article was written as a free theme for Sandra Rubaii's English composition course by student Nancy Lane.)

FARKAS WHEELS FOR EASTER SEALS



Chris Farkas traveled 15 miles in a wheelchair in Stewart Park in Ithaca Saturday, May 10th, in an attempt to break the world record for distance traveled in a wheelchair. He fell short of the 26 mile record, but did raise more than \$400 for the Easter Seals Society.

Farkas, crippled since birth, is not normally confined to a wheelchair. He walks with the aid of crutches.

He said he tried the wheelchair in order to do something different for Easter Seals. Earlier in the year, Farkas and his Easter Seal Committee raised almost \$600 during a benefit dance at the North Forty. Farkas is Easter Seal chairman at the Tompkins Cortland Community College campus.

