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SUFFOLK JOURNAL

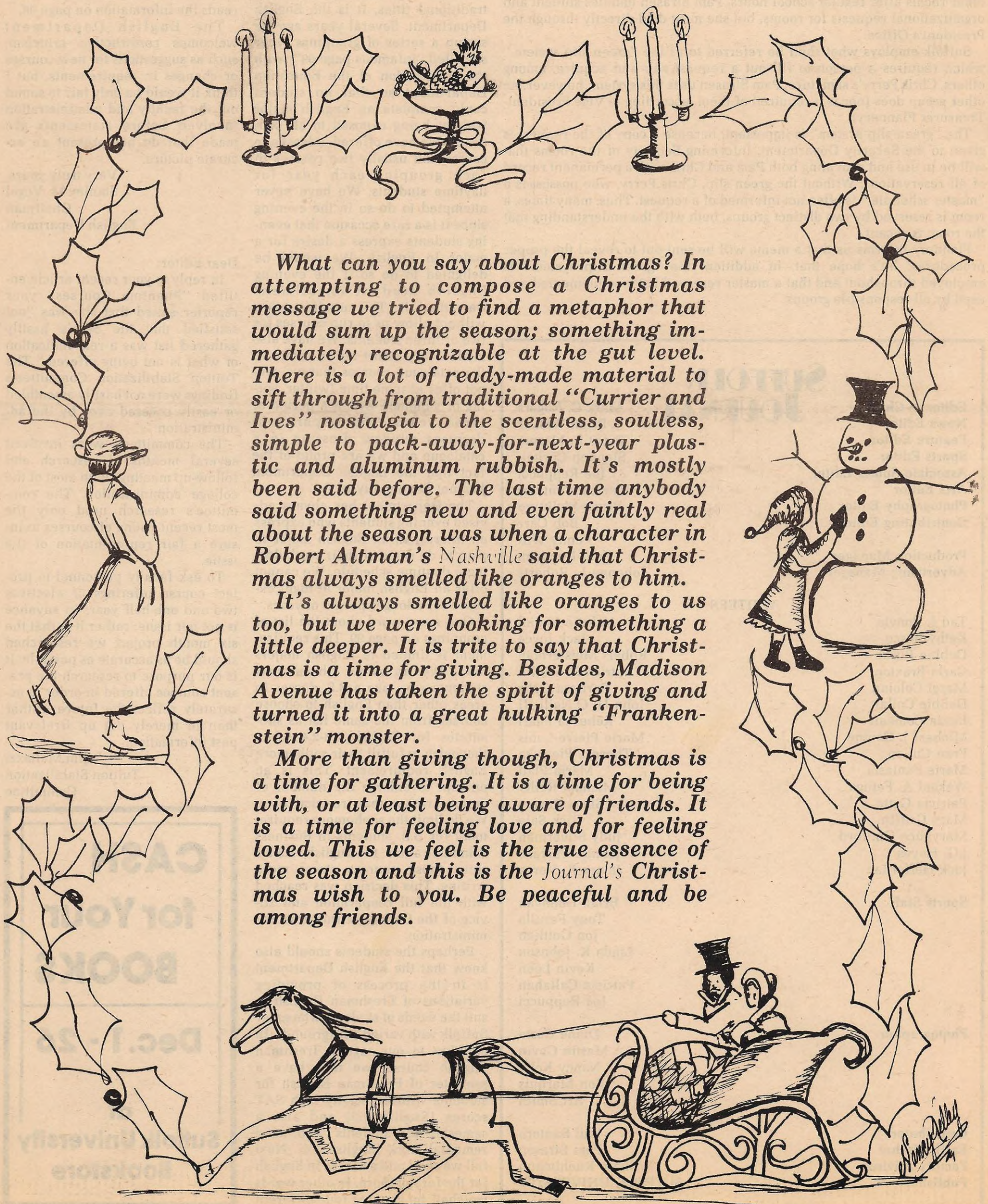
IN THIS ISSUE:

Dick Flavin . . . p. 4
Georgian Peach . . . p. 4
Cape Cod Christmas . . . p. 5
Santa's Got A Buzz . . . p. 6
Foreign Fir Trees . . . p. 9
A Basket Case . . . p. 9
Larry Claflin . . . p. 10
Parties . . . p. 11

Vol. 31, No. 13

Suffolk University, Beacon Hill, Boston Mass.

December 12, 1975



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 some other event 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 Denem 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 Hefron oversees reservations of college classrooms, while Law School Registrar Doris R. 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, among others, Chris Perry's signature. Pam Strasen uses this system; however, no other group does (nor is it required of them, according to Vice President-Treasurer Flannery).

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.

Flannery 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 99") with the cooperation of the Education Department so that no student could complete an English major without being exposed to all centuries. 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 catalogue courses that we cannot offer at some time (winter, spring or summer) within a period of three years. The Department despises 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 daytime 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 99. 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 2.3-2.4 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 2.3-2.4 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 1.0). 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 I 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 sociology, psychology, business and 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 sound out 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 issue.

To ask faculty personnel to project course offerings of electives two and one-half years in advance is not our issue; rather it is that the six month project we researched should be as accurate as possible. It is our purpose to research the present courses offered in order to accurately reflect the future; rather than to merely dig up irrelevant past information.

Jim Mallozzi
Tuition Stabilization
Committee

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High Schools Respond To 6th Journalism Match

by Joe Reppucci

The Suffolk University Journalism Department will be sponsoring its sixth annual Greater Boston High School Journalism contest, in which \$3200 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 \$1600 scholarship for excellence in news writing. There also will be a \$1000 grant given out for excellence in editorial writing, and a \$600 scholarship for excellence in typography.

Each of the scholarships will be awarded to a staff member of the winning newspapers, 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 19, 1976. It also should be noted that there is no entry fee.

Over two hundred high schools were notified of the contest. It is ex-

pected that thirty to forty 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.



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

Competing against 28 college debate teams from 8 states, Suffolk University won first place at the University of Massachusetts Novice Debate Tournament last Saturday, December 6th, in Amherst.

Don Orcutt, a freshman in Government, and Brian Greeley, a sophomore in Communications and Speech, were the undefeated novice team which represented Suffolk University. Suffolk outscored 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 Costanzo, a sophomore in Psychology, and Barbara St. Andre, a freshman in Government, placed seventh out of 28 teams in the tournament. Cathy Costanzo 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 Sherburne, a junior in Sociology, won first place in Informative Speaking, and Kirk Joslin, a senior in Journalism, brought home a fourth place trophy in Rhetorical Criticism.

This semester, the Suffolk students of the Walter M. Burse 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 11 deadline may be mailed during the semester break to Suffolk University c/o 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 20.

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Flavin Tells Political Jokes

by Debbie Burke

"Recently a bill was filed in the House to outlaw trick or treating. But it was eventually defeated. Why? — trick or treating (commonly known as fund raising) had its origins in American politics. Politicians ask a lobbyist for a treat, if not, they trick 'em, once elected..."

"We had a war this year between the Sox and the Reds. I knew the Sox were in trouble. Why? — Dukakis picked them four straight, and you know the last prediction Dukakis made — no new 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 more nobodys running this year than before..."

"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 fire?' Kevin White replied: 'Do you know who you are talking to?' The cop: 'Jesus Christ; the mayor.' White, 'You're close...' "

"As you know, Dukakis is being sued presently for breach of promise (new taxes). I was shocked to find out that Dukakis had seduced Dame Massachusetts. Massachusetts went with him, thinking that the ring was just as good as on her finger. But after the election, Dukakis got the ring and Massachusetts got the finger..."

WBZ's Dick Flavin, flavoring his speech on the role of the political satirist with the preceeding satirical quotables, 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 what 603 is in the Law School?" asked Flavin rhetorically. "It's the men's room..."

However, besides the comical aspects cited, there was also a serious vein conveyed. Flavin defined satire as an "effective weapon" which should be utilized to make a point if it is to be fit for a newscast.

Flavin then entertained questions from the audience. He was asked why he seemed more friendly with politicians, than ex-reporter Jack Cole. He responded by pointing out that he criticizes 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

White Mayor.' I used these cards satirically 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, Lucy Benson?"

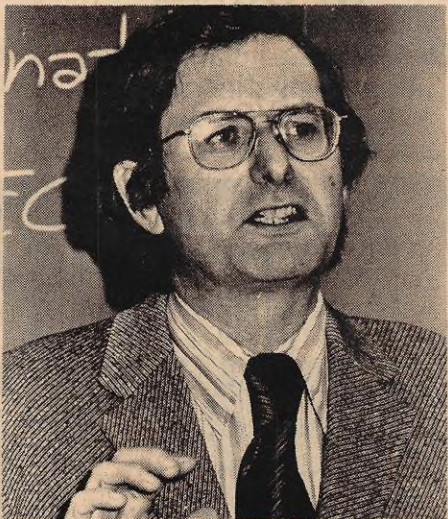
Flavin described Dukakis as the classic ethnic politician — a politician that the liberals mistakenly perceived as something different.

"Human services are losing 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 she watched the dismantling of them."

"Further, I think this resignation will help his (Dukakis') in-house administration. It will definitely make it more conservative."

In another question, the WBZ satirist was 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'll go higher in office. Between busing and the fund raising issue, any 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 unsafe



Dick Flavin

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 is building a monster in Ronald Reagan. "All presidential campaigns are huge public relations advertising campaigns in which the man who is the best product is sold — and that's Ronald Reagan."

But the disenchanted public need not despair. Flavin announced that he is a presidential candidate for 1980. His 'clever' button will be inscribed with the letters, 'WIN.' The meaning — whip the incumbent now!!



Pat Mitchell

A Georgian Peach Comes To Suffolk

by Debbie Collar

Ms. 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 broadcasting.

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 over 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 has been married, has taught, has had a child and has been divorced.

After attending graduate schools (Berkeley, 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 handed a curriculum and told that she could do whatever she wanted with the program. "It was a great time to be 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.

Her first and last assignment for *Look* was to write a story on New York's Chinatown. At that time, there were 82,000 people living within twelve blocks and riots and gang wars were beginning to start. Ms. Mitchell lived underground for two and a half months to find out from the people in that community what was going on. Soon after the article was finished and about to appear on the front cover of *Look*, the magazine folded.

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. The only people that knew *Look* folded were the television media and herself, until the general meeting.

After the general meeting, she decided that she didn't have time to commiserate with others over the loss of their jobs. She was unemployed, divorced, had a child to care for and was determined to look for another job that same day. As 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 "First Person."

After a brief question and answer period, Ms. Mitchell was presented a bouquet of flowers by Communique members before she rushed out the door.

UPTIGHT?

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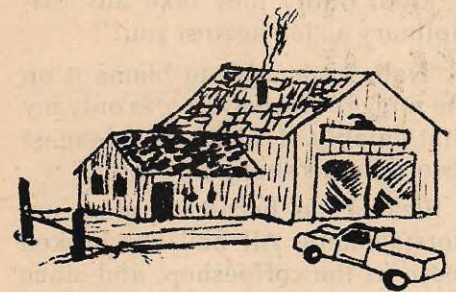
Cape Cod Christmas

Christmas on Cape Cod is a seashore treat consisting of shellfish, locally grown fruit, fresh fowl, and the fisherman's drink. Oysters, strung popcorn and cranberries, fried haddock, baked beans, a wild goose, quohog stuffing, a bottle of rum and a pine and oak fire warming the room, are parts of a Christmas celebration. Local customs, traditions and native delicacies, create a holiday festival which differs in geographical and ethnic areas.

Chowder and Rum for a Banquet

As daylight waned on a late December afternoon, the Chatham fishermen gathered around a warm wood-burning stove. Recently returned, unloaded the day's catch, and moored their vessels in Pleasant Bay, the bulkily dressed men returned to the fish buyers shanty for a Christmas Party.

The Old Harbor Fish Company



building stood stout and alone against the chilling ocean breeze, along side Fish Pier Cove off of Pleasant Bay. Three pickup trucks, a couple of station wagons, a fish company truck, and a wisp of smoke rising from the black chimney were the only signs telling that there was life present. The ocean beyond the narrow beach which protects the bay added the only sound to the moaning wind, as the white caps pounded the darkening sea. Closer to the building, laughter and sea songs, though faint, could be heard.

The men around the stove, were sharing stories of the past year and years gone by. This was the last work day of the year. The time was right not only to celebrate the yule season, but also to be thankful for surviving through another year. A cup of fresh chowder and rum beverage were better at the moment than the barbecued pig of the summer or a stuffed turkey of the season.

The dinner hour nearing, the party ended as coats were taken from the corner piles, and a procession headed toward the vehicles outside. Joseph Ryder, a forty-three-year-old Chatham resident, stopped at his skiff for the haddock he had put aside from the day's catch for the Christmas eve meal. Shivering in the cold sea wind, as he got into the car he swore at himself for not putting heat into the wreck. As the car left the Fish Pier driveway, he thought his work was done for the week, but he still had more to do for the Christmas dinner.

An Erie Honking; the Christmas Fowl

The following morning Joe Ryder



woke abruptly as his alarm clock rang. The early morning darkness had yet to be pierced by solar light. He laced up his right boot while groaning. As always, the gatherings on the pier were enjoyable, but the rum-dumb head the next morning was unbearable. Putting the coffee pot on the gas flame he had just lit, he broke open his shot gun and peered down the barrel, it was clean. The coffee was hot and strong, nothing to enjoy, but jolts the body and brain into functioning. The fisherman pulled a threadbare but heavy sweater over his head. Buttoning his jacket, he put a box of shells into his coat pocket before heading out the door.

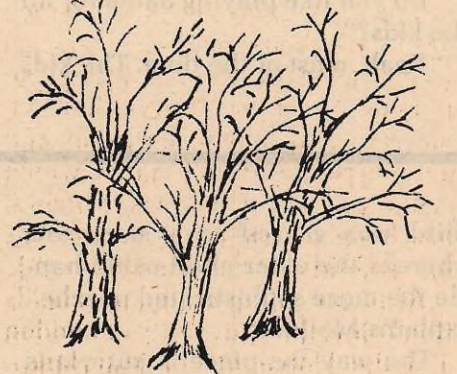
Among the bull grass of the marsh, the fisherman sat watching the sky. The eastern horizon was getting brighter. How long he squatted there he wasn't sure, an hour, maybe longer.

Thoughts passed through his head. Will they come? They've got to fly by soon, a goose for Christmas dinner was needed. If they do will he get a good shot? Hoping the one he hits will plummet near by and not in the middle of the pond, out of reach.

The marshes silence was disturbed, an erie honking was getting louder. As he turned around, he saw he had made an error, the geese were flying from the pond not towards it. Thinking about his misjudgement, he raised his gun, sighted a large goose, and eased back the trigger while aiming ahead of the gander's flight path. The explosion echoed through the distant hills bordering the marsh as the goose fell earthward to the marsh, away from the pond.

Thread a Popcorn Then a Cranberry

The Ryder kitchen sounded like a pinball gallery, while smelling like a movie house. Popcorn cooking,



hanging on the sides of the kettle, while the room was filled with its incense aroma. Mrs. Alice Ryder was preparing decorations for the new cedar tree, which yesterday stood seven foot high in the cedar swamp. The children John, Marcia and Jimmy sat around the table, a bowl of cranberries from their uncle's bog in the center, waited to use their threaded needles. Mrs. Ryder placed the popcorn next to the cranberries. The childrens' race began, the goal to make the longest chain by threading first a popcorn then a cranberry. They also had to eat enough of the popcorn to dispel the drudgery of threading the individual corn and berries.

Christmas: Dull, Ugly, and Brown

Two days before Christmas it was still a winter seashore's day in southeastern Massachusetts. The temperature stayed in the high-thirties to low-forties range. Clouds

were scattered in the sky, moving seaward. There weren't any dull silver oak trees against a gray sky, the sign of snow coming. The weather would remain fair, Christmas wasn't going to be white this year. It would be dull, ugly, grey, and brown but Christmas dreams aren't made of white snow outside. They are the warmth of the family together preparing for and sharing the holiday.

Quahogs; A Luscious Smelling Stuffing

Joe Ryder, leaning back from the table finishing his beer and cheese sandwich lunch, felt himself lucky being able to get the goose early. He



had left the bird hanging in the barn, to enable him to spend the afternoon quohoging on Pleasant Bay.

Joe pushed his skiff off from shore to head north to his favorite mud flat. He moved his rake aside so he could stand up and see ahead. After fifteen minutes of running he lined up his ranges, the oak tree over the yellow house and the water tower over the church steeple. Stopping the boat, he lowered his rake over the side until it touched the bottom. The oval shaped shellfish lies in the mud so the fisherman must use a long handled rake with a basket behind the forks to catch the shells as they are dug out.

The breeze wasn't as strong or as cold as the previous day, when Joe was fishing twenty-five miles off shore. He kept warm today by the constant pull, pull, on the rake handle. While he was emptying the basket into his pail, he remembered his mother preparing a luscious smelling stuffing for the bird that his father had brought home. She worked the quohogs into the breadcrumb and potato mixture that would be cooked inside the fowl. The kitchen had many sweet scents, breads, pies, popcorn, shellfish, and a wild goose, while he strung popcorn and cranberries.

After a few hours Joe had filled his pail, pulling the starter cord, the outboard finally sputtered to life on the fifth attempt. The sea was practically flat on the bay, so Joe could put a little more speed on to get home.

Split Logs: Voices Tuned to Bethlehem

The living room, warmed by split logs in the hearth, was filled with voices tuned to a quiet night in Bethlehem. The fisherman leaned back in his chair, reading through the New Bedford - Cape Cod newspaper. Across the room Jimmy and John sat on the floor by the feet of their mother and sister who sat on the couch and rehearsed Christmas songs for the church choir. In the corner the yule cedar tree stood

trimmed with brightly covered colored balls, tinsel, and strung cranberries that sloped to the high star atop the tree. Steaming mugs of hot chocolate near the children were turned to between songs.

Joe felt the warmth of the fire upon his feet. His heart was warm listening to his wife lead his kids in song. His throat was warm from the glass of bourbon he had been sipping from.

Bacon, Homefries, Toast, Eggs and Baked Beans

The morning of Christmas eve came less harshly than the day before for Joe Ryder. The smell of bacon and coffee cooking brought him from his sleep. On the kitchen table sat a plate of bacon, a dish of homefries and hot buttered toast on a napkin. The plate set for him already had two eggs and a large helping of baked beans waiting. The breakfast was appropriate for the season, while he was fishing, there was little time at three in the morning to prepare or eat a large meal.

Oystering: Niagra's Chilly Falls

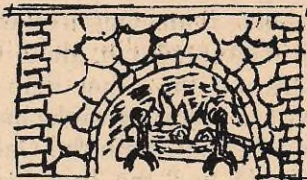
After the meal, the fisherman put on his heavy jacket and his boots. He left the house heading for the Bay to get his skiff. Joe wanted oysters on the half shell on Christmas day and knew the river that



emptied into the bay that had a plentiful supply of them, where he could get a bucket full.

Joe found his rocky part of the stream and began to break the oysters from the rocks where they had glued themselves. The tide was low to make the job easier to get the shell fish. The fisherman had driven two poles into the river bottom, to prevent the current from shifting the skiff away from the rich oyster bed. By noon he decided he had enough shell fish and headed home.

Coming out of the river's tranquil water, the bow bounced over the first choppy wave, and plowed through the second. A white spray came over the bow flying towards the back of the boat, soaking all in its path. The two top buttons of the jacket were undone to send the cold water inside to the skin. Joe had been hot till Niagra's namesake oc-



curred inside his worn military jacket. The fisherman squirmed trying to keep his chest from getting any wetter, and to keep his wet sweater away from his skin. There still was another twenty minute bounce back to the shore near the fish pier.

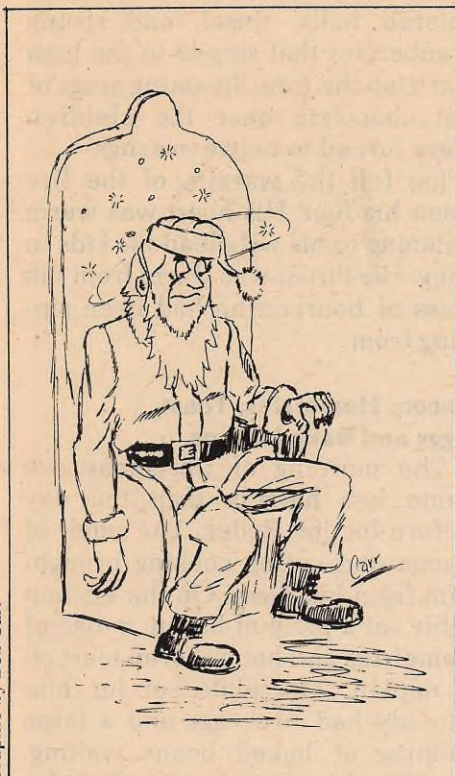
The skiff's bow line fastened to its cinder block left Joe with the thought as he got into the station

Continued on page 9

Story and graphics
by Codfish

"Santa's got a buzz!"

Graphic by Bob Carr



by Mary C. Buckley

From our seats in the plaza coffee shop, Jack and I can watch the holiday shoppers, forever in a hurry, thronging the mall. Their faces and packages blend into an undiscerning haze, muted only by the thunderous interfuse of their strained voices talking simultaneously. Nothing coherent can be deciphered. Just sounds and loud laughter.

Smoky-grey puffs of air can be seen emanating from the multitude of mouths, for the afternoon is bitterly cold, and the air holds a bold threat of snow. No one seems to notice. They all snuffle unthinkingly and continue their mad trek from store to store, stopping only to gather their bundles or throw a quarter into the Salvation Army pot.

Inside the coffee shop it is comfortably warm, but the noise is no less irritating. Those fortunate enough to have a seat are chattering animatedly, while the many waiting are grumbling rudely about "slow, inconsiderate eaters." One of the

hostile people is pointing my way, so I spitefully light a cigarette and order another hot chocolate. The middle-aged couple sitting next to us at the counter are staring unabashedly at Jack's faded red Santa Claus suit. Lifting his head imperceptibly, as if the slight movement initiated torturous pain, Jack turns their way and utters an obscene, alien noise, which certifies their immediate departure. Jack, of course, is a very young, very emaciated department store Santa Claus.

"How does one become a department store Santa Claus, anyway?"

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

"Shanghaied? You're kidding."

"No... I was at a bar one night having a few beers with the guys, and when I went to the men's room, three huge, hairy geeks decked me. When I woke up I was dressed in this suit, sitting on the throne in the Igloo with a runny-nosed little kid on my knee."

"Wow. Is shanghaiing 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 lying naked in an Arruba hotel room with a corpse hidden under the bed... but it turned out O.K. After a while the cops figured I was framed 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. 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 PCP they gave me really helped the days pass."

"PCP? 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 Arruban cops comes in. They agreed to supply me for life as a kind of peace offering."

Listen: sitting next to me, dressed in a Santa Claus suit, is a PCP 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 Arruba? This is really getting bizarre. Trying desperately to gather my thoughts, I stir my hot chocolate and glance around me. But the scene erupting within the coffee shop is even more fantastic than Jack's story.

Three teenaged girls sitting diagonally behind us to the left have obviously been eavesdropping, 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 hoodlums have joined in the barrage by sucking Coke into their straws and spitting it our way.

A few innocent bystanders — the same ones who've been grumbling for a seat — are getting hit by misfired shots. They're loudly voicing their wrath. A miniature marshmallow lands in the ash tray. The smell of burning marshmallow is not unlike the stench of a dead whale washed to shore in low tide. Ironically, Jack seems my only link to relative 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 PCP ever have a bad affect on your ability to do your job?"

"Not usually. But on my first day, I had a pretty bad experience. I had eaten a few pills before starting time, you know, just to make it through to lunch time, and well, a rarity occurred. The stuff really bummed me out and I was finding it hard to breathe. I jerked violently forward several times from 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 fatality. I have the cleanest record in this shopping center."

Bizarre has become a gross understatement. All hell has broken loose in the coffeshop, and since his last words, Jack has been acting very strangely indeed. He must have swallowed a few tablets while I was busy observing the holocaust around us. It must be another rarity. He's standing on the stool, grasping his neck frantically and screeching 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 Plati

Between the stationery and the fine china departments of Bloomingdale'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. Next to it on one 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 \$35 up. Both the Galway lead crystal and the fine leather backgammon sets occupy vulnerable positions but the contents of the glass showcase is under lock and key. There is no sterling or gold on its shelves but there are wood puzzles from six to sixteen inches high.

The hand carved works of art are created by Newton artist Malinda Hardaway who has developed what at one time was just a hobby into a personal business enterprise with quite a receptive market.

During the Christmas season, when children and children's toys become the focus, the planned obsolescence of Tinker Toys and Mattel, Inc. cannot be put on the

same par as these pieces of old-fashioned craftsmanship. But the child is not the only admirer of Ms. Hardaway's work. Puzzles of Peter Rabbit and the Three Bears stand beside more intricate and abstract pieces and even though they are toys, there is an "adult appreciation" of them be it by 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 inspired and acted out by the magic of their favorite non-human story book characters. She has strong opinions on a child's ability to comprehend a "sense of 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 encouragement given to Malinda as a child is visibly manifested two generations later.

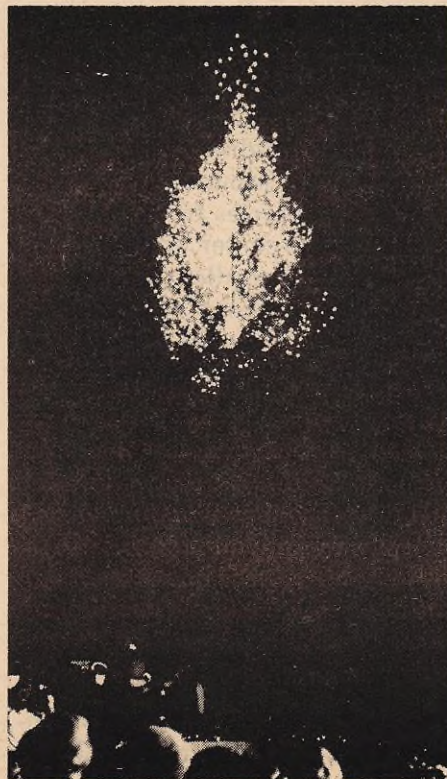
Malinda originally designed two variations of her animal puzzles because of the direct relationship to the level of the child. "The younger

child was geared to a stack toy, whereas the older child could handle the more sophisticated puzzle," explains Malinda.

"The way the piece is cut out 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 cutting. Visual details in color are necessary in toys designed for the very young." Bloomingdale's asked Malinda to also do naturals and

Continued on page 7



the christmas sprit

by Patricia Gatto

Place: Santa Claus' workshop, North Pole

Time: About 5:00 p.m. on December 24

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

Setting: It is the last working day before Christmas. Santa's garage, which is also his workshop, is a cluttered miasma of refuse. Materials have been tossed around the room, non-functioning toys have been thrown into a pile in the center of the floor, and the workers' tables are covered with empty coffee cups. Last minute production is coming to a halt, and the elves are 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 — HO! HO! there! Now surely you don't mind staying a little while longer to finish up a few more toys.

Spike — Look, Santa. We've been here since August. The accommodations are lousy, the food is barbaric, no one here is into walrus, there is no social life if ya know what I mean, and the coffee machine just broke.

Santa — But think of all the children who depend on us — think of THEM!

Spike — How can we think of anything when we're stuck up here in this frozen wasteland. It just ain'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. Now please help me to convince the elves to stay a few more hours. I'll even pay you overtime.

Spike — Sorry, buddy but we're

out'o'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 'ol buddy. We're ready to deal but Im warning you. It'll cost 'ya.

Santa — Sure men, anything within reason, as long as Christmas joy is preserved.

Spike — Well, Santa, me and the guys sort of prepared a list of demands before you came to work this morning and well, ah, here they are.

Santa — These requests certainly seem comprehensive. Let's see now. You would like higher wages, better fringe benefits, medical coverage (dental work included), assigned parking spaces (snowmobiles to be parked behind the bobsleds), a 50% discount on toys made here, a more specific job description, and the installation of a profit-sharing plan as well as a Mr. Coffee machine. Do you men realize what you're asking of me?

Elf #1 — Gee Santa, I'm 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 it time you retired anyways. After 150 years you should have made sure you got a good 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 everybody, now let's get down to something tangible like a new contract. So what are you going to do about this list, Santa?

Santa — I can't promise you everything, but I promise I will try. Now please 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 us a new contract now or we'll strike til the Pole melts. And you'll be stuck with a bunch of little kids who'll hate you as much as they hate brussel sprouts.

Elves 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 sell them.

Spike — Sell them! You've never worked for a profit before.

Santa — I've never had to meet contract demands before either.

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 it, men. 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



Graphic by Nancy Kelly

getting a new pipe and a leather coat and . . .

Elf — And I'm supposed to get some metal skis and new poles.

Elf — And I'm going to Aruba for my Christmas present.

Santa — And that can all wait til next year, til you have a new contract.

Spike — Wait a minute, Santa. Are you trying to tell us that we're going to get the shaft. How bad are you, anyway?

Santa — That's the deal, Take it or leave it. You stay or forget any Christmas presents.

Spike — I've had dealers try to screw me before man, but never like this!

The elves take a vote and decide to finish making the toys in a hurry. They get the reindeer ready for the long journey, and they load the sleigh. About five elves help Santa onto the sled. And he is on his way.

. . . puzzling

Continued from page 6

white wood in 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 tool called a band slide. The initial creation of the design is the most satisfying step of the puzzle making. "I like working up new designs. There is a certain sense of

pride when people buy it for a child. It means they think enough of the child to give him or her something which reflects patience, skill, and caring."

Malinda began to sell her work on consignment to small stores years ago. Her first big name customer was Design Research (DR). In early 1974, Malinda brought her merchandise to Bloomingdale's. The puzzles were received with immediate enthusi-

asm there and Bloomingdale's has been one of her major clients since.

Jeanne Cohen, assistant department manager at the store, says that Malinda was at first "underselling herself." The pieces were worth more than she was charging and the store boosted the price while not hurting sales. Prices range from twelve to twenty dollars. "They are officially collector's items," adds 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, you take pride in your own work and that's your own criterion for consistent production," explains Malinda.

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

Recent media exposure of Malinda's work has jetisoned her career to a whole different spectrum. The biggest source of publicity was a one paragraph ad in the Boston Globe's "Getting Around" section last month.

Last week Malinda received a

call to appear on WBZ's Woman '75 to display the process of woodcutting and to represent one of today's women who are working in a field outside of homemaking. She was invited to the Boston Flea Market's Antique and Christmas Crafts 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 Malinda 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," Malinda intends to avoid getting tied to her product "just because it's a merchandisable 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. Malinda 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.



Photos by Bruce McIntyre

Spellbound

by Judy Silverman

"Twins!" shouted Betty Jo Doolan of the "Godspell" cast. Everyone's eyes were on the two nuns in the audience, who were a bit taken aback by this unexpected remark. 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: W.C. Fields, Mae West, Edith Bunker, and Lily Tomlin's Edith Ann were among the great laugh-getters.

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

There are many parables told by Jesus. Included are the parable of the Good Samaritan, the prodigal son, and the good seed. The 16 songs have meanings all of their own, and are powerful. The songs on the Godspell album give you the basic plot: Jesus' followers gradually accept a more spiritual, loving kind of life, and forsake their old ways. You get a total effect, however, in 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 Siems, 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



Photo by Len Barlow

"Godspell," the religio-rock musical currently at The Charles Playhouse, 76 Warrenton St., Boston, through Dec.

bright, circus-like costumes. While you were watching Judas come onto the stage, the rest of the cast was dressing on stage. A bright light shines in the background, and Jesus, played by George Paul Fortuna, is being dressed. He wears a shirt with a bold letter S (symbolizing Superman) on the front. He sees His children living material, sensual, and hopeless lives. His song "Save The People" reveals His mission on earth. The cast realizes (by the time of intermission) that Jesus wants to help them, but they have to do it

themselves.

During the intermission, wine was given out free, and a few cast members were talking to their friends. When Helen Gelzer called out for those wine-o's who wanted seconds, the first one to walk on stage was a young boy around 12 years old. After 10 minutes, Jeffrey Horn welcomed the audience back, and thanked them for coming to the



earth had come, and he was reluctantly tied to the chain link fence. The stage lights dimmed, as Jesus slowly died. After the tears flowed, "Long Live God" was the final praise sung by the cast.

Six of the 10 cast members have been in past productions of "Godspell." In this performance, their total dedication, involvement in their roles, and love of their job were overwhelming.

Fantastic performances were given by Betty Jo, Helen, 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 throughout, 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 its message of relating the Scriptures to everyday life, it has to be seen.

"Godspell" will be playing at The Charles Playhouse, 76 Warrenton St., Boston, until January. Ticket prices range from \$4.95 to \$7.95. Performances are Tuesday-Friday at 5:00 p.m.; Saturday at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sunday at 3:00 and 7:30 p.m.

foreign fir trees and wailing children

by Bob Reardon

'Tis the season of holly and plastic fir trees, television commercials with Santa whirling 'round atop a Norelco triple-head shaver, Burl Ives winning the same battle with the abnormal snowman and Bing Crosby chortling "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 spanking Mercedes. Whatever is to become of the jetsetting reindeers?

The "Winter Wonderland" on the Boston Common answered the query. My girlfriend (Deb, a sparkling brown-eyed adult-child) led me down fantasylane on a trip for all ages.

A moonless black December sky bearing a few twinkling stars played background to the foggy crispness of one's breath. The grass with summer greenness frozen tight to it, two-week-old Bethlehem sheds and foreign fir trees; the confusion of vericosed mummies and wailing children followed by grumbling daddies damning the knees 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... so original. Gee look at the lights: red blinkers — yellow blinkers — blue blinkies. White ones. Green ones. It's so so original."

We walked along passing an enclosure of chicken wire, shovels and plywood posts. We followed the footworn path between the broken bottles and little brown droppings. Here we found the runaway suede coats.

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

"Heaven forbid." I corrected. "NOT NIXON but Vixen!"

"Oh! Wasn't that a porn flick?"

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

We stayed on the heels of the shivering multitude, a few brazenly wearing relatives of the Franklin Park refugees. The air of the Common lost its pure freshness and was replaced by the stagnant odor of stale human urine. From behind the crumbling deer shed a stumbling mass of rags and hair appeared. A transplant, from Aqualung, totter-

ing and wheezing his way into the crowd of gloaters smirking security and happiness. The old derelict barely got his fingers unfisted and they were filled with silver and copper. The crowd dispersed and the misery made a beeline to friendly (Dantes) haven o 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 saintly opera ceased. We moved along.

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

"Yeah that's true," I interrupted. "Look at that fat man giving his wallet 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 tinsel hair, plaids-on-stripes, and skirts that would have allowed Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to cop a peek without straining his precious neck meandered by us. Wiggly bared buttocks served as a calling card.

Two elderly gentlemen passed by at the same moment, topcoats and derbies clashed with their round and wrinkling countenances. A dollar cigar, chewed and gamy, complimented the fatter 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 eager elbow to the other's shoulder.

"\$25 and \$30," 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 the night.

"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 evening. Downtown was next in line for our perusal. As we crossed Tremont, a Boston cop, sporting white ear muffs, blew a silver whistle while his arms waved fran-

Continued on page 9



A defensive move is exhibited by three of the ceramics

... Cape Cod

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

Fried Haddock; and Stuffing the Bird

On Christmas eve the Ryder family shared a small meal. The advent wreath, as a center piece, its four candles of descending levels illuminated the dining room. Fried haddock, mashed potatoes, and a lettuce salad would have to hold them through the evening, keeping 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 out of the way, the seashore cuisine for the holiday meal began. Joe Ryder, with a large mixing bowl, surrounded by numerous filled pots and seasoning shakers, began mixing ingredients for the stuffing. Boiled potatoes, a loaf of homemade bread, quohogs, chopped onion and seasoning were joined by hand. After five minutes of squeezing and pushing the compound, the appearance and aroma of the mixture, satisfied the fisherman that it was ready for the fowl. The seven pound goose, which was

dressed and plucked in the afternoon, was filled, and placed in the refrigerator to wait for the oven in the morning. Pleased with the finished product, Joe decided to get a headstart on the Christmas day oysters. Opening a few, he picked out the meat with a fork. The fisherman shook off the saltwater drops and lifted the fork to his mouth. The delicious salty taste of the oyster, he savored, knowing Christmas was here.

Suits, Dresses and a Cold Station Wagon

After the preparations were complete, the Chatham family got ready to begin Christmas worship. They attended midnight mass, joining two other fisherman families at the church. For all of them the year hadn't been the best, but they are satisfied.

The boys and their father dressed in suits and ties, and mother and daughter, buttoned their dress coats. Mrs. Ryder hurried Jimmy to get the buttons and holes matched up, and straightened his hair, while he yawned. The father held the front door, while the rest of the family headed for the car. It was to be a good Christmas even if the car had no heat and had an odor of last year's catch of fish.

our eyes stumbled upon an elderly blue-haired, scrunched-faced woman who sprayed a can containing the ersatz aerosol. Soon the smoky denseness 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, I'm sorry," she apologized. "I was caught up in the shoemaker."

A young bumpkin squealed past us almost sending me into the chicken pit. A woolen cap flopped lazily over his exploring eye, his window pressed nose burned red from Jack Frost's nibblings. His miniature hands, crackdrawn from the bitter outer air, tried in vain to offset the lost battle his pants were suffering at the hands of eternal gravity. He let them drop and kept his eyes afixed on the chicken laying the same egg in ten second intervals.

"Mom, look, look," he gushed. "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 discovered that Christmas was meant for someone and not just another promotional stunt by some incestuous department store magnate.

A Basket Case

by Patricia Gatto

"This isn't the goddamn Chelsea YMCA, this is the American Basketball Association!"

The Boston Repertory 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 cleverly written and successfully transmitted humor.

Written by Robin Brecker, it is technically a play, but more appropriately 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 outdoes itself with its bizarre and jejune humor, but by gaining such excellence in jest there is a loss in plot stability. Still, the flaws in the plot are superceded by a superb cast, and so no one really cares about the loopholes.

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 manger, Stewart Atman (Joseph Wilkins). The reason: job security. Atman is general manager only because his sister Betsy (Susan Palmer-Persen) is married to the owner. But Miller intends to sell the team because of financial difficulties. When Atman decides to kill 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 murdered.

The story is not intricate. In fact, the simplicity of the plot allows more creativity in dialogue and characterization. For example, both victims are murdered imaginatively off-stage. Miller is dribbled to 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 frozen onto the ice during a Bruins game. The Boston Globe's account of the story quotes Bobby Orr, "There should be better care taken

of the quipment 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. Atman Says, "That would put 10 men on the court!" The players respond, "Yeah, but it'll help our defense." They also ask if they can have real showers instead of using Wash 'n' Dries all over their bodies.

The players have valid excuses for the team's lack of finesse. The top attendance figures total less than 500 fans per game because the only time the Ceramics have practice time is either after a Celtics game (when all the lights are turned off) or before a Bruins' game (when 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 Atman are discussing the reasons for the team's apparent failure. They cite the popularity of the Celtics, the unmasculinity of the name "Ceramics," the Garden's overloaded schedule, and team morale. Then Atman says, "You know what's wrong with this city. Everybody is Catholic. 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 private eye Fred Heidt played without reservation by David Zucker who takes the stereotyped classic character and adds new dimensions to the role by transmitting expressionistic humor. Zucker's facial and bodily expressions generate a certain extrinsic quality which is sought by many actors and gained by few.

"Murder at the Boston Garden" is 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 8:08 p.m. in the Theatre in The Garage in Harvard Square.



The Boston Ceramics work on improving their game.

sports

Larry Claflin — Off the Cuff

by Jon Gottlieb

The Suffolk Journalism Society sponsored an extremely enjoyable meeting with one of New England's premier sports' writers Larry Claflin last Tuesday at the Mt. Vernon St. building, columnist for the Herald American. The enthusiastic gathering not only saw a man who obviously knew a great deal about sports, but also a guy who had a lot of appeal and an off-key sense of humor which everyone appreciated.

Larry Claflin is a tell-it-like-it-is kind of writer who doesn't use tricky adjectives or fancy phrases. He writes like he talks: honest and straightforward.

His talk, which lasted a little over an hour, centered around his entire life in the sports writing business, including clever quips on some of the funny moments that he experienced. He told many rib-tickling stories (some which cannot be printed here). One was about Curt Gowdy, 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 know his wife called on the telephone. You could hear Curt in the next room yelling 'What the h—l am I supposed to do about the mess the dog

made on the floor?' "

Other humorous tidbits had the onlookers forgetting that they came only to hear him speak seriously just on the subject of sports writing. Like a well-trained comedian he added comments like:

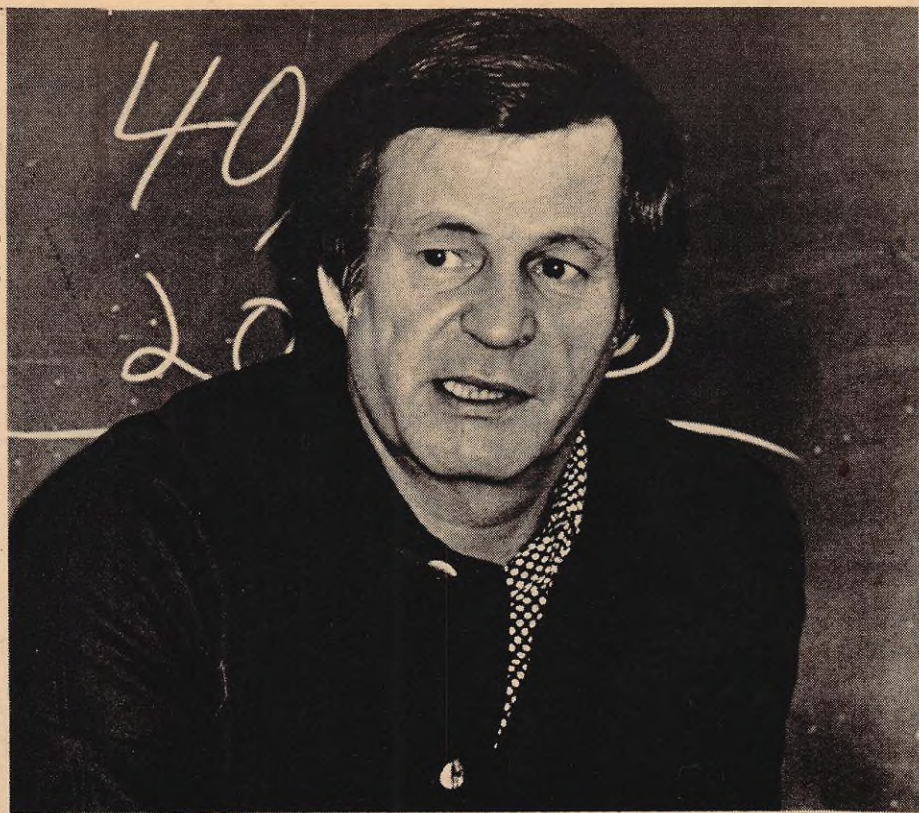
"I had this one great teacher who taught me so much about the field and could remember all forms of verbs better than anyone I know. He was good while he was sober — that was until about two o'clock every day."

In between all that, Claflin gave a brief summary of his newspaper experience. He has 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 department you could until you got a few good breaks."

He did — in 1952, he wrote his first article, on the Boston Braves, when the regular writer got sick. He was the youngest writer to ever cover the Braves. He considers himself part of the "old school" of sports 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,

Photo by Martin Gavin



saying that very few writers do that. Claflin always tries to keep up with the times, but constantly has to throw finished stories away because of a trade or a death of a player which makes the article obsolete.

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 basement — 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.

Claflin at one time suggested that

he was getting tired of sports writing ("maybe it's my age — I don't know"). With all the traveling, 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 & fine hotels), to the shouting 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 Waltham. 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. 10 at 11 a.m. and will be available daily from 10-4 p.m. All tickets are priced at \$1.50 each and are unreserved.

Goats Continue to Roll

by Patricia A. Callahan

The Suffolk Goats made it two routs in a row Monday night as they whipped Quincy Junior College 12-1.

Coach Chris Snow told the guys to "go out and play a pressure game," and play a pressure game they did. Three goals by Buddy Regan, two by Chuck Devin, and singles by "Beaker" Hefner and Jules Bertrand ran the score to 7-0 before Vin Riccio and Bob Boyle combined to score Quincy's only goal at 12:20 of the second period.

The only effect the Quincy goal had was to satisfy the little band of cheerleaders the team had brought with them; at least, it quieted them down for about five minutes. These seven girls were the only ones who could get excited about Quincy's play over the first two periods. As for the Goats, Riccio's destruction of Fred Waggett's shutout made them mad enough to score yet another goal — another by Chuck Devin — to make the score after two periods 8-1.

In the third period Quincy played a close-checking style (some of the Goats later said "dirty"), but the Goats got four more past Quincy goalie Wade Grande. Chuck Devin got his fourth goal of the night on a beautiful set-up off a power play

faceoff. Paul Vatalaro and Bob Breslin both scored their first goals of the season — Breslin, playing in his first game, received a perfect, unselfish pass from Billy McDevitt — and Buddy Regan scored his fourth of the night to complete the scoring. Back-up goalie Bob Underwood had to take over for Waggett with about six minutes left in the game, after Fred hurt his ankle during a scramble and subsequent "monkey pile" in front of his net. Underwood's appearance meant that everyone in uniform got into the action.

The Goats continued to play excellent positional hockey, skating their lanes and covering their checks. The powerplay, with Devin and Regan on the wings and either Bertrand or Flannery at center, was setting up good plays and getting the chances, but Suffolk's real strength continues to be the penalty killing unit. Jules Bertrand and Buddy Regan, Guido Moro and Mike Sullivan do such an effective job of keeping the other team off the puck that they often end up with some of the best scoring chances of the game.

Paul Vatalaro and Brian Flannery exchanged places on their respective lines. Both played well, but I liked them better with their old

wingers. They had gotten used to working with those guys, and their new wingers tended to be in different places than they were used to. Still, Flannery picked up two assists and Vatalaro scored a goal.

The Quincy players seemed to have it in for "Beaker" Hefner. All night long Bob Boyle kept trying to sucker "Beaker" into a fight. Finally with a little more than three minutes left in the game, he obliged. Boyle needed help from a friend, though, so the Goats came out with the man advantage. Earlier in the game, "Beaker" got a big laugh from the crowd by waving "bye-bye" to a guy who had just high-sticked him.

The players were understandably positive in their post game comments. Jules Bertrand gave the perfect capsule analysis of the game when he said "Buddy Regan and Chuck Devin played really well." Indeed, they accounted for eight of the twelve goals. Chris Piazza and Bob Breslin looked strong in their first game, filling in for the injured Earl Johnson (back strain) and Tom Foley (sore knee). Breslin's comment on scoring a goal his first night out: "You get out there for one shift, you gotta make it count."

BASEMENT SALE

Everything Must Go

Contemporary Bookcase	\$50
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Blankets	5.
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Shower Curtain	2.
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Rams Victorious In Opener, 95-87

by Tony Ferullo

Let's get right to the point of the matter. It was about as close as a one-on-one match between Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Truman Capote. Or a beauty contest between Olivia Newton John and Phyllis Diller. Maybe even, a piano playing confrontation between Liberace and King Kong. Get the message?

For what the Suffolk University varsity basketball team did 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 command of this affair virtually throughout by the margin 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 put to good use.

"We knew from the start of the game that we could be effective by running our fast break on them," explained the Rams assistant hoop mentor 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 quickness factor we employed."

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 fine outing, directing the Rams, with complete court brilliance and a few magic tricks to their comfortable, but not overpowering 54-38 halftime lead. Howard had fourteen of his points in that first half, most of which were via the route of breakaway layups. On some of his thefts, he'd

have the ball through the chords 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 bill for every time he stole the basketball for subsequent unmolested layups, he'd be challenging Nelson Rockefeller as one of the more wealthy persons in the world, 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 immense.

Starting forwards Chris Tsiotos (15 points, 15 rebounds, 3 assists) and freshman standout Donovan Little (19 points, 11 rebounds, 5 assists, and 2 Elmore Smithesque blocked shots) were the main contributors to the Rams attack up front.

As for the UMPG Huskies, they had a few players who could put the ball in the hole, namely forward Tim Clough (16), center capt. Mac Morrill (15), and backcourt ace Barry Ripley (14), but in true perspective, were just too slow and unorganized to keep up with the much quicker and disciplined Rams cast.

Added Nelson, rather boastfully, "I felt 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."

Optimism 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 Indiana went up against Mass. Bay Community College.

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 and yellow highliners. He only drinks, "when exams are over," yet whenever he attends a party the waiters and bouncers must drag him from the tabletops.

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

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 surface.

One bright, young fellow smoothly glided over to a pretty blonde and asked, "Hey, aren't you the girl that was in my history class? Boy, that was some final eh?" Reply, "No — I don't go to Suffolk."

Despite this lad's unbearable defeat the following dialogue quickly overshadowed his predicament. This gem took place on 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 taped. "Hi, would you like to dance?" "No, I don't like dancing to music that isn't live." (Several minutes later when the band returned.) "It's me again, wanna dance?" "No, I feel funny when there isn't a lot of people dancing." (Courageously, once again after there were some people on the floor.) "Would you like to dance now?" "Yea, except I don't like this song and I hate the band." This particular lad was found several hours later under a table, holding a bottle of gin.

Yet, all these good times aren't

up temple st.

EVENTS/ACTIVITIES

Monday-Friday, December 15-19
FINAL EXAMINATIONS

Monday, December 15

9:30 pm

Hockey game — Suffolk University vs. Graham Junior College at B.C.'s McHugh Forum. Free

Thursday, December 18

2:00-8:00 pm

Rathskeller in University Cafeteria. Beer and wine at nominal prices, holiday cheer. Sponsored by Student Government Association. Open to all Suffolk students, faculty, and staff. Free buffet and band from 3:00-6:00 p.m.

Friday and Saturday, December 19 and 20

Christmas Basketball Tournament at Bentley College (Bentley College, Suffolk University, Stonehill College and Lycoming College)

Wednesday-Friday, December 24-26

University Holidays — University offices closed

Thursday and Friday, January 1 and 2

University Holidays — University offices closed

Friday, January 9

3:00 pm

Basketball game — Suffolk University vs. Framingham State College at Framingham

Tuesday, January 13

3:00 pm

Basketball game — Suffolk University vs. Fitchburg State College (home game at Cambridge YMCA, 820 Mass. Ave.)

Thursday, January 15

Martin Luther King Day — University offices closed

8:45 pm

Hockey game — Suffolk University vs. Clark University at Clark

Friday, January 16

8:00 pm

Basketball game — Suffolk University vs. Babson College at Babson.

Monday, January 19

Classes resume

9:30 pm

Hockey game — Suffolk University vs. Stonehill College at B.C.'s McHugh Forum.

Tuesday, January 20

11:00 am-2:00 pm

Ring Day — select class rings in the cafeteria

3:00 pm

Basketball game — Suffolk University vs. Nichols College (home game at Cambridge YMCA)

10:45 pm

Hockey game — Suffolk University vs. Graham Junior College — away

Thursday, January 22

3:00 pm

Basketball game — Suffolk University vs. Barrington College (home game)

"Have a happy!" - from the rathskeller gang



restricted to Suffolk's catered affairs, some of the most fascinating partying incidents have occurred in Suffolk's bi-weekly beerfest, or more commonly referred to as, "The Rathskeller."

Here, with beers 30 cents each, various males can perform the utmost in social grace . . . buying a girl a drink.

Casually hiding behind a moving cafeteria worker the following interaction was observed.

A sophomore girl, weighted down with books bearing bizarre titles, was asked if she'd like a beer. Before answering she was escorted to the bar a la Cromagnon style. Then proudly exhibiting his struggl-

ing catch to the beer pouring S.G.A. members, Gronk said, "Give me a buck's worth." When he reached for the beers his victim fled, muttering something about, "gas station attendants."

Believe it or not the stories could go on. Horrors committed at the Christmas party, atrocities on boat rides, beers spilled at The Red Hat . . . the list is endless.

Underlying 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**