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Suffolk Journal, Vol. 35, No. 17, 12/13/1979

Suffolk Journal

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Suffolk Journal, "Suffolk Journal, Vol. 35, No. 17, 12/13/1979" (1979). *Suffolk Journal*. 1009.
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Christmas Edition

A look into
outerspace

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'79's best
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speak out

page 13

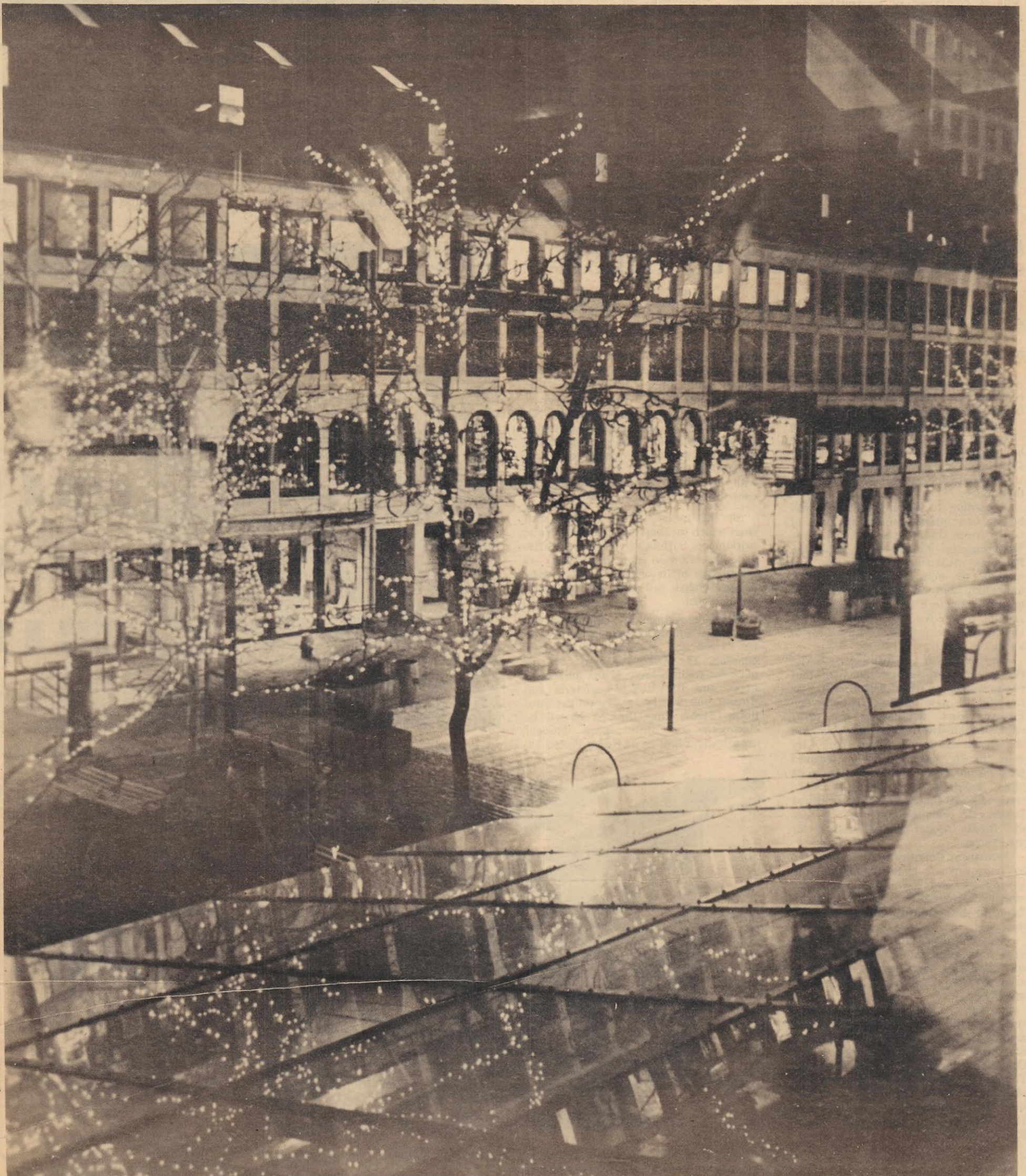
Christmas
supplement
inside

SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Vol. 35 No. 17

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BEACON HILL, BOSTON, MASS./ (617) 723-4700 x323

December 13, 1979



Jeff Newman photo

Tie breaking vote to decide final Search seat

by Maria Girvin

The Search Committee for the new president will be completed tomorrow after School of Management (SOM) faculty vote to break a tie on who will be the second person to represent that college.

The tie is between Business Law Professor Anthony Eonas and Management Professor Joel Corman. The elected member will be announced tomorrow. Accounting Professor Robert Waehler has already received a majority vote to assume one of the two seats allocated that college.

Other candidates recently elected to serve on that committee are College of Liberal Arts and Science (CLAS) faculty members and alumni representatives. Chemistry Professor Maria Bonaventura and Education Professor Donald Unger will be representatives of CLAS. Clara Ann Bonney will represent business alumnists and Law School Alumni President Joseph Kain will also serve on the committee.

Representatives for the Law School faculty will be Professors Louise Weinberg and Joseph McEttrick.

This completes the committee which will be comprised of six trustees, two students, six faculty members and three alumni representatives. Student Government Association President William Sutherland and Student Bar Association Evening Chairman Todd O'Connor have been chosen to represent students.

The process used by SOM to elect Search Committee representatives entailed the narrowing of candidates by an agreed list of criteria. According to SOM Dean Richard McDowell, this list called for candidates who showed dedication to Suffolk, who understood the relationship between SOM and the university, who had

a feeling for the role of president, who could give a long time commitment to the search and who would have enough free time to work on the committee without expecting any special rewards.

CLAS and Law School faculties also chose their representatives through a faculty election.

While the first meeting of the committee has not yet been scheduled, Search Committee Chairman Joseph H. Strain, associate dean of CLAS says that one of its first duties will be to "get a clear picture of the university's goals." Strain said, "Depending on the kind of institutional goals Suffolk has and would like to have, you try to pick the person with the right kind of credentials to facilitate those goals."

Strain said that no applications or nominations had been received. He said the position will soon be advertised in the Boston Globe, New York Times and the Chronicle for Higher Education. In addition, a list of names provided by the Affirmative Action Office will furnish the universities with possible minority candidates for the position.

Strain said that all candidate names will be confidential. "Leaks tend to scare good



A DEFINITE REPRESENTATIVE from the School of Management on the Search Committee will be Accounting Professor Robert Waehler.

candidates away," said Strain.

The Search Committee is the first time in Suffolk's history that students, faculty and alumni will be involved in choosing a university president. The committee's formation follows the resignation of President Thomas A. Fulham who is retiring in June after 10 years as president.

In the past the decision was made by the Board of Trustees Nominating Committee.

This committee is made up by trustee members Herbert C. Hamblen, Jeanne M. Hession, John P. Chase, Walter M. McLaughlin and E. Edward Rowe. It will be this committee who submits candidates to the whole Search Committee for review. The Search Committee may also come up with applicants of its own.

A new president is expected to be found by May 1.

\$8.5M needed to finish Ashburton building plans

by Maria Girvin

Funding for renovations on the Ashburton building remains one of the last challenges for administration to clear before construction will begin in January.

An estimated \$8.5 million is needed to complete plans for the Ashburton building, says Vice President and Treasurer Francis X. Flannery. He sees a bond and alumni contributions as the answer to raise this money.

According to Flannery, Suffolk will borrow an undetermined amount of money from the state agency called the Massachusetts Health and Education Facilities Authority. The agency was created to help non-profit colleges, university, and hospitals sell bonds to investors. While Flannery says the bond amount is unclear now, the 1978-79 university report estimates \$4.5 million as a goal.

The Hayden Foundation and Permanent Charities Fund are two other likely sources on which Suffolk will draw to fund its new building. The Hayden Foundations purpose is to assist educational institutions and boys' clubs in the greater Boston and New York City areas. In the past, Suffolk has received grants from Hayden for renovations in its other buildings. Said Flannery, "We received \$250 thousand for the Donahue Building 15 years ago, and a grant before that for the Archer Building and one for the Fenton."

Permanent Charities is also committed to improving of higher education and already funds Suffolk with scholarship money distributed through financial aid. Last year the agency awarded Suffolk \$70 thousand.

"The President and I will be visiting these foundations, along with others, they will listen to us and then let us know in something like 60 days what they decide," said Flannery.

Alumni contributions are also a challenge as Suffolk has not kept accurate records of its alumni. Board of Trustee Steering Committee John Howe, Board Chairman Vincent A. Fulmer, President Thomas A. Fulham and Flannery are now planning a capital drive to raise money from likely alumnists. According to the 1978-79 report, their goal is in the area of \$2 million dollars.

"I think we have a good story to tell

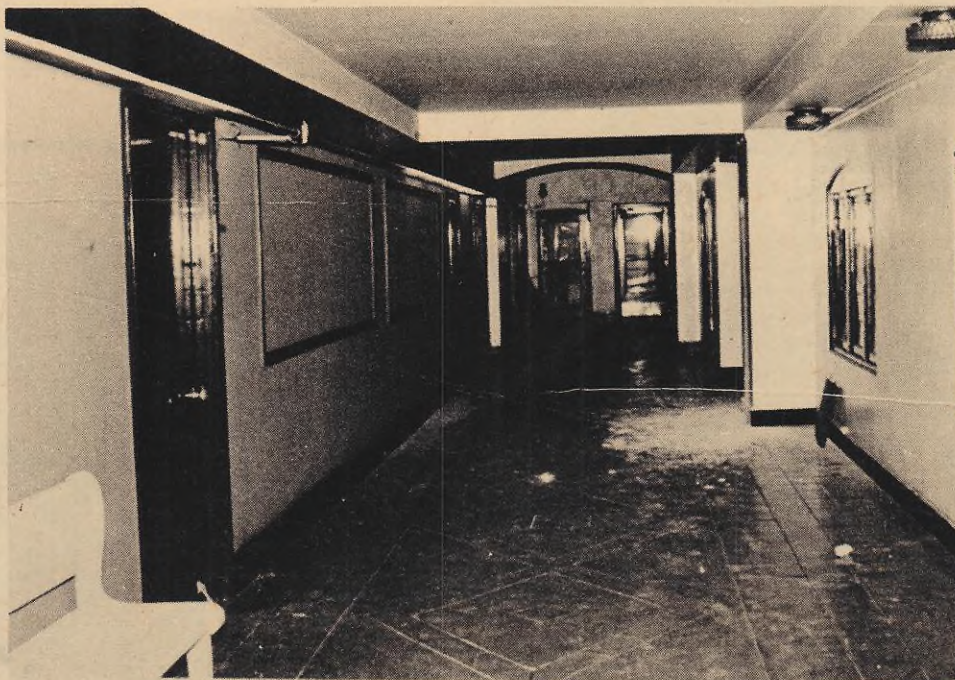
here at Suffolk," said Flannery who sees a one-on-one approach needed to attract alumni contributions. He estimates 17 to 18 thousand alumnists that the university hopes to reach through area meetings. "We would go into an area and invite alumni to go to a presentation about the university's goals. We would then make our case, explain our needs and ask them to help with the drive by giving a sizeable contribution," said the treasurer.

By this means and an organizational chart which the Steering Committee is also working on, Suffolk's Development Office hopes to ascertain more information on the success of its alumnists and to view prospects that will help the university attain its goal.

Once renovations are completed, the journalism and sociology department will be moved and expanded in the new building. The College Library will be relocated to the basement, first and second floors and the student cafeteria and student pub will be located on the third floors. Floors three through 10 will be classroom and office space. Student organizations will be on floors 11 and 12.



THE ASHBURTON BUILDING stands waiting for \$8.5 million worth of renovation work.



ONCE INHABITED BY UNITED WAY employees, this abandoned corridor of offices will become additional space for the college library.

ON
THE
COVER



CHRISTMAS — BOSTON STYLE —
Holiday lights bounce and reflect the festive mood in the Quincy Market Place.

Jeff Newman photo

photo
Journal



VINCENT DOUCETTE, History Society Delegate, was presented a plaque praising his "exemplary leadership" by President's Council Chairperson, Paul Pappas.

Jeff Newman photo

Council funding debate leaves issue unresolved

by Nancy Olsen

A debate regarding the funding of events which fall outside a club's purpose went unresolved at the Council of Presidents' meeting last week.

The debate arose from the passing of a funding request at a previous meeting for the Science Club to sponsor a Square Dance. History Society Delegate Vincent Doucette stated that "the request doesn't belong to the Presidents' Council, it belongs to the Student Government Association."

The argument of Council members was "who is to decide what falls outside a club's purpose."

Council Vice Chairperson Herbert Vannasse felt that "a club is an extension of a department, and should be an educational experience."

Council Chairperson Paul Pappas said that the executive board will make a proposal next semester pertinent to the issue.

The Council rejected an amendment to Article IV, section 7 of their constitution at President's Council meetings. The amendment would force executive officers of the President's Council to step down from their executive position for the duration of the meeting while representing their organizations, according to Pappas.

The amendment was opposed by Council Treasurer John Gioioso, who also serves as delegate from the Society for the Advancement of Management (SAM). Gioioso feels that he can adequately serve both interests.

"I can't see where there would be a conflict of interest," Gioioso said. According to Gioioso, SAM would have to change its constitution to elect a new delegate if the amendment was passed.

Kathy Ahern of the Student Activities Office told the Council that an activities fair would be held Jan. 8, similar to the one held during fall semester orientation for new students.

"In the past, activities fairs have not been too successful," said Ahern. "We hope to make this one a success, and get a lot of new incoming students involved in Suffolk activities."

A plaque was presented to former Vice Chairperson Doucette, by the Council in appreciation for his exemplary leadership and dedication to the ideal of cooperation among student organizations.

In other action, the Council of Presidents:

— allocated \$170 to the Psychology Club for astrologist Baronda, to speak on how the zodiac affects people's lives, on Dec. 11.

— allocated \$200 to the Psychology Club, \$175 to the American Marketing Association, and \$125 to the Political Science Association for guest speaker Jean Kilbourne and a program entitled "The Naked Truth," which discusses advertising ideas and stereotypes of women.

— allocated \$175 to New Directions for the use of their office telephone.

— allocated \$97.75 to the Literary Society for a Jan. 22 presentation of the film "Hamlet."

— allocated \$315 to the Literary Society for guest speaker Robert Parker, a mystery writer, who will discuss his works on Feb. 5.

— received the treasurer's report, which stated that the Council had \$3196.50 spent, \$2910.65 allocated, and \$4607 available.

Council passes two amendments

by Jackie Abramian

The Council of Presidents passed two amendments regarding balloting procedures at their meeting two weeks ago.

One of the amendments stated that all voting on monetary matters will be done by secret ballot. Those ballots will be counted, and the tally announced, by the Vice Chairperson or, in the absence of the Vice Chairperson, by the Chairperson. All non-monetary voting will be done by a show of hands, unless some member of the Council requests a secret ballot on a particular issue.

The other amendment provided that all secret ballot voting will take place on official ballot forms.

Surveys to be circulated seeking student opinion

by Nancy Olsen

Student Government Association President William Sutherland announced at this week's SGA meeting that the Search Committee, along with student leaders, has designed a questionnaire to be circulated throughout Suffolk.

The survey will ask students what type of qualities the next Suffolk president should possess, according to Sutherland.

"Student government could play an active role in determining the attributes of our next president," said Sutherland.

Another survey to be circulated by the SGA, according to Sutherland, will concern service scholarships. It will ask students for their views and ideas concerning service scholarships. The results of the survey will be submitted to the Trustees Service Scholarship Committee in January.

SGA Vice President Robert McCarthy reported that a newsletter from the SGA concerning upcoming events and SGA news will be prepared twice next semester, one in January, and another possibly in February.

Freshman Class Rep. Maureen Duggan was chosen to be the SGA's representative to the Library Committee.

"This could be an important committee, especially with the library moving to the Ashburton building," said Sutherland.

Freshman Class President Ann Harrington attended a meeting last weekend at Lesley College concerning Massachusetts Independent Student Coalition (MISC).

Harrington reported that MISC is an organization which wants to "stay on top of issues facing students." According to Harrington, MISC is currently working to lower the drinking age on college campuses from 20 to 18 years of age. It is also working to lower the interest rates on student loans in Massachusetts, which are reported by Harrington to be the highest in the nation.

Senior Class President James DeBiasi announced that Suffolk students can park at Lomasney Way Garage for \$2 per day. According to DeBiasi, this is the lowest rate in the area. The garage is located adjacent to the tennis courts at Charles River Park.

SGA has been asked by the Student Activities Office to participate in the activities fair for new students, which will be held on January 8 coordinate a table.

In other action, the SGA:

— allocated \$56 to the Orientation Committee for T-shirts for orientation leaders.

— allocated \$1,126 to the Film Committee for five films for the spring semester. The films to be shown are *Tunnel Vision*, *Rollerball*, *The Stepford Wives*, *Tommy*, and *Norma Rae*. Also included in the allocation was \$30 for popcorn, and \$40 for shipping.

— allocated \$255 to the Social Committee for the Christmas party, to be used for decorations, refreshments, and three Boston Police patrolmen.

— allocated \$856 for Commencement Ball favors.

— allocated \$75 to the Mini-course Committee for pamphlet covers.

— allocated \$450 for three persons to attend the National Entertainment Campus Activities Association convention in Washington, D.C. to be held from February 12-17.

A pie in the eye for Globe Santa

by Gina Russell

The fourth annual Student Government Association's Globe Santa Pie Auction, which raises money for needy children, will be held during the Rathskellar on Thursday, Dec. 20.

"It's the first time Suffolk students can get into Christmas," said Junior Class Vice President Thomas Keaveney.

"If everyone donated \$2 this year's goal of \$2,000 would be easily reached," said Keaveney. Last year's auction raised approximately \$2,000.

The pies, which are being donated by Table Talk, will be thrown at volunteer victims including SGA President William Sutherland, College Registrar Mary Hefron, Athletic Director James Nelson, Hockey Coach Thomas Foley, Student Activities Assistant Director Carol Lucius, Student Activities Office Secretary Fran Guida, School of Management Dean Richard McDowall, and Police Chief Edward Farren.

The auction was hard to organize this year and needed to be played up in order to get more money "because people don't want to spend their money even if it's for a charity," said Junior Class Rep. Daniel Doherty.

A portion of the ticket sales for the SGA Christmas Party on Dec. 23 will be sent to the Globe Santa, which will receive 98 percent of the auction money.

"It's a good way to celebrate Christmas is what it comes down to," said Doherty.



SPLAT! Last year's Journal Editor-in-chief, Joseph Reppucci savors a pie from last year's Globe Santa Pie Auction. This year's auction will be held next Thursday in the cafeteria.

Beacon Yearbook photo

Frosh meeting organizes social groups

by Gina Russell

Various committees have been formed to organize a freshman dinner dance, tentatively scheduled for Feb. 29, at the freshman meeting last week.

Committees were formed to look into a hall, band, and food for the dance, which Freshman Class President Ann Harrington expects 125-150 people to attend.

There was a problem with the proximity of a hall and the need "to get something close to school," said Freshman Class Rep. Maureen Duggan.

Further discussion included the selection of a band, and Harrington noted that it may be more advisable to hire a disc-jockey for \$100.

Duggan mentioned a muscular dystrophy carnival as a project, but Harrington said that the class needed to concentrate on the dinner dance.

Harrington stressed the need for student involvement on the committees and urged the 10 freshman in attendance to talk to their friends.



Jeff Newman photo

FRESHMAN CLASS PRESIDENT Ann Harrington urges freshmen to get involved.

The committees will report next week on their findings so that ticket prices can be set, and "to get something done," according to Harrington.

The next freshman meeting will be held today at 1 p.m., in a room to be announced.

Pappas and others elected Pre-Law Association officers

by Judy Walkins

The newly-established Pre-Law Association held a meeting this week to elect officers and discuss future plans.

Elected were President Paul Pappas, Vice President Michael D'Amore, Treasurer Nicholas Babanikas, and Secretary Effie Pappas.

Paul Pappas told the members that the purpose of the association is to promote an active interest and awareness in the field of law. He commented that "this club offers a tool, to make it possibly easier to get into law school."

Pappas was one of the students involved in getting the club established. "I think it is really important a student should know about getting into law school in their freshman and sophomore years. If anyone

has any questions on Pre-Law, they should ask me or Dean Sullivan, the adviser to the club," he pointed out.

At this time the club is considering many possible plans for the future. Pappas said that the club could possibly have a speaker at Suffolk and discussed the possibility of a Pre-Law Day next fall. Pappas explained that advisers would come from all over the country to give Pre-Law students advice.

Pappas concluded the meeting by saying that this club can not be successful, unless we all get involved. We'll need motivation and participation to keep this club alive. The next meeting will be held in the spring semester.

Intercollegiate course offered at NE Aquarium

Suffolk students can participate next semester in a course titled "Into the Ocean World" which will be made up of students from several local colleges to be held at the New England Aquarium.

It is an interdisciplinary course featuring various disciplines that deal with the sea including marine science, maritime history, marine politics and economics, and marine art and literature.

Students will not become experts on one aspect of the ocean but will learn many facets of marine studies. The sea's complexity and the far-reaching consequences of man's interactions with it are the focus of the course.

The six goals of the course, according to Course Coordinator Jay R. Kaufman, are to help students understand the vital role water plays; to introduce the terminology, methodology and literature of the various disciplines; to show students the complex

nature of aquatic studies and the interrelatedness of different perspectives; to sensitize students in the role water has had in cultural and historical development; to enable students to take a responsible position on marine environment issues; and to provide a sound abase and incentives for further study.

The course runs from Jan. 29 to April 29 and will be held on Tuesdays from 5 to 8:30 p.m. In addition, there will be a two day field trip to Thompson's Island. The cost is only for books and part of the trip fee.

The course is being sponsored by the interinstitutional Marine Studies Consortium, and informal organization of Boston area institutions.

Students interested in applying for the course should contact Biology Chairman Arthur West.



Jeff Newman photo

OH CHRISTMAS TREE, OH CHRISTMAS TREE — this display of lights shines the holiday spirit on downtown Boston.

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Hidden artistic talent discovered in SU students

by Don Jones

Once upon a time a group of Suffolk students had hidden talents. They were beginners in the areas of drawing and painting at the start of the 1979 fall semester. In two months, through desire, training, and creativity, their talents, which could have been latent for a lifetime, are suddenly discovered.

The Suffolk Art Show, held last week in the Mt. Vernon Building's Florence R. Petherick's Art Studio (V453) was a display of how 40 students, while enrolled in the Humanities Department's Painting and Drawing classes, under Assistant Humanities Professor Raymond Parks, put their potential into production.

Parks, who taught his classes the basics and techniques of art, had over 90 percent of the drawings and paintings on display produced during the fall semester.

Parks indicated that he provided the students an atmosphere where no "sense of competition" existed. "These paintings and drawings are a display of what students have learned during the semester. It was also a display of what they accomplished along with showing themselves and one another their respective talents."

Minutes before the exhibit Parks hinted that some of the display may compete in the Springfest in April, 1980.

Included in the exhibit was a table full of small wooden houses displayed along with paintings of Suffolk students done this semester and previous years.

Parks said, the Art Exhibit was the first show held in several years with the previous event held at the Archer Building's President's Conference Room.

"The students are taught to make shadows along with perspective form shadings, in both classes. All of the paintings were produced in the painting studio located on the fifth floor of the Mt. Vernon Building.

Bernadette Pisto (Journalism '80) produced an oil painting entitled, "Still Life," a painting of a basket surrounded by onions. Pisto indicated that the display took two months to complete. "I worked with natural sunlight on the painting at the point of the painting studio window," said Pisto.

Barbara Henley (Communications '82), among the students who had artistic experience under their belt prior to enrolling in the drawing class, said she developed a technique in "perspective and design." In her drawing of the "Carson Lamp" Henley pointed out that the purpose of her gold colored drawing was to get the reflection of the glass on the lamp.

Part-time student Cathy McCarthy displayed an example of the creativity that can be done in one color. She said she used brown color in her painting of old dusty bottles often seen on shelves in old storage rooms and cellars. McCarthy admitted the difficulties she has had with the painting by using the single color. Despite the obstacles she managed to get all dimensions of the paintings darker or lighter than the other along with painting shadows. That display was one of three paintings by McCarthy.

Parks drawing of a married couple with devil horns placed on the green's head was the largest drawing on display. "This drawing was done for the purpose of showing my classes that paintings and drawings don't necessarily have to be big to be good," said Parks. The professor also had a painting on display of a red-headed, bearded student, with a black shirt looking straight at the observer, regardless of the angle. In October, Parks explained that one of the purposes of the painting was to get the light reflection in the eyes of the figure.

"All of the works done by the students will be for their own personal keeping. They are not for sale," said Parks.

Parks said he anticipated a growth in student participation in art during the 1980's at Suffolk. Especially when the Art Studio moves to Ashburton Place in December, 1981. "The drawing class is twice the size compared to 1978," said Keough. Henley said she found the course impressive.



Don Jones photo.

THE EYES HAVE IT in this painting by Raymond Parks, which keeps its eyes on the observer from any angle. As well as being an artist, Ray Parks is an assistant humanities professor here at Suffolk.

Perhaps if renaissance artist Leonardo da Vinci, best known for *Mona Lisa*, were alive today he would probably be proud of the quality of paintings and drawings produced by Suffolk students.

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Break shortened, 2nd semester too

by John Alabiso

The semester break has been shortened this year from four weeks to three weeks because of summer semester overlaps.

According to Assistant Dean of College of Liberal Arts and Sciences Dr. Peter Sartwell, fall and spring semesters were started earlier so that the summer sessions would not overlap. The week was used for breaks between summer sessions and fall and spring semesters.

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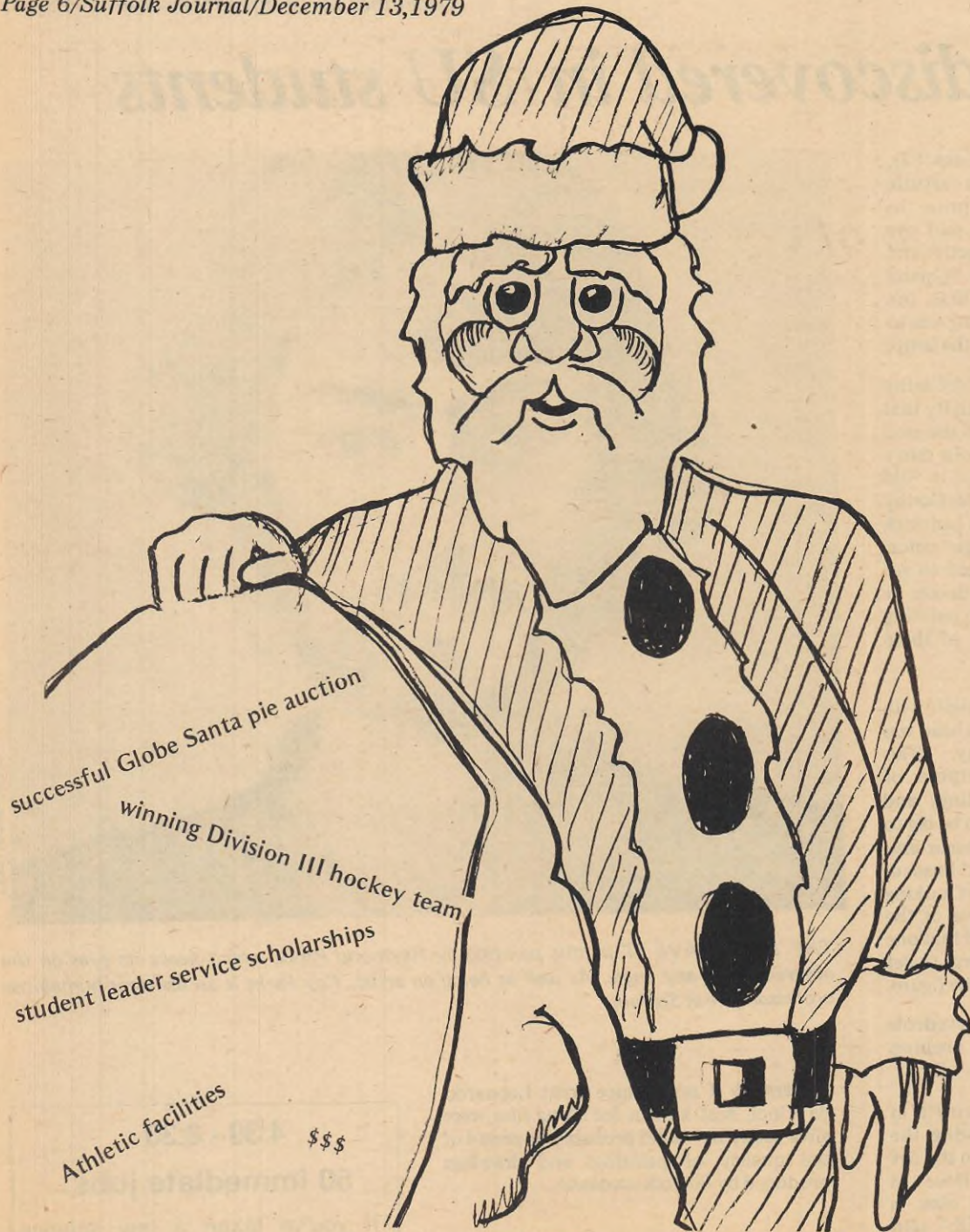
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— Joseph Pulitzer

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Published by Suffolk University and run under student management

Typesetting & Printing by Belmont Printing Co., Belmont, MA

Program, SGA divorce beneficial

It is apparent that constant striving for student rights is no longer a priority of the Student Government Association.

One major reason may be that, under the present system, there are an excessive amount of items to be covered in the limited time allotted for the weekly SGA meetings. In an hour and a half, student issues, social and program committee business must be taken care of.

SGA and the students would benefit if the Program Board, which plans social activities, was a separate body from the student government. It would still receive funds from the SGA but would conduct all of its other business separately. The board would consist of members elected solely for this purpose.

If this measure was implemented, it would probably be as effective as at other schools.

If the Program Board were a separate body then the members could dedicate themselves fully to making the concerts, speakers, and other program events at Suffolk a success. Getting good attendance at Suffolk events is not easy and entails a great deal of preparation. Since this would be the members only function, it would give them the additional preparation time they need.

By having the Program Board separate it would also encourage students who would not want to be on SGA, to join the board. Although presently all students are welcome to join the Program Committee, many students feel it is run entirely by SGA members. Separation would stop the notion entirely.

And, most importantly, little time would be wasted at SGA meetings scheduling bands, allotting money for guest speakers and arguing about the advertising of a specific event needs. Instead, members could devote more time to important issues, such as space in the Ashburton Place building.

By having a separate Program Board, the SGA would be more effective and events would be planned much easier. This is why the *Journal* supports the Program Board becoming a separate body from the SGA.

Co-op, great way to go

The School of Management's proposal to implement a cooperative program is a great idea that other departments at Suffolk should follow.

In today's competitive market, a college diploma is not necessarily a key to success. Experience and job "ins" are often what leads a student to a job. Cooperative education offers business and other students the change to put into practice the theory learned in school.

Journalism is one program that could benefit from cooperative education. In that field, as in business, practical experience is as valuable as a diploma.

Economically, the co-op program could help students pay the ever escalating tuition costs. Students could earn money to pay tuition while gaining valuable experience.

editorials

Seeking Santa's help at Suffolk

Christmas time is here again and in keeping with this season of good wishes, The *Journal* has completed its letter to Santa Claus.

Dear Mr. Claus,

Suffolk knows the true meaning of Christmas. Junior Class Rep. Daniel Doherty, and Junior Class Vice President Thomas Keaveney, alumnus Joseph Hayes and Jack Cotter are organizing the annual Globe Santa Pie Auction. These four plus administrators, faculty and students who have donated their faces to this worthy cause have the true Christmas spirit and so don't the people who are bidding to throw the pies. Santa, they have been good boys and girls, help them make this a success.

They are not the only group at Suffolk trying to make less fortunate people have a happy holiday season. Alpha Phi Omega fraternity is conducting a drive to collect food for the Salvation Army. They have deposited boxes where canned and packaged food can be dropped off in various offices around campus. Santa, they are doing a fine job but the *Journal* noticed some empty boxes. Help them make it a successful drive. Donations can be left in Ridgeway Lane offices.

And Santa, student leaders have been working hard here all year long. Since automatic no-need scholarships were cut two years ago, these students are not getting any money from their work to help pay tuition. Santa, service scholarships are necessary for the future of the organizations. This year, many organizations only had one person running for the top position. Suffolk was lucky to get good people despite poor competition for the spots. We may not be so lucky next year. Without these scholarships, many students can't afford to run for leadership positions because they have to work outside jobs.

Also for Christmas, Suffolk needs athletic facilities. Santa, the basketball and intramural teams have no place of their own to practice or play games.

And speaking of athletics, Suffolk could use a winning year for the hockey team who just gained Division III status.

Santa, the big thing Suffolk needs is money. Every year that the present student body has been here tuition has gone up. For the seniors, it has risen approximately \$800 in the four years they have been here. Alternative sources of university income must be found. Santa, help the fund drive be a success.

And finally, Suffolk needs better building conditions, especially in Ridgeway Lane. Santa, the heat is never the same two days in a row. One day it's 80 degrees, the next it's 40. Also Santa, the basement was shut down because of unsafe conditions, closing the darkroom and print shop. Also we hope that the Mt. Vernon buildings are sound so when you and your reindeer land on Christmas Eve the roof won't collapse.

Avoiding drunks part of curriculum

The pamphlets sent to new and prospective students advertising Suffolk's campus as Boston were not false, but how many of the students receiving the booklets thought that the low of Boston's society came with Suffolk's tiny portion of Beacon Hill?

We are talking about the drunks that seem to be a normal part of the Ridgeway Lane population and occasionally of other buildings as well. Its degrading that part of student life is learning how to avoid drunks and occasionally how to throw them out of a Ridgeway Lane office when they refuse to leave or keep bothering people for money.

Ridgeway seems to be a natural for people to just wander in. Its front door is always open on Cambridge street and its grocery store appearance and pay phone in view attract wanderers.

While the building is patrolled regularly by campus police, obviously the police cannot be there every minute. Scenes like last week when a drunk man passed out in the mens room and later wandered into a classroom, keep happening.

One solution would be to have cameras located at the building's entrances as is done in Archer, Fenton and Donahue buildings. The police could monitor the doorways by seeing who walks in and out of the buildings. If these were installed in Ridgeway, police would see if a disorderly person were entering the building.

Another solution might be moving the pay phone to the other end of the corridor.

So far this year

President Thomas A. Fulham and Vice President and Treasurer Francis X. Flannery have saved \$171.00 each, by parking in the only free spaces in the university.

letters

Mrs. Olson would make a better cup of coffee

Editor:

Enclosed is an editorial printed in the Nov. 28 issue of *Dicta*. You are invited to re-print this commentary in full.

Teresa L. Nelson
Dicta staff

On coffee

I've had it! It is time to take some serious action against the contemptible brew offered for sale as coffee in the cafeteria. While there are certainly more important and urgent problems demanding our attention, this is one that maybe, just maybe, we could clear up with a minimum of effort and a maximum of satisfaction.

Will not everyone agree that the coffee served down below is sub-standard? While others can boast that their coffee is good to the last drop, this awful concoction is difficult to swallow from the beginning. But victims often participate in their own victimization and in continuing to purchase this brine we sanctify, and therefore perpetuate, its existence. The strategy I propose is a boycott. Until the

management improves the quality of coffee, we shall take our business elsewhere.

Let it be known that J&R Deli, 'on the corner,' sells good coffee to take out for 26c small and 37c large. Fill-a-buster, on Park Street has the same sizes, same prices. Bostonian on Cambridge St., 37c for a good medium. For those adherents to the Adam Smith theory of the market, here's your chance! Let's see if we can spur some action by 'getting them where it hurts.'

A copy of this commentary is being sent to the management on the premises, and ARA services, inviting a response to this challenge.

Clean out the urns, try a new brand, alter the proportions, hire Mrs. Olson, I don't care — but clean up your act! A good cup of coffee warms my insides and makes me a better person in the morning. I know I am not alone. Just think what a difference it could make in everyone's spirits around here. Until we see improvement, there are other places to buy.

Preconceptions foster academic suppression

Editor:

The editorial appearing in the Nov. 29 issue of the *Suffolk Journal* concerning the alleged propagandist article by Greg Gegenheimer whereby Gegenheimer attacked the Association of University Professors for its censure of the University of Maryland's president for refusing to appoint a proselytizing Marxist as a department head was most amusing. By this I mean that while I agree with the basic premise of the editorial, in it exists a fatal flaw. The author cites Gegenheimer's categorizing of all leftist professors as "unconvincing right wing rhetoric" and then two paragraphs later accuses William F. Buckley of being "narrow as any other conservative." I believe that as long as preconceived notions about political factions tend to dominate our thinking, academic suppression will not only exist but thrive.

Karl E. Sharicz
Chemistry '82



A TUNNEL VISION of the Christmas display at the downtown crossing lights up the evening.

Jeff Newman photo

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From the top of Archer you can see the heavens

by Joe Pati

Suffolk University star gazers, who on a clear night take out trusty little binoculars to catch a view of the craters on the moon and the heavens above have a chance to broaden their knowledge of outer space and satisfy their curiosity on the subject.

Astronomy is being studied for the third year at Suffolk, but only this semester has Suffolk had the proper equipment to expand the program and student interest.

According to Astronomy lecturer Mr. Robert Garneau, through the lab fees which each student has paid, the science department, recently purchased a Cassegrain 8" Celestron Telescope. Attached to the telescope is an Olympus camera. The unique element is that it allows students to take pictures of the planetary object at a magnification of up to 450 XX (times).

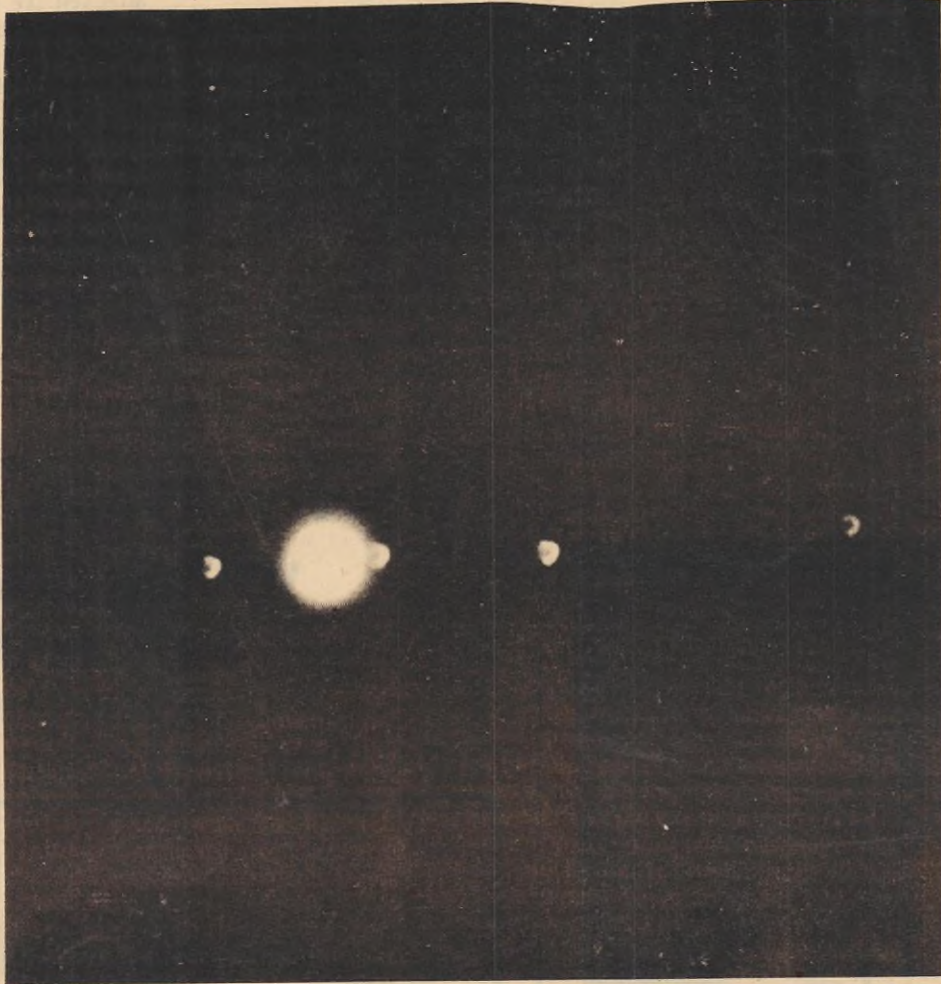
An average pair of binoculars magnifies 30 times. This telescope is 15 times more powerful.

"Magnification is important when you're looking at planets. However, the light gathering ability is more important when looking at nebula and galaxies," said Garneau.

The Cassegrain 8" celestron has an electric powered, off-axis guiding system which follows the stars from east to west on a special timer.

When asked why the telescope was purchased Garneau replied, "We needed a telescope. All we had was a 2" refractor, so the department head approved of this new Celestron telescope." So far this semester through the \$1500 telescope, astronomy students have seen the moon, Jupiter and four of its moons, Mars, Saturn and the rings around it, plus four of its moons.

Jupiter can only be seen for a few hours in the early morning, but that didn't stop Mr. Garneau and a few of his eager astronomy students. Last Monday morning from 1:30 to 6:30, Garneau and



THE FOUR GALILEAN MOONS of Jupiter can be seen in this photo taken by students in Astronomy 1.5.

the crew were on the roof of the Archer building watching the "celestial sphere," including the moon, Mars, Saturn, and at 4 a.m., Jupiter came into view.

"If you happen to be up at 4 or 5 a.m. take a look at Jupiter. It can be seen with the naked eye, and it's to the right of the top of the big dipper," said Garneau with a

smile.

The only problem is that the weather is unpredictable, and one can get really frustrated," said Garneau. "One night a group of students and I went to Hanover to look at the stars. At first it was clear out, but by the time it took us to set up the telescope, the clouds were rolling in and we

couldn't see a thing!"

Plans for Spring semester include a few trips to the planetarium, and a visit to Mount Holyoke's 24" refractor telescope. One speculation was to build an observatory on the sixth floor of the Archer building in the spring. A sun-filtering piece for the telescope has been ordered and as soon as it arrives, students can get a good look at the solar flares of the sun and its sun spots.

The major outcome of the "growth of astronomy interest" at Suffolk is the proposal which will add Astronomy to the list of lab science options starting in the fall of 1980 for nonscience majors.

During the summer at Cobscook Bay, Maine, two astronomy courses will be available. Celestial Navigation, which will be offered by Dr. Marshall of the Physical Science Department, and Descriptive Astronomy offered by Dr. Sloan who received his doctorates in Astronomy. "Cobscook Bay supplies 40 acres of choice land for Suffolk students to partake in a program up there," said Garneau.

Next fall, courses will be offered in Introduction to Planetary Astronomy, similar to the Principles of Astronomy course being offered this year, and Introduction to the Astronomical Universe, which deals with galaxies, quasars, black holes, and nature of time and cosmology. Both courses will be complemented by an astronomy lab if fulfillment of a lab is necessary.

When asked if the department would consider buying a bigger telescope, Garneau said, "That depends on the popularity of the courses."

Garneau said that observation and photographic sessions are an added dimension to any astronomy course. They add relative importance to the course.

So put away those binoculars star gazers, and help utilize the telescopes available at Suffolk. Learn what astronomy is all about.

Virginia — Who cares if Santa Claus really exists?

by Denise Babin

The children wait anxiously in line for their turn to sit on the lap of a fat, white-bearded man dressed in a red suit. The youngsters call him Santa Claus, but to other children here and in other lands, his name is Father Christmas, Pere Noel, Kris Kringle, and St. Nick.

Ask any child who this man is and they'll reply "the man who brings me toys on Christmas morning." But who really is this man behind the cottony white beard? What is the legend of Santa Claus?

The history of Santa Claus began centuries ago in the village of Patara in Turkey, where a child was born (c. 280) and given the name of Nicholas. The son of devoted Christian parents, Nicholas showed from an early age that he wanted to be a man of God.

Before he became a priest at the age of 19, young Nicholas performed an act which was marked with generosity and which signifies the type of person he really was.

Nicholas heard that a distraught father was about to sell his three daughters into slavery or prostitution because he was penniless and couldn't support them. Nicholas tied 300 florins into a handkerchief and threw the money into an open window. He did this three times and, with the money, the father was able to have a dowry for his daughters, so that the daughters could marry.

From this act grew the gift giving tradition with which St. Nicholas' name has been synonymous.

It is hard to say how much of St. Nicholas' life is fact and how much is legend. Actual biographical data on the saint is very limited. Although he lived in the fourth century, the supposed records of his life and miracles only began to accumulate many centuries later.

After St. Nicholas' death the stories of the miracles he performed still pervaded. The saint is credited with

saving a ship from a terrible storm and for bringing a dead sailor back to life. For this reason, St. Nicholas became the patron saint of seafaring men.

The cult of St. Nick reached its peak in the 12th century. At this time, the saint stood third behind Jesus and the Virgin Mary in frequency and intensity of worship. He was a beloved saint and has been called "everyone's favorite saint." His legend survived the Protestant Reformation when the veneration of all saints was sought.

But how did this pious, miracle worker St. Nicholas become the legendary figure who visits homes through a chimney every Christmas Eve?

Santa Claus, as we know him today, is the creation of people of the city and state of New York, but there is some controversy as to how this legend was brought to the New World.

Some scholars believe that the legend of St. Nicholas was brought by the Dutch Puritans of New Amsterdam who had, during the Reformation, considered the saint as a legendary nordic magician, who gave gifts to the children who were good. They carried the tradition with them to the New World.

Other scholars say that the legend of St. Nicholas was resurrected in New York by a group of patriots who formed a local society and dedicated it to St. Nicholas as a symbol of New York.

Nevertheless, the legend of St. Nicholas had arrived in the New World.

The modern image of Santa Claus (from the Dutch, Sinterklaas) was the creation of three men — Washington Irving (1783-1859), Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863), and Thomas Nast (1840-1902).

Both Irving and Moore wrote about St. Nicholas but he wasn't the forbidding figure who appeared on icons and stained glass windows. Rather, in the words of Moore, he was

"rolly poly, broad-faced, with merry dimples, twinkling eyes and cheeks like roses." Thomas Nast brought Moore's jolly elf to life in his drawings.

Publishers, writers, and illustrators have played a crucial role in the evolution of Saint Nicholas into Santa Claus. *Harper's Weekly* not only printed many of Nast's drawings but also stories and poems by others that helped shape the image of Santa during the 19th century.

Even the Coca-Cola Company had something to do with the making of Santa Claus. The familiar rotund figure of Santa which replaced the gnome-like figures of Nast, were drawn by Hadden Sundblom for the Coca-Cola. This

figure appears each year in the Macy's Parade and achieved firm status among children and adults as well.

There is a very slight chance — about 1000 to 1 — that Saint Nicholas never even existed, that not only his miraculous achievements are pious legends but that there never was a Nicholas born in Patara. The superskeptical point to the fact that his name has not been found in all the listings of those who attended the First Council at Nicaea.

But today, is it really all that important? For us, Saint Nicholas is a symbol of assurance, trust, kindness and selflessness; what Christmas is all about.



CHEERS! — SOME HOLIDAY SPIRIT in Ames' Plow Tavern, Faneuil Hall Market.

What lurks behind those bright Christmas lights?

by Mark Micheli

While dreaming in my lover's eyes, she told me that she had invited the bores from next door over for some Christmas holiday drinks. Quickly, I rose from my living room sofa, told my wife that I was going to the store to pick up some snacks, and left.

I haven't returned in over five years. The socially domesticated life was not for me.

Since then I have often pictured my wife still sitting on the sofa, years later, listening to those bores who surely could blab and blab for five years straight. Right about now Mrs. Bore is probably saying to Mr. Bore "Oh, Honey look at the time — 1979. It's been five years since we came here. Don't want to overstay our visit!"

I doubt if they noticed the lack of snacks that were to be laid out. They seldom notice anything.

Last year about this time, I decided to return home. I tried driving to the old house but everytime I attempted to take the left that would put me on my old street, the steering wheel would not turn. The car seemed to have a mind of its own: one that was programmed to Tom Wolfe's way of thinking.

Anyway, not wanting to spend the coming holidays alone, I decided to contact some old relatives. I thought that my great aunt, Lillian, who must be about 75, and Theresa, my grandmother, who must be well into her 80's, would surely welcome my company during the holidays. That is if they weren't dead or too senile to remember me.

I recalled that they both lived together in a good size house in an obscure town in New Hampshire. Most towns in New Hampshire are obscure. Persons who wish to lead obscure lives flock there.

On the 22nd of December, I drove up to the old house. It suddenly looked more like a museum to me than it had in my luxuriant youth.

I remembered how desperately my family had wanted me to follow in my father's footsteps. He had actually succeeded in becoming a millionaire. He also succeeded in taking his fortune to his grave. He made his money from people who bought coffee, tea, soup, candy bars, cigarettes, cologne, gum, cakes, sandwiches, soda, cigars, potato chips, pretzels, mints, and ball point pens from vending machines.

I am a big disappointment to my family. I even believe they would like to see me struggle as my older brother did, in reaching his present status of a five dollar millionaire.

He breaks his back daily so that he can afford the luxury of showing his collection of Tiffany lamps off and so that he can dedicate an entire room in his split level condominium for the sole purpose of bathing with his neighbors.

The museum-like house is in an obscure part of an obscure town. Though slightly weatherbeaten, it seemed to have been taken care of.

The rumble from my 62' Chevy Biscayne ceased when I shut the engine off. However, no change in climate occurred as the heater system in the old relic hasn't worked in several years.

I sat in my car, staring intently at the huge house across the street in hope that I might see a sign that my grandmother and great aunt were still alive. The suspense nearly killed me.

After dusk, the house suddenly became lit. It was decorated in an abundance of holiday decor. Flashing lights of red and green trimmed the elaborate doorway which appeared dark every half second. Tiny gold bulbs covered the rest of the house, creating a trail of gold that twisted and turned at every eave, gutter, and wooden railing.

On the front lawn to the left of a long and winding path, there was a sleigh with eight complacent reindeer. A fat, paintchipped Santa Claus held the reigns that must have stretched a good 20 feet on the snow kissed lawn. He kept smiling as he always did, and would continue to throughout all of eternity.

On the other side of the path, a towering evergreen tree let some of its soft bristles peep out between colored lights, bulbs, and garland, all of which shimmered beneath an enormous gold star.

The entire picture was overwhelming and because I believed that my aunt and grandmother would be incapable, if not uncaring, of such an elaborate Christmas display, I started the engine so I could

leave, — never to return again.

I pumped the gas pedal several times to warm the engine. It was so cold that I felt like crawling under the hood, into the grease covered motor, for warmth.

I took one last glance at the house. I suddenly noticed a fat man descending the front steps and waddling down the wriggling pathway. "Henry!" I said outloud. It was Henry, a servant that my aunt and grandmother had staying with them. I knew that he must have been responsible for the somewhat gawdy ornaments that surrounded the place.

Wishing to make my visit a Christmas surprise for my aunt and grandmother, who always enjoyed surprises, I sped away in search of a motel.



A few miles down the shiny wet road, a neon sign beamed "Bates Motel — VACANCY." However, since I believed that the motel must have been a haven for obscure people; and because of my desperate need for a shower, I decided to search some more.

I am convinced that I have seen Alfred Hitchcocks' "Psycho" more times than it has been shown.

After a few more miles of watching the roadside reflectors light up, I found The Silver Fox Motor Inn. Four small lights displayed its sign which read "The Silver Fox — motel - restaurant — giftshop — VACANCY." It was then that I remembered why, in my youth, I used to refer to New Hampshire as "the land of the giftshop."

Almost every motel, hotel, grocery store, gas station, and natural wonder in the state is fully equipped to take tourist money in exchange for poor jokes that are written on shellacked plywood, some unique salt and pepper shakers, pine scented sandbags, N.H. jack knives, pillows, postcards and an assortment of other worthless doo dads.

A fine looking young lady with suggestive eyes was hunched over some old motel registers behind the check-in desk. While taking \$32.50 from me in exchange for a key with the number six written on it, she made her eyebrows dance up and down.

I tried mirroring her eyes by suggesting that she accompany me back to my room for some holiday cocktails. She only smiled while shaking her head from left to right. Her eye movements stopped. I condoled myself by believing that I had temporarily cured her of a frustrating nervous tick.

My motel room had the usual drab motel furnishings: two double beds, a night table with poor lighting, a rinky dink bathroom, a flimsy green rug, Gideons bible, and some ugly paintings of geese and ducks that hung from the cardboard walls. However this one had something extra — a TV that worked and a TV guide.

Quickly I searched for some good movies to watch and turned the set on. Christmas movies swarmed the air waves for the next few days. I remained in the motel room watching them, awaiting Christmas day.

One was a classic of 1956 vintage. It told a story about an old miser, named Scrooge, who received the joy of Christmas after being visited by three spirits.

It made me think of the millions of people who take that story seriously. Every Christmas they try to receive some Christmas joy by frequently visiting spirit shops.

Finally, it was Christmas day. I awoke early to find the TV still on. It was blaring some religious revival show. I turned the set off. I knew that after watching the tube almost continuously for 33 hours, I could easily have wasted my time watching anything but today I had no time to dawdle.

I dropped my key off at the check-out desk, jumped in my car and traveled down the dark road to grandma's. Everything but the icy roads were covered with a thin layer of virgin white snow.

After driving for 20 minutes, I suddenly felt a stream of hot air hit the back of my

neck. I glanced in the rear view mirror and was shocked by what I saw: the face of a blonde haired girl breathing on my neck. I slammed on the breaks. The car screeched a few hundred feet before it stopped, sending the girl tumbling over the front seat and into my lap.

"What are you trying to kill us?" she yelled, picking herself up.

"Who are you?" I asked "What do you want?"

"My name is Jonie." she said in a soft and feeble voice "I thumbed a ride to the Silver Fox Motel, only I didn't have any money to stay there so I spent the night in your car."

I carefully surveyed her fragile appearance. She was so slim and frail that

she gave one the illusion that she could easily be knocked over with a feather.

"Well, you're certainly not spending the holidays with me," I said before noticing that the car had stopped in front of my grandmother's museum. I sensed a feeling of hurt in her eyes.

Suddenly, I noticed fat Henry standing beside the passenger window outside my car. He had heard the screech and decided to see what happened.

"Why, Mark is that you?" he said, sticking his well-padded face through the window. "Is everything all right? I hope you have come to stay with us during the holidays. I am sure that your grandmother will be delighted to have you for a few days."

"Ah, yes!" I said "I've come for the holidays."

"Fine!" Henry said "Glad to see that you brought the Mrs. with you, too."

"Actually it was her idea to come up here." I said hastily, pointing to Jonie, the stranger that I had just met. I did not want to jeopardize my already shaky reputation by telling Henry the truth about who this girl was and why she was in my car.

"Splendid," he said, "Now you two hurry up and come inside. I'll fix you both a hardy breakfast." He waddled back to the house.

It was not surprising that Henry had mistaken Jonie for Barbara, my wife. The resemblance between the two was remarkable and since he had not seen her or me in several years; the mistake was an easy one to make.

For the next few weeks, Jonie pretended to be my wife. I think she was happy to be in a warm house with warm people. During our stay I felt a bond grow between us. We became very close. I think we were in love.

When we entered the house on Christmas Day, I found the interior decorated more elaborately than the outside. There was plastic mistletoe strung everywhere and a Christmas tree in every room. Wood snapped and crackled in all four fireplaces on the first floor, beneath the continuous sound of holiday music that filled the house.

I found my grandmother in the main living room applying the finishing touches to a wreath that she had just made. She was humming to the tune of Silver Bells.

She was as happy to see me as I was to see her. We embraced and after the usual greetings were exchanged, she told me how Lillian, my great aunt, had been taken ill. A doctor had told them that they didn't expect her to see the new year.

I went up to her room on the second floor and stuck my head in. Her old, wrinkled face almost disappeared into the white pillowcase that it rested on. My make-believe wife and I had a room just above hers. I saw that my aunt was sleeping and noticed that the fire in her room needed more wood. I threw another log on and left.

In the hallway, I saw Henry. I asked him how long it had taken him to decorate the house for Christmas. "Oh, I am not responsible for the Christmas decorations," he said with a grin, "your grandmother and aunt did all of the decorating." Not wishing to spoil Henry's little joke, I

pretended that I believed him, knowing full well that my aunt was too sick and my grandmother too old to have been able to have done the intricate decorating.

The next day my great aunt died. She was buried behind the house on the 27th. Though my grandmother was upset, she never seemed to loose her Christmas spirit. Her face, like Henry's, was always beaming with happiness and joy.

I figured that it was a feeling that they both had only during the Christmas season: a mask that they wore that would certainly fade after New Years.

Even after the small funeral, my grandmother insisted that Jonie, Henry and I go back into the house to sing Christmas carols and roast chestnuts. It was then that she had Jonie and I sign some papers that would give us the old house in case anything should happen to her. I was not the least bit hesitant in allowing Jonie to sign the papers. I trusted her completely and could only hope that she loved me as much as I adored her.

On New Year's Eve, my grandmother died. Her death truly was a tragic loss for me. I believe that Jonie was a bit shaken by it, too.

After the funeral, Henry asked me if I intended to keep him as servant. I told him that, unfortunately, I could not afford his

services, however he was welcome to stay in the museum-like house for as long as he wished.

In need of a chore to take my mind off of the deaths of my grandmother and aunt, I asked Henry if he would give me a hand in taking down ALL of the Christmas decorations. His face turned white. It was if I had suggested we dig up the bodies of my grandmother and aunt.

"We can't take these decorations down!" he said angrily "You should never take them down. When your aunt and grandmother put them, up, they..."

"What do you mean, THEY put them up?" I asked "Do you think I am so stupid as to believe that a sick women and an elderly old grandmother would be capable of all this?" I pointed to the large Christmas tree on the front lawn, and to the Santa and reindeer display, and also at the light bulbs that trimmed the house.

"Your aunt was not sick 15 years ago," he said, "and your grandmother was not so old. It was then that they put up these decorations that stand here now. It was then that they did what most people only dream of doing. They lived every day as if it were Christmas!"

His words shocked me. I could never have dreamed that three people could have been so happy and filled with joy for so long, especially two old women and a fat butler.

Within the next few days, Henry gathered most of his belongings. He left for Maine to stay with some relatives.

I never had asked Jonie why she had thumbed a ride to New Hampshire during the holidays and she never volunteered the information. I did not care.

The only thing that I thought about during those first two weeks in January was the beautiful life that Jonie and I would have together. It was the first time in my life that I had happily accepted with open arms, a life of stability. The domesticated life had suddenly appealed to me. I was ready to put down roots.

I had often told Jonie about my plans and the happiness that I found with her. She always smiled when I talked. She seemed as happy with me as I was with her.

One night we both fell asleep on a sofa in the main living room. Jonie was lying on top of me; however, when I awoke she was gone.

Her duffle bag with all of her belongings was missing too, as was my car. The same morning a letter arrived for me in the mail. It informed me that several hundred dollars were owed in back taxes on the house.

I have never gotten around to taking the Christmas decorations down. The continuous holiday music still plays. I keep the fireplaces well fed with wood and mistletoe is strung all through the house.

Out on the front lawn, the huge evergreen tree displays its bushy, decorated branches in the soft gold light that comes from the eaves, gutters and wooden railings that are trimmed with tiny gold bulbs.

The blinking lights continue to blink in the doorway behind fat, paintchipped Santa and his eight complacent reindeer. Santa is smiling as he always was and will be throughout all of eternity.

arts & entertainment

Salvation for Trekkies

by Mark Micheli

The impending unknown that hung over the *Star Trek* movie for the past few years vanished as the first group of earthlings waited in long lines, Friday, to rejoin with Jim Kirk (William Shatner) on another intriguing space adventure. The fans, while waiting in line outside the Sack 57 Cinema, seemed to be anticipating the unknown which soon would be revealed to them in space — the final frontier.

Movies

The trekkies are not the only ones to climb aboard the Enterprise again. The entire TV cast along with some of the old humorous dialogue and patterned situations are also aboard the space craft.

Dr. McCoy (DeForest Kelly) and Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy) continue their conflict concerning logic and emotion in space, which provides most of the movies humor. The movie did seem to be made for the trekkies who can easily pick up on this dialogue. Kirk again assembles the best from both diverse views (logic-emotion) to lead the reunited crew on a special and intense mission.

Though Gene Roddenberry (creator and producer) had promised that the elaborate special effects, which caused the movie to have the largest budget in film history, would not interfere with the story line, they do. The breathtaking effects seem to have been jammed into every

sequence as if the movie was made merely to show off the talents of their creators. However, it is these special effects that certainly will cause people to see the film for a second time.

A large portion of the movie is concerned with the reunion of the famous space team. Kirk and McCoy are both happily surprised to see Spock walk onto the bridge, again. Spock, the unemotional Vulcan, of course shows no signs of being either happy or surprised.

The acting is as good if not better than it was in the TV series. William Shatner does a good job as Admiral Kirk, who is called back to command the enterprise after working at a desk job for over two years. DeForest Kelly is as equally good in his role of Dr. (Bones) McCoy who has been drafted for this special mission and Leonard Nimoy excels as the Vulcan, top-notch, science officer.

During the filming of *Star Trek*, no unauthorized persons were allowed to see what was happening. The producers wanted the movie's plot to be a complete surprise.

Star Trek fans have waited over 10 years for a new *Star Trek* adventure and most seemed pleased with the final product which is more of an experience than a movie. The audience at the Sack 57 Cinema, on opening day, cheered before, during, and after the movie.

Star Trek leaves the audience wide open for a sequel. Hopefully, for the sake of at least one trekkie there will be a followup. "I have waited 10 years for this film" one said "Now, I have nothing left to live for."



PUCKISH PUCKER Stephanie Clayman corners Steve Hofvendahl in a scene from 'A Flea in Her Ear.'

A biting, energetic Flea

by Alice I. Whooley

A Flea in Her Ear. Directed by Daniel Gidron. A new translation by Arthur Chiasson. Starring Danielle Lepage, Scott Richards, and Steve Hofvendahl. Springold Theater Brandeis University.

A Flea in Her Ear is a biting, rollicking comedy that incorporates satire and farce and leaves the audience thoroughly entertained. It's an old fashioned, three-act play that faithfully recreates the mores of its time, and comments on some customs that are still prevalent today.

Theater

The strong cast, along with the swift timing and dialogue that moves at a fast pace, make it highly unlikely that your attention will be distracted from the stage for a moment. It is the perfect fare for the holiday season. It will so enthrall you that you'll forget the rising price of everything as well as put you in a frivolous mood that's very appropriate for the Christmas season. The splendid set design by David Sumner and costume design by Melvin S. Dickerson give this production the proper amount of polish to make it a theatrical winner as well as a faithful historical piece.

This translation of George Feydeau's 1907 play is still applicable to many domestic situations of today. Roseanne Chandebise (Danielle Lepage) believes that her husband is cheating on her after he stops "being a husband" to her. Madame Chandebise and her friend Lucienne (Suzanne Siftar), stage a rendezvous with Chandebise and her husband, disguising the former as a secret admirer of Victor Chandebise (Scott Richards). The rendezvous at a less-than proper establishment, is a madcap disaster. Although the end resolves the antics of the play, it only adds to the charades that with which the play is permeated.

The cast is rounded off by a live-in uncle of the Chandebises' with a speech impediment (Steven Hofvendahl) and a vicarious sexual appetite. A family friend named Tournel (Steven Culp) intent on seducing Madame Chandebise, and the irate husband of Lucienne (Walter Krochmal), along with a host of family members, friends, and lovers.

Judged on the whole, the play is a fine evening of theater, but the second act is such an outstanding example of exceptional comedic timing and hijinks that it merits special compliment. The antics at the establishment of Auguste Fecaille (Stephane McConnell) and his wife Olympia (Lori Oshansky) include much bed-hopping, chases up a spiral staircase, failed seductions, and other breathless escapades. By the end of the act you will be entertained, laughed-out, and totally exhausted. A recent audience was amazed at how effectively the cast recovered from these goings-on and managed to perform an equally successful, though less stupendous, second act.

A solid cast, adept at complementing one another, is required for comedy of this genre and the players of *A Flea in Her Ear* fulfill this description. Especially notable are Danielle Lepage, whose detailed characterization brings the upper-class character of Roseanne to the level of the modern day audience. Steve Hofvendahl, who brings comedic hijinks to the highest level by just appearing on the stage and speaking, and Scott Richards, who manages to be vulnerable and without being pitiable as Victor-Emmanuel Chandebise. Although these performances do stand out, the unity of the cast is the important device that makes this play work so well. All of the performances in this play are commendable, including the brief appearance by associate professor of French at Suffolk, Arthur Chiasson who is also responsible for the plays' translation. The translation succeeds in the difficult task of remaining funny even after being translated from the original.

The costumes, by Melvin S. Dickerson, are serviceable and suitable for the period of the gay 90s'. The costumes allow the characters to move through the antics of the play with grace. The set design by David Sumner is elaborate and keeps in the tradition of French comedies by being shifted often. The overall effect is authentic and also pleasureable.

A Flea in Her Ear is a satisfying experience for all of the senses.



AGAIN BOLDLY GOING where no man has gone before are (from left) Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, Persis Khambatta, William Shatner and DeForest Kelly.

Expertise almost saves imperfect ELP

by Frank Conte

Keith Emerson is rock's master technocrat.

For more than ten years he has been the artistic director of Emerson, Lake, and Palmer the quintessential pioneers of classical rock. On the supergroup's new issue, *In Concert*, recorded from the memorable 1977 concert tour, Emerson still provides all the energy for which he has been perennially noted. During the rendition of "Pictures at an Exhibition," Emerson directs his hand-picked 70-piece orchestra to produce a beautiful impression of Mussorsky's 19th century classic.

Music

An improviser more than an original creator, Emerson plays some heavy, lush synthesized textures — retaining the virile nationalistic sentiment the famous Russian composer intended. Mussorsky created "Pictures" as a musical description of a fellow artists' paintings. With help from an accompanying entourage of acoustic sound, Emerson hurls ferocious timbres as awesome as Zeus's thunderbolts. Without restraining any of the drama, conductor Geoffrey Salmon assists Emerson into a

majestic, massive finale.

The material on *In Concert*, the band's third live album in a decade, is presented with a Wagnerian inspiration despite having been culled from a tour that proved financially disastrous for the trio. Although not the prime material some fans would expect performed with the addition of an orchestra, ("Abaddon's Bolero" and "Pirates" seem inappropriately missing) the egregious ensemble triumphantly demonstrates impeccable expertise.

Recorded at the Olympic Stadium in Montreal, *In Concert* unleashes energy that has been missing in the group's last two albums, *Love Beach*, and *Works Vol. II* — two pathetic excesses of frustration. Carl Palmer the Promethean drummer of contemporary music superhumanly propels Prokofiev's "The Enemy God Dances With the Black Spirits" and primitively executes the piece in a sea of Emersonian electronic backlash. Like always, Palmer plays as if he had six hands instead of two-emerging lead phrases. On "Peter Gun" he steadily follows up Emerson's arrangement of Henry Mancini's pulsating classic.

"Knife's Edge," reworked from the first album, coalesces Emerson's baroque keyboards, Lake's rubber-hard bass lines, and Palmer's swift drum rolls with vibrant strings and woodwinds into an interplaying orchestration that is stunning.

The most individual undertaking, "Piano Concerto No.1," extends into

Emerson's repertoire of distinguished classicism. Descending from his electronic baggage, he performs a brilliant acoustic work, building formidable excited passages to an ear-grabbing climax. The tempo throughout the third Movement remains strong and cultivated, yielding a rhythmic intensity without digressing into tenderness. Such aggressiveness proves Emerson can easily accomplish a career as a concert pianist.

Of course any tour that cost \$215,000 a week to maintain is certainly full of good intentions. Yet there are some disappointing flaws on *In Concert*. The original material "Tiger in a Spotlight" and "C'est La Vie" throws the rest of the album off. Rather than being a lynchpin to the classical works like other original scores, ("Trilogy" and "Endless Enigma") "Tiger in a Spotlight," with its light-hearted rock beat obstructs the album's continuity. Despite Salmon's lavish string orchestration and Emerson's tongue-in-cheek accordion fills on "C'est La Vie," Lake's die hard romanticism remains flaccid. One could only wish the choices were more appropriate.

But such responsibility lies in the hands of the artists. *In Concert* is hardly a failure, nor is it a perfect Emerson, Lake and Palmer album. As the group is coming to the end of its creative experient (rumors have it the band is broken up) the record is a worthwhile replica of an ensemble that has exuberantly displayed emotional and technical excellence.

1979's top albums round off decade

by Jeff Putnam

*Hey hey, my my
Rock and roll can never die
There's more to the picture
Than meets the eye.*

The music of 1979 was the perfect denouement of a decade of musical change. The latter half was marked by such trends (movement doesn't fit in the true sense of the word) as disco and punk, which quietly short-circuited into the new wave.

Music

The beginning of the year was dominated by the success of such disco ditties as "I Will Survive," "I Love The Nightlife," "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy," and "Shake Your Groove Thing." Luckily, this over-saturation of disco was followed by the quick fall of pure disco (which may be a contradiction of terms) and the replacement of it by the rock-inflected strains of Donna Summer's "Hot Stuff," which wasn't much, but was better than Rod Stewart in disco drag.

Occasionally, a new wave artist offered a single that filtered its way up the charts, warding off disco hits left and right. "Is She Really Going Out With Him," "Roxanne," and "Cruel to be Kind," while not hard-core new wave, were close enough to hint at its commercial possibilities.

Despite the success of these singles and others, like "What A Fool Believes," "The Logical Song," and "Tragedy," the record industry was in trouble; mainly because very few albums were being sold. CBS and MCA had massive cutbacks and layoffs, and major independents like A&M merged with established corporations like RCA.

By midsummer, however, the Bee Gees' *Spirits Having Flown* was rolling toward five million copies sold (dwarfed by the 15 million sold by their *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack), Supertramp's *Breakfast In America* and the Doobie Brothers' *Minute By Minute* were having similar, but less spectacular success.

... major groups' LPs
showed the influence
of new wave and disco.

But still, the companies were experiencing drastic profit level dips and writing them off as increasing expenses. And the lack of albums being produced by major artists, also contributed to the decline significantly.

More important than the death of albums by big-selling groups was the calibre of the albums that were released. The Cars, Devo, and Dire Straits, whose debuts last year were very good, released subpar albums this year. In fact, Devo's *Duty Now For The Future* was downright horrendous. Consistent sellers like the Kinks and Roxy Music released only mediocre albums, also.

Although 1979 was the year most industry insiders would like to forget, there were some high-quality albums released prior to the late summer releases by guaranteed platinum sellers Led Zeppelin, Fleetwood Mac, and the Eagles.

Unfortunately, only one of these albums racked up healthy sales. Supertramp's *Breakfast In America* widely increased the art-rocker's audience, and it was well-produced, well-written, and well-played. Other strong albums like Bill Nelson's Red Noise's *Sound on Sound*, and Ian Hunter's *You're Never Alone With A Schizophrenic* went virtually unnoticed, as did Dave Edmunds' *Repeat When Necessary*.

The lack of major artists and selling powers allowed new and unknown groups like the Knack to shoot to the top of the charts. The Knack were the best-selling, but first received, group of the summer, but still didn't sell as many albums per week as did Led Zeppelin's *In Through the Out Door*.

To highlight the importance of the new wave and disco, the major groups which released albums evidenced influences from those trends which have dominated the musical world for the past five years.

Fleetwood Mac, Led Zeppelin, the Eagles, and Neil Young offered much harsher compositions than they had before, which indicates both new wave influences and an effort to expand their market to include new wave tastes. The same is true of the Kinks, Roxy Music, and the Eagles, who recorded songs that were either patently disco, or used its heavy disco beat pattern.

Some artists just plain borrowed styles and personnel from groups. Foreigner employed the Cars' producer, Roy Thomas Baker, and a good portion of the Cars' style. Bob Dylan brought in Dire Straits' Mark Knopfler and Pick Withers to help duplicate the sound of their debut for Dylan.

Although the long-awaited major releases started giving the industry a much-needed, financial shot in the arm in late August, the quality of these albums didn't justify the long wait.

Led Zeppelin's *In Through The Out Door* proved to be less than mediocre. Bob Dylan found God, but only limited critical success, with the proselytizing *Slow Train Coming*. Jimmy Buffett's *Volcano* and the Alan Parsons Project's *Eve* were simply miserable. The Eagles' *The Long Run* combined occasionally brilliant lyrics with somewhat average melodies.

“... the record industry was in trouble ...
because very few albums were being sold.”

Despite the many failures and disappointments of 1979, 10 superior albums were produced that were worthy of the Top 10. What follows are my choices for the 1979 Top 10, listed in ascending order, from number 10 to number one.

10) *Tusk*. Fleetwood Mac. Warner Brothers. The only success, critically, of the long-awaited, late summer albums and the first double-pocketed set of Fleetwood Mac's present incarnation — the same that made the monster sellers *Fleetwood Mac* and *Rumours* — *Tusk* is a much bolder set than either of its crafty pop predecessors.

Whereas its predecessors relied solely on smooth consonance, *Tusk* mixes consonance with shattering bursts of dissonance fed by Lindsey Buckingham's dissonant chords and Mick Fleetwood's maniacal drumming. The title song culminates the battle between consonance and dissonance providing a well-plotted climax.

Tusk has been compared to *The Beatles*, and it is an apt comparison. Like *The Beatles*, *Tusk* is a showcase for the various musical preferences within the band: Stevie Nicks' preoccupation with Californian folk-rock, Christine McVie with fluid ballads, and Buckingham's guitar-driven rock.

Tusk is a battleground for the forces within Fleetwood Mac, a surprising break from their tradition, and a step in the right direction — musical progression instead of regurgitation.

“Donna Summer's 'Hot Stuff' ... wasn't much,
but ... better than Rod Stewart in disco drag.”

9) *Squeezin' Out Sparks*. Graham Parker and the Rumour. Arista. Without Graham Parker, Elvis Costello and Joe Jackson would have no frame of reference. Parker predates both Costello and Jackson by a few years, and his best work ("Howlin' Wind and Heat Treatment") was released before Costello and Jackson had recorded their first albums. But Parker is still rarely unrecognized, and if a great album like *Squeezin' Out Sparks* didn't boost his popularity, he may never gain the widespread recognition he deserves.

He perfected the sneer long before Costello and Tom Petty incorporated it into their styles, and it is most evident on "Protection." Although Parker draws on such turbulent figures as the Rolling Stones and other precursors of the British punk movement, he closely resembles American Randy Newman, who sings with more hate than hope.

Squeezin' Out Sparks is a clever pastiche of rhythm and blues and rock, driven to high intensity by Parker's back-up band the *Rumour* (who exhibit their own craft on *Frogs*, *Sprouts*, *Clogs* and *Krauts*) that has some commercially viable product ("Local Girls" and "Saturday Nite is Dead"), but its best moment is a bluesy ballad "You Can't Be Too Strong," addressed to a girl, impregnated by the singer, who recently underwent an abortion.

*Did they tear it out with talons of steel
And give you a shot so that you
wouldn't feel*

*And wash it away,
As if it wasn't real?*

*It's just a mistake I won't have to face.
Don't give it a name, don't give it a
place,*

*Don't give it a chance, it's lucky in a
way.*

Squeezin' Out Sparks is further proof of Graham Parker's continued excellence and influence on many of today's star performers.

8) *Mirror Stars*. Fabulous Poodles. Epic. The Fabulous Poodles are the epitome of the successful late-seventies rock band, except that, whereas other groups indiscriminately blend influences and lifts, the Fabulous Poodles take great

care with them. *Mirror Stars* is rife with influences — lead singer Tony de Meur sounds like Ray Davies, drummer Bryn Burrows pounds like Keith Moon, and violinist (yes!) Bobby Valentino is an styles and themes, *Cool For Cats* employs more conventional pop styles and themes, like 10cc and the Beatles.

Cool For Cats offers little philosophy or inspired parody of Eddie Jobson.

Mirror Stars is a collection, culled from the Fab Pools' two previous British records, that overflows with good nature, but occasionally offers significant messages. Songs like "Roll Your Own," "Cherchez La Femme," and "Tit Photographer Blues" provide the light entertainment, while "Mr. Mike," "B Movies," and the title cut offer educated opinions about stardom, but without removing tongue from cheek. Their commentaries owe more to Joe Walsh's "Life's Been Good" and Nick Lowe's "Marie Provost" than Neil Young's "Hey Hey, My My" and the Kinks' "Celluloid Heroes."

Like Squeeze's *Cool For Cats*, Gruppo Sportivo's *Mistakes*, and *The B-52's*, *Mirror Stars* is a fun alternative to the weightiness of the new wave and its harsh social commentary.

7) *Cool For Cats*. Squeeze. A&M. Like the Talking Heads, Squeeze is too often mistaken as a member of the new wave vanguard, merely for chronological or geographical presence, not musical content. Unlike the Talking Heads, who seem to have finally transcended the

limitations of such a misnomer, Squeeze is still mired within its commercial restrictions.

So long as they continue to create albums like *Cool For Cats*, commercial success is irrelevant. Whereas their eponymous debut (as U.K. Squeeze) last year explored conventional hard rock social statement. Instead it is a record to listen to for simple enjoyment. There is nothing difficult about the album, and many of their hooks have been used before, but they synthesize them with such charm and verve that it really doesn't matter.

With *Cool For Cats*, Squeeze looks poised to assume the British pop/rock position abdicated by such groups as 10cc and Sparks. *Cool For Cats* may be fluff, but it is fun fluff and very easy to enjoy.

6) *Armed Forces*. Elvis Costello.

Columbia. *Armed Forces* exhibits great musical growth for Elvis Costello, and, especially, his back-up band, the Attractions. As always, Costello is produced by Nick Lowe, who has also improved his technique. As a result of these factors, *Armed Forces* is musically and technically richer than either of its predecessors (*My Aim Is True*, *This Year's Model*), but overall the writing is of lower quality than the others.

This is not to say that *Armed Forces* is bankrupt of quality writing, however. It is more overtly political than the others. "Oliver's Army" is about mercenaries, and "Two Little Hitlers" manages to work Der Furher into a love song ("Two little Hitlers will fight it out until / One little Hitler does the other one's will").

As always, Costello uses sharp puns. ("It's the breath you took too late / It's the death that's worse than fate," from "Senior Service," titled after a British cigarette.) In fact, he opens the album with the line, "Oh! I just don't know where to begin."

Costello may not know where to begin, but he knows how to go about his tasks. Although *Armed Forces* isn't as breathtakingly biting as its predecessors, its false sense of conformity makes it just as endearing.

5) *Strange Man, Changed Man*. Bram Tchaikovsky. Polydor. Led by ex-Motor guitarist Bram Tchaikovsky, this three-piece, which bears his name, explodes as the best guitar album of the year. Featuring Byrd-like harmonies and sixties guitar stances, *Strange Man, Changed Man* belongs as much in the past decade as it does in the present.

"Girl of My Dreams" was the most unlikely of all AM radio hits (besides Nick Lowe's "Cruel To Be Kind") in that it sounded better on the home turntable in context with the rest of the album than it did on the car speaker. It made Bram Tchaikovsky far more popular than his late lamented band, the Motors, which dissolved last year.

Well-structured, the album opens with the title cut, an ode to a guitar, which

“... lack of albums
... by major artists ...
contributed to decline.”

perfectly foreshadows the rest of the album ("I have a faithful lover / She's here in my hand"). *Man* is full of good moments that bring back memories of the sixties, offering a rigid perspective for the seventies. In fact, their version of "I'm A Believer," which has been sung to death by groups like Tin Huey, far exceeds its own worth as written by Neil Diamond for the Monkees.

The writing, most of it by Tchaikovsky, is sharp and perfectly styled for the group's talents — hard guitar — riddled rock, with just a smattering of folksy harmonies. Like his former Motor mates, Andy McMasters and Nick Garvey, Tchaikovsky also creates memorable lyrics ("She's got a smile on her face for everyone / She's like a line from your favorite song").

Tchaikovsky proves himself worthy of his haughty pseudonym, and dispels the self-doubt he professes on the title cut:

*Ladies and gents let me introduce
myself to you,*

*I'm not really sure what it is I'm
supposed to do.*

4) *The Roches*. The Roches. Warner Brothers. Easily the best produced album of 1979, *The Roches* rings with authenticity, both technically and musically. These three sisters have voices better than other harmonic trios such as Crosby, Stills, and Nash or the Bee Gees. "Hammond Song," one of the best songs of the year, and "Quitting Time" are excellent examples of the Roches' three-part harmony (Terre's soprano, Suzzy's middle register, and Maggie's near baritone).

Besides being excellent singers, however, the sisters are exquisite writers.

sports



THE RAM DEFENSE broke down at the start of the second half. Dan Lahiff (21) puts up a shot.



STEVE DAGLE DISPLAYS the art of free throw shooting. Dagle scored 11 points in the losing effort against Curry.



THIS RAM CHEERLEADER did not have much to cheer about Saturday night.

Curry spoils Rams' homecoming with 83-64 rout

by Stephen P. DeMarco

It can only be said that the Rams came up with a very flat performance in their home opener, losing to Curry 83-64, Saturday night. It was the Rams' fourth consecutive loss.

Probably most disappointed were the players themselves, because although they lost three times in Maine, they performed very well. They lost 87-77 to Colby, one of the best teams in Division III this year. They lost in the last seconds, 57-55, to a pesty Bates team. They also took Southern Maine to overtime before finally bowing.

After these performances, the Ram cagers expected to give the Suffolk faithful something to cheer about Saturday night, but instead they played poorly.

Both ballclubs were sloppy in their offensive execution in the early going. Neither team could really set up strongly, and although some nice passes were made, many of them were not converted to hoops like they should have been.

The Rams never led in this contest. Curry jumped out to a quick 8-4 advantage, and although they tied the game several times in the first half, the Rams simply could not make a run at the Colonels for the lead. Captain Mike Janedy stole the ball and took it in for a layup for the Rams' last tie at 29-29. Then the Colonels ran off six straight points and

that, for all intents and purposes, was the game.

The Curry offense was nothing to write home about, but when the game was still in doubt in the first half, they grabbed the lead with strong outside shooting, particularly from Steve (General) Grant. Grant, a 6'2" junior forward, collected 21 points on 8 for 13 shooting and he also pulled down 13 boards.

A jumper by Dave Lewis (excellent passing and floor generalship) brought the Rams to within five as the half neared its end, but then their usually hustling, aggressive defense broke down. Curry was able to control the last 40 seconds virtually at will, passing the roundball around at least five or six times before Jim Geronaitis (eight points) finally dropped in a layup. The Rams did not get a decent last shot off.

The defensive breakdown, unfortunately, overlapped into the second half.

The seven-point halftime margin (40-33) had been Curry's biggest lead of the game thus far, but their halftime pep talk by coach Stan Swartz must have done something to them because for the first six minutes of the second half they dominated the ballgame totally. Of the first 11 points scored in the second half, the Beacon Hill quintet scored none of them. It was 51-33, and the Rams' fate was sealed. Over five minutes had passed in the half before Steve

Dagle (11 points but hardly a factor) hit a layup for the Rams' first hoop.

Of those first 11 points, many were scored because the Colonels had second and third chances when the Rams failed to block out. Richard Sullivan led the Rams with 13 points and seven rebounds, six less than Grant had, even though Sully is three inches taller.

With the score 68-50 Curry, a technical was assessed on the Colonels which seemed to inject some life into the Rams. Highly touted frosh Donovan Walker hit three straight free throws and a hoop followed to cut the difference to 13, but a Curry block and an errant pass broke the Rams' momentum. Guard Steve Connolly (nine assists) hit Grant with a perfect pass for a breakaway layup which again silenced the Ram attack. The Colonels then brought the lead right back to 19 again.

The performance of freshman forward Scott McClure of Curry cannot be overlooked. McClure, 6'2" from Roslindale, came off the bench to lead all scorers with 22 points, shooting 10 for 14 from the field.

As expected, Rams' captain Mike Janedy was not too happy about the loss.

"Nothing went right for us tonight," said Janedy, "but everything went right for them. We just fell apart. It's too bad because we really played well in Maine. We don't want the fans to think that we are

really this bad. Too bad they couldn't have seen us in Maine — it's a shame we have to come home and play like this.

Coach Jim Nelson felt likewise about the Maine games.

"We played exceptionally well in the last three games (Colby, Bates, Southern Maine) but it is unfortunate that we have nothing to show for it," said Nelson.

"We did not play well in any aspect of the game at all tonight," he continued. "The only positive note was the hustle of all the team members for the full 40 minutes.

"Curry had played very poorly when scouted by (assistant) coach Mondano, but through other reports they have played very well. This is a veteran team; probably the strongest Curry team that I have ever faced."

Nelson was surprised when told that Curry committed more turnovers (23) than the Rams did (19).

"That was probably because of our press in the second half," Nelson said. "We also shot exceptionally poor. We also did not carry out our objective in attempting to limit them to one field goal attempt every time down the floor."

Nelson concluded by saying that "We do not expect to have a performance of this type in any of our remaining games."

The Rams are now idle until the Salem Classic on the weekend of Jan. 5 and 6.

Blazers jolt Stiffs, 69-53, in intramural basketball opener

by Jon Gottlieb

Johnny Most would have said they were "pushin', shovin' and getting mean in there." A real head knocker. As far as the Stiffs were concerned, they were the ones who were burned by some sloppy plays all night and inconsistency on the boards in a bruising 69-53 loss to a bigger and aggressive Blazer team last week at Boston's YMC Union.

The first game of the 1979-80 Intramural basketball season was not exactly a work of art. For most of the game the two teams spent a lot of time just trying to adjust to the shoebox-like conditions of the ancient facility on Boylston St. They didn't have much success in the early going.

There were more turnovers made than your mother could bake in a year, (example, in the first seven minutes the two squads threw the ball away, out of bounds and to opposing players with hardly any scoring). It took four or five minutes for the Blazers to break out on top 2-0 on a Rich Pulsifer hoop (12 points), as

the teams started to exchange hoops, deadlocked at 4-4, 8-8, and 12-12.

The Stiffs held the lead only one time in the game. Jim "Cubby" Morris and Bill Felch, (12 and 10 points respectively), hit a field goal apiece to give their club a 12-8 advantage. Both teams played a constant game of streak shooting here, first with the Stiffs getting four straight hoops in the drive as Carl Merrill (8 points) single-handedly tied the score at eight with a couple of quick pops right before his team took the lead. After quick Art Bernard, (8 points), a Blazer co-captain, scored two off a rebound, Pulsifer struck for eight points in a row on a variety of shots to give his Blazers a 16-12 edge.

Despite dominating at one juncture when the Stiff's Mark Ferrante hit on five consecutive points (7 total), two field goals sandwiched around a foul shot, they found themselves falling farther behind. The Blazers took up the scoring chores with cagey Kevin Harrington getting five late points, one on a pretty weave to the basket for a three-point play, (the shot and a

foul), another coming on a steal off of the Stiff's Joe Kochocki, to out score their opponents 9-6 and take a 29-23 lead at the half.

Harrington had a phenomenal offensive game, pacing all scorers with 23 points in less than 40 minutes. However, the Blazers and the Stiffs not only had to deal with the cramped surroundings but their own adversity. It was a messy game of "button, button — whose got the button."

"We're making some very bad mistakes," Stiffs Captain Steve Joyce, (4 points), told his team. "We're throwing the ball away. Look for the open man."

"If you see you have to throw a pass, fake a couple," added teammate Jim Morris on strategy. "The players will run towards you."

Second half action saw the Blazers use some dominating board strength and height to their advantage. Despite fielding only their starting five, (the Stiffs had three extra men, Blazers none), the B's still managed to build up a big cushion.

Unfortunately for the Stiffs, they were

the victims of a team that was very capable of taking advantage of any lapses that they happened to fall into. The Blazers were able to gain more ground on the smallest Stiff miscue. Stiffs played hard, but they did not get much in return. It was frustrating.

The score stayed close in the first ten minutes of the second half. The teams traded baskets to keep the margin between six to eight points. Jim Morris did everything from hauling down rebounds to laying in shots like a smooth swisher in keeping it respectable. Stiff teammate John Kelleher (4 points), helped out by cashing in on both a nice drive and a fast give-and-go. In between, the Blazers' Harrington continued his scoring spree with two hoops, (14 in the second half).

After Kelleher's heroics, the Blazers counterattacked on a corner shot by Mark Sexton (16 on the night), a Bernard steal, and a Sexton bomb from the right corner. Stiffs savior Morris hit one, but they were forced to call time out after another Blazer rush. The onslaught continued as Bernard

see IM HOOP page 14

Goats' undefeated string halted by WPI, 4-2

by Joe Coughlin

The Goats hockey team fell to Worcester Polytech Institute 4-2 in an exciting game at Watertown arena last Saturday.

The Goats drew first blood just 1:30 into the game. Jeff McLaughlin kept it in at the blue line with a nice play and passed to Mike Anguilo who set up Ken Pefine for the first goal.

W.P.I. came right back with 8:30 left in the first period. Jim O'Keefe faked out the Goats' goalie Kevin Penney after skating in all alone to even it up at 1-1. The Goats had started off the period skating well, but they got a little sloppy, having a tough time getting it out of their own end as the period came to a close.

Assistant Athletic Director Tom Walsh observed at this time that "they are not

skating too well tonight." The period ended tied at 1-1.

The Goats got the first break of the second period when W.P.I.'s Pete Millet was sent off for an elbowing penalty. The Goats power play team set up nicely and finally Mike Anguilo put them ahead at 2-1, being set up by Jim Duffy and Bob Kelly. With goalie Kevin Penney playing a brilliant game it looked like the Goats would keep their undefeated record (3-0) alive.

W.P.I. kept plugging though, and with 11:20 left in the period Doug White got a two-minute penalty for interference. The Engineers took advantage of this situation when Pete Millet scored to even it up once again at 2-2.

The Goats applied a lot of pressure to end the second period but couldn't score. At the end of two periods it was 2-2.

W.P.I. came out flying to start the last period and applied all kinds of pressure on Goats goalie Kevin Penney. Penney turned in the play of the game when, with just 10:03 left in the game, he lobbed W.P.I.'s outstanding center Jim O'Keefe, who had broke through the Goats defense and had a clear shot at Penney. Penney dove to smother the puck and keep it tied at 2-2.

With a little less than eight minutes to go in the game W.P.I.'s Jim O'Keefe scored what proved to be the winning goal. The Goats were fooling with the puck in their own end when O'Keefe intercepted a bad Goat pass and beat Penney, who never had a chance. With 7:57 left the Goats found themselves trailing 3-2 and in danger of losing their first game of the season.

The last eight minutes of the game was all Goats, but they were unable to score.

During this time they had two power plays and several scoring chances but they just could not beat the Engineers' goalie. With 11 seconds left in the game W.P.I.'s Mark Riley hit the empty Goat net to put it out of reach at 4-2.

Coach Foley was "mad-real mad" with his team's performance. "Our problem right now," Foley added, "is that we gotta play 60 minutes of hockey. And I mean 60 minutes of hockey from everyone on the team. The puck shouldn't have been in our end as much as it was. That's the problem. They want to work on breakouts but we won't do it until we learn to keep it out of our end."

A bright point of the game was the play of goalie Kevin Penney, who, as Coach Foley said "had a hell of a game."

Coaching at Suffolk brings challenges and excitement

by Jon Gottlieb

What's it like being a new coach at Suffolk University? According to Pam Rossi, Gary Chafetz and Barry Dwyer the experience is a pretty good one.

Sure, you have the problem of a lack of athletic facilities and small internal hassles, but three of these, believe that the sports situation is limited, but nonetheless workable.

The coaches all agreed that Suffolk might not have places to play right on campus, but there are, and will be in the future, playing areas for the teams that are accessible from the school. This is one reason why Suffolk should not be designated as a poor place to play sports. "In my case, there were hardly any problems. The kids were great," said Gary Chafetz, women's tennis coach.

The women's tennis team came off their best season ever as they won three games—all on the road. Coach Gary Chafetz has the perfect place to play his home games: the Charles River Park Tennis Club, located behind the Athletic Department Office yet there was only one home game last year.

To alleviate the burden that the majority of students have with part-time jobs and studying, Chafetz offers these suggestions: I recommend that they have more home matches (50% of the schedule), that they don't play schools that are very far away, and that they play no-ad scoring, (eliminates douce, the next tally being the clinching point and 1-2-3 scoring taking the place of the traditional 15-30 etc.) In other words, it would become a little more efficient, therefore the kids could do everything," Chafetz sees these hindrances as "normal."

He said the schedule did improve a bit this season. In 1978 no home games were played. One reason that there have not been more home matches is that the school is worried about expenses. Chafetz sees home games as a solution to this.

"They (Suffolk) won't have to rent vans. They won't have to give out meal money, so in the end home matches are equivalent in cost (to away games), and save the student an awful lot of time, which makes it more conducive for the student to play tennis."

One disadvantage Gary had was being hired late. Ann Guilbert, former Suffolk Women's Athletic Program Director and women's tennis coach, resigned suddenly this year. Chafetz inherited the team only a week and a half before the start of the season. He admits that the lack of practice kept his team from having a better year.

Chafetz will publicize the team more next year, which should attract more players to the school. "I would have the Registrar send out to every student a notice that there was a tennis team. I would take a look at the transcripts of the students who were accepted, those who play tennis, and try to reach them so that the practice could start a lot earlier."

Chafetz said that he is working on a more "hustling" attitude for next season. By notifying the players early and having August practices, Chafetz said his players will be able to plan their time better. Other suggestions were not to take afternoon classes and to reduce the schedule. This would give the players adequate periods for both homework and tennis.

Playing schools like Worcester

Polytechnical Institute (WPI) or Fitchburg State cuts into the student's class time. Because the schools are far away, enough travel time has to be allowed. Discontinuing play against them is one alternative. Starting the season one week earlier with an extra week added at the end of the year might make it easier to play those matches, said Chafetz.

Suffolk's small size was not a big problem for Chafetz. The stronger schools offered discouraging losses, however. For that reason, Chafetz feels that Suffolk should only play small universities. The contests would be more competitive. "Any coach would like a much larger school but it's more of a challenge when you have less," said Chafetz.

On the whole, Chafetz called his first year here a positive experience. This includes his relationship with the players and other Suffolk coaches. He is especially proud of the way his players improved their strategy and responded to the teachings of a tennis pro. "I have nothing to complain about." "It might take a little bit of work on my part, but I'm not afraid of that. It needs to be done if you want to develop a sound program," said Rossi.

Pam Rossi looks at her new position at Suffolk as "exciting" and "a challenge." She said that the addition of the Lindemann Center for practices is a big plus in her coaching plans. It could be the perfect "home court" for women's hoop.

"The facility (at Government Center) has got a good wooden floor. It may not be regulation size but at the same time it is a good gym. It's very close to the school. We're able to use that three times a week." If the team needs an alternative spot, the YWCA on Clarendon St. is also available. That's some progress for a person who has been here for only a couple of months.

This new experience is not without its drawbacks. If anything at all bothers the former Bridgewater State women's field hockey assistant coach about the new job, it is the scheduling factor. Her players are busy with school work. She realizes that is the first concern of the average student.

On her players: "I think what we're working on right now is basically trying to hang in there for the first four games and then after that we will be able to change the kids' schedules around well enough so that it would be more adaptable to their academic load. Right now a lot of the kids have classes from three to four when we have the gym available to us."

On the gym factor: "I don't see how they can't help but improve as far as scheduling is concerned. If I set up the program so that I get my gym time and enough time for the students to know when we're going to have practice, then I can't see how we could have a scheduling problem."

Player enthusiasm exists, Rossi said. She doesn't see apathy as being a problem. For instance, 14 girls showed an interest in playing basketball. She admits it is difficult to get them together all at one time because of the hectic class routine.

She adds, "A lot of students who go to residential schools are also looking for some of their time to be filled up, whereas in a commuting college students have to worry about their transportation back and forth to school. They have to worry about part-time jobs. They're not just sitting around. They're kept busy."



WOMEN'S TENNIS COACH Gary Chafetz is working on a more "hustling" attitude for next season.

Pam realizes that a main objective is to "establish a program here." With only three veterans from last year's team returning and the rest freshmen, this is an important factor. For these reasons, she said, "I can't promise a fantastic season this year." At the moment, molding has younger players into game form, to play as a team, is just as necessary as showing them how to perform properly "on the road."

But that is all part of the challenge, says Rossi. As a teacher in the North Attleboro school system, her role was limited. At Suffolk she will have more of an opportunity to not only teach the athletes, but to get a taste of the administrative aspects of sports.

Recruiting is a minor concern at this point. As far as she knew, no extensive off-campus push was taking place. "This is one thing that may have been neglected in the past," she said. "It definitely would add to the squad, without a doubt."

Pam Rossi is practical about it all. None of the games are played that far away. Therefore, the gym situation is not that big a deal. She needs to get the most production out of her players. To play well is what counts. "With schools like Northeastern University, I'll tell a kid, 'If you want to be a dot on an IBM card, go ahead!' I just think you can do quite nicely at Suffolk," said Dwyer.

You've heard of 'Celtics' Pride'? Barry

Dwyer looked to instill a little Suffolk Pride' in a faltering cross-country program. Maybe that was the most dramatic change in the team. The 39-year old Dwyer made his runners believe more in themselves. One win is not much. It is, however, one more than last year.

Dwyer coached a fine Chelsea High track team up until last year. They also went through some tough years before the team became a contender, and startling winning championships. With the right combination of talent and positive attitudes on their part, the coach sees the same winning spirit on Beacon Hill next year.

He said that his team could have a home field soon which would be easy to get to. That's nice, but ridding the team of a defeatist outlook is a bigger concern. "One of the kids said he just wanted to go to the meet and not be laughed at because he was from Suffolk." Sometimes the team was short-handed; however, "the few kids that remain were very eager to train."

He offers this sharp theory: "Sports are important. I don't think they're the priority. The education is certainly the priority... I really feel that these kids, if it's offered, and they like it—and if I'm there, they're going to love it!"

He is from the charismatic Don Cherry mode of coaching. That spirit and

see COACHES page 14

... coaches

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cockiness has been missing around here. His attitude is making new "CC" candidates change their minds about not running for Suffolk. They realize that the team is not a power. More importantly, they want to run for Dwyer!

"Suffolk has a cross-country team?" Dwyer said many people asked him this question. That hurts when you want to recruit good runners. With Dwyer as coach, the publicity will come.

Getting the top stars will still be a problem "if I can't offer them more," said Dwyer. Again, a new facility might change things. It could attract athletes for all Suffolk sports and encourage a larger athletic program. "Cross-country is a season in itself, but many of them run for conditioning for indoor or outdoor track or both; some in other sports as well."

He added that problems begin to arise even when you have a stadium at your disposal. It is a small point, but you have to remember there will be troubles even with the best facility. "You may have practice time that is so limited because of the girls' volleyball, the girls' basketball, and the JV (junior varsity) basketball teams. It's incredible. There aren't enough hours in a day to allot a field house between intramural and varsity sports."

Dwyer says that neither he nor his players mind the constant travelling. It gives them a chance to meet new people and visit other schools. He does expect, however, that his team will do much better in the future. He loves watching things progress. He loves Suffolk.

"I have been offered big jobs in big schools which involve Division 1, and giving out scholarships. This is much more fun. I wouldn't do it."

When you look for the basic building blocks that go into the making of a growing sports program, you've got to include class. Suffolk has both in its "new blood" — Barry Dwyer, Gary Chafetz, and Pam Rossi, who have the gumption to set Suffolk erratic athletic scene on the upswing.

... IM hoop

continued from page 12

grabbed a rebound and Harrington made two from the line.

Ironically, the Stiffs had their best strike late in the half, and then proceeded to hit their worse draught soon after. Mike Capozzi hit for his lone four points, but they were important tallies because his team pulled to within four, 45-41. They were flying. But, then it snapped. Three straight Blazer hoops, (Bernard, Mike Feeney, 10 pts., and Harrington), catapulted them to a 10 point lead, 51-41.

A Stiff score was the only thing that stood between singletons from Feeney and Harrington to raise the Blazer lead to 55-43. The Stiffs finally had to call time out after Kochocki had the ball stolen away and the count rose to 16 for the Blazers.

"Cubby" Morris said "Let them come to you (Stiffs). If you keep reaching in, they'll go right by you. Be aggressive!"

On the next two plays, Joe Kelleher did exactly what he was told not to do — and got hurt for it. He tried for consecutive steals, fell down hard on both and the Blazers had four points and a 20-point spread.

Most would have said, "And that's the ball game."

INTRA-NOTES: ... And let's not forget the bad lighting situation inside the gym. The many fixtures were on, but the dim glow was bad on the players. "I wonder if this place follows Carter's energy policy", said the Stiffs Joe Kochocki. ... Coach Tom Walsh commented on the rapid pace of the two teams. "It's a small court so there's a lot of room for scoring. It doesn't take a long time to get it (the ball) up the court. And a lot of these guys are good scorers."

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THE SKILL BUREAU



BECAUSE OF BETTY McCANN'S (30) injury, the women's hoop team was forced to postpone a game against St. Anselm's.

Women hoopsters fall upon rough times and injuries

by Stephen P. DeMarco

The injury-riddled women's basketball team will have until Jan. 24 to heal their wounds. The female hoopsters had a rough time last week, getting annihilated by Emmanuel College, and they were forced to postpone a game with St. Anselm's due to injuries.

Emmanuel College defeated the Rams 95-32.

"They were a great all-around ballclub," said Ram coach Pam Rossi. "They had a well-executed offense — they just seemed to do everything right. Almost all of their players had at least five inches over us, and they had a full squad of 16 players. We were definitely overmatched by them. Emmanuel is one of the strongest

teams in Division III, as they came very close to beating WPI.

"Height is obviously a factor. When a team is that outmatched on the boards — as we were against Emmanuel — there's no way you can win."

Co-Captain Betty McCann was injured before the St. Anselm's game, depleting the Rams' roster to five players. They would have had to play the game without substitutes, so the St. Anselm's coach agreed to postpone the game until January 28.

Ram center Monica Geehan has sustained a stomach injury and cannot practice until doctors okay it. Leading rebounder Karen Thomas is also injured.

Did You Know...

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NFL playoffs leave Patriots home for holidays

by Joe Coughlin

As Steve Grogan and his new sensational rock group "The New England Patsies" sing their new smash hit "I'll Be Home For Christmas" and New England fans wipe their eyes dry, other teams are gearing up for the "second season" — The National Football League Playoffs.

As the season draws to a close several playoff spots are still available. But as usual, certain teams will most likely be there.

The Pittsburgh Steelers — football's "money team" would have to be considered the favorite in the American Conference again. Although they lost to Houston Monday night, Pittsburgh is still considered the team to beat.

If any team is to dethrone the World Champion Steelers it could well be the San Diego Chargers. Led by quarterback Dan Fouts, the Chargers would clinch the Western Division with a victory over Denver on Monday night.

Houston could be the dark horse of the American Conference. With Earl Campbell in the backfield and a solid defense, Houston could surprise many people.

The Eastern Division Champion Miami Dolphins will have to play over their heads to go anywhere in the playoffs. The ailing Bob Griese is still a big question mark for the Dolphins.

Chances for Denver, Oakland, and Cleveland, if they even make the playoffs, are slim.

In the National Conference Dallas, despite not having a "terrific" season, are still the favorites to go to the Super Bowl. Dallas, like Pittsburgh, always seem to win the big ones. The Los Angeles Rams, winner of their division for the seventh straight season, will probably run true to form and be upset in early action.

None of the other teams in the conference, including Tampa Bay, who lost their last three games, should be a threat to the Cowboys.

So look for a rematch of Super Bowl XII, with Pittsburgh and Dallas battling it out for the title of footballs number one team.

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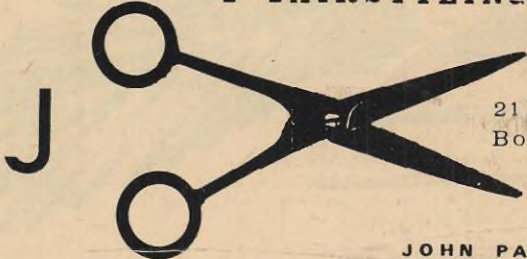
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PUZZLE

Find the hidden holiday words in this scramble of letters. Words can run up and down, side to side, or diagonally. Letters in the words may be mixed up also.

Lots of luck.



The rest of 1979's best records

continued from page 11

Their lyrics are full of unexpected twists and turns, and bursts of both wit and passion. Terre pleads to get her old job as a waitress back in "Mr. Sellack":

Waiting tables ain't that bad.

Since I've seen you last, I've waited for some things that you would not believe

To come true.

Their authenticity and seemingly boundless talent mock other so-called liberated songstresses like Joni Mitchell, Carly Simon, and most recently Rickie Lee Jones.

Produced in *audio verite* by Robert Fripp, *The Roches* is meticulously clean. The voices are never challenged by overambitious arrangements; very often the sisters multi-layered harmonies provide their own background. In fact, the production is so clear, the snap of string against fret is often audible.

The Roches is a tremendous debut album, which fulfills its own promise, something that even the best debuts of recent years (*The Cars*, *My Aim Is True*) failed to do.

3) *Labour of Lust*. Nick Lowe. Columbia. Nick Lowe made one of the best records of 1978, *Pure Pop For Now People*, but it went widely unnoticed. On *Labour of Lust*, Lowe turns down his sarcasm, continues to incorporate rock history with his own compositions, and, with band Rockpile, rocks harder than he did on *Pure Pop*. And it works. "Cruel to Be Kind," a sadist love song, was a *bona fide* hit, and *Labour* even sold some copies.

Although *Labour* rocks harder than *Pure Pop*, Lowe has not abandoned his ability to write a good pop song. "American Squirr," "Dose of You," and "Cruel" are fluid pop compositions that rival the best of *Pure Pop*.

On those occasions when *Labour* rocks, Lowe's band Rockpile (bassist Lowe, guitarists Dave Edmunds and Billy Bremner, drummer Terry Williams) kicks into gear. "Born Fighter," "Skin Deep," and "Big Kick, Plain Scrap" show off Rockpile's collective talent as hard rockers.

The album's best song, Mickey Jupp's "Switchboard Susan," the only song not written by Lowe, features Lowe's flair for the satiric, "When I'm with you girl, I get an extension / and I don't mean Alexander Graham Bell's invention."

Labour of Lust proves star producer Nick Lowe (Elvis Costello, Graham Parker) is a formidable craftsman of pure pop for now people in his own right.

2) *Fear of Music*. Talking Heads. Sire. The Talking Heads arose from the same New York clubs that punk practitioners such as the Ramones and the Patti Smith Group, but there is nothing punk about them. Instead, they have become the most conservative (politically, not musically) American band of the last decade. Last year's *More Songs About Buildings and Food* confirmed their belief in the Protestant work ethic, which was an important transition from the Anthony Perkins-like *Psycho* frenzy of their debut,

Talking Heads '77.

Fear of Music is perhaps a digression to the paranoia of the first album, but leader David Byrne becomes the attacker ("Life During Wartime") instead of the attacked (from inside on "Psycho Killer," from '77).

Indeed Byrren's attacks are not only limited to political enemies, as they are in "Wartime," but also question the purposes and values of religion ("Heaven"), law ("Electric Guitar"), love ("Mind"), and even animals ("Animals").

Animals think... they understand

To trust in them... a big mistake

Animals want... to change my life

I will ignore... animal's advice.

Fear of Music is the third in a string of excellent albums, but unlike many popular groups, the Talking Heads' music is in constant evolution. 1977, was stark and rigidly produced, *More Songs* was more polished and musically diverse, and *Fear* is the best produced and most musically progressive album of them all. Brian Eno's production gives the music and Byrne's voice an edge that cuts as sharply as the lyrics. The music itself, from the disco parody "I Zimba" to the technological wizardry of "Drugs," encompasses many styles, but Byrne's manic vocals and brilliant writing gives the album continuity in its diversity.

1) *Rust Never Sleeps*. Neil Young and Crazy Horse. Warner. *Rust Never Sleeps* is more than the best album of the year, it is the testament of the rock generation. *Rust* deals with the pleasures and pains of rock and roll, of rising to stardom and eventually burning out.

The king is gone but he's not forgotten
This is the story of Johnny Rotten

It's better to burn out than it is to rust

Because of Young's personal writing, however, *Rust* is more than just an objective blanket view of these pressures. It is an autobiographical statement that affirms both Young's joys and fears about his position in rock 'n' roll.

Rust encompasses two musical styles, both of which Young excels in. Side one is acoustic folk-rock, and Young's virtuosity lifts the genre to a higher level of artistry than anyone else before him. Young plugs himself in, and is augmented by his back-up band Crazy Horse, on side two. He proves himself with this electric style, but does not forget his folk roots either. "Powderfinger" combines the two styles in a brilliant mix.

The album's centerpiece, "My My, Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)," acoustically and "Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)," electrically, exemplifies both Young's musical talent and lyrical ability. The acoustic version is a plaintive ballad of Young's love affair with his music; whereas the harsh electric version embodies Young's disillusionment with rock 'n' roll. It is a painful realization, but it manages to offer hope for the future.

Hey hey, my my

Rock and roll can never die

There's more to the picture

Than meets the eye.

Face the issues

Better facilities the gift from students to Suffolk

by Alice Whooley

Suffolk students did not let the Christmas spirit get in the way of their needs when they were asked what they would buy Suffolk for Christmas.

An overwhelming majority of the students polled said that they would buy Suffolk either a new building, a gymnasium, lounge space, or other facilities to relieve Suffolk's present cramped conditions.

Maryanne Minacapelli said that she "would buy Suffolk a new building because Ridgeway is falling apart, there aren't enough classrooms in the Fenton

building, and the law school owns the Donahue building. I would also like to see a little green grass on the ground."

In a sports-minded point of view, Michael Aritagna (Government '82) said that he "would buy Suffolk a gym, simply because it has never had one before."

Mark Saporaro (Marketing '81) was very generous in his list of gifts. He offered "a new building including facilities students should have. The building would include a decent lounge, a gym, and enough student activities space. I went by Boston University and saw their games room and got sick."



Carolyn Daly photo

A NEW BUILDING is what Maryanne Minacapelli (Journalism '80) would give Suffolk for Christmas.



Carolyn Daly photo

A NEW LOUNGE would be under the tree if Sean Murphy (Business '83) had his way.

Academically, Kenya Leeks (Business '80) said she would give Suffolk "some study halls and a quiet library. We presently have noisy libraries and noisy study halls."

Patricia Glynn (Finance '83) mentioned another problem facing students that she would try to alleviate. She "would buy Suffolk a parking lot because there is no place to park around here and every place else is too expensive. I would like it near the State House."

Dennis Dunne (Government '80) would donate "a campus outside of Suffolk with trees and without dogs. I don't like the conditions in Ridgeway Lane because of the dogs."

Sean Murphy (Business '83) said that he would buy a new lounge because there aren't "enough for the students now. The ping pong table is broken. The pool table works sometimes. And there are always 15

people standing around the pinball machines."

Judith Dusombre (Journalism '81) said that she "would buy a new building instead of us having to travel all over the place. This walking around is gross. I would also like a place to sit in the new building."

Dennis Orthman (Journalism '80) offered a "gymnasium. It would give the school more activities. It would also give people a reason to hang around the school."

Michael Carney (Journalism '80) "would buy a 1000-watt amplifier for the radio station. That way WSFR could be louder in the lounge and in the cafeteria. I would also have the offices insulated so that they wouldn't have to listen if they didn't want to."

Laura Gannon (Journalism '82) said that she would "get Suffolk high, because it could use a good buzz."

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HOLIDAYS from
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Association

Suffolk Journal

Christmas Section

Supplement To Vol. 35, No. 17

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BEACON HILL, BOSTON, MASS./ (617) 723-4700 x323

December 13, 1979



. . .a time of holiness,
and loveliness,
a sweet, clear time
when innocence
should prevail. . .

While Visions Of Aliens Danced In His Head. . .

by Ron Geagan
Special to the Journal

I don't remember much of this tale for it was told to me many years ago, yet parts of it I will never forget, or maybe I just refuse to. It took place in a small town in the Midwest. Maybe Nebraska, maybe Arkansas, nobody really knows and it don't matter all that much.

Except to the two kids who happened upon an enormous structure in a clearing in the woods one day when they were walking home from school.

Now, as it goes, this thing the kids saw wasn't exactly round, but it wasn't square neither. It was sorta football shape. Course there weren't no footballs then but there is now so I just thought I'd kind of throw that in so you could get an idea of what I'm telling you. Anyways, this thing was football shaped, course it was much bigger than a football, and it just sits there in the woods like it dropped out of the sky, which it did as these two kids (by the way, these two kids was Jason and Daniel, just so you know) would sooner or later find out.

Now, when Jason and Daniel seen this thing they thought it was a big rock, but then they got to thinking about how they knew the area pretty good and there wasn't ever no rock there they could ever remember so they were pretty scared at first.

Jason wanted to climb on it and see what it was and have some fun. They weren't having no fun these days what with the snow and all, and having to be like a scavenger to find enough wood to start the fireplace never mind keep it going. Daniel was just the other way. His mama and daddy was expecting him home for Christmas dinner and he was looking forward to opening his gift even though he knew it was probably only a new hat or a pair of sheepskin mittens. He was grateful just the same cause he knew that was more than some of his friends would get in five Christmases. Unfortunately, Jason prevailed as usual and the kids headed on over for this great big black thing, Daniel still trying to persuade Jason the other way.

Well, when the kids got to about two or three feet of this thing, it just sort of opened up and scooped the two of them inside and they didn't even know what happened when they feel that it took off and was moving pretty good. By now, Daniel was pretty scared cause he knew he was going to get his fanny licked-but-good by his daddy. Jason was a little scared but he figured this would be better than getting one lousy Christmas gift that he probably wouldn't even like anyways. Daniel was pretty sore at Jason cause Jason was always getting him into some sort of fix but Daniel knew this was going to top them all.

Suddenly this big door opens and this creature with big ugly eyes and four arms and three or four legs with hair all over the place and big toes comes walking in. Well Daniel was about ready to leap right out of

his skin and I might add that Jason probably would have done the same. Daniel was too shook to talk so it was Jason who asked this creature who he was, what did they want, where they were going and all them sort of questions.

Well this person, if you will, says that he is taking them back to his planet to tell his people all about Christmas. Jason was pretty disappointed at this cause he thought he didn't have to think about Christmas no more. Daniel still wished he was home having his Christmas dinner or rabbit stew and fresh bread.

Well I don't want to bog you down with the details of their trip to this foreign land cause the story's getting to be a little on the lengthy side as it is. Suffice it to say that Jason and Daniel were mighty shocked when they got to this new land which was called Frupp.

Frupp was nothing like the boys had ever seen and probably not like anything they'd ever see again. King Frupp (that's the name of that creature that was on the football shaped craft) took them to his palace which made Jason's eyes nearly come out of his head.

One room of the palace was near the size of Jason's house two or three times over and King Frupp says he got nearly fifty of these rooms in the whole building. Daniel still ain't said a word since he was scooped up back in the field. Jason did all the talking, or yapping rather. His mouth was going faster than a hummingbird's wings on a summer day.

Well, King Frupp sat the boys down in these big chairs that are all puffy and cushiony and covered with this soft like material that reminds Daniel kinda like his mama's finest Sunday dress.

Then King Frupp sat down in a chair more puffy and more cushiony and more pretty than the ones the boys was already in. Once they was all comfortable and cozy, the King asks them to tell him about Christmas. King Frupp's mind is really working funny over Daniel cause the kid ain't said nothing yet, so he wanted him to go first. Daniel's scareder than ever now, thinking about that licking his daddy's going to give him, if he ever sees home again that is.

So, Daniel figured he ain't got nothing to lose that he hasn't lost already so he took himself a great big breath and said:

"Christmas, sir, is the celebration of the birth of our Lord, Jesus Christ who gave us our great land to farm, our waters to fish in, our air to breathe. But most of all sir, he gave us each other. So, we give each other gifts as thanks for their love and friendship, like people gave gifts to the baby Jesus for all that he gave to them."

Now the King didn't say much of anything, he just sorta mumbled a little to himself. He was just about to ask Jason the same thing when Daniel started up again.

"You see, sir, having money is nice, and a lot of people have money. And having nice clothes is nice and a lot of people have nice clothes. And having prosperous land and good livestock is nice and a lot of



Jeff Newman photo

people have prosperous land and good livestock. But there's nothing like having a loving family and good friends, and not everyone has a loving family and good friends. I do, sir, and that means more to me than a million dollars, the nicest clothes, and the most plentiful land."

Well, Daniel was just speaking his piece, but he got himself all worked up and his eyes started to glisten from the water that was trying to push its way through. He sorta held it back and sat down again and looked over at Jason whose about to die cause he's so sick after hearing what Daniel was saying. He was queasier than when he had to watch his brother slaughter the pigs. If looks could make you die, Daniel was a goner, as the saying goes.

King Frupp sees this and now he wants to hear what Jason has to say. Jason didn't get up from his chair he just started right in:

"Far as I'm concerned Christmas is nothing more than another day that goes by. Everyone's supposed to give you gifts, but I'm lucky if I get one. If I do it's usually a new slate or a whittled stick for stickball. That ain't no fun. Daniel's just a little sissy and I don't know why he's been my friend for as long as he has."

King Frupp and Daniel didn't know quite what to do or say. Finally, the King thanked the boys and clapped his hands two or three times. Then this creature even uglier and hairier than the King comes in and picks up Jason and takes him away.

Anyways, for the next day or so, Daniel is living like a King; eating the best food; wearing the finest clothes; having anything he wanted. King Frupp had put the entire kingdom in Daniel's hands for him to use anyway he wanted. But Daniel, believe it or not, wasn't happy (frankly, I don't see how he couldn't be). When King Frupp heard about this he went immediately to Daniel to see what was the matter. When the King heard the problem he couldn't believe his ears. Daniel was bugged cause Jason wasn't sharing his fortunes with him. The King had Jason fetched from what he called the punishment chambers and brought to Daniel and together they went hog wild in the land of Frupp.

Well, you're probably going to be pretty upset cause I didn't tell you this to begin with but I had to save this for the end or it mighta spoiled the whole story.

You see, fortunately for the boys, Jason was sleeping tighter than a newborn baby and all of this was just ideas that was bouncing around inside his head. When he finally waked up he was hotter than his mutt Butch in a summer's heat. He rushed into the kitchen and worry was scrawled all over his face. When he got there he seen a new wooden wagon painted a bright red with a big sign on it saying "To Jason." His mother was putting the finishing touches on a ham from a freshly slaughtered pig. She turned 'round when she heard Jason coming.

"Merry Christmas, son."

Holiday thoughts for a familiar stranger

by Steve Scipione

The bag lady began waiting at the street level entrance of the parking garage a few months ago, huddling fast against the metal railing at the top of the stairs.

She materializes there every weekday at some time between nine and eleven o'clock in the morning. At odd intervals she disappears, possibly to search for a meal or a restroom. Doubtless she passes her weekends in the same manner.

Her clothes are not beautiful, but they are not ragged either. Her attire is not stylish, but it is warm. Wrapped in heavy socks, scarves, a thick, drab coat, and with a knit cap pulled low over her ears, she can watch chilly passerbys through the plexiglas wall, and as long as entrance door is shut, she will be warmer than they.

She often appears to be asleep on her feet; her neatly-arranged bundles are craftily placed, so anybody who attempts to take one while her eyes are closed is bound to brush against her and rouse her.

She never asks for money. Indeed, she says nothing, except to herself. Occasionally one might hear her sing a snatch of song, or mutter a line of low

syllables, after he has gone by her and is halfway down the first flight of stairs.

I visit the bag lady every weekday, sweeping by her on my way to the lower level of the garage. I never stare, although I did once, long enough to see she wore glasses. Her eyes were closed behind the rims. Now I only give her a peripheral glance, to ascertain whether or not she is awake.

Admittedly, we don't talk, but we do have our courtesies. She, for her part, never looks at me or disrupts my hurry. I, for mine, always close the door behind me to save her the effort. The door never blows open, for someone has stuffed a wad of Kleenex into the hole where the lock used to be. The jut of tissue effectively wedges the door tight against the frame.

Lately, whenever I pass the bag lady, I think of the tinsel and lights in the plate glass windows of the downtown stores, and the crush of shoppers in Filene's Basement. For a few moments they all seem very far away, and I feel guilty for worrying about how the hell I'm going to do all my

Christmas shopping during the four days after finals.

I wonder if the bag lady remembers Christmas. I suppose, or hope, she can remember her childhood, and the gifts she may have received, and the food, and maybe the decorated trees. The pleasant details are probably not too hard to recall, especially when the present is not bequeathing any comforting memories to replace them.

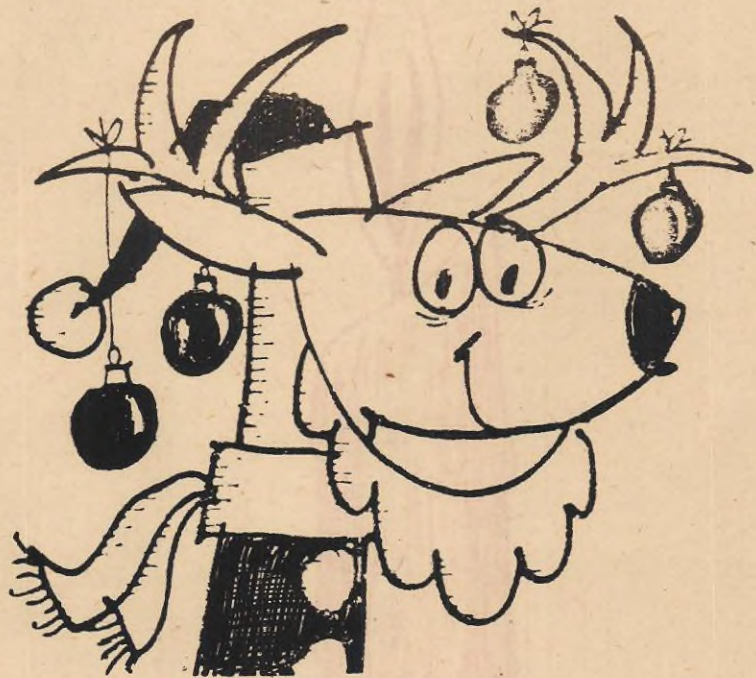
No, for her the difficult part must be rekindling the fragile warmth of heart we call "Christmas spirit." It's tenuous, fleeting sort of heat even under the best of circumstances — a willing suspension of care, a deliberate, sentimental cheer, perhaps a sheepish smile directed at one's worst enemy.

I have had no Christmas spirit since last December 25. Yet it will come back to me on Christmas Eve, amid a crush of relatives and hopes for a good vacation. I'll eat much, drink much, and reminisce about Christmas Eves past. The warmth will return, briefly, wonderfully. It always does.

see STRANGER page A7



Nina Gaeta graphic



Steve Scipione graphic

Deep in the heart of Texas, Rudolph rides the Range

by Nina Gaeta

The first song I can remember learning (outside of anything Elvis sang) was "Rudolph."

Well, not the Rudolph ditty you and I know. That first song was learned in my Aunt Mary's kitchen, snuggled up against her, drinking Bosco. Aunt Mary's kitchen was in the middle of her home, in the middle of the street, in the middle of Fort Worth, Texas.

I had been to Texas but those few times were before I could hold my head up, and before I appreciated Bosco. This trip I would recall. Aunt Mary, Uncle Arthur, and a very tall Texan sabra named Gloria would make me fall off my "special" chair with glee when they told me about "hot" Christmases, tequila toasts, and pinata parties.

The very idea of a snowless Christmas could not penetrate my five year old brain. "Oh yes, it's true! And Rudolph, he's a Texas Ranger!" Oh, that cousin Gloria could spin 'em, I thought. "Oh yea, well I'm gonna stay here all year just to see. What's a pinata?"

Gloria told me I couldn't stay there all year "just to see" because they wouldn't know what to do with a "brat" like me. She pulled a thick photo album out of a desk and turned the pages that flashed previous Texan holidays. I looked at the bottom of the pictures to check the month they were developed so Gloria wouldn't fool me. These people don't know anything about Christmas! They were still in shirt sleeves wearing a blindfold and swinging broomsticks at a paper mache chicken!

"That, my dear Yankee cousin, is a pinata. All good little boys and girls swing that stick at it, and whoever the lucky one is to hit, why that thing bursts open and all kinds of candy and toys fall out of it. But what would you know about being good," she reminded me as she refilled my glass with Bosco.

Well, it really must be true. Boy, they

didn't know what they were missing down here. I told them about the snow, and sledding. I bragged that I could skate backwards (sort of) and how much I liked making snow angels. Aunt Mary grinned at Gloria and said she was thankful it didn't get cold, wet, or snow in Texas because Gloria would die from some strang illnesses like "cabin fever."

Everybody said good night and went to bed. I looked out the window and wished I were home, back where it grew colder, and the nights shrunk the days. Aunt Mary came back into the kitchen and motioned me up on her lap. "What's wrong?"

"Is Rudolph really a Texas Ranger like Gloria says he is?" I did not think I would be able to stand the answer.

"He's a Ranger to Gloria just like he's a reindeer to you. Want to learn a song about him?"

I said I already knew it and proceeded to sing the standard "Rudolph the rednosed reindeer..."

"No, no, this is one you'll never forget. You see, it's about this cowboy named Rudolph..."

Rudolph the fast-gunned cowboy
Had a very shiny gun.
And if you ever saw it, it would make you
turn and run.
All of the other cowboys used to laugh
and call him names,
They never let poor Rudolph join in
any poker games.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve,
The sheriff came to town.
"Rudolph, with your gun so bright, won't
you guide my posse tonight"?

Then all the cowboys loved him,
And thy
And they shouted out with glee,
"Rudolph, the fast-gunned cowboy,
You'll go down in history."

Dear Santa, I didn't pout I didn't cry - I want. . .

by Amy Scarborough

September 21, 1979

Dear Santa,
I have been a good (not perfect) boy this year. Please make available as much as you can of the following.

p. 455 no. 55 Dallas Cowboys shirt, helmet, shirt no. 33. helmet size: M. shirt size: M. price, shirt \$9.99, helmet \$14.99

p. 454 Lettering Kit. price \$2.99

p. 457 no. 15 football. price \$19.99

p. 48 no. 2 Dallas Cowboys waste / paper / basket. price \$6.99

Total \$57.75

Flip

Flip is a little boy from Hartford, Connecticut. He sent this letter to "North Pole, Land of Ice and Snow, Home of Santa Claus." Like thousands of other letters to Santa Claus from children in New England, Flip's letter never made it to the North Pole. It ended up in the Dead Letter Office of the South Postal Annex of the Post Office in Boston.

Jean Babcock works in the Public Information Office in the Post Office. She is the person who goes through all the letters addressed to Santa Claus.

"Here in Boston, we do not answer Santa Claus Letters," she said explaining the purpose of her office. "But we do receive them and we do try to go through them and if there are any needy — every once in a while something that should really go to like the Globe Santa is

incorrectly addressed and put in with the regular letters. We'd always try to get those immediately to Globe Santa or whatever

the organization was so they would be responding."

Aside from Globe Santa or an equivalent type of organization in each town, some private individuals take letters from needy people and supply gifts. "Many times it's the same people who come in year after year. They get a lot of joy out of helping the kids."

The letters are beginning to arrive earlier every year. This year they received the first Santa Claus letter in July.

The children writing the letters are becoming very price-conscious. Many of the letters include the prices of the gifts. One young man went so far as to clip out the advertisements from the catalogue and attach them to his letter. "I would say that all the advertising is very effective," said Babcock.

Occasionally an adult will send a letter to Santa Claus. The Boston Post Office might receive five each year. "Some of them will ask for a new house or new boyfriends," she continued. One man asked for "a Ferrari fully equipped."

Every year a letter arrives at the Post Office that stands out among the rest. This year it came from a boy in Arlington.

Nov. 23, 1979

Dear Santa,

I would like a doll that come with a bottle and has a penis — a boy doll. When the doll drinks the bottle, he pees. May you have a nice Xmas.

P.S. (I come from the Parmenter School. I'm 6 years old.)

Love Jimmy

And my prof. gave to me. . .

by Maryanne Conroy

On the first day of finals my professor gave to me — a bad case of nerves.
On the second day of finals my professor gave to me — two open textbooks.
On the third day of finals my professor gave to me — three sharpened pencils.
On the fourth day of finals my professor gave to me — four matching columns.
On the fifth day of finals my professor gave to me — five packs of No-Doz.
On the sixth day of finals my professor gave to me — six take home finals.
On the seventh day of finals my professor gave to me — seven true and false.
On the eighth day of finals my professor gave to me — eight essay questions.
On the ninth day of finals my professor gave to me — nine fill in the blanks.
On the tenth day of finals my professor gave to me — ten cups of coffee.
On the eleventh day of finals my professor gave to me — eleven multiple choice.
On the last day of finals my professor gave to me — twelve nights good sleep.



Steve Scipione graphic

SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Christmas Section, 1979

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A make-believe Santa that's worth believing

by Carla Bairos

"I've been Santa Claus for 12 years, ever since my kids knew there was no real one, and every year Christmas gets worse. There's no joy and spirit like there used to be. It used to be that togetherness was number one, and gifts were secondary, but no more, everything's all twisted around.

"Ah, I don't know, I see little children and babies glare up at me and then I feel special. I feel as if I'm really worth something. It's a good feeling, you know, to feel like you're worth something, but it don't happen all that often.

"Anyway, Christmas, humph, where do you begin? It's more than the time of year when I go up to the 7th floor of Jordan Marsh and get this outfit, it's, you know, that special time of year when you feel like saying hello to the neighbor, and maybe this year will be the year you'll speak to each other again.

"It's funny, Christmas brings out some feelings you never knew you had. You feel kind of happy and light, no matter what. Except for the poor people, maybe they don't feel so happy, humph, I don't know.

"I remember one year I met a real scrooge-type, didn't care if it was day or night, let alone Christmas. Why would anyone not want to know it's Christmas? Anyways, this guy grumped and groaned about the crowds and the fuss and the noise, just everything — he didn't like the idea of Christmas at all. I wonder what made him that way, you know? I wonder what he was like as a little boy?

"It's funny, you know, how sometimes people turn out totally different from what they were like as little kids. Me, I never thought about getting old, always liked being where I was. Then all of a sudden, I don't know why, but it seemed like all of a sudden I wanted more, more, more. You know, you go from wanting to

be a fireman to a policeman to a doctor to a whatever. Never thought I'd end up being Santa Claus, though! Ho! Ho! Ho!

"Yup, Christmas does funny things to you if you let it. Christmas is about the only time you really want it to snow, right? New England or no New England, you never seem to get used to the snow, but if there isn't any snow at Christmas it always feels as if something's missing.

"When it's this time of year I look forward to making another New Year's resolution 'cause I didn't keep last year's. It's like getting another chance to better myself, you know?

"I always wonder how it would feel if Christmas were in the middle of the year, like July, or sometime around then. It wouldn't be the same — what would Santa wear? I don't even think reindeers enjoy warm weather, then again, I never hear about reindeers except when it's wintertime, maybe that's because wintertime is Christmastime which brings me right back to where I started!

"My point? Oh! Am I supposed to have a point? Most people talk without saying anything, but not me, I always have something to say, it all depends on who's listening!

"Let me see. I know it started with the birth of baby Jesus and continued from there. Now it's a time of extravagant giving and spending money. We forget about the real meaning of Christmas. Sometimes Thanksgiving makes more sense than Christmas, you know? At Thanksgiving we all sit around a table with a big turkey dinner and thank God for what we have. We don't spend a lot of money to prove it's Thanksgiving. At Thanksgiving nothing gets lost in the translation. A hell of a lot has been lost in the name of Christmas.

"Christmas morning I go to church and listen to the priest's attempt to resurrect



Nancy Singelais graphic

the true meaning of Christmas; just too much has been lost. Unfortunately, money is more important than the birth of that baby, these days.

"So, here I am dressed like good ole Chris Cringle, feeling like a preacher, speaking my mind about feelings only I probably care about.

"I care about others and their peace,

even their joy, especially at Christmastime. It's a time when troubles should be forgotten, or at least put aside, for a while.

"I care about the little children who don't believe in Santa Claus and are missing the miracle of Christmas by not doing so. I really do care, and deep in my gut I don't think I'm the only one. No, I can't be the only one. Not at Christmastime."

A special celebration in Vermont for a lonely student

by Alice Whooley

She was thoroughly depressed, and the Christmas carols they were playing in the room next door were doing nothing for her morale. The Currier and Ives Christmas with carols, the snow, and New Englanders disguised as Eskimos was everyone's idea of the ideal Christmas. Everyones' except hers.

She would rather have a taco and root beer for a Christmas dinner than a goose with all the fixings. She was a California girl and the cold air did terrible things to her complexion. Her roommates insisted she never looked healthier and the cold air did wonderful things for her. At least everyone was out and she has the room to herself for a few hours.

She was in the depths of black depression (she knew she had reached it when she refused to eat dessert the night before). She had received that fateful letter from her parents at the beginning of the week. Apologies saying there was no possible way they could pay her plane fare out to California for Christmas break. This was followed by a phone call, an unsuccessful attempt to get a ride to California from one of her sorority sisters, and then the final realization that she would evidently be stuck here in Vermont for Christmas. She threw her pillow across the room in desperation.

"Glad to see your moods' straightened out," said Melissa as she threw her possessions across the room in her typical fashion. Melissa, of course, had her plane

tickets to New York sent to her ages ago along with a \$100 pre-Christmas check.

Her father would have been a smashing success on the stock market if he had had the opportunity. Life was too, too "tres" unfair. Why did her father lose his job and have to take a new position with a lesser salary! Why did she ever beg to go to college in ice-land America. Suicide might be a solution. Anything would be better than spending Christmas in Vermont.

"Why don't you make the best of the situation. I dread going home for Christmas and dealing with the New York subway system, my father's lectures, my mothers' mothering, the coldness and arrogance that makes up New York. Would you like to spend Christmas in New York and I'll stay in Vermont?" pondered Melissa stretched across the only two chairs in the room.

How could anyone be so content. "Melissa, dearest I have no intentions of spending Christmas in the big rotten apple. I would rather freeze right here among my friends, the icicles."

"I hope, Alisson, that your mood changes soon. Your ruining your own Christmas and becoming unbearable to live with."

She knew it was true, but it was as if her remorse over her spoiled Christmas had taken possession of her. "I'm sorry Mel. I'll try to shape up."

"Good. Have you seen Andrea? I thought maybe the three of us could go to the pub for a little bit of a Christmas cheer. You could use it, and the thought of spending Christmas in the capital of warmth, good ol' N.Y.C. is making me as jolly as you!"

"She's up the library making her semesterly visit. I'm sure we can persuade her to leave the dusty world of the stacks," said Melissa making an effort to brighten up.

Andrea was sitting at a large desk in the reference room with a day dreaming look in her eyes. Not the look of someone involved in deep thought but, someone who is trying to place herself in another place in time.

"Take me away from here, please, she begged as soon as her friends came in sight. The contrast in scenery with the pub

did wonders for them all. The drinks brought a glow to their cheeks, opened them up, and gave them the needed giddiness to forget their problems for the night. When Melissa started telling the story of how she had climbed up to the fifth floor when she had missed curfew one night their depression was momentarily forgotten in the friendship and the laughter.

Evidently a lot of other people had had the same idea that night for the pub was more crowded than it had been on any other Thursday night in recent memory. Upcoming finals and trips home seemed to have been temporarily postponed. Much table hopping and socializing took place that night. When Noel came over to the table it was the final occurrence in an exceptionally good night for Allison. Allison noticed that Noel seemed to be trying to have a good time, that it just wasn't coming naturally.

"The library just seemed to clear out and I just followed the crowd," she said as he had pulled up a chair and placed his beer on the table. They had taken classes together and had talked on several occasions. Nothing special but, they seemed to get along respectably together.

While Melissa was listening to Carl tell his tale of the Thanksgiving football game for the 29th time, Andrea was entering her second hour in trying to leave the pub.

She listened to Noel. He was quite upset about having to work over the holidays and spending his first Christmas away from home. She explained her situation and the fact that it had been over four months since she had had a taco. He mentioned how much he missed having a real Christmas tree of his own. Each of them began to feel better maybe just because they now have someone who was in the same position.

She was fairly pleasant about seeing Melissa and Andrea off to their trips home. Her Christmas day wasn't too bad since she and Noel had gone out for tacos and to look at the trees. It wasn't the best of Christmases but, maybe it wasn't the worst. She still wished a sudden heat wave would hit New England.

MEMORIES...

by Carla Bairos

In the streets
There are wonderful lights
Bright in celebrating
The sacred night
And yet years ago they used to mean
That Santa Claus would be visiting me.
I used to leave cookies for him
And hot cocoa turned cold
And I'd wait and wait
Until I grew much too old
And now I remember with a smile on my face
What a lovely time that was; what a lovely place.
They are all memories
Of a childhood well-lived
Which glided along without me knowing
How much it had to give
But now I know better and can start again
For those memories will always belong to me —
And never me to them.

What do you want for Christmas?

by Carla Bairos

It seems that there are things on people's minds this Yuletide season than the season itself. Unbeknownst to many of us, the world's problems appear to be overshadowing the entire Christmas spirit.

Each crisis we face, personally or nationally, weakens the bond we have with Christmas. But matters cannot be changed, merely challenged. Such is the case when several notable persons were asked: "What would you like for Christmas?"

Boston Mayor Kevin H. White views this Christmas season as optimistically as any other.

"I join with fellow Christians and citizens of all faiths and conscience in Boston not only wanting but praying and most importantly working for peace; a lasting absolute peace in our city that transcends our diverse backgrounds and unites us in spirit and common purpose."

Each Christmas is different. Each season carries with it the problems of the year. It bears the face of each year, and all its blemishes. This Christmas may even be scarred, but it too will be joyous.

Beth Winship, familiarly known as "Ask Beth", focuses on this year's problems as they combine with Christmas.

"I would like a loud, clear and strident commitment from all citizens of Boston to end this racial strife in our city. Peace on Earth and Goodwill to our neighbors, no matter what their color or creed, would make a wonderful holiday gift to us all!"

This is the time when voices are heard singing above the noise of the battles. Church bells infer to us that it is a time of holiness and loveliness, a sweet, clear time when innocence should prevail. This is not the time to live in fear and roam the streets at night frightened of more than your own shadow.

There are people fiercely trying to



Nancy Singelais graphic

prove that Christmas spirit is alive and well. Shoppers hustle their way through the streets as if there is no tomorrow. Competition for better gifts or offering better things to buy is all a part of the Christmas motive. Everyone thrives on getting the best there is out of life, especially at Christmas.

Leigh Montville, Boston Globe sports columnist, listed what he would like for Christmas.

"My first choice would be eternal life. My second choice would be the birth of a new Boston newspaper which would initiate a furious bidding war for sports columnist. My third choice — if I don't receive the first two — would be a sweater. Preferably navy blue."

During Christmastime the only real priorities are found on a "things to get me" list. One cannot enjoy this season of rejoicing without inwardly acknowledging

the national issues which will surely dampen December 25. Each person's definition of Christmas may vary, but certainly no one would include words like inflation, gas shortage, hostages, death, or war in their individual translation.

Frank Kingston Smith, WROR-FM morning disc jockey had a lot to say about this time of year, and its meaning to him, and what he would like.

"I'd like a lot of things. I'd like people to try driving 55 m.p.h., or even 50. I'd like the OPEC folks to realize that every time they raise the price, they only fuel the very inflation that they claim is the reason they raised the price in the first place. I would like the rest of the world to realize that the Ayatollah Khomeini is not playing with a full deck, and not be in fear of him."

"If you believe that charity begins at home, you can appreciate my philosophy of 'Take care of Number One.' But as that sticker on my windshield says: A little courtesy won't kill you. It would be a nice present if everybody were just a little bit nicer to everybody else."

"I have found that at Christmastime, 'things' don't seem to mean as much as they used to. Just to be with family or with a friend. That's it. Sharing the time of the year; that's the Christmas spirit."

From the letters of the people above, Christmas seems to be a time when everyone wants to be together. Everyone wants peace for everyone else. People want to get involved with the spirit, and try to capture it so it can survive the next year through. Christmas is meant for joy, sounds of love, and natural goodness. If we strive each year to piece together the sounds, and the meanings, and the people, the spirit will be able to outlive man.

It was a Christmas full of dolls and toy guns

by Janet Constantakes

Jackie let out a heavy sigh as he handed the bank clerk the last of his unemployment checks. Damn, he thought, this money would just about cover the rent and grocery bill, if he was lucky.

The clerk handed him some money and Jackie turned and headed for home. It was very brisk outside and his leather jacket didn't offer much protection. Maybe, after he got himself a job, he would buy a warm coat.

As he walked through the street Jackie could hear someone honking a horn at him. He turned to see his friend Peter pulling up beside him.

"Hey Jackie, What's up? Want to go for a few? I know I could use one, and you look like you could to."

Peter and Jack had known each other through high school, and they met during a gang fight. Jack seemed to have grown up while Peter never outgrew his high school days.

"Not today Pete, I got just enough money for outstanding bills, and if I'm lucky I'll just about cover a few small presents for Katie and Mary."

"That's alright, you can have one on me. I just robbed a bank."

Jack laughed and stepped into the Chevy. "I just don't believe that I'm this broke" said Jackie. "With Christmas right around the corner, I can't afford to be."

"Relax, said Peter, "So you don't buy as many presents as you planned, I'll give you a break, you can take me off your Christmas list, that should save you plenty of money."

"I'm worried about Katie. When I was a kid, I got plenty of junk, all kinds of toys. Katie will be lucky if she gets anything."

"Stop worrying," said Peter. "I'll think of something, but right now let's go get that drink."

The place hadn't changed, noticed Jackie. The same regulars sat on stools and in the booths! Even Pat the bartender was still there.

The two stepped up to the bar and Peter ordered a couple of shots of Jack Daniels.

"I got a great idea!" said Peter. "Why don't we rob a toy store? Katie can have lots of toys, and I can have lots of money."

Jack gave him a strange look, "Are you serious? With only two days left before Christmas, you want to spend the holiday in jail. You go ahead, but I have a wife and

five year-old daughter to think about."

"No really. I got the whole thing planned out." Peter finished his drink and ordered another. "Listen, tonight some of the department stores are having those midnight sales. It's a perfect time for us to do it. There will be enough people there to keep the store detectives busy, and we could do what we want without any hassles."

Jack whispered, "And what makes you think we won't get caught?"

"Well, said Peter, "I'm not totally sure about that, but we stand a good chance to get away with it."

"It might not be a bad idea to rip off maybe a few toys for Katie" Jack said,

"but I don't want to get into stealing any register cash."

"Alright," said Peter, "we'll just take a few things for Katie."

"Why do you want to do anything" asked Jack?

"Because I like it," said Peter.

As a second round of drinks were consumed, Jack decided it was time he better head home.

When Jack stepped out of Peter's car, Peter said, "Be ready. I'll pick you up at eleven. Don't tell Mary what you're gonna do. She'll talk you out of it."

"Don't worry, I won't. She'll do more than talk me out. She would probably, kick me out."

Once inside Jack thought he would phone Peter later and call the whole thing off. It wasn't like he had never done this kind of thing before, but he promised Mary, on their wedding day, that he'd never do it again.

"Hi Daddy! yelled Katie as she ran to hug her father.

"Hi Katie, what have you been doing all day?"

"Well let's see. First, I colored for a while and then I watched Sesame Street and then I wrote a letter."

"A letter," said Jack, "who did you write a letter to?"

see TOY GUN page A7



Jeff Newman photo



AS LITTLE AS A CHILD

by Carla Bairos

Unless you are a little child, it may be difficult to imagine the entire year situated around one day; Santa Claus creeping down your chimney to fill stockings full of candy, and bury the Christmas tree twelve branches high with presents.

Unless you are a little child, it may be impossible to believe that every year on exactly the same day, nothing is more important than waking up before the crack of dawn and barefootedly tip-toeing around the house on cold wooden floors just to see what happened during the night.

Unless you are a little child, it may be pointless to pray each night at the foot of the bed, dreaming for more and more days of doing nothing else but staring at your own reflection in the Christmas tree ornaments and wanting more and more of the gingerbread cookies that only come once a year.

Unless you are a little child, it may be embarrassing to cry when everyone else can see you and know your pain. That is why it is so special to be able to look up to those you need and have them lift you above all your hurt and tell you everything is going to be alright.

So let us imagine that we are a little child, even if for only a while.



The Christmas card

by Nina Gaeta

She spotted the card tucked behind a crumpled Christmas envelope. Her fingers reached once for it, faltered, then reached again. The card was now in her hands and the picture on the front made her wince inside. "After all this time, after all this, you still care," she told herself. Two lovers building a snowman on the card paid no attention to the tears pushing up into her eyes.

They were like that, two carefree people loving each other so much, yet never uttering those three beautiful words of "I love you" for fear of breaking the spell. They built a snowman, but unlike the card, theirs melted. "May this joyous season bring love to you forever," read the words of the card. "Yes," she whispered softly, "may you find love forever."

He was draped across the couch in her apartment watching the news when she arrived. "Hi, what did you do today?" Familiar words from a familiar stranger. "Would you get me something to drink please? Thanks," he said as he handed her the glass waiting for it to be filled by this maid. She took it, filled it, and sat at the table waiting for him to really notice her. The bottled up feelings she carried around inside for the day wanted to be uncorked, yet he did nothing to help her. And she ached for help.

She reached inside her purse and withdrew a small paper bag that held the

card. He continued to watch the news. She took out a pen and began to think of what she should say. "I miss you, I love you, and I made a mistake. Take me away from this, let's pick up from where I cut it off, please. I miss the talks, I miss the philosophical probings, and I miss your just being there to hold me and listen to me, not criticize or judge. Please, I need you."

She stared down at the blank whiteness of the card. "Merry Christmas, Love, Sue" was all the pen would write.

"How was your day?" she called out to the form in front of her. "Not bad, could have been better. I brought a change of clothes with me so I won't have to go back to my apartment tonight. Gee, you look tired. Think you'll get any rest tonight?" he grinned.

Her heart lurched and she made an effort to control her next words. "I hope I do, I've got a long day ahead of me tomorrow. I'll start dinner now." He had already turned back to the news, not hearing her. She stared at the back of his head, loving him and hating him at the same time.

As she fixed something, he came to the table and saw the card. "This is a nice card; for me?" He peaked in to see what she had written. "Hey, is that all you're gonna put on it, Merry Christmas Love, Sue? I think I want a better card."

She turned and looked deep into his eyes. "It wasn't for you anyway."

Christmas brings hope, care to lost and lonely young girl

by Carolyn Daly

Her features are sharp and a smile is non-existent to her small, frail face. She independently goes about her business not wanting to be bothered by anyone. Her temperament is similar to that of a typical elderly woman, as is her outlook on life. She feels she has been through it all and can just as well make do on her own. She is 11-years-old and thinks she is alone in her world.

The story of Linda, a tall, slim black girl is not that of a typical Boston 5th-grader. Linda is a stranger to love and parental warmth and has proven herself suicidal in recent threats.

As an only child, Linda was raised in an unloving environment of confusion. Her parents lived together physically, but not emotionally, and it was rare that both her mother and father were together for any extended period of time.

Three years ago in a barroom quarrel, Linda's mother was stabbed to death, leaving the young father the burden of raising a daughter on his own. Between bouts of alcoholism he managed to support Linda financially but failed to give her the warmth and assurance that a child requires.

Last year Linda's father died in a tragic automobile accident leaving the orphaned child in the care of her grandmother. The grandmother, however, also proved to be incapable of providing an adequate environment for Linda to grow up in.

Confusion was Linda's main emotion as her grandmother, the only person left in the young girl's life, fluctuated between loving moments and rages of anger and resentment aimed at Linda and shown in beatings.

Finally, this past summer, Linda was "handed over" to the Department of Public Welfare for placement.

...stranger

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I wonder if the bag lady has anything left to fuel her Christmas spirit. I wonder if it will keep her from freezing in the garage entrance on Christmas Eve.

I pass her on the street level entrance — a pile of clothing with someone inside looking out at traffic — and go downstairs into the increasingly rank garage smell. I think of the trees on the Common, their boughs trimmed with brightly-colored lights, and of the winos who spend the nights clenched on benches beneath the branches.

Then I almost hope the bag lady never had a Christmas to remember.

Now Linda has all the comforts of a loving home environment in a local care and treatment facility which houses other troubled or unwanted children.

Linda has innumerable toys and play things to keep her occupied, an abundance of "brothers" and "sisters" and competent home staff members to befriend her.

This Christmas season, visits from Santa Claus will be made to the home and Christmas will become an anticipated occasion in the otherwise empty life of Linda. The holiday which previously meant little more than a "family" get-together of Linda and her parents and an afternoon of quarrelling, will bring on a different feeling this year. Caring people will surround Linda and let her know that she is loved and cared about, just like every other child in the home.

Linda will enjoy the multitude of Christmas gifts consisting of clothing, games, and confectionary treats, not to mention pre-holiday parties all provided by generous large and small businesses and concerned private groups and individuals.

The holiday will be made as joyous as possible to those children in the home who have been neglected, orphaned or given up by their parents.

Although the essential gifts of love, understanding, and compassion usually supplied by parents, cannot be found under the Christmas Tree on December 25, play things and necessities will be, and that will show Linda and her home friends that there are people who care.

The law

It is a LAW
OF HUMAN
LIFE, as
Certain
as GRAVITY:
To LIVE
FULLY,
We
Must
LEARN
To USE
THINGS
And LOVE
PEOPLE —
Not LOVE
THINGS
And USE
PEOPLE.



Steve Scipione Graphic

Toy gun brings presents and prison

continued from page A5

"Santa Claus, of course," smiled Kate. "What did you tell Santa?"

"I told him how all of us have been so good all year — and how he should bring us lots of presents." The child's eyes lit up as she went on to name what she specifically asked for.

Mary came in the room. "Where have you been all afternoon?" She looked a little worried but quickly forgot when she realized that Katie had used her makeup crayons to write her letter.

"Katie, I told you not to use those crayons, use the ones in your toy box."

"I like the color of this better," she said, holding the now deformed crayon, "don't you Daddy?"

"I sure do," he said restraining from laughing. "I just knew you would take her side," Mary said, and started to laugh.

Jack lay down after dinner, and awoke suddenly to hear Peter talking with Mary downstairs. "We're gonna do some last minute shopping. I promise I'll have him back in no time," Peter said. Mary looked puzzled but didn't argue.

Jack grabbed his jacket and rushed downstairs before Peter could have a chance to answer any more questions.

They got into the car and headed for the department store.

"Want to see what I brought along?" asked Peter. Then he pulled a small pistol from his pocket, "Just an added precaution."

"Jesus, Peter, is that thing real? Where'd you get it?"

"Fooled you too, huh. It's my kid brother's toy gun. Here, see for yourself" he said, handing the gun to Jack.

"It looks pretty real" said Jack.

"I know. If the kids today were as bad as we were at their age, a lot more places would be robbed, using these things," smiled Peter.

When they got to the store Jack said, "Remember Peter, we came to get a few, and I mean a few things. Don't go overboard, and what ever you do, don't pull that toy out. It could cost you your life, if some detective thinks it's real."

They made their way to the back of the store and Peter started stuffing his pants and coat pockets with small toys. Jack examined the dolls and finally settled on two for his daughter. Quickly they went

under his coat, but not quickly enough for one of the security guards not to notice.

"You want to come with me?"

Jack turned around to see himself face to face with the detective.

"Keep your mouth shut and turn around" Peter had sneaked up behind the guard and held the small toy gun to the guards back.

They made the guard get them a carriage and, as Peter put it, "What can we loose now? "Let's go all out." And Jack started loading lots of games, dolls, coloring books, and other stuffed animals into the basket.

"I'm gonna regret this later," said Jack, "but Katie is gonna have the best Christmas ever."

They strolled down the aisles along with the guard, picking up anything that looked like fun.

When they reached the front of the store a salesclerk tried to stop them.

Peter told the guard to get lost and made the gun noticeable to everyone.

"We don't want to hurt anybody, but if we have to we will," Peter said.

The clerk was startled along with about 20 other customers.

The two friends pushed the cart over to the car and emptied the contents into the back seat. Just then they thought they heard a police siren, and Peter sped into the next town.

"They can't cross into another town," said the driver. But Jack was still feeling numb. "I don't believe we did it." Jack realized, "We actually got away with it." And they both started to laugh.

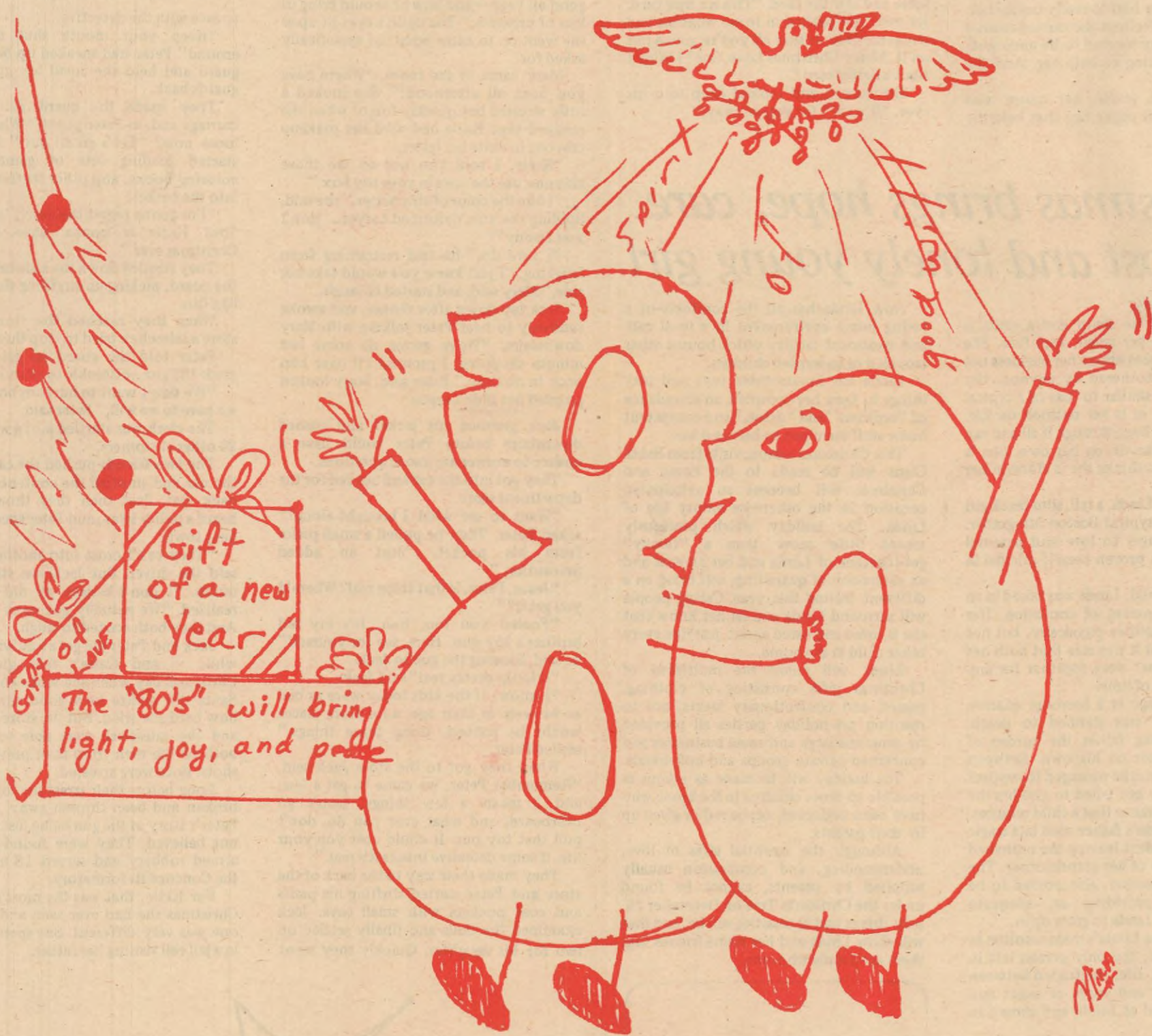
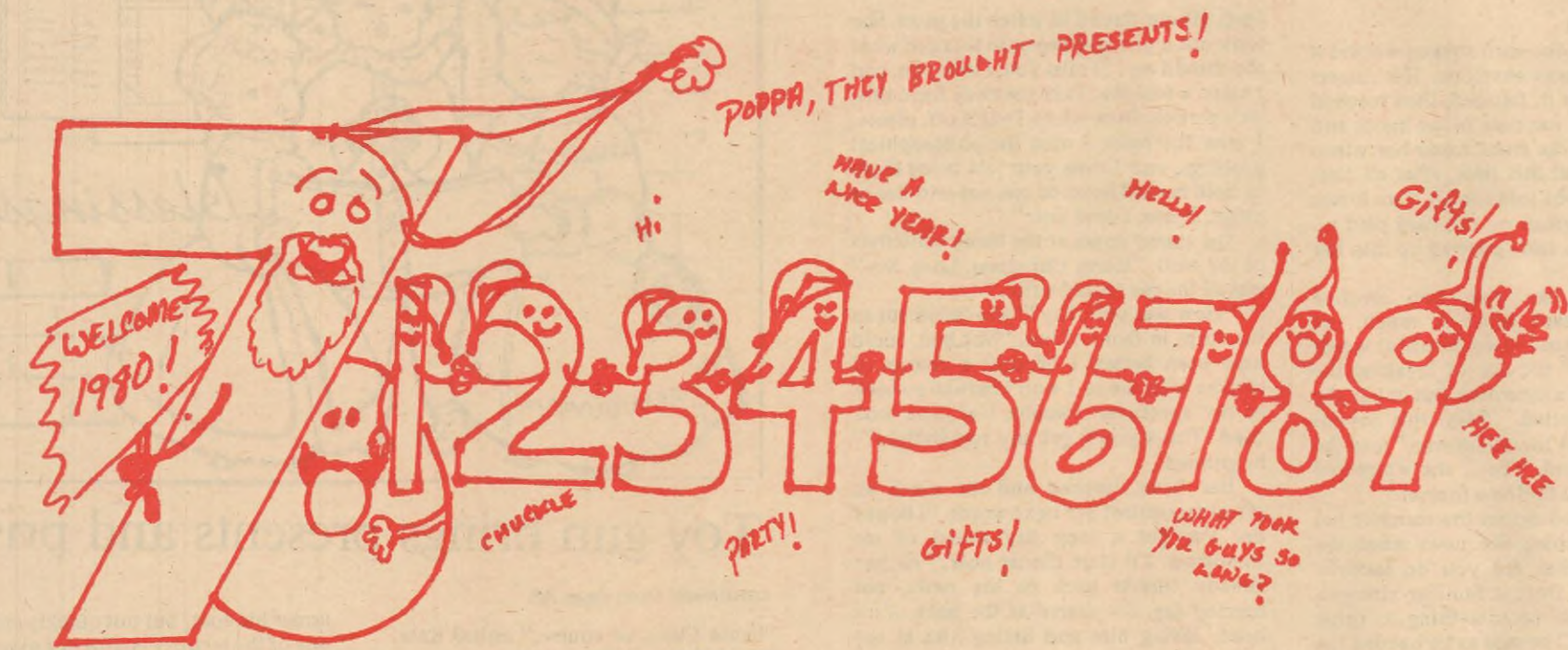
Jack and Peter did get away with it for a while — and Katie's face glowed on Christmas day when she woke to find that Santa did realize how good she was and how hard she tried. But the store detective and the salesclerk were able to identify both of the men from their previous mug shots. Both were arrested.

Long before their arrest the toy gun had broken and been thrown away. Jack and Peter's story of the gun being just a toy was not believed. They were found guilty of armed robbery and served 18 months in the Concord Reformatory.

For Katie, that was the most elaborate Christmas she had ever seen and her next one was very different. She spent the day in a jail cell visiting her father.



Nancy Singelais graphic



Happy Holiday Season

