



# SUFFOLK JOURNAL

June 3, 1969

## PARODY SPECIAL

### Prof. Prepares With Propoganda

In many schools across the country liberal minded students have banded together in order to evaluate the professors. Each semester, as students receive their grades, professors too are faced with a student booklet summarizing the academicians' accomplishments in the last five months.

This process often instills fear into the hearts of teachers (this is not to suggest that all teachers have hearts. I could have said brains, but that's even rarer). The effect of this survey is indeed interesting to observe. I accidentally stumbled into English Lit class the very day one of these surveys was being taken. Dr. Bird was the instructor in charge.

"Today," he began, "we will begin the day with a spelling lesson."

He then proceeded to put the following words on the board: TREMENDOUS, FANTASTIC, STUPENDOUS, STIMULATING, INVIGORATING.

"These words," he continued, "are those most frequently misapprehended by the average student. By which, by the way, we will be filling out today. Now we will begin our class today, if it's okay with everybody, on the great English poet Sidney."

"Sidney WHO," yelled someone in the back.

"Oh, Mr. Clemman, you have such a wonderful sense of humor. But we mustn't say Sidney who, we must say WHO SIDNEY."

"That's just what I want to know, who the heck is Sidney?" The lesson continued and Dr. Bird began discussing another great literary figure, Edmund Spenser.

"How many feet are there in Spenser's poem?" he asked. I quickly counted the number of characters and multiplied by two. "ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR."

"I'm sorry Mr. Truiz, I think you've misunderstood the question." It was obvious I hadn't allowed enough feet for the dragon. I had figured four feet per head.

The class continued and Dr. Bird paused a second to comment on his students. "Oh you kids are just so great. I mean how many teachers are so lucky as to have such a bright bunch of students. Oh, well, back to the lesson Mr. Dell'Arca, what did you think of Alexander Pope's poem?"

"Oh Mr. Dell'Arca you're so delightful, so honest, so down to earth. Why do you, as you so deliciously put it, think they stink?"

"Case I didn't like the coverage they got in your review book."

"Then you never really read the poem?"

"I think they stink."

"Very well Mr. Dell'Arca, we will now discuss Jonathan Swift's famous novel, 'Gulliver's Travels.' Miss Drevitch, did you know that in all the places he visited, he was really only discovering himself?"

"Couldn't he have just stayed home and saved the money?"

"Ah, Miss Drevitch, what a fascinating view of literature you have. So nice to have someone as fresh and alert as you in class."

Well, it's about time to fill out those evaluations, so I'll let Mr. Truiz of the Evaluation Committee take over.

"Thank you Dr. Bird. If the class will please fill out these forms, and turn them back to me, we'll be finished in a matter of minutes. Don't forget to turn the sheets over and answer all the questions. There are two sides to the paper."

"That's right," said Dr. Bird, "and may I please remind you that I have not yet decided what will be on the final next week. A great deal will depend upon your mood in the next few days."

### Position Available

- Applicants must be
1. reliable
  2. trustworthy
  3. loyal
  4. truthful
  5. humane
  6. willing to work

For details write:

Committee to Choose Next Years  
Senior Class President

### A Day In The Life

He was tall, but not too tall, thin, but not too thin, average, but not too average. He had just lived through the most terrifying experience in the Suffolk women. This he was to find out too soon.

This is an account of the first day of classes for this nameless, but heroic young man. As he entered the school through the Temple Street doors, he was immediately confronted by a tall girl he had never seen before.

"Fall on your knees, peon," she commanded in a voice that would make Thor shudder from fear. "I am Maureen No Equal, editor of our so perfect Suffolk Journal."

He fell to his knees as if god himself, or should I say herself, commanded. "Y-y-y-yes," he stammered.

"Are you a journalism major?"

"No, I plan to take chemistry. I failed English in high school," came his lowly reply.

"School," she laughed, you are perfect for my staff, report to the Journal office in two hours." She turned and marched to the elevator.

From here, for he was quite shaken, he decided to examine the library, better known as Shop & Shop. As he passed the administration offices, three girls approached him from the end of the corridor.

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### Freshmen To Get Revenge

When the new academic year begins in September, there will be a minor change in the traditional rituals. For the first time in the history of Suffolk University, the incoming freshmen shall get their "backs" instead of taking them.

Seniors will be required to do everything that the average Freshman Class does during a normal orientation week. These ceremonies will be directed by select members of the Freshman Class who will be chosen on a "first come, first serve" basis.

For the seniors who will be requested to participate and are wondering what they will have to do, here are a few of the traditional tasks. First of all, seniors will be given a list of seventy freshmen names and will be held responsible for getting each person's signature four times during the week. If I may be so bold, let me warn the seniors that the penalty for failing to complete this task is a one-semester extension of classroom requirements. Second, before any senior registers, he must buy a Senior Beanie. This

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### Faculty Awards

Friends, the time is once again with us when we cast an eye toward the coming academic year for the pleasures, pain and inspiration it may bring. It is a time for new ideas and new thinking, and also a time to reflect over the years past, their hopes and disappointments as well as their lessons.

In keeping with this spirit, the Suffolk University Ad Hoc Committee for Applause, Brickbats, and Sundry Commemorations met in secret shortly before the end of April to formulate its annual faculty awards. After its usual plethora of heated debate, the Committee reached a decision. As usual, two members of the University's faculty were singled out for special mention and for gifts symbolic of our esteem.

To the following individuals, then, we extend our warmest congratulations to Dr. Don J. Archon, in gratitude for his able promotion of stimulating guest speakers at Suffolk, goes the Florence Ziegfeld Memorial Showmanship Award.

Our second award goes to Dr. Edward J. Hartmann, for significant contributions in the field of az pollution. Dr. Hartmann has been awarded the El Corno Two-for-One-Nickel Award. To these two individuals

we say "Kudos," and present the following gifts:

To Dr. Archon goes a three-by-five foot oil portrait of Ed Sullivan, suitable for framing, and a black silk shirt open to the waist lately worn by Harry Belafonte. Included with the shirt is a harness for the chest.

Dr. Hartmann will be the happy recipient of a mahogany plaque bearing the gold-embossed inscription "Upit is a dirty word, but it's worse on the end of your cigar." In addition, he will receive a five years supply of aged barber shop sweepings, complete with roll-your-own paper.

And so adjourns the Suffolk University Ad Hoc Committee for Applause, Brickbats, and Sundry Commemorations for this academic year. We feel the choices this year were singularly outstanding, and a credit to the institution we love.

### Suffolk Expands

The year is 1974. It is a warm September day—you know, the kind you wish had happened during your vacation last June. I am a new student about to walk into my first year of college life at Suffolk University. As I step out of the monorail I look about me and see a maze of intricate buildings, all multi-shaped yet fitting into a unique pattern of uniformity. Something within me says this must be the end of my long journey. At last I am here—here at Suffolk University, my new home for the next four years. Let's see, first I suppose I should find out where I'm going. There, that looks like a fellow student. I think I'll approach him.

"Excuse me, please," I said. "You must be one of our new arrivals. Are you lost?" he responded.

"No, I'm not lost, I was just wondering if you could show me around the grounds. All these buildings around here have confused me since direction."

"Well," he replied, "it's really quite simple. Follow me. This building in front of us is the Old, Old Building. It's one of the oldest structures still in existence. That one next to it is the New, Old Building, the second oldest structure. The brick building across the street is the New Cafeteria Building. It's not quite finished yet, but it will be ready when classes begin. Over there, across that field, is the New, Old Building of the Old Sciences and next to it is the Old, Old Building. Let's walk around the corner and I'll show you the dorms and classrooms and other things you should know."

"Wait a minute," I asked. "I'm a bit confused with all this gobbledygook about the old, new and new old and old old. Why can't these buildings be given names so you can find them a little easier?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Freshman. We couldn't possibly name the buildings after people. After all we don't know the names of anybody who might donate money to our school. If you use the name of a building who can complain? This way we offend no one and everybody is happy. Ah, here we are at the Super-New Girls' Dormitory. Adjacent to that is the Ultra-New Men's Dorm, and the Medium Old Classroom Building. Just up the street is the Brand New—"

"Hold it, wait just a minute, stop all the horses, I can't take it any more! Just point me to the Registrar's office. Forget the tour, I can't go on anymore."

"O.K. Maybe we can get together after orientation today and I'll draw a map so you can find your way around until you get used to it. The Registrar's office is in the New Old Building up where I first met you. Just go to the third floor, mean number three medium new sub-structure. I keep forgetting we're updating the floor plan system this year too."

Mumbling to myself I slowly walked, praying every inch of the way that I wouldn't get lost. Finally I found myself in the Registrar's office.

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English poet Sidney.  
"Sidney WHO," yelled someone in the back.  
"Oh, Mr. Clemman, you have such a wonderful sense of humor! But we mustn't say Sidney who, we must say WHO SIDNEY."  
"That's just what I want to know, who the heck is Sidney?"  
The lesson continued and Dr. Bird began discussing another great literary figure, Edmund Spenser.  
"How many feet are there in Spenser's poem?" he asked.  
I quickly counted the number of characters and multiplied by two. "ON H. U. N. I. T. I. D. A. S. I. TWENTY FOUR."  
"It's very Mr. Truitt, I think you've misinterpreted the question." It was obvious I hadn't allowed enough "not" for the dragon. I had figured four feet per head.

"Couldn't he have just stayed home and saved the money?"  
"Ah, Miss Drenth, what a fascinating view of literature you have. So nice to have someone as fresh and alert as you in class."  
Well, it's about time to fill out those evaluations, so I'll let Mr. Tenure of the Evaluation Committee take over.  
"Thank you Dr. Bird. If the class will please fill out these forms, and turn them back to me, we'll be finished in a matter of minutes. Don't forget to turn the sheets over and answer all the questions. There are two sides to the paper."  
"That's right," said Dr. Bird, "and may I please remind you that I have not yet decided what will be on the final next week. A great deal will depend upon my mood on the next few days."

Continued on Page 6

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"Excuse me, please," I said. "You must be one of our new arrivals. Are you lost?"  
"No, I'm not lost, I was just wondering if you could show me around the grounds. All these buildings around here have confused my sense of direction."  
"Well," he replied, "it's really quite simple. Follow me. This building is front of us is the Old Building. It's one of the oldest structures still in New Suffolk. That one next to it is the New Old Building, the second oldest structure. The brick building across the street is the New Cafeteria Building. It's not quite finished yet, but it will be ready when classes begin. Over there across that field is the New Old Building of the Sciences and next to it is the Old New Building for Laboratory Research. Let's walk around the corner and I'll show you the dorms and classrooms and other things you should know."  
"Wait a minute," I asked. "I'm a bit confused with all this gibberish about the old, new and new old and old. Why can't these buildings be given names so you can find them a little easier?"  
"Don't be ridiculous, Freshman. We couldn't possibly

name the buildings after people. After all we don't want to insult anybody who might donate money to our school. If you use names like old, old building who's complaint? This way, we offend no one and everybody is happy. Ah, here we are at the Super-New Girls' Dormitory. Adjacent to that is the Ultra-New Men's Dorm and the Medium Old Classroom Building. Just up the street is the Brand New.

"Hold it, wait just a minute, stop all the horses, I can't take it any more! Just point me to the Registrar's office. Forget the tour, I can't go on anymore."  
"OK. Maybe we can get together after orientation today, get used to it. The Registrar's office is in the New Old Building up where I first met you. Just go to the third floor, I'll be waiting. I keep forgetting to explain the floor plan system this year too!"  
Mumbling to myself I slowly walked, praying every inch of the way that I wouldn't get lost. Finally I found myself in the Registrar's office.

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## Losing With Stacked Cards

Last month I had nothing to do so I stormed into the library, approached the desk, and yelled, "I hate this place, and I want to blow up the whole building!"  
The librarian was calm and collected. "You'll have to fill out a card," she said.  
This experience has caused me to question the sanity not only of this library, but the entire University. Yesterday, I went to the circulation desk and filled out a card for the "Holy Bible." For the author, I combined humor with exaltation and wrote down, "God."  
The librarian quickly returned the card with an appropriate scowl and said, "Maybe, think this is a game? You forgot the first name and middle initial!"  
Sometimes in a moment of weakness, I use the Xerox machine (the "X" stands for excuse me, I'm broken again). One day, after printing three thousand copies of "Down with the Cig System," and two thousand 1969 calendars, I decided to try my luck once more at the circulation desk.  
You will find, if you go to the library often enough, that a book you are looking for is not "out." More often it will be in the bindery, lost, in the reserve section, or just playing it cute.  
Last week I tried to take out a book, and the librarian gave me a card that said, "BOOK LOST, WILL TRAVE." I never knew what that meant until I

accidentally stumbled onto Mr. Richard Sullivan, our esteemed library director, and saw him sitting on the floor with ten rolls of toilet paper, tracing a book.  
Yesterday I went to the periodical section. "Have you got Time?" I asked.  
"Pick me up at seven," responded the librarian.  
"I don't think you understand," I explained. "How about Life?"  
"OK," she replied. "I'll be ready at six."  
Someday when I'm old and gray and my three-year-old son asks me about my school library, I'll show him a picture of our grand super-structure soaring on the third floor of good old Suffolk U. He'll carefully count the number of floors (all two of them) and say, "Yee, Daddy, your library had only two floors."  
"Yes, son," I'll admit, "and a whole book of poems."

WHO LOST  
Cynthia Boudreau  
(alias "the Skipper")  
at Sea!

## Suffolk Journal Revenge

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year's brawns will be basically of the same design as past years but has one small change and that is a purple feather protruding vertically from the center of the frame. Inscribed upon the feather in bold letters will be the proud statement "I am a Senior!"  
Also included in the traditional ceremonies of Orientation Week is a march and far be it from the freshmen to deprive the seniors of a Senior March. The only detail of the march available at the present time is the fact that each senior will be required to wear a large sign bearing these most precious words: "I am a Senior at Suffolk U!"  
Seniors will also be asked to answer such pertinent questions as "Who was Fragar'silly and what was her owner's name?" Another significant question which might be asked is "What is the total number of flat tires that have hindered American motorists during the past ten years?" These and other questions relevant to Suffolk U. will be asked by the freshmen.  
A point that should be stressed, and I am sure it will be, is the fact that all this rigamarole is for the senior's own good. A senior will emerge a better person for partaking in these happy events. Remember college represents the best years of your life!  
See you in September!

## An Unusual Type Of Bird

Throughout the world there are many and varied types of birds—some have long necks, others have short legs, certain ones are pretty, many are ugly, and so on and so forth. But there is one—and only one—member of this unique bird family left in our contact. Now chances are that you will say you have never heard of this bird but please do not make a harsh judgement—just use your imagination and soon you will swear you have seen this bird around somewhere. The unknown yet infamous bird I am referring to is the Coulounolly bird. Why is this bird unique? Well, for one reason, and you probably won't believe this, it is a cross between a con artist and a miracle worker. Since you are ultimately confused at this point, allow me to tell you my statement. The sole function of the Coulounolly bird is to use its charmingly feathered ways to get other birds a better nest in today's Bird Society. If it so happens that a brother bird accomplishes some great feat such as singlehandedly capturing and eating a twenty-seven inch worm, then it is the responsibility of the Coulounolly bird to see that he gets proper recognition for his wondrous achievement. I'll bet you didn't think that the Bird Society of the World had such a prominent figure, but they do. However, it is altogether possible that it is only the Coulounolly bird itself that thinks it is a prominent figure in the Bird Society.



Another outstanding characteristic of this particular species of our feathered friends is his call. Unlike the rooster, the cock-a-doodle-doo, or the sparrow that chirp-chirps, the Coulounolly bird just sort of grunt-grunts. This is a truly unique feature and it is a real experience to hear this bird sound off because you would swear it sounded almost human. However, one must see this bird on a good day in order to hear his astounding sounds because if the poor little Coulounolly bird has a poor day hunting for famous birds he won't talk to anybody.  
The Coulounolly bird is physically characterized by a crown of grayish feathers which is absolutely majestic but this condition can also be brought about by a severe case of bird dandruff (somebody should tell the Coulounolly bird about Beak and Feathers for bird dandruff).  
There is only one feature of this bird that identifies him with other species of birds that exist in the world today—he is not toilet-trained. He will dump where he pleases and upon whom he pleases—but someday another bird is going to dump upon him—How does it feel, Coulounolly bird?



Here Come  
DA PLUME

FRATERNITIES SORORITIES CLUBS have your name imprinted

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ 156 OLIVER ST., N. TONAWANDA, N.Y. 14120

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ PLEASE SEND ME QUILLS

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ @25¢ EA. PLUS 10¢ HANDLING CHG.

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ (EXTRA SAVINGS 5 QUILL PENS \$1.00)

IT'S MOD  
IT'S MAD  
IT'S THE FAD  
IT'S DA PLUME

FRATERNITIES & CLUBS have your name imprinted  
on a reliable ballpoint quill  
\$2.95 (under \$5.00) \$1.95 (over \$5.00)  
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PLEASE SEND NO MONEY  
WE'LL BILL YOU  
10% A PLUS FOR HANDLING CHG.  
(EXTRA SAVINGS 5 DOLL. PENS. \$1.00)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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There is only one feature of this bird that identifies him with other species of birds that exist in the world today he is not toilet-trained. He will dump where he pleases and upon whom he pleases but someday another bird is going to dump upon him. How does it feel, Coulounolly bird?

"I wonder how many it would be if I had a beard!"

June 3, 1980

## A Look At Freshman Disorientation

The first week at any college is known as "orientation." "Orientation" is an old Greek word taken from the prefix "orient" which means Chinese. Similarly, the word is taken from an old Chinese word, "orienta" which means, "It's all Greek to me." In any case, orientation is a difficult and confusing experience for most freshmen (not to mention sophomores, juniors and seniors as well).

As a freshman, your first move at any college should be acquainting yourself with the department heads. This doesn't mean brown-nosing the head of the English Department. It simply means knowing where all the bathrooms are. Believe me, after six hours of utter confusion, it will be wise to know where every head in the place is.

Your next problem will be your parents. After you have unpacked the car and dragged your clothing up some dirty Beacon Hill apartment, your mother will no doubt burst into tears, throw her arms around you, beg you to be good, not to stay out late, and to eat all your vegetables. The freshmen should expect this reaction and try to sympathize with the parent. You can imagine how I felt when my mother reacted like this, especially since I commute from home.

During orientation you were introduced to a big brother whose function is to show you the ropes. THIS MEANS THAT YOU WILL KNOW EXACTLY WHERE TO GO WHEN YOU WANT TO HANG YOURSELF WHEN THINGS GO BAD. The big brother performs many other functions. He'll tell you how little you will need to study, how much you can sleep without getting sick, and how to eat free at Conda's.

A major part of Freshman Orientation takes place in the auditorium. LOOKING at speeches, I say "looking" because it is very difficult to hear anything when 200 freshmen girls are talking to 200 freshmen boys. The first speaker is usually the Dean of Women (in charge of women) who will also scare everyone half to death when you find she is also teaching your course in humanities, then the Director of Student Services (in charge of keeping your schedule full of games to occupy your free time) and finally the most important job of all—the Dean of Students who will inform you when you have flunked out of school. By the way, the speeches are always boring, and anyone who applauds is considered a hypocrite.

It is about this time that you finally meet your roommate on any permanent basis. Don't be misled by first impressions. It is absolutely impossible for you to get along.

Your first problem is always the bathroom. For example, you want to take a shower and so does he. If then happens you can consider yourself quite lucky. Most freshmen find that when they want to take a shower, their roommate doesn't budge.

If your roommate is not very clean, it may be wise to

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drop a few subtle hints, like nailing his underwear to the floor so it won't walk away if, after three months, he still doesn't know which toothbrush is his. I suggest a quick change.

It is during this orientation period that college freshmen meet many members of the opposite sex. Many of you will look at these wonders and wonder how they got to be members. The fact is, however, that freshmen can't be choosy, and the boys especially must often settle for girls who played guitar on their dart team.

Once you have a date, the problem is to find an interesting place to go. Here is where the freshmen becomes confused. On most campuses there is a particular place where everybody hangs out, but here at Suffolk our campus is the whole of Boston. This presents a problem. If the freshman has a real ugly date, he doesn't want to be seen with her, so he takes her to some second-rate horror picture, like "The Fog Plant that Ate Chicago." If, however, the freshman has a good looking date, he is afraid if he goes to some popular spot, everyone will try to get her phone number. In that case, he usually takes his date to some second rate picture like "The Fog Plant that Ate Chicago." In either case, the cycle is a continuous one.

And so, orientation comes to a close, but freshmen across the country will face more problems as the weeks pass. Many freshmen ask each other in the year if they should join a fraternity or a sorority? I usually respond, "If you're a male join a fraternity, if you're a female join a sorority." This doesn't help freshmen much, but it certainly cuts down on the amount of questions.

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The Alliance for Minority Politics has stepped beyond all boundaries of decency and logic. Since its inception last fall, it has done nothing for the welfare of the university. (Unless you consider their rabble rousing noise a blessing because it drowned out the jukebox). First their demand that rightist politics be given a "fair chance" they have a representative in the one hundred member student congress) was presented in the form of clandestine pamphlets and slogans taken from speeches of Richard Nixon and Abraham Lincoln. But when the middle-class conforming majority of leftists ignored their cause they exploded their complaints into confrontations.

Last week the difficulties between the administration and the "Allies" came to a head when they formally petitioned for the establishment of an ROTC unit on campus. The administration, consisting of former university students who less than twenty years ago fought to erase such backward notions from the nation were mortified to find such primitive thinking still in existence.

According to Dean Lesley, "We have allowed them to indulge in those pie baking contests, all apple recipes, mixers, and ski trips. Now they want to play soldier and that's just too much. I'm most confused by the fact that the ROTC programs have been eliminated from military policy for the past fifteen years. Why next thing you know they'll be asking to resurrect formal church services and cigarette smoking?"

"They're young and, naturally, idealists. They think all the problems of the world can be solved with a gun and a steady diet of Manhattan (a kind of mixture of alcoholic beverages they call a cocktail bubbly)." said a member of the admissions office who refused to be identified.

An impromptu meeting was called in the cafeteria at the table square. A shape which has become a regular social meeting place for the Allies and their sympathizers. Angry was the chief response to the administration's refusal to permit their request.

This is when they broke all

without harming anyone.

**Ever Wonder  
How The Yearbook  
Gets Published?**

The same way that any student publication is produced — through student, faculty, alumni and administrative support. If you would like to be part of the effort, back the Beacon by becoming a patron. Your name will be listed among those whose spirit is more than a six letter word.

Please send \$2.00  
in cash or check  
payable to the  
Suffolk  
University  
Beacon.



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"The Ambassador"



"The Ambassador"



"The Ambassador"



"Green what we just did"



"The Ambassador"





"The Librarian"



"The Librarian"



"The Librarian"



"Come what we just did"

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"The Librarian"



"Come what we just did"





"Come with me and don't"

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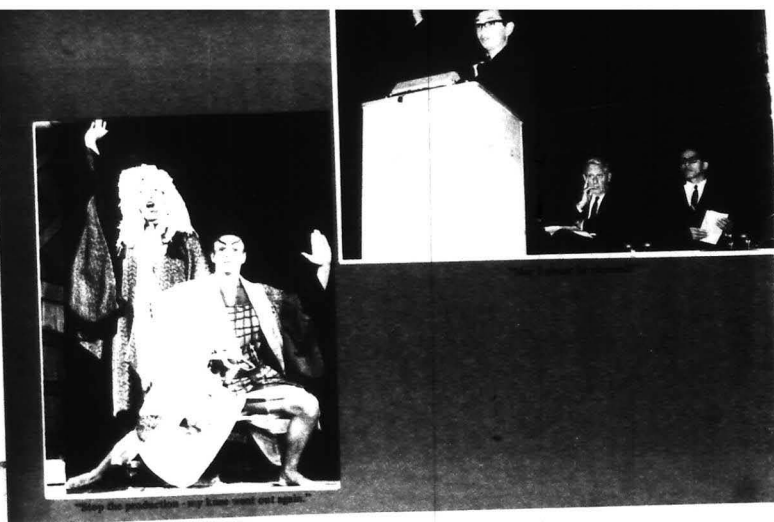


"Remember, after the celebration..."



"Keep the production - my & my own way"





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## Epistles To The Chief Cook And Bottle Washer

To whom it may "parody"

Perceptive? Not necessarily. I'm merely a student who attends classes in one of the most neglected institutions in the Boston area. This building to which I refer is our own Suffolk University.

Faculty? excellent

curriculum? superb

cafeteria food? mediocre

physical condition? abominable

Last week I took the opportunity to secure a few moments of concentrated study by positioning myself on a staircase located in the old building. I believe that the "squalid" conditions that surrounded me result from an accumulated neglect, accompanied by an obviously apathetic pastoral staff. This "dirt" is there, in real, and I surmise, has acquired a permanent home.

Contrary to public assumption, Suffolk DOES employ a full-time staff, (day and night) but I still see those pink walls in the old building turning gray, and the gray walls in the new building turning black. In the latter, one can actually witness dust lazily descending the stairs, together with its bits and ashes comrades.

What is wrong with our working? (1) laboring? (2) staff? Should student government or administrative directors provide finances for that much needed "broom"? Are our men overworked? Are they underpaid? Are there more?

I feel that this staff is devoid of directorial authority to

perpetuate that which is universally taken for granted. I readily admit that a portion of the blame lies within the student body, but the initial debris that clothes any building, should and must be disposed of, with minimal effort.

Hospital demand thorough and diurnal cleanliness. Schools do NOT, but this should not denote that our disgusting lair continues at Suffolk. Presently, as general consensus seems to indicate, we are suffocating within the realm of physical filth.

Suffolk? Oh, yes. "It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

Miss Parsons

I just could not let your "Unusual" editorial on the Student Government Meeting of May 13, 1969, go by without saying a few words.

First of all, my name is GERALDINE MARCINOWSKI. (It's that clear enough for you?) You could have saved a whole line of type by printing my name. If you tell you were protecting my interests by not printing it, you really should not have bothered. I firmly believe that the motion I made was in the best interest of the academic community and having my name mentioned would not have hurt me in any way because, Miss Parsons, I say what I mean. Nonetheless, "Thanks for the slap in the face."

I realize that you were only voicing your opinion in the editorial but with the interest of the students in mind and their opinion of Student Government in general, I feel that your editorial expressed an

unwarranted bias having adverse rather than motivational effects.

Secondly, as far as the motion being a "selfish power play," you could not be more wrong. It was not a selfish move on my part for I hold nothing against the new Government, especially Rich Dellaria.

Granted, I did not agree with his campaign tactics but as I told those who campaigned for me, his campaign was perfectly legal, probably more pointed and indiscreet than I would have liked but nonetheless legal and obviously effective. Also, I do not believe that it was a selfish move on the part of those who supported the motion. Although I can honestly explain only my own motives as author of the motion, I feel that all those so-called conservatives who voted in favor of the motion held that this would be a protective measure and not a power play directed against Rich Dellaria or anyone else on the New Government.

Sincerely,

Geraldine F. Marciniowski

Editor's Note: I would like to thank MISS MARCINOWSKI for displaying enough interest in Suffolk happenings to take the time for writing me such a thoughtful letter. It's good to know that at this late date a few people are at least trying to care about what happens within Suffolk.

To Whom It May Concern:

"I do not date Suffolk girls," is probably one of the most famous cliches heard around Suffolk. So what? What makes you (the Suffolk guys) think that we (the Suffolk girls)

would go out with you? It is positively unbelievable, but do you realize that there are other males in the world besides you?

Granted fellows we are not Rachel Welch, but you seem to overlook the fact that you guys are not Steve McQueens either. Believe it or not you're not.

You are the first ones to complain that we do not act as females, well why don't you try treating us as females. You think nothing of deliberately letting a door slam in our faces (even if it is an ugly face), and you practically trample us down on your way to class.

Oh, yes, and in the cafeteria it is something else. Here we are at least eight inches shorter than pions are. And we are desperately trying to walk calmly across the cafeteria without spilling any of the delicious coffee when suddenly a Suffolk male's back is blocking the way. What to do? Well first I say in my very sweetest feminine voice "Excuse me, please."

Naturally there is no response. So I try a little louder. Again no response. So finally I stand up on my full 5'2" and yell "get out of the way or you'll get coffee down your back" to which the very surprised and innocent male suddenly turns around looks down and mumbles "they, nice broad."

Then of course if a Suffolk girl says as much as "hi" to the guy who has sat next to her in three classes for two semesters, he thinks she is making a pass at him. Don't flatter yourselves fellows, we are not after you, believe me we're not.

Look guys, am not dumping on you (really) most of you are really great. But please

guys, we really don't care whether or not you "date Suffolk girls" but please stop making fools out of yourselves by saying "I don't take out Suffolk girls" because believe me I could care less.

Try showing some of that hidden manliness and believe me we will start to act like nice feminine girls. How about giving it a try—even if you don't take out Suffolk girls?

Dear Craig

How's everything at Suffolk, anything going on I should know about? I heard you had some trouble with the brazen ones running the joint. They have no right to call you a nut even though you called one of them something. If you need my help in getting even with them just call. I have had a lot of practice in sit-ins and protest rallies. I haven't taken over a building yet—but I'm dying for a chance—you tell me when and I'll take over. Wow, my girl will really think I'm cool if I helped take over a building.

We could take over the records office, you don't need records of marks, etc., anyway. We could take over Mr. Lewis's office but he'll just buy some coffee and cakes for us—that's no fun. We could take over the first offices but we'll probably get stomped on. Hey, I know we can take over the "john" on the 1st floor; we won't let any of the administration use it—we can claim that they won't give us our share of the toilet paper. Man I can see it now—Students at Suffolk stage sit-in—claim administrators are oppressing students by not letting them use rest rooms. Man I hope the administration is a good state of mind. I'd better put my hair in curlers the night before the take-over. Well, take care Craig, I'll see you around the Common this summer. Like blow some my way man.

Revolutionarily yours, Irving

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Continued from Page 1

"Hello, Freshman," said one, "I am Sarah Senior and these are my two friends, Judy Junior and Susan Sophomore. Aren't we beautiful?"

He, of course, did not know what to say. One resembled his brother, one his Uncle Fred, and the other looked like a Barnum novelty.

Not waiting for his answer, they went on to charm the rest of the Suffolk male population.

He felt that he should continue his task. As he entered the library, he walked down the stairs as a cat would.

"You have to make all that noise," the girl said as she looked at him from the door, "You must be quiet."

Not knowing what to do, he stood there but suddenly turned and clomped up the stairs.

At the door he was met by still another girl.

"I am Dora Whit, the smartest girl at Suffolk. I will spend six hours in the library today," she said.

Not having English, classes had not yet started. What is there to study?

He felt sorry for you Freshmen. Initiation is so childish and unintelligent. I must go now. I could think an exam if I missed two minutes studying time."

This was too much for him. He turned and ran down the alley screaming.

This was the last time that anyone has ever seen him. Rumor has it that this nameless but heroic young man might be living in a tree in the Florida swamps.

Now we now know what Dean Sullivan means when he says that two-thirds of the students who enter never finish.

## Oh, To Be A Kid Again

I was in my apartment the other night watching Miriam and Fred. Miriam and Fred are two people that live in the apartment building across from me on Myrtle Street and never close their blinds.

Anyway, I don't think Fred and Miriam are getting along because there is more action in the Beacon Chambers than in that apartment.

But I digress, for during one of Fred's most intimate postures (the let Miriam use his remote control to change channels) my phone rang.

"Hello, Mr. Appel, this is Barney Hatcher from SERVE. We're a rather important organization on campus which attempts to help people who are suffering from economic distress and blatant ignorance. We heard about you and thought you'd be interested."

"Actually I don't usually accept charity but if you're really interested in helping me, I guess I could use a couple of extra bucks a week."

"I'm afraid my don't understand, Bill. I'm calling to ask you to help us. Your first assignment is to go down to the city jail and teach one of the inmates English comp."

The task seemed easy enough and since I had the highest average in my English Comp. class (I got a "C"), I decided to do my part to help out. The next day I headed for the jail. The guard introduced me to Wendell, a sincere if not candid seven-year-old charged with rape.

"Hello, Wendell. I'm very sorry that you got in this trouble, but I guess that could happen."

"Who are you anyway?" A reporter?

"Of course not, Wendell. I'm just a friend, but I am astonished that a seven-year-old

boy should be charged with rape. What did your mother say?"

"She didn't have time, man. I snuck up behind her when she was asleep."

I was thoroughly amazed at the precociousness of the child. I almost immediately suspected psychological problems. However, it was time to get on with the lesson.

"Wendell, please give me a sentence with the word 'unaware.'"

"The night I got in trouble I was just wearing my unaware."

"That's not exactly right. How about a sentence with the word pencil?"

"I don't know. My unaware don't have elastic, my pencil fall down."

"Wendell, you certainly have a one track mind."

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"Wendell, you certainly have a one track mind."

"Oh, nothing. Probably just sit around and enjoy old age."

I left Wendell later that afternoon and found myself truly upset. I was distressed at the prospect of our country falling into the hands of Wendell's generation.

I should have had more faith in our youth, however, for it was then that I met nine-year-old Arthur. Arthur was not in jail for rape, or murder, or theft, on the contrary, Arthur was Wendell's lawyer.

Suffolk Expands

Continued from Page 1

"Good morning," I said.

"Are you a new or returning old student?" was the reply.

"New," I said. "I'd like to register if you don't mind."

"So," he said, "the work you're late for orientation. You'd better hurry down to the New Annex Old Auditorium. Dean Gullivan is about to give his welcoming speech to the freshmen."

I didn't dare ask for directions because I already knew what was to happen. I managed to find it myself. As I walked in the Dean was just beginning his speech.

"I'd like to welcome all old and new students to Suffolk University. We are proud to have you here again in the years to come, we hope you will be proud to be here. The life you have chosen for the next four years is not an easy one. You will feel at times, but don't let it get you down. (Long, I thought, you're not kidding brother. In this place a piece of metal could slide a finger counter if it knew where it was going. The dean continued.)

"Look to either side of you as you sit here, perhaps for the last time, as a group. One of the two people beside you will not be here by mid-year and perhaps

neither of those people will be here come June. They will be lost souls who will never have a college education." (Lost is an understatement. Lost all right. They'll probably roam aimlessly through some uncharted corridor for the rest of their lives.)

Just then a strong sense of defeat overtook me. I'm not going to go here. So, I got up and began to walk from the New Annex Old Auditorium of the New Old Building. I was stopped by the Registrar as I began to run from the building.

"Hey, young man. Don't run off," she called. "I need your name for our records."

As I fled from the building, I yelled Gullivan L. Archer III.

"But I was gone before he could catch me and trap me in these monstrous buildings with no direction and no names. As I boarded the monorail I could only sit dumb wonder what promotes an institution like Suffolk to avoid giving names to its buildings. Surely they must have had a founder and some benevolent souls who deserved to be memorialized."

To A Year Gone By

Who are you?

You are him.

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on others to think for him. His future is almost as dim as his mind. He is filled with ideals,

**Elliott M. Kleinman**  
Editor-in-Chief  
Sullivan Journal, 1969-70  
*The Journal Staff*

## Ram Gets Plastered

For those of you who have been staring at this monstrous 3-D mouse, which has occupied the lobby of our hallowed University for some time now, perhaps an introduction is in order.

The person responsible for the entire project is Peter Santini, a Spanish major at Suffolk, who will graduate in June. This is Peter's third such mouse. Others include a cougar for North Providence High School and a Knight on Haverback for Rhode Island Junior College. Quite a landmark for anyone to leave the school he attended, wouldn't you say?

Suffolk's Ram towers a sturdy 3400 feet. It is constructed on 1/4 inch plywood and is valued at \$2000. The creator estimates that about two-hundred hours of work went into its construction. Currently, Peter has a patent pending for future work in this area.

If you have not yet seen this work, just down to the lobby of the New Building anytime you can't miss it. If, however, you should go there and you can't find it, it might just be down in the cafeteria where its permanent home will be.

## Sports Square

by Rick Green

The Suffolk baseball team finished the season with an excellent 12-5 record. A timely combination of pitching and hitting gave Suffolk its best record in a long time.

On May 10, the Rams opened a doubleheader against Hartford at the latter home field. The Rams managed to pull out the first one 7-6, as coach George Doucett used four pitchers in the wide open game. Ron Corbett picked up the win and hitters Tony Gallup and Ed Horan supplied the power.

In the second game Suffolk jumped off to a quick 1-0 lead in the first inning. Hartford came back with 2 runs in the 5th and 6th innings and held on to win 4-1. This gave Suffolk a split for the day.

The next game the Rams played was against Curry College. It looked like a bad day for the Rams as Curry held a 3-1

lead through the first three innings. The Suffolk infield resembled the infamous De Strangeflow making 3 errors in the third inning.

Suffolk began fighting back with a rally in the 6th and 7th innings. A home run in the 7th by sophomore Rich Godfrey tied the score 3-3. Curry picked up another run in the bottom of the 7th breaking the tie. The Rams, wanting this one scored 5 runs in the top of the 8th. The power was provided by home runs from centerfielder Steve Mann and shortstop Rich Green. This gave Suffolk the margin needed in the 11-3 win.

The Rams' next contest was with Nichols College. Suffolk in

the past had been jinxed at Nichols and were really up for this one. They met the Nichols pitcher with 6 runs in the first inning. Sluggers Artie Piper hit a 4-run homer and Rich Green hit a 2-run homer in supplying the power. This gave Suffolk the margin needed as they went on to romp Nichols 13-2. Senior Rich Godfrey pitched an excellent game as his last performance for Suffolk. His final season record was 2-2.

Suffolk's next game was against Bates at Lewiston, Maine. Sophomore hurler Ron Corbett pitched brilliantly in giving Suffolk a 6-0 win.

Pitching a shutout Ron picked up 12 strikeouts and was aided by home runs from Tony Gallup and Buddy Kane.

The team's final batting average was a remarkable .289. The season pitching records were Buzzy Borden 5-1, Ron Corbett 5-2, and Rich Godfrey 2-2.

The golf team also had a fine record of 8-2. The team entered the New England Golf Tourney and finished a respectable 12th place out of 18 competing teams. The team this

year was well balanced with players Ed Blizinski, Paul Klayman, Mike Egan, Howard Hengsh, Bob Broom, Sidney Smith, Scott Richards, and Fran Sablone. This year's Alumni Trophy for the outstanding violist/cellist went to Ed Blizinski who did a fine job for the golf team.

Hopefully these changes will eliminate some justifiable student complaints.

Final Team Batting Averages

	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	AVG
King	69	19	29	6	2	2	19	.420
Gallup	64	12	28	2	1	1	13	.391
Godfrey	11	2	4	1	0	0	1	.363
Borden	23	2	8	2	0	0	1	.348
Green	52	11	17	1	2	4	15	.327
Piper	72	17	21	4	2	1	9	.292
Richards	64	15	16	1	0	0	4	.250
Mann	44	8	11	1	0	1	9	.250
Sullivan	36	6	9	1	1	0	6	.250
Horan	52	9	12	2	0	0	5	.231
Conry	43	10	9	2	0	0	6	.209
Sutton	5	2	1	0	0	0	1	.200
DeMarco	10	1	1	0	0	0	2	.100
Corbett	18	1	1	0	1	0	3	.056
Harrington	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Busa	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
Team	564	115	164	23	9	9	94	.289

IF YOU DID OR DID NOT

LIKE PARODY, PLEASE

LET US KNOW.

Congratulations

To

Elliott M. Cleiman

Editor in Chief

Suffolk Journal, 1989-90

The Journal Staff