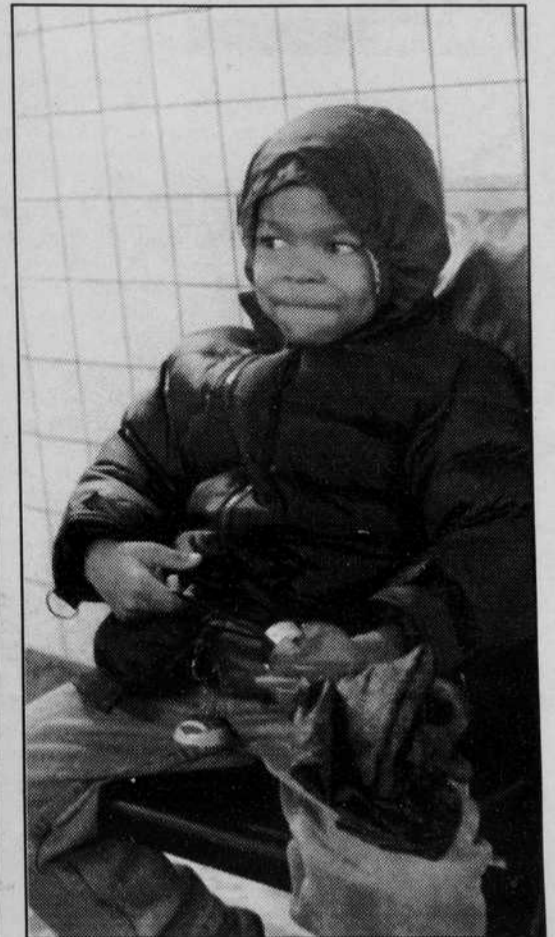
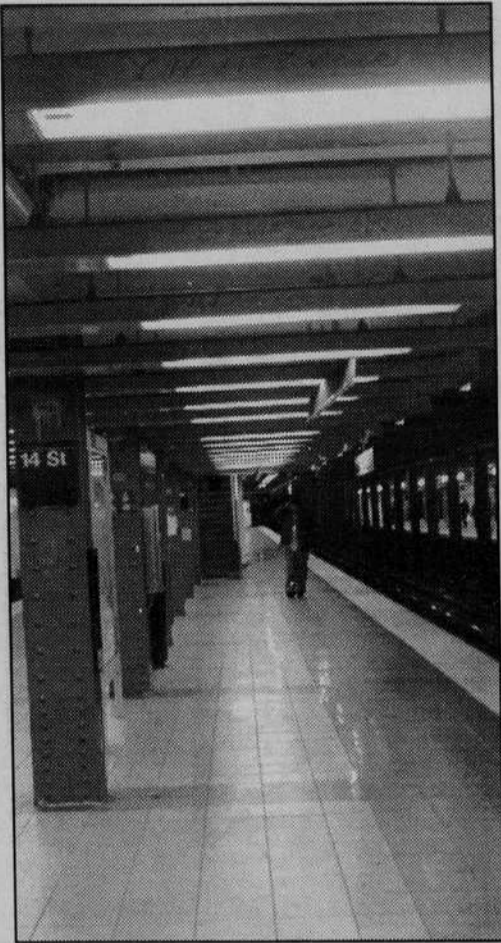


BELOW: The 14th St. subway station.  
 CENTER: The Woolworth Building in  
 lower Manhattan. FAR RIGHT: Anthony,  
 age 9, watches with pride as his mother  
 jukes, jives and shouts as part of a gospel  
 choir. Anthony helps his mother collect  
 smiles and spare change from Grand  
 Central Station subway riders.



# I WANT TO BE A PART OF IT

The cure for winter-term blues is only 53 days away and counting

**PHOTOS AND TEXT BY  
 TOM PATTERSON**

February days are long in Eugene. Winter term slogs slowly from hour to mind-numbing hour, lecture to intolerable lecture. Students shiver in the cold, ready to pack it in and give up the ghost, using Daily Emeralds for umbrellas.

Is there no hope?

Is there no reason to smile?

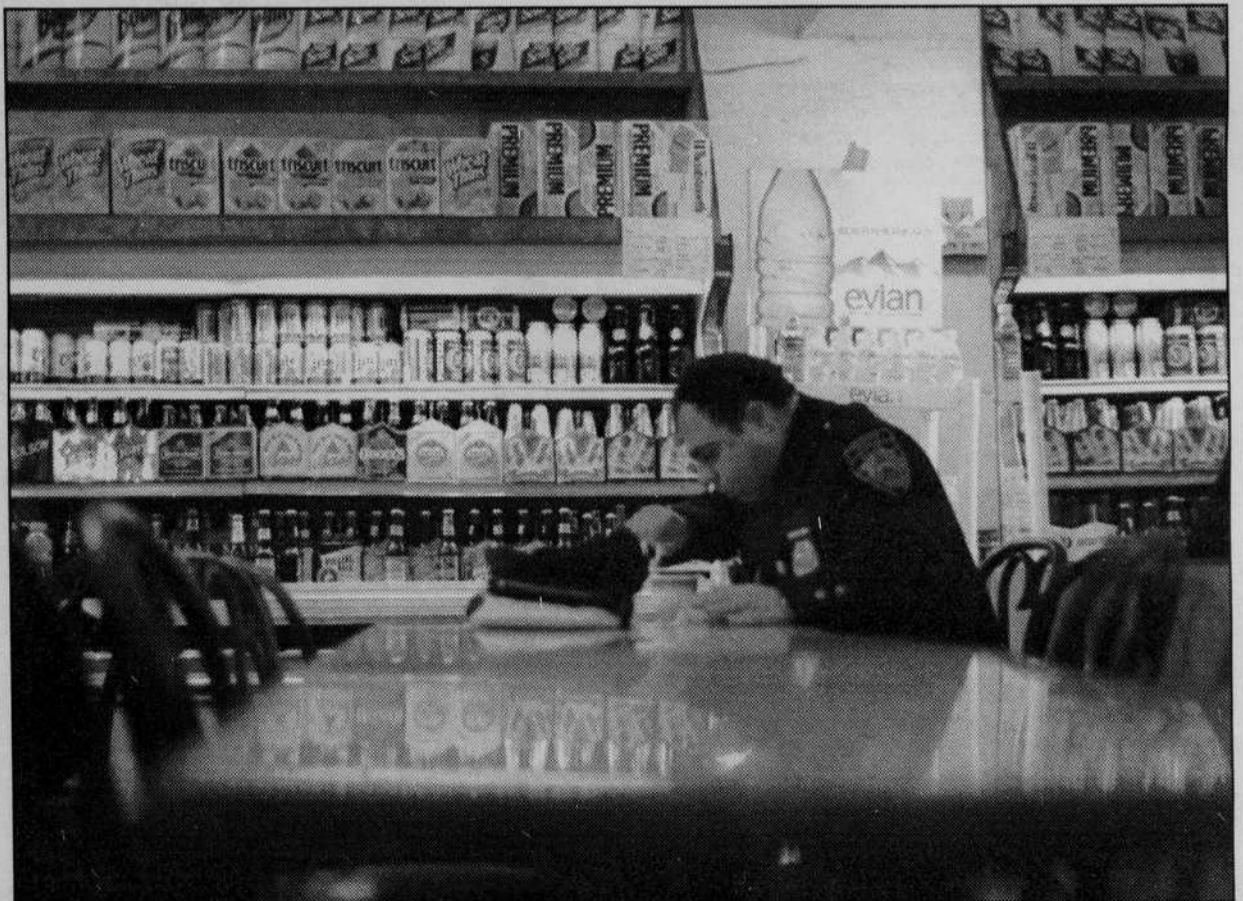
Do not fret, friends. There is a light at the end of the tunnel, and that light is spring break.

Say it aloud. Spring break. It rolls off the tongue so nicely. Say it aloud slowly and watch the results: Friends go silent. People stop mumbling under their visible breath and concentrate, wistfully, on memories and fantasies and the happy smiling sun.

Then the ideas coalesce in the brain. What to do, O Lord, what should we do? Somewhere there must be a place for us, a place to run to rather than run from, a place where dreams have a chance of coming true. Succinctly, we need a place to trade thinking for drinking.

There are many nice places on Earth. Most college students, when overrun by the tedium of winter term, feel the need to hit the open road. But perhaps your personal tastes run a bit more exotic. If you really need to get away, you need to leave on a jet plane. Perhaps to the city of dreams, the capital of the world, a town so grand they have to say the name twice. Perhaps to New York, New York.

Give my regards to Broadway.



This roly-poly cop, denizen of the Broadway Cafe, sure loves his soup.

# SAY IT ALOUD. SPRING BREAK.