The committee chairman added, “just like everything else today,” there will be no contact between the department deans and the student leaders, and the university will have to find a way to make the administration more accessible to students.

The committee chairman also said, “the biggest problem facing us is how to make optimum advantage of the space we have and work with,” said Peterson. “The space we have doesn’t have all the space we need for the university to function.”

Peterson also stated that the committee will continue to meet and work on the re-classification proposal, and that the university will be aware of where the money for these positions will come from.

The alumni also stated that they are not satisfied with the current situation, and that they are willing to work with the administration to find a solution.

The alumni also stated that they are not satisfied with the current situation, and that they are willing to work with the administration to find a solution.

The alumni also stated that they are not satisfied with the current situation, and that they are willing to work with the administration to find a solution.
Bill filed which may get student trustee for SU

by Maria Girvin

A bill has been filed in the state legislature that could cut off public financial aid to private colleges and universities without a student member on their Board of Trustees. According to Rep. Nick Paleologos (D-Woburn) the bill, filed last week, proposes changes in the state Matching Grant Financial Aid Program that could accomplish two motions: to ensure a student representative on private college Boards of Trustees and to insure that more of the state’s money is used to provide direct financial aid to students.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

The committee to which the bill was referred is representing in particular interest in sponsoring the student trustee section of the bill. The committee feels that students need representation on boards of trustees.

Boston College has had problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill.

Said Paleologos, “With me it’s a personal thing. I want to Tufts and there was no communication from them regarding the matter and what students wanted. The students are the people who know most. I don’t know what happened to it after that,” said Bonaventura.

“Bonaventura said the CSW has had high problems with its Board of Trustees similar to those of Suffolk in that students are not afforded direct say in university actions. In an effort to help faculty, students, and others in their students, Paleologos attached the trustee amendment to the bill. The campaign sent to Fulham to...
Rewiring job saves station, says Banda

by Janet Constantakes

Suffolk’s radio station, WSFR, will be back on the air for the semester. Vice President and Treasurer Francis X. Flannery stated that if the company agrees, and there is no objections, she would like to see work begin the following Monday, when the school is closed for semester break.

Flannery remarked that the money would be coming out of the university budget covering maintenance and repairs. Flannery did not have to present a proposal to the trustees because the expenditure could be accommodated by the budget.

WSFR has a program budget of $2,800 but the money cannot be used for capital expenditures, major maintenance or repairs in the Ridgeway building.

Sid Stone Sound Labs has been employed by the University to make the repairs. The company was one of three which submitted bids to Flannery.

University Business Manager Paul Ryan stated that Sid Stone Sound Labs had the lowest estimate of the three, $907, compared to the other estimated bids, Lebow Labs, over $5,000 and Lake Systems, over $5,000.

Banda stated that the Sid Stone estimate was the only one of the three to include salvaging the speakers in the present system.

Work should begin next Thursday, but Banda has stated that “if the company agrees, and there is no objections, she would like to see work begin the following Monday, when the school is closed for semester break.”

Flannery remarked that the money would be coming out of the university budget covering maintenance and repairs. Flannery did not have to present a proposal to the trustees because the expenditure could be accommodated by the budget.

WSFR has a program budget of $2,800 but the money cannot be used for capital expenditures, major maintenance or repairs in the Ridgeway building.

Sid Stone Sound Labs will be rewiring the speakers in each office and the lounge in Ridgeway, and will install an amplifier with enough power for the entire speaker system, and will add transformers to some of the speakers. Banda implied that, “the transformers will match up the correct voltage to each speaker.” Volume controls will be installed in each of the 16 offices.

In the past, Banda stated, “if students wanted to lower the volume, they would pull some of the wire out of the speaker.”

Student Activities Director Bonita Reed-Betters-Roed hoped that everyone would realize the service done by WSFR by sticking to their earlier decision of not professional wiring until proper wiring was done. “It will pay off in the long-run, and be very beneficial in the future,” stated Reed-Betters-Roed.

WSFR Program Director Larry Langone said that he did not want anyone to plan “this is far in advance because I don’t know at present, who I will be working with.”

A general meeting has been planned for everyone interested in WSFR by Banda, a week before classes start for the purpose of the members sitting down and planning the future of WSFR.

Mary McGann, (Journalism ’80) said that it would be nice to have music again, and the people at WSFR want to be on the air, “they really enjoy it and as McGann put it, “that’s what we down here for.”

Banda said that normally broadcasting doesn’t take place until a week before classes resume but when students return in January, “we hope to have the air at least a couple of hours a day.” Banda implied that in the future WSFR should be broadcasting from 9 to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday.

Another WSFR staff member Robert Raso (History ’79) stated that he was “looking forward to being back on the air.” It was a very good decision to get professional wiring because there would be a guarantee people (Sidstone) would be responsible for it.

After an inventory, taken by Banda, a lifeguard speaker was found and depending on whether the company agrees to it, Banda will have it installed into the Print Stool in Ridgeway building basement.

Evening co-ordinator for part-timers may become reality by next fall

by Lynne Pomella

Part-time students will be getting an evening coordinator by next fall, according to Evening Division Students Association (EDSA) President Donald Carmody.

“We’re in the process of sitting with deans and getting their input,” said Carmody, “a letter is going to be sent to President (Thomas A.) Falham so that he can present it to the College Committee.”

Carmody added the acceptance of the proposal “looks pretty positive.”

Assistant Student Activities Director Sheila O’Brien says that a lot has been done since early September when EDSA designated their original 20 page proposal.

“Joseph McNab, a graduate assistant, is working on the proposal and working with various members of the administration to get feedback on how they feel this position will fit into the university,” said O’Brien. O’Brien added that the original 20 page proposal has been rewritten into one page with 20 page proposal to serve as supporting information.

“The need is definitely known by the students,” said O’Brien, “and EDSA is doing everything they can to have a position erected to meet these needs of these students.”

“They need someone who’s a counselor, can answer to the administration, and speak for them. They need someone to fight for them and represent them in university matters. And it’s clear that they do not have the same needs as the regular student population,” said O’Brien.

...building and finding a solution. “But the SGA has a good working relationship with the deans,” she added, “so there shouldn’t be any problem.”

Griffin said that space allocations will be “hard to resolve because there are pros and cons on both sides.” He added that once the amount of space that needs to be determined, the problem of where to allocate that space will be tackled. The university’s architects, Knight, Bagge and Anderson, Inc. and Engineering Consultant Harry Portnoy will then have the major task of allocating the space.

“I don’t know where athletics and athletic facilities will eventually wind up because everything is still up in the air, stated Griffin. “But we will provide the Building Committee with the information they need, and they will be pushing our proposal, and especially stress to the committee the centralization of activities.”

Sutherland admits however that the “centralization will be” in the Ridgeway building and not in the Armthorpe building.
Rising above the hub-bub, mediocrity

By Joe Reppert

As Sports Editor for the fall semester of the Journal I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

First of all I would like to wish my associate, Bob "Waxman" DiBella, the best of luck at next semester's Staff Meetings. Sports Editor Joe Wilson, who will be leaving us because he graduated in January, I am sure will be effective at the Suffolk community by reporting on many aspects of sports.

He had his cover report on Suffolk sports as none of his predecessors. But he went beyond reporting the重大 sports. He provided insight on tennis, women's athletics, etc. He will be sorely missed by the file room.

Rallies, pickets, and strikes have dominated the news this spring. Many times when the news and opinion material are of such importance the inside sections of the newspaper got overwhelmed. However, this is not the case with the Journal. This is something I am proud of this fall. Sports Editor Joe Wilson, who will be leaving us because he graduated in January, I am sure will be effective at the Suffolk community by reporting on many aspects of sports.

He had his cover report on Suffolk sports as none of his predecessors. But he went beyond reporting these major sports. He provided insight on tennis, women's athletics, etc. He will be sorely missed by the file room.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

A final thank you to Jim Nelson, Coach Waish and Ann Hobin for the assistance that they've given me from the printing company. This resulted in a better group because it had to handle and solve its own power struggles, disagreements, and periods of non-communication. In the end, product was a group of happy, friendly persons that I can understand that emotions because I feel it, too. But it is overshadowed by a feeling of sadness because it is an "ending.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

A final thank you to Jim Nelson, Coach Waish and Ann Hobin for the assistance that they've given me from the printing company. This resulted in a better group because it had to handle and solve its own power struggles, disagreements, and periods of non-communication. In the end, product was a group of happy, friendly persons that I can understand that emotions because I feel it, too. But it is overshadowed by a feeling of sadness because it is an "ending.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

A final thank you to Jim Nelson, Coach Waish and Ann Hobin for the assistance that they've given me from the printing company. This resulted in a better group because it had to handle and solve its own power struggles, disagreements, and periods of non-communication. In the end, product was a group of happy, friendly persons that I can understand that emotions because I feel it, too. But it is overshadowed by a feeling of sadness because it is an "ending.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

A final thank you to Jim Nelson, Coach Waish and Ann Hobin for the assistance that they've given me from the printing company. This resulted in a better group because it had to handle and solve its own power struggles, disagreements, and periods of non-communication. In the end, product was a group of happy, friendly persons that I can understand that emotions because I feel it, too. But it is overshadowed by a feeling of sadness because it is an "ending.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

A final thank you to Jim Nelson, Coach Waish and Ann Hobin for the assistance that they've given me from the printing company. This resulted in a better group because it had to handle and solve its own power struggles, disagreements, and periods of non-communication. In the end, product was a group of happy, friendly persons that I can understand that emotions because I feel it, too. But it is overshadowed by a feeling of sadness because it is an "ending.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

A final thank you to Jim Nelson, Coach Waish and Ann Hobin for the assistance that they've given me from the printing company. This resulted in a better group because it had to handle and solve its own power struggles, disagreements, and periods of non-communication. In the end, product was a group of happy, friendly persons that I can understand that emotions because I feel it, too. But it is overshadowed by a feeling of sadness because it is an "ending.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.

A final thank you to Jim Nelson, Coach Waish and Ann Hobin for the assistance that they've given me from the printing company. This resulted in a better group because it had to handle and solve its own power struggles, disagreements, and periods of non-communication. In the end, product was a group of happy, friendly persons that I can understand that emotions because I feel it, too. But it is overshadowed by a feeling of sadness because it is an "ending.

This is what the reader sees because it's on the front page, but Joe Wilson has meant much more to a sports page than just a writer. I listened when we all did. He gives us energy when we get down in the dumps. He gives us hope! I have a feeling that he has given me. If it wasn't for his unceasing ability to get stories and put up with me, I don't think I would have lasted if it wasn't for the tremendous help that everybody in the Journal gave me, and the stories they contributed.
Seasonal spirit lacking on a Christmas tree lot

by George Miller

"Harry, you got anything fuller?" asked the customer, raced down her coat tightly around her. She looked at some 20 trees — almost all that remained on the lot. It was Christmas Eve. Her husband shook his head and tapped one gloved finger on the roof of their car. "I sold all of them," said the salesman, "you've seen most everything we have the others. I could get you the last two bundles from the trailer and open them, if you'd like." "No, no," she answered. "We'll look somewhere else and come back if we can't find anything." They got in the car and drove away.

The salesman saw his boss coming, so he went to the trailer and pulled out the last two bundles of Christmas trees. He cut the wire that held the trees together and then separated them. His boss arrived and was about to speak but the salesman beat him to it. "You want to mark these trees now, Billy?" he asked. Billy would not be put off. "What happened with those two?" he asked, pointing to where the couple's car had been parked.

"I don't find anything they liked, I guess. The lady wanted something fuller," the salesman explained, shrugging his shoulders. "I sold them now," said Billy. "We only have today left to sell these things. I don't want to open tomorrow. And they don't sell during Christmas. Go down 50 cents or a dollar if you have to. The main thing is to get rid of them."

"O.K. Billy. Whatever you say," said the manager. "But be careful, it is Christmas Eve and you already made a killing, why worry?"

The family drove up with three kids and examined a display of 12-foot trees. "This is a real customer," the boss told the salesman. The salesman walked over to the family. He pushed his blue and white pin-stripped hat back, then stuck both hands in the pockets of his dingy jacket and said hello. "Hi. Do you like to see this one," said the lady without looking at the salesman. "Sure," said the father and pulled the tree off the rack. He pushed it and then rotated it so she could see all sides.

"Hello. What do you think?" asked the lady with her daughter. "How much?"

The salesman located the tag and read it to her. "Fourteen ninety-five."

"The lady laughed. The salesman looked over to where his boss was watching him. "Well, I might be able to come down a little," he said. "How much?"

"Fourteen dollars."

"Too much," said the lady. "I'll give you 10 dollars."

The salesman again looked over at his boss. But there wasn't anything he could do. "O.K.," said the salesman quietly. "But don't tell anyone. I'll lose my job." He took the ten dollars from her and brought the tree to her car. Before he finished securing the tree, he heard his boss yell from the front of the building. "You've got a customer out here."

The salesman hustled past the building and glanced at the clock inside. It was almost 5 p.m. He trotted out to take care of his customer, saying to himself. "Only three more hours. Only three more hours..."

The plasy-eyed customer grinned at the salesman approached. He seemed to have trouble standing, as he stumbled in front of a rack of trees.

"Hello," said the salesman. The customer laughed, the salesman smiled whitely. "Old lady'll kill me if I come home without a tree," slurred the customer. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out some money, and counted it. "What's ya got for three bucks?"

The salesman took him to a corner of the lot where the small trees were. They ran down to five dollars. There were only four of the sad, skimpy, lack-luster trees left. The salesman remonstrated them, each ugly in its own way, but he had loaded and unloaded them from the trailer every day for three weeks. His boss had called them "duds" and the salesman doubted he could get away with them.

A four-foot tree with few branches stood with a five dollar price tag. The salesman made sure the customer saw the original price as he said he could have it for three bucks.

"Thanks," said the customer as he took the tree, breathing a fresh wave of shilly

on the sales man. He handed the three dollars, wrapped around a nip, to the salesman. "A little something to keep you warm," said the customer as he winked. "Have a good Christmas."

"You too," said the salesman, putting the nip in his coat pocket. "Thanks for the Christmas spirit."

At 6 p.m., the remaining 14 trees were broken up and thrown into a dumpster. The salesman vigilantly jumped on the trees to break them and pulled off many of their branches although that was not necessary. As he destroyed the trees, he thought about the last three weeks he had spend with them — 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. snow and rain, always trying to convince someone that a skinny tree was full or that the needles would not fall off for at least another month. It was Christm^ Eve and you already made a killing, why worry?"

But it didn't matter anymore. Two days later, in the snow and cold, the lot was almost empty. The réalized Christmas is on its way again. I had no spirit until tonight."

All the lights require a great deal of electrical power which is funded by the Department of Public Recreation and the City of Boston. Light bulbs, continually being replaced, are fixed through funds allocated by the Parks and Recreation Department. 

Mary O'Malley, secretary to Dorothy Curran, Director of Public Recreation, said, "Downtown merchants and the public interested in the Christmas lights are always generous in buying." A trumpet ensemble playing Christmas carols strode through the park adding more spirit to the crowd. Sweat voices could be heard throughout the Commonwealth. The Alleluia Chorus sang religious hymns harmoniously. Their voices and vigor attracted people to listen to them. However, Christmas, a happy time of year for the hundreds on hand at the Common, means unemployment for some. CETA workers, threatened with layoffs, picketed throughout the lighting ceremony. Six men and one woman carried signs stating, "All I want for Christmas is my job. "CETA is giving me a layoff for Christmas," and other similar puns. The group, unhappy about their upcoming layoffs, remained quiet but many remarks about their "thoughtless" presence were heard. One woman remarked, "There is a time and a place for protesting. A once a year special event complicated by protesters confuses children, spoils the celebration, and angers me."

Others, determined not to let the group bother them, sang Christmas carols, determined to make the evening memorable.

Twist from studying? Take a stroll through the Commonwealth. The lights go on at 6 p.m. and will give you lots of Christmas spirit.
Salvation Army invades Boston during Xmas season

by Rick Creedon

The old man stands steadfast on the busy street corner, rattling a cowbell and singing out in a long, off-key staccato, seemingly oblivious to the morning mayhem of pedestrian traffic around him. A harrying woman rushes through her purse and drops a few coins into the metal box marked "Salvation Army." The singing tone becomes louder and more joyful as the old man nods his approval.

"Coin collectors" can come from anywhere, according to Public Relations Director of the Salvation Army Francis Carlson.

"Some of them are employed, but more are volunteers," Carlson stated. "They're all different kinds of people: young, old, retired, even some family people." One young girl with wide eyes and streaming blonde hair stated that she was only involved with the Salvation Army for Christmas time. Another collector, a large, greying woman towered over her donation box, remaining impermeable as the bitter wind howled across Boston Common. As well as being mindful of adverse weather conditions, she did not appear to be interested by conversation.

"We discourage them from getting into long, involved conversations," Carlson revealed, "because they simply wouldn't be doing what they're supposed to be doing." Although many dedicated workers spend agonizing hours battling the elements to scrape some money together, there are other sources that the Salvation Army relies on for support. According to Carlson, "We do a very large direct-mail fund raising drive." The Salvation Army works with the help of WEZ, which has the helpful aspect of mass communication. This campaign produces a substantial amount of funds.

Preparations for Christmas go on constantly at the Salvation Army. "We start planning for Christmas in January," Carlson remarked.

Those who benefit from the Salvation Army's work are as diverse as those who work for it. However, they have one unfortunate and unifying factor: They are economically unstable.

"At the Salvation Army," Carlson says, "the people who we deal with and the people who we support are at the bottom of the ladder, socially or economically. They really have no place to go but down."

Families or individuals who request aid from the Salvation Army must go through an application process. "Families come to us and make an application. We have to process the information and make sure that what they're telling us is the truth."

Screening of applicants is not a major business at the Salvation Army, however. "It's not a hard and fast rule that we have to check them out before we can do anything for them," said Carlson. "In fact, with some of them, there's no way that you can check it out; they don't have a home, and they don't have a family."

In many cases, there is little or no research needed to convince the Salvation Army that an applicant is legitimate. "Many of the people we service are street people or alcoholics. They're literally living in the streets. With some people, you can tell right away just by looking at them that they need help."

The processing of applicants does not adhere to the strictness of a credit company, so there may be applicants who unjustly receive support, because they are not as needy as someone who might be left out. This possibility is not considered too strongly by the Salvation Army, however. "We would rather do something for someone who doesn't really deserve it than turn away someone who does deserve it," Carlson states.

Most people who commute into Boston are accustomed to encountering various pleas for "spare dimes for coffee," and charitable donations, but few have probably ever witnessed the weather on a street corner to collect money for charity. Kathy Gould is employed as Frank Carlson's secretary now, but worked as a "cowbell ringer" for four years. She well remembers the frigid December mornings, awaiting the fall of coins into the can.

"You are cold but you don't have time to think of that," Gould said. "You meet a lot of people, and they talk with you, so it really helps you to forget the cold. Of course, there are times when you count down the last few minutes, but usually you don't think about it."

Kathy Gould concludes by summarizing the general feeling that is the heart of the Salvation Army and its work. "I really enjoyed it," she said, "because I knew I was helping somebody who otherwise might not enjoy Christmas."

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS AND DELIGHTS brighten Boston. (from top left, clockwise) Statue enshrouds official Christmas tree in front of Prudential Center, nativity scene in Boston Common shows religious significance, star blazes in the shopping district, and a child's store window delight.
Southern Maine’s jump shots sink Rams, 82-72

by Joe Flaherty

The Rams, who were without the services of senior guard Rob Mello (injured in a scrummage against Harvard), kept the game close until the final minute when USM stretched a two-point lead into a ten-point lead. In fact, the Rams were actually behind before the opening tap off when a technical foul was assessed to Suffolk because of an incorrect number in the score book.

The USM squad broke out with a 11-6 lead thanks mainly to the offensive work of senior guard Bob Mello (injured Thursday night at the Cambridge YMCA). They're a terrific shooting team," said University of Southern Maine and assistant coach Leo Papile said it allIntensity."

In the second half USM upped their lead to 49-47. A USM basket was then answered by freshman Ferrara (18 points, 9 for 12 from the free throw line) around all night. Nelson said that it was a "tightly called game. Forlizzi saw the ball was then answered by freshman Ferrara, and sophomore middleman Steve Donovan Little went in another foul on Forlizzi and another pass by Mike Janedy and a foul by Little one point from the line and it was 71-66. Mike Janedy made a steal and was fouled in the process. He picked up one point from the line and it was 71-66. The Rams continued to double team and press USM on defense and this resulted in another foul on Forlizzi and another two points for USM from the line by tri-captain Steve Janedy making it 73-68.

The Rams made one last run at USM and almost succeeded. Donovan Little tossed in a smooth layup and Richard Sullivan, who played well inside on defense, tipped in another basket. With the score 74-72, Suffolk called a time-out. When play resumed USM forward Dave Leal broke loose from the double-teaming Rams and placed two more important points on the board for USM. And that was the game. An errant pass by Mike Janedy and a foul by Little sealed the game for USM.

Coach Nelson cited the "diss于ugly start" and the "conceding of too many jump shots" as the main weaknesses of the Rams against USM. Despite the "strong defensive pressure, USM still made the outside shots." Nelson also noted that Donovan Little pulled a muscle in the first half which may have accounted for his scoring only 11 points.

Nelson was pleased with the play of sophomore Tom McDonough, who played in place of the injured Bob Mello, and "performed well offensively while directing the team." Both Nelson and Papile had nothing but praise for Mike Janedy who "plays hard all the time."

Cheering for the Rams—Nancy Given says popularity is not the main reason why girls become cheerleaders at Suffolk.

Cheerleading has never had more publicity than in the last few years. Articles are written every day about the new breed of cheerleader. There was even a mini-schmooze this year when many cheerleaders were fired for posing nude in Playboy.

Nothing so scandalous as that has reached the college level yet, but the girls from the major colleges do enjoy almost as much national television coverage as their professional counterparts. Publicity is a very strong incentive to become a cheerleader.

Which brings us to the case of the suffolk University cheerleaders. Yes, Suffolk does have a cheerleading squad.

Popularity isn’t the main reason girls become a cheerleader at Suffolk according to Nancy Given, a co-captain on this year’s squad. (Kathy Meyer is the other co-captain.)

"In this school, involvement is everything," she said. "It’s a lot of hard work, but at the same time it’s fun. The girls love it."

Besides Given and Meyer, the squad also includes Angela Foxon, Bernadette Bazykowski, Ann Maffei, Kathy Sheehan, Karyl Lee Swimmer, Joanne McInerney and Jacqueline Breen. Twice a week the girls will meet in an empty classroom in the Fenton building, and go over their cheers, and make posters for the next Rams basketball game.

"When I first started cheering," Given remembers, "I was afraid that people would think I just wanted to flirt with the boys in the team, but that wasn’t the case at all. I enjoy cheering because we’re representing the school, and at the same time, we’re helping the basketball team."

When we have away games, some of the crowds can be pretty hostile. It’s a big lift for the team to hear us cheering."

"Occasionally," she added, "we’ll get run down between games and work. Most of us have part-time jobs. Sometimes, it seems we need thirty hours in a day to get everything done, but it’s worth it. All the girls on the team are very close. We’ll sit together down the court and usually go out together on week-ends."

None of the girls on the team are that big involved in any kind of activity themselves. None of the girls on the team are very close. We’ll sit together down the court and usually go out together on week-ends.

As a result of the women’s lib movement, many people say that cheerleaders are demeaning themselves by cheering for the guys. According to them, the girls should be involved in some sport themselves. Given claims that is "ignorance." "The people who say we are demeaning ourselves are probably not involved in any kind of activity themselves. None of the girls on the team are that big on women’s lib anyway. We’re more down to earth," she explained.

Rams’ cheerleaders ‘down to earth’

by Frank Scurti

In the National Football League, the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders get more exposure (ha, ha) from the television camera than any other sports team. Cheerleading has never had more publicity than in the last few years. Articles are written every day about the new breed of cheerleader. There was even a mini-schmooze this year when many cheerleaders were fired for posing nude in Playboy.

Nothing so scandalous as that has reached the college level yet, but the girls from the major colleges do enjoy almost as much national television coverage as their professional counterparts. Publicity is a very strong incentive to become a cheerleader.

Which brings us to the case of the suffolk University cheerleaders. Yes, Suffolk does have a cheerleading squad.

Popularity isn’t the main reason girls become a cheerleader at Suffolk according to Nancy Given, a co-captain on this year’s squad. (Kathy Meyer is the other co-captain.)

"In this school, involvement is everything," she said. "It’s a lot of hard work, but at the same time it’s fun. The girls love it."

Besides Given and Meyer, the squad also includes Angela Foxon, Bernadette Bazykowski, Ann Maffei, Kathy Sheehan, Karyl Lee Swimmer, Joanne McInerney

Cheering for the Rams—Nancy Given says popularity is not the main reason why girls become cheerleaders at Suffolk.
by Jon Gottlieb

Sentimental fan cherishes ticket stubs, saves memories

BY JON GOTTIEB

Night — New York City; Madison Square Garden. Second promenade, New York Knicks vs. Philadelphia 76ers. There is nothing like seeing a New York team lose in any sport, so as a Philly fan for a night, I cherished the Stoics 104-97 win to the hill. The Garden is a wonderful place and it might be the best sports areas in the country in terms of excellence and appearance. I won back three nights later — Knicks 101, New Orleans Jazz 94. I was disappointed.

September, 1975, Fenway Park.

The ticket stub said it all: American League Championship Series, Red Sox vs. Oakland Athletics, World Series '74, '75, and '76. Over 35,000 frenzied fans were filled with “Puntin' Fever.” I sat in the deep right field grandstand. I would have sat on the roof if I had to. Unbelievable game! With the Sox down 3-1, old reliable Captain Carl Yastrzemski lofted a high fly ball over the left field wall as three runs came in. Boston had a 4-3 lead, which they never did relinquish. They won the game 6-3. The home team played the next game in Oakland, where they beat the As 4-3 to win the American League flag.

The World Series and the Canadian waited in the wings. This fan held his breath.

I was at Boston Garden to see the Celtics first 1976 home game against the Washington Bullets. I've been going to the opener every year since (yes, I have the stubs). This year, the Safeway Stadium ball was one of the baskets, and watched and cheered as they raised the “BOSTON CELTICS, WORLD CHAMPIONS '76” banner. The Celts lost the game by three points. The fans left the gym as they went on to win the title.

I was in Madison Square Garden twice in 1976, and saw the Celts beat the Knicks both times, 106-96 and 123-109. I sat near the corner for both games. When I visited an out-of-state arena, the home team hardly ever won. In “Le Forum,” the Los Angeles Forum, two games were 4-3, the second was 4-2. The games were played tough defense, hindering the opposition’s shooting to help the Ewes win first of season

by Bob DiBella

Pardon the sounds of castanets and symbols. Never mind about the parts of this story that are incomprehensible, for it was written in a Mexican restaurant.

This is not a Mexican sports story, but it might as well be, for the Suffolk women's basketball team raised Brandeis last week in a way that would have made Pancho Villa proud.

Despite not hitting any foul shots in the first half, the Ewes won their opener by blowing Brandeis away, 47-36, at Brandeis.

The Ewes were up by only five at halftime but would have been more if not for poor foul shooting.

The Ewes made up for it through playing very aggressive in the second half. Susan Rae (17 points) started to pop shots with Theresa Kelleher eight points) to lead the attack.

I like the first game better, the second was 4-2. The game was actually throwed out of a football game against the Patriots at Schaefer Stadium in 1976. I was there.

Gary Gilmore was executed on January 17th, 1977 in Utah. I was not there: I saw the Bruins destroy the Montreal Canadians 9-7 in the Garden. I was there: I wrote both events on the stub. I had cherished view seats.

Boston University won a hockey championship in 1977. I was at the flag lowering ceremonies, Walter Brown Arena, on the BU campus.

I was there. In 1978 at the Boston Garden, and I watched the Eagles of Boston College beat Providence College, 2-5, to win the NCAA hockey crown.

In tennis, Martina Navratilova captured the 1978 Wimbledon women's championship. A week later, I saw her play her foe again, Chris Evert, in Boston, in a World Team Tennis match. She lost. This was in July.

A week later. Pete Rose hit his 34th straight game white up in pursuit of Joe DiMaggio's consecutive game hitting streak record. The Cincinnati Reds were playing the Montreal Expos at the Olympic Stadium, in Montreal. Rose led off the game with a ground ball single into center field. A big '34' hit up on the scoreboard. Standing Ovation. Final score: Reds 10, Expos 3. I was there, watching my first National League baseball game in person, in a short right field box seat.

Bob Backlund won the professional wrestling heavyweight title this year. I, along with 20,000 other fans, saw him do it in New York. Surprisingly, it was one of the greatest sports thrills this writer has ever witnessed. It was unexpected.

I was there. I will be there again and again. In a few weeks, I am going to the Garden for the twilight game in the Garden. Maybe Bill Walton will play. I had never seen him before.

The envelope is getting pretty crowded.


---

**Ewes win first of season**

GLOBE SANTA

FUND DRIVE

4th Annual

Pie Auction

Help the SGA raise money for the kids of Globe Santa! At the same time you can throw a pie at your favorite faculty, administrator, or student — if you're the highest bidder! Join the fun!

"I give but forget not again!"

_AT THE RATHSKELLAR_

Thurs. Dec. 14, starting at 1:30 p.m.

FREE BUFFET!

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

**P A R T Y**

Dec. 16, 1978

at Florian Hall, Dorchester

Exams will be over! Start your Christmas Season off at the SGA Christmas Party on Saturday night, Dec. 16. Tickets available now (RL5 and at the door. Price $1.50 for students, $2 for guests.

**TICKETS STILL AVAILABLE**

Sponsored by SGA Social Committee
William Friedkin has combined a fine sense of detail and created a most engaging film in his newest. The film is loosely based on the notorious 1950 Brinks robbery and its aftermath, which occurred on the Brinks set. "They stole a little frivolity while promoting his new film," Friedkin observed, "but the curiosity of the audience was not satisfied. They wanted more behind the scenes details of the movie world and the period of the film. And with a note of sincerity he stated how cooperative the citizens of Boston were during the production of the film."

"The Brinks Job" is a slick, funny, and charming caper directed by William Friedkin, stars Peter Falk, Paul Sorvino, and Peter Boyle. Produced by Dino De Laurentiis, the film is a fine example of the director's style and technique.

The story is set in Boston in the 1950s, and the main character is Henry Gondorf, a police officer who becomes involved in the Brinks robbery. The film centers on the robbery and its aftermath, including the police investigation and the trial of the chief suspect, Henry. The film also explores the relationship between Gondorf and his wife, as well as his personal life and relationships.

The film was well-received by critics and audiences alike, and it remains a classic of the caper genre. It is a testament to Friedkin's skill as a director and his ability to create a compelling story that is both entertaining and thought-provoking.

By Alice Whooley
Music ‘78 in review by Jeff Putnam

1. Dylan visited us with Street-Legal, but was on the wrong road. The band lined up with a New England flavored album soundtrack. Old friend Gregg Allman has replaced singer Duane Allman on the slide guitar in this blues band led by former members of the Allman Brothers Band. The band broke up because of drug problems and a fall out with the label over their next album. Street-Legal is a quality album that will be enjoyed for years to come.

2. The Cars released a record for their second album, called Future Days. It is a pleasant surprise to hear a band with such a unique sound. They have a new sound that is truly their own.

3. The Last Waltz, the greatest rock album all year, is out. It is a masterful tribute to the late member of the Grateful Dead, Bob Weir. The album features a variety of guest musicians, including Arlo Guthrie, The Band, and Neil Young. It is a must-have for any rock lover.

4. The Who released Who Are You, their first album without lead singer Roger Daltrey. It is a poor effort compared to their previous albums. The songs lack the energy and punch that made them such a great band.

5. Eagles, who were once one of the top guitarists, have released their latest album, Their Greatest Hits. It is a compilation of their best songs and includes the hit single "Take It Easy." The album is a great representation of their musical career.

6. Tom Petty released his first solo album, Damn the Torpedoes. It is a strong effort and shows that Petty is a great songwriter. The album includes hits like "Mary Jane's Last Dance" and "Yer8 Sleepin' Hound Dog Blues."

7. Tom Waits released his latest album, Blue Valentine. It is a departure from his usual blues and folk songs. The album is more experimental and includes elements of jazz and funk.

8. Tom Petty released his latest album, Into the Great Wide Open. It is a strong effort that shows Petty's growth as a songwriter. The album includes hits like "Don't Do Me Like That" and "Willie the Kid."

9. The Eagles released their latest album,Hotel California. It is a strong effort that shows the Eagles' growth as a band. The album includes hits like "Hotel California" and "Life in the Fast Lane."

10. The Eagles released their latest album, Desperado. It is a strong effort that shows the Eagles' growth as a band. The album includes hits like "Take It Easy" and "Desperado."

RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON return to recording after a three-year hiatus.

Thompson's First Light shines by Steve Scipione

It was a sad day for music when Island Records dropped Richard and Linda Thompson from their article roster. Island released one of the finest albums of the year—"First Light"—in instrumentalits in modern music, and the splendid vocals, who, exceedingly enough, was married to him. Their albums just had the unfortunate habit of not being rewarded.

Happily, Chrysalis records was smart enough to reclaim them from the oblivion of the scrap heap.

Music

The jacket cover design for First Light, the Thompson's debut album on their new label, is an eye-catchingly beautiful mix of velvet and stark white. The design is as aesthetic light year beyond how their old company used to outfit them; Island had designed in packaging the duo's product in a manner befitting their less-atmospheric selves.

The Thompson's music also unendoges a change. Back in 1976, the Thompsons released Some Girls, an album which, in some respect, is deeper levels, dealt with religious rehrib. They had just converted to Islam, and the parallels between the Thompson's sentiments and those of their new faith are apparent. As one listens to the musical settings combined with Richard's words, the music's, and Linda's guitar playing and Linda's

Unoriginal Singer for a Nonoriginal Song

by Maryann Conroy

"Every one has memories of growing up. More specifically, memories of being in school; most of the time under protest. For the most part, people who went to Catholic schools were viruses—those who believed in packaging the duo's product in a manner befitting their less-atmospheric selves.

Richard himself does not have a great voice, although it is certainly expressive enough. He has the knack of making his listeners feel as though they are at some kind of cosmic meeting point, with only a particularly cutting Fender amp and a chaos of light. Now it seems that they've

blessings—who always ran errands for the mass, "Mary Gilbar," will you please come up to my desk? I have a message to send to you.

From these verbal snapshots, Powers reveals over and over again his interest in the church and its rituals. The gray priest station attendant who Ceremony the third grade. The leter, always signed "Conroy," ask all-time blockbuster questions such as "What would it be like if I had 1970's today? The answer: "Joseph would write a book, Mary would do shaman communics and Chris would appear on the Johnny Carson show with film clips of him."

This suggests that Powers is a deeply sacrificial. Actually, Powers strohes Catholics their lifestyle, and does not condemn them for it. The book is set in the 1960's, an era of radical change and information. But even then readers find that some things never die.

Nonetheless he more than compensates for some of his flaws. But it is in the past, perhaps that is because he is in frequent vocal combat with which he works. His style is different, but it is the platonic and sparest songs on the album.

"The book, first published in 1977, now is its first paperback printing, should be read anytime. It is never out of print, and is a masterpiece. But it is a good album, which hits on better things to come, is the first to articulate themselves. Their new record, take stock of their new choruses and take advantage of their septuagenarian hopes.

One who always ran errands for the mass, "Mary Gilbar," will you please come up to my desk? I have a message to send to you.
The Suffolk Journal

The thr(ill or) agony of victory

by John Term

Do you know what this school needs? I sure don't. The administration needs something that will bring us all together.

We need a Suffolk Olympiad. At least the start of the first Suffolk Olympiad. As the bugs, aphidic acoustics, and last minute meetings of the contestants will come running down Ridgeway Lane holding a burning copy of the Suffolk Journal high above his hand. He lights the Olympic gas - light above his head and someone releases 60,000 pre-fed pigeons as a symbol of freedom.

The Olympics start.

The first event will be the javelin throw on Temple Street. The student will throw the javelin up and up and up, and at the same time the top four floors are to remain vacant. The students will be waiting until all of their office furniture has been moved in before they inform us of their decision. Or are they truly in the up-in-the-air about what to put up there? If so, why not use any of the suggestions that could make use of the floor space, as well as offer some relief for our tuitions. These proposals are almost certainly.

Tuition goes up and up, and at the same time leaving the floors empty is against the university is impersonal by not providing the students with a dumping site for the contents of their rooms, and sound-tracking devices; all of which can be ordered from the Sears catalogue for a minimal charge. A copy of George Miller's eight-piece feature on spacious will also be available for the conference. The faculty could then open an astronomy department which would also encourage great number of applications. Who knows, in a decade or so, there might be a Fathum's Comet, or a Marsian Morning Glory. After the solar system (tenth planet, Trustee, which was almost impossible to locate, and once located to keep eluding photographers) discovered from the new Suffolk Observatory.

Scramble winners

Appropriately Suffolk's administration and trustees are responsible to locators. Only CALLROB, ROBB of Campus Ministry was able to correctly solve the scramble.

The Animal House scramble in the Halloween issue of the Journal was correctly solved by DICK JOHNSON, JEFF PUTNAM, and JEFF RUFINO.

The cryptogram in the same issue was correctly solved by FINE, JOAN LODE, STACEY WALDROPP, JEFF RUFINO, and JOSIE VILLARAIZ.

Due to the long vacation, there will be no printing of winner's names. Enjoy the holidays.

This week's scramble is a compilation of the many issues of interest encountered during the previous semester. Here is a scrambled review of a scrambled semester.

CRIME

FARKING

RATHKELLARS

NEED ANALYSIS

ASBURYTON

MAINTENANCE

SERVICE SCHOLARSHIPS

TRUSTEES

VACANT FLOORS

RALLIES

PICKET

CURREN'T FUND

VENTURE

CRAMMING

FINALS

The waiting — in — line — for — (a) traditionally taxing event. Students are crammed into a long line, and Urges, and walk a drill, while students run up and down the line saying: "We told you so. Next time, register by the competition." Newer to the more creative is to start a petition to grab them and drag them back to class, and then march through Archer, holding picket signs. Runners then run through the candidates with notes, and they also need a comfortable and sound-taking car. They then go up to Government Center past the Dunfey's Parker House, past Park Street Church, into the Boston Common where runners only muff Maggie, and kill Hare Krishnas for extra points. They then pass through State House, dodging the usual blasts of hot air, and take a left to Mount Vernon. Afterwards, they go down toward Boston, evading the professors who try to grab them and drag them back to class, and then march through Archer, holding picket signs. Runners then run through the candidates with notes, and they also need a comfortable and sound-taking car. The finish line will be at the Accounting Office, where the runners must sign (914-41) to the treasurer or president, whichever is around at the time.

The winners will be given a gold medal, silver medal, or bronze medal, depending on whether one came in first, second, or third. After the Olympics, the medals must be given back before the Museum of Fine Arts misses them.

Simple? Guess again. The Lane is completed and takes, and there is a Budweiser delivery truck blocking the way. In addition, a dozen Japanese taxis will deliver lunch and down the lane in small Toyota cabs, sending people flying in all directions.

There will be dish-throwing instead of the usual discus throw, and the Not-Falling — Aseep — During — Lectures, which may very well be the most difficult thing to do.

The whole mass will be wrapped up by the Suffolk Marathon. Insane runners will start off at Quincy - Market - Faneuil Hall Marketplace. Before running all the runners will be fed a full-course meal. A Suffolk Security Guard will fire his gun, and the race will begin, after the victim of the gunfight is carried off. The runners number up to Government Center past the Dunfey's Parker House, past Park Street Church, into the Boston Common where runners only muff Maggie, and kill Hare Krishnas for extra points. They then pass through State House, dodging the usual blasts of hot air, and take a left to Mount Vernon. Afterwards, they go down toward Boston, evading the professors who try to grab them and drag them back to class, and then march through Archer, holding picket signs. Runners then run through the candidates with notes, and they also need a comfortable and sound-taking car. The finish line will be at the Accounting Office, where the runners must sign (914-41) to the treasurer or president, whichever is around at the time.

The winners will be given a gold medal, silver medal, or bronze medal, depending on whether one came in first, second, or third. After the Olympics, the medals must be given back before the Museum of Fine Arts misses them.
Yuletide spirits, songs, and sentiments
**A Christmas gift for lonely strangers**

by Amy Scarpouris

We don't have the draft anymore. People think it's not a large standing force. In 1937 there was less than 140,000 people in the service. Today there are 5,000,000 in uniform.

The USO is there to make those people feel at home in a strange city or on a foreign country. "We've got seven navy ships in the shipyard with full crews aboard. They're strangers in town. We're always here," said Schaffner.

The former Boston USO building, the Buddy's Club, was located near Boston Common for 35 years, and moved to Boylston St. in 1963. As many as 10,000 service men and women passed through every year. There was a large dance floor. Today the Boylston St. office covers 38,000 square feet. There is a balcony, a ground floor and a recreation floor. Schaffner said it is "not plush, but nice."

The USO will open this Christmas at 10 am. The USO has 38,000 square feet. There is a balcony, a ground floor and a recreation floor. Schaffner said it is "not plush, but nice."

The Suffolk Journal/ Dec. 12, 1978

---

**Who needs a partidgee?**

by John Terra

On the first day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; to read all of War and Peace.

On the second day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; TWO Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the third day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the Fourth day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the sixth day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; SIX History projects, FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the seventh day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; SIX History projects, FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the eighth day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; ELEVEN Ethical questions, Seven Geometry problems, Six History projects, FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, THREE term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the ninth day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; TEN Writing assignments, Nine 12-page outlines, Eight Ethical questions, Seven Geometry problems, Six History projects, FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the tenth day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; TWELVE Spanish writing assignments, Nine 12-page outlines, Eight Ethical Questions, Seven Geometry problems, Six History projects, FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the eleventh day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; TWELVE Spanish writing assignments, Nine 12-page outlines, Eight Ethical Questions, Seven Geometry problems, Six History projects, FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

On the twelfth day of term break, my teacher assigned to me; TWELVE Spanish writing assignments, Nine 12-page outlines, Eight Ethical Questions, Seven Geometry problems, Six History projects, FIVE BOOK REPORTS, Four problem sets, Three term papers, Two Bio Labs, and to read all of War and Peace.

Looking for the true Yule meaning

by Alice Whosoery

She had been preparing for the arrival of Santa Claus since before Halloween and now his visit was only about 12 hours away. She longed to open the presents which lay underneath the tree and end, at least, some of the writing. The feel of her red flannel pajamas brought back sweet memories of Christmas. The red fire was warm and comforting, and the smell of the Christmas cookies and other good things baking filled the house. But the constant reminders of the holiday season made her end each day wanting to get away.

"What was I doing here?" she asked herself. "I am only a small, insignificant girl."

But worse was awaiting her. For as she lay in bed that evening each second seemed an hour long. The small amount of sleep came to her.

Her memories of the night before were not failed her, she thought to herself, as she looked at her new two-wheeler. The bike was natural to her. She longed to open the presents and see what Santa had left for her. He had not failed her, she thought to herself, as she began to panic.

With her eyes tightly shut she tried to block out the visions that was possessed her. She had heard so many terrible stories about children receiving coal for Christmas. Up till now she thought they were ridiculous rumors. But, now she knew that it was all true and it was very heavy on her conscience.

It was not as if she had always been bad. It was not as if she had always been bad. She thought to herself. With the exception of a few slip-ups she had always been good. She allowed herself a small sniff of self pity and thought of the red two-wheeler bicycle she had always wanted. Then another injuries struck her. She had to have to tell her classmates that Santa did not leave her any presents.

This would be the ultimate embarrassment. She could not bear the thought of it. If only she could fall asleep. But the harder she tried the more awake, and worried she became.

Sensing her interrupted by the sounds of sleigh bells, footsteps on the roof, and a stirring feeling in her stomach. She asked whether the old man who has seen herself and her brother. She lay silently watching, breathing as light as a feather.

Suddenly she heard "Tsk-tsk" the sound of someone who was unpleased with the way she was conducting herself. If must be Santa! She must really Be upset with her performance. It must be Santa! He must really Be upset with her. Finally, at the moment of her terror, sleep came to her.

She woke up at 8:00 the next morning. Her memories of the night before were unclear, although she did remember something about a note. She woke her parents and went down to the living room to see what Santa had left for her. He had not failed her, she thought to herself, as she lay in bed that evening each second seemed an hour long.
A COMMON' SIGHT—Against the high-rise background, Waters enjoy the winter season.

Amidst the confusion there's a certain peculiar hymn of emotion; such a lovely Christmas spirit (after finals only), with the vigor of elves packing the sleigh on Christmas Eve.

It is my firm belief that the Christmas song, better known as "Christmastime," can never be sung in the proudest moments rejoicing the glory of peace on Earth. In the sea of children of their own. Many people say without children, why is there any sense of the Christmas spirit? After all, only, with the vigor of elves packing the sleigh on Christmas Eve.

Just think, Christmas windows at any department store wouldn't be worth their weight in styrofoam if there weren't children to see iL Then again, there are still people like me who are suckers for store windows. I've been looking for you before, and now you're trying to make me feel sorry for wasting any more of your time. Will you let me buy you a cup of coffee to smooth your feathers?"

"Thank you, but I have a lot to do."

With that, Gretchen grabbed the package and darted back to her friend. Can't you tell she thought. With luck she would have it, headed right into a crowd of Japanese speaking tourists looking at Jordan's Christmas display of gnomes, and down the avenues again. Michael grinned his way over to her. All right, right here. Just one more question. Will you let me buy you a cup of coffee to smooth your feathers?"

"Thank you, but I have a lot to do."

Without children, why is there any sense of the Christmas spirit? After all, only, with the vigor of elves packing the sleigh on Christmas Eve.

"Well, at least you are having coffee with me and you don't look upset, not you thought I was. If anything, you're the one who looked upset."

"Tell me," the narrator-snowman, hasn't even melted. "Tell me, are you in the habit of bumping into people?"

"Always, and I always do what I feel it's the only way to live. And I live and treat people the way they mean to live and be treated. Does that answer your question?"

"No, I'm just confused and I don't know why. Mind you, I never sputter off at the mouth this way, or fill my corrections with trivial bits of information. You guess me overwhelmed. Why am I talking about this perfect stranger like this? What kind of kid of magick does he have? All these questions swarmed at her, and she found herself unable to answer them. I don't understand how, but it did. Just never quite expected Japanese tourists on Winter Street, but if you don't bang into them, I might have tackled you, or followed you around until you called the police!"

"Tell me what's the use of Santa Claus if there aren't anyone lying in bed, with their eyes finely tuned to catch the slightest movement on the roof, I am that sentimental as to believe in Santa Claus, but a good rendition of the "Christmas Song," better known as "Christmastime--roasting on an open fire...", can get me pretty miffy easily."

You could sit on a bench in The Boston Common for a thousand hours and never see any two people that are alike, yet never see any two people that are alike, yet every body, held it for a moment, slipped into forming in her eyes. Michael took her hand, shook his hand. I must be crazy, she thought as she looked at Jordan's window display of gnomes, and down the avenues again.

When you come close to thinking about what's happening, this time of year when never-walking crowds are almost welcomed is a time that no other month but December would accept. This is the time when the wonder of the holidays is more awesome than the thousand tiny snowflakes that accumulate their way into the season. This is when the lonely people are warmed, the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, and the angry are happy. One day baby manipulated the world (us) to see a better way, and now during this season of festival celebration, lights burns bright around the country so to show us that way. We hear Christmas carols sung in the strongest moments expressing the glory of peace on Earth. In the seas of shopping bodies there are smiling faces praising the joys of the season. Never again is there such a time of mutual happiness and excitement. You can hear laughter, much like the simple bells, that fills the air with a peculiar hymn of emotions such a lovely sound! There's a wistle in the wind that winter brings and a limp of hopes lingering long that maybe this will be the year when Christmas will last forever. This is when the lonely people are warmed, the hungry are fed, the naked are clothed, and the angry are happy. One day baby manipulated the world (us) to see a better way, and now during this season of festival celebration, lights burns bright around the country so to show us that way. We hear Christmas carols sung in the strongest moments expressing the glory of peace on Earth. In the seas of shopping bodies there are smiling faces praising the joys of the season. Never again is there such a time of mutual happiness and excitement. You can hear laughter, much like the simple bells, that fills the air with a peculiar hymn of emotions such a lovely sound! There's a wistle in the wind that winter brings and a limp of hopes lingering long that maybe this will be the year when Christmas will last forever.

As I sitck out my freezing fingers Pinches, I find myself between their averse while I stood a cup of Christmas tea that waits to be dressed. But I'm not the first in the credit line for I'll be paid all the wide-eyed merchants.

So I'll stand and wait and prance, as quarter bait, reality and man's fate. I'll be the paragone, Awaken the guilt, then raise the slogan of "Post-Christian America" is Christ still new ris or just a backdoor story spared all the headline glory?
by Carla Barros

Christmas Eve used to be a time for chestnuts and late night stories. My parents used to tell me their stories and I loved hearing them. They shared the same love for Christmas as my father and brothers had before them. Christmas was a time filled with memories, songs, and sentiments. How I wished to have my own Christmas to spend filled with memories and dreams.

There was the first Christmas; I was always looking for it, even though my father left me, and yet somehow there was no need to look for it. The thick snow on the ground was like the snow on the ground in Jerusalem. My mother used to say, "It's the snow that makes the Christmas spirit." She was right.

We were carried on and the years brought forth Christmas memories. Soon, the gift got on people's nerves. They smashed it, kicked it, spit on it, let it go. Some still did not know about the so-called Christmas spirit. "It" is the so-called Christmas spirit. It starts immediately after the Thanksgiving turkey is digested, and continues until the first Christmas toy is bought. As others do, I too have the desire to begin the holiday season by buying gifts for everyone. I even bought gifts for me.

Christmas is a time for remembering. Christmas is that magic moment you wait for all year, and it always happens in such a way that you can never forget. The twinkling lights that are all around us, the memories of the past, and the future, never seems to fade. Somehow you can never shake the feeling that comes with Christmas. Do you ever wonder how the world became so busy and so commercialized? The world is so commercialized that the spirit of Christmas is lost in the midst of the hype. The spirit of Christmas is lost in the midst of the commercialized world.

There were times when I had to dig deep, reach way down inside myself to find that feeling of a twinkling memory, and yet it was there to be found, and it will always be there.

There will always be the memories of Christmas stories, past and yet to come; the spirit it represents is the Christmas spirit is all about.

HAPPY MEMORIES THAT KEEP US ALIVE—THOSE MEMORIES WE MUST TREASURE ARE TIMES FOR WHICH WE STRIVE—THOSE MOMENTS WE TREASURE.

by John Terra

Christmas is not just a time to immediately after the Thanksgiving turkey is digested, and continues until the first Christmas toy is bought. As others do, I too have the desire to begin the holiday season by buying gifts for everyone. I even bought gifts for me.

Christmas is a time for remembering. Christmas is that magic moment you wait for all year, and it always happens in such a way that you can never forget. The twinkling lights that are all around us, the memories of the past, and the future, never seems to fade. Somehow you can never shake the feeling that comes with Christmas. Do you ever wonder how the world became so busy and so commercialized? The world is so commercialized that the spirit of Christmas is lost in the midst of the hype. The spirit of Christmas is lost in the midst of the commercialized world.

There were times when I had to dig deep, reach way down inside myself to find that feeling of a twinkling memory, and yet it was there to be found, and it will always be there.

There will always be the memories of Christmas stories, past and yet to come; the spirit it represents is the Christmas spirit is all about.

HAPPY MEMORIES THAT KEEP US ALIVE—THOSE MEMORIES WE MUST TREASURE ARE TIMES FOR WHICH WE STRIVE—THOSE MOMENTS WE TREASURE.
Great thought and ambition; that's the secret to Frosty!

by Ron Gogan

Special to TheJournal

FROSTY, THE SNOW MAN, HAD TO HURRY ON HIS WAY, BUT HE WAVED GOOD-BYE SAYING, "DON'T YOU, SIBL, I'LL BE BACK AGAIN SOMEDAY.

"Don't cry little girl," he said as he wrapped his figurelous over his two day old beard. "It's almost Christmas. You're supposed to be happy." "But why," the girl whimpered. "Her eyes and face grew redder. "But why? Look at the people, the smile, the snow. Why are you crying?"

"I want my friend." "Where is your friend?"

"He went away."

"He said he was.

"All I see is snow."

"No. One warm day he just went away. He said he would come back someday but no one has seen him, Sibl, have you seen him?"

"Well, I don't know. What was your friend's name?"

"Frosty."

"Oh, yes, I have seen him. And so have you and a lot of other people." The little girl looked puzzled. "Tell me where! Tell me when! Oh, please tell me!"

"I hope you'll be able to understand this: I suppose the best place to start is, of course, at the beginning. You see, Frosty wasn't born like you and me. He was the product of great light and ambition."

"When those young children went outside to build their snowman, they took great care to make it the best. They worked very hard, but, more importantly, they worked together. That's the secret to Frosty: he was the result of manhood working together."

"Now, granted, those youngsters aren't a classic example of manhood, but we mustn't ever forget that young people like them are going to take charge of this country someday. And when the time comes that they have to bring peace between two fighting nations, perhaps thought of Frosty and working together will come to mind."

"That's not to say that children are the only people who know Frosty. Growns-ups know Frosty long before you and I. They used to think about them when they had read of those children and their diligent example of brotherhood. It helped them to be good doctors, lawyers, public servants and teachers."

"This is what I'm not saying is that he is a constant reminder to people that they should truly, worry about their prodigies and take each other by the hand in order to make this world a better place. Not only for some people, but for everyone."

"So when 50 men construct a high-rise building, when the kids in the neighborhood get a pick-up baseball game going, and, of course, every time another snowman comes into this world, somewhere Frosty smiles from ear-to-toe and takes a long puff on his corn cob pipe, for he knows that his memory exists. And though Frosty melted away, the pride and pleasure that came from his origin and his legend can never be forgotten."

"No, you see, little girl, people meet Frosty everyday. Now, please don't cry. Frosty never tried to make Frosty proud of you." The joyous little girl leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. Then she turned to sorrow when she saw the man she had to call "Dad."

"Good-bye, my friend," she said in a small voice.

"Don't be sad," he smiled. "I'll be back again someday."
Friends, football and fun in the Christmas snow

by Bob DiBella

There was a time when they would disregard batmen and bobbies, delay the paper route, and lie to mom, solely to play the game. Christmas morning would stop all play throughout the league, but Christmas afternoon would approach and lie to mom, solely to play the game. Christmas morning would stop all play throughout the league, but Christmas afternoon would approach. Christmas for several years. How did he know? Entertained a vicious, unchildlike suspision that those "Ho Ho's" were fake by the thousands, brought a lump of coal's sound? Threatening, mostly. If I ever knew if the present-day Arlmont kids concerned themselves for guiding Santa in, or punished me richly for it. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You suspect me of lying to Santa Claus? Cynicism! You probably don't believe that Christmas was off!

I was not deceived. No, not Eckfeldt. I was not deceived. No, not Eckfeldt. But the four remaining heroes were determined to play. They painted off. The football was stuck into the snow. This year. Buffalo galloped over the slopes, and make it to the ends of the Commonwealth. I was never forgotten!

On Christmas Day in 1971, the Miami Dolphins were in overtime with the Kansas City Chiefs in the longest professional football game in history. Primitives. The clock would run outside the game. They paired off. The contest would be a game of "spy" on the best friend's visiting female cousin, but the contest did not show, so the game was on. You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You probably don't believe that the animals talk on Christmas Eve, either! "My family moved away from Arlmont when I was five. In retrospect, we were leaving God's Country. We moved to Wellesley, where, the world being too much with us as ever, the children were too goddamned corrupt to believe in Santa Claus. I was told Santa Claus was dead by a boy who stole my bicycle! A relation of mine, I suppose."

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa... I hope you can read my writing cause I know it's not too good, but after all, that's why I go to school.

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

Dear Santa...

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

On Christmas Day in 1971, the Miami Dolphins were in overtime with the Kansas City Chiefs in the longest professional football game in history. Primitives. The clock would run outside the game. They paired off. The contest would be a game of "spy" on the best friend's visiting female cousin, but the contest did not show, so the game was on. You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You probably don't believe that the animals talk on Christmas Eve, either! "My family moved away from Arlmont when I was five. In retrospect, we were leaving God's Country. We moved to Wellesley, where, the world being too much with us as ever, the children were too goddamned corrupt to believe in Santa Claus. I was told Santa Claus was dead by a boy who stole my bicycle! A relation of mine, I suppose."

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa... I hope you can read my writing cause I know it's not too good, but after all, that's why I go to school.

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

Dear Santa...

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

On Christmas Day in 1971, the Miami Dolphins were in overtime with the Kansas City Chiefs in the longest professional football game in history. Primitives. The clock would run outside the game. They paired off. The contest would be a game of "spy" on the best friend's visiting female cousin, but the contest did not show, so the game was on. You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You probably don't believe that the animals talk on Christmas Eve, either! "My family moved away from Arlmont when I was five. In retrospect, we were leaving God's Country. We moved to Wellesley, where, the world being too much with us as ever, the children were too goddamned corrupt to believe in Santa Claus. I was told Santa Claus was dead by a boy who stole my bicycle! A relation of mine, I suppose."

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa... I hope you can read my writing cause I know it's not too good, but after all, that's why I go to school.

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

Dear Santa...

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

On Christmas Day in 1971, the Miami Dolphins were in overtime with the Kansas City Chiefs in the longest professional football game in history. Primitives. The clock would run outside the game. They paired off. The contest would be a game of "spy" on the best friend's visiting female cousin, but the contest did not show, so the game was on. You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You probably don't believe that the animals talk on Christmas Eve, either! "My family moved away from Arlmont when I was five. In retrospect, we were leaving God's Country. We moved to Wellesley, where, the world being too much with us as ever, the children were too goddamned corrupt to believe in Santa Claus. I was told Santa Claus was dead by a boy who stole my bicycle! A relation of mine, I suppose."

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa... I hope you can read my writing cause I know it's not too good, but after all, that's why I go to school.

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

Dear Santa...

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

On Christmas Day in 1971, the Miami Dolphins were in overtime with the Kansas City Chiefs in the longest professional football game in history. Primitives. The clock would run outside the game. They paired off. The contest would be a game of "spy" on the best friend's visiting female cousin, but the contest did not show, so the game was on. You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You probably don't believe that the animals talk on Christmas Eve, either! "My family moved away from Arlmont when I was five. In retrospect, we were leaving God's Country. We moved to Wellesley, where, the world being too much with us as ever, the children were too goddamned corrupt to believe in Santa Claus. I was told Santa Claus was dead by a boy who stole my bicycle! A relation of mine, I suppose."

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa... I hope you can read my writing cause I know it's not too good, but after all, that's why I go to school.

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

Dear Santa...

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

On Christmas Day in 1971, the Miami Dolphins were in overtime with the Kansas City Chiefs in the longest professional football game in history. Primitives. The clock would run outside the game. They paired off. The contest would be a game of "spy" on the best friend's visiting female cousin, but the contest did not show, so the game was on. You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You probably don't believe that the animals talk on Christmas Eve, either! "My family moved away from Arlmont when I was five. In retrospect, we were leaving God's Country. We moved to Wellesley, where, the world being too much with us as ever, the children were too goddamned corrupt to believe in Santa Claus. I was told Santa Claus was dead by a boy who stole my bicycle! A relation of mine, I suppose."

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa... I hope you can read my writing cause I know it's not too good, but after all, that's why I go to school.

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

Dear Santa...

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

On Christmas Day in 1971, the Miami Dolphins were in overtime with the Kansas City Chiefs in the longest professional football game in history. Primitives. The clock would run outside the game. They paired off. The contest would be a game of "spy" on the best friend's visiting female cousin, but the contest did not show, so the game was on. You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. We were always asked to look for the Star of Bethlehem in the Eastern sky. You probably don't believe that the animals talk on Christmas Eve, either! "My family moved away from Arlmont when I was five. In retrospect, we were leaving God's Country. We moved to Wellesley, where, the world being too much with us as ever, the children were too goddamned corrupt to believe in Santa Claus. I was told Santa Claus was dead by a boy who stole my bicycle! A relation of mine, I suppose."

Dear Santa...

Dear Santa... I hope you can read my writing cause I know it's not too good, but after all, that's why I go to school.

You know what? You must have made your wish. I got a big wish.

Dear Santa...
Cold winds toss memories throughout the city

by Bob DiBella

He stumps across Summer street, his ears taking in the faint ringing of a bell. Blue shopping bags swinging, overflowing, he was carried in by his mother, followed by a herd of gawping kids. They were looking at the city, asking each other, "What are you, Crippled? Blind? Can't you see?"

"What are you thinking about?" the employee at the record store asked. "Jingle Bell Rock", the boy answered, "I think he's talking about the White Christmas tree smell."

The boy's ears. The ringing echoes louder. The boy's eyes focus on the swinging bell. The ringing fighting against a child's imagination. "Hark the Herald Angel Sing" for control of the display window. The ringing in the boy's ears.

Strangers. On the subways, all eyes point upward then downward. Is it that time of year or what? Is it that time of year or what?" He stomps across Summer Street, his white, furry hat, she wishes she was single, already, he asks himself? But he is not fully conscious. He has a feeling of being dazed and confused. He is late. He must go to the airport and I may go cold turkey from withdrawal until I was old enough to get a job and support my habit myself.

In the first light of dawn
Then I woke with a yawn
And I believed in Father Christmas
They sold me a dream of Christmas
They sold me a silent night

Winter's light and a distant choir
But instead it just kept on raining
A vale of tears for the Virgin birth.

The semi-lost variety usually comes equipped with a list, a parent, and a spirit of really not caring too much about what is looking for. The semi-lost ones are the people who wish they were still single, here she bears their list, and say, "Find these albums, please, Santa Claus."

The salesperson resists the temptation to say, "What are you, Crippled? Blind? Can't you see?"

Those that deserve pity and the Purple People Eaters are the brave souls that take their lists and try to find the coveted albums. They are easily recognized by their bewildered faces. They look for/*zoo Cruize and Jethro Tull in the male vocalist category. Last year's Christmas album is the soundtrack for "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" which has single torch songs for albums. One woman who obviously did not value her life, "asked if "Slowhand" was Eric Clapton's "Tangerine Dream". If it is black and with white, furry hat, she wishes she was single, already, she asks herself? But she is not fully conscious. She has a feeling of being dazed and confused. She is late. She must go to the airport and I may go cold turkey from withdrawal until I was old enough to get a job and support my habit myself.

He is late. He must go to the airport and I may go cold turkey from withdrawal until I was old enough to get a job and support my habit myself.

And finally choose something that seems to be a happy accident. My job has taught me many things. Not the least of all is that there are many people with whom, in the true sense of the word, you cannot associate.

As a young, naive child whose parents did not believe inallowance, the only opportunity I had to fill my album bud was at my birthday and Christmas, which unfortunately are only six weeks apart. Around Halloween I would start to drop subtle hints as to what albums I would like. Such things included everything from singing at the dinner table to glasing myself to the hoop-la every Wednesday night to watch "The Monkees". Without fail, my birthday would roll around, and not an album would be found among the gifts.

If you have a blessed Christmas I wish you a happy Christmas With you a blessed New Year- All health, peace, and wals
Leave your heart and let your road be clear.

They said there'd be snow at Christmas! They said there'd be peace on Earth!

Dec. 12, 1978/ The Suffolk Journal/Page A7

One more Christmas season with 'albumitis'

"Oh" "Oh, excuse me. Am I all right?"

This puzzle contains 20 words, most related to Christmas. They are arranged horizontally and vertically, as well as diagonally, with the letters jumbled. Good luck.
There were no gifts for him, not one package.

When he saw this, his face beamed with joy!

It made him sick as he thought about Christmas. He could see the beautiful television advertisements: the gold brooch set for $9,99. More ads popped into his head: TV, toys, gyms at $8.99, Buy it now! Run, rush out and buy! Buy buy buy. Jessup felt like he was being forced to shop.

Suddenly, Jessup noticed that he was standing still, and the noise and anger in his young mind overcame him, and he noticed his arms were outstretched like Christo’s blending on the cross. He could not move. His entire body was stiff and it was open and all its strength and all its outstretched arms beating against the cold wind and the cold ice with a high speed. "Buy!" he thought. "Buy buy buy!"

Jessup watched his mother put on her parka and sweater, and wrapped a soft blanket around his shoulders. He could barely watch from atop that hill as his mother entered the room and his father closed the door behind her. Jessup watched his mother and father go to the kitchen and then to the parlor and then to the bedrooms. He could see the confines of the small rooms, the tiny windows and the walls. Jessup remembered the last time he used that expression. It was yesterday. He remembered how he had told his father that he was a year older than he, saying "What do you want for Christmas this year, little monster?" He thought of his mother’s fair complexion and delicate features. He remembered to his bedroom, thinking that he might able to sleep and dream about Santa Claus and Christmas!

Jessup thought out loud. Those thoughts caused a burning feeling inside of his stomach. It rose up to his chest and to his throat and he knew what he had to do. He would follow his father’s path about, one quarter of a mile, to the tower.

The tower stood high on top of a large hill that was a mountain to Jessup. There he could see the entire city at a quick glance. He could watch from stop that hill the cars on the highway that was broad and black and white, the tall buildings that were white and tall and the people that were walking and running and doing things. He could sweat admissions at the top of his lungs there. The screaming was a relieving picture. He thought he saw stars and he did. It was dark now. His forehead ached and when he lifted up both of his hands, spots of blood appeared on them.

With each step his heart pounded harder, against his small warm chest behind the cloth of his overalls and blue navy parkas. He walked more briskly now, his mind overcome with a hundred different thoughts about what was Christmas.

Christmas magic and a trial of hockey heroes

by Ed Coletta

Thirteen years old and an avid Bruins hockey there from dusk til dawn. But my dreams had arrived as a hockey player.

At the turn in the snowy path, Jessup saw his mother and father who were now fast asleep. He thought of the rules prescribed by his father and mother who were now fast asleep.

When he saw this, his face beamed with joy! His eyes closed gradually. He had been an exhausting day, and within minutes his spirit was sailing off into the seas of dreamland.

Christmas magic and a trial of hockey heroes

by Ed Coletta

Imagine the bright-lit Christmas tree, the fluffy window curtains with my hand and pureed into the cold winter wind, the dark room of the teddy flood waters near my house lay covered with snow. The view of a huge snowing. Not a soul skated there; it was Christmas Eve.

I strode through my snow pressed against the cold glass. A heavy snow fell, silvering the ground, and I passed through the big spot light near the maternal ice rink. The temperature hovered around zero degrees. Emptiness the ice near my own open Boston Bruin. I longed to be a good, big Boston Bruin. Maybe a Bobby Orr made a risk, a 24-hour-a-day, one-big-day Repetto scoring goal or an Eddie Westfall killing a penalty.

With a deep sigh he very quietly entered the living room. His mother quickly exited and

...
continued from page A3

by Carla Baires

I park my car, hustle across the street, hop on the bus and sit for what seems an eternity through the never-ending surge of stop-and-go traffic.

Traveling down Massachusetts Avenue, the gas lamps gleam through the drifting snow, reminding me of Beacon Hill and its old-fashioned image of aristocratic elegance.

Changing from bus to train at the Harvard Station, I sit through another type of stop-and-go traffic until I get off at the Charles Street - Mass. General Hospital stop. Cambridge Street always looks so full of people hurrying producer with the hustle-bustle of going somewhere but getting nowhere, so I walk down the street dodging cars, taxis, buses, and trucks.

It's those times, those bluey winter mornings, when the Ridgeway Lane Building never looks better! I open the door and whoosh! the gust of hot air hits me smack in the face; sort of like a warm hello, but not as enticing! Floor boards creak under the feet as I make my way down the corridor. Pinball machines chime and the clamor of voices filtering from the lounges, can be heard and though it sounds the same every day, I can just feel the season is near — that ho-ho-hoing time is here again and everyone is ready to celebrate.

That? the common sights are priceless ones, for no where else can they be found but down at Ridgeway!

Ping-pong balls are always rolling through the corridors with a frantic player chasing close behind more determined to get that ball than "to get that 'A'" in some class.

There's a little puppy that visits most every day, and we watch him grow, as he does the same with us.

Student Government members prance up and down the halls soliciting for next year's vote and at the same time worry about keeping this year's position.

Music can be heard coming from various offices; all the radio playing different tunes — all the students marching to different drummers.

N O TES, C O L O R S, AND M U S I C


Out of the building and onto the lane. Yes, there's snow all around, up and down. That once-upon-a-time white fluffy substance we more commonly know as snow, infested with fog, is hanging thickly in the air.

Music can be heard coming from various offices; all the radio playing different tunes — all the students marching to different drummers.

Christmas is in the air and Ridgeway Lane is full of the holiday spirit.

...style

...continued from page A3

they hold in their laps dream of Christmas to come, including the one several days away, for they are young enough to want more.

All wrapped up in a couple of weeks the holiday spirit engulfs the big city and spreads the people with a feeling of contentment. Much like the small children on a music box skipping their way around the mudberry bush wanting to go somewhere once more, the holiday style is a recurring fashion that everyone wants to wear again.
Things a child once taught the world to believe

by Nina Gaeta

"If Christmas day is really in your heart, you don't have to save up all your love to give once a year." Dennis tried and tried to drum this into his brother. Dennis had as the younger Smith counted his expected gifts.

He ignored this statement and drummed his fingers along the headboard. "Look, what is it with you? I think you must be weird, all payed up every year and then jumping up and down about Christmas. I swear you live for Christmas. It's got to be the snow, but then again, with you, it's spring, summer, and fall. You're gonna blow a fuse in your brain!"

Joe sighed as if the weight of the world rested on his shoulders. "No, you've got it wrong. Christmas should live with someone every day. Everyone has the spirit in them, only they allow it to show through at Christmas. What a waste."

His brother turned his thoughts back to gifts and stared at the Cheryl Tiegs poster on the wall. "Man, what I'd give to have her all wrapped up in a bow for Christmas. I can see it now..." Dennis stretched out on the bed. "You've indeed, a nice bow!"

Joe looked out the window and watched the snow fall. Why can't people love each other at Christmas for the rest of the year? Why is everything so material? He resolutely went to the closet and fished in the mess for his coat and hat. He was going to find someone who believed as he did.

"Where are you going? Hey, it's freezing out, and snowing. All right Mr. Kringle, go on going to find someone who believed as he did."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to take out my aggravations with you, it's spring, summer, and fall. Joseph tried and tried to give once a year. "Joseph tried and tried to give once a year."

Dennis ignored this statement and jumped up and down about Christmas. "Why is everything so material? I'd like for you to have a Merry Christmas. I'd like. I'd like... I'd like..."

"Why can't people care for each other? Too bad it doesn't work every day."

Joe laughed with them. Then he said he thought Christmas was really commercial, everyone should carry the spirit of goodwill and love all the time. Larry agreed with him. "I know, I know, but face it Joe, money makes the world go around, not love. And there is nothing anyone can do about it."

"I don't know Larry, maybe there is and maybe someone does care enough to do something about it. I've just got to find out." With that, she left and wandered around town for a few hours. Christmas bells, ringing everyone to mass. He watched as the devoted and hypocrites made their way up the stairs. You could always tell the hypocrites, they made a show about anything they did, including handing the docket at the front door a dollar. Anything to save themselves.

As he watched, he said a quick prayer. "Hey, God. You and I both know I'm not all that religious, but can you give me reason for carryin on and looking for something to still believe in the spirit of Christmas? I mean, it gets hard when you're the only one."

The wind blew colder and Joe had reached the bottom of his will of hope. "Am I right, or am I wrong. Everyone doesn't care. Maybe it's easier to give in to apathy, and become a zombie like Dennis is. Maybe..."

The people Joe had run into at the various stores and hobby shops could only reaffirm what he did not want to know. The salesperson echoed lie after lie on how great everyone looked, and certainly, this product can work miracles for them.

"Yes, that's what I need, a miracle" thought Joe. "Hey, You upstairs, can you help me on that one? Forget it God, I was only acting like everybody else. I don't need anything."

On his way home, Joe passed by the grocery school he had long ago attended. He could see in the windows fake cardboard wreaths, and trees and snowflakes. He had to laugh. Everything they taught you when you were a child. Every generation received the same dose of Christmas in the same way.

While he huddled looked for someone or something to reinforce his own hope and belief, the town had set up a manger scene complete with shepherds, stars, and wisemen.

Little Children Listen

by Carla Barros

LITTLE CHILDREN LISTEN FOR THE HOOFBEATS—IT'S FUNNY HOW THEY NEVER GET DISCOURAGED WHEN THEY FALL ASLEEP BEFORE FINDING OUT WHAT'S UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

They carelessly toss aside the memories that promise more excitement, ripping wrapping paper off bundles in their tiny little hearts. When they fall asleep before finding out what awaits them under the Christmas tree.

How great everyone looked, and certainly, this product can work miracles for them.

"Yes, that's what I need, a miracle" thought Joe. "Hey, You upstairs, can you help me on that one? Forget it God, I was only acting like everybody else. I don't need anything."

On his way home, Joe passed by the grocery school he had long ago attended. He could see in the windows fake cardboard wreaths, and trees and snowflakes. He had to laugh. Everything they taught you when you were a child. Every generation received the same dose of Christmas in the same way.

While he huddled looked for someone or something to reinforce his own hope and belief, the town had set up a manger scene complete with shepherds, stars, and wisemen.

Little Children Listen

by Carla Barros

LITTLE CHILDREN LISTEN FOR THE HOOFBEATS—IT'S FUNNY HOW THEY NEVER GET DISCOURAGED WHEN THEY FALL ASLEEP BEFORE FINDING OUT WHAT'S UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

They carelessly toss aside the memories that promise more excitement, ripping wrapping paper off bundles in their tiny little hearts. When they fall asleep before finding out what awaits them under the Christmas tree.

How great everyone looked, and certainly, this product can work miracles for them.

"Yes, that's what I need, a miracle" thought Joe. "Hey, You upstairs, can you help me on that one? Forget it God, I was only acting like everybody else. I don't need anything."

On his way home, Joe passed by the grocery school he had long ago attended. He could see in the windows fake cardboard wreaths, and trees and snowflakes. He had to laugh. Everything they taught you when you were a child. Every generation received the same dose of Christmas in the same way.

While he huddled looked for someone or something to reinforce his own hope and belief, the town had set up a manger scene complete with shepherds, stars, and wisemen.

Little Children Listen

by Carla Barros

LITTLE CHILDREN LISTEN FOR THE HOOFBEATS—IT'S FUNNY HOW THEY NEVER GET DISCOURAGED WHEN THEY FALL ASLEEP BEFORE FINDING OUT WHAT'S UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

They carelessly toss aside the memories that promise more excitement, ripping wrapping paper off bundles in their tiny little hearts. When they fall asleep before finding out what awaits them under the Christmas tree.

How great everyone looked, and certainly, this product can work miracles for them.

"Yes, that's what I need, a miracle" thought Joe. "Hey, You upstairs, can you help me on that one? Forget it God, I was only acting like everybody else. I don't need anything."

On his way home, Joe passed by the grocery school he had long ago attended. He could see in the windows fake cardboard wreaths, and trees and snowflakes. He had to laugh. Everything they taught you when you were a child. Every generation received the same dose of Christmas in the same way.

While he huddled looked for someone or something to reinforce his own hope and belief, the town had set up a manger scene complete with shepherds, stars, and wisemen.

Little Children Listen

by Carla Barros

LITTLE CHILDREN LISTEN FOR THE HOOFBEATS—IT'S FUNNY HOW THEY NEVER GET DISCOURAGED WHEN THEY FALL ASLEEP BEFORE FINDING OUT WHAT'S UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

They carelessly toss aside the memories that promise more excitement, ripping wrapping paper off bundles in their tiny little hearts. When they fall asleep before finding out what awaits them under the Christmas tree.

How great everyone looked, and certainly, this product can work miracles for them.

"Yes, that's what I need, a miracle" thought Joe. "Hey, You upstairs, can you help me on that one? Forget it God, I was only acting like everybody else. I don't need anything."

On his way home, Joe passed by the grocery school he had long ago attended. He could see in the windows fake cardboard wreaths, and trees and snowflakes. He had to laugh. Everything they taught you when you were a child. Every generation received the same dose of Christmas in the same way.

While he huddled looked for someone or something to reinforce his own hope and belief, the town had set up a manger scene complete with shepherds, stars, and wisemen.

Little Children Listen

by Carla Barros

LITTLE CHILDREN LISTEN FOR THE HOOFBEATS—IT'S FUNNY HOW THEY NEVER GET DISCOURAGED WHEN THEY FALL ASLEEP BEFORE FINDING OUT WHAT'S UNDER THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

They carelessly toss aside the memories that promise more excitement, ripping wrapping paper off bundles in their tiny little hearts. When they fall asleep before finding out what awaits them under the Christmas tree.

How great everyone looked, and certainly, this product can work miracles for them.

"Yes, that's what I need, a miracle" thought Joe. "Hey, You upstairs, can you help me on that one? Forget it God, I was only acting like everybody else. I don't need anything."

On his way home, Joe passed by the grocery school he had long ago attended. He could see in the windows fake cardboard wreaths, and trees and snowflakes. He had to laugh. Everything they taught you when you were a child. Every generation received the same dose of Christmas in the same way.

While he huddled looked for someone or something to reinforce his own hope and belief, the town had set up a manger scene complete with shepherds, stars, and wisemen.
A Dream Comes True

by Carla Bairos

IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN
LIKE SO MANY OTHER TIMES-
THE LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT
THE SKY IS FULL
THERE'S ALWAYS MUSIC TO BE HEARD
JUST LIKE IT WAS BEFORE.

EVERYTIME IT'S DIFFERENT
ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW-
MORE LAUGHTER AND GAIETY
THERE ARE EVEN SMILES
THERE'S A PEACEFUL MOOD TO BE WORN
THERE WAS EVEN A BABY BORN.

REJOICE AND LET IT BE KNOWN
IT IS ANOTHER NEW DAY
THE SPIRIT IS UPON US
EVERY NIGHT AND EVERY DAY
WE CAN NOW LIFT UP OUR HEADS
IT IS ALRIGHT TO CRY
AND PRAY, AS WE ALWAYS SHOULD
AND DREAM!

FLY AND MAKE YOUR HEART SOAR
EVERY LITTLE CHILD SHOULD KNOW
PEACE IS THE BLANKET WE WILL WEAR
FOR IT IS CHRISTMAS TIME-
THERE IS NO PAIN, THERE IS NO FEAR.
THAT IS WHY THERE ARE THE LIGHTS,
THAT IS WHY THERE IS THE MUSIC,
AND THE BABY.

The Winter Song

WINTER IS HERE AND IT'S COLD THIS TIME OF YEAR
THERE'S SNOW EVERYWHERE IN SIGHT
FALLING ON THE WINTER NIGHT
BY CANDLELIGHT WE SHARE THIS CHILLY NIGHT
THERE IS FROST ON THE WINDOWpane
WINTER NIGHTS ARE HERE AGAIN
THERE'S A FEELING IN THE AIR
FEEL THE SPIRIT EVERYWHERE
WINTER WINDS ON HEAVEN AND EARTH...

BY THE FIREPLACE THERE'S A SMILE ON EVERY FACE
THE ICE BEGINS TO CLING
LISTEN TO THE CHILDREN SING!
LOOKING OUTSIDE THE CITY LIGHTS ALL COME ALIVE
PEOPLE RUNNING ALL AROUND
THEY FILL THE STREETS WITH A HAPPY SOUND-
HEAR THE ANGELS JOIN THE CHOIR!
LET THEM TAKETHE MUSIC HIGHER
THROUGH THE WINTER DAYS ON HEAVEN AND EARTH...

THERE'S A FEELING IN THE AIR
FEEL THE SPIRIT EVERYWHERE!!

-Meadows/Giuffria/DiMino

Copyright (p) (c) 1977 Casablanca Records and Film Works, Inc. White Angel Music/Broadway Roy Music (BMI)
Happy Holiday Season