

THE

GADFLY

VOL. II, ISSUE 12

THE ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE INDEPENDENT STUDENT WEEKLY

DEC. 8, 1980

The Claus Hagiology

There are, as is not generally well known, two Claus brothers, Santa and Jimmy. Santa is big and fat. He wears a red suit with white trim and has a big white beard. Jim Claus is small and weasely. He wears a gray pinstripe suit with pointy black shoes, and he always needs a shave. When they were boys, Mr. and Mrs. Claus were always nicer to Santa, the older of the two. When the boys played Twister, Jimmy invariably ended up on the bottom. Jim stopped eating his vegetables. He never made his bed. When they grew up, Santa inherited the family toy business. He supervised the manufacture and distribution of Christmas toys. Jimmy became angry and bitter. He tried to use his magical powers to keep children from getting toys for Christmas. He became a rat.

Children everywhere love Santa because he gives them things. We, however, who are truly innocent, must put aside such material considerations, and look at the matter more carefully.

Santa, as befits a pagan deity, is both the Spirit of Christmas and the personification of that Spirit. While all cultures worship the same gods, each gives them different names, and understands their personifications differently. Just so do we love Santa, not Father Christmas, Kris Kringle or St. Nicholas. For Santa is an American. Inasmuch as he is the Spirit of Christmas, he has many attributes in common with other embodiments of that Spirit, his jolliness, his generosity, his love of children. For he is the Spirit of Peace on Earth, Goodwill Towards Men.

But our Santa has special magical powers. He runs the famous Claus Toy Factory at the North Pole. There, with the

help of thousands of tiny little elves, he makes enough toys (not perceptibly different from those made by Kenner or Mattel) for all the good little boys and girls. The children write to him and tell him what they want. On Christmas Eve, he packs his bag of toys into his sled, harnesses up the reindeer, and delivers his toys all around the world, stopping only perhaps for some milk and cookies. He can get into any house, no matter how narrow the chimney, or even if there is no chimney at all. What, then, is the nature of Santa's magic? It is an industrialist's magic, the magic of manufacture and distribution, of moving units.

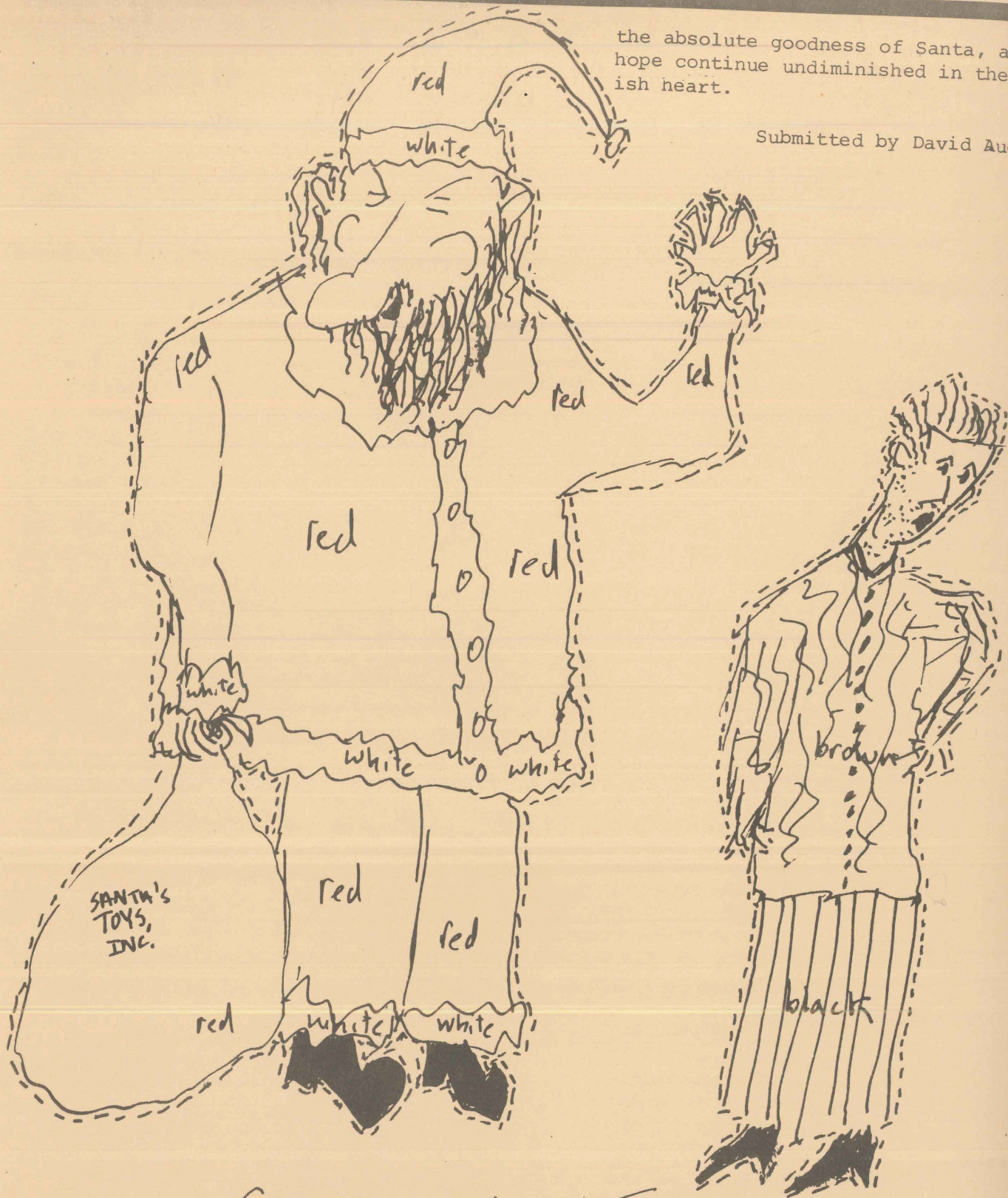
Less is known of Jimmy Claus, because our parents do not want to undermine our belief in the Magic of Industry. He is the very Spirit of Misanthropy, the man we love because he hates us. We know that every year he will try to prevent Christmas, but we do not hate him, for we know that every year Santa will win. He has no power but the power to take away, but this is a power every child covets. Even Santa does not have this power; his magic only enables him to give.

Thus Santa needs his brother. For, although no child ever really got coal in his stocking, many get socks, or gloves. No one ever really gets everything he wants, and this is as it should be, for how many ponies could one neighborhood take? But how can this be? Has the child been so bad? Surely not. Could Santa have made some mistake? Impossible. Could Santa deliberately deny a child some present? No. It is only the existence of that rat, Jim Claus, that allows us to believe in

cont. next page

the absolute goodness of Santa, and hope continue undiminished in the childish heart.

Submitted by David Auerba



SANTA and Jimmy

J.C.B.

The Claws Brothers
(cut-out + color-in for Christmas!)

To Tutor or Not Tutor

TO THE ST JOHN'S COLLEGE MEMBERSHIP

Let it be admitted once and for all: undergraduate students are not colleagues to the faculty. They are not supposed to be equal in knowledge, reflective depth, emotional maturity, aesthetic sensibility, prudence, or logical coherence. To the extent that they are, as a group, this indicates a flaw in the faculty. Even if they should be decidedly inferior, but the fact is not acknowledged as appropriate, then they will have unreasonable expectations placed on them, and the faculty will have abdicated responsibility. Thus, a strange situation arises: a faculty which does not hazard the burdens of pedagogical love will peremptorily bully the student body. I believe that this situation has been developing for quite some time. Too often, a tutor has no right to be in a position of official superiority in the classroom, either because of ignorance, reflective shallowness, immaturity, aesthetic insensibility, imprudence, or logical turpitude, or because he does not care for his students adequately, both internally and actively.

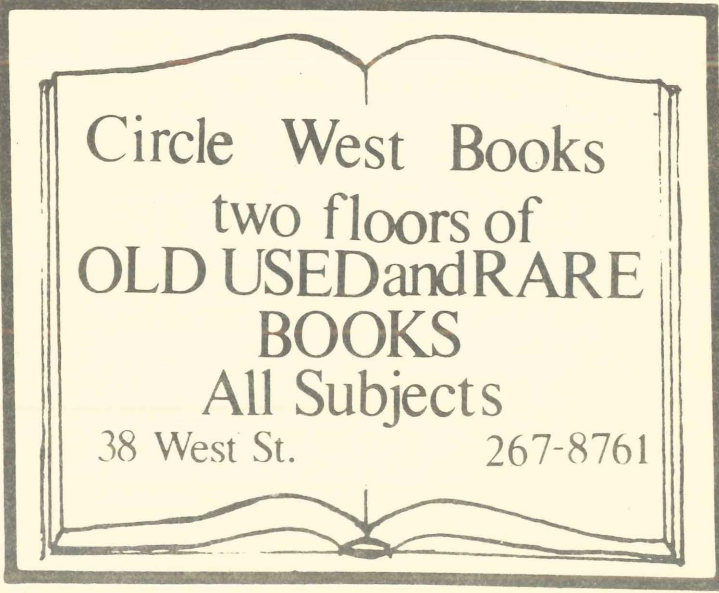
To the extent that the necessary results of such folly are blamed on students (which is becoming more common among the faculty), the bullying of which I spoke arises. No one should lead a junior seminar, for example, who does not have a scholarly familiarity with the readings; who has not reflected deeply, and at length, upon them; who is not adult in his dealings with people; who cannot appreciate rhetorical niceties; who is immoral or undeliberative in action; and who is not fiercely loyal to standards of rational discourse; nor should he be a teacher if, possessing the foregoing qualities, he yet does not love students and act solicitously towards them. This means that, for one reason or another, most members of the faculty should not be charged with leading a junior seminar, and that, if they should have to do so, they should "play" their strengths as much as possible, and be very tolerant of students, anxious for students' welfare rather

than jealous of their own position, and humbled due to scholarly and/or pedagogical inadequacy, rather than being pompous or "snittering" towards students.

I am still hopeful of the faculty, or I would not bother writing this sort of letter; I write this primarily out of concern for students, however, because they do not realize how much their despair is the faculty's fault, rather than their own. We are talking about normal, bright, and motivated students, by and large; of course educational problems are the faculty's responsibility; I was sick of the faculty's irresponsibility five years ago, and it has gotten worse since, not because they are all a bunch of "bozos", but because they will not, as a group, face, understand, and address the central issues.

I trust that I am not giving them too much credit in supposing that they can be brought around. Some of them, certainly, will be hopeless; some will shrug this off, or be aggrieved with me. They have an articulate spokesperson who reassures everyone that the sort of things I am writing are unimportant, who had the lack of shame to admit to the freshmen that tutors will sometimes lack (and I quote) "minimal competence", but to assert that it would not affect their education. I address the students: yes, it will, it does, rebel. Demand transfer, or simply leave, but don't be deceived. Thank you.

Michael David Blume '78



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Forum

On Tuesday, December 9, at 7:30, the King William Room, Dr. Stephen Bryen will deliver a short lecture entitled "America's Posture in the Middle East". There is little excuse for being indifferent about the subject. The Middle East is simply the most important area in the world in terms of international politics. The stance that we take there will determine the future of America. What will our stance be on such issues as the Soviets' involvement in Afghanistan, our hostages in Iran, the war in Iraq and Iran, dependence on foreign oil, the rise of international terrorism, the problem of the Palestinians, our alliance with Israel, etc? Any speaker who addresses himself to such problems at this time deserves our attention.

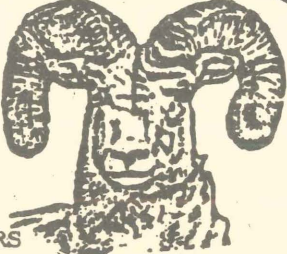
Dr. Bryen has had much experience in government and politics. From 1975-1977 he was a Professional Staff Member of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He is currently the Executive Director for the Coalition for a Democratic Majority as well as the Executive Director of the Jewish Institute for National Security Affairs. Dr. Bryen has taught college and been a free-lance columnist.

The lecture begins at 7:30, leaving ample time for making it to the Christmas party. After an hour of attention paid to the political problems of the Middle East, the good cheer of a St. John's Christmas party will seem all the more inviting.

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The Sea

REVIEW OF EDWARD BOND'S THE SEA

The King William Player's first major production of the year, Edward Bond's The Sea, was a well-performed, if somewhat confusing play. It was confusing because it was never clear how the playwright meant his drama to be perceived, and while ambiguity can often be a deciding factor in favor of a work of art, in this case it only clouded the vision and did not enlighten. Although there are undoubtedly specific reasons for this failure, they ultimately conclude in the playwright's inability to offer us any insights into why his characters behave the way they do, and his failure to move us to really care about them as human beings.

The play was nonetheless lively and enjoyable, thanks to the KWP member's fine and funny performances. Andy White, as Mr. Hatch, was exceptionally good as the mad draper, and Comfort Dorn was equally effective as the bullying and melodramatic Mrs. Rafi. Fine performances were turned out by Nathan Rosen, Noah Blyler, Patty Sowa, Eleanor Harvey and Khy Daniel. Congratulations are extended to Miss Jan Feldman, whose direction, especially her blocking, was very good. It is very difficult to effectively pattern small groups of actors on stage, and Miss Feldman's handling of the large group scenes as well indicates an advanced sense for the stage and for the proper use of its depths and breadth.

Mr. Finner's and Mr. Preston's set design was simple yet more than adequate, and the tin shack on the beach was good. There were some problems though, and so special thanks to the folks in the back for holding up the set.

Finally, there is notice that the KWP will hold auditions for Chekov's The Boor, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. All members of the polity are encouraged to try out.

Delegate Council

DELEGATE COUNCIL MEETING FOR WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1980

Present: Auerbach, Talley, Miller, Schiavo, Connors, Warner, Dempster, Casasco, Brower, Berry, Ficco, Franklin, Schoener, Nau.

Visiting: Gold, Mark, Hartzell, Kungle

1. The President would like it known that locks of his newly shorn hair will be available to all members free of charge (until the Reality Auction, I imagine).
2. The Justice Bench was finally filled, with Mr. Jonathan Gold receiving unanimous approval.
3. Mr. Mark and Mr. Hartzell presented a bill for the completion of the Polity Stereo--something to do with a horn--for \$47.05. This bill was covered by the MOPE fund with an additional \$2.95 offered to Mr. Mark for his prodigious efforts in carrying the stereo from place to place.
4. The machine then voted on the "Polity Law". With a resounding flush, the Law became nothing (9-4 failing to receive 3/4 of the total council) which saved me the trouble of having to type it up, at least.
5. Mr. Auerbach then suggested that the not-law be presented to the Council of Judges to serve as a guideline for future action. Mr. Schoener suggested attaching the not-law to Mr. Hartzell, who responded in a displeased way, wherein Mr. Schiavo suggested taping the not-law to Mr. Hartzell's forehead. After much woofing, it was decided (12-1) that the not-law be passed on to the Council as a guideline.
6. Ms. Connors said that she had spent this day of the not-dead-week defrosting the refrigerators, which have produced an excellent harvest of vile growing things. Thus, dorm delegates are to be reminded that it is their responsibility to look after the fridges or find somebody else silly enough to do it for you.
7. Mr. Kungle then presented the Garden Club charter for its ten-year review (as per "Mr. Jefferson's recommendations") accompanied by enough catchy thoughts for the day to put you through all of elementary school. Seriously, though, it is hoped that the student body recognizes the importance of the plants on this campus and partakes in the various projects for keeping our little community green. The Club is looking for members and all interested parties should approach Mr. Kungle for deployment instructions.
8. Note that meetings will continue to take place on Tuesday evenings: Captain Beefheart is responsible for upsetting this week's regular get together and is not expected to drop by again anytime soon.

Richard E. Miller '83
Polity Secretary

DELEGATE COUNCIL MEETING WITH THE ADMINISTRATION
DECEMBER 4, 1980

1. Richard couldn't be here, so I took the minutes. Also no one else could be here. Maybe we should meet in a phone booth, says Mr. Milner (blue tie today instead of bow tie). Joke. Also present Mr. Schmidt (Business Office) and Miss Talley (Treasurer). And Mr. Self.
2. Thanks said to Assistant Deans (Dean; Miss Leonard couldn't be here) for Thanksgiving Party and to Mr. Sparrow (couldn't be here either) for the wine served at Thanksgiving dinner. You're welcomes said. Also would Mr. Schmidt give some

girl-Rachel something-some plastic bags, or-Yes? Already given. OK.

3. Common room furniture has been abused-damaged also stolen. Couch in Chase Stone for instance. Or Humphreys--used to be beautiful, like a den, rugs and sofas. Did we know anything about? Lamps in Pinkney, says Claire, used to be four, only one now. Mr. Elzey and Mr. Wallace think leave 'em as barns, 'cause animals are using 'em, says Mr. Milner. And: Hate to deal with it on that level. Well, really. If we won't, who will. Our own house, after all, and would you in your own living room?

4. About that--is it true that Mr. Delattre is considering giving us a pool table? Yes: make East Pinkney Common room into pool room--a real pool room with stools and all. But no drinking, no smoking. Would we really abide by that? But spilled beer ruins a pool table, have to refinish it, points out Mr. Schmidt. Mr. Delattre very serious pool player; semi-pro (not a hustler), and does Bryce Jacobson let us smoke or drink in gym. Right. Don't think the boys will mind, I think. Should let people know though. OK.

5. Humphreys fire drill succesful, Randall and Pinkney disaster, no not a disaster, but not at all succesful. Wouldn't go down the fire escapes, didn't close windows, forgot towels. I suggest a trip to the Annapolis firehouse. Raise morale. Mr. Milner laughs, likes.

6. Is that it? Almost. Mr. Schmidt says long lines at dinner because so much more to choose from. Tried telling people to move along, they didn't like. I wouldn't either. Maybe when the new part is finished. Maybe. Is that it? That's it. OK? OK. Meeting adjourned.

-submitted by David Auerbach



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ANAMNESIS

It is the Fourth of July and the city is enshrouded in sweat and fumes. There is a hot and humid tickling in the throat and a tickling question limping around in the brain from waystation to waystation. It is one of those quiz-zicalities concerning liberty and existence. A question from somewhere deep inside, whose object is also deep inside, too close to the center to be pushed away from viewing, a thing uncomfortably formless and in the way.

This question and the heat demand movement, a taking of the ground from heel to toe, peripatetically searching out an answer. And yet in walking one finds that the concrete can sap you. It can take the spring out of one's stride to be hurried by the rush of pedestrians and pressured onto the curb by passing cabs and cars. Not only does one feel physically sapped and joint-weary, but there is also the futility of walking around without a clue to the question or its answer. None the less they say, "The good is difficult, and perseverance is necessary."

Thus it is that on this most sulphurous Fourth of July, in an inchoate roar of cars fuming by, in a tight-walled, zippered-up, crowd of it all, the question is demanding, bothering, and persistent, but not even the whisper of an answer is heard. While there is nothing in this question to grapple with, wrestle down, or beyond all hope, understand in fine terms, there is still the possibility of finding an answer. This answer is sought in a visual image, some juxtaposition of objects and colors which will set off a hallowing chime deep within the soul to clear away the confusion and quicken the spirit.

The search leads into the park where drugs are sold and lies thicken tongues, unnatural, vibrating, craven. There thoughts shrink deep into the mind; not to a loving depth which look on the beloved from below the surface, from the deep sapped core, enjoying the thrill. No, not this, but a perverted form of love, a defensive seed of thought banked to one inner coal, red-hot, lusting after flesh; a desire deep inside and separated from the outside, wanting to use the body, to wail into the sweaty succulent night in a braying of tenor sex. But even here, in a place permeated with locker room lusts, there is a view which goes beyond the broken beer bottles, bad guitar licks, strained loves and drunkards.

From the center of the park, where concrete sidewalks converge upon a pool for water babes, there is a view eastward at dusk towards the part of the park where only old people go. It is a view which involves one in reflection. Looking somewhat uphill, where the slanting sun plays upon the thickness of floating motes, one is given a vaguely Mexican feeling. Perhaps it is the similarity between dust and pollution which engenders this feeling. One might be looking from a plaza in some Mexican town except that there is a U.S. Postal Service box in sight, and beyond that bookstores jammed full of books with English written across countless pages. Even with these facts in mind the park leaves one wondering about the locale. Surprisingly there is no American personality to it. Instead the park has the impersonality of a no-man's land; raw, wild, and torn apart. While big business is sleeping up-town under the moon's rippling white intensity, down in the park vagabonds are knifed and women prostitute themselves.

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I mention the view because if one is searching for an image to resolve a question, it is through such a view that the answer is sought. The searcher in...this search hopes for a vision which will trigger within him a singularly profound insight and in doing so both complete and answer the question driving him. Among visions of consequence sunsets are noteworthy. There is something mystical about the light at sunset, a light which captures many contrasts and reveals much to the responsive soul. Visions such as sunsets lead one into reflection and from there into recollections.

I am reminded of my youth in Philadelphia. After choir practice on Wednesday nights, the summer sun going down, we all used to walk home together. The church was on the edge of a little neighborhood set in a hollow. We would come out onto the flinty sidewalk, strolling and bopping along, past the corner stores and row houses where people sat smoking their evening cigarettes. We would stride along in the safety of our group with words and music in the air and head up to a hilltop area where some of us lived. The music and the warm twilight air conspired to transform the world into one of peace. Here on the hill there were a lot of laundromats where kerchiefed ladies congregated, drinking sodas and softly gossiping. Here all was very hushed and rural.

Then as the sun withdrew we would head into darker and less effulgent colors, down the hill past the He De Ho Bar, below the tracks where there was always an abandoned car in various stages of destruction and across Belmont Avenue. Continuing up Penn Street past the car simonizing shop we entered my old neighborhood, which contains more memories than can be told. These are thoughts which can be gained at choice depending upon which path one wishes to follow. Head down a side street, say Clifton Heights, where my best friend fell of the cliff's thirty feet on his face and got a fat lip. It was here that Leo, a local gang leader's little brother, went after someone with a bow and arrows with hunting tips. It was here also that some newly arrived southerners lived. The boys smoked cigarettes, palming them so that they could grab covert puffs as they swaggered by. Theirs was a wild and uncivilized family. I remember passing by one moonlit evening and seeing them all out in the street, riotous and drunk, an older uncle strapping one of the taunting boys to a telephone pole. Crossing over Magnolia there is Parnell Place with its Italian gang and bullet holes in the drugstore windows. On this same block lived my friend David who had a sister Ree-Ree with one brown and one blue eye, and a brother named Jo-Jo. I once saw David's father, a local strongman, pick up an entire tree which had been knocked over in a storm.

These recollections are all in the form of images, images which had previously arrested the viewer's attention and are held in his memory as somehow important. I venture to suggest that these images contain important teachings and can be compared to throwing a stone into a placid pool of water. In recollecting, one casts into his memories and is answered with an image. This image and its truth are the moment of the stone striking the pool. The truth is conveyed at that instant and afterwards peripheral knowledge, like the ripples in the pool, come in to sustain the image and its teaching.

Walking around on this Fourth of July is a search for such an image except that it isn't being sought as a recollection. It is a search for an image which can be experienced immediately with its teaching. Perhaps this is looking for too much, like asking for a direct statement from God. Be that as it may, the searcher cannot do otherwise, for the question is insistent, like a siren gaining pitch and volume unceasingly.

The walk continues to a pier alongside a collapsing warehouse which shifts like an accordion to different sunsets. Garbage barges chug by and the water sloshes on the pilings. Across the river there is a mecca of greenness and the Maxwell Coffee Company as well as some big wooden walls which announce the Eerie-Lackawanna Canal. One can also see a cluster of huge apartment buildings above the cliffs, strange structures surrounded by the exotic verdancy of Africa. On these cliffs purple nostrilled Mandrills snarl through big white canines and hop around revealing their shiny asses and skinny tails. They are living there out of choice, picking each other's bodies for fleas on their grey concrete cliffs of desolation.

Continuing with the quest one retreats from the hubbub of the street into the calmness of a cafe for iced tea and the security of wrought iron railings. Here, amidst the general intimacy where the gathered mumblings quilt one from the sensory trumpet blast outside, there comes a sight. It is not the resolving image of this search, but it is soothing, and a salve for the wound. It is a refreshing drink to give a thirsty man thirst. There.....yes,ah.....so.

In an old red-bricked Italian courtyard there are some trees. The tops of these trees seen from the cafe give the illusion of a riverbank as it would be defined at a distance by a copse of trees bordering it. A *trompe d'oeil* which offers the solace of rafting down a river and fishing for catfish. This vision may be illusory and but a partial relief, but it is all that is available today; and now as the natural light of day is gone and still the clamoring within continues, it is clear that the resolving image will not be found and like grace is not to be demanded.

John Carnes '82

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The Peace Corps began its twentieth year with rededication ceremonies held upon the campus of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. The significance of the University of Michigan as a location for the rededication ceremonies is that presidential candidate John F. Kennedy is credited with stating publicly his conception of such an organization as the Peace Corps, before others had done so, in a speech delivered from the steps of the student union building there. In Kennedy's 1960 speech, he challenged students' "willingness to contribute a part of your life to this country" and also asked the ten thousand present to support the country over the next decade.

On October 14, 1980, Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie joined Sergeant Shriver, the Peace Corp's first director, and Richard F. Celeste, its current director, in speaking to the three thousand people from the steps of the same building asking that they reject the philosophy of defeatism and despair, and continue "the battle...against world poverty and hunger and hopelessness". Raising his voice to be heard over a small but vocal group of anti-draft demonstrators, Muskie reminded the crowd that some 600 million people in the world today live in the most desparate poverty. He claimed that in the eighties there exists a new reality: "the growing together of our future with the futures of peoples in the developing world...Those of you who have served with the Peace Corps around the world have first-hand spprecciation of the histories that separate the world's peoples and the destinies that unite us."

Celeste stated that in building a more just, a more humane, and thus a more peaceful world, "...a Peace Corps which focusses more effectively on basic human needs in the Third World, which builds bridges across national boundaries can be our key vehicle through which Americans respond to the global challenges of the next two decades."

Also participating in the rededication ceremony were Reps. Carl D. Pursell (R-Mich.) and John J. Cavanaugh (D-Neb.); former Michigan Governor G. Mennen Williams; University of Michigan President Harold T. Shapiro; and Yolanda King, a member of the Peace Corps Advisory Council and daughter of the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Peace Corps is an autonomous part of ACTION, the federal agency for volunteer service programs which include: VISTA (Volunteers in Service to American), Foster Grandparent Program, Senior Companion Program, RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteer Program), and University Year for ACTION.

Persons interested in information about service in the Peace Corps and other ACTION programs may call 800-424-8580, ext. 93, toll free.

Duke Hughes '84



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Letters

Parting Words

I shout and I cry
My mind is a mess
I turn and I turn
I go faster
And Faster
Still faster
I stop and I start
I run and I hide
With nowhere to go
And nothing to flee
I sit and I think
With no reason to stay
With nothing to say
I lie down and I sleep
And the pain goes away
And the darkness comes on
And I drift
And I sink
And where the darkness is light
I look and I see
And the black is warm
And the voice is soft
And it's true
And I live.
I rejoice and I love.

-Leslie Kay Whiteside '83

To the Girls who came to my assistance last week in the Campbell Parking lot:

I am so grateful to all of you for your concern and your help when I was attacked and robbed in the Campbell Parking lot last week. At the time I was too distraught to think to ask your names, so I am taking this means to thank you and to express my deep appreciation. Please drop in my office some time and let me thank you personally.

Isabelle Simpson
Isabelle Simpson
Secretary to the President

SOME MORE RUMBLING

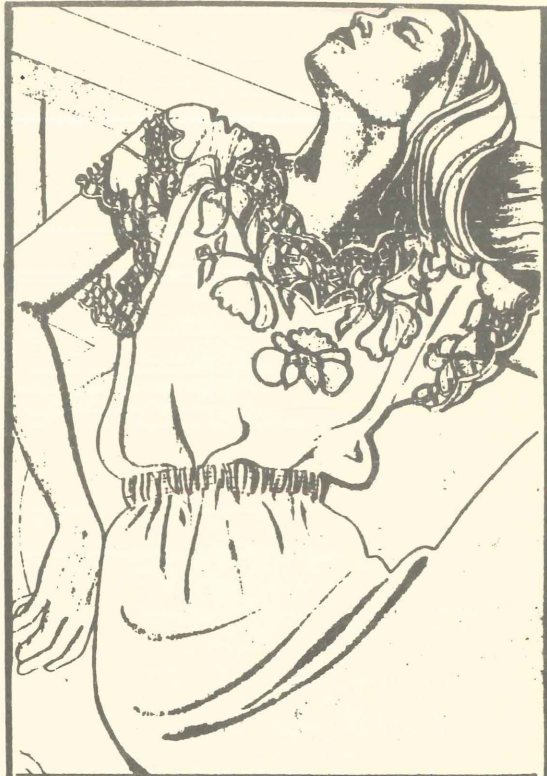
To the Editor:

Though I share Mr. Schuler's disdain for that sprawling eyesore squatting on back campus ("For the Destruction of Mellon", GADFLY #8), he is misinformed about seismic engineering. Engineers consider building sites on a sliding scale: zone 0 through zone 4, zone 4 being most "tremor-prone" (I believe Santa Fe is zone 2), but designing a building to withstand large quakes does not reduce its resistance to small tremors. The resistance to any tremor is a factor of: a) height versus area, and b) the loading characteristics of the materials and design.

The crack in room 106 could be due to bad design or construction, or more probably, a money-saving alteration of the design after the site was changed to Annapolis (e.g. less reinforcement in the concrete since Maryland is not very quake prone).

As Mr. Schuler points out, the building is ugly and maladapted to many of its uses, but at least we have it. Destroying a perfectly adequate building and constructing another seems senselessly wasteful, especially when the money could be spent on other much-needed items, like a hot tub, sauna, free bar, or miniature golf course.

Mark Middlebrook '83



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FITNESS TEST: A final reminder that, if you wish to measure your fitness level against national norms, you must pass four of the tests by this Wednesday, Dec. 10.

VOLLEYBALL

Dec. 3...Druids-4, Guardians-2. The Druid B's looked good, only allowing 11 points in their two games. But then the Guardian A's took the third and fourth games...the last by 15-0!

It seems that this was all part of a clever Druid strategy to instill over-confidence in the Guardians...at least, this is what the Druids said after the game. In

any case, they easily won the last two games by 15-9 and 15-8.

Dec. 4...Hustlers-4, Greenwaves-0. Would you like to read the game scores? If not, then skip to the next section. Here they are:

- Hustlers-15, Greenwaves-7
- Hustlers-15, Greenwaves-4
- Hustlers-15, Greenwaves-8
- Hustlers-15, Greenwaves-8

BASKETBALL...Dec. 6

Druids-90, Guardians-78. This figured to be a close high-scoring game...and it was. The Guardians started out well, building a 33-28 lead in the first period. But the Druid B's reduced this lead, finishing at 50-49.

In the last period the Druids got it all together...their shooting, rebounding and fast breaks were all working well. They opened up a 10 or 12 point lead. The Guardian options in the final few minutes were reduced to only one...risk a foul and go for the steal. Usually this didn't work.

Mr. Hoff and Mr. Leizman led all scorers with 29 and 28, respectively.

Hustlers-64, Greenwaves-47. A fairly comfortable win for the Hustlers, with their A's outscoring the Waves 42-34, and their B's, 22-13.

However, consider these happenings:

- 1) The Waves won the final period by 26-18!
- 2) Mr. Canter sank a couple of long range "bombs", as did Mr. Sullivan!
- 3) Mr. Sands took one twenty footer...and ...SWISH!
- 4) Mr. Ficco led all scorers with 22 points, way above Mr. Hartzell's 12.

Now only the Hustlers and Druids remain undefeated in basketball.

LEAGUE STANDINGS:

<u>Basketball</u>	W	L	TP	<u>Volleyball</u>	W	L	TP
Druids	2	0	6	Druids	3	0	9
Hustlers	2	0	6	Guardians	1	1	4
Spartans	0	1	1	Spartans	1	1	4
Guardians	0	1	1	Hustlers	1	2	5
Greenwaves	0	2	2	Greenwaves	0	2	2

THIS WEEK'S SCHEDULE:

Volleyball...Wed. 4:00 Greenwaves-Guardians
(No games on Thursday)

SCHEDULE AFTER CHRISTMAS VACATION:

Volleyball...Wed. 4:00 Waves-Spartans
Thurs. 4:00 Hustlers-Guardians
Basketball...Sat. 1:30 Waves-Guardians
3:00 Spartans-Druids

The volleyball game originally scheduled for Dec. 11 will be played on:

Jan. 12, Monday 4:00 Spartans-Druids

WOMEN'S by Lisa Cobb

THE FITNESS TEST

The physical fitness test is a great way to make lots of points for yourself and your team. However, you must pass the four indoor events before Wednesday, Dec. 10. Later you can improve your scores. These four indoor events are the shuttle run, standing broad jump, sit ups and flexed arm hang. It's a cinch to pass them. Just come on down to the gym at one of the following times and find Mr. Jacobsen or myself.

Monday 2:00 - 5:45
Tuesday 2:00 - 3:45, 5:15 - 5:45
Wednesday 2:00 - 3:45, 5:15 - 5:45

December 2 Furies-27 Nymphs-33

The Furies suffered from the loss of 1½ players today. Sue Coffee sans wisdom teeth painfully watched the game from the bench and in the fourth quarter Kathy Farrell was forced to bow out with five fouls. But not before scoring fourteen points and handing a few quick passes to Dutton, open in the center, that allowed Dutton some nice shots.

The Furies were always tied with, or behind the Nymphs, who were riding high. Becky Krafft was particularly good, and nothing short of a sensation in the fourth quarter, in which she scored twelve points with a two handed hook shot that "swished" every time. (Her high score of 22 points is only down from Coffee's record.) Nymphs Kamensky and Goodwin were also doing well. Goodwin is one of the few who consistently make their foul shots.

LEAGUE STANDINGS

	won	tied	lost	pts
Amazons	3	0	2	11
Furies	4	0	1	13
Maenads	1	0	4	7
Nymphs	2	0	3	9
<hr/>				
TOTALS:	Amazons	46	Furies	30
	Maenads	38	Nymphs	34

CONGRATULATIONS

To Terry Polk who is the first to reach 400 points and earn a blazer this year!

Announcements

CHRISTMAS AT THE WILLIAM PACA HOUSE

Come and celebrate a very special Christmas with us at the Wm. Paca House, 186 Prince George Street, on Saturday and Sunday, December 13 and 14.

The handsome 18th century mansion will be decorated with greens and fruit to suit the season while the strains of period music filter through the rooms. Visit the old kitchen and watch savory dishes being prepared over the roaring fire for holiday balls and dinner parties. Tasters will be welcomed. To assuage your aroused hunger, 20th century refreshments will be served.

Music from the 18th century will be presented by the First Presbyterian Church Bell Ringers, Dan Miner and his guitar, the Newe Renaissances Voyces, and Hesperus.

Objects owned by William Paca and members of the Paca Family will be on display, some on public view for the first time.

Regular admission fees will apply: Adults, \$2.50; Students, \$1.25; children under 8, free.

In addition to the Paca House activities, Dorsey's Company, 1st Continental Artillery, will interpret the life of a Revolutionary soldier in the Barracks at 43 Pinkney Street, which is open to the public free of charge.

Hours at both sites are: Saturday, Dec 13, 10:00-4:00; Sunday, Dec 14, 12:00-4:00.

XULETIDE WALTZING

The next waltz party will be Thursday night after Seminar. At 10:30 p.m. in the Great Hall there will be a brief Christmas candlelight service led by Reverend Winifree Smith and consisting mostly of readings from the Bible and Christmas carols with Miss Marilyn Douville at the piano. Waltzing will begin at 11:00 and champagne will be served all night. All members of the college community are welcome to attend either or both events.

Mike Henry and Anne Dutton

COVER ART CONTEST

The office of College Relations would like cover sketches submitted for the annual Parents' Weekend Brochure.

Entries due by January 8, 1981.

Best entry will be used.

Ingrid Miller
OCR

AUDITIONS FOR THE BOOR,

a love farce in one act, by Anton Checkov, will be held Tuesday and Wednesday, December 9 and 10, at 4:00 pm in room 24 on Tuesday, and 34 on Wednesday. The play will be directed by Patty Sowa and will be performed with the one-act Poor Bobby January 31 and February 1.

Patty Sowa '82

NOTICE TO THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY:

Learn about writing and magazine production! Letters prose and poetry magazine needs typists, copy readers, layout artists, and illustrators to work on the third issue. Get in touch with Nathan Rosen either by campus mail or in person. We also need editors or editor-trainees as we enter our Next Phase. Get involved and see your work spread far and wide!

Nathan Rosen '82

DIRECTORY CHANGES

Karen Tourian (FR)	201 Humphreys	34
Ann Marie Komensky (FR)	205 Campbell	29
Elizabeth Colmant (JR)	Reverdy Johnson	50
Marc Wing (JR)	tel # 268-1866	

SHOW YOUR STUFF!

The Maryland Federation of Art (MFA) has invited all sculptors and large canvas painters to exhibit at the MFA gallery at 18 State Circle from Jan 11 - Feb 5 and in a State Legislature building from Jan 12 to April 15. Call 268-4566 for details. Deadline Dec 22.

****WEEKLY CALENDAR****

Monday, December 8 - Sunday, December 14

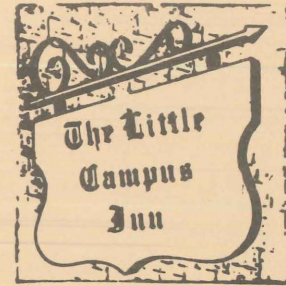
- Mon. Dec. 8 Student Aid time sheets
due in
FINANCIAL AID OFFICE
- Tue. Dec. 9 Don Rag Day - Classes
cancelled unless resched-
uled by tutor
- 7:30 pm New Testament Class
MCDOWELL 21
- 8:15 pm Greek Choral Meter
MELLON 145
- 9:00-12:00 pm St John's Christmas Party
Contributions of cookies
and other Christmas goodies
will be gratefully accepted
FSK LOBBY
- 9:30 pm Delegate Council Meeting
MCDOWELL 21
- 10:00 pm Charlotte Fletcher, Hugh
McGrath and Winfree Smith
will present "Fragments
of a Tradey" by A. E.
Houseman
FSK LOBBY
- Wed. Dec. 10 Small Chorus
GREAT HALL
- Thu. Dec. 11 Winter vacation begins
after Seminar
- Fri. Dec. 12 Annapolis Area Alumni
Luncheon
CONVERSATION ROOM

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