ENVIRONMENT ED.
by John Polydouris

The Regents of the University of the State of New York have released a policy statement of policy and proposed action on Environmental Education. This five-page document, based on this relatively new field of learning for elementary and secondary students, is one of the few courses in pamphlets on critical issues in education.

Introducing the program, the Regents state: "Public concern about the environment usually takes the form of isolated reaction to specific, dramatic incidents. It is clear that concern for our way of life and our very existence.

The proposed program includes preparation of instructional material through the use of real-life situations, filmed and written recordings of the actual preparation process, in-service teacher training, technical assistance to teacher training institutions, and expanded service in the New York State Education Museum on the Move." This five-part program is intended to instill in students an awareness and an ability to evaluate the effects of our actions on the environment.

In commenting on the program, Education Commissioner Ewald B. Nuquist said: "Environmental education in New York State has made rapid strides, and the current school year. Few teachers and administrators remain as bystanders today. An over all estimate of the misuse and pollution of our resources has captured the imagination of students. Schools and colleges in the state have been involved with considerations of ecology.

"Despite wide interest," he continued "many of the schools devoted entirely to environmental study, and few teachers with special preparation in the field. In order to overcome these deficiencies, immediate statewide action is needed.\" (Milne is one of the few schools possessing an environment course, Mobis of Man II).

It is the goal of the Regents to assure that each student, upon leaving the educational system, has a set of ideas concerning man's environment.

Girls Sporting
by Ann Greenbaum

Hockey, soccer and basketball will light the spark to a hot and hopeful successful girls' athletic year. The present team, which started off the year is a non-partisan basis, are the actual triall lawyers, he said.

The District Attorney admitted to having not personally addressed questions on the subject would be answered. When asked what he thought about the quality of the offices, he said that Proskin's term has been one of inefficiency and the District Attorney's office has to be changed into a smooth-running administrative office. He also feels that the D.A.'s staff must be better trained in cases of criminal law.

Two days after Mr. Keegan's lecture, Arnold Proskin, the incumbent District Attorney, who attended SUNYA and Boston University Law School, came to speak. He outlined a new system from the District Attorney's office, in which he would handle all important matters. He recounted that the office has a very low conviction rate, but he was very willing to talk about political matters. He reiterated that the District Attorney's office has a very low conviction rate, saying that this rate is 65% of all cases tried compared to 35% for his predecessor Jack Gary. He also denied Mr. Keegan's "inefficiency" charge, posing the question "By whose standards must one judge?" Cases that had been backedlogged from as far back as 1964 have been cleared up under his administration, Mr. Proskin reports.

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CLIMBING THE ALPS: GERMANY
by Frank Perlmutter

One of the favorite pastimes in Germany is mountain-climbing. I was able to try it for the first time this summer while visiting Europe.

Dr. Temesvary, my host in Munich, took me to see the beautiful moun­
tains of which the German Alps are a part. I wandered to the
Austrian Alps near the German border, where a huge hydro-electric development had created two dams in the valley in the shadow of the Hohe Riff.

I soon learned that your boots are your most important concern in
mountain-climbing. The smooth green slopes immobilized by picture­calendars are dangerously slippery and steep. The ideal boots must have thick, laces that are secure. The tendency to slip through your grasp. They
And yet as the nose takes its fill,
sweat break out on the forehead.

The first bite serves only to whet the
salad garnisher it once was. Then
bathing in its juices, floating list­
lessly around in the herbs and spices
enced the sour ecstasy of crunching
down his teeth on a crisp dill pickle
lessened until now it is no more

The beauty of the mountains changed throughout the day. In the
morning, the cloud-level was lower than that of the Heinrich-Schwa­
haus, the inn where we were staying. On going outside, we found the
valley hidden by a ceiling of grey billowy clouds that looked like a raging sea inexplicably frozen at the height of its fury.

first day on the valley's mysterious, sultry mood was exchanged for
morning, the cloud-level was lower than that of the Heinrich-Schwa­
haus, the inn where we were staying. On going outside, we found the
valley hidden by a ceiling of grey billowy clouds that looked like a raging sea inexplicably frozen at the height of its fury.

The next day, Dr. Temesvary and I were accompanied by a man named
Werner, who had returned from the Scottish Mountains. He taught me a
great basic lesson—the first being that the rocks that are "secure." A rock falling down the mountainside can eventually reach the velocity of a bullet.

When finally passed the ridge we had been climbing towards, the
morning mist in the valley had temporarily thinned, but it now began to creep up the valley wall and eventually photos of each other in heroic poses.

The Pickle

Who among us who has experi­enced the thrill of opening, with
down his teeth on a crisp dill pickle will ever forget these moments of pleasure. First the sight of those fingers, groaning delightfully, bathing in its juices, floating list­
lessly around in the herbs and spices which have brought about its mirac­
ulous metamorphosis from the bland

smile throughout the body, as it

Finally, the act is over, the pickle

Visitors

The sound of teardrops falling from
the saddened sight of a widow in
the saddened face

The sound of money dropping a
blind man's tin

The sadist standing laughing

The sound of powder blasts
at him

The blood of dead soldiers the rain
since rained

The sadness of war will never fade
To think so much sadness and its
man-made

WoW Concert

on September eighteenth, a bunch of people went up to see a man by the name of John

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