

University of Massachusetts Boston

ScholarWorks at UMass Boston

1971-1977, UMass Boston Bulletin

University Publications and Campus
Newsletters

6-3-1975

Bulletin - Vol. 09, No. 38 - June 3, 1975

University of Massachusetts Boston

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umb.edu/umb_bulletin



Part of the [Higher Education Administration Commons](#), and the [Organizational Communication Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

University of Massachusetts Boston, "Bulletin - Vol. 09, No. 38 - June 3, 1975" (1975). *1971-1977, UMass Boston Bulletin*. 205.

https://scholarworks.umb.edu/umb_bulletin/205

This University Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications and Campus Newsletters at ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1971-1977, UMass Boston Bulletin by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at UMass Boston. For more information, please contact scholarworks@umb.edu.

Graduation Poem

Susan Izzicupo delivered the Greetings of the Class of 1975 at the Commencement Exercises, and her poem has brought many inquiries for copies. With pleasure it is reproduced here. Incidentally, Susan won the first Alfred Ferguson Award for accomplishment in American Literature. The award is named after the late, great Prof. Ferguson who did much to advance the destinies of UMass-Boston.

I am the daughter of a working man
Second generation of immigrant grandparents
who set up house where the boat left
them off.

They brought "Old Country" here
to the docks of a city they called
"Bosta". In food and song
and family, they brought warm blood
culture to the cold New England soil
With awkward tools and reticent pride
they transplanted their ancient roots.

We are their children's children
Sons of ditchdiggers and construction
workers.
Daughters of seamstresses and sweat shop
girls.
Grandpa cleaned the Beaver Country Day School
while Grandma raised six children in a
red brick tenement.

But they made it
Whatever that means in American.
With pride and shame
and broken English
With Yankee ignorance and
old world intellect.

They learned America
In Chinatown
In Roxbury
In Southie
In the North End
They have built their heritage
and housed their dreams.

They spoke a language
in brogue and dialect
and soon all the accents merged
---they dropped their r's and added a's---

- the clicking harmonies of midmorning typewriters
- cramped fingers
- refrigerator raids when the stomach decides to work instead of the head
- the anxiety hidden in small blue books before the ultimate discovery of insight and wisdom within our own minds.

After the fifty minute hours,
 after the notetaking and question asking,
 after the formal education:
 the other side of school,
 indigenuous only to UMB-
 dinners and drinks
 drawing classes in the Public Garden
 meetings and gallery openings
 Sunday morning museum trips
 in our true campus -
 The City - the breathing, roaring, flashing creature
 which we sustain and which gives us
 energy in return.

We have no ivy
 We bought our grass pregrown
 We do not have acres of untouched
 land, a riding club, or a boat club,
 Yet.

We are a peninsula of personal attention
 and group strength.
 We have an undeniable sense of ourselves
 and one another.
 We live the Classics and the Modern daily
 in a creative tension bordered by the power
 of the sea, continually changing,
 on our side.

Mixed emotions;
 a sense of the past
 a plan for the future
 I accept today.
 I have just begun my
 search for self
 and status and that
 big, fat evasive truth.
 Today, I set a family precedent
 and a small personal victory
 over poverty and fear and the
 uncertain right to be an intelligent
 first class person.

With my skill and talent
 refined and directed,
 with all the young naive hope
 in the world that I will do great
 things and be a special person,
 I leave this point today.
 With four years on paper

- the clicking harmonies of midmorning typewriters
- cramped fingers
- refrigerator raids when the stomach decides to work instead of the head
- the anxiety hidden in small blue books before the ultimate discovery of insight and wisdom within our own minds.

After the fifty minute hours,
 after the notetaking and question asking,
 after the formal education:
 the other side of school,
 indigenous only to UMB-
 dinners and drinks
 drawing classes in the Public Garden
 meetings and gallery openings
 Sunday morning museum trips
 in our true campus -
 The City - the breathing, roaring, flashing creature
 which we sustain and which gives us
 energy in return.

We have no ivy
 We bought our grass pregrown
 We do not have acres of untouched
 land, a riding club, or a boat club,
 Yet.
 We are a peninsula of personal attention
 and group strength.
 We have an undeniable sense of ourselves
 and one another.
 We live the Classics and the Modern daily
 in a creative tension bordered by the power
 of the sea, continually changing,
 on our side.

Mixed emotions;
 a sense of the past
 a plan for the future
 I accept today.
 I have just begun my
 search for self
 and status and that
 big, fat evasive truth.
 Today, I set a family precedent
 and a small personal victory
 over poverty and fear and the
 uncertain right to be an intelligent
 first class person.

With my skill and talent
 refined and directed,
 with all the young naive hope
 in the world that I will do great
 things and be a special person,
 I leave this point today.
 With four years on paper

wrapped in the ribbon of
social mobility and intellectual reward,
I hope for one thing above all else
That I, and that we all
will remember in our minds and in our
mouths, the precious taste of
salt.

College I

Effective June 2, College I will be closed down except for the exceptions listed below:

1) Faculty and Staff having business in 010. 2) Contractors (prior authorization only) if working within 010. 3) Persons using the pool, on pre-arranged schedules. 4) Students and all others must be cleared by faculty or staff member presently in 010 (via telephone).

All persons (except for pool) must show University identification and sign in before being allowed into the building. Any questions or problems, refer to University Police X2111

Also, to conserve even more energy than the present planned programs, the parking area under College I on the G-I level will be shut down for the summer. This area will be opened for special functions only.

This plan took effect Monday, June 2.

College I Sociology Graduates

The following majors in the College I Department of Sociology were accepted for graduate studies: Douglas Terrell - University of Chicago; John Orthman - University of Chicago; Dennis Young - Tulane University (School of International Relations); Crista Getz - York University in Canada; and Pasqualino Colombara - Boston University. There may be additional names to this list.

The following 1972 graduates from University of Massachusetts at Boston who majored in Sociology, College I, will receive Master of Social Work degrees at the 1975 commencement at Boston College: Susan Palma, Ronald Tow Susan Lattin.

Mrs. Susan Palma's daughter, Mrs. Deborah White, will receive her Bachelor's Degree in Special Education from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst the same week that Mrs. Palma is receiving her Master of Social Work degree. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Palma is Director of the Jeffries Point Neighborhood Center in East Boston. Last year she served at the Mayor's request as a member of the Mayor's Task Force for the Elderly. In her capacity as Director of the Jeffries Point Neighborhood Center, Mrs. Palma also directs the program for the elderly for the East Boston Social Centers, Inc.

A portion of Mrs. Palma's graduate work was supported by the Small Grants Program of the Charles Francis Adams Trust Fund for graduate students which is affiliated with United Way.

Ronald Lembo, a 1974 College I Sociology graduate, has received a teaching assistantship in the Dept. of Sociology of the University of California at Santa Barbara where he is a doctoral student.