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# SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Vol. 31, No. 14

Suffolk University, Boston, Mass.

January 30, 1976

## Proposed Site On Myrtle St.

by Phil Santoro

In the quest for acquisition of addition space for classrooms and other purposes, Student Government Association's Public Relation Chairperson John C. Bartley reported Tuesday that Vice-President Francis X. Flannery and Trustee Lawrence L. Cameron are "looking into the possibilities of acquiring the school committee building" on Myrtle Street.

The building, at one time Boston public school and now administrative offices for the Boston School Committee, is expected to be evacuated soon. It encompasses approximately 10,000 square feet of land and is suitable for reconstruction for classroom space.

Bartley and Paul Daniels, who have worked on the space problem from its origin in September, presented the proposal to Flannery as a result of an afternoon's confrontation with John F. Murphy, a highly respected Boston real estate consultant and the driving force behind the acquisition of the Donahue Building.

The meeting researched all feasibility of space acquisition (i.e. zoning laws, purchasing power, economics, etc.) In the Suffolk area before concluding that school committee building is the only short term answer, Stated Murphy, "It's almost impossible to acquire classroom space on the (Beacon) Hill. This (building) is your only chance."

In reflecting the reasons for the lengthy process involved in resolving the state problem Bartley sited some more possibilities that he and Daniels have looked into. "The



PHOTO BY MIKE COVINO

The "Mattson Academy Building," one of the sites investigated.

Matson Academy building, the elementary (Fanueil) school on Joy Street, the basement of the West End Church, and the Bowdoin Street Church were all possibilities. But what we need never materilized. The investigations of these sites took some time."

Bartley also emphasized the unenthusiastic attitude of the administration in this plight. "Flannery is the only member of the administration that is working with us. He is overburdened. Judge

(C. Edward) Rowe (chairperson of the Board of Trustees) always tells us to do the legwork. We haven't even met with the building committee chairman (Trustee John Griffen)." Bartley further explained that after contacting Griffen, the trustee told them to work with Flannery.

Bartley expressed an air of

pessimism in the possibilities of alleviating the space problem quickly. "I don't think the acquisition of the school committee building will fully materialize unless an enthusiastic work force of administrators and trustees are geared toward resolving student needs rather than maintaining a business-oriented university."

## Law Forum Hosts Nixon's St. Clair

by Paul Donovan

The Suffolk Law Forum will present Attorney James St. Clair, February 5 in Rm 208 Donahue Building at 5pm. St. Clair, a noted Boston trial attorney, was counsel to former President Richard Nixon. He will speak about "Preparing the Trial." Attorney St. Clair's conduct of a trial has given him a reputation of being successful in trial outcomes. Since he has been able to obtain many favorable verdicts, St. Clair's lecture will be educational for future trial attorneys.

The St. Clair presentation will be the first of the second semester for

the Law Forum. The past programs such as the International Law of the Sea, with Rear Admiral Horace Robertson, and the vastness of the federal bureaucracy, with U.S. Congresswoman Marjorie Holt, have been timely and informing. "Preparing the Trial" with James St. Clair should follow suit.

The Student Bar Association, sponsoring St. Clair, welcomes all of the Suffolk community. There will be no admission charge. Following the presentation there will be a wine and fruit punch reception with James St. Clair.

## Scholarship Offered Business/Ad Manager

The position of Business/Ad Manager on the Suffolk Journal is now a service scholarship appointment (\$800 per semester). In order to qualify for the job the applicant must be a full time day student who is in good academic standing. Experience or background in advertising or business management is not necessary but would be helpful.

The responsibilities of the Business/ Ad Manager are as follows:

- 1- To develop a staff to sell advertisements on a commission basis. Only the staff would be eligible for commissions, the editor would not receive any compensation other than the scholarship.
- 2- The responsibility of requesting petty cash checks and the distribution of these funds.

- 3- To keep an accurate account of all expenditures and deposits.
- 4- This person must have office hours, not to be less than 15 hours per week.
- 5- The organization of a system to distribute the Journal on publication days.
- 6- Any other related duties as assigned by the Editor-in-Chief.

Applications for the position must be made in the form of a resume accompanied by a cover letter explaining why the applicant wants the position and why he or she feels qualified for the job. The application must be returned into the Student Activities Office (RL 5) no later than February 26, 1976.

If you have any questions contact Ken Kelly (x321) or Mark Rogers (x-323).



editorial

mbta

Suffolk students have finally been given the opportunity to take part in the MBTA Discount Pass program. This, however, was through no effort on the part of the university's administration. The initiative was taken by law students who developed a pilot schedule calling for the signatures of 25 students. Forty students signed up, ultimately turning the pilot into a "prepaid pass program."

Vice President-Treasurer Francis X. Flannery now refuses to administer the program, to collect the money or to distribute the cards because 40 people signed up for a pilot schedule which required the signatures of only 25 students.

The Student Bar Association (SBA) has decided to do the administration's job for them and make the program university wide — hoping that Flannery will take it over next year.

In a school such as Suffolk which offers few fringe benefits, this development is inexcusable. If Flannery's office has legitimate logistical difficulties in taking on this task, the problems should be solved instead of the responsibility passed on.

The SBA is being forced to hire someone to manually administrate the MBTA plan and pay for overhead expenses from their own operational budget. This attitude is typical of our administration. With the exception of Flannery it has been consistently exhibited in relation to student efforts to alleviate the space problem.

Announcements, explanations and an application can be found in next week's *Journal* if you can, take advantage of this opportunity.

If you do save money remember who did not make it possible.

space

We're getting sick and tired of running to the public relations committee asking for an update on the space problem only to find out that, time after time, they're tied down in a massive tangle of red tape, or they've run into a stone wall. The PR committee claims that this wall is mammoth, constructed primarily of administrators and trustees who refuse to become actively and whole-heartedly involved in the effort to find more classroom space. Vice-President Francis X. Flannery is the only administrator in the university who is actively involved. PR committee chairman John Bartley stated "he is overburdened." Despite certain rumors, Flannery is not second in command to God Almighty. Nor does he have the powers to execute such a position. Nor is he the administrator solely responsible for acquiring space.

We'll point some accusing fingers.

Judge C. Edward Rowe, chairman of the Board of Trustees, has done everything but openly refuse to aid the students in their problem. A group of seven SGA members and Mark Rogers, editor of the *Journal*, met with Rowe in September to discuss crowding. It was agreed that the students would be responsible for looking into possibilities for acquiring space. Although this agreement was reached, a person of Rowe's position should know that the students could never do it alone. As Boston real estate consultant John F. Murphy put it "Your administration is supposed to acquaint the students with all possibilities of space acquisition. Failure to do that is failure to do their job." But John Murphy was not the first party to realize this.

When a possibility for space acquisition (the Matson Academy building) was proposed by the SGA President Chris Spinazzola to Rowe, the chairman is quoted as snapping, "Hold on a minute, Doctor, we can't spend any money. All we want to do is rent. Is it going to be costly to convert into classrooms? Because if it is we want the owner to do it and not us." Does the Judge expect a building completely ready for classroom use to come floating down from the heavens?

We also point to President Thomas Fulham, our "sympathetic" trustee Vincent Fulmer, Building Committee Chairman John Griffin, the Joint Council on Student Affairs, the College Committee, and the affected members of the faculty and the student body, all of whom have a direct influence in solving this problem; all of whom have done virtually nothing to correct it.

We are no longer asking that a concerted effort be made by all persons involved. We are now urging the administration and the Board of Trustees to get moving and do something for the people from whom you are making your living.

We are also urging the students to either tell your representatives in Student Government that you are concerned and want the problem solved immediately, or tell them to drop the issue, stop wasting time and move on to something else. But tell them something!

Auditions

**"The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds"** by Paul Zindel.  
Thursday Jan. 29 - 1:00PM  
Room 25 Archer Building  
Monday Feb. 2 - 4 to 6PM

Found

Last semester.  
Men's wrist watch and assorted eyeglasses and other items.  
Describe and claim at the  
Lost and Found Dept.  
Student Activities Office  
R-5 Ridgeway Building

SGA Allocates Remaining Funds

The Student Government Association unanimously voted in favor of allocating the remaining \$1,728.53 of unallocated funds to the Presidents Council in last Thursday's (1/20/76) meeting.

In addition, Treasurer James Torney reported that 36 per cent of the SGA budget has been spent in the first semester. Torney also stated that the budget maintains \$2,916.91 in the reserve fund.

Orientation Committee Chairperson Michael Reilly expressed his displeasure with the poor attendance of most SGA members during spring orientation. One hundred and twenty four new students were handled during orientation by SGA members and other student volunteers.

Future rathskellers will host the pop group "Poor Paul's" and former WMEX radio disc-jockey Arnie Ginsburg for the fees of \$150 and \$200 respectively.

Jim Mallozzi, chairperson of the Tuition Stabilization Committee reported that the committee is looking into availabilities for student fund-driving that could eliminate some of the financial difficulties at Suffolk.

John Bartley announced that benches have been installed on every floor of the Fenton Building and an inter-office phone system has been installed outside the library.

classifieds

|   |  |        |
|---|--|--------|
| One Rats - Nothing  | Dear Santa Claus,<br>Please teach me how to write for Christmas. | P.S.   |
| Eager beavers wanted — steady work guaranteed. Call Admont 123-0000 |  |        |
| Frustrated artist needs a new paintbrush                            | I'm a Kelley girl, what are you?                                 |        |
| Ground Hog Day party at Mal's. B.Y.O.B.                             | Know what I'd like on a crisp RITZ cracker?                      | B.C.   |
| Pooch is still pondering  |  |        |
| Squeaky -<br>Meet me at the corner of 12th and Main.                | Tanya,<br>I still love you.                                      | Steven |
| Ooo Ooo Car 54 Where Are You?                                       |  |        |
| In appreciation of Codfish.   | Art Linkletter says, "Drugs do the darndest things."             |        |

SUFFOLK JOURNAL

|                                |                    |
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| <b>Faculty Advisor</b>         | William Ruehlmann  |
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# Soviets Make Strong Impression Against NHL

(Continued from page 8)

and at the peak of his physical powers, there is no doubt that he would dominate the play all over again. It is a shame Orr could not have played against the Soviets this time, just to prove once and for all he is better than anyone the Russians can throw onto the ice.

Now for the game between the Russians and the Flyers. In this game the Flyers lived up to their nickname of the Broad Street Bullies. They manhandled the Russians rather easily. The Flyers played their type of game, which prevented the Russians from playing theirs. The Soviets had trouble just getting across the blue line. They tried everything, from muscl-

ing their way in to dumping the puck in, and then chase after it, which incidentally is the way many NHL teams have been playing for a long time.

But close to the middle of the first period, the Soviets really showed their class by skating to the dressing room because the referee did not call a penalty on Ed Van Impe, after he flattened one of the Russians. Then when the Soviets stayed on their bench, they were called for a penalty-delay of the game. That is when the Russians, like two-year-old kids, picked up their sticks and skated to their dressing room.

This Russian ploy may have been designed to slow down the momentum of the Philadelphia Flyers, but

obviously it did not work. If the Russians learned anything out of the games they played here, it is do not keep the Flyers waiting. Flyers went on to win by a score of 4-1.

Credit must be given, where credit is due. There is not a team in the continent of North America that passes like the Russians.

The physical condition in which the Russians are in is almost unbelievable. For that they must be commended. Who could have imagined the Bruins would bounce the Soviets all over the Garden ice during the first period, and the Russians would come out in the second period showing no signs of tiring.

The passing game of the Russians and their physical condition are the only two points of their hockey that are better than the NHL's system.

The NHL's system of playing is far better. There is less illegal use of the stick. Players in the NHL usually drop their sticks and gloves, and swing away. True, that is not the greatest way of doing things, but it is a heck of a lot better than getting speared in the ribs. Tempers usually cool off after a fight. But in Russian hockey, spearing leads to more spearing.

Also in Russian hockey, there is less bodychecking, though there is

more now than there was four years ago. Hitting is all part of the game, and European countries are finally realizing this.

But what exactly was proved in this exhibition series? That the Russians are better? No way! Everything they proved went right out the window when they skated off the ice during the first period against the Flyers, because they were afraid they might get hurt. The two sides may have learned something from each other. But not very much. They learned just about all they will learn, in the All-Star series, four years ago.

One must remember this. The Soviet Union would never have sent those two teams, The Soviet Central Army Team and the Soviet Wings, over here, if they thought for half a second the two teams would return home with losing records.

One thing may have been proven. The Russian hockey teams are better than the Canadiens' for the most part, but overall the players are not. The only way to prove who is really better is to have an all-star series like the one in 1972, but this time the Canadiens should make it a point to include stars from the WHA. And also make sure Bobby Orr is healthy. Surely the Canadiens would prevail.

## Suffolk Goes In New Directions

by Barbara Ochs

"You'll get by with a little help from your friends," the sign says. "At NEW DIRECTIONS our door is always open." And the door to the room that New Directions shares, is open.

Inside, a salvaged rust-colored rug leads to the comfortable black couch, and a coffee-pot waits, nearby. The office is not impressive, but it is obvious that an effort has been made to welcome those who enter that open door.

The volunteers who staff New Directions are organized and guided by Blair De St. Croix, a student. Blair, with the aid of steady supporters like Maureen Carmain, tries to ensure that someone will be in the office at all times during the day. He has formulated, through trial and error, a simple definition of the multiple functions of New Directions: to offer information, services and referrals to the students of Suffolk University.

Under this definition, the organization seems to be something between a club and a halfway house, offering all kinds of help, short of professional counseling. For this, New Directions can introduce the student painlessly to Psychological Services, offering information on what to expect and what to ask for. The organization may also help in contacting outside agencies.

But the group feels it is not only

for those with problems. Blair emphasizes that it is a place to come and talk, a place to give information and services as well as receive them. They have also attempted to provide links between students and student groups, to build a sense of community and pull things together under the fragmenting pressures of a commuter school. They provide willing people who will discuss, plan and channel the ideas of individual students for activities within the University.

For information, New Directions keeps a wealth of printed materials on subjects from drugs and alcoholism to consumer protection and food stamps. Pamphlets, books and personal experience are provided, with honest appraisal of their worth. A bulletin board is available for posting apartment rentals and typing services — for the entire semester, if necessary.

The organization's aim is to "listen to and help any student who contacts us, as best we can." No records are kept, except a composition book in which only the problem and the solution are recorded. No names are kept, and all private conversations are confidential.

All open conversation is welcomed, in room 20 of the Ridgeway Building, where the people of New Directions are waiting to talk with you.

## We Found Athletic Office

by Brian Donovan

"... glows in the blue  
of fifty miles away."

Roses on the Terrace,  
by Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

In all actuality, the Charles River Plaza, the new home of many of the Suffolk University offices is less than fifty miles away.

In reality, it is but across the street from the Ridgeway Lane Building. A jump and skip across Cambridge St. Granted, when you get there you must open the door, and then push a button or two to get the elevator moving, but the overall distance and exertion of energy is hardly equal to Moses' search for the Holy Land.

Buried among the offices of lesser importance to the school, there is, on the third floor of said building, the Suffolk University Athletic Office. Amidst the maze of extracurricular activities, such as Registrar, Alumni, and Administration, the Athletic Department is located at the third turn around this labyrinthine structure, avoiding the Minotaur at the entrance.

Sitting in his plush, executive suite in the Plaza, Coach Jim Nelson, comfortable in a bare hard chair, said his first reaction to the move was mixed. "In the beginning, I was afraid we would be a little bit removed from the students, and I had reservations about the switch. But record numbers for both flag football and cross country erased those reservations."

Though there may be other complaints about the new location, such as the alienation from the rest of the school, the difficulty of crossing the street to get there, Nelson said. "Even though physically we're

separated from the other buildings of the school, I feel both the students and the staff are adjusting."

One of the problems of the Athletic Department was that there was no telephone, until recently. "We have a phone now," says Nelson. "And we can now be reached at extension 123 in the Charles River Plaza. That should be easily enough remembered."

With the already intense interest in athletics among Suffolk students, equal to the love of the bubonic plague during the middle ages, there was the thought that maybe the shift would hurt in the participation. "To some degree, the record numbers for football and cross country show the interest is growing. One of the reasons is the coverage in the paper, I hope it continues."

In an attempt to further build the participation in sports, coach Nelson said, "Right now, for better contact with the students, we're looking for the areas where they congregate. We have a bulletin board outside the cafeteria which is our main board. We're looking for one in the Ridgeway Building, but it's a problem since there's only one lounge now. It's a question of how many students will read it."

"As for the new building," continued Nelson, "since there's no room to sit somewhere, people seem to be limited to coming and going in the Fenton Building. It might not be a good place to put the bulletin board."

So, unlike Tennyson's roses, the Athletic Office is not fifty miles away. Just a short hike across Cambridge St. Hopefully more students will find time to visit it. Just watch out for the Minotaur.

**come one come all**  
come to the first monthly **Acoustic Coffee House** on Saturday Feb. 7th at 8:00 in the faculty dining room relax in comfortable surroundings enjoy the entertainment while feasting on some delicious home made munchies.  
**Bring a friend — Start a trend**  
It's all here at  
**Communique's Acoustic Coffee House**  
for the incredible price of just 50¢



# Students Mesmerized by Hypnotist's Performance

by Rick Saia

One woman hid behind a curtain. Others curled up in embarrassment. The audience laughed at these people on the stage; for these people were naked... well, not visibly, but hypnotically.

This was one of the many experiments in ESP and hypnotism performed by mentalist and hypnotist James J. Mapes last Tuesday in the auditorium.

Mapes, a seven-year veteran of hypnosis and an actor who has appeared on such television shows as "The Mike Douglas Show,"

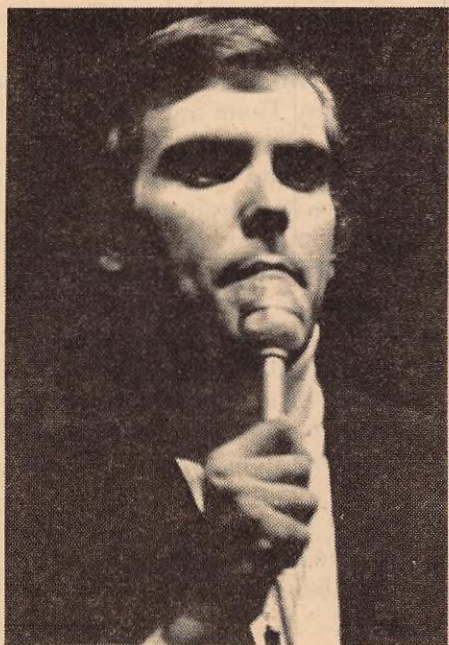


PHOTO BY BRUCE MCINTYRE

"Mod Squad" and "Gunsmoke," started off his show shortly after 1:00 p.m. with an ESP demonstration. First, he produced an envelope containing a prediction he had made prior to the show, then threw a ping-pong ball backward into the crowd, which was caught by freshman Steve Kincaid. Kincaid was told to look at Mapes' eyes and "visualize" a red cube and to let a number form in the cube.

Kincaid responded with the number "6."

He was then told to let another number form right behind the six.

Kincaid said "8." The combined number was 68.

Called onto the stage, Kincaid opened the envelope and read Mapes' prediction: "You will choose the number '68'." The audience of about 225 reacted with applause.

Mapes has been involved in ESP since the age of seven. He said during his performance, "I started off, and this is unbeknown to me, by predicting the death of my grandmother on the day it happened the year before it happened, which caused not a lot of concern in our family, but when I told my friends about it, they thought it was a little spooky."

Mapes' show stresses the "powers of the mind." He says that, "People are afraid that they anticipate a phone call, anticipate something a friend is going to say." He added, "I feel that in about 20 years we're going to be doing this anyhow. I was 11 years old before I found out my mother could read my mind." He added later, "But, after about the age of 14, she couldn't touch me."

Mapes went on to conduct an experiment involving clairvoyance, or the ability to determine an object minus one of the senses. Mapes asked the audience for a volunteer to bring forth an old \$20 bill. On the stage, Mapes had five envelopes, four of them containing a piece of paper the same size and thickness as the bill, which was slipped inside the remaining envelope. Being blindfolded by two scarfs, Mapes felt the envelopes with his hands, applying light pressure to the top of his head. One by one, the envelopes were burned. (The drawback to this was that a mistake could lose you 20 bucks.) The last envelope contained the bill.

Another experiment dealt with

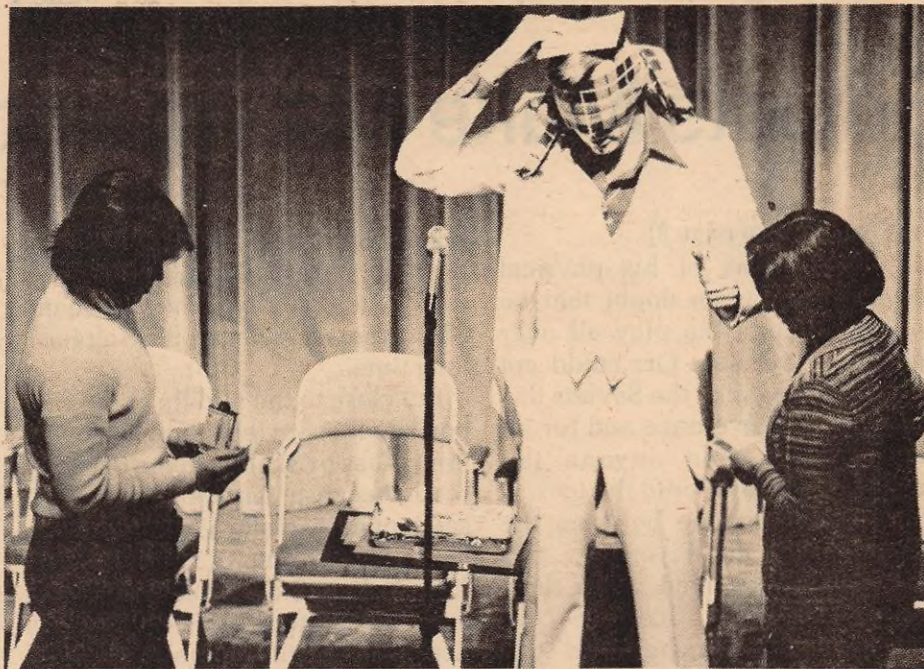


PHOTO BY BRUCE MCINTYRE

"psychometry," the measurement of a person's mental traits, abilities, and processes by way of an object. Six volunteers, three men and three women, were asked to draw on a piece of paper. After the drawings were collected, Mapes, unaware of who drew what pictures, asked the six to look at his eyes, thinking about his or her drawing. After a while, Mapes returned the drawings to their artists, one by one, again drawing applause from the audience.

After a ten-minute intermission, Mapes began the second half of the program, hypnosis. He began with a little background on hypnosis. "It's been around a long time," said Mapes. "It can be traced back to the Greeks. Such famous people as Rasputin gained notoriety with it." He added, "It's only in the past twelve years that hypnosis has become an accepted scientific fact, based on research. It's found in over twenty colleges and universities now, as opposed to two years ago; it was only ten colleges. It's used, as most of you know, therapeutically." Mapes said that hypnosis is the extension of our concentration to achieve another "level of consciousness." It is used in childbirth, dentistry, and police work.

Mapes started off by tasting a

piece of lemon while having the audience sense it. He inquired and found out that many people had that sour feeling in the mouth when he ate the lemon. The feeling is a hypnotic action.

Mapes then picked twelve people to go on stage. After relaxing them, he asked the twelve to stand up with both arms outstretched. In one hand was an imaginary, heavy rock; in the other, an imaginary helium balloon. As the rock got heavier, by Mapes' instruction, the arms sank.

He conducted various experiments with the people on stage, such as taking a sense away from a person. A friend of one of the volunteers was called to the stage and instructed to sit on a chair. Mapes then asked the hypnotized volunteer to stand up, walk to and sit on the chair. Being under hypnosis, she saw the chair unoccupied. After sitting down in her friend's lap, Mapes told her to turn (Continued on page 11)

## News Briefs

### Phone System

### Benches Installed

As a result of complaints handled by the SGA's Public Relations Committee and Vice President Francis Flannery, an inter-office phone system has been installed outside the university library for the benefit of those seeking direct contact to the offices in 100 Charles River Plaza (Registrar, Accounting, Athletic, Public Relations Offices). The committee's work has also brought about the installation of numerous plastic benches throughout the Fenton Building.

### SGA invites U.S.

### Rep. Moynihan to commencement

Michael Reilly, president of the senior class and Chris Spinazzola, president of the Student Government Association have invited the honorable Daniel P. Moynihan, Representative to the United Nations, to speak at the senior commencement ceremony in June. Moynihan is noted by the senior representatives as "displaying courage in the eye of the storm of a nation that has been rocked by a recession of faith."

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# Suffolk's Administration: On The Lamb

by Kevin Creedon

Suffolk University has invested an undisclosed amount of money in the planning of a proposed new athletic complex, it was learned last week in an interview with Freshman Class Vice President Gerry Lamb.

Lamb, a freshman from Braintree, and John Cummings, Freshman Representative, have been working extensively in the last month with university Vice President Francis Flannery on this proposed 3.5 million dollar athletic complex which will not be completed before 1979 (a fact which might discourage present Suffolk students, but not Lamb). The proposed site for this complex is on Cambridge Street, close to Suffolk.

The University is simply one member of the planning committee. Other members are the Y.M.C. Union, Emerson College, Mass. General Hospital, Mass. Eye and Ear Infirmary, and Hill House, a charitable organization located on Beacon Hill that provides recreational facilities for needy youngsters. Flannery is a member of the Cambridge Street Community Development Corporation, whose recreational committee is one of the more important members of the planning council. Three years of planning have already gone into this project, but Lamb expects work to speed up and get more organized.

Suffolk has invested money to hire the Economics Research Association, which has presented three studies on the project, all of which have concluded that the building is "economically feasible." But they also found that

the building is still four years in the future. Lamb and Cummings hope to present their findings to the Student Government Association soon.

Lamb, a Boston College High School graduate, sees the Board of Trustees as somewhat of a problem to him and the students in that they always meet in private to discuss matters which usually concern the students. When the board meets, it is like the "Gods on the hill;" the students cannot see how the Board makes their decisions. Lamb believes that there should be one student on the Board of Trustees, and he wants Board of Trustee meetings to be open to any interested student or faculty member.

The S.G.A. nominated Baron Martin, "an incredible well-respected judge" and a Suffolk University and Law School graduate to the Board of Trustees, but he was rejected. Lamb sees the Trustees' lifelong position as being too comfortable; the Trustees see no need to listen to the needs and desires of the students.

Student apathy and the disunity of the Freshman Class is a big problem according to Lamb, who is angered at the lack of classroom space and cafeteria space. He stated that there were no official possibilities for a new building for a "very understandable reason" — the Beacon Hill Community Organization has said NO to possible Suffolk expansion.

"I think I'm biased, but I do think the S.G.A. is really working well, I have been and still am very impressed by the good intentions of the S.G.A. members. I just wish the students would participate more."

## ... first step hardest

(Continued from page 6)

porated his business and began operation on July 1, 1974.

Reaction on the part of six white-owned companies that also bid for the same contract did not effect Paul one way or the other. "They knew a black had to come in. All they asked... was that I come in right, and I came in with everything right. I have never cut my prices — my prices are their prices." He shifted and mused, "they don't like me — they don't appreciate the fact that I'm doing as well as I'm doing, but they won't hurt me."

How does he feel about his membership to the exclusive club of First Blacks? "I don't... it's a matter of economies — it's not a matter of my being black."

Paul Moody has never had to worry about money. His black upper middle class background encouraged an early introduction to business and helped him develop the self-confidence needed to overcome the hurdles.

"My success was based on many things, but primarily I did my homework; and when you do your homework and go to a person who has information, he'll give you what you need, because he sees you're trying to learn and help yourself. Anybody with knowledge loves to impart it..."

He makes it sound easy. "In a way it was easy, because I spent 48 years planning for it. So when it

finally came about, it was easy. All my life I have been working 18 to 20 hours a day."

His wife, Jean, is treasurer of his company, Omega Systems, Inc. The name of the company, originally, was Ghetto Masters.

"My motivation comes from wanting to do something well."

Paul doesn't view service business as glamorous or popular. "They're grinding — one day you have a buck, the next day you have two bucks, the next day you have three bucks; but it continuously rolls in."

Omega Systems, Inc. employs nine operational workers — all union men. "I have a French-Canadian, an Italian, a South Boston Irishman, three blacks and a German-Catholic — and they all work."

"We've got highly complicated pieces of equipment [trucks]. When I bought them they cost \$40,000 each — now they're up to \$56,000. The mechanical aspects of it aren't so bad if you keep up with your equipment..."

For Paul Moody, success isn't the money or being the first black. "I wanted to establish credibility." He describes it as the kind of credibility that enables him to walk into a bank and get money on the basis of a creditable business alone.

"I've got that — there will always be rubbish, and the worse times are, the more rubbish you get."

## up temple st.

February 1 - 6

EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINTS AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST PAINTERS. SPONSORED BY HISTORY SOCIETY; IN LANGUAGE LAB, 4TH FLOOR FENTON BUILDING.

February 2, Monday

9:30 pm — Hockey game — Suffolk University vs. Clark University (home game at B.C.'s McHugh Forum). Free admission.

February 3, Tuesday

1:00 pm — Paul Hureau, Manager of Marketing Services for Boston Whaler (boat manufacturers), speaks and presents an audiovisual demonstration, in room V-252, sponsored by American Marketing Association. Refreshments will be served.

1:00 pm — Laurie Cabot, a bona fide witch from Salem, speaks on Witchcraft and the Occult, in the Auditorium. Sponsored by the Student Government Association.

8:00 pm — Basketball game — Suffolk University Rams vs. St. Anselm's College, at St. Anselm's.

February 5, Thursday

1:00 pm — The L.I.F.E. Committee presents Alex McIntyre, author of *Beacon Hill: A Walking Tour*, who will offer an illustrated talk on the architectural and historical wonders that surround our school, in the new President's Conference Room, 1st floor Archer Building. Coffee and refreshments will be served.

1:00 pm — Film "Once Upon a Time in the West," with Charles Bronson, Jason Robards, and Henry Fonda, directed by Sergio Leone. Sponsored by Student Government Association; in the Auditorium.

1:00 pm — Discussion & video-tape of the martial art of Aikido, with Fred Wagstaff, president of New England Aikikai, in F337. Information on courses in Aikido.

3:00 pm — Basketball game — Suffolk University Rams vs. Merrimack College (home game, at Cambridge YMCA).

5:00 pm — Attorney James St. Clair of Hale & Dorr will be speaking in the Amphitheater classroom, Donahue 208. A wine reception will follow. Sponsored by the Suffolk Law Forum.

February 6, 7, and 8

DEBATE TOURNAMENT — WALTER M. BURSE DEBATING SOCIETY COMPETES AGAINST HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AT HARVARD.

### UP TEMPLE STREET ORGANIZATIONAL MEETINGS

February 3

Gamma Sigma Sigma Sorority, room F-134C  
Chess Club, room F-330  
Continuing Education, room F-407  
History Society, room F-430A  
Bible Study, room F-554  
Debate, room A-24 & 24A  
Drama Club, room A-25  
American Marketing Association, room V-252  
Phi Sigma Sigma, room R2

February 5

Political Science Association, room F-603  
Cheerleaders, room F-636B  
Debate, room A-24 & 24A



Now, where's Temple St.?



## the magic of barbie; the wonder of ken

by Mary C. Buckley

Jealousy is undoubtedly the vilest of human weaknesses, and one of the most difficult to freely admit. But since psychologists insist that it is healthy to openly discuss one's faults — no matter how embarrassing — I have a confession to make. I am insanely jealous of little kids' toys. Really. No longer is it even the slightest bit funny. The recent holidays only managed to worsen my already deplorable condition. I smiled nobly through those long, bitter days, trying desperately to restore the spirit of giving and all that, but inside my blood effervesced with envy.

It required tremendous powers of restraint to idly watch while those spoiled children played with their *Star Trek Enterprise*. All I wanted was one chance at that transporter — just one chance — and my horrid preoccupation would have been instantly alleviated. I dreamed of placing Spock and Kirk in the transporter, pressing the magic red button, and then sit there feeling worldly and terribly clever as they disappear into a secret compartment. Each night the haunting dream became more pathetically nightmarish:

"Hi kids! That sure is a nice *Star Trek Enterprise* you have there!"

"Don't bother, Aunt Mary. My mommy told me not to let you play with it because you're too big."

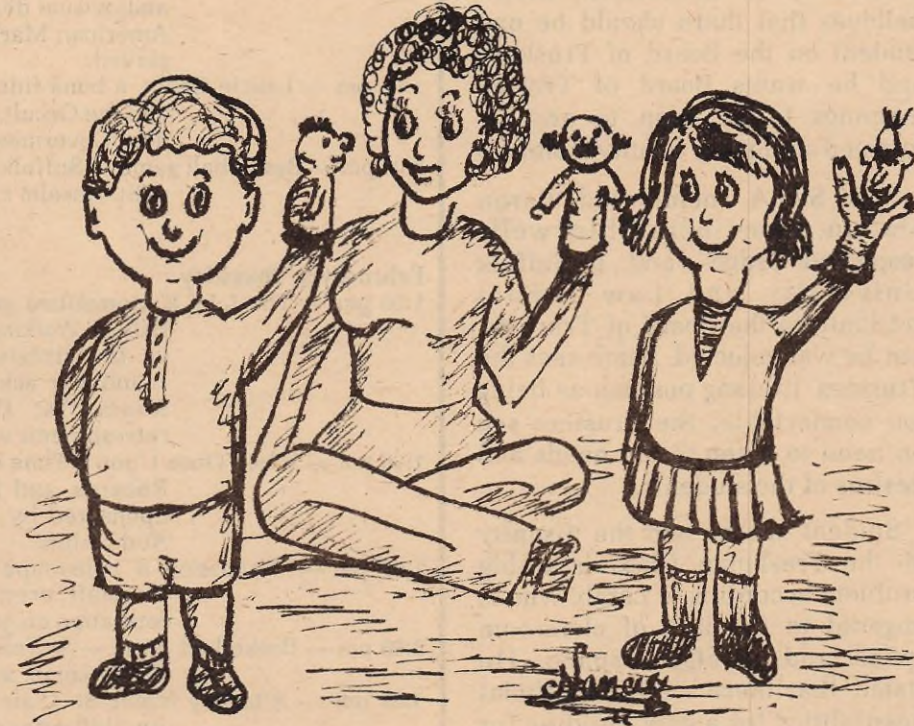
"But I'm not really very big," I said, squatting on the floor like a seriously unstable person. "Look . . . I'm not much bigger than you."

"You are when you stand up," he said. "But maybe Karen will let you

color in her new coloring book. You can even do the connect-the-dots if you want to."

"I don't want to color! . . . Oh, who cares about your stupid *Star Trek Enterprise*, anyway . . ."

I lied. I cared very much about it, but if I had persisted in executing my fantasies everyone would have laughed, and the kids would have lost what little respect they had left for me.



GRAPHIC BY NANCY KELLY

The Sesame Street Playhouse, complete with miniature hydrant, lamp post, trash cans, and tables, caused even greater difficulties. Those enticing little characters — Ernie, Bert, Susan, Mr. Hooper, the Cookie Monster (all in convenient Weeble form) — were simply too much to bear. I lay in bed at night

clenching my fists in an attempt to rid myself of the ugly demon within me. It was awful.

When I was about seven, Santa Claus generously brought me a Barbie doll and one set of clothes for her. Whatever adventures I created for her had to be acted out in that same outfit. She became exceedingly tedious. Now, Barbie not only has a stunning outfit for each exciting escapade, but closets to keep them

yet to make a choice between motherhood and a career. If her arms are raised above her head enough times in succession she develops! It leaves one wondering what kind of magic tricks Ken does.

But don't get your hopes up. Poor sexless Ken is still sexless. At least he was the last time I bothered to look. He still lives a rather colorful life, though. His shirts are of the finest silk, his suits have a European cut, and he wears platform shoes. The virility poor Ken lacks, however, is compensated for in other male dolls. G.I. Joe, that perpetual soldier, was awarded with an authentic Kung Fu grip a couple of years ago, and the Six Million Dollar Man comes complete with removable parts.

And what about those menacing Big Wheels? We had to pretend we were satisfied with tricycles (the ones with multi-colored streamers on the handlebars) that couldn't even skid to a stop without resulting in a near-fatality. If we wanted to play cops and robbers we were forced to hop on our bikes and ride around the block screaming: Bang! Bang! It was so terribly degrading.

Why are today's seven-year-olds blessed with the painless fun we were denied? Surely the inventors of these commodities, demented people that they are, could have come up with the same ideas about a decade earlier. It's a conspiracy. We were deprived of some basic inalienable rights. Perhaps it will be soothing to point out that deprived children inevitably grow into deprived adults.

Now if they would package midgets and sell them cheap . . .

## the first step is the hardest

by Maryalice Guilford

Paul Moody's day starts at 2 o'clock in the morning and ends at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He looked tired, but, relaxed on a sofa sipping a rum and coke, he did not complain.

As the first black man to have been awarded a city contract for rubbish removal in Boston, he describes his experience with modesty and indifference.

He was born in the house he currently occupies in Cambridge.

In 1969, an acquaintance suggested to him that a black should get into the rubbish disposal business. "For two years, with a pencil and paper, I sat down; and there was no way that I could go into the rubbish business. The capital equipment was too expensive — the trucks were \$30 to \$35,000. I didn't know how to drive one — I didn't know how to repair one, and there was no feasible way that I could see it."

The possibility of a city contract crossed his mind. But it was too late to get one in 1971 because he couldn't get ready in time.

Beneath his stark white hair is the logical mind of a chemical engineer with a degree from Northeastern University.

He was laid off from his job on Good Friday of 1971. He had worked as a Metallurgist-Chemist at Varian Associates in Beverly. "I

didn't have any money. I had a lot of bills, but I decided I wasn't going back to work. So for three years . . . I tried to gain knowledge, talked with people at General Motors and Brockway — anybody I could find who would talk to me about rubbish, I talked to."

He discovered that no one knew anything, including the people

already in the business.

At 49, except for a large pot belly, Paul doesn't look or sound like the seasoned businessman he really is. Instead, he's warm, easygoing and eager to reveal his feelings.

He was referred to the Boston Public Works Commissioner by Model Cities Director Paul Parks. He met with the Commission on two

separate occasions and was told that his appearance, his attache case and his cigarettes were not enough. He had to show them something.

"Well, I had been lulled to sleep by the ineptitude of the rubbish industry. I went away and told them I would be back in two weeks." He returned with a proposal that was accepted.

"So I bid and I won. I was the lowest bidder for Hyde Park by \$200 a week, which was a good healthy bid. I didn't cut prices." That was in April of 1974 — he had no money, but he had a city contract for \$400,000.

With the aid of the Small Business Administration, Unity Bank (a black bank in Boston) and his accountant, he raised \$100,000. He ordered his trucks, and his target date was the following Monday. By Thursday, the trucks were not ready for delivery. "I went over there and asked them why. They were told I wasn't going to get the money. They had been told to slow down." This was enough to stimulate and stir his first rise of anger.

"On Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the third truck rolled into my yard. Monday, at 2:30, the fourth truck was here . . ." Three trucks are for city work, and one is for commercial business. He incor- (Continued on page 5)



Beneath his stark white hair is the logical mind of a chemical engineer with a degree from Northeastern University.



# the second semester shuffle

by Bob Reardon

Suffolk University opened sheepishly. The parade of booktenders bumped their way down Mt. Vernon Street, down the hill and into the Archer building. Voices sprang, cheeks glowed with anticipation about prospective professors and budding friendships. A fog, thick and placating, brushed the frosted noses and muffled hands in a sleepy Nirvana that one felt in the warm security of Suffolk's lobby after passing through the glass gate that blocked out the pursuing cold.

Nineteen-seventy-five had drained out of Suffolk along with a thunder of complaints devouring final examinations. Nineteen-



PHOTO BY MARTIN GAVIN

seventy-six, save the Fourth of July, will probably endure the same fate. Today, '75 seemed as distant as the sinking of the Lusitania.

Mechanical "How are ya's" and automatic responses "Fine, and you" rattle the walls. Inclinations of capped heads and shamed eyes skirt away from the imperious stare of a professor, marked by ex-students as a gruff, Humane Adolph, who could shake the water of a rabid rat out of the Charles with a glance when the time called for it.

"Business as usual," hummed a heavy-set secretary on her way to a pile of urgent papers that silently wait on a cluttered desk, ready to

challenge a petulant ring of a phone in a battle to capture her undivided attention. She passed them by, leaving them alone and glum.

Cafeteria screams and salutations aimed at returning throngs of students echo up a crowded staircase only to find a wall of bodies admitting few fissures by which the fading sound may slip through.

Brown slush cakes itself to hiking boots and tattered sneakers to form a brown crust that melts swiftly in the warmer climate to fall unnoticed in related puddles that consume the floor. Pants bag at the knees, cuffs droop loosely over the ankles, and the crust slides away silently. Drafts stealthily creep through a slither beneath the door and finds its way up the umbra cuffs until a patch of unguarded flesh can be targeted and teased. Hands sting reminders and thoughts shudder at the condescending cold that waits patiently outside.

Books are bought. Cash handed over, reluctantly. Pens are thrown in coatpockets to search the depths of the dark interior until a worn opening is discovered and a means of escape procured. Only to be picked up and pocketed again by some lucky then unlucky student.

Grades from last semester are debated. Obscenities flourish and agreements are granted vicariously by Honor Roll members to the NC kings. They both had the same classes and professors, but the grades differ. The mystery of failure eludes the flunkie and is dismissed with 'he didn't like me, anyhow.'

Travels are discussed. Eyes droop longingly at the tales of wild parties and sandy beaches, but all conversation is rerouted past the fact that it rained five out of six days of his stay. Yet, the sun inexplicably followed the teller, faithfully, every day, leaving him tanned brown, electrically.

Coffee is bought generously. The cups runneth over with the black ooze diabolically created then excreted by a stainless steel taste bud assassin in a futile attempt at producing a fantasy strived for by the drinker called enjoyment. A mechanical monstrosity that spurts out carbonated teeth eaters goes awry and wets down customers with a fireman's fury. All is well upon Suffolk's opening as usual. Dishcarts squeak from table to table. Their partners squawk, unheard, to sloppy students.

Watergate pops up occasionally to a Rip Van Winkle awaking to the fact that the issue is dead and forgotten. Only to be remembered when one glances at some obscure headline to see the captain of a sinking ship stumble down the carpeted stairway at some unknown airport where he is still welcome. The speakers lost the wave of thought and disregarded the conversation and the main topic as if it never happened. They accept the terms of victory as a bribed foe desires peace at the expense of a battle that could have been won if fought. Half a battle better than none, right? Booty is booty.

A journalism student gropes about in a quest for a story. His head perks at the sound of a heated conversation, but it drops sullenly

when the brawl ceases without the clash of arms. His pen scribbles wastefully. Idleness happens to be the number one sin on the Journalism list of Commandments naturally.

"Getting a story nowadays is harder than trying to get an interview with the mosquito that nipped Rockefeller's buttocks or the photograph of the attacked area hopeless." He relates to his fellow news recorders.

Twelve o'clock ticks around and the cafeteria is invaded by Law students. The air becomes sticky and thick with the jibber of past cases and corpus delecti. The atmosphere turns to sulphur and the air outdoors, though cold, looks appealing. The swarm of serious young men and liberated women blooms into agony and despair to anyone who is not of that gender. Carrion by the roadside is preferable to the company of law perpetrators.

A psychology cub argues against a soldier of sociology. The sorbes are ward off by professional jargon that does not step into the peripheries of either profession. The argument is awarding. They both go away feeling victorious without the pleasure of knowing how one defeated his adversary. Not really caring either, a false pleasure.

The law students finally peter

out and a dullness that had overwhelmed the stagnant cafeteria leaves. The remaining students seemed unscathed by the lingering viscousness of judicial air.

Coins clink in a cash register drawer; horded with fellow captives of daily plunder. An embarrassed young man picks himself up off the floor after being dumped there by an unbalanced chair. He receives no assistance except through the shame felt for being the target of a united laughter.

Upstairs, administrators perfunctorily go through the motions of greeting returning students. The smiles bombard students like a myriad of snails who cast off their obsolete shields of protection when an armistice is finally signed with France. Even, without the help of Horrible Henry, the snails will avoid the stomachs of escargot-seeking Frenchmen.

The administrators reiterate a few rehearsed lines. Professors prop themselves up with their elbows comfortably on podia and perform their duty. Students crab inconsistently about school and the world problems, not to be solved only discussed. Cars honk outside beckoning the return of those seeking variety and sub-freezing temperatures. At the start of '76, Bicentennial Year, all goes well, as usual.

## weeds i have known

by Linda K. Johnson

Zebra Plant

(*Aphelandra squarrosa*.)

(*Acanthaceae*)

Zebras in the living room!?! Of course. If you've always loved zebras but never had the room to keep one around the house, you're in luck!

I am, of course, referring to the Zebra Plant, a fleshy exotic with large dark green leaves striped with white and short, squarish spike of long yellow flowers. This 15 inch high plant is commonly found in flower shops and seems to owe its popularity to its rather garish foliage than to its flower. (Actually, it looks an awful lot like striped spinach!)

Zebras are ideal as gifts for plant lovers, or lovers-to-be. When bought in bud, (that's with flowers on it now!) it does flourish in the average house or apartment for a few weeks. After a while you'll begin to worry about your little friend. Its leaves begin to contort, dry out and drop off.

Now you have to spring into action! If you quickly devote a little time to your sickly one, it will go through a series of weak attempts to reestablish itself, slowly but surely, looking better and better all the time. Hopes (come on, you can do it!) are raised that it will bloom again, and sometimes, usually by pure luck (and a lot of little prayers), it actually does. It's almost always a losing battle, however, and most people eventually get tired of trying and heave it out the window!

The whole trouble is that *Aphelandra* is strictly a "hothouse baby" requiring high humidity,

high temperatures and constant moisture. Another problem (to add to the list) is the fact that the stem tends to keep growing, (I mean, all the time!) and branches out in a super scraggly way after the flowering stalk has been chopped off. It is pretty hopeless looking if you allow it to get much taller than 15 inches.

Your zebra will be bought at a nursery, florist shop, or variety store, and will be approximately ten inches high. The soil it comes in is ordinary dirt and the plant is a cutting which has been forced under perfect, "Garden of Eden" conditions. The shock of moving to your home (any home!) is like going from a luxury apartment to a desert bungalow, unless you can meet its needs.

If you'd like to try, you must first of all, find a spot which is pretty warm, at least during the day, around 75°; no problem in summer but really difficult the rest of the year, especially in the midst of an energy crisis! While taking care of temperature, you must also remember to provide humidity of sixty percent or better. A good solution to this perplexity is to place your zebra near a humidifier or sit it atop a bed of wet pebbles. In addition, you should also mist it morning and evening, keeping it moist at all times. Zebras thrive in bright reflected light or full sun part of the day in the city. Lastly, you should add fertilizer regularly with a balanced solution.

If you think *Aphelandra* is worth the trouble you can always have a pot in bloom on your windowsill or in the light garden, but you must either love the the challenge or love the plant to be willing to do that.



## sports

# Goats Win Streak Snapped at Seven

by Patricia A. Callahan

The Suffolk Goats Hockey Club has reached the halfway point of the season, with a record of eight wins and two losses. Five of the games — four wins and a loss — were played since the publication of the last *Journal*, so space will not allow a detailed account of each match. Here is a capsule summary of the last five weeks.

The Goats started off final exam week with a high mark, whipping Grahm Junior College 10-2. Brian Flannery, Bill McDevitt, Tom Foley, Tom Norris, and Buddy Regan each scored two goals to ice the victory for goalie Bob Underwood.

A month of optional scrimmage practices prepared the Goats for a trip to Worcester Arena to face Clark University. Clark scored first, but then the floodgates opened for seven consecutive Suffolk goals: two by Buddy Regan and singles by "Beaker" Hefner (the first), Brian Flannery, Jules Bertrand, Greg Quilty, and Tom Paley. Clark attempted a comeback, scoring three straight goals, but the completion of Buddy Regan's hat trick broke up the party. Clark scored once more to make the final score 8-5 in favor of Suffolk.

Chuck Devin's power play goal at the 0:07 mark of the third period tied the game at 2 and aroused the Goats to a 6-4 victory over Stonehill College. Devin scored the go-ahead goal just 28 seconds later. Earlier in the game, Devin had scored the first goal of the game, before two Stonehill goals put the Goats behind. Two goals by Buddy Regan — one short-handed and one on the power play — and one by Jules Bertrand rounded out Suffolk's third period scoring. All told, seven goals were scored in the third period — five for Suffolk and two for Stonehill.

A re-match against Grahm found that team's defense slightly better, but their offense even worse; this time the Goats were 9-1 victors. Grahm was in the game briefly, making the score 2-1 after Jules Bertrand and Earl Johnson had scored for Suffolk, but the Goats were in full charge from then on. Tom Norris, Paul Vatalaro, Brian Flannery, and Tom Foley each had a goal, Jules Bertrand picked up another, and Buddy Regan also had two.

Richie Gibbons, who had been out of action with a sore arm, returned to the nets last Saturday to backstop a 7-2 victory over Emerson College. The Goats scored all the goals they really needed — one each by Brian Flannery, Jules Bertrand, and Greg Quilty, before Emerson even got on the board. Chuck Devin made it 4-1 before Emerson got their last of the evening. Buddy Regan and new defenseman Kevin O'Neil got singles and Brian Flannery got his second of the night to round out the Goat's scoring.

Finally, Suffolk ended up on the

short end of what was the most exciting game of the season so far; Cape Cod Community College defeated the Goats 3-2 Monday night. The margin of victory could have been much greater had it not been for the super goaltending of Fred Waggett and the outstanding defensive play and puck control of Earl Johnson. After a scoreless first period, Cape Cod took a 2-0 lead in the second period. Early in the third period, Earl Johnson brought the crowd to its feet with a goal that brought the Goats back to within one. Another Cape Cod goal and a steady parade to the penalty box put a damper on things for a while,



PHOTO BY MIKE COVINO

Dennis Sullivan unleashes a hard shot on net while #15 Greg Quilty and Jules Bertrand battle opponents.

but the crowd was back on its feet after Paul Vatalaro scored to bring Suffolk within one again. The last three minutes of this game were the most electrifying of the season, with lots of up-and-down action and scoring chances at both ends. Cape Cod's goalie thwarted Suffolk's best chance of the night when he stopped Tom Paley cold on a clean

breakaway with about 50 seconds left. It all came down to the last five seconds, when a little bit of luck on a face-off in the Cape Cod end could have resulted in a shot from the point and a last-second tie. Jules Bertrand tried valiantly to get the puck back to Tom Norris, but there was no such luck, and the Goats lost a thriller.

## Womens Athletic Program Expanding

by Linda K. Johnson

Suffolk University women can now look forward to two new athletic program opportunities: swimming and lunch-time exercises.

Under the able and meticulous guidance of Ann Guilbert, the Women's Athletic Department is sponsoring a FREE SWIM hour every Tuesday from 3:30 - 4:30 P.M., running from February 3rd through March 16th.

The YWCA at 140 Clarendon St. will be the setting for the short but sweet and slippery escape from winter cold and depression. Suffolk women will be able to leave the season behind and literally dive into warmer depths, and although it is a FREE SWIM hour, two certified instructors will be on hand to provide voluntary lessons.

There is no fee involved, but bathing caps and suits must be worn in the pool. If this initial program gains enough interest, it will be continued throughout the school year.

Also added to Ann Guilbert's steadily growing list of activities is a lunch-time exercise program to be held on the third floor of the Charles River Plaza building on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

12:30 - 1:30 P.M. will be the time to work-off excess weight, keep in shape, or just develop good muscle tone. Beginning on February 2nd, the multi-purposed exercises will be performed behind closed doors. Participants are invited to bring their "low calorie lunches" with them, and then diligently work-off those calories. Any type of clothing may be worn and there is no requirement to stay for the full hour, but, every little bit helps!

Tennis and self-defense will again be offered along with these new programs. Ms Suzanne Ress is continuing as defense instructor on Tuesdays in 24A and on Thursdays in R3 from 4 - 5:30 P.M.

There will be four free court hours between 4 and 6 P.M. on

Wednesdays at the Boston Harbor Marina Tennis Club in Quincy. Two clinics will also be held, one from 4 - 5 P.M. and 5 - 6 P.M.

Efforts are now being made to form a Women's Tennis team for

next fall. If anyone has questions or is interested in any of these opportunities, please stop in the Athletic Department at 100 Charles River Plaza and ask Ann Guilbert to help provide all the answers for you.

### Hockey Talk

## Are Soviets Better?

by Gregory Brooks

The recent hockey series between the Soviet Union and the NHL's top teams was bound to have brought about some intriguing questions. But who would have thought many hockey fans across North America would be wondering whether or not the Russians are indeed better hockey players than the Canadians.

Before anything else is said, the answer to the question of whether or not the Russians are better than the Canadians should be given. The answer is a simple and emphatic NO!

Now that may raise a few eyebrows, and it is bound to bring about some disagreement, but we will get into that later. Let us first review three of the games played. We will look at the games played between the Soviet Central Army Team and the Montreal Canadiens, the Boston Bruins, and the Philadelphia Flyers.

In the game between the Montreal Canadiens and the Soviets, the Canadiens completely outclassed the Russians. But the Soviet Central Army Team managed to pull out a 3-3 tie. The Soviet goalie, Vladislav Tretiak, kept the Soviets in the game all the way. Tretiak has to be considered one of the top five best goaltenders in the world. He is the only real standout among all of the Russians. Montreal outshot the Soviets by a better than two-to-one margin. The Canadiens went as far to say the Russians were overrated.

The game between the Boston

Bruins and the Soviets is both puzzling and disappointing. The Bruins came a long way into this game. They climbed from third place to first place. They beat just about every team in the NHL. Everything seemed to be in their favor. Surely, most Bruins fans were confident of a victory.

During the first period, the Bruins bounced the Soviets all over the ice. Fired 19 shots on Tretiak, hit two posts and the score ended up 0-0 at the end of the first period. There is no doubt the Soviets were outplayed in that first period, and most Bruin fans were sure of victory now.

But something went wrong in the second period. The Bruins stopped bodychecking. They ran out of gas in that brutal first period. The Russians, on the other hand, showed no signs of tiring, and they quickly built up a 3-1 lead. After the 3-1 lead, the Bruins were pretty much out of it, though they did close the gap to 3-2 in that second period.

In the third period the Russians remained in control of the game. They literally toyed with the Bruins in the final minutes of the game.

Of course, the Bruins did not have Bobby Orr. And do not think number four would not have made any difference in the outcome of the game. The Russians do not have anyone they can compare to Bobby Orr. It is as simple as that.

When Orr was 16 he played against the Soviets, and completely dominated play. At the age of 27, (Continued on page 3)



# Rams Enjoy Successful Season

by Tony Ferullo

And the beat goes on. Theoretically speaking, that's the best way to describe the status attained by the Suffolk University varsity basketball team as they approach the mid-season point of this 1975-76 collegian roundball campaign. "I can honestly say that I've been very pleased with the club's performance up to date," explained the Rams perennial head hoop mentor Charlie Law, in his easy-talking manner. "All of the kids have done just a fine job. Our balanced attack

has been one of our strengths once again. And I hope it stays that way the remainder of the season." Through the first dozen confrontations on the schedule, the Rams are posting a sparkling 9-3 record. Okay, granted, the calibre of competition hasn't exactly been on a par with the likes of an Indiana, UCLA, Marquette, North Carolina and Co., but let's give credit where it's properly do and deserved. Declared Law, this incredibly his 30th year at the helm of the Beacon Hill school, "Everybody wants to win, of course, but there is more to

the field of athletics than just that. I am a firm believer in the team work concept theory. Every player on my squad knows precisely what a healthy atmosphere working together in a united bunch provides." Now, specifically pertaining to the gargantuan number of all you hoop-crazed purists in the land who associate with the game as a means of a second religion, here you have a Rams' contingent which: a) is most exciting to view on any day of the week, b) makes the transition from defense to offense and vice

versa at a prodigious consistent rate, c) employs the services of an excellent coaching staff in Mr. Law and his assistant James Nelson, d) has continually blended their skills into a winning solidified pack, despite injuries of every nature and the flu bug to key personnel, e) are undefeated in their own Division 3 play, however show an 0-3 tally against Division 2 opposition and f) keeps cool in pressured situations. For the statistical minded, sophomore swingman Pat Ryan, a transfer sharpshooter from Merrimack who became eligible at the Christmas break, is leading the Rams offensive attack in scoring with a solid 18.6 per game avg. in seven encounters. Donovan Little, the 6-foot-4-inch, 190-pound eternally airborne freshman gem from Boston Tech is clipping-the-cords at a 15.3 pace and was named ECAC "Rookie of the Week" in Division 3 for his outstanding contributions made already once this season. Little, who has more moves than Charo, is starting in one corner spot recently vacated by senior Steve Barrett, an unfortunate loss to the ballclub for the remainder of the season due to a back injury.

"Steve was a real workhorse type of player," noted assistant Nelson. "He was a very determined young man in our system and a very important one, always in the middle of the action. His presence will surely be missed. But Donovan has come in and done one helluva job for us. His potential is unlimited. Make no mistake about that."

Junior forward Chris (the Conqueror) Tsiotos is averaging 14.4 per tilt and keeping his own within the boardbanging art at both ends of the court. Nevertheless, though, besides the rebounding of Tsiotos, Little, Ryan and junior Steve Relihan, this may be the weakest single phase the Rams have going against them. They are a small quintet and they know it. There is certain reason to believe that a one-hundred percent Barrett would change the tune to an uplifting peak, immediately.

Bobby Ferrara from the North End, the team's answer to Fonzie and the third guard in the Rams 3-2 format, is stopping and popping for 14 digits each outing. Senior John Howard is the club's quarterback and brilliant ballhandling and passing wizard. Howard dishes for Ferrara's swishes. George Kalo-geris, a heads-up junior utilizes his hoopology specialities as Howard's reserve coming in off the pine. Sophomore Nicky Tsiotos, brother of Chris, and the dynamic duo of Bob Mello and Steve Forlizzi, both of whom are frosh delights from Somerville, all have done a pretty potent job of making things run smoothly in the backcourt department.

"We have a heavy road to go until the end of the season," pondered Law, quite frankly. "The competition has been very good and will continue throughout the year. We are on a six-game winning streak though, so we've been doing okay. We haven't lost since Stonehill was victorious against us in the Bentley Christmas Tournament. However, this is a funny game. The breaks can go either way. We will just have to wait and see what happens."

And the beat goes on.



Suffolk University cheerleaders demonstrating one of their many routines.

PHOTO BY PHIL SANTORO

## Cheerleaders and Suffolk Shuffle

by Linda K. Johnson

No, the "Suffolk Shuffle" is not a new disco step; it's a basketball cheer. Most college cheering teams use old, cliched high school cheers, but not the eight members of Suf-

folk University's spirit squad. Their ability to combine and introduce new cheers merits a prize for originality. The abounding enthusiasm displayed by these girls almost makes-

up for the lack of spectator participation. No one seems to be able to really get into the game. People watch the players, then the cheerleaders, and then comment to each other, totally oblivious to the fact that they also should be cheering for the team.

"We're here to cheer-on our team, with or without audience support," says Captain Judi Blood. "I wish more people would come to the games, however. The morale of the team is excellent, they are 8 - 3, and undefeated in their division." "Even though we don't have a home gym," Miss Blood continued, "we still have regulars who come to all the games." Faithful followers include President Fulham, Vice President Flannery, Registrar Mary Hefron, Dr. Weatherbee, Ann Guilbert, Prof. Mendez, and Prof. Castanino.

Funding by the Athletic Department has made Suffolk cheerleaders a reality this year. Navy jumpers, gold turtlenecks, navy & gold kneesocks, and saddle shoes complete their outfits. Ten practice hours per week keep them busy preparing new cheers and perfecting old ones, thus putting the new uniforms into good use at all of Suffolk's basketball games.

The spirit squad is composed of Captain Judi Blood, Co-Captain Donna Ciampoli, Chery Shaw, Carol Ann DeAngelis, Justine Collins, Susan Buckley, Patty Foley, and Nancy Moscatelli who is now recovering from being sideswiped by a car en route to a class.

## Intramural Basketball

by Kevin Leen

The Suffolk University Intramural Basketball League is well underway now. There are two leagues, both having two divisions. The American League is for undergrads and the National League is for law students. In the American League East Division defending champion Boston Massacre is tied for first place with Mongo's Wizards. Tucker Silvey and Lenny Sullivan have poured in 44 points between them in the Massacre's first two wins. The high-scoring O'Neill Brothers are tearing the league apart with 67 points between them, leading the Wizards to two wins and a first place tie. Over in the West Division a surprising Alpha team is tied with the Cantabs for first place. Alpha has been led by hot-shooting Ron Pollara. He's hit for 50 points in Alpha's three wins. Doug Ross and Paul Arsenaault have led the Cantabs to two easy wins. The Standings:

| American League    |   |   |  |
|--------------------|---|---|--|
| East               | W | L |  |
| Boston Massacre    | 2 | 0 |  |
| Mongo's Wizards    | 2 | 0 |  |
| Postal Pistols     | 2 | 1 |  |
| Tarantula          | 1 | 1 |  |
| TKE                | 0 | 1 |  |
| Lambs              | 0 | 2 |  |
| Magicians          | 0 | 2 |  |
| West               | W | L |  |
| Alpha              | 3 | 0 |  |
| Cantabs            | 2 | 0 |  |
| Bargain            | 1 | 1 |  |
| Bones              | 1 | 1 |  |
| Pressman           | 1 | 1 |  |
| Delta              | 0 | 3 |  |
| Stiff's Revenge    | 0 | 2 |  |
| National League    |   |   |  |
| Atlantic           | W | L |  |
| Red Sox            | 3 | 0 |  |
| Adverse Possessors | 2 | 1 |  |
| Night Hawks        | 1 | 1 |  |
| Beavers            | 0 | 2 |  |
| B.F.P.'s           | 0 | 2 |  |
| Pacific            | W | L |  |
| Well Hung Jury     | 2 | 0 |  |
| Deviants           | 1 | 1 |  |
| Iron City Beer     | 1 | 1 |  |
| Homicide           | 1 | 1 |  |
| Legal Eagles       | 1 | 1 |  |
| Over the Hill Gang | 0 | 2 |  |



# Thy Kingdom Come

by Patty Fantasia

The room is dimly lit. The three men in it are contemplating the impossible. A magical journey across three Indian countries where no white man has ventured for centuries without the certainty of it being a one way trip. The fruits for such labor? An unbelievable array of riches guaranteed to dazzle the naked eye and the chance to rise from the title of commoner to that of king.

Rudyard Kipling (Christopher Plummer) is unsure of the plan the other men are proposing. "No one's been there since Alexander."

"Alexander who?" questions the fair-haired Englishman Peachy Carnehan (Michael Caine).

Kipling answers, "Alexander the Great."

"Well, if a Great can do it we can do it," replies Carnehan.

John Huston has brought to the screen author Rudyard Kipling's grandiose story, ("The Man Who Would Be King"), about the wandering adventures of two soldiers of fortune, Daniel Dravot (Sean Connery) and the aforementioned Carnehan.

Both men have served in the British army, been involved in a variety of shady dealings and shared numerous endeavors throughout the years in their search for wealth and life's pleasures.

In this, their latest scheme, they travel together to the land they wish to conquer by caravan in disguise as a crazy man and his interpreter. Dravot, dressed in brightly colored rags, plays the part of the lunatic never speaking a word, dancing wildly and making sweeping gestures. Carnehan pretends to understand a special meaning in this madness which he communicates to the other members of their group who find the messages cheerful and amusing.

Other obstacles encountered enroute include a rolling river, a

potential band of thieves and a smothering avalanche.

Upon reaching the country they seek they begin a plan to capture and unite all of its tribes, which are, at the time, at war with one another. In the middle of one of their battles, by a fluke of fortune, Dravot is mistaken to be a God when an arrow appears to break in his chest although he doesn't bleed.

Following in the tradition of Alexander he becomes king and is named his predecessor's son. He lives amid the pagentry and elegance of his position, but he also tries to better "his" people. He provides them with a new form of government which embraces the concept of justice, arranges for a system to be devised to help individual villages in times of crisis, and engages Carnehan to institute the building of a bridge.

"They call me his son and I am . . . in spirit anyway," proclaims Dravot.

Connery and Caine are a superb duo working in the tension and the splendor of their predicaments with an intriguing sense of camaraderie and humor.

As Dravot, Connery is powerful in his role of leader, yet at the same time approachable through his feelings and desires. Caine as his partner is a perfect complement, playing the quieter, more reserved and less vain member of the team.

The delightful glimpses of Morocco, where the movie was filmed, are sandswept and exotic. The scenery appears to be a strange combination of the calm and serene and the rugged and violent; perhaps exemplifying the tale it is telling in itself.

"The Man Who Would Be King" (now playing at the Sack Cheri Complex), is a visit to a different place, a different era and a different people. It is a visit which everyone should find the time to make.



Sean Connery and Michael Caine rise from commoners to royalty in "The Man Who Would Be King."



Caine, Plummer and Connery become partners in pursuit of fortune.



George Segal checks to see if THE Maltese Falcon measures up.

## Bye, Bye Blackbird

by Patty Fantasia

They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush and anyone who views the film "The Black Bird," now playing at the Beacon Hill theater will undoubtedly agree.

The movie is a comic revisitation of the 1940's detective yarn "The Maltese Falcon," which featured Humphrey Bogart in the lead as private eye Sam Spade.

Now, 35 years later, his son Sam Spade Jr. (George Segal) who's also become a member of the sleuthing profession, is besieged with several lucrative offers for the bird that made his father famous, although it is supposedly only worth \$14.95 or \$14.00 when rounded off to an even figure by the pawnbroker.

What is the bird's secret? That's what Jr. tries to discover. During his investigation he meets an attractive lady doctor (Stephanie Audran) claiming to be the Falcon's rightful owner and several thugs in assorted shape, sizes and denominations.

This colorful cast of characters leads him into a variety of dangerous and ridiculous situations

and nearly costs him his life.

Indeed, when he first meets the woman, who is Russian, he is swept into her arms on the dance floor of an elegant nightclub as she says, "Act like you're dancing with me."

"He looks about him and then at the girl in bewilderment, "I am dancing with you," he replies.

"You must get out of here immediately. Your life's in danger."

Just after she makes this pronouncement Spade is pursued by a pack of look alike Hawaiians of differing statures adorned in flowered shirts.

Later the lady rescues him from the aloha mob once more in his apartment. They huddle in a dark doorway kissing across the street from his dwelling while their followers pass by them.

In the passion of the moment she accuses, "You've been drinking."

"For about 15 years now."

"I don't like people who drink."

"I may have to give you up."

"Fascist!" she scorns ending the conversation.

The Hawaiians and the Russian

lead Spade to another character, who's been tracking down the statute for the past 30 years. He's a three foot German, bald headed, mustached and always clad in a Nazi uniform. He also happens to be the doctor's husband because her father sold her to him when she was six.

Spade is forced to avoid his attackers until he can solve the mystery of the bird, which hinges on the deciphering of a message written in Aramy.

Segal's performance as the bumbling, befuddled private detective is in perfect harmony with the zany script. He is lucid and clear headed enough to fit together certain pieces of information in the case and plod along forward a few paces, yet at the same time he is gullible and slow witted enough to allow the audience to enjoy laughing at him.

The film does not lend itself to any intellectual indulgence or stimulation, but it's a wonderful piece of distraction from everyday living and two hours of non-stop humor.

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# Whale of a Tale

by Joanne Torracco

There's a little demon that lurks inside us. He's a fiendish creature who thrives on misery. All through history there have been people whose pitiable predicaments he found amusing. One of his favorite band of hard-luckers were the 19th century whalers. They were a sad lot whose lives amounted to an interminable nightmare of death and destruction out on the open sea. To appreciate the demon's affection for this motley crew, catch one of the final performances of "The Whale Show" at the Proposition Theater.

"The Whale Show" reenacts the gusty, grey lives of New England's 19 century whalers. Safely anchored in the intimacy of the Proposition Theater, it graphically documents the Moby Dickish danger and adventure of whale-hunting. But it does Melville one better in its artful exploration of the effect that prolonged separations have on a whaler, on his family, and on the structure of society in a whaling town.

Little is known of the private

lives of the 19th century whalers, but with thanks to researcher Amy McDonald, the story breaks our fast of whaler intrigue. Based on authentic logs and diaries, Director Allan Albert has woven this fiction into text, music, and lyrics that aptly capture the grim, bittersweet whaler epoch.

When the whalers shipped out, it was usually for stints that lasted two to three years. It was a matter of weeks before the golden promises of adventure deteriorated into brutal threats against survival. So for the remaining months and years, the cold reality of whaling meant a constant battle against death which amounted to battling with whales, with the roaches that commanded food and bunk with that killer of the human spirit — loneliness.

Sometimes the loneliness was so overwhelming for the wives that they shipped out with their husbands, thus entire families faced an unrelenting barrage of disease, storms, and whales. A woman's only alternative was to raise her family in what became

known as the "petticoat society" where the relative safety of house and home lent way to breaks for opium smoking and to entertainment for landlubbers to the tune of 15 cents a tumble, 25 cents for the "nervous" ones.

Contrary to the implication of the title, "The Whale Show" never focuses directly on whales. The references are oblique, that is, a recording of whale sounds by Roger Payne introduces the production, and subsequently supports selected scenes, but for the most part, whales are secondary. Their prowess is alluded to, but even in that, it is their power as opposed to the whaler's simplistic defenses.

As grim as life may have been for the whalers and their families, they were a hearty, robust bunch who maintained a characteristic brand of humor. Salty and coarse, it was a humor that kept up spirits and is best captured in the ballads. The simple, repetitive harmony of the ballads, mostly sung a cappella, is similar to the songs of a chain gang.

As distant and obscure as the whaler mystique may be, the



Opium smoking is enjoyed by Deborah Reagan (left) and Heather Reynolds in "The Whale Show."

Proposition Workshop brings it to life in an entertaining and informative production. Tightly woven, "The Whale Show" derives its energy as much from its refreshing authenticity as from the talents of the five actors. The entire production — cast, director, lighting and sound crews — deserve attention and support for one of the most unique brands of entertainment available in the Boston area.

"The Whale Show" plays Wednesday and Thursday nights through February 5.

# A Couple of Shiners

by Patricia Gatto

"The Sunshine Boys" currently playing at the Cheri Complex is a frail attempt by Neil Simon to recapture the spirit of vaudeville comedians. Simon's screenplay is concerned with reuniting two old vaudeville stars, Al Lewis (George Burns) and Willy Clark (Walter Matthau), who not only worked together for 43 years, but who have not spoken to each other since the team dissolved 11 years ago. Their hatred grew through the years and climaxed when Al Lewis announced that he was going to retire and end his and Clark's careers.

Walter Matthau as Clark is overbearing and nauseating. As in Simon's "The Odd Couple," he has that innate ability to tire an audience after being on screen only five minutes. George Burns as Lewis is quiet and reserved. This part was originally intended for

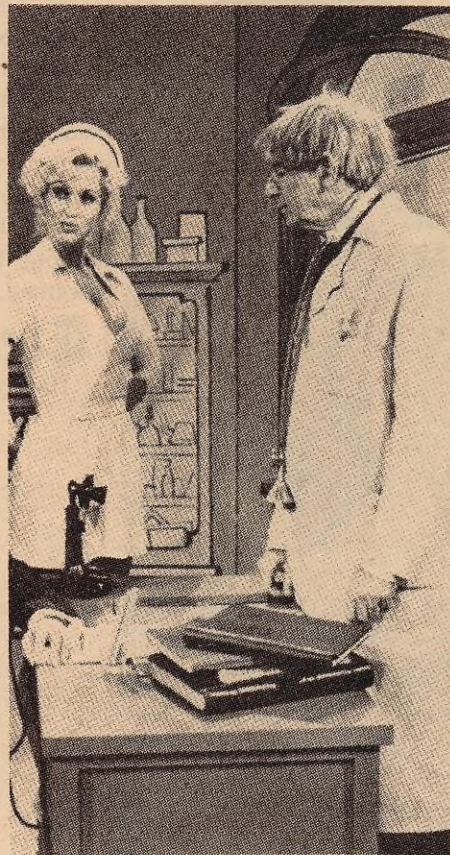
... mesmerized

(Continued from page 4)

around, realizing who she was sitting on.

Mapes' other experiments included an imaginary ice-cream cone licking contest, having his volunteers react to their imaginary nakedness, and to that of the audience, and a championship strip contest involving three contestants. Outside of concentration, Mapes said hypnotism is also based on intelligence and the strength of will. He added that a hypnotic condition is "similar to sleep." One of those hypnotized, Steve Kincaid, said later that the hypnotic condition he was in wasn't a deep sleep, but a light sleep.

Outside of entertaining across the country, Mapes works with many people to help them in their abilities and to relax. Two books written by Mapes on hypnosis and mind control are due to be released in the near future.



Walter Matthau and company perform the comical 'doctor's sketch' in "The Sunshine Boys."

Jack Benny, but after Benny's death, Burns was cast in the role. The film wallows in the fact that Burns is starring in a film after so many years away from acting. Director Herbert Ross seems so overwhelmed by Burns' presence



Matthau eagerly examining the talents of his nurse.

that he is not allowed to do anything more than just sit beside Matthau and look pretty. Matthau screams and yells, screams and yells. Burns listens and sips tea.

The plot is centered around Willy

Clark's agent played by Richard Benjamin who is also Clark's nephew. The all but washed-up Clark insists that his nephew find him some work. So when a major network announces that it will produce a special based on theatre through the ages, it is no surprise that the famous team of Lewis and Clark should be included.

For two hours, Benjamin tries to get the two men to work together peacefully. The story is boring, meaningless, and stale. Benjamin, as the agent, is likable, but the part could have been played by any member of a high school drama troupe. Instead, a gifted actor's talents are never actualized because he is wrongly cast, and the character is never fully developed.

Neil Simon's comedy does have its humorous moments. The famous 'doctor sketch' is rehearsed by Lewis and Clark for the special, but the two men do not get along long enough to even finish that. And Simon really overdoes the humor. An hysterical man trying to open a bolted door is only funny once, not three times.

"The Sunshine Boys" could have been an entertaining film, even a tribute to the legend of vaudeville through the success of Lewis and Clark. The team of Lewis and Clark is never really appreciated because it is not really defined. It is only touched upon, and very slightly.

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