



letters to the editor

As the student assistant on fourth floor of Smith Hall I would like to make some comments about the fire we had on our floor early Saturday.

First, the residents on my floor need to be commended for their reactions and quick thinking. Residents helped each other by banging on doors and yelling to arouse sleepers. This was most important because the smoke was quickly filling the halls.

I would like to thank Bill Knorr, the Smith Hall residence director, Celina Sima, Harper-Schramm-Smith complex program director, and the other Smith Hall student assistants for their help during the fire and in dealing with the aftermath. The quick response of the fire department, Campus Police and Lincoln Police Dept. and the actions of the fire marshal, the sergeant of Campus Police and other officers needs to be commended also.

I also wish to thank housing officials, the Harper staff, the Schramm staff, Harper-Schramm-Smith desk staff, food service and maintenance staff, Campus Security, other Smith Hall residents and those who helped with the clean-up.

One of our problems currently is sightseers on our floor and being bothered by the press. I wish people could let us recover in peace.

Residents on my floor are displeased about the fire bells in Smith Hall and the location of the fire fighting equipment. Something should be done about them.

The fire was very traumatic. I'm sure people not involved with the fire and especially people not on the fourth floor have a hard time comprehending the severity.

The amount of smoke made it a frightening experience for anyone on fourth floor at that time. We are thankful no one was injured.

Loretta Vanis

Senate's fees allocation proposal adds unnecessary, confusing cog

The ASUN Senate finally has approved a proposal for the allocation of student fees. After weeks of study, it has proposed a new Fees Allocation Committee.

It should have thought about it a little longer. We are not opposed to the idea of ASUN Senate control of fees. As has been noted before, it is not unreasonable to expect elected representatives to control the purse strings.

However, the proposed committee sounds like an extra cog which might gum up the works.

The committee would include five senators, according to the proposal approved Wednesday night. It would also include six students elected at-large and two non-voting faculty advisers.

One problem is with who sits on the committee.

It is an unusual mix and apparently an attempt to get a broad representation on the committee. Unfortunately, the mix fails.

The committee is supposed to rely on faculty members for expertise on student fee matters. That tends to bother the purists among us who believe student fees are a student concern.

The six students elected at-large cannot hope to have much contact with their constituents. Six is too few to represent 22,000 students.

And the five senators may find little time for other senatorial duties.

More importantly, the committee seems to be a middle step that doesn't belong.

Why add elected position when elections attract only about 10 percent of the voters anyway? Why create more confusion about who really controls the money by giving another elected body some control?

And why did ASUN approve having five of its representatives for this, a preliminary advisory board? It turned down having representatives from the other four major fee users. Remember, ASUN is among the biggest fee users.

We don't object to a committee reviewing student fee allocations before the senate votes on it. It might improve the process. But all along, ASUN has said it wanted the control of student fees because as elected representatives they felt responsible. The senate wanted to gain prestige and respect with new power.

Now, the senate has set itself up as a rubber stamp body. It has confused students by deciding to share its responsibility with another group, part of which is elected separately.

The proposal needs to be revamped.



Real Godfather is not glamorous with his terror

New York—The other night, as the rest of the nation sat in living rooms and thrilled to *The Godfather* on television, the real members of organized crime wriggled under the cold hand of a new ruler, a 73-year-old man mentioned only in whispers as "Un Occhio" or "One Eye."

He suffered the loss of a left eye from flying glass after throwing a bomb into an East Side bakery in 1934.

"Un Occhio" came out of retirement to take over the criminal empire from Carmine (Lilo) Galante, who had the underworld in disarray. Galante, suffering from acute ego, was in the newspapers and television so much that he became a "must" target for federal authorities.

jimmy breslin



A couple of weeks ago, Galante was thrown back into jail, for parole violation.

Suddenly, One Eye, a feared man, reappeared on the streets of East Harlem and lower Manhattan and it became known that he was the boss of all bosses.

He spends nearly all of his time behind the counter of a dim, narrow candy store on Pleasant Avenue in East Harlem. A prospective customer walking into the candy store finds copies of *News World*, the Rev. Moon paper, on the counter. Perhaps a dozen packs of cigarettes are in dusty wooden racks behind the counter. Over them are four boxes of anisette-flavored cigars. One Eye does not appear really to be in the candy business, there is no candy in the store.

Asked for a soft drink, One Eye went to the fountain and filled a paper cup with soda water. He presented this to the customer.

'No Coke'

"There is no Coke in this drink," One Eye was told. He shrugged. "Tomorrow when you come back there will be Coke in the drink," he said.

The hard glare in his one eye, the right eye, asked you to leave.

It is rumored that in the rear of the store there is a large oven into which Un Occhio has people thrown.

The other night, as the deposed Galante watched *The Godfather* on television in a dayroom of the Metropolitan Correctional Center, Un Occhio watched it in a marble

palace, a triplex that has been built inside a tenement with a crumbling front and a graffiti-marked green metal door in East Harlem. He lives in the triplex with his wife, Neanel, who is seen only at funerals of men who have had particularly violent deaths.

The walls and floor of the triplex are of Norwegian rose marble but mainly onyx. Un Occhio and his wife pad about in stocking feet because the sound of a heel striking the marble is too loud and it also gives the listener the impression that someone is coming to kill him.

Hidden boss

Un Occhio, who for years was the hidden boss of organized crime, using men such as Vito Genovese as publicity-catching fronts, retired about seven years ago.

When the latest new boss, Galante, made such a mess of things, including a demand that the word Mafia be used again, Un Occhio was asked by the International Commission to resume command of all crime in New York, and thus the nation. The meeting, in Hollywood, Fla., began a day late because of weather conditions at the Catania Airport. Also, Meyer Lansky had acute indigestion.

In 1931, One Eye bribed Herbert Hoover, but he has been able to escape publicity over his lifetime to the extent that there are no printed stories about him that anybody can locate.

This week, One Eye told all his new subjects, "When I say hello to you, then you say hello to me. If you recognize me before this, then I will feed your tongue and both your eyes to my dog."

Lucky Luciano

Early in his life, growing up on East 10th Street in Manhattan, One Eye still remembers the day his close friend, Charley (Lucky) Luciano, received his first press notice, a three-paragraph story about an old assault, which ran in the old *New York American*. Luciano danced on the street corner. One Eye hid in a cellar.

"Anyone who ever gets to know me will want me to die," he reasoned.

One Eye is a wrinkled man who stands only 5 feet 6 and weighs, at most, 130 pounds. He was born Nov. 26, 1905, in the same town as Luciano—Lercara Friddi in Sicily. He arrived in New York in 1911. He has bitten men to death, but he has no criminal record in this country. He did compile an extensive record in Sicily.

He is partial to poison. "You give them food and they die," he says fondly. Organized crime members in New York, who always expect a change in command to produce a certain number of funerals, are terrified that One Eye might invite them to a banquet.

On the streets, it is known that One Eye believes a thorough housecleaning of his organization is mandatory. His opinion is a result of the tremendous number of new members brought in under Galante.

'Nice fellas'

Once, they were known as "made" people. Today, they are referred to as "nice fellas" or guys who have been "straightened out."

At one time, a man had to commit a legitimate number of murders before being allowed in. But Galante became so careless and greedy that he conferred memberships on people who promised him extra cuts of anything they made as full-fledged gangsters. And in some cases, Galante took bribes to allow the man in.

In one such case, constantly referred to by One Eye, the mother of an inept salesman paid \$50,000 to get her son into organized crime. She got the idea from legitimate people, who pay the same amount to be named a judge.

Galante took the money and officially declared the salesman a fearsome killer. The mother was proud. She also went into her clothes closet and spruced up what was there, in case the son found the future a little rough. Better a black dress than a miserable failure as a son, she told herself.

The salesman, now that he was a gangster, went out and got himself his first gun. He got up in the morning and went out and did what gangsters do all day, which is nothing. At night he went on parade with his new girl, who is nearly 17.

Stylish emptying

When the salesman came home at 4 a.m., he was still from whiskey. He did not want to put the loaded gun under his mattress because he was afraid it would go off. He went into the bathroom and decided to empty it in style.

He filled the bathtub and aimed the gun at the water, as he had seen ballistics people do on television. He pulled the trigger. The bullet ricocheted off the hard enamel and hit his shoulder. His mother had to come and take him to a doctor, who charged her almost as much for the bullet as Galante did for the membership.

The other day, the salesman, his arm in a sling, was walking down Elizabeth Street in Manhattan when One Eye arrived for an inspection tour. One Eye said to an associate, "Go over and ask him if he likes a nice sea bass dinner next week."

Then all of Elizabeth Street shivered as the new Boss of all Bosses walked along, teeth grinding like a timber wolf.