

Suffolk University

## Digital Collections @ Suffolk

---

Suffolk Journal

Suffolk University Student Newspapers

---

1973

### Suffolk Journal, Vol. 28, No. 8, 2/12/1973

Suffolk Journal

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.suffolk.edu/journal>

---

#### Recommended Citation

Suffolk Journal, "Suffolk Journal, Vol. 28, No. 8, 2/12/1973" (1973). *Suffolk Journal*. 222.  
<https://dc.suffolk.edu/journal/222>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Suffolk University Student Newspapers at Digital Collections @ Suffolk. It has been accepted for inclusion in Suffolk Journal by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Suffolk. For more information, please contact [dct@suffolk.edu](mailto:dct@suffolk.edu).



# Suffolk Journal

Vol. 28 No. 8

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BOSTON, MASS.

February 12, 1973

## Floyd to Step Down

# Cavanagh Named History Chairman

by Joe Gavaghan

Dr. Norman B. Floyd will retire from his position as chairman of the History Department as of July 1, 1973. His successor will be Dr. John C. Cavanagh, presently an associate professor of history.

Dr. Ronayne, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, confirmed Dr. Cavanagh's appointment, saying the Board of Trustees approved the nomination last Wednesday.

In reference to Dr. Floyd's retirement as chairman, Dr. Ronayne stated that "all chairmanships and deanships expire at age 65." He noted that there are exceptions to this rule in cases where there are no suitable replacements. An example offered was Dr. Florence R. Petherick, Chairwoman of the Humanities Department.

When interviewed, Dr. Floyd stated that he had received no official word to date concerning his retiring as department chairman. Citing his 26 years as chairman, Floyd said that it was "not a bad idea" to alter somewhat the structure of the department.

Commenting on the selection of Dr. Cavanagh as new chairman Dr. Floyd remarked that he was pleased with the choice. He hoped that Dr. Cavanagh will resist "attacks" on the department. When questioned further on this, Floyd cited the removal of the history requirement as a "dangerous attack" on the department. Attacks from "other people" were also mentioned but Floyd would not



Dr. John Cavanagh

elaborate.

Dr. John Cavanagh began teaching at Suffolk in the fall of 1970. Stating that he is "very happy at Suffolk," Cavanagh added that there is an "excellent faculty at Suffolk" and that one can obtain "a very good education" here. He also said that the students at Suffolk are "quite comparable" to the students he has taught at Duke University and elsewhere.

In reference to the History Department, Cavanagh stated that he feels it has "generally laudable standards" and that the lowering of these standards would not solve any problems contained therein. He decried the "poor image" of the

department, saying that in individual personalities sometimes color the image of the department.

Responding to a question concerning student complaints about the department's high standards, Cavanagh said standards vary from teacher to teacher and that teaching methods also vary.

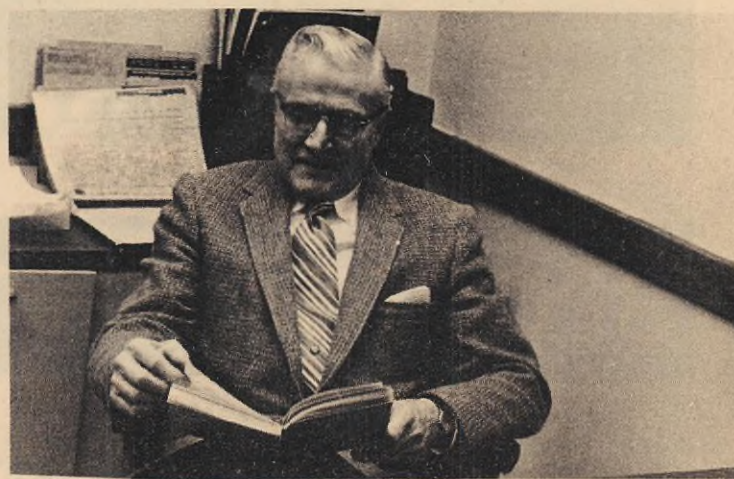
Dr. Cavanagh, age 39, is a graduate of Dartmouth College, where he majored in History. From there he did graduate work at Duke University and Columbia University, obtaining his masters from Columbia in 1959 and his doctorate from Duke in 1969.

From 1965 to 1969 Dr. Cavanagh taught at the University of Tennessee in his first full-time teaching position. Prior to that he had taught as an instructor at Duke and at Dublin Preparatory School in Dublin, New Hampshire.

Before coming to Suffolk, Dr. Cavanagh spent some time doing research at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Historical Society in relation to a book he is working on. He is writing a "full-scale biography" on Revolutionary War General Benjamin Lincoln who was from Massachusetts.

When questioned about his outside interests, Cavanagh cited skiing, Boston's pre-Broadway theater as well as off-Broadway material, and European travel as his major hobbies.

It was also announced by Dr. Ronayne that Dr. Leo



Dr. Norman Floyd

Lieberman, the Director of Psychological Services will retire from that position. He will be replaced by Dr. Kenneth Garni who has been in Psych Services since 1969.

Dr. Lieberman, who has been Director since 1947, feels that his retirement is a good thing, both for himself and the department. He said that chairmen should retire at 65 to allow younger people to come up the ranks. He also welcomes the opportunity to work on some projects related to his field.

Dr. Garni has been at Suffolk since 1969. He graduated from Amherst College in 1964 and went on to obtain a masters in Counselor Education from Boston University in 1967. He obtained his Ed.D. in Counselor

Education from B.U. in 1972. Before going to Boston University, Dr. Garni taught Social Studies at Lee Academy, in Lee, Mass. He also was Athletic Director and a Dormitory Master.

In his new position, Dr. Garni hopes to implement some changes pending administrative approval. Among the possible changes are the reevaluation of all existing programs, and the hiring of a full-time secretary for the department. Interpersonal courses might be taught at night and will also be extended to Summer night courses, and there also may be part-time night counseling. Another change would entail giving credit for Reading Development courses.

## Faculty OK's Changes in Calendar & Grading

by Bob Carr

The Faculty Advisory Committee met Thursday, February 1 and tentatively approved the revised school calendar and the new grading system.

The new calendar, simply the reversal of the existing one, would provide for a shorter fall term. The greatest asset of the new system is that examinations will precede the Christmas vacation allowing students a more carefree holiday.

The revised calendar is favored by both faculty and students. Dean Michael R. Ronayne said he has never seen such widespread agreement on an issue. "It is one of the few times that all corners of the institution have been for a motion," he said.

The new grading system has been a controversial issue at Suffolk all year. By this system

a student would get credit for plus grades and be responsible for minus grades. In the present system only hard letter grades are counted.

Dr. Ronayne said he favors phasing out the present grading system starting with the class of 1976. He feels that the confusion caused by listing the changes on a student's life card or by adding an appendix to explain these changes might prejudice employers and admissions deans against Suffolk students.

The Dean feels that the job of his office is to maintain and increase respect for Suffolk in the academic community. This is why he recommends the phasing out of the old system. He said graduate schools and employers favor a simple, easy to read transcript.

If an appendix has to be added to explain the changes in

the grading system then Suffolk students' transcripts might be discarded. "You suffer when your school looks bush," he said.

The two approved motions also will be discussed by the Joint Council on Student Affairs on Tuesday, February 13. Dean Ronayne said he wants to get the student view. Both motions were proposed by Student Government earlier in the year.

The Dean said SGA came to him in the fall with three major proposals: the calendar, the new grading system and a faculty evaluation. He says that the proposal were studied in that order. If the Joint Council comes up with any new ideas on the motions they can be resubmitted at the next Faculty Assembly. The motions must now be approved by the Board of Trustees which meets in April.

## New Student Lounge Opens in Ridgeway

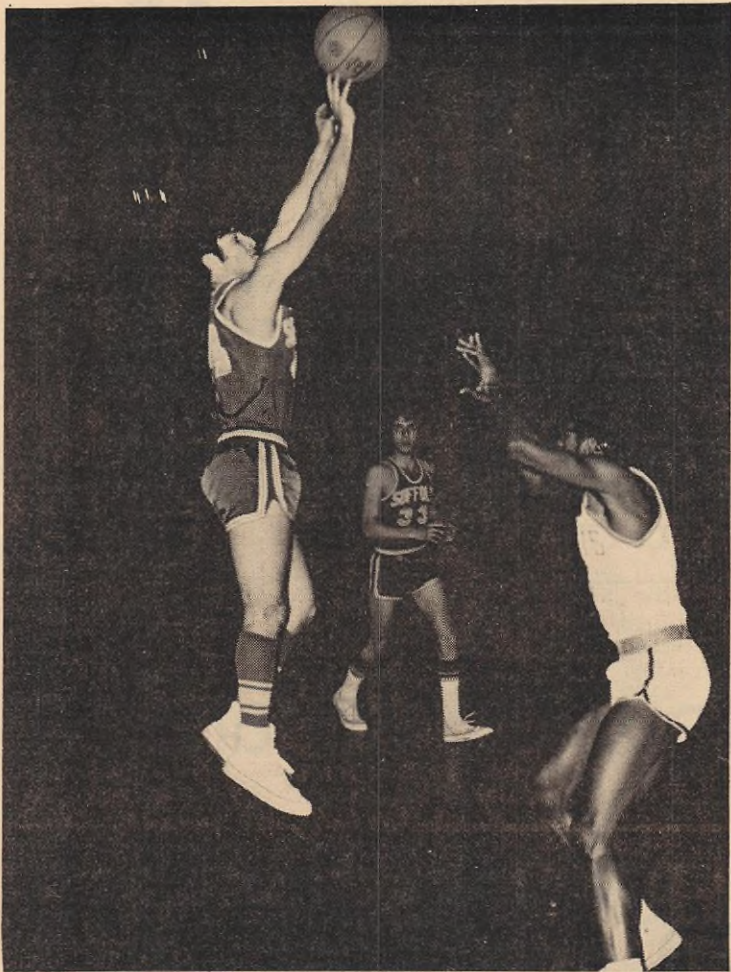


Last Thursday the new student lounge opened in the Ridgeway Building in room 4. Although not yet completed, many students have enjoyed the facilities. The lounge is open daily from 9 am to 5 pm and students are invited to play pool, pinball and foosball.

The SGA wishes to thank the members of the administration who helped them in obtaining and furnishing the lounge.

PHOTO: P. Butterfield





Tony Dascoli (left)

## SPORTS LIGHT

by Andy Hartery

Tony Dascoli, the sharp-shooting backcourt ace for the Suffolk Rams, was selected last week to the Eastern College Athletic Conference Division III all-East team. Each week the ECAC selects players who have played outstanding ball over the previous week. Dascoli scored 49 points and added 14 assists to be chosen to the squad.

Dascoli, a junior guard from Medford, has really made his presence known this season. He has developed into the team's quarterback. He has inspirational character, always giving one hundred percent in every game. He has very successfully filled in the position vacated by Allan Dalton.

Tony leads the Rams in scoring with 266 total points, an average of 22.1 a game. His one hundred assists is also tops on the team.

A former Everett High star, Dascoli transferred to Suffolk from Merrimack College in 1971. He had to sit out the first semester because of eligibility rules but displayed some fine outside shooting, quick passing and was a major factor over the last half of the season.

Tony is only 5'10" tall, which just goes to show you that the little man can play just as well and sometimes better than the big man. Tony is in the Business Administration program here at Suffolk, majoring in Management.

The University salutes you, Tony.

### Rams Spiral to 3-10

The basketball just doesn't seem to be bouncing in favor of the Rams this season. After thirteen games the Rams sport a dismal 3-10 record.

The Rams went into a tailspin after winning two of their first three games. Their latest victory was a 79-67 victory over M.I.T. on January 30th.

Indeed the Rams have had a difficult time this season. In only two games so far has Suffolk really been outplayed. The Rams have been close a number of times but just haven't been able to get that key basket.

Coach Charles Law, who was recently elected President of the New England College Basketball Coaches Association, is not displeased with his team's performance. "They are giving it all they can and they play to their ability, you can't ask for more than that," says Law. Coach Law said that the team spirit and the desire to win has not

vanished in spite of their record.

Coach Law has praised the work of junior guard Tony Dascoli. Through 13 games, Dascoli is averaging 22.1 points a game. He leads the team in total points (266) and assists (100). Captain Fred Kelloway and forward Kevin Burns have proved themselves very valuable under the boards. Between the two they average about 24 rebounds a game.

Freshman John Howard has been a pleasant surprise for the Rams this season. John has worked himself into the starting lineup and is improving with every game. At 5'10" he has quick moves and shoots very well. He is second in assists.

The Rams have nine games left to play this season. Four of these games will be played at home — on February 17, 23, 27 and March 1 at the Cambridge YMCA. This is a great opportunity for you to get out and support your team.

## Journal Tests Sex Law

by Raye King

Article 95 of the Massachusetts State Law prohibiting sex-discrimination in taverns and restaurants, as of January 1, 1973, was tested February 1 at Lock Ober's Men's Cafe by a trio from the Suffolk Journal.

Lock Ober, located on Winter Place, is a well-known, exclusive Boston establishment founded on male chauvinist ideals and frequented by suited and tied businessmen. The Suffolk trio thought it time for this bulwark of male supremacy, this palace of princes, to have its inflated airs of pomposity deflated by a few centimeters.

At noon the trio consisting of Jeff Dennis, Guy Parrotta, and myself approached the cafe. Jeff led the way, intent on breaking down the barriers of discrimination which have existed at this establishment since its founding in 1875. After securing a table in the center of the Victorian fortress, Jeff came back outside where Guy and I lurked, awaiting our cue, and told us to join him inside in two minutes.

Guy, his camera swaying from side-to-side swaggered in, John Wayne style. I humbly slithered along behind. A low buzz of curses and disgruntled whispers came from the far end of the bar where the waiters and maitre'd gathered to establish a plan of action. I felt like the bad guy in town, as I pulled a chair to sit down. A chill permeated the room as the waiters buddled, "Christ, what do we do now?"

While they planned their strategy, I observed the decor. It certainly was a change of pace from Jay's lunch. Rococo light fixtures, graceful and delicate, decorated the walls.

Stained glass windows glistened in varied pastel tones as the light peeked through. The bar ran the entire length of one wall, a massive, continuous abundance of solid oak. Over it a Rubenesque nude reclined in upper-crust saloon fashion. The room reminded me of an era long past — an era when men enjoyed brandy and cigars in the den while women were sent to the drawing room for tea, crumpets and gossip. I was brought back to the present from my nostalgic trip to the past when a wrinkled and austere garcon approached. "Would you gentlemen care for a cocktail?" He directed the question at me. "Yes, I'd like a vodka martini (\$2.50)." Jeff and Guy ordered Rusty Nails (\$3.00 each).

We sat there amidst the icy air currents. "Maybe they'd believe I'm a guy in drag." We joked, acted nonchalant, ignored stares, and tried to disregard remarks directed our way. As each part of men-only entered the cafe, a waiter dashed to the doorway to greet them and explain away my presence. "What is this, women's lib?" "I thought this was a men-only cafe!" "Are women allowed in here now?" The clientele did its best not to overreact but the side glances, subtle looks of animosity and buzzes of discontent gave them away. The maitre'd glided by, his eyes glaring, his dracula-like countenance smoldering as he passed our table. We did our best to ignore the unpleasantness surrounding us as Jeff asked, "are the green beans fresh today?" We lunched on onion soup (\$1.50), clams on the half shell (\$2.00 per half dozen), duck l'orange with pilaf (\$4.00), fresh green beans (\$1.00) and coffee. The



JOURNAL Reporter Raye King makes a test of the sex discrimination law at Lock-Ober's.

PHOTO: Guy Paratta

food and drinks were excellent; the service superb.

As our meal at Lock Ober's Men's Cafe concluded, our genteel, yet hostile, garcon approached. He placed the palms of his hands firmly on the oak table, leaned over between Jeff and Guy, and said: "I don't know how you got in here, my dear, but you should be informed that ladies are allowed only on Friday evenings and Saturday for lunch. If you wish to return, I suggest you do so at one of those times. I realize we cannot enforce this legally; however, I would suggest you respect my request." With a final grimace and with a tone of insincerity, he concluded, "I hope we haven't made your lunch too uncomfortable."

I thanked him for his solicitude, kind service, and concern for my comfort. We left, but as I stepped out the door, I began to formulate plans for a return luncheon with several women friends in the very near future.

## Ellen Burns: Transfer Counselor

by Scott Davis

The first few weeks of college can be a long, lonely experience for any new student. Unfamiliar faces, strange surroundings, and a feeling of isolation pervade the student's thoughts as he or she tries to interfuse into university life. But only a few short steps from Suffolk's front door, next to the Accounting Office, there is someone waiting to make the new student's adjustment just a bit easier.

Ellen Burns has been appointed Suffolk's new transfer counselor, a position created due to the increased enrollment of transfer students during the past few years.

Miss Burns explained that a transfer counselor assists the transfer student in dealing with course credit evaluations, academic accreditation, and degree requirements.

"I am a liaison between the transfer student and the University," said the counselor. "I also try to help students who are not yet aware of who to go to with particular problems."

As part of her job, Miss Burns works closely with the Admissions and Registrar's offices and with department chairmen in making sure students are enrolled in the proper courses.

The counselor also has direct contact with officials of other colleges in an attempt to work



Transfer Counselor Ellen Burns

out compatible course offerings and credits. "Counselors from two and four-year schools must complement each other," she said.

The Cardinal Cushing College graduate also visits junior colleges in the Boston area to meet with students interested in transferring to Suffolk. "But," she added, "recruiting is only secondary to helping the transfer student after he arrives at Suffolk."

Miss Burns believes that transfer students suffer almost the same adjustment problems

as Freshmen students.

But because they must adjust their credits earned at other schools to different courses and requirements at Suffolk, transfer students share an additional problem.

"That's why transfer students often need more attention than Freshmen," said the counselor.

Miss Burns estimated that she has talked with more than half of the 100 students who have transferred to Suffolk for the second semester. But she was quick to point out that, "My function is not during the registration period only."

The counselor explained that she has discussed with students such out-of-school matters as housing and part-time employment.

Miss Burns can also identify with new students in a more personal way, being new to Suffolk herself.

As she said, "New students are lonely and just want someone to talk to." And with recent statistics indicating that 55 percent of two-year college students intend to transfer to four-year colleges, Ellen Burns is assured of not being lonely in her job.

Ellen Burns' schedule for second semester is as follows:

Monday — 9:30-6:30  
Tuesday — 12:00-8:00  
Wednesday — 8:45-4:00  
Thursday — 12:00-8:00  
Friday — 8:45-4:45

### THIS IS YOUR NEWSPAPER

And we'd like to know what you think about it. We are always open to your suggestions. Drop down and see us in RL 9 or address a letter to us c/o The JOURNAL 41 Temple St., Boston, Mass. 02114

### LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

#### PARTY

TKE Beer Blast  
Friday Feb. 16 12 to ?

5 Beers for \$1

44 Joy St.

Mixed drinks .50

### IMPORTANT SENIOR CLASS MEETING

Feb. 22 1:00 pm Rm. 608

Matters concerning  
Junior-Senior week will be discussed



# Boredom and . . . More Boredom . . . In Washington D.C.

by Joe Gavaghan

"Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

—Samuel Johnson

I had planned to put on my protest buttons and war paint and go to Washington, D.C. for the Coronation of Richard Nixon. I didn't and it was just as well. An event of that magnitude would have required the attitude of a speed freak rounding the final turn into a full-blown bumper. Not possessing that frame of mind, I fortified myself with a large quantity of beer, settled in front of the television set, and prepared to have my weary brains addled once again.

Nixon didn't disappoint my expectations. Even the second time around he came across as a third-rate, used care salesman who, via some freak, cosmic accident, stumbled into the highest office in the land.

While attempting to palm himself off as the King of America, Nixon created the image of an aging hooker who was still holding out for the hundred dollar johns.

Yes, friends, an imposter still resides in the White House and the fun is just beginning. My mind flashed on a poster I once saw, depicting Nixon as a vampire, complete with glazed eyes and dripping fangs. Four more years and a whole country to suck on. The man with the stake and hammer disappeared under a landslide, his cross crudely twisted into a swastika. Yes, George the Savior is gone and the fires of madness are raging now.

It's amazing how far backward this country has gone since the days of John F. Kennedy. In his Inaugural speech Nixon mutilated one of J.F.K.'s Inaugural phrases. Surrounded by his hand-picked storm troopers of the new conservatism, Nixon told the nation: "Let each of us ask—not just what will government do for me, but what can I do for myself." There are a lot of poor people in this country and to them the message was very clear, "Buy your own ticket or get the hell off the boat."

While he was speaking, one almost felt that Nixon was sincere in his concern for America. The man from Yorba Linda came a long way and he feels that he did it on his own. His logic is that everyone can do as he did but there is a major flaw in that type of thinking. Not everyone can achieve the American Dream and there are even a few of us who regard it as something to be avoided at all costs.

You can bet your sweet ass that there were no poor people at that Inauguration. The people in attendance have both the money and the power to isolate themselves from the howling masses. Poor people wouldn't have blended in with the decor of the various events anyway.

I kept wishing throughout all the events, that a motley group of lepers, or some equally offensive bunch would appear, to

throw—a king-sized monkey wrench into the well-oiled proceedings. No such luck. King Dick payed some heavy dues to get where he was and no horde of half-baked misfits was going to spoil his day of glory.

Very smug, Nixon acted like a gnome with a huge ego problem. He is a man way out of his league and he tries to compensate by keeping himself aloof and distant. This achieves little, except to create the image of a man who cannot speak without a written text for fear of babbling insanely and frothing at the mouth.

## BALLING THE WINNER

In the evening of that fateful day, the elect were in full attendance at a series of balls held in the King's honor. The vibrations coming from the five ballrooms were very weird indeed. The people acted like kidney patients suffering from overflowing bladders because some pervert had nailed shut the doors to all the restrooms.

When the television cameras cut to the "Youth Ball" I decided that something a little stronger than beer was in order. I gazed at the youth of America dancing to the sounds of Christ-knows-what, over-the-hill orchestra. They didn't look like any of the youth I know. Tuxes and evening gowns seemed to be de rigueur.

There were a few long-hairs in evidence but they seemed out of place. No, these young people were from a different cut of cloth than most youths. They are the people who will inherit the power their parents now possess and there's no way they're going to queer that act. Rest assured, no radicals or non-conformists at that shindig.

When Nixon appeared at the "Youth Ball", a phenomena quite similar to St. Vitus Dance took place. Bodies started surging toward the stage like lemmings to their doom. Thousands of strident, young voices screamed, "four more years" over and over again. At first Nixon grinned and waved but when the clamor didn't abate, a glimmer of a frown crossed his face. The "old Nixon" still lurks beneath those sagging jowels.

When the morons stopped, Nixon addressed them. He seemed embarrassed and self-conscious. After all, they were still youth, even if they were on his side. Breathlessly, the kids listened while Nixon attempted to astound them by announcing that he would dance with his wife. Those kids went nuts. They screamed, jumped up and down, and hugged each other like people possessed.

Ten lucky young ladies also got a chance to move and groove with the Lord and Master. Later we learned that the girls were all selected well in advance. Nixon never was one to trust spontaneity. Perhaps he desired to indulge a secret fetish.

The other balls were even more dismal than the "Youth Ball". People seemed

The other balls were even

more dismal than the "Youth Ball". People seemed drugged by boredom. The adults weren't even dancing. They merely stood around chatting and glaring up at the T.V. cameras. America was watching them and they were all aware of that fact. I half expected a chant to go up in protest of the media's infringement of their privacy. The looks on their faces were pure hatred and scorn. I muttered obscenities into my beer. They've got dues they haven't even begun to pay, but the day is coming.

By midnight I was ten beers into the madness and hurling obscenities at every image that appeared on the screen. "Four more years" pounded over and over again against the walls of my skull.

Nixon was telling the royal pawns from Massachusetts that he found it in his heart to forgive them for blowing the state and, as a result, his master plan. This garnered belly laughs and steady applause. The King has a big heart indeed.

At that point I turned the volume down beneath the audible level and put a Jefferson Airplane album on my stereo. It should have been funny to see Nixon flapping his jaws as the speakers blared, "up against the wall", but it wasn't. It rang true. That is the man's attitude toward many of this country's citizens.

At every ball Nixon attended he took pains to appear human. He blew it badly. That man couldn't appear human if his life depended on it. His wife suffers from the same affliction. Not for nothing did Hunter Thompson label her an "aging Barbie Doll" in Rolling Stone. She acts like a computerized robot, programmed to bolster King Dick's bombing stage act.

Barbara Walters, the commentator, attempted to dance with Nixon at the last ball he attended. She got stuck with ambassador-to-be Volpe, a man Massachusetts will long remember for his fetish for useless, outdated highways. That was the kind of evening it was. It left you feeling more or less screwed, depending on your politics and pain threshold.

According to Nixon, Inauguration Day was the day that the long-suffering "silent majority" would celebrate. It came off as something considerably less than that. The people in Washington that weekend represent the new aristocracy in American society. These people don't give a damn about the common people. They've got the American Dream by the short hairs. Nothing short of explosives will budge them now. Fat City can only support so many parasites.

Swallowing the bitter dregs of that last beer, I stumbled into my bed, ever astounded at the antics of a man named Nixon who has come to call himself King.

the Harvard Voluntary Defenders Committee. He also has worked part-time and summers for the Roxbury Defender's Committee.

He was graduated from Howard University in 1970 with a Bachelor's degree in Business Management. He resides in Boston.

Mr. Ransom's office is located in room 15, extension 337. His office hours are 9 a.m.-1 p.m. on Monday and 9 a.m.-11:30 a.m. on Thursday. Appointments may be arranged at other times.

Afro-American Club. At the time of the approval of the Committee by the President and the Board of Trustees, the position of Minority Student Co-ordinator was created and approved. The committee has been active since February 1972. It is composed of representatives of the Afro-American Club, faculty, administration, alumni and the Editor of the Suffolk Journal.

Mr. Ransom is currently a student at Harvard Law School, where he is involved in

## Editorial

# Involvement Needed NOW!

Many people think that American involvement in Vietnam will end when all our troops come home. It should not and, hopefully, will not. The civilian populations of both North and South Vietnam desperately need medical supplies.

The American Friends Service Committee has been helping the people of South Vietnam since 1966. They operate and staff the Quang Ngai rehabilitation clinic, train Vietnamese in therapy and the construction of artificial limbs, and provide medical supplies and equipment to the clinic.

Since 1969, the committee has sent four shipments of supplies and equipment to North Vietnam. This material has gone to the Viet Duc Hospital and to the North Vietnamese Red Cross. Volunteers from the committee accompany the shipments to aid the Vietnamese in distribution and organizing. A fifth shipment will be sent to North Vietnam shortly.

At present, the American Friends Service Committee is attempting to raise one million dollars for aid to both North and South Vietnam.

The Suffolk JOURNAL will help set up a table today in the lobby of the Donahue Building to raise funds for the American Friends Service Committee. The table will be there all week (Feb. 12-16) to enable students and faculty to contribute to this worthy effort.

# UP TEMPLE ST.

## COMING EVENTS

Feb. 13-23 — The Modern Language Club and the Modern Language Dept. present "HISPANIC WEEKS".

Feb. 13 — International Meditation Society preparatory lecture, 1 p.m., 610 Donahue. Varsity Basketball: Rams at Gordon, 7 p.m.

Feb. 14-16 — Senior yearbook photos to be taken on campus RL2.

Feb. 15 — Sheriff John Buckley speech, topic: "Prison Reform." 12 p.m., Archer 25, all welcome.

Ron Hudson, Latin American flamenco guitarist, 1 p.m. Aud. AMA's tour of the Boston Stock Exchange. All interested should meet in the Dean's Conference Room, 45 Mt. Vernon St. 1 p.m. Varsity Basketball: Rams at Clark, 8 p.m.

Feb. 17 — Varsity Basketball: Rams vs. Fitchburg State at Camb. YMCA, 8 p.m.

Feb. 19 — HOLIDAY (Washington's Birthday)

Feb. 20 — Film: Pablo Neruda, poet. 1 p.m. Aud.

Feb. 20-23 — Slide show continuous, Don. lobby.

Feb. 21 — Varsity Basketball: Rams at U. Hartford, 8 p.m.

Feb. 22 — Film: Viridiana, on Spain & Portugal. 1 p.m. Aud.

Spanish Fiesta, song & dance. 7:30 p.m. Aud.

SBA debate between William Kunstler and Rep. John Ashbrook, topic: "Role of the Lawyer in a Changing Society." N. E. Life Hall. Tickets for undergrads available Feb. 12-16 from the SBA 3rd floor. Don. \$1.

Feb. 23 — Varsity Basketball: Rams vs. East. Nazarene. Camb. YMCA, 3 p.m.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Cambridge School Committee needs volunteers to conduct interviews to ascertain the educational needs of children and adults. If you should like to help contact Mary Preusser, 491-3080 or 3081.

Wanted — 3 Creative Students who would like to work with the S.U. Spring Festival Comm. Contact Dr. Fang, Modern Languages Dept.

# JOURNAL to Take Active Role in SGA Elections

The Journal today announced the formation of the SGA Election '73 Team. The team has been assembled "to conduct the most thorough and objective pre-election evaluation of every member of the SGA," said Peter Butterfield, Editor of the Journal.

The move is being made in an attempt to counteract the lack of student interest evidenced yearly at election time. "We intend to provide the voters with the most complete set of facts including voting records, attendance figures and lists of legislation introduced for each member," Butterfield remarked.

It was further announced that the Journal intends to editorially endorse the candidates for re-election that it feels have been outstanding in their performance as student representatives. "This is the first time that the Journal has undertaken such a move," stressed the editor, "and we hope that through this process we can take the elections out of the 'popularity-contest syndrome' that has been the trademark of the past."

The team will be headed by Joe Gavaghan, the Journal's Managing Editor, and will also include Contributing Editor Bob McKillop, Bob Carr, and Paul Martin.

# Recycle Suffolk

by Raye King

S.A.V.E. (Suffolk Action for a Vital Environment) announces the beginning of paper recycling at Suffolk University.

On February 6, green and yellow S.A.V.E. trash barrels were placed on each floor of the Donahue Building. Each member of the Suffolk community is asked to give his/her support to this recycling project by dropping all paper trash (after removing paper

clips, staples and carbon) in the S.A.V.E. containers.

Help lessen the solid waste problem. Help reduce the energy crisis. Help save a tree which produces oxygen, absorbs carbon dioxide, lessens noise levels, provides shelter and enriches the soil with its leaves.

Help make S.A.V.E. a success for the environment's sake as well as your own sake.

For further information, call Extension 385.

# Minority Student Co-ordinator Named

President Fulham has announced the appointment of Philip F. Ransom as Minority Student Co-ordinator. Mr. Ransom will assume his new duties on February 1, 1973. He will act as a liaison between the minority students at Suffolk and other members of the University community. Mr. Ransom will also be a member of the University's Committee on Minority Student Affairs.

The Committee on Minority Student Affairs was created last fall at the request of the



# Cunningham On Campus

by Tony Cunningham

For the next few weeks the Modern Language Club will be putting on a series called "Hispanic Weeks." The series will consist of slide shows, concerts, and films dealing with Spanish and South American customs and history.

The series will start with a lobby display running from Feb. 13th to 16th. On Wed. Feb. 14th, a Hispanic menu will be in the Cafeteria which will have various Spanish and Mexican foods. Then on Feb. 15th at 1 p.m. in the Auditorium classical flamenco guitarist Ron Hudson will play various traditional Spanish and classical pieces for all at Suffolk. Finally, to top the week off a discussion called "Puerto Rico Today" will be held in Room 24 at 11 a.m. on Friday.

The second week of the series will be highlighted by showing of the film "Viridiana" directed by Luis Bunuel. The film, originally censored in Spain, won the 1955 Cannes Film Festival Award. It will be shown at 1 p.m. in the Auditorium on Thursday, Feb. 22nd. Earlier in the week another film will be shown at 1 p.m. in the Auditorium. Tuesday, Feb. 20th on Nobel Prize Chilean Poet Pablo Neruda. The last event will be a Hispanic Show on Thurs. Feb. 22nd at 7 p.m. in the Auditorium. The show will feature Spanish songs and



Ron Hudson to perform Feb. 15 in Auditorium.

guitarwork by Misuka, music and folk dances in native costumes from Argentina, Bolivia, Chile and Columbia. Peruvian singer Arturo Villon will perform other Latin American songs and special presentation of Los Treboles Trio leading up to a Grand Finale by Simon Blasco Naranjito and his Flamenco Ballet with Misuka and Maria E. Eugenia.

Another event coming up on Thursday, Feb. 15th will be Sheriff John Buckley, who will give a lecture on crime and delinquency in Room 25 at noon. This lecture is the second in a series sponsored by the Sociology Club and the Sociology Dept.

## ATTENTION!

Freshman Class  
Vacant Seat  
in  
Student Government

If interested please contact your Freshman Class Officers or Jim Peterson in RL 5.

# Suffolk Journal

A Newspaper for the Suffolk Community

Publisher Suffolk University

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief	Peter B. Butterfield
Managing Editor	Joe Gavaghan
Contributing Editor	Robert D. McKillop
Sports Editor	Andy Hartery
Advertising Manager	James Scutellaro
Business Manager	Richard Belitch

## NEWSSTAFF

Nancy Kruse	Bob Benkovich
Sheila McDonagh	Paul Martin
Scott Davis	Bob Carr
Peter Eagles	Susan Beland
Tony Cunningham	Guy Parrotta
Paul Todisco	Ricardo Eng

## CONTRIBUTORS

Jeff Dennis	Dennis Vandal
Raye King	
Faculty Advisor	Prof. Malcolm J. Barach
Tel. (617) 723-4700 x 389	Office in RL 9

# back off!

SUNDAY  
THRU  
THURSDAY  
For Each  
Adult Member  
of Your Party

ALL THE SALAD  
YOU CAN MAKE

plus

A BONELESS  
SIRLOIN STEAK

WITH  
THIS  
AD

\$2.95

On Cash Purchases

Regular Price \$3.95

plus

PITCHER OF BEER  
OR GIANT GOBLET  
OF WINE . . . 25c!

This offer not valid in conjunction with other discount advertising

FOR DINNER ONLY  
**EMERSONS, Ltd.**

unlimited steak dinners

1114 Beacon Street, Newton—965-3530

15 Newbury Street, Peabody—535-0570

(Route 1 & 128 N)

COMING SOON

1280 Worcester Road, Framingham

WHAT DO YOU WEAR? ANYTHING!

© Emersons, Ltd., J. P. Radnay, President

## Commentary

# Amnesty A Higher Morality?

by Dennis Vandal

President Nixon called a special press conference on January 31 and told the nation that he would not allow a general amnesty for those who fled to foreign countries in order to escape military induction.

There is no possible way to accurately know how many young Americans will be affected by this decision.

In his address, Mr. Nixon told reporters that there would be no possibility of a junket for those "few hundreds" who went to Canada or Sweden or someplace else and chose to desert their country because they had a higher morality.

When Mr. Nixon stated "a few hundreds," his estimates were considered inaccurate by many. According to the U.S. Justice Department, there are 5370 indictments outstanding against young Americans who refused to be inducted. Nearly 80 percent of those are considered to be fugitives.

The discrepancies in the figures are there for one of two reasons. Either Mr. Nixon is totally unknowledgeable of the situation, or his statement is being used as a form of "theatre." Since the ignorance is hardly believable, the real reason must be the latter.

Mr. Nixon has, in the last few weeks, been attempting to create a certain mood in the United States. He has been seen many times with wives and children of prisoners of war. He has praised the bravery of these fatherless families. There is no reason why he should not do so.

The problem lies, however, in the creation of an atmosphere which is unfavorable to the returning draft resistor. It is true that the President has the right to grant amnesty or to exclude it entirely. That power is given to him through a constitutional provision which gives him the right to grant a "pardon." Mr. Nixon may have overstepped his boundaries,

however, when he told the nation that there would "be no junkets in the Peace Corps." Does the President have the right to determine the sentence of a convicted man before the man is convicted? It is obvious that, while the President creates a mood of hatred, comments on the men who have not even been tried in a court of law, and sensationalizes the war widows, it will make it that much harder for the court of law to find an impartial jury who will take a fair and honest look at the case before them.

Could this be considered to be pre-trial publicity? There is no doubt that Mr. Nixon's speech should not have been read at all.

Along with the President's announcement came an unspoken message. The tone told the people that even if young Americans did leave because of "a higher morality" they should have stuck with one that was less humane.

Now, many Americans will act out their pseudo-patriotic roles and condemn the draft evaders. The Supreme Court's previous recognition of a "higher law" will be negated.

It will all be done because Mr. Nixon prefers to get his advice from the armchair warriors of right-wing groups and, worst of all, from his emotions rather than from conscious, realistic rationalism.

## SUMMER JOBS

Guys & Gals needed for summer employment at National Parks, Private Camps, Dude Ranches and Resorts throughout the nation. Over 35,000 students aided last year. For Free information on student assistance program send self-addressed STAMPED envelope to Opportunity Research, Dept. SJO, 55 Flathead Drive, Kalispell, MT 59901, .... YOU MUST APPLY EARLY ....

# Population Expert Addresses Suffolk Audience

by Dennis Vandal

Suffolk students turned out in large numbers on February 8 and were told of the dangers that face the world if the population continues to grow at its present rate.

Dr. Roy Greep, a professor at Harvard University and a specialist in human reproduction and world population told the capacity crowd in room 517 that the problem of overpopulation is a relatively recent one. With the aid of transparencies, he told students that it took thousands of years for the problem to arise and that it is only since the emergence of the Christian era that there has been any significant rise in the number of people throughout the world.

From the Stone Age to the Iron Age, the population grew very slowly, Greep said. This was attributable to the near equality of the birth and death rates. Since the Christian era, he said, significant advancements in the conquering of diseases has prolonged the average human life span and has dropped the infant mortality rate.

The unexpected growth of the population has only come about since the end of the Second World War. It was then that many countries experienced a "baby boom". Even though Dr. Greep grimly told the audience that "it cannot be slowed unless a cataclysmic event comes about," he also said that population growth has reached its lowest point in the history of the United States. According to Dr. Greep's statistics, the number of children born per thousand was 15.8 in 1972. He also noted that this occurred during the most affluent period in the history of the country. This contrasted sharply with the previous low during the economic depression in 1933 of 18.4 births per thousand.

In recognition of the longer life span of the average American, he said that in 1920, the life expectancy of a white male was 53.5 years. The white woman of the same period usually lived to be one year older. In 1972 the average male now attains 66.5 years while his female counterpart is expected to outlast him by seven years.

Dr. Greep mentioned that in the future, the American population will increase but the most dramatic rise will occur in the less developed countries of Asia and Latin America where the population will probably double within the next 15 years. This contrasts with the doubling of the population in the United States which could arrive in 35 years.

In his final analysis, Dr. Greep said that things do appear favorable. He said awareness of the problem and the publicity given to the problem from the news media has helped alert the people of a not-so-inevitable doom to overpopulation and starvation. He also pointed out the more extensive availability and dependability of contraceptives together with the influence of family planning programs. Improvement in the rate of literacy and education in underdeveloped countries can also help. Finally, Dr. Greep told the audience that the Woman's Liberation movement is "here to stay." He explained that this would take women out of their conventional "nesting role" and help them to achieve professional occupations.



# SIGHT SEEING

by Joe Gavaghan

Washington Street in the downtown section of Boston is a fine example of the urban jungle. You won't find that area described in any of Boston's tourist guide books. No, if you want to discover the seamy side of Boston, you'll have to do it on your own.

When questioned about the "Combat Zone", city politicians slap on a look of indignant self-righteousness and boast: "I've spearheaded an all-but effort to eradicate that sort of filth from our beloved city." That type of standard political nonsense has been around for years.

Every city has at least one area that caters to the illicit desires of its population. The lower half of Washington Street fills that bill nicely. In an area of roughly six blocks, a mixed bag of people have firmly entrenched themselves in a sordid nadir of perverse delights.

Strolling along "the Combat Zone" at twilight is an experience that should not be passed up. It's a veritable smorgasbord of raw sexuality. Ladies of the night lounge in dimly lit doorways, offering their wares to unsuspecting passers-by. Slick pimps strut along, checking up on their girls. Raucous bump and grind soul music wafts out of neon palaces. Glassey photos of scantily clad women adorn the doors and windows of these smokey dens of iniquity.

The inhabitants of the Washington Street jungle are as varied a mixture of deviant behavior to be found this side of Times Square. They create an atmosphere that is alive with weird, twisted vibrations and swirling coils of raw tension. When everyone in an area that small is either hustling or being hustled, the gestalt is anything but tranquil.

By daylight, the "Combat Zone" is a shoddy, rundown cluster of filthy bars and quick-eat joints. Most of the people hanging out look wasted. Few people visit the "Zone" by daylight. There's no reason to.

The transformation takes place at nightfall. Neon signs and colored lighting give the area a third-rate glitter, similar to fly-by-night carnivals and side shows. Hustlers flit in and out of the shadows, offering their illicit wares in barely audible whispers. They seem to move with a mixture of nervous energy and adrenalin. An aura of surrealistic theater flavors everything. Cheap, gaudy sham is the key to survival and without it there would be nothing.

In more ways than one the "Combat Zone" is the great equalizer. The standards by which society operates are all reversed down there. A bad-assed street punk consorts with respectable businessmen and comes up the winner. People who don't know the rules quickly learn them or get burned badly. The trick is to burn the customer while making him feel that he's getting something. Play on the gut strings of some repressed fetish and the suckers will come back time and again.

To remain in the "Combat Zone" for any great amount of time requires large portions of animal instinct combined with a finely honed ability to walk the fine line between myth and reality. In that subculture words are not important, eye movements are. An averted glance, an unsure gesture, is all it takes but it has to be right the first time around. Second chances are hard to come by. Survival of the fittest is the rule and the wolf pack knows it well.



## MAKE YOUR OWN PEACE

The signing of a ceasefire does not end our work for peace in Vietnam. You can take positive action, within the realm of your own conscience, to alleviate suffering our country has caused and to prevent its recurrence.

The American Friends Service Committee is substantially expanding its strong, well-established programs of peace action and aid to North and South Vietnam. This is action of extraordinary scope for this Quaker organization which has worked impartially for peace since World War I.

AFSC aid in the Vietnam War began in 1965 with medical assistance to civilians. The Service Committee has supplied penicillin for war sufferers in NLF controlled areas and delivered four installments of surgical supplies to North Vietnam.

In South Vietnam, the AFSC has provided medical care for inmates of the Quang Ngai Province prison, developed a program for refugee children and conducted a widely recognized prosthetics and rehabilitation program for war injured civilians.

In the area of peace action, the American Friends Service Committee has been calling for peace in South Vietnam since 1954. Currently, the AFSC continues to press for release of more than 200,000 civilian political prisoners in Thieu's jails. It is challenging new and disguised forms of intervention such as replacement of soldiers with 10,000 U.S. civilian advisors. It is also supporting a campaign to stop further development and production of anti-personnel weapons.

AFSC programs are working today. We have budgeted over \$1,000,000 for peace action and war relief this year. We now want to increase this by at least another \$1,000,000. If you want to help make peace in this way, send the coupon.

### ACT: NORTH/SOUTH VIETNAM FUND

FOR WAR RELIEF AND PEACE ACTION

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE  
A Quaker Organization, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, PA 19102



☐ I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to be used in your program of peace action and war relief in North and South Vietnam.

☐ I want to help the campaign in my area. Please send information.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

2-02-00-128 Contributions are deductible for Federal income tax purposes.

DONATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED IN THE CAFETERIA FEB. 12-16

## WALDEN 6 Minus 1

by Bob Carr

On the day that the peace came I was alone in my apartment. I thought of Paul Cabral and I cried.

It might have been the beer I was drinking that made me sentimental, but I don't think so. Sitting there alone in my drafty living room I thought of all the barracks we had shared and all the late night talks we had in Carolina bars. I thought of the pictures I'd seen of his family in Providence and the way he would read me parts of the letters they would send him

In more ways than one the "Combat Zone" acts as a mirror for the ills of our society. Blown vastly out of proportion, they seem remote and alien to most "respectable" people. If you visit the "Combat Zone" look closely at what you see. It may be painful but you'll find a reflection of your face there somewhere.

when I didn't get any mail.

He helped me keep my sanity in boot camp at Parris Island. He was a natural athlete and he was a good soldier. He helped a lot of us when we became tired or discouraged. He kept his sense of humor through all the harassment and he helped us keep ours.

I don't know if the peace will last and I don't care. I have no interest in the power politics of nations great or small. I've never known a prime minister or a president, but I knew Paul. And Paul died.

He was nineteen the day he died. It was a hot day in a dusty little village south of Da-Nang. Somebody threw a grenade at him and he was dead.

Paul wasn't a hero, he was just a soldier. He was uncomfortable in the heat, his pack straps chafed him, he hated the orange malaria pills and c-rations. He died because of politics in a steamy little

country as foreign to him as the moon. Paul didn't care about politics either. He cared about a blonde girl who was going to marry him, and basketball and German beer.

When wars are over people like to make monuments and fine speeches. They want the wars to seem glorious and worthwhile. Wars are not glorious and worthwhile. But, I was luckier than most and I don't mind the monuments and don't have to listen to the speeches.

I know that people need to make these monuments the way they need to feel they've done right, even leaders of nations. I won't judge the leaders when they make fine speeches. I don't have that right. But while they're making their speeches and building their monuments and remembering the dead I hope they remember that the dead left buddies behind. When they

died a piece of us died too. All of us who left comrades in Asia left a part of ourselves there. A piece of us was cut out and a raw wound remains.

A person who hasn't had the experience won't understand how close we were to those guys. We were closer than friends, closer than family, closer than lovers. We shared a common life and a common misery. And the grief we knew when they died is perhaps greater than anyone but a mother could feel.

After the speeches have been made and the monuments built, I hope the leaders will remember the guys like Paul who didn't come back. I hope, when they think to wield the sword again, that they remember the part of me and all the men like me that will never leave Vietnam. Then perhaps they will be kinder to the next generation than they were to mine.

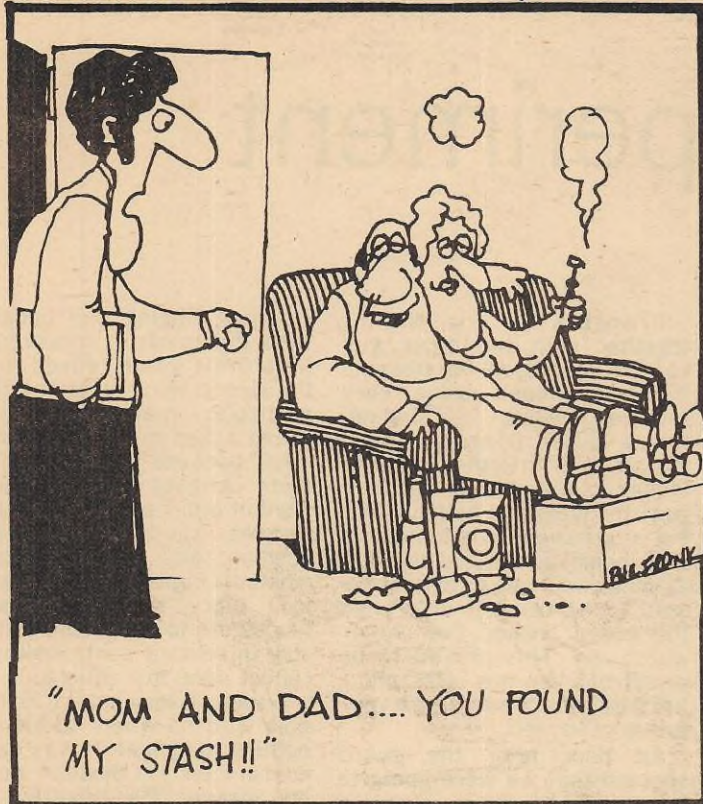






**"FRANKLY SPEAKING"**

by Phil Frank



## WHO CAN YOU TRUST?

(CPS) — University police at the University of Colorado attribute the recent sharp increase in dormitory narcotics arrests in part to dorm residents reporting marijuana use to the police.

Twenty-four students have been arrested for marijuana possession since November 1, and 47 other dorm residents have been contacted by university police, according to department records.

University Police Chief John Towle said his department had received "more complaints this year than ever before. The complaints come from students who don't want to get involved, but want it (marijuana use) cleaned up."

By law, police are required to follow up on every call and tip

that their department receives. "Following up" can mean investigating, contacting, or arresting suspected parties.

Since the semester's beginning, police have tried to talk to, rather than arrest, persons suspected of using marijuana. "Most students straightened up, but a few haven't," said Towle.

Towle cited two possible factors for the sharp increase in complaints. "It appears students are more into Ripple wine and beer than before. Also, students have seen friends, brothers (sic) or roommates burnt out by narcotics."

"There just appears to be a whole different attitude in the dorms towards dope," said Towle.

## SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

### Beach Boys' New Album

by Paul Todisco

The Beach Boys have temporarily deserted the California shores and are now enjoying a voluntary exile in Holland. There, they have recorded a new album, aptly named **HOLLAND** (Reprise-Brother MS 2118). It is actually an album and a half. Enclosed with the regular 12-inch disc, is a special 7-inch EP. The EP contains a fair tale called, "Mt. Vernon & Fairway," by Brian Wilson. They could have done without it, unless you have little brothers and sisters at home.

However, the rest of the album is just fine. It is basically the same type of material that they have been into since **SUNFLOWER**. Some of it is cosmic, mystical, and a bit spaced out, but it all gels together quite well.

All the Beach Boys share the composing duties. Before, Brian Wilson handled the bulk of it. Brian composed the first song on the album, "Sail on Sailor." It's one of the better numbers. His other contribution is "Funky Pretty," which he wrote with Mike Love. This cut will probably be the most successful, since it's getting a lot of airplay on both AM and FM. It's the easiest

thing on the album to listen to.

There is a section on side one that is dedicated to California, (Big Sur especially). "California Saga" is a three part accolade to the nation's most popular state. Part one is called "Big Sur," written by Mike Love. His vocal in this one is a far cry from the "Fun, Fun, Fun" days. Part two is "The Beaks of Eagles," by Al Jardine. It's a poem by his wife Lynda with a musical background and chorus. Part three is Al's "California," and it's vintage Beach Boys. The tune brings to mind "California Girls." It should bring a grin to old Beach Boy fans.

Brother number two, Dennis Wilson, is coming into his own as a composer. He wrote the music to Mike Love's lyrics on "Only With You." It's a tender melody that goes hand in hand with the words. Dennis also wrote "Steamboat," which has a dreamy guitar break at the end.

Last, and far from least, is the third brother, Carl Wilson. Carl, who has written classics like, "God Only Knows" and "Feel Flows," has come back with an equally strong number called "The Trader." It's fluctuating tempo and

emotional message makes it the best song on the album. Carl also assists the two new members of the group, Ricky Fataar and Blondie Chaplin, in a song called "Leaving This Town."

The Beach Boys have evolved from a teeny bopping surfing band, into a complex production package. The album **SURF'S UP**, demonstrated their versatility in the engineering and mixing departments. Their use of synthesizers, theramin, and other complicated instruments have given them a unique sound.

However, the element that makes them special are their vocals and tight harmonies. They are among the few rock musicians who are blessed with good voices. They still are yet to be beaten in that department.

The Beach Boys are as together as any band could be. They have withstood the test of time, and continue to be an influencing factor in the music of the seventies. Their knowledge of recording techniques and their constant progress have been the causes for their renewed success.

### Jack Parr: Quick Improvement

by Dennis Vandal

Many said at the outset of the new Jack Paar Show that it was less than polished. Whoever said it wasn't kidding but improvement has come quickly.

There were certain problems at the beginning which were found on both sides of the screen. Younger people had heard plenty about Jack Paar. He was immensely funny. He was controversial as hell. He was a lot of things.

After being thoroughly blown out of perspective and snagged in the nostalgia craze, Parr was the late night god of television past: hypertensely jiggling jowls and all.

The truth about the opening of the new Jack Parr Show is that too much was expected at first. After the first two shows it became apparent to the audience that the god should be demoted to a human being.

Once the reduction in stature came along, Parr came through rather well. He is controversial. During his first week, he verbally lunged into the television critic for the New York Daily News. Parr decided to run a rather quaint expose on the critic's wife who had been bounced from another late night show's staff. It was revealed that the secretary's hubby, after she was fired, decided to write a story concerning the behind-the-scenes treachery of network broadcasting.

The entire thing proved to be very funny. It also confirmed my suspicions of the Daily News. It seems to be the only paper in the country that still has fun with journalism while everybody else is bogged down with dull dreary decency.

By the way, one possible reason why the critic jumped on Parr so well is probably

because his wife was refused a job on Parr's show.

As far as Jack Parr is concerned, he's interesting. He offers some much needed relief from Johnny Carson's "jock strap" charades. Parr comes across well on conservation of natural resources and appears to be a strong ecologist. That's good, but Parr's real strong point seems to be his sharp, critical wit. A gay alliance group told Parr about their objection to the use of the word "fairy". Parr apologized sincerely, then promptly told the audience that whenever a child loses a tooth, he or she should place it under the pillow and he will send a member of the Gay Alliance to leave some money there.

It may have offended a few, but then again, not anyone would have the nerve to say it. At any rate, Parr is worth watching.

## With All Your Heart. The FTD LoveBundle.™



Find out how easy it is to send the right flowers the FTD way. Drop in for your **FREE** Selection Guide. Wherever you see the famous FTD symbol. (Or write FTD, 900 West Lafayette, Detroit, Michigan, 48226.) Most FTD Florists accept major credit cards.

\*As an independent businessman, each FTD Member Florist sets his own prices. © 1973 Florists' Transworld Delivery Association.

### WORLD CAMPUS AFLOAT

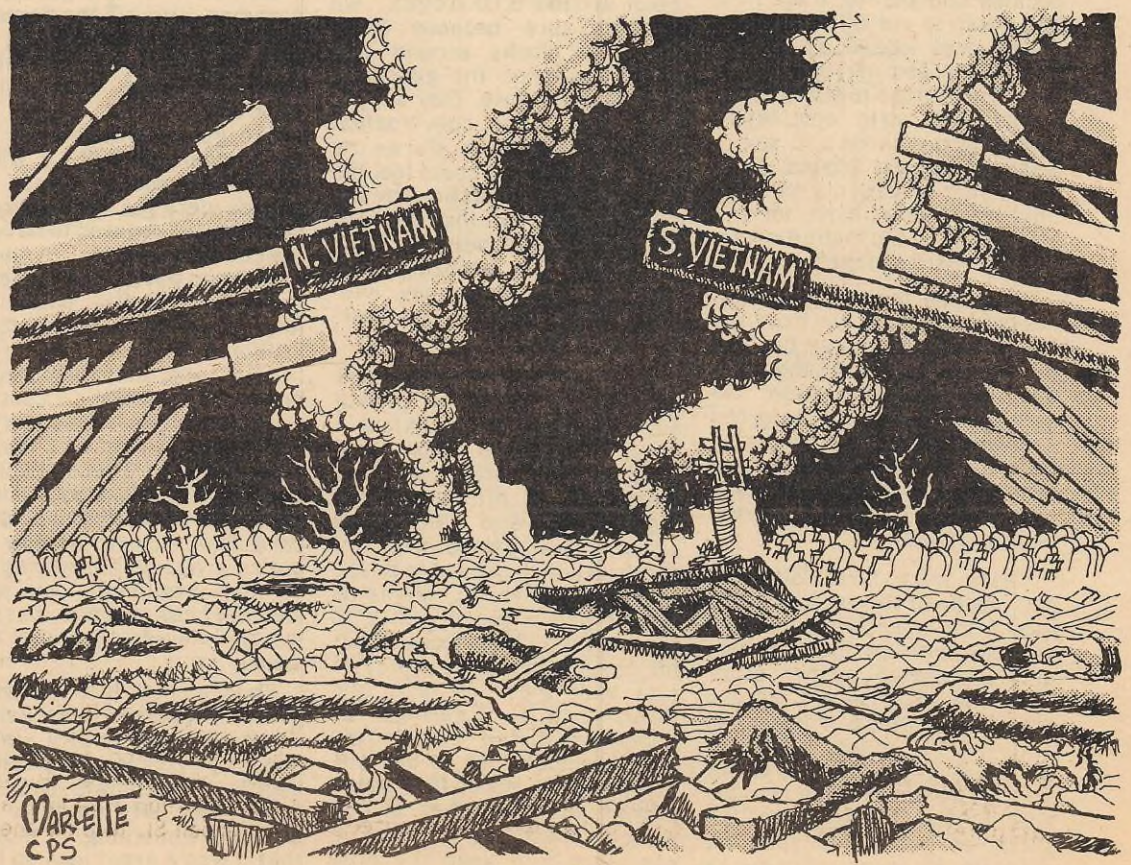


### Discover the World on Your SEMESTER AT SEA

Sails each September & February

Combine accredited study with educational stops in Africa, Australasia and the Orient. Over 5000 students from 450 campuses have already experienced this international program. A wide range of financial aid is available. Write now for free catalog:

WCA, Chapman College, Box CC40, Orange, Cal. 92666



PEACE



# BUSTED: An Experiment

by Tom Mauriello  
(Ed. note — Tom Mauriello is a Sociology Department Undergraduate Fellow)

This is a day to day, hour to hour account of my personal experiences while incarcerated for three days under the jurisdiction of the Connecticut Correctional Department. I, together with 20 probation and parole officers both male and female all from Massachusetts were transported from Boston to Connecticut by authorities from the sheriff's office. We were set in a simulated prison environment from the minute we set foot onto the bus in Boston. These three days were a simulation of what an inmate experiences while in a lockup in prison. The cells in which we lived were very real, together with deep anxieties and feelings of loneliness.


We all gathered into the bus and the sheriff assigned specific seats for us to take, which seemed odd, but this was just the beginning of many unexplained occurrences. He explained to us that he had been duly authorized by the state of Connecticut to transport us to the prison in Connecticut, and any infringements of the rules and regulations set by him while on the bus would be reported to said prison authorities. Actions would be taken upon reception into the institution. We could only talk to the person beside us. Right at the start our liberties were escaping us and I must admit I didn't expect it so soon.

We arrived at the institution and were filed in through a small dark secluded hallway, into what seemed to be a reception area all locked up in bars. The girls were taken to another area at this time. Then one by one our names were being called and one of the guards would bring one of us upstairs to another room. We did not know what was going on in there except for the individuals being brought down again dressed in prison attire being taken to a cell and locked up.

I was waiting anxiously to get the whole thing over with. The guard called my name and before I knew it I was upstairs taking everything out of my pockets and putting them in a bag given to me by this guard whose eyes looked as though they were coming out of his head. He told me to stand in the corner and strip completely including my shoes and socks. I was told to turn around, bend over, and spread my cheeks. This was the ultimate for me after being in the institution for only 40 short minutes.

I watched the whole system not only stripping me from my clothes and belongings, but also my whole identity. As the three days progressed, these observations became reinforced in every event that occurred. Before we were placed in our individual cells were were finger-printed and photographed.

There were three different cell blocks in this prison. Eight men were in a row on one tier, eight women on the top tier, and segregated further away from the 16 prisoners were 5 other cells where 4 prisoners and I were placed. The individuals in my block weren't sure if we were being treated special being apart from the group or not. I felt just the opposite. Although we came as a group, being apart from the



Finger-Print Classification					
Reference Classification					
3. R. Middle Finger	4. R. Ring Finger	5. R. Little Finger			
6. Left Thumb	7. L. Fore Finger	8. L. Middle Finger	9. L. Ring Finger	10. L. Little Finger	
Impressions taken by: _____		Note amputations _____		Signature of person fingerprinted _____	
Date impressions taken: _____		Four fingers taken simultaneously _____		Four fingers taken simultaneously _____	
Left Hand		Right Hand			

PLEASE DO NOT FOLD THIS CARD

others gave me a feeling of insecurity. I sat in my cell just waiting for something to happen. We hadn't had supper and there was no one telling us whether we were going to get any. I feel asleep in exhaustion until the guard, yelling at me, placed two bologna sandwiches and a carton of milk in my cell. I have no love for bologna much less drinking milk with it, but the two satisfied my hunger and thirst so I could fall asleep for the night.

**"I decided to degrade myself into a robot . . ."**

The night seemed to be going very slow being in a semi-conscious state all night, but all of a sudden an ear-piercing loud noise woke us up and the guard yelled out to us to get up and fix our bunks. It must have been around 6:00 o'clock; we weren't sure because there were no clocks around and when we asked the guards if they had the time, they simply said "yes." The conversation would go no further. But as the hours went on, we could feel the time by different actions by the guards and by the daylight through a little window down the hall. It's amazing how humans can make hay with what they have at any particular moment.

We were all very excited now because we would be getting out of our cells for breakfast. I stood next to my door just waiting, but after standing there for 30 minutes I got discouraged and laid down again. I feel asleep with my shoes on which proved to be the wrong thing to do. Moments later I had a guard yelling to me saying, "Get those shoes off. Do you do that at home?" I just took them off and laid down again. Feelings of hopelessness ran through me and I decided then to degrade myself into a robot that would adhere to the wishes of my master. It was the only way to get along and keep my nose clean.

The hours went along and breakfast finally came. A few hours later lunch and a few more hours supper.

Although I knew who I was, and that I would be leaving this place Sunday night, the present was so real and that was all I was thinking about. I wasn't thinking of why I got myself here. I was just worrying about surviving and what was going to happen next.

My sense became very sharp, watching shadows and listening to distant voices coming from afar. Any movement by the guard past the time away. If I saw a shadow coming close I would jump up quick and wait for something to happen;

At this point I finally knew why prisoners called a stretch in prison, **doing time**. Time was the major factor I had to cope with. Time is a funny phenomenon because you can't grab it and save it or try to push it so it will swiftly move on. It just sits there at its own pace.

After supper, the guard came over to me and opened my cell door. He told me to put my shoes on and follow him. I didn't know why or where I was going, but I didn't care. When I walked out of the cell I felt like I walked into the garden of paradise with all the freedom in the world. I had to dig the other inmates as I left, which proved to be a foolish thing later on.

The guard brought me into the kitchen for K.P. It was a welcomed request. These two guards were the first guards I ran into that seemed to have an ounce of humanity in them. They even gave me a cigarette and a cup of coffee, which was like receiving a check for a million dollars.

After I was done they brought me back to my cell. Of course I exaggerated the whole story a little by saying I had 5 cigarettes and 3 cups of coffee, etc. I knew this would bother them and at this point I didn't care. Now I could see how our entire group was breaking up. At the beginning we were sticking close together, but now we were every man for ourselves.

About an hour later the whole prison population was getting irritable especially after knowing I got out of my cell for awhile. One inmate two cells down said, "Why don't we sing a song or something." I thought that it was a great idea so I led our cell block. I began singing,

"Strangers in the Night" together with the other guy next to me. Soon he stopped, but I continued being very involved in what I was singing. I sang louder, banging against my cell wall with the beat. The louder I sang and the harder I beat the wall, the better I felt. My aggressions and loneliness was being exhausted by my actions and I didn't realize how loud I was being. I didn't see the guard around the corner watch me. This proved to be disastrous for me later on. I finished the song and was very proud of myself.

An hour later the guard shouted that we were going to have a half hour exercise period all together in the reception room. The happiness exhibited at this point was astonishing. We all jumped up and stood next to our doors just waiting for the guard to open them. He came into our block, began opening the doors but overlooked mine. We looked at me and I at him but there was nothing said. I wouldn't understand anything at this point, but I knew I would find out. While the whole population was together enjoying themselves, I was in my cell feeling oppressed and hateful. Finally the guard came down to me and gave me a piece of paper and left. I opened the paper and found that I had been arrested for creating a disturbance and inciting a riot by singing to the inmates and banging against my cell wall. This guard who arrested me was the very individual I liked out of all the guards and now at this point I had no one to trust. I found out later that the inmate next to me who originally was singing with me squealed on me to make sure he didn't get in trouble also.

**"I spent 6 hours in that hole with nowhere to sit and nothing to look at."**

My second night was very long. I couldn't sleep at all. My back was killing me because of that two inch mattress. I knew also that in the morning I would be facing a disciplinary hearing which would definitely not make my stay here any easier.

At 9:00 o'clock that morning I was taken from my cell and brought in front of the disciplinary committee. They read off my charge of creating a disturbance and inciting a riot and I responded saying, I

was just singing and banging with the music. I cracked a little smile which proved to be the wrong thing to do at that particular moment. A new guard asked me if I was nervous, because I was standing there banging on the table in front of me. I said yes, for two reasons: one, because I was in position, and two, because I wanted a cigarette. To make a long story short, they sentenced me to an undetermined stay in solitary confinement to reflect upon my actions.

I spent 6 long hours in that hole with no where to sit and nothing to look at. It was dark, cold and dirty. I thought I would go insane. Periodically the guard would blow cigarette smoke in my chamber through the little hatch just to torment me. He succeeded.

When they finally let me out of that hole the three days were over. I stepped out of the chamber to be hit by flashes from photographers that were from the New York Times and local papers. I was actually embarrassed for a second there because I didn't realize that I was free and that my identity and self esteem were to be regained.

At this time we had a two hour de-briefing period where we had to reflect our experiences and feelings while incarcerated.

I tried to put myself in the perspective of a real prisoner. I stated that although I had much time to myself, to think of why I put myself in prison, the only thing I thought about was survival.

What any rehabilitative efforts can be achieved by incarcerations is beyond me.

I have read many books and listened to many prisoners talk about how it is to be behind bars and could be very sympathetic with the whole ordeal. But to have experienced it is something completely different.

There is one thing that was cleared up in my mind that I could never understand before. How a prisoner after being in for a few years and only a month or so to go could escape or get in trouble for some disciplinary action which would just continue his sentence. I didn't even think about getting out. While I knew that I was getting out that evening, that was the last thing in my mind. If I could have collared that guard who was blowing smoke in my cell or even that inmate who squealed on me, I would have killed them. There was that much anxiety. I'll never forget this experience and it's my hope that more administrative and influential people involved with prison reform understand this same experience.

## JOURNAL KNOW-YOUR-SCHOOL CONTEST

Rules: Contest open to all day division undergrads at Suffolk. In case of a tie the JOURNAL will draw a winner at random. 1 entry per person. Members of the JOURNAL staff are ineligible.

### ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTION:

What is the total combined age of the 21 member Suffolk Board of Trustees?

Your Answer:

Bring this coupon to the JOURNAL office any day between 9 a.m. and 5p.m. Contest closes 12noon, Feb. 21, 1973

WINNER RECEIVES A CASE OF THE DOMESTIC BEER OF YOUR CHOICE, OR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.