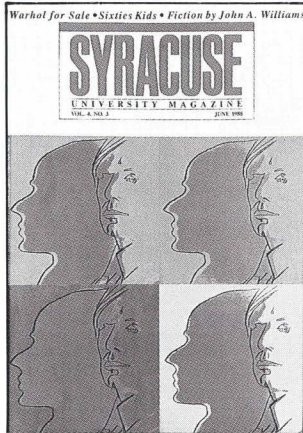


"IN" BASKET Readers write

Life in the Sixties



After reading your article in the June 1988 issue on 1968 I realize that things really don't change.

When I was at SU, 1967-71, these people with their cliches and buzzwords really made me gag. Now here it is 1988, and I find the same people spouting the *same* tired cliches STILL make me gag! Nothing changes . . .

Carol Evans Peterson '71
Mount Joy, Pennsylvania

For the first time, I actually read something about the sixties where I didn't wince or throw it away halfway through. I found your article truly compelling and reflective of a period that is normally mangled in the retelling.

David Ifshin '70
Washington, D.C.

Ifshin was one of seven alumni featured in our article, "1968."

"Optional hours" became a right for women at SU because numerous advocates joined forces to constructively, creatively, and effectively bring about a rather dramatic change of status. Taking charge of one's life, and taking action for equal treatment, are important lessons to learn—then and now.

Ann Marie M. Karl '68
Tallahassee, Florida

You strike a consistent chord of the worn-out, commonplace, banal, and hackneyed left-wing political "literature" that is too often freely shoved at "alumni, friends, faculty, staff, and parents of current students."

Please spare me the "ideas and opinions" which appear in *Syracuse University Magazine*. They are unbalanced and trendy. They reveal no originality. They seem to be the product of frustrated political liberals whose mission is to arouse the unwary among the masses, including those of us who received our intellectual training at Syracuse in former years.

William M. Smith '58
Sarasota, Florida

As a new reader of *SU Magazine*, I want to congratulate you on the caliber of the articles. I was especially impressed with the article featuring the work of Martha Honey [a journalist who helped uncover the covert war in Central America]. The article on the students of the sixties and the one by [former NOW president] Karen DeCrow were excellent as well.

Martha Weisman '38
Woodside, New York

Back to the Big Apple

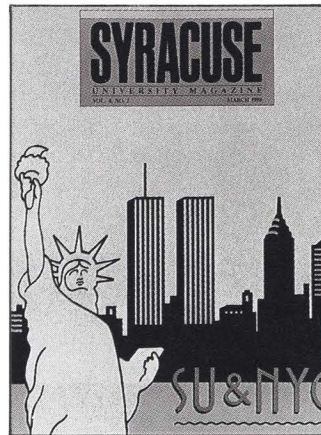
I worked in New York for a few years and tolerated endless hours on oversized sardine tins, commonly called subways, and grumbling buses with drivers who said "Get out" if exact change wasn't available. But "The Best and Worst of Everything" by Patricia Volk [March 1988] reminded me of a lot of good *and* bad things and I chuckled as I reminisced!

For all the New York alumni out in the world, thank you!
Lorna E. Lustmann '81
Pearl River, New York

In reading "The Voices of New York Sports" a thought came to me and I had to thumb back to "The Best and Worst of Everything," where Patricia Volk states that New York even has more of less. New York City may have more sports than anyone else, but it does not have football. The Giants and Jets are not New York City teams and should aptly be named the New Jersey or Jersey City Giants/Jets.

Gerald S. Kupkowski
Cheektowaga, New York

Buffalo is the only New York state city in which an NFL team actually plays its games.



Fit to Be Tied

By now I'm sure that at least every other alumnus of Syracuse University has written to you concerning your error on page 41 of the recent *Syracuse University Magazine* [March 1988], where you state that SU and Auburn tied in the Sugar Bowl at 13-13, when in actuality it was 16-16.

Anne B. Nichols '61
Skaneateles, New York

Our article, "The Stuff of Legends," was accurate; the accompanying season summary contained the goof.

Duff in my Corner

Following our March 1988 report on the death of Duffy Daugherty . . .

I first got to know Duffy in 1940 as a 165-pound high school kid who worshipped football players. I had boxed in high school and in my senior year Duffy was tending bar in a small hotel in the Adirondacks. We put on the gloves one day and were tussling around when I somehow caught him in the eye with a thumb. The next day he had a mouse over his eye the size of a golfball. He was funny and gracious about it, telling his curious customers that some high school kid had really put it to him.

Six years later, I wound up at the Syracuse School of Journalism. I was still messing around with boxing and made the finals of the college intramural championships. And who volunteered to be in my corner for my last fight but old thumb-in-the-eye Daugherty.

Halfway through the second round—I was bobbing and weaving—the string of my Syracuse gym shorts broke and my trunks fell down. That brought down the house, as 3,000 spectators roared with laughter. Duff didn't throw in the towel, but I sure needed one. Anyway, the ref tied up my shorts, Duff kept telling me to bob and weave, and I finally won a three-round decision.

Frederick L. Hier '48
Cornish Flat, New Hampshire