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Junior Class Elections

Embargo in Controversy

by Dennis Vandall

A run-off election which deter­
mined the president of the Senior
class and the vice-president of the
Junior class has become embroiled in a controversy. (At press time, the controversy had not been settled.)

At the election which was held on May 1 and 2, Joseph Villante, a business major from Roslindale, was named president of next year’s senior class after a run-off vote was called between him and William Ander, a resident of Somerville who is a Government major. During the first election, they both received 48 votes but after the run-off, Villante defeated Ander by a 56 to 22 vote margin. He received 97 votes and Ander accumulated 75.

For the Junior class, James Fenton was elected vice-president after a controversy resulted from the results of the first election. Fenton had waged a highly successful write-in campaign for the first elec­
tion but besides writing the name, it had to be written in full with a check-mark placed after it. Accord­
ing to Ken Larsen, President of the Electrical Engineering department, both candidates’ votes became invalid but because the consequences of not complying with the voting rules were not made public, it was decided that a new election would be necessary.

Within one day after the elec­tion, complaints were brought to the Election Committee which is made up of Ken Larsen, Denise Herber, and Lee Castagnetti. Accord­
ing to Larsen, a hearing was held on Monday, May 6 to look into the validity of the allegations.

Joseph Zagarella, a senior, told the committee that a representative from the Student Government Assistance had solicited him to vote for one place of a junior who hadn’t voted. Zagarella refused to have anything to do with this form of “dead man voting” and also went to the office of the Suffolk Journal to submit a sworn state­
ment which described what hap­
pened.

A student at the law school, Bob O’Brien, was also approached to vote for a member of next year’s senior class. He also refused and the purpose of the hearing was to explain to him that the hearing was sup­
posed to be informal but the matter was still subject to appeal when David Cavalier and Joseph Villante entered the hearing with three Suffolk Law students. They were Edward Wickham, Richard DeLaric, and Joseph Shashann. Cavalier and Villante were allegedly involved in election dealings although they were not charged by the committee with any specific offense. A great deal of dis­
ussion at the meeting which was held in the President’s Conference Room, was centered around the assembly and, in private ses­sions, decided that the election was fair.

The day after the decision was notified, William Ander who was the un­
successful candidate for the Senior class presidency, filed complaints which told of unfair practices dur­ing the election. By a 2-to-1 vote of the Election Committee, it was decided that the investigation would be reopened.

When news of this came to Villante and Cavalier, an attempt to negotiate the election was made by both sides. It was offered that Cavalier could not have anything to do with the campaign if the election would be held again.Decided also was that discipline could be imposed. A student at the law school, Bob O’Brien, was also approached to vote for a member of next year’s senior class. He also refused and the purpose of the hearing was to explain to him that the hearing was sup­
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Richard McDowell

“Do not say that you have done me wrong for I have not done you any harm,” commented Richard McDowell, the associate professor and director of Suffolk’s new Center of State Management.

McDowell met his wife in a family living in the four story house in “the revitalized” area of Boston. Owner contact Ivan Banks. His wife Sally, when not busy with the children works part-time at Lesle College in Cambridge. She teaches and works with master’s candidates in education. She supervises their student teaching assignments.

McDowell’s wife is site in a curious manner. In visiting someone else at the hospital, their paths crossed when Sally was brought in after suffering a skiing accident.

McDowell’s family lives in a four story house in “the revitalized” area of Boston. Although they have been living there for almost twenty years, it is McDowell’s home. His two older children attend Boston schools, and he walks to work most of the time. It is a family living in the mainstream of the city.

Before coming to Suffolk, he taught public administration at Bentley College. There, he helped to develop a program in this field that he was starting the department at Suffolk.

The objectives of public management, he explained, are to open the channels of communication and interaction between business and government. “It is people of industry with a problem, using government to solve it,” he said.

McDowell clarified this need for capable people in public management citing that often times businessmen are afraid “to yoke from Western Mass, is going to tell them how to solve their problem.” A trained person in public management can bridge the gap, he said.

Suffolk will be joining 225 other such departments in American Universities. Others in this region include: Northeastern, Harvard, University of Rhode Island, UConn, and University of New Hampshire.

There is no competition between these universities, McDowell said. They are all working for the same goals in different levels of the government.

As for the department itself, McDowell hopes that Suffolk will emerge as one of the institutions that will work most effectively to develop the relationships between academic and social organizations.

“I hope that we maintain the size so that we can have a good personal relationship between faculty and students.” His proposed teaching load of twelve to sixteen persons. Most of these students would come from the management department he believes.

McDowell sees benefits for both Suffolk and the students from the public administration program. He noted that in the past, Suffolk has been lacking in its ability to provide management personnel. The Suffolk grad, he continued, has always been more business oriented. “Now the public administration graduate can complement the University’s professional ability.”

There is political benefit because, “In many cases it improves their ability to make things work.”

McDowell said there can be problems however, when the politician and the public administrator have different objectives, headlong. In general though, he has found Bay State politicians “quite responsible to the concerns of local people.”

Suffolk’s location is another advantage for McDowell’s programs, he added. “House so close to the university, the department is ‘two minutes away from the house.’”

McDowell said it was his job to persuade House Speaker David B. Bartley to the staff. He served as a delegate at the Army and Navy conference in 1971, and was the Chairman of the House Speaker’s Committee on the Elderly.

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It has come to the attention of the Student Government Association that two of the most selfless and devoted women who have ever been associated with Suffolk University have recently resigned their positions.

Dorothy McNamara, after 47 years of incomparable loyalty in service to Suffolk University also felt it an absolute necessity to resign her position as Secretary to the General Alumni Association, a position she has held since the position was initiated at Suffolk University. Miss McNamara has also served as bursar and registrar during her many years at Suffolk, and due to her great devotion and selflessness worked for the University as a whole.

To anyone concerned with the present situation at Suffolk University—

It is nothing short of a tragedy when we let our school be run as an unfeeling business rather than an educational institution of the student body. The Suffolk Journal was provided students with facts and information and the faculty ... or as an instrument of the student body. It is nothing short of a tragedy when we let our school be run as an unfeeling business rather than an educational institution of the student body.
The resignation last week of two women who have dedicated their lives to Suffolk University can only be taken as an indication that something is seriously wrong within the administration of this school. Evelyn Rolly and Dorothy McNamara have given everything they have to this school and they surely deserve the respect and admiration of the entire Suffolk community for their untiring efforts to improve both the University and the quality of the education that exists here.

When asked about the resignations, President Fulham refused comment. It would seem that when two of the most respected people in the entire community, at least from the viewpoint of the students, resign the President should have something to say. There are far too many left unrested at this University and the above example is only one of them.

Unless the entire University demands a complete investigation into the circumstances surrounding the two resignations, these two women who have given so much will quickly fade into oblivion, a place where they hardly belong, or deserve to be.

If this strange and unsettling incident is allowed to pass unquestioned, who will be next to "resign under protest." The cloak of bureaucratic secrecy will remain intact waiting to garner future victims. Every single person in this University, Administration, faculty, and student has a moral obligation to seek the truth in this matter and demand that justice be served. Who knows, in the future, your job may depend on it.

Dorothy McNamara have given everything they have to this school and they surely deserve the respect and admiration of the entire Suffolk community for their untiring efforts to improve both the University and the quality of the education that exists here.

To the Editor:

This letter concerns what I feel to be the plight of the English literary and arts magazine. The Venture under the advisement of the English department, has failed to produce a respectable Venture magazine since January, 1973. Venture has lost sight of its goal of being creative, with a prime estate, publishing an "everyone looking back." It is nothing more than an anthology or great hits of previous Venture or as Wayne Twitchell has said, "Venture the looking back." Voting for distribution. Venture's editor returned these magazines to the printer demanding that the magazine be reprinted. In the months that followed, editor struggled in vain to get a corrected issue printed. During this time period, the English department refused to support his efforts against this printer. At the same time, the English department began to accuse this editor of being incompetent and they later fired him.

With this person's being fired as editor, Venture 1974 was without an editor or a staff. The English department, at this time, made no effort to find a new editor or build a new staff. Instead, they proceeded to recruit an alumnus of old Venture editors who have produced Venture's only publication for 1974 "Venture looking back." I would like to conclude with two points: First of all, I feel that the English department owes the people of Suffolk University an apology for not producing a 1974 Venture magazine. Second, I think the administration, the student government or anyone who is concerned about the plight of Venture magazine should give serious consideration to whether the English department has the right to control the fate of Suffolk's only literary and arts magazine. Respectfully,

Daniel Higginson

To the Junior Class:

I wish to thank you for the support which I received in the recent election of class officers. The result of the election was April 24 and 25 and again on May 1 and 2. The turnout of the Class of 1976 was truly gratifying. Only by coming together can we solve any of the problems that face us. I assure you that your class officers will work hard in the coming year. We feel proud to have Dave Gilmartin as our high school, student government representative. It is this language which I can use to urge your support. The time for action will come, and when it does, the students, must be behind us.

I would also like to thank those who took a special interest in my campaign. A very special thank you to Peter Tarallo, Mike Kelly, Fugi Fiorenze, Steve Young, Steve O'Leary, Chris Larsen, Frank Spaniol and Paul Tarallo. They didn't quit when the going got rough.

I would also like to thank Mike Kelly for his dedicated service to the Class of '76 for the past two years.

Finally, I would like to thank all those who voted, and appreciate it. For those who did not, I can only ask you for your support in the future for myself and for the Student Government Association.

Sincerely,

Mike Vandal.
CLEVELAND, Ohio (LNS) - Almost four years after the killing of four students and the wounding of nine others in a demonstration at Kent State protesting the U.S. invasion of Cambodia, a grand jury has indicted eight former National Guardsmen.

The indictments were handed down against any of the National Guard's officers - one of whom, Major General Severud (Delto), had scuppered up rocks in full view of his troops and thrown them back at students, two days before the shootings.

Thirty minutes before the troops opened fire, General Robert H. Gardner, said the order to disperse the peaceful and legal rally at noon, reminding me as he did so, that "These students are going to have to find out what law and order is all about.

The indictments also failed to mention Terry Norman, an under fire of the shooting squad who was in the Guardrooms at the time of the shootings. In a letter written by an Ohio National Guardsman, Norman was implicated as having fired the first shot in the 13-second long hail of fire. Other Guardmen said in an interview that they saw a campus policeman extras gun as Norman, who had been issued prescriptive photographer credentials for the demonstration, later explained, "My god, its been fired.

"The indictments themselves are just a symbol of the way the American system really works - blaming the subordinates and not the higher ups," said Dean Kabler, one of the students who was shot at Kent State - and left paralyzed from the waist down.

Parents of the state Kent State students, who have been agitating for a full investigation for almost four years, responded to the grand jury action with some optimism. "I'm relieved that this may be the beginning of the end of a long road to finally get to the truth," said F. Allen Lovejoy, whose daughter, Allison, was killed. "But I'm sorry because so many obstacles were put in our path by people like former Attorney General Mitchell."

"These students are going to have to find out what law and order is all about.

In August 1971, John Mitchell, the deputy secretary of the Justice Depart- ment (as he was at the time of the shootings) responded to a letter to investigate the killings by saying, "I am satisfied that the Department has taken every possi- ble action to serve justice. It is my judgement that further action by the Department would be unwarranted."

Junior House subcom- mittee members rose to their feet to find out why responsible parties were not prosecuted three years ago. The results of the hearings could be forwarded to the full House Judiciary Committee for its impeachment inquiry.

Bernard Miller, the father of Kent State student Tim Leonard, said, "It's not enough. I'm pleased that they've dug deep into it, but I still believe it's been done right." Miller said he was referring to the fact that no higher-ups were indicted, and noted "It's just like Watergate." nationwide.

Dean Kabler, one of the eight indicted Guardmen, said that he and the other seven had been advised by the same lawyer to take the Fifth Amendment (in- voicing that an amendment's gurantee against self- incrimination) but "taking the Fifth maybe really wasn't such a brilliant idea after all." McMann's attorney was assigned to him by the National Guard.

Dean Kabler raised the possibili- ty that more information might come out at the trial of the guardsmen. "Some guardsmen have threatened to testify against all of you. They've taken the government's advice and have bluntly followed the advice of their lawyer." According to Kabler, some of the parents are thinking of con- demning the former guardsmen's defense.

The blue jacket which killed the Mick rests on a table. The jacket is new, the Mick was rented. It isn't really that long. There's a lot of dialogue in it."

"What is next?" What is next, a term paper or the GREAT FUCKING AMERICAN NOVEL?"

"It's a safe idea for McMahan."

"Tapes? Tapes!!! Tell you're not trying to impress him with this multi-media horseshit. You sneaky butcher!"

"I'm not trying to impress anybody."

"Lie! All lies! You've been slicking around up there in the real estate office."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"You've got your nose right up there!"

"I've never seen a more daring and guileful crime."

"Guilty as a grave robber! Yes you ARE!!! I screamed! You've got your nose right up there!"

"You've never been so bold and cunning!"

"I'm not! The Mick was getting a little upset. He was obviously guilty. Guilty as a grave robber!"

(Continued on Page 20)
German Film Revival

by Jeff Hoopes

Maximilian Schell, famed German actor, has turned producer, writer and director in his newest film The Pedestrian. Although his film was edged out of an Academy Award by Francois Truffaut's frolicking "Day for Night," it was awarded an Academy Award in Germany for its artistic craftsmanship. Their influence affected the development of film in many ways, as was the case with Kees. Schell's film was judged to be for Germany in particular, for having been produced during the war. Guilty of the war is a hard sale after the war. The film is an accurate reproduction of a film that was characterized by the German film of the same period. Schell's film seemed to be an accurate portrayal of the film's influence on the film's development.

In The Pedestrian, the director embraces both form and treatment of an unaltered final product. The unique arrangement and depiction of dramatic values, of unswerving logic and consistency, on the points taken on minute detail, finally make action realistic, the prevailing sense of beauty. Schell has a highly intelligent interpretation of sensitive issues and feelings. He understands the genius of the film maker. What audiences with her electrifying performance.

The Pedestrian is another such film. In Germany, Maximilian Schell has created a film in this tradition. Schell's thought and images stand forth as vividly as the summer landscape in a prolonged flash of lightning.

In an era where the French film seems to have eclipsed most other European films in popularity (except some of the Swedish films of Ingmar Bergman perhaps). Maximilian Schell has created a film that was characteristic of German film. Most of the film's influence on the film's development has been on the film's style, but never on the film's substance.

The Pedestrian is truly a German effort representing the return of a particular genre, absent for the most part from the international film circuit since the 1930s. Welcome back.

"The Pedestrian"

by Kevin Kimball

The latest segment to Robert Altman's cumulative oeuvre, Thieves Like Us, tiptos into town taking new reviews but a few public. Its obliquity was uncom- pounded further by Ben Sachs's regretting the film to the Savoy Theater, an aspirant for weary downtown shoppers — not to be among Altman's a success audience.

Altman, John Tewksbury and Claman Willingham adopted the Edward Anderson novel of three Depression-bomden escaped convicts who elude by robbing banks. Fighting against the conventions of the "gangland" genre, Altman builds his story and characters slowly — patiently. He opts not to space his films with bloody, sudden cuts and chases till of the violence takes place of camera. But instead, he begins his scenes more tenderly and relaxed moments. He undercuts his own question from the comic hastenings between the three main characters.

Bowle, the youngest of the three falls into love with Kerche, a backwoods nymph, while deserted between bewails. Ultimately, Altman's pathetic innocence seems to be vindicated and even their future in Germany in the way of film and war crimes. Giese was acting under orders — as was L.C. Calley (who is specifically mentioned in the film) and the theme reflects the guilt of the man in general and the conflicting forces of evil and evil within most men during the horrifying circumstances of war. Schell suggests that Germany, if not all of us as well, are part of a collective shame rather than a specific collective guilt.

He offers us no escape, no put solutions for the situation either. In the comic hastenings between the three main characters, Bowle, the youngest of the three falls in love with Kerche, a backwoods nymph, while deserted between bewails. Ultimately, Altman's pathetic innocence seems to be vindicated and even their future in Germany in the way of film and war crimes. Giese was acting under orders — as was L.C. Calley (who is specifically mentioned in the film) and the theme reflects the guilt of the man in general and the conflicting forces of evil and evil within most men during the horrifying circumstances of war. Schell suggests that Germany, if not all of us as well, are part of a collective shame rather than a specific collective guilt.

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Lady with your dizzy spills
you're no saint of mine tonight,
glaring at your thighs as if abandoned.
you're feeling stranded somewhere
in between apathy and fandom,
gazing into an impasse
because you are afraid to understand.
But then tonight
your long struggle with anger and impatience
becomes encompassed within your deep, deep sigh,
you feel only the pain and pleasure of expression
and the anticipation of a trial.

by Kathryn Hasson

De Novo

When your rainbow coloured clothes dropped . . .
With outstretched limbs you stood . . . stark . . . snow draped.
The frozen air tenses your flexing fingers . . .
To formally attired hands in the night.
The winds rippled and gnawed as you shed your winter white for
The budding golds . . . and greens . . . of spring.
When your rainbow coloured clothes drop again . . .
I will remember finely chosen garb and dream . . .
Another dream . . .

by Steven Barry Katz

Before the dropping-off
Of day step out into
The dark and appear.
For time tilts like stairs
Towards a future and
A purpose and an image.

I you they we will
Run through the case
Calling them us ourselves —
Nearing the end
Eyes turn away.

Reflection in the light.
Vision in the dark.

What lies behind those
Eyes always in darkness;
My image is there
(Though I don't look like that in the light).

Who is it
Who stares out
Who stares back.
Who is that who peeks out
When time is still in
The space of eternity
And never turns away.

He has our face,
Watches and thinks —
You cannot see
Him staring.
Behold yourself.

Who is ascending.
Who naked gapes.
A child's blind question.
Mute's calling eyes.

The dead man stares.
Look in the window
Through the glare
Past the stairs:
Your eyes bounce
Like rubber balls,
Or glass marbles that
Glance off and roll —
Cat's eyes blinking.

What are we but animals;
And a brain;
And many mirrors.

by Steven Barry Katz
When he first came to the outfit, Dover followed me everywhere. I was scheduled to rotate home in four months and he was my replacement. I was pretty strict. Dover must have been pretty strict. Dover possessed that combination of the wildest lies imaginable and when we were done, we would invariably have a question about some technical point that he didn't understand. The others would then laugh at him and around his back exclaiming that he was bright. But I didn't laugh. The questions asked were always intelligent ones. And I knew he wasn't fooled by the tall tales, but merely trying to conjure up a picture of something he had never seen.

On liberty nights, he would follow me down the streets and winding alleys of Kozao and Kin Village chasing the strange sights and smells of this foreign place. We would eat some rice and strange noodle soups in restaurants where few Americans ever went. Usually we'd start off at Skivy Charlie's warehouse where Dover would sit at a booth in the lounge, sipping a beer and talking with the girls too bashful to go upstairs with any of them. Then, when they were done, he would blush and say something and wait until we left. Once outside, he would ask me how it was and if the girl had been pretty with his clothes off, but he would say nothing in front of them.

In mid-November, Headquarters Company had a thirty mile training hike. I was being treated for an infected knee and stayed behind. Just before noon, the supply chief called me into his office and introduced me to a tall, stern man in a camouflage uniform.

"This is lance corporal Button. He's gonna work in the warehouse starting tomorrow. Get him a rack and a locker, then take him to the warehouse to meet sergeant D'Amato.

As we were leaving, he told Button to stick around the compound area because the supply officer would want to see him when he got there.

"What's your first name?" I asked as we climbed the hill to a row of empty wall lockers in from the supply section, but I found an empty one across the hall in the motor transport area. I found an empty wall locker in from another barracks and he locked his shaving kit in it. Then we went to the warehouse.

Angelo D'Amato, war weary, and battle beaten, cradled with hilt of tunic and equipment request forms when we arrived. Angelo was a West Virginia, had been in the Corps for around 18 months before his unit came to look us up. Somosatich was at the PX! Bell was down in the middle of telling me how far he was with prisoners he caught skulking. Blushed, then quickly changed the subject, but his eyes contained very red. "I'll have to talk to him," he said weakly.

"Sergeant slipped Button on the back. "He's new, you know..." D'Amato said.

"Pretty good," said Button softly, slightly smiling, but obviously embarrassed by the attention he was receiving.

"But it's not like the infantry, is it?"

"No sir," came the reply. Button was looking down at the floor. "But I believe it's not! I was a B battery, Kozao. Hung over on Bothero and Bowning through mud and rain. Freezing rain! Dammned hard, heart breaking senotchickone bus. But you knew you could count on the old boys to have your back!"

"I've found the H.A.R.D. bell," said Button. In the first sergeant ignored him. "You know, you just you can't get away with it. I never saw a slacker the whole time I was over there. He knew I was on time. Not like some of these goddamn privates you have to deal with today. Give me a man anytime!"

He got up and slipped Button on the back. "You do alright," he said and turned to leave. "Good evening gentlemen," he said, and waved Button away. All Angelo had almost looked like a smile on his face.

There was silence at the table for several minutes after he left. The first sergeant was standing up at Bell, he had obliquely insulted the rest of us, who, like Bell were not grunts. Button at last piped, thanked D'Amato for the beer and excused himself. His beer was only half drunk.

When he was gone, Bell cursed. "Goddamn! What a goddamned thing to drink with us!" Does he think I give a hoot in hell for his damn beer?"

"But hell he's a shithard in the Ninth Marines!"

"Yeah," said D'Amato, "shithard. He's a Ninth Corps guy."

"The rat probably stole it. Or he's drunk."

We got up and left him raving in the corner and went to the movie. That was Christmas. D'Amato was assigned to the Base Military Police on Temporary. Additional Duty. Dover had got over my assignment at battalion supply. I spent part of the rainy month of December patrolling the broken, muddy streets of Kin Village. The bars were using kerosene heaters and the warehouses kept charcoal burning in large pits or crocks. And outside of the bars, the drinking was blaring rock music and stink of kerosene, perfume and sweat. I'm always remembering old drunkards out of the cold mud, the ladies who turned out like monsters and hustled off to cages like cattle. And once, I just happened to bump into a screaming baby, a stony faced Okinawan Whore and an American Marine who had died of an overdose of very pure heroin and fallen face first into a pit of smoldering charcoal."

After chow, I had to go to Third Force Service Regiment to pick up some winter uniforms for guys who were rotating home that week and would need them stateide. I had some trouble getting the proper sizes and didn't get back until four o'clock, almost quitting time. I was standing on line after evening chow, when Dover came into the canteen.

"We've got a new, he's a new," said Button. "I know," I said without opening my mouth. "But you didn't know he had the Navy Cross, though, did you?"

"No. Where did you hear that?"

"The lieutenant was going over the men's record with me, he woke up. Then he left me. I heard the gunny and the lieutenant talking about him. He's got the Bronze Star and two Purple Hearts too."

"Regular Aide Morphy, isn't he?"

"Going to the movie? I asked. "Not tonight," said Dover and started over to the motor transport area. I gat my shining out of my foottlocker and went into the head. God help the new guy! I thought. Now Dover has a genuine hero to bother. As I went into the tent I noticed Simon, the Okinawan shoeshine boy standing in the laundry room. I called him Simon, because he wouldn't tell us his Japanese name. He was about twenty-five. He had been shining shoes on US bases since he was sixteen. For five dollars a month, he would shine as many shoes as a marine put under his boot every day. Simon was usually the last of the bums and the Okinawan shoeshine crew to leave the base at night. He had found that if he hung around until the officers left after work, that he could double or triple his salary by playing cards with the young marines. Simon also liked to hang around the shower stalls during rush hour.

"From four o'clock until they run out, it was possible to purchase beer for ten cents a bottle at the base snack bar. This was a nickel cheaper than the cheapest beer at the enlisted men's club. Also, the snack bar was directly across the street from the battalion supply office.

When I entered the snack bar, I noticed Dover at a corner table with sergeant Bell and the company first sergeant. I got a bottle of beer out of the cooler, paid the girl behind the counter and went over. "They must have come in late." I said to the first sergeant. Then to Bell, "You brown-nosing again against Sergeant Bell" he turned red. Of course he was brown-nosing! I don't want you to get you in the warehouse, smartass, he hissed.

"Damn right I don't! Old Simon told me all about you," Dover let out a high pitched laugh and Bell turned a shade of red that was almost purple.

"Those machine gun barrels we've been waiting for came in," I said to the first sergeant. He gave me a queer look.

"No sir," came the reply. Bell put the pillow over my eyes to shut out the light. "Got a Saint Christopher, but the chain chafes my neck." I put the pillow over my eyes to shut out the light. "They were here this afternoon." D'Amato looked up, "Sonofabitch was at the PX!"

Sonofabitch was at the PX! Bell said weakly.

"But it's not like the infantry, is it?"

"No sir," came the reply. But he had obliquely insulted the rest of us, who, like Bell were not grunts. Button at last piped, thanked D'Amato for the beer and excused himself. His beer was only half drunk.

When he was gone, Bell cursed. "Goddamn! What a goddamned thing to drink with us!" Does he think I give a hoot in hell for his damn beer?"

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"We got up and left him raving in the corner and went to the movie. That was Christmas. D'Amato was assigned to the Base Military Police on Temporary. Additional Duty. Dover had got over my assignment at battalion supply. I spent part of the rainy month of December patrolling the broken, muddy streets of Kin Village. The bars were using kerosene heaters and the warehouses kept charcoal burning in large pits or crocks. And outside of the bars, the drinking was blaring rock music and stink of kerosene, perfume and sweat. I'm always remembering old drunkards out of the cold mud, the ladies who turned out like monsters and hustled off to cages like cattle. And once, I just happened to bump into a screaming baby, a stony faced Okinawan Whore and an American Marine who had died of an overdose of very pure heroin and fallen face first into a pit of smoldering charcoal."

(Continued on Page 12)
BOSTON

Divine and Decidedly Camp.

Magic Dick with lickin' stick in hand.

Hank was back in town disguised as Leon Russell.

"And the devil cried more". Jethro Tull's farewe
Getting a fresh start at 58, Papa John Creach and his funky fiddle.

Touring on the yellow brick road with Elton John.

Rehearsal singing in the dead of night.
THE HERO
(Continued from Page 9)
I saw a good deal less of my friends at battalion supply. I was usually very tired and felt weak. I wasn't either putting up my kit for inspection or sleeping. I was just doing the daily work. I was trying to fill in the blank with whatever activity I could find. Dover was quiet for a minute, then he said, "Button is just in­terested in stuff. Okinawan tombs and a crate of field jackets; discarding the most ragged ones and breaking them off to jail items we lacked.

"You watch your mouth," I out­rank you. 'I've got more TIG."

"But you think it's true, don't you?" Button naturally heard. He became shaking. I didn't know if there even left the warehouse. My hands were in the office and Button was sent in. Lieutenant that Dover needed help in the office late one night working on the reports I had sent up that afternoon.

I sleep deeply.
Far from the roads —
while nature guides my dreams are remembered.
Silk-screened images
in the fireglow.
Soft twilight sounds mix
in the dying embers.
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Friends of Harley St.
You're Needed

by Gary Brennan

Cranked out on ibogaine
thoughtless, exposed, changeable.
But alertness maintained
and pictures of Rage.

Don't move or open eyes
cross out that environment.
But alternations maintained
and pictures of Rage.

Those nerves are tense
300 mg. going strong.
But you're dead and you know it
and pictures of Rage.

Satori

The day dawns slowly —
as the sun crawls up,
over the eastern rim of earth.

Darkness flees the golden light —
as dew-dipped fields become alive —
in themselves.

Music weaves magic in the
first morning light.
Sunlight flashes upon the waters.
I am alive.

Joe Gavaghan

Pantheism

Amber flames
seen through
green mirages
frame my life
in beauty.

Joe Gavaghan
cup and listening to the cold rainhammer on the flat roof and against the window panes.

The door opened and a young marine with a flashlight came in. He wore no raincoat and was soaked through, his uniform dripping against the window panes. "Sergeant, there's a fight in the 13's hooch."

"Who is it?" I asked, grabbing my flashlight and night stick.

"The hero," he said.

I gave him a black look and he went out into the rain. I woke up the assistant Duty and ran through the rain to the headquarters and the assistant Duty and ran through the rain to the headquarters and the assistant Duty and ran through the rain to the headquarters and the assistant Duty and ran through the rain to the headquarters. When I got there, I heard shouting in the supply section's area. There was a crowd standing near the door at the far end of the room. I recognized Bell's voice, and Perez's, I pushed my way through the crowd.

"Gang way! Come on, move it! Get your asses out of my way!"

I pushed my way into a cubicle. Dover's cubicle, Perez's cubicle. Dover was lying on the deck with his seabag pulled down to his knees. His nose was bleeding and he looked dazed. Button was sitting on the deck also. Sergeant Bell was holding him. Perez had been holding him, but stepped back when I entered the cubicle. Button looked as dazed as Dover. I pointed to Bell and Perez.

"I want to talk to you two. The rest of you, clear out! Nobody moved. "I said clear out!" I shouted. Marines began to shuffle back to their bunks, mumbling as they went. I turned to Perez.

"You know where my room is in the sergeant's quarters?"

"Yes," he said.

"Here's the key. Get it."

Perez grunted and left. I turned to Bell. "What happened here, sergeant?"

"Me and Perez came back from liberty, found lance corporal Button assaulting PFC Dover."

"That's a lie," shouted Button. "I was only... . . ."

"Shut up, Button!" I barked. "In what way was lance corporal Button assaulting Dover?"

"He had his hands on Dover's... he was feeling his..."

"Get out of here, Button," I said.

"Get out of here before I kill you."

He left, walking softly down the hall. I heard the men whispering as he went by.

Perez came back with the face cloth. I told him to wait for me in the hallway. I washed Dover's face.

"What happened Dover?" I asked.

"Don't know. I was with Button. Button."

"What about Button?" I asked.

"Nothing."

"Did Button try to touch you?"

"Touch me, touch me," Dover groaned.

"Did he try to fuck you, Dover?" I asked, embarrassed.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Dover mumbled, too drunk to think straight. I wiped away the blood that was running from his nose, then opened the whiskey bottle. "Take some of this, Dover. It'll help you sleep."

I pulled up his pants and put him to bed.

Perez gave me the same story as sergeant Bell. But I wasn't sure. They both hated Button and they were good friends. Christ I was tired. I just wasn't sure what had happened. I went to find the Officer of the Day to make my report.

Dover was transferred to Vietnam within a week. The poor kid wasn't quite sure what hit him. Button was assaulted by five "unidentified" marines about a week later. He spent two weeks in the base dispensary. When he was released, he was informed that he was to receive a Medical Discharge (under honorable circumstances) for wounds received in the Republic of Vietnam.

I was standing by the window when I saw Button walking across the company parking lot. He was dragging his seabag behind him. It was misty. He was coming from the warehouse after turning in his '72 gear. I looked down the row of windows to my right. There were faces in all of them. Watching Button. Hating him. He entered the building that housed the company office and supply. He walked into the supply office. The lieutenant inquired his personnel card. I tore up his equipment issue form. He walked into the company office and stood to attention in front of the first sergeant's desk. The company commanding officer was too disgusted to even be present: he was in Kozza getting drunk with one of the teachers from the American school. Button stood there in his coarse green uniform with all the ribbons, almost as many ribbons as the first sergeant wore to dress parade. Button stood there straight and to attention and looked right at the first sergeant, who looked like a man whose stomach was bothering him and who refused to look at Button. The first sergeant punched his ticket and Button made a face, military turn and left. He shouldered his seabag and walked out the door. That was the last time I saw him; his chest ribbed with medals and his face ribbed with bruises, walking straight, like a marine. Like a man.

**THE HERO**

(Continued from Page 12)

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**The Sunlit Meadow**

I looked at my skin, burnt by sun's rays, and five streams of blood headed down towards the earth, and the sun hid behind the clouds and I felt rain upon my scalp as i ventured beyond the outskirts of the meadow.

Joanne M. Pelton
Once a ponytyme, when Stephe was a tiny dadababbler, a black Jet nipped his feet. Every cruelman laffed. so thought he. With violated sneakers he could run slow. Jump low, see his pimply (they were manifesting) cheeks. No longer did the superstar move mercuricunreally. All the praytell-ing old women laughed and laffed and larfed, louder than the rest.

"Oh God. did you see him! Fell flat on his rump. Har! Har! Harlots of Christianity! Merciful Matrons earthbond to whisper gently; soothing the ruptured souls of society's awe-struck children. He saw.

But he didn't perform. The unfinished shamrock, silently decay-ing in his initial classroom, empathized when Stephe passed the test, and was refused admittance. There were too (times six) many. Peer interaction condescended, thoughts reclused.

Academically; his potential, offering his middle phalger to their disgusturned backs. Graduation rived the Reticent's arduously cultivated frontiers. He immobilized, satirized by acrimony to the precipice of overnegation. It left him howling, walk-like, to a Goddess. Moon. Women prayed dumning to procure levels of acceptance. run with minute particles of life suffocating demons. Restrain arrived tardily, flexing atrophied muscles. When the barkers spoke he didn't listen — tears from Steph, resenting his overbenevolence.

An affinity for Dionysian overindulgence, which had subor-dinated tendencies to introvert, dissolved with the crowd. Pullulating forth to sublime his withdrawal were many excuses, a resurrection for each death. The realms of Biblical poems began to clutter his desk, in misdirected compensation, until he bored, losing sources of inspiration after the second full reading. Familial support edged saliently towards the Help-Wanteds. Thick and grease-like was the hostility covering the walls of the house he stayed at.

"Thank God," Father spoke when Stephen won the contest. "Now I won't have to ignore him. Just talked nonsense. Help my ass. It's his own fault."

The Bomberdils opened bomberdoors becoming Bomber­dils nevermore. Tolk is cheat. Reality is a bad hobbit. Oh God, yes you again, why? It's so easy to rationalize. Why wait? Nothing in my immortality. No more wingtips, no more toadstools, no more stiltons, no more callous moons. The concept seeped pungenitally into his mind. Soapydreams were never aforethoughts in the realm of darkened everlasting sewerside. No more . . . just, no more."

The Master

Floating on the edge of night
Hidden by the sea
A lonely boy contemplates
The coming ways of sodality
And prays them to concede a ford.

For his virtuous craft
Has sent him off course
And he must circumvent
The travelled route.

But feeling the alien currents
Pulling him towards the stream
He stands to preserve the Arcadian way.

The boy, a master now
Is leaving at full sail.
He turns to dare the beaten tides
Knowing they have failed.

by Gerald Bostock

The Source

the sun, the fiery sun, the source,
sent out rays to fall upon the earths' surface.

the constant travelling of rays
cased the sun, the source, to become tired and week.

Hence, the sun, the source, sunk below the horizon .
beyond the eyes of dependers . . .

Joanne M. Pelton
It was raining when he woke up. The gentle sound drumming had penetrated the layers of sleep and tugged him awake. He found himself nearly dawn alone. His body barely stirred beneath the covers, his mind shrouded in sleep. It settled before he woke to its own rhythm.

Moaning softly he twisted his body and reached for his cigarettes on the night table. After lighting one he lay back and inhaled deeply. The rain lashed against the window glass every time the wind rose. He moved on the bed, readjusting his position in the changing climate.

"Rain must be the mend of memory," he thought as he watched the glow from the cigarette brighten as he pulled. He recalled his college years and the impact that Poind in had on him, then the theory that the present sense of time also affects memory. He glanced at the still figure beside him and suddenly thought, "Proust was correct."

It was the night she met her. He was in San Francisco for a business meeting, a meeting prolonged for a week, by the advances of someone else. She caught his eye during dinner at the restaurant and said, "We can talk later." After watching her disappear into the ladies room he unfolded the piece of printed paper in his hand and said, "We can talk later." He returned to the room where she met him at the end of the week and took a seat next to her.

"Rain must be the mend of memory," he thought as he watched the glow from the cigarette brighten as she puffed. He recalled his college years and the impact that Poind in had on him, then the theory that the present sense of time also affects memory. He glanced at the still figure beside him and suddenly thought, "Proust was correct."
The Junior-Senior Week Committee is happy to announce the final schedule of events for Junior-Senior Week '74. We would like to extend a cordial invitation to all of you to attend one or all of the scheduled events. The schedule is as follows:

May 29, Wednesday
4:30 pm — 8:00 pm — The "Casino Cruise" will depart from Massachusetts Bay Lines, Inc. at 4:30 pm for Gloucester. Events planned. The schedule is as follows:

May 30, Thursday
6:30 pm — 1:00 am — The "Casino Cruise" will depart from Lombard’s, 17 Porter Street, East Boston, Massachusetts. An open bar. hors d’oeuvres, dinner, favors and dancing will be provided. This event will be held rain or shine.

May 31, Friday
6:30 pm — 1:00 am — The "Commencement Ball" will be held at Lombard’s. A hot dog brunch will be served from 2:00 pm — 2:45 pm. A chicken barbecue will be held from 4:00 pm — 5:30 pm. Free beer and cold drinks will be available all day. Bring along your dancing shoes as a rock band will play from 8:00 pm — 9:00 pm. Parking is available for those who wish to drive; for those who do not desire to drive, buses will leave from Plymouth from the Archer Building on Derne Street at 11:30 pm, 11:45 pm and 12:00 midnight. Suit coats requested.

Jefferson Airplane

The above statement was, for Jefferson Airplane, a rule that was carefully followed during their eight year existence. All of their music contained a magic, a mood that swept up people and got them all moving and feeling together. They were one of the few "acid Rock" bands that also appealed to the mind. In all, the Airplane was a band that captured the feeling of the sixties in America and spread the word to their audiences.

The Airplane finally broke up several months ago and now Grate Records has given the faithful one last album to remember how it was when the band was in high gear. Entitled "Early Flight" the album contains material never released during the band's history plus two pieces that were released as singles but never placed on an album. The material gives the listener an opportunity to hear what the group sounded like before they became known nationally as THE band from the San Francisco area.

The first three songs on side one are pieces that were recorded in 1965 when the band first got together. At that time Signe Anderson was the female vocalist and Skip Spence was drumming for the group. These songs sound like the material contained on "Jefferson Airplane Takes Off", their first album. They are folk oriented with flashes of Jorma Kaukonen's strategic lead guitar that was later to become a trademark along with the soaring vocals of Grace Slick.

"Running Round This World" is a perfect example of Marty Balin's love songs. It contains haunting lyrics and melodic rhythms that cut around the edges of the mind and make the listener wonder at the beauty of human love. Signe's vocals are lofty and sweet, shadowing the song with a bittersweet quality that evokes pristine dreams and the magic of really being in love.

The traditional blues background of Jorma Kaukonen is displayed on the cut "In the Morning". It is a raw number arranged in the twelve bar format. Jorma's improvisational style combined with Jack Casady's unique bass guitar riffs make this song move in directions rarely heard these days. The last cut on side one is "J.P.P. McSlep B's Blues" a folk-rock song about love and human relationships, the vocals are flawless with Grace using her un­canny style to highlight Balin's driving voice. The song exposes the group's musical roots in the folk music area. Most of the members of the band had spent time in the small folk clubs and in and around the San Francisco area before they created the Airplane.

Side two opens with "Go To Hey," a piece recorded in 1966. It sounds vaguely like some of their previously recorded material and was probably disregarded for that reason. Nevertheless it proves inter­esting, if only to allow the listener to hear the musical development of the band in retrospect.

"Up and Down" is a powerful Marty Balin song recorded just before he left the band in 1970. The track is interesting in that Balin's vocal style was in flux. He dresses the lyrics from several angles, one of which is a modified form of "soul" singing rarely heard within the context of rock music.

The last two songs, "Mexico" and "Have You Seen The Saucers," were released in 1970 and have been performed in concerts since. "Pristine dawn's and the magic bliss of really being in love."
his bright visage
Intense with pale
Life and love that
Still has not fared
Nor flickered yet
Grows rushing with
The hands and loins
Of exciting
Insouciance that
Glows in warm youth.

"Where are his eyes?" 
Are those his eyes?"

Wondering in
His immurement
Without noise and
And stretching hands
He burns to be
He brushes the
Real like he is
Blind as he is
While he's running.
Blind with fire.
"What's that?"
"Ooh, don't do that?"

Afraid of the
Fantasies — he
Is so afraid
As if they are
Ready he
Could and twisted
Words half-said spelt;
Thou dimming, his
Eyes close as he
Wanders in sleep.

Steven Barry Katz
(with assistance of Joshua Wesley Carlson)

Board Bill...

Continued from Page 1

interest" exists in so much as per­
definite conflict of interest should
according to Fenton, the "conflict of
ceivably sit on the Board itself.
he termed "political pressure." He
added that he would serve the Suffolk community.
Board of Trustees, as it has been in
late then it has been in the past.
Fenton then told the audience
that the responsiveness was a result
of its decisions and that the respon­
sity, thus creating the atmosphere
for those who come after.
As if the treatment of the American Indian at the hands of the "Americans" was not enough, our society also needed to deny the
oral tradition and literature of the native Americans from being viewed
as legitimate and an integral part of life for the people who created it. For years the massive body of literature left by the tribal
customers of the American Indian as ignored or belittled by the critical
establishment of "American letters" as the work of illiterate
savages. The collection of Indian literature assembled by John
Bierhorst comes in the wake of our culture's discovery of the American
Indian. Only recently has interest kindled concerning the manner
and method of native American life. As a result, several scholars have set upon the
的任务 of obtaining and translation
the literature of the American In­
dians.

One of the most bittersweet parts
of the book concerns itself with the
coming of the white man and the
relationship that the Indians sought
to establish with him. In many
respect the various Indian tribes
traded the whites as children, lost
in the wilds of the new world. The
Indians tried to teach the "pale
ones" how to live and .survive in
America but destiny had other
plans. Slowly the two cultures
collided and, largely by reason of
their cultural value system, the
Indians were defeated.
As the whites slowly destroyed
things the Indians considered sacred, the land, the game, and the
tribal structures. The Indians reverted back to their ancestral
beliefs and myths. Contained therein were legends about the arrival of "devils" who would have
no respect for life or the land in their
road quest for riches and power.
The Indians listened to the voices of their ancestors and
took to their beliefs and myths and
told the world that was attacking their
very existence.
In the end the Indians began to
celebrate their slow death by becoming interested in spiritual
fanciation and religious zeal. It was the only way
remaining. The "Ghost Shirt dancers" made the
earth tremble under their poun­
ding feet as they hugged the gods
to make them powerful enough to
withstand the awesome weapons of
the white oppressors. Even that
defeatful endeavor failed and the
ultimate destruction arrived.

In terms of critical analysis, In­
dian literature could be viewed as
somewhat raw and un­
developed but the reader should
understand the nature and styles of
the Indian oral tradition. In many
of the pieces there is a repetition of words and phrases which indicate
the particular piece as one having
religious importance and merit.
Elements of nature have either
importance and it is not unusual to find
to a tribe having well over one
hundred poems celebrating the sun
or the moon as a religious deity.
Taken as a whole, Indian literature
demonstrates a philosophy of life,
lyric and dramatic affect, not to
mention the huge socio-political
and cultural importance attached
on it by the people responsible for
its creation. It can be viewed as the
manifestation of a certain way of
life, much more so than is true
today. The word and its use was of
vital importance to the tribal
societies. It was the means that
held the social structures together
and enabled them to survive far
beyond the capabilities of most non­
literate cultures. American Indian
Poems and Ritual Orations is an
excellent source book for the study
of what is perhaps the most
beautiful legacy of the first
Americans.

The Staff of
The SUFFOLK JOURNAL
would like to express their thanks
to Joe Gavaghan
for advice, encouragement and other good stuff.

TO FLAME

Trail of the Wind
A Review of Indian Poems

by Joe Gavaghan
In The Trail of Wind
American Indian Poems
and Ritual Orations
Edited by John Barhorst

Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 200
pages, $2.45

Perhaps the best indication of
life in any great culture can be
discovered in its literature. Most

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Sports Arena

Tennis Team Finishes Season
by Bob Stackelbeck

The Suffolk Rams Tennis team finished its season with a 2 and 5 record overall. This was two more wins than they had last year and two of the five losses were very close matches.

Several months ago there were over fifty people involved in the tennis program but due to a short-age in court space the program was narrowed down to 26. Tennis coach Tom Fied was pleased with the interest shown by the team and feels that Suffolk has a successful season regardless of the record.

Suffolk is a young team and they are building for the future. All starting players will be returning with the exception of captain Art Judge.

The Rams have stranded 100 men on base, an incredible 8.4 average per game. The Rams have won 10-out of 19 games in an easy victory over Gordon College. The first game-jitters were gone and the team played well in the windy atmosphere of the courts at Governor Dummer Academy. Governor Dummer are the courts which Gordon college uses to play their home matches.

In the third match against Bryant of Rhode Island the Rams were faced with another team that had indoor facilities to practice on, and the results were the same as before. Bryant was 6-3 but Suffolk made a good showing against them.

Well, as much as I hate writing about injuries, here it is.

Suffolk University’s baseball team, one of the most promising and highly praised teams this season has been quite some time, suffering a "hiatus" as they now possess a 2-12 record for this spring’s efforts. While it is fashionable for sportswriters to cite injuries as the prime factor of the team’s plight, I won’t make mention of the fact that Capt. Paul Carroll, 2nd baseman Tim Flynn, and outfielders Phil Tarrallo and Bill Cole have been sidelined this season.

Giving up the bulk of runs scored against them in just one inning is the most serious weakness of the team. Also, the fact that the Rams have stranded 101 men on base, an incredible 8.4 average per game, has hurt.

In the last Thursday’s game (Apr. 25) Lowell State scored seven runs in the third and eight in the sixth against the Rams and wound up on the long end of a 17-5 ballgame. Saturday’s (Apr. 27) doubleheader in Hartford against the University of New England, showed signs of improvement. UNE scoring only three in the fourth but downing the Rams in a close 5-2 ballgame in the opener. The second match between Governor’s Island and Suffolk saw Hartford scoring a pair in the first, three in the fourth, and a couple more in the sixth, posting an 8-1 victory over Suffolk.

The Rams won their second victory for the season this spring Monday (Apr. 29) when they took a 9-8 ballgame away from Curry in the ninth, winning the contest 10-9 on a bunt hit (19) of hits.

W.P.I. defeated Suffolk Tuesday afternoon (Apr. 30) by the score of 5-2, and again the Rams failed to get that all important hit as they left another platoon (11) of men on the mounds.

Wednesday’s fiasco found the Rams suffering a "bustout" as Bryant leveled Suffolk pitching for a 12-run 16 hit loss. Five errors in the field didn’t help matters much.

Entering the final week of the season, the Rams have five games remaining to prove that reinstatement is, in fact, possible.
THE JOURNAL WISHES TO THANK THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE, INSTITUTIONS, THINGS, AND OTHER EXISTENTIAL ENTITIES.

Earth Mother
S&O Offset
Jay's Lunch
Ridgeway Men's Room
(Scatological Satori)
Jefferson Airplane
Cannabis Sativa
Mead-Makers of America
WBCN-FM
The Viking Flash
God and other celestial beings
Mike Roper
(for cleanup apres le deluge)
The Voice at the other end of the Phone.

(Continued from Page 5)

Walden

(Continued from Page 5)

Joe Gavaghan doesn't need it. Bob McKillop doesn't need it. The Kings Carts, Todecio's, Buccio's and graduated Gilmarin's don't need it. Macolini Santoro, Schechter, attending poets, literati, staffees et al do not need it. They don't need the credit due them from the student body: the faculty and the administration. They haven't asked to be credited for doubling the number of pages offered by the 72-73 Suffolk Journal staff. They don't expect to be complimented for bringing news to the campus from within and without. Perhaps, they could care less whether people realize that it was this year's Suffolk Journal which brought to the University a literary supplement. Frank Novak, President of the Journalism Society, knows that the Journal, and especially its editor, need not be reminded of its vital role in developing and bringing to fruition this year's brightly successful "Communications Week."

JOURNALISM DEDICATION
by Joe Gavaghan

Remarkating that the field of Journalism is a growing one, Harold Kern, the publisher of the Boston Herald American, spoke to administration, faculty, and students at the dedication of the Suffolk Journalism Department's Newsroom last Monday. Mr. Kern was introduced by Charles Fulham, President of Suffolk University. Mr. Fulham thanked Kern for the support that the William Randolph Hearst Foundation has given Suffolk in the past. The Journalism Department receives an annual gift of $5000 dollars from the Foundation.

Speaking only briefly, Mr. Kern commented on the recent events concerning Patricia Hearst. Mr. Kern was somewhat unclear as to her name. At one point he referred to her as "Catherine Hearst." Kern added that the four million dollars earmarked for the SLA upon the release of Ms. Hearst may now be used to aid various institutions, including educational ones like Suffolk.

Mr. Kern was presented with a plaque by Malcolm J. Butch, Chairperson of the Journalism Department. After the address, wine and cheese were served. The plaque was later mounted on the door of the Journalism newsroom.

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE, THE JOURNAL WISHES
Cannabis Sativa
Jefferson Airplane
S(§^R Offset
Mike Roper
The Viking Flash
Earth Mother
God and other celestial beings

The following people, The Journal wishes
Cannabis Sativa
Jefferson Airplane
S(§^R Offset
Mike Roper
The Viking Flash
Earth Mother
God and other celestial beings

The Journal wishes
Cannabis Sativa
Jefferson Airplane
S(§^R Offset
Mike Roper
The Viking Flash
Earth Mother
God and other celestial beings

"There's something in petty need cash."
"You need cash," said the Mick.
"And there's nothing in petty need cash."
"Do you guys have seven dollars?"
"I haven't," I said. "But first see if you can extort it from Student Activities." Stockeperson left the room.
I went to the head. A few minutes later the door opened. From the cubicle I could hear some one come in. It was Stockeperson.
"Uh, Bob, would you give me that money now?"
"Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Is there no bloody privacy?"
"I've got to get those tennis pictures."
"Tennis pictures? Can't you for Christ's sake see that I'm busy?"
"Well, maybe you could just slide the ten under the door of the cubicle."
"You imagine what some one will think if they see you on your knees and me sliding ten dollars under the door of the john?" But I did it anyway just to get rid of him. Christ, I'll never have shit and beer for breakfast again.

I went back to the office. The Mick was sitting at a typewriter banging out the last page of his term paper.
"So you're really going to do it. You're really going to hand in twenty-three pages."
"Yeah."
"Twenty-three pages of what?"
Bob McKillop walked through the door.
"This slimy bastard is handing in a twenty-three page term paper to you know who."
"Right," said Bob.
"Are you handing in twenty-three pages?"
I asked.
"FUCK, I'm not even finished yet," said Bob.

Just then, the typewriter stopped clacking.
"Finished!" exclaimed the Mick.
"I can't stand it!" I screamed.

(Ed. note: At this point, Bob Curr began a tirade of obscenity and animal noises, fell writhing to the floor and proceeded to gnaw on the leg of a chair. Tim Leonard and Dennis Vandal took him away to the Red Hat for a beer transfusion. He was last heard screaming, "I'll get you you bourgeois motherf**ker.")

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