What can you say about Christmas? In attempting to compose a Christmas message we tried to find a metaphor that would sum up the season; something immediately recognizable at the gut level. There is a lot of ready-made material to sift through from traditional "Currier and Ives" nostalgia to the scentless, soulless, simple to pack-away-for-next-year plastic and aluminum rubbish. It's mostly been said before. The last time anybody said something new and even faintly real about the season was when a character in Robert Altman's 'Nashville' said that Christmas always smelled like oranges to him. It's always smelled like oranges to us too, but we were looking for something a little deeper. It is trite to say that Christmas is a time for giving. Besides, Madison Avenue has taken the spirit of giving and turned it into a great hulking "Frankenstein" monster.

More than giving though, Christmas is a time for gathering. It is a time for being with, or at least being aware of friends. It is a time for feeling love and for feeling loved. This we feel is the true essence of the season and this is the Journal's Christmas wish to you. Be peaceful and be among friends.
editorial

How many times during this semester has a professor or student reserved a classroom or conference room or the auditorium weeks in advance only to arrive and find an empty room or class being held? The leader of which was also under the impression that the room was reserved for him? The Journal is aware of a few, but we believe there are many more.

A great lack of communication, it seems, exists between the people who are responsible for listing the reserved rooms. Gloria Denen of the Vice-President's Office is no longer responsible for listing the reserved rooms; instead the duties have been delegated to four groups within the university; the College Registrar staff, the Law School Registrar staff, Pam Strasen of the Student Activities Office and Chris Perry of the President's Office.

Duties are divided thusly. College Registrar Mary Helfert oversees reservations of college classrooms, while Law School Registrar Kris Pote reserves classrooms designated as law school property. Chris Perry is responsible for the conference rooms and the auditorium, as well as all other rooms after regular school hours. Pam Strasen handles student and organizational requests for rooms, but she must deal directly through the President's Office.

Suffolk employs what shall be referred to as the "green slip system," which requires a person to fill out a request slip and acquire signatures from others. Perry's signature, Pam Strasen uses this system, however, no other group does (nor is it required of them, according to Vice President's Treasurer Flemmeny).

The "green slip system" is important because a copy of the request is given to the Security Department, informing Security of the rooms that will be in use and providing both Pam and Chris with a permanent record of all reservations. Without the green slip, Chris Perry, who possesses a "master schedule," is often not informed of a request. Thus, many times a room is reserved by two distinct groups, both with the understanding that the room is vacant.

Flemmeny informs us that a memo will be sent out to reveal the proper procedures; let's hope that, in addition, the "green slip system" is employed throughout and that a master reserved list is implemented and used by all responsible groups.

letters

Dear Mr. Rogers:
The comments made in the Suffolk Journal of December 5 concerning English Department offerings require an answer, since the statements by Barbara Ochs are misleading. At the same time I am delighted to have an opportunity to explain to the student body some of our aims and the reasons for our procedures.

If there is one department in the university that has made a serious effort to offer a variety of new and intriguing courses each year rather than limiting offerings to a few traditional titles, it is the English Department. Several years ago we set up a series of groupings (your so-called "infamous page 98") with the cooperation of the Education Department so that no student could complete an English major without being exposed to all courses. We have offered at least one course and usually two courses in each grouping each year for daytime students. We have never attempted to do so in the evening, since it is a rare occasion that evening students express a desire for a major in English. We would be delighted to do so if the evening English student enrollment warranted it. The administration will not allow us to run courses for two or three students. We have also made every effort not to retain in the catalogues courses that we cannot offer at some time (winter, spring or summer) within a period of three years. The Department deplores window dressing in a catalogue and we are proud of the fact that the English Department has not been guilty of it.

The Department has always advised evening students who express an interest in an English major to plan to do some of their work during a winter/spring schedule. We cannot offer an English major at night except over a longer period of years.

One more word about the list of groupings on page 98. This requirement is limited to English majors only. We do allow liberal arts students who take a B.S. degree in areas other than English to choose courses from the same list as substitutes for English 23:2:4 when they wish to fulfill their sophomore English requirement. This is an attempt to enlarge the number of options rather than restrict them. We do limit the sophomore requirement for B.S. students in Business Administration to English 23:2:4 since those courses stress more writing. This decision was reached with the full cooperation and advice of the College of Business Administration.

Perhaps the students should also know that the English Department is in the process of providing variations of Freshman English to suit the needs of students who enter Suffolk with varied backgrounds. In addition to our regular freshman English course, we now have a semester of Freshman English for students with especially high SAT scores (English 1.3) and also a semester for students who need remedial work (English 1.9). Next fall we shall add a course in English for the foreign-born. In other words we shall be running four different types of Freshman English—a remarkable record for a school of limited size.

Nor do we need to remind you that we have added to our offerings numerous literature courses which would be of interest to majors in areas other than English—such as philosophy, political science, psychology, history or law. These courses are in the elective list, and all students are welcome to take them as electives.

They were never meant to be substitutes for sophomore requirements and the catalogue is very clear about this if the student reads the information on page 98.

The English Department welcomes constructive criticism, such as suggestions for new courses or changes in requirements, but I think it would be only fair to remind the faculty and administration involved before statements are made that do not present an accurate picture.

Very truly yours,
Stanley M. Vogel
Chairman
English Department

Dear Editor:
In reply to your recent article entitled "Phantom Courses" your reporter stated that she was "not satisfied that the SGA's hastily gathered list was a real indication of what is not being offered." The Tuition Stabilization Committee's findings were not hastily assembled or easily covered over by the administration. The committee's work involved several months of research and follow-up meetings with most of the college administration. The committee's research used only the most recent listing of courses to insure a fair representation of the offerings.

To ask faculty personnel to prospect course offerings of electives two and one-half years in advance is not our issue; rather it is that there was no attempt to reach all faculty members and that the final product was not carefully evaluated. It is our purpose to research the present course offerings offered in order to accurately reflect the future; rather than to merely dig up irrelevant past information.

Jim Mallessi
Tuition Stabilization Committee

CASH for Your BOOKS

Dec. 1 - 26

at Suffolk University Bookstore
High Schools Respond To 6th Journalism Match

by Joe Reguazzi

The Suffolk University Journalism Department will be sponsoring its sixth annual Greater Boston High School Journalism contest, in which $3,000 of scholarship money will be awarded to the winner of the competition.

The scholarship money was made available to the university by the William Randolph Hearst Foundation. The money will be given out in three awards. Top prize will be a $1,000 scholarship for excellence in news writing. There also will be a $500 and $250 scholarship for excellence in editorial writing, and a $100 scholarship for excellence in typography.

Each of the scholarships will be awarded to a staff member of the winning newspaper, who will be selected on the recommendation of the high school. These grants may only be used at Suffolk University and the student must enroll as a journalism major.

The winners of the contest will be chosen by a panel of judges from the Massachusetts Press Association, thus marking the first time professional journalists have judged this event. In the past, members of the Suffolk University Journalism Department judged the newspapers.

The rules of the contest are that a minimum of two issues published since September of this year be submitted. Three copies of each publication should be provided, and all entries must be in by January 9, 1976. It also should be noted that there is no entry fee.

Over two hundred high schools were notified of the contest. It is expected that thirty-six schools will enter. The winners will be announced at an awards dinner on March 4, held in the Suffolk University cafeteria. The editors and advisors of the newspapers are invited to attend.

Professor Malcolm Barach, chairman of the Suffolk University Journalism Department, said he would like to see the contest expanded in the future. Possibly more scholarship money could be awarded, and he hopes that the contest will become statewide.

In last year’s competition, Newton won the top award. Braintree came away with the award for excellence in editorial writing, and Arlington topped the field in typography.

Debate Society Takes 1st Place, Ends with Record 64 Trophies

Competing against 28 college debate teams from 11 states, Suffolk University won first place at the University of Massachusetts Invitational Debate Tournament last Saturday, December 6th, in Amherst.

Don Orenti, a freshman in Government and Brian Greeley, a sophomore in Communications and Speech, were the undefeated novice team which represented Suffolk University. Suffolk outsorced the University of Massachusetts, which placed teams in the second and fourth spots. Bates College was third and Army was fifth. Brian Greeley received the Third Best Speaker Award at the tournament.

The Suffolk novice team of Cathy Contanzo, a sophomore in Psychology, and Barbara St. Andre, a freshman in Government, placed seventh out of 28 teams in the tournament. Cathy Contanzo was Sixth Best Speaker. The overall Suffolk University debate record for the tournament was ten wins and six losses.

A second group of Suffolk students competed at the College of St. Rose in Albany, New York, where they placed seventh out of 23 colleges and universities from 6 states.

Walter Sherborne, a junior in Sociology, won first place in Informative Speaking, and Kirk Janlin, a senior in Journalism, brought home a fourth place trophy in Rhetorical Criticism.

This semester, the Suffolk students of the Walter M. Burke Debating Society have collected 64 trophies. This is one trophy more than last year’s record performance of 63 awards for two semesters’ competition.

The final undertaking for the Debate Program this semester is the sponsorship of the Fifth Annual Suffolk University-Emerson College Invitational High School Debate Tournament. The tournament will be held at Suffolk University on Friday and Saturday, December 12th and 13th. Twenty high schools from four states will be competing at Suffolk over the two day tournament.

Venture Deadline

Any prose and poetry to be considered for Venture Magazine’s Spring 76 issue that did not make the December 11th deadline may be mailed during the semester break to Suffolk University’s Student Activities Office (Venture). Please send all contributions as soon as possible. Venture copy goes to print in mid-January. The photography and artwork deadline is January 26.
Flavin Tells Political Jokes
by Debbie Burke

"Ron was a full moon filled in the House to sởan truck or giving. But it was eventually defeated. White truck or giving (commonly known as fund raising) had its origin in American politics. Politicians ask a lobbyist for a treat if not they trick em, one elected."

"We had a war this year between the Sun and the Reeds. I know the Sun was in trouble. Why it's Dukakis picked them four straight and we know the last prediction Dukakis made — no more taxes!"

"Yes, 1976 is another Presidential year. It's been alleged that the Democrats have no one to run. It's true. The Democrats have no one who knows how to make a move."

"In Boston, we've been through an election Kevin White won, proving he was the best candidate money could buy. Well after his victory, he tried to ease himself by riding up and down Commonwealth Ave in his Mustang A cop approached. 'Where's the line?' Kevin White replied. 'Do you know who you are talking to?' The cop asked. 'John Christ, the mayor. White,' You're done.

"As you know, Dukakis is being held presently for breach of Promise. Now I was shocked to find out that Dukakis had seduced Dame Massachusetts. Massachusetts went with him, thinking that he had a ring as well as a promise and that she should get the ring."

"Mr. Dick Flavin, flashing his speech on the role of the political satirist with the pronouncements satirical quibbles, received laughter and at times applause from Suffolk students. Tuesday."

"Arriving a few minutes late, Flavin explained that he found himself in the Law School, asking a student where Room 603 in that building was (not realizing he was looking for Fenton 603). "Do you know where 603 is in the old school?" he asked."

Flavin, defined satire as an "effective weapon" which should be utilized to make a point if it is to be fit for a newsman.

Flavin entertained questions from the audience. He asked why he seemed more friendly with politicians, than in reporter Jack Cole. He responded by pointing out that his article seems with satire, whereas Cole comes with a straight frontal attack. He offered an example. "Early in the mayoral fight, I found Kevin White handing out playing cards to senior citizens. Each card had the slogan — Kevin is in the heart of Kennedy country itself — here."

"The media's role was then linked to the political discussion. Flavin believes that the "liberally oriented" media as building a monster in Ronald Reagan. "All presidential campaigns are huge public relations and advertising campaigns in which the man who is the best product is sold — and that's Ronald Reagan."

"But the disembodied public need not despair Flavin announced that he is a presidential candidate for 1980. His "clumsy" button will be inscribed with the letters. WIN. The meaning — whipp the incumbent now."

White Mayor. I used these cards sacramentally by playing with them on the air. However Cole would have held up each card and condemned White for them."

"Boston politics were then reflected upon. A student asked, "What do you think of the recent resigning of Dukakis Secretary of Human Services Larry Benson?"

"Flavin described Dukakis as the classic ethnic politician — a politician that the liberals mistakenly perceived as something different. "Human services are being a major advocate in Lucy Benson. She had been deceived into thinking that her role would be to oversee the implementation of new programs rather than she watched the dismantling of them."

"Further, I think this resignation will help him [Dukakis] in future administration. It will definitely make it more conservative."

"In another question, the WBJ satirist asked if he thought White had any national future in the political arena. "White has not had his last hurrah, but I don't think he will be higher in office. Between housing and the fund raising issue, his national ambitions will probably go by the board. Flavin emphasized."

Flavin then presented a question for the audience to ponder. "It will be interesting to see what Kennedy will do in Boston. The one city where Kennedy is the most unbeatable"

UPTIGHT?
Exams Getting To You?
Take 20 minutes & attend a relaxation session in between your exams at 11 AM & 1:30 PM Daily during exam week (Monday-Thursdays) in Ziemann Study Room (In Library)

A Georgiana Peach Comes To Suffolk
by Debbie Collar

Mr. Pat Mitchell, entertainment reporter for W.B.Z.T.V. spoke at Suffolk about how, coming from a family that disallowed television, she began her career in broadcast.

She started out as a drama major at the University of Georgia hoping to become an actress but soon found that she had no talent. Her father was unhappy about her drama career after seeing her in a play called "Hello from Bertha" a one-act written by Tennessee Williams about a prostitute who screams four-letter words and throws gin bottles. "My father gave me one of two choices, to change my major or leave the University. I changed my major to English."

"Ms. Mitchell said that she had thought about journalism for about fifteen minutes. "In those days — and we are talking about about ten years ago — it wasn't easy for a woman to pursue a career. You either got married and taught or taught and got married, it didn't matter which order you did it in." Ms Mitchell, who has been married, has taught, has had a child and has been divorced.

After attending graduate schools (Berkley, the University of London and the University of Maryland), she became very interested in teaching film as an art. She taught this course at the University of Virginia until she was called to do a film curriculum at their sister school, the University of Richmond. Ms Mitchell was a bachelor's curriculum and told that she could do whatever she wanted with the program. "It was a great time to be live on college campuses, students were burning buildings and marching. I really loved teaching and felt that it would be the rest of my life."

As Ms Mitchell was beginning to find out how satisfied she was in her teaching position, Look magazine did a story on what she and the other women were doing within the department. She felt that the writer doing the story didn't understand the program and petitioned Look to let her write the article. The editor of Look liked her article, printed it and called her to tell her she should write. After five years of teaching, Ms Mitchell left her position to begin a new career writing for Look magazine in New York.

Ms. Mitchell was the first employee to find out that she was without a job. A friend of hers who worked for NBC-TV called her at her office one morning and said, "Pat, did you know you were unemployed? There were 12,000 people sitting at their desks all carrying on with business as usual.

She stepped out of the elevator she faced a television crew and a reporter who "stuck a microphone in my face and asked if I worked for Look magazine," Ms Mitchell, who was not in the best mood took this opportunity to take her frustrations out on the reporter and barked back, "An EX-employee of Look magazine." The reporter then asked, "What do you plan to do now?" Ms Mitchell stared into the television camera and replied, "Go into television." And — that was just the beginning for the little girl from Georgia with the pretty face.

Since that time she has done a lot of work in the broadcasting industry on many levels. She has spent a great deal of time producing shows such as the "Impact" programs, programs for women in broadcasting and a political program called "Equal."
Cape Cod Christmas

December 12, 1975
Suffolk Journal

Cape Cod Christmas

December 12, 1975
Suffolk Journal Page 5

Cape Cod Christmas

Christmas on Cape Cod is a...
"Santa's got a buzz!"

by Mary C. Buckley

Bored and frozen in the plaza coffeeshop, jack and I can watch the holiday shoppers forever in a hurry, throwing the mall. Their faces and packages blurred into indistinct shapes on the blizzard of people. With Jack's latest find, Santa Claus suit. Lifting his head impressively, as if the slightest movement initiated tinnitus pain, Jack turns his way and enters an obscure alley, alone, which certifies their immediate departure. Jack of course, is a very young, veryNames department store Santa Claus.

How does one become a department store Santa Claus anyway?

"It isn't really easy, really I was shanghaied."

Shanghaied? You're kidding.

"So I was at a bar one night, making a few deals with the guys and when I went to the men's room, these three guys grabbed me."

When I woke up I was dressed in this suit sitting on the throne in the lobby with a room-sized kid on my knee.

"Is shanghaied a common practice?"

I think so. It happened to me once before a few years ago. When I woke up after that one, I was in big trouble sitting in an Arruha hotel room with a coffee cup hidden under the bed but it turned out O.K. After a while those guys figured I was shanghaied and let me out.

"You mean they put you in jail?"

Yeah, that's right. But it was just for a few months. You know — they were really kind of nice about it. If I mean, they apologized and everything.

"Are you crazy? They should be required to support you for the rest of your life."

"Well, they do — sort of, You see, when they first threw me in jail I was pretty ugly about it. But I stopped kicking and screaming when they found me some clothes and the P.C.P. they gave me really helped the days pass."

"P.C.P.? You mean the horse depressant?"

"Yeah."

"Jesus, don't you know that can kill you?"

"Ah, I don't worry too much about that. But at first I was a little concerned about where I'd get the money, you know? Well that's where the deal with the Arruha guys comes in. They agreed to supply me for life as a kind of peace offering."

Losing sitting next to me, dressed in a Santa Claus suit, is P.C.P. freak. He eats the little pills habitually and is still breathing and functioning (well...) when one tablet has been known to kill a full-grown horse. Was he actually shanghaied?

And what is the significance of Arruha? This is really getting bizarre. Trying desperately to gather my thoughts, I stir my hot chocolate and glance around. But the scene erupting within the coffee shop is even more fantastic than Jack's story.

Three teen-aged girls sitting diagonally behind us in the left have obviously been eyeliner drooping and are demonstrating their amusement by tossing miniature marshmallows in our general direction. One of them is informing anyone within hearing range. "Hey, everybody? Santa's got a buzz!"

Several young bystanders figared I was ordered and let me out.

A few innocent bystanders — the same ones who've been gulling for a seat are getting hit by mar- shmallows. A miniature marshmallow lands in the ash tray. The smell of burning marshmallow is not unlike the stench of a dead whale washed up on the beach. I'm lide. The only thing left is to relate sanity. Things are getting worse.

"Do you like playing Santa for all the kids?"

"Yeah, most of the time. The kids are great, but that midget who works as one of my elves really gets on my nerves. He used to be in the circus and he has strange habits, like hanging from the ceiling, or standing on people's shoulders."

"There's one thing I'm really curious about. Does the P.C.P. even have a bad effect on your ability to do your job?"

"Not usually. But on my first day, I had a pretty bad experience. I had taken a few pills before starting time, you know, just to make it through to lunch time, and well, a rarely occurred. The stuff really burned me out and I was finding it hard to breathe. I jerked violently forward, several times until the agonizing pain."

"Well, what happened?"

"The kid who was sitting on my knee at the time was crushed beyond recognition."

"God, didn't they take any disciplinary action against you?"

"Nah. I managed to blame it on the midget. Anyway, it was only my first finally. I have the cleanest record in this shopping center."

Bizarre has become a gross understatement. All hell has broken loose in the coffeeshop, and since his last words, Jack has been very strangely. Indeed. He must have swallowed a few tablets while I was observing the holocaust around us. It must be another ratti- ty. He's standing in the store, grabbing his neck frantically and screaming for air like a man possessed. Several people have rushed into the mall crying "Lunatic! Lunatic!"

Listen: losing my faith in department store Santa Clauses, midgets, and the element in coffee shops. I quietly leave my seat (picking miniature marshmallows out of my hair) and walk out to the mall, vanishing into obscurity among the relentless. From store to store.

puzzling the adult shopper

by Maria Pizzuti

Between the stationery and the fine china departments of Bloomingsdale's Chestnut Hill branch there is a glass showcase belonging to neither department but commanding a priority space of the selling floor on its own. Not to do with side is an etagere on which are perched 125 cut glass wine decanters, on the other side is a shelf with a series of backgammon sets from K. S. Both the Caro-a- land crystal and the fine leather backed, wooden backgammon sets occupy visible positions but the contents of the glass showcase is spiced with abstract and abstract pieces and even though they are toys, there is an "adult appreciation" of them be it child or parent.

Malinda began making the wood sculptures several years ago for her own children. She chose animals as the subject of her work because the fantasy world of a child is best im- pressed and acted out by the magic of their favorite non-human story book characters. She has strong opinions on a child's ability to compre- hend a "sensed" worth for skill and art even at an early age. They are inspiration to the child's ability and her own children have developed a better feeling for artwork because of them. The encour- aging and playful nature of Malinda's animal carvings is manifestly interesting and impressive.

Malinda originally designed two variations of her animal puzzles because of the direct relationship to the level of the child. "The younger

child was geared to a stack toy, whereas the older child could han- dle the more sophisticated puzzle."

"The way the piece is cut is abstract and therefore there was a need to add bright colors to the simpler pieces to make up for any lack of interest by the child in the coming. Visual details in color are necessary in toys designed for the very young. Bloomingsdale's asked Malinda to do naturals and naturals and Continued on page 7
by Patricia Gatto

Place: 'Santa Claus' workshop

North Pole

Time: About 5:30 p.m. on December 24

Characters: Santa Claus, Elves, Spike (president of elf union, 2 children in Australia)

Setting: The last working day before Christmas. Santa's garage, which is also his workshop, is a cluttered maze of refuse. Materials have been tossed around the room, from firewood to sawdust that has been thrown into a pile in the center of the floor. The elves' work tables are covered with empty coffee cups. Last-minute production is coming to a halt, and the elves are already ready to leave for the holidays. But there are still some toys to be made, and so Santa has asked the elves to work overtime. They refuse, and their leader, Spike, steps forward to speak with Santa.

Santa: "Hey, ho! There! You surely don't mind staying a bit while longer to finish up a few more toys."

Spike: "Look Santa. We've been here doing things August. The accommodations are poor, the food is barbaric, no one here is into magic, there is no social life, we know what it means, and the coffee machine just broke."

Santa: "But think of all the children who depend on us... think of THEM!"

Spike: "But we can think of anything when we're stuck up here in this frozen wasteland. It just isn't worth it, man. We ain't got no feeling for it no more."

Santa: "You're just tired and I don't blame you. No one's had any sleep for a few months. I'll even pay you overtime."

Spike: "Sorry, buddy, but we're out here.

The elves begin to put on their hats and coats. Several have already punched out and are heading towards the door. Seeing this sad scene, Santa realizes he must convince the elves to stay, no matter what the cost.

Santa: "Wait! Wait! Don't leave yet. There is something we must discuss. I am willing to compromise with you but please don't quit now. I'll give you whatever you want so long as the children of Christmas remain happy.

Spike: "Hold on, Santa. I'll have to talk it over with the guys. Could you step into the other room for a few moments?"

10 seconds later

Spike: "OK, Santa. We'll listen. We're ready to deal but I'm warning you, Santa. Sure there are many things within reason, but as long as Christmas joy is preserved...

Spike: "Well, Santa, me and the guys were prepared a lot of demands before you came to work this morning and well, ah, here they are."

Santa: "These requests certainly seem reasonable. Let's see how much."

Spike: "They would like higher wages, better fringe benefits, medical coverage (clerical work included), assigned parking spaces (snowmobiles to be parked behind the 'saw discount on toys made here, a more specific job description, and the installation of a profit-sharing plan as well as a Mr. Coffe machine. Do you want the details?"

Santa: "You're asking of me?

Elf #1: "Go, Santa. We're sorry. We didn't all want to do this. Some of us think it should be like it used to be. Remember, when we would really care about what we were doing and how we would...

Elf #2: "Shut up. Let's not hear about this 'caring' shit isn't that what you retired anyways. After 10 years you should have made sure you got a pension. Too bad your generation was all too stupid to have foresight."

Santa: "That's enough. Everyone is entitled to his own priorities.

Spike: "Enough philosophy. Now, let's get down to something tangible like a new contract. So what are you going to do about this, Santa?"

Santa: "I can't promise you everything, but I promise I will try. You can get back to work. I'll have to start my journey very soon."

Spike: "Santa, you're a nice guy so I'll lay it on the line. Either you deliver on a new contract now or we'll strike the Pole melts. And you'll be stuck with a bunch of little kids who'll hate you as much as they hate dressed sprouts.

Elf: "Laugh in unison.

Santa: "Well. I guess I have no other choice. I am going to call off Christmas.

Spike: "Call off Christmas? What will you do with all the toys we have already made?"

Santa: "I'll send them.

Spike: "Sell them? You're never worked for a profit before."

Santa: "I've never had to meet contract demands before other...

Spike: "We don't really care whether you call off Christmas or not. Santa just make sure that contract comes through.

Santa: "OK. You've got me. Oh... by the way, you know of course that this means nobody will receive any presents on Christmas morning. It isn't right that some people receive presents when others cannot have them.

Spike: "But my wife said I was...

... puzzling

Continued from page 8

with a few decorative pieces geared to the adult office or coffee table. A number of adults buy the abstract pieces such as the crab and snake and look at them with a different perception.

The idea of puzzles blossomed from a toy called a band slide. The band slide began to sell in small stores years ago. Her first big name was Design Research (DR). In early 1974, Malindia began to sell her merchandise to Bloomingdale's. The puzzles were received with immediate enthusiasm. Malindia's has been one of her major clients since Jeanne Cohen, assistant department manager at the store, says that Malindia was at "unbelievably" on her own. The pieces were worth over $20,000 when she was charging. The store boosted the price while not hurting sales. Rates range from $50 to $75 dollars. They are officially called "Milindia's." Ms. Cohen. All the puzzles are copyrighted, signed and dated.

Orders for Christmas have accounted for 80% of business and have shot up faster than they can be produced. Because it's a hand-made product, the output varies with the order and the season. "Working for yourself, take pride in your own work and that's your only criterion for consistent production," explains Malindia.

Other retail mailers besides Bloomingdale's and DR which are carrying the puzzles include Decor International on Newbury Street, The Concord Depot, and The Home in Newton.

Recent media exposure of Malindia's has furthered her career. The biggest source of publicity was a one paragraph ad in the Boston Globe's "Getting Around" section last month.

Last week Malindia received a call to appear on WRB's Woman's 75 to display the process of woodworking and to represent one of today's women who are working in a male-dominated field. Malindia was invited to the Boston Flea Market's Antique and Christmas Craft Fair at Hynes Auditorium as a result of her television appearance. Her week-end in the Fair proved one of the most profitable ventures yet.

Now that Malindia has designed, produced, and sold the animal puzzle in the market, she is looking toward opportunities to do freelance design. "I have been able to consider this because of this product," Malindia intends to avoid getting tied to her product "just because it's a marketable item." There is a certain amount of compromise and pressure in creating that which will sell on the one hand and what is truly a child's toy on the other. Malindia has resisted suggestions that she produce figures of people aside from a few sculptures of toy soldiers. For a while Bloomingdale's carried a few of her free form sculptures, but the most popular items seem to be the fantasy figures of an Alice in Wonderland imagination. In Bloomingdale's most all sales are charged and not too many seven-year-olds have charges.
Spellbound

by Judy Silverman

"Twain" adrift Betty Jo Doolan of the "Godspell" cast. Everyone's eyes were on the two muses in the audience, who were a bit taken aback by this unexpected remuneration. The laughter was uncontrollable.

This is an example of how unpredictable "Godspell" is. For two hours, the 20-member cast came up with extremely witty jokes. There were numerous impressions of famous people: Mae West, Edith Bunker, and Lily Tomlin's Eddie Adam were among the great laugh-getters.

Aside from the fast-moving dialogue, "Godspell" conveyed deep religious meanings. The cast discussed typical human problems such as how to get revenge against a selfish person. Their conclusions made you laugh at their natural reasoning. They did what most people would do - seek revenge, but they did it in a humorous way. Thus, groups gathered his followers around and loving, told them that there is another way - to follow his example. He told them to look for under all circumstances, without expecting anything in return.

The masses parable told by Jesus included the parable of the Good Samaritan, the prodigal son, and the lost sheep. They have meanings all of their own, and are powerful. The songs on the "Godspell" album give you all the basic plot. Jesus' followers gradually accept a more spiritual, loving kind of life, and forsake their old ways. You see them forever, however, as the way these songs are beautifully interlaced with action and dialogue in the play.

The play begins with the company singing the "Tower of Babel." Bob Siomsen, who portrays Judas, comes out from the audience and jumps on the stage, singing "Prepare Ye The Way Of The Lord." Everyone, with the exception of Judas, who has on all the colors of the rainbow, is dressed in casual clothes and sneakers. Suddenly, there are nine bodies in themselves.

During the intermission, wine was given out free, and few cast members were talking to their friends. When Helen Gelzer called out for those wine- sisters the first one to walk on stage was a young boy around 12 years old. After 10 minutes, Helens Horn welcomed the audience back, and thanked them for coming to the earth bad come, and he was reluctantly tied to the chain link fence. The stage lights dimmed, as Jesus was crucified, and the tears flowed. "Long Live God" was the final praise sung by the cast.

Jesus and his disciples have been in past productions of "Godspel." In this performance, their total dedication, involvement in their roles, and love of their job were overwhelming.

Fantastic performances were given by Betty Jo Doolan and Valerie Williams. Their strong, powerful singing voices further revealed their increased devotion and trust. George Paul was terrific as Jesus, but his voice could have been a little stronger (as he was the strongest character). He sets a perfect example for all of his followers, and is always there to help and guide his followers.

Since The Charles Playhouse is extremely small, as compared to the Wilbur Theater, it is sometimes difficult to hear all the dialogue between the cast and audience. Even though your eyes are constantly on the cast, it is virtually impossible to catch all of the action. The best place to sit is directly in front of the stage.

"Godspell" could be reviewed in at least 10 pages, but would spoil its spontaneous effect. In order to fully appreciate the chain of relations of the Scriptures to everyday life, it has to be seen.

"Godspell" will be playing at The Charles Playhouse, 76 Warren St., Boston, through Dec.

foreign fir trees and wailing children

by Bob Reardon

Tis the season of holly and plastic; fir trees, television commercials without Santa whirling round the step, and a Norelco triple-head shaver. But here winning the same battle with the abnormal snowman and Bing Crosby chirping "White Christmas."

Come one, come all and see the longest running show of all time, even surpassing the infamous "Hello Dolly." The chimney has been replaced by electric heat; the sled took its last commercial flight only to be junked for a new sparkin Mercedes. Whatever is to become of the jingling reindeers? The "Wilder Wonderland" on the Boston Common answered the query. My girlfriend (Deb, a sparklin brown-eyed adult-child) led me down fantasyland on a trip for all ages.

A momentless black December sky bearing a few twinkling stars played background to the foggy crispness of one's breath. The grass with shining greenness frozen right to it, two-week-old Bethlehem sheds indoors for foreign fires; the con- fusion of veering mormons and wailing children followed by garrulous gossips and knaves of Bobby Orr and the pains of fatherhood greeted us.

"Well, Deb what do you think?" I asked, lighting a cigarette. "It's beautiful - wonderful" she laughed "I love it."

"Yeah me too. I replied "It's so original."

look at the lights: red blinkers - yellow blinkers - blue blinkers. White ones? Green ones? It's so original!

We walked along passing an enclosure of chicken wire, shoelaces and plywood posts. We followed the footsteps path between the beaten ditches and little brown drop-ins. Here we found the runaway saucy coats.

"Oh! Look Bobby, it's Rudolph, Prancer, Dancer, Blixten and Nixon."

"Heaven forbid! I corrected. "NOT Nixon but Nixon."

"Oh! That's not a porn flick!"

"True, but not quite the same," I answered. "They were both trash and terrific.

We stayed on the heels of the shivering multitude, a few brazenly wearing relatives of the Franklin Park robbers. The air of the Common lost its purity freshness and was replaced by the stagnant color of stale human urine. From behind the crumbling door ahead a stumbling mass of rags and hair appeared. A transplant, from Apocalyptic, tittering and whistling his way into the crowd of gawkers smirking security and happiness. The old derelict barely got his fingers unclotted and they were filled with silver and copper. The crowd dispersed and the misery made a benediction to friendly (Dansen) haven a liquid happiness.

"Hark the herald angels sing," harmonized a chorus of dripping noses and red hands.

"Glory to the newborn King." Deb joined in.

An elbow in my side and I too joined in "Silent night, holy night."

Another elbow followed by a "you're impossible" passed before the scantily opera ceased. We moved along.

"What a great time of year." Deb rejecuted. "Everybody is so nice. Everybody loves lives to give."

"Yeah that's true."

I interrupted. "Look at that fat man giving his waist to that black kid."

"Go help him," she pleaded. "I can't, I don't have a wallet."

Two girls, one white and one black, both with teased hair, glamorous skirts and scarves that would have allowed Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to cop a peek without straining his precious neck meandered by us. Wiggly bared butts served as a calling card.

Two elderly gentlemen passed by at the same moment, topcoats and derbies clashed with their round faces and watery eye membranes. A dollar cigar, chewed and gassy, complemented the faster one's brashness, the thinner, not by much, waved a diamonded finger to the girls.

"Hey, honey," he called. "Christmas is the time for giving..."

"Yeah, I agree," nodded the white wiggle.

"How much?" asked the fat man as he threw an elbow to the other's shoulder. "Nine dollars and 90 cents."

"Said 95 and 90?" the black one announced.

"Capitalist!" both men sung simultaneously. The men left in search of lower prices while the girls waddled their way across Tremont and back into the business of Christmas.

"Wow, I never really thought that they were so open."

"Just working girls," I answered, "out displaying their wares."

Arm in arm, we left the Common, marvelling over the wonders of the season. We turned last in line for our personal. As we crossed Tremont's a Boston cop, sporting a "heavy" overcoat, blew a silver coon while his arms waved frantically.

Continued on page 9
A defensive move is exhibited by three of the ceramics

...Cape Cod

wagon, why didn't he put heat into it for Olds two years ago?

Fried Haddock; and Stuffing the Bird

On Christmas eve the Yerke family shared a small meal. The ad

vent wreath was grace by four candles of descending levels, lighted the dining room. Fried haddock mashed potatoes, a

lettuce salad would have to hold them through the evening. The religious regulations. The oldest

son offered a short prayer of thanks, that the family was together

and well for the holiday.

When the dishes were done out of the way, the scarfscame for the holiday meal began. Fried, with a large mixing bowl, was

rounded by numerous filled pots and steaming shakers, begin

mixing ingredients for the stuff. Frieded potatoes, a load of

homemade bread, gobs of chopped onion and sausages were

josed by band. After few minutes of scompeg and pushing the com

pound, the appearance and aroma of the mixture, satisfied the fisher

man that it was ready for the four! The seven pound goose, which was
dressed and plucked in the after

noon, was filled, and placed in the refrigerator to wait for the oven in the morning. Pleased with the

finished product, Joe decided to get his card out on the Christmas day

mystery. Opening a few, he picked up the rear with a fork. The fisher-
mans shook off the saltwater drop, and lifted the fork to his mouth. The

man's suddenly soft taste of the mystery was savoring. Knowing Christmas was

here.

Suits, Dresses and a Cold Station Wagon

After the preparations were com-
it was time for the Chatham family to start on Christmas worship. They

attended midnight mass, joining harness another fisherman family at the

Church. For all of them the year wasn't the best but they were satis

fied.

The box and their fathers dressed in suits and ties, and mother and daughter, buttoned their dresses coats. Mrs. Yerke hurried Jimmie to

not hit the box and boxes matched up, and straightened his hair while

helavated. The father held the

front door, while the rest of the family headed for the car. It was making a

good Christmas evening at the Yerke home but had no heat and had an odor of last

year's catch of fish.

Our eyes stung upon an elderly

bearded, scrathced faced woman who sprayed it can containing the
crystal aerosol. Soon the
somnousness of the diseased

tobacco vanished.

"Deb, having a good time?" I asked.

She didn't reply. She was

wrapped up in watching an electric
cobbler repairing a pair of plastic

shoes.

"Deb?"

"What, ya sorry," she apolo
gized. "I was caught up in the shoemak-

A young hunkman squeezed past us almost sending me into the effickin pit. A wooden cap flipped

lately over his exploring eye. His

window pressed nose burned red

from Jack Frost's niblings. His

 miniature hands, crackadrawn from the

bitter outer air, tried in vain to

offset the last battle his pants were

suffering at the hands of eternal

glacial. He let them drop and keep

his eyes afield on the chicken lay-
ing the same egg in ten second in-

"Look at the little duck."

His eyes shined. He left the coop and surveyed the area for other wonders. Through his eyes I saw a bit of happiness and

noticed that Christmas was meant for someone and not just another pro-

fessional stunt by some in-

vestor in the department store

magnate.

A Basket Case

by Patricia Gatto

"This isn't the goddam Chelsea YMCA this is the "American Basket-

ball Association!"

The Boston Reporitory Theatre's

production of "Murder at the

Boston Garden" is a splendid fest

for sports crazed Bostonians, or for

any Bostonian. It is the story of a newly formed basketball team, the

Boston Ceramics, which is trying to

establish a name for itself while

attempting to infiltrate the Boston sports scene. What follows is some
generally written and successfully

transmitted humor.

Written by Robin Brecker, it is

technically a play, but more ap-

propriately it is a parody of Bostonians their language, their
dress, their likes and dislikes, and their home away from home - the

Boston Garden. The script borrows itself with its bizarre and je-

mous humor, but by gaining such ex-
cellence in past there is a loss in plot

stability. Still, the trays in the plot are supported by a superb cast and

so we neither care about the

bighop.

The murders occur inside the

Garden. The team owner Paul

Miller (Robin Brecker) and the

team's star player Wendall Radka

(Donald Campbell) are killed by the general manager Stewart Alman

(Joseph Williams) The reason jubi-

cation, Alman is general manager only because his sister Betsy (Susan

Palmor-Person) is married to the

owner that Miller intends to sell the

team because of financial dif-

ficulties. When Alman decides to

tell Miller he realizes that he must also

kill Radka who is romantically

involved with Betsy. In the event that Betsy and Wendall should

marry, Radka would assume the

ownership of the team. And so

Miller and Radka are murder

candidates. The story is not intricate. In fact, the simplicity of the plot allows more creativity in dialogue and

characterization. For example, both

him are murdered imaginatively

off-stage Miller is drubbed in death by 300 basketballs and

Radka is rendered unconscious and

then thrown into the Boston Garden ice cleaning machine. His body is

consequently dismembered and

thrown onto the ice during a Bruins

game. The Boston Glib's account of

the story quotes Bobby Orr.

"There should be better care taken of

the equipment here."

The murders stir the team into a

frenzy. Each player thinks he will be the next victim. They decide to

strike unless they are given

bodyguards - on the court. Alman

says, "They would put 16 men on

the court?" The players respond.

"Yeah, but I'll help our defense."

They also ask if they can have real

showers instead of cold water.

Dries all over their bodies.

The players have valid excuses for

the team's lack of finesse. The
top attendance figures total less than

300 fans per game because the only time the Ceramics have prac-
tice time is either after a Celtics
game (when all the lights are

turned off) or before a Bruins' game
given the Garden floor is covered

with ice. Miller's initial suggestion was, "Put newspapers down when

you practice."

The team's first coach who is

fired early in the story actually
diminishes the players' efforts. He

believes that if there were such a
degree as a Ph.D. in theoretical basketball, he would hold it. And so he

takes to giving the team coaching

lectures: "In order to control the ball, you must control the ball."

In one of the opening scenes, Miller and Alman are discussing the reason for the team's apparent

failure. They cite the popularity of the team's star player by the name "Ceramics, the Garden's

overloaded schedule, and team morale. Then Alman says, "I don't know what's wrong with this
city. The whole city is Catholic." Miller responds, "Everyone but us, and God."

If there is such a thing as the 'star of the show,' the title undoubtedly belongs to player Fred Heald who

played without reservation by David Zucker who takes the

stereotyped classic character and adds new dimensions to the role by

minimizing expressionistic humor.

Zucker's facial and bodily ex-
presions generate a certain

seriousness which is sought by many

actors and gained by few.

"Murder at the Boston Garden" being

as enjoyable as it is funny. The play

moves smoothly and quickly and

with great understanding of the

Boston area. It will continue every

Wednesday through Sunday evenings at 8:00 p.m. in the Theatre

in The Garages in Harvard Square.

Suffolk Journal
Larry Clavin—
Off the Cuff

by Jon Gottlieb

The Sun Journal Society sponsored an extremely enjoyable meeting with one of New England's premier sports writers Larry Clavin last Tuesday at the Mt. Ver-
net. As usual, his remarks were clever and in- teresting, as they have been for the past several years. His dry humor and wit are truly appreciated by his audiences.

Clavin is a tell-it-like-it-is kind of writer who doesn't use tired adjectives or fancy phrasings. He writes like he talks: honest and straightforward.

His talk, which lasted a little over an hour, centered around his entire life as a sports writer, including clever quips on some of the more memorable moments that he experi-
enced. He told many rib-
tickling stories (some of which cannot be repeated). One was about great公网 Couch, the famous TV sportscaster.

Curt and I were in a Washington, D.C. hotel on assignment with the Red Sox. We were playing cards when the next thing you knew his wife, Maureen, was on the telephone. You could hear Curt in the next room yelling "What the h--l am I sup-
posed to do about the mess the dog

made on the fly?"

Other humorous tidbits had the listeners forgetting that they came

only to hear him speak seriously—just on the subject of sports writing like a well-trained comedian he is. He added comments like:

"I had this one great teacher who taught me so much about the field and could remember all forms of verb's better than anyone I know. He was a great teacher and a n o r m -k ey person."

"He was until about two o'clock every day." In between all that, Clavin gave a brief summary of his newspaper experience. He's been working for the Hearst Corporation for 29 years, starting way back for the old Evening American as an office boy when he was fresh out of high school. He said that with all the newspapers then, it was a lot easier to get a job than it is today.

You'd try to get into any depart-
ment you could until you got a few

"He did — in 1962, he wrote his first article on the Boston Braves. When the regulars got sick. He was the youngest writer in every-

covering the Braves. He considers himself part of the "old school" of writers: lack of controversy; but not afraid to throw a "zinger" in there every once in a while. These days he writes six columns a week.

Larry has definite views on the

business, some of which are negative. He blames television. "The newspaper business is going downhill while TV is going up. There's more money and it's an easier job. Athletes have more of a liking for television because it makes them feel like actors." The money was never as good as it should be, he adds. "But it's a lot more interesting a job than selling shirts in Filene's... I'll tell you that." The columnist said that he would love to write for a tabloid. He hinted at the possibility that the Herald might change to that format. He thanked the group for some good suggestions for columns and said that he just might use one for his next article.

Clavin at one time suggested that he was getting tired of sports writing ("maybe it's my age — I don't know"). With his family, he said, "with all the travel, he is away from his family a lot and it's getting tough to take. The way,

he talked today he sounds like he is in

love with sports — from the great accommodations the Red Sox supply for him on the road (good meals a fine hotels), to the shooting matches that he has with the players. He'll probably never retire.

Rams in Bentley Christmas

Tournament

On Friday, Dec. 19 and Saturday, Dec. 20, the Suffolk basketball team will compete in the Bentley College Christmas Tournament in Walblass. Suffolk will play Stonehill at 6 p.m. Friday and Bentley will meet

Lycoming College of Pennsylvania at 8 p.m. The winners and losers will meet the following evening.

Tickets for both games will go on sale in the Athletic Office, Third Floor. Charles River Plaza on Wednesday, Dec. 19 at 11 a.m. and will be available daily from 9-4 (All tickets are priced at $1.50 each and are unreserved.

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The Boston Ceramics work on improving their game.
by Tony Ferullo

Let's get right to the point of the matter. It was about as close to a one-on-one match between Katerine Abdul-Jalibar and Truman Capote. The two faces came into contact between Olivia Newton John and Phyllis Diller. Maybe even, a piano playing com- frontation between Liberace and King Kong. Get the message?

For we shouldn't forget: Suffolk University basketball team did tie to the roundball contingent representing the University of Maine at Portland-Gorham, on Wednesday afternoon. December 3, in their opening encounter of the 1975-76 season, was totally embarrassing.

Oh sure, the final score read, Suffolk 95 and UMPG-87, but that is clearly deceiving because of the fact that, the Rams were in com- mand of this affair virtually throughout by the margins of some twenty points. If the Rams reserves didn't enter the action late in the game, it seemingly would have been time to get the calculators out and just to good use.

"We knew from the start of the game that we could be effective by running our break on them," explained the Rams assistant head coach, James Nelson. "Our players just anticipated and worked better together than they did. I was impressed by the way we reacted to different situations and the overall spirit from the beginning.

There is solid reason to believe that the Rams won this game by utilizing the number one rule of 'team work' to their best advantage.

Captain John Howard (18 points, 8 assists) enjoyed yet another line-outlining directing the Rams with complete court brilliance and a few magic moves to their comfortableness, but not over-rating 34.5 halftime-lead Howard had fourteen of his points in the first half of which were via the route of breakaway layups. On some of his thefts, he'd must have the ball through the courts before anyone would reach the mid-court line.

Bobby Ferrara, the Rams extremely versatile swingman performer, was the game's high scorer with 25 points. And if he was given a dollar ball for every time he stole the basketball for subsequent un- molestled layups, he'd be challenging Nelson Rockefeller as one of the top three.

Today, Ferrara was undoubtedly the key individual in the game, as no one on the home team Huskies was mobile enough to guard him. He was just immuno-toned.

Starting forwards Chris Tistos (13 points, 15 rebounds, 3 assists) and freshman standout Dovun Little (18 points, 11 rebounds, 5 assists, and 2 Emore Staus blocked shots) were the main contributors to the Rams attack up front.

As for the UMPG Huskies, they had a few players who could shoot the ball in the hole, namely: forward Tim Clough [16], center cap: Mac Cowell [12], and backcourt ace Barry Ripley [14], but in true perspective, were too slow and unorganized to keep up with the much quicker and disciplined Rams.

Added Nelson, rather boastfully, "I feel we played a very fluid game, although some mistakes were in evidence towards the latter part of the contest. Every single player was used because we feel we have the talent where everyone can be used at any time in the game during this season. Which makes for a very healthy situation to be into.

Optimization is the word for the Rams after their opening game triumph of this season. And why not? After all, the outcome resembled the same pattern it would be like if Inahma went up against Max. Max Community School.

Atlantic 31. Hartford 25."

But At The Parties . . . .

by William Lancaster

With Suffolk's journalists providing constant feedback about university functions, it was only right for a reporter to go out and cover the "parties." Although it wasn't the most difficult of assignments, it proved to be one of the most newsworthy. For at Suffolk parties it is often possible to see, "the other side," of your classmates.

The classic example is the diligent student who is constantly laden with books tied yellow highliners. He only drinks, "when exams are over," yet whenever he attends a party the waiters and bouncers must drag him from the table.

Similarly, another characteristic of Suffolk's parties is the student's constant claim that, "You can never meet anyone." To investigate this injustice it was necessary to hang around bars at Suffolk functions until some explanation was revealed.

Mingling amongst guys that were wearing painter's pants and soccer shirts trying to pick up girls who were asking them what their "sign was, the reason slowly began to sur- face:

One bright, young fellow suddenly asked over to a pretty blonde and joked, "Hey, aren't you that girl that was in my history class? Hey, that was some final eh?" Rep- ly, "No, I don't go to Suffolk." Despite this lad's unbearable defeat the following dialogue quickly overshadowed his predica- ment. This guy put on place that most romantic stage of all -- the dance floor. Unfortunately our hero had one strike against him before he began -- the music being played was tap jazz, "Oh, would you like to dance?" "No, I don't like dancing to music that isn't live." (Several lines below when the hand returned...) "It's me again, wanna dance?" "No, I feel funny when there isn't a lot of people dancing" (Courageously once again after he came to some people on the floor.) "Would you like to dance now?" "Yes, except I don't like this dance." After this utterance the hand retreated. This particular lady was found several hours later under a table, holding a bottle of gin.

Yet, all these good times aren't restricted to Suffolk's catered af- fairs, some of the most fascinating partying incidents have occurred in Suffolk's own "bizarre fest," more commonly referred to as, "The Rathskeller." Here, with beers 30 cents each, various males can perform the ut- most in social grace... buying a girl a drink.

Casually hiding behind a moving cafeteria server the following in- teraction was observed:

A sophomore girl, weighed down with beers bearing bizarre titles, was asked if she'd like a beer. Before answering she was escorted to the bar a la Crommagon style. Then proudly exhibiting his strugg- ling cast to the beer pouring S.C.A. members, Groark said, "Give me a buck's worth." When he reached for the beer his victim fled, muttering something about, "gas station attendants." Believe it or not the stories could go on. Hurrors committed at the Christmas party, atrocities on boat rides, beers spilled at The Red Hat... who list is endless.

Believing it all though is a special quality which makes going to Suffolk something of an adventure.

A lot more can be learned at a Suffolk party than in any classroom. And the only price you'll pay for research is a hangover.
It's Over Gang

See You
Next Semester