

THE BLOW



MY
PICK
IS
DICK

KENNEDY

You are
NOT PAYING
\$100 a
PLATE
for the
PRIVILEGE
of eating...
You are
PAYING to
MAINTAIN
the
freedom
of the
world...

EDY
OR
IDENT

NIXON
LODGE

RELIGION HAS NO
INFLUENCE ON ME...

NIXON
PAT
LODGE

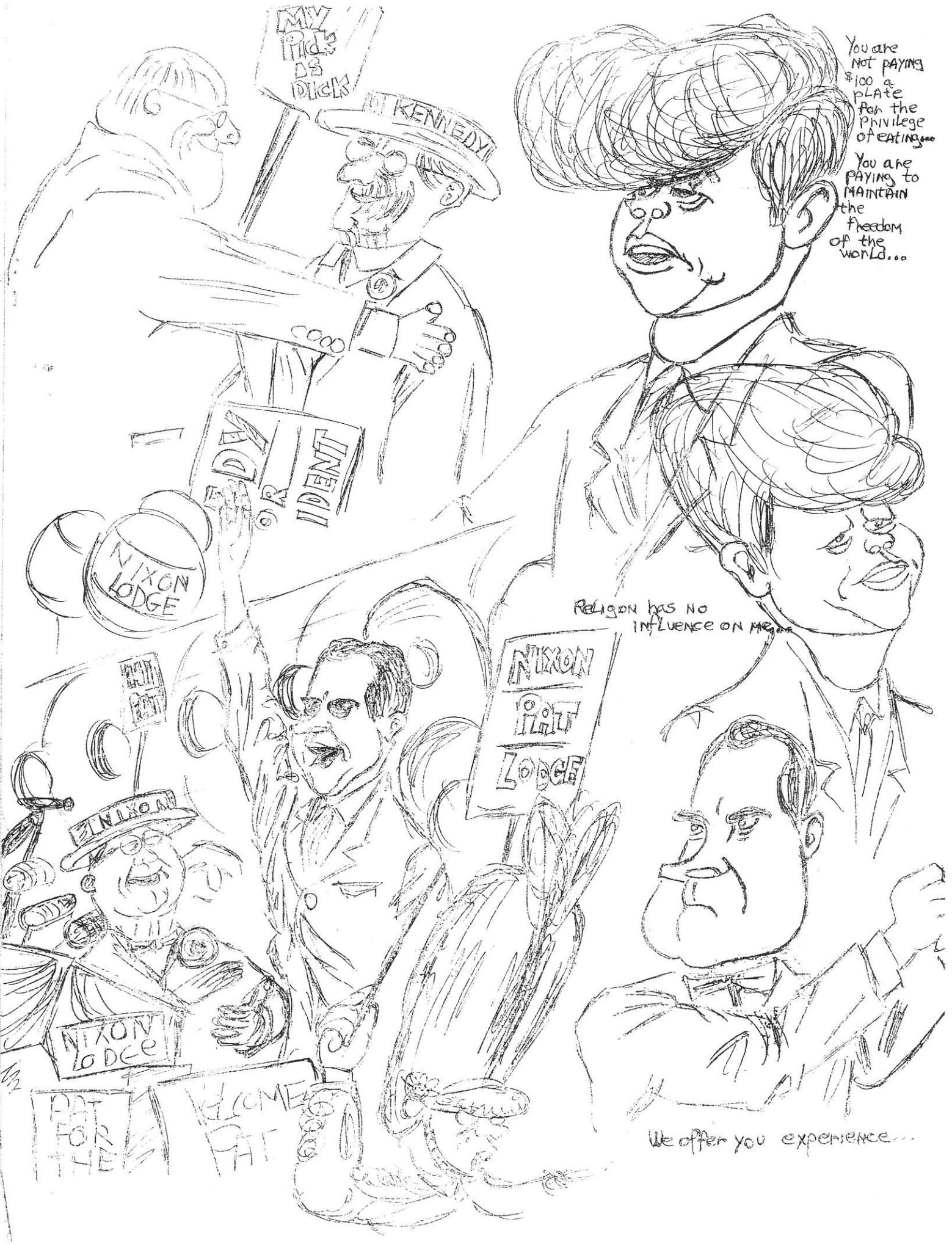
NIXON

NIXON
LODGE

PAT
FOR THE

WELCOME
PAT

We offer you experience...



Dear Santa;

Iggie and Pete Ferrai

Please send me

1. A waterproof shoulder - Marlin Mauser
2. A membership in the Kennel's Club - John Flynn
3. Scotch Tape - Gary Rae
4. A Chemistry set - Marion and Martin
5. A teacher's degree in Greek - Bernard Erwin
6. A bottle of Ender - Tom Pavao
7. The book, "How to fish from your Vespa," - Nick Beltrano
8. The book, "Collective Duck Calls" - Rudy Hansen
9. A wider ledge - Lemos and Laveroni
10. A tranquilizer - James Hagan
11. An alarm clock - Paul Allen
12. The book, "How to be Popular" - Gary Allard
13. A Pyro's license - Don Fraser
14. Waterwings - Robert Villarreal
15. An autographed picture of Dennis O'Brien - Mike McLaughlin
16. An autographed picture of Dr. Hocking - Don Bennett
17. A new box - Conrad Gruber
18. A pantry - John Kent
19. The book, "How to Catch a 'Mystery' Thief," - Jack O'Hara
20. A visit to Virginia - Dan Onorato
21. A private field - "All the Tackle Boys"
22. A white cane - Rich Laveroni
23. New brakes - Jack Conneely
24. The book, "How to Speak Better English in History Class," - Mr. Dudley
25. A private shower for Hickey
26. A membership in Silhouette's for Bennett
27. Press car for the "Editor" of the BLOW
28. A jar of peanut butter - Mike Carter
29. An ocean of calamine lotion for Cunns.
30. A spare microphone for Doub.
31. A CARE package - Jerry Winkenbach

MERRY CHRISTMAS !!

A KING HAS FALLEN

One day as I leisurely walked in a forest, I was filled with awe by the profound silence in which the magnificent redwoods live. These trees seemed to be majestic rulers who demanded and received a respect more inspiring than all the bows and curtsies ever given to kings--a sublime overpowering silence. Then suddenly the silence was shattered as though it were plate glass dropped from a third floor window. From somewhere near by, the screaming and tearing of saw routed the stillness which had shortly before paid homage to a great lord.

The most natural thing for me to do was to find out where the noise was coming from; I did. Following a little path for about five hundred yards, I came upon a group of lumberjacks. As I stood watching, two men wielding double edged axes were undercutting one side of a tree. With a chain-saw two other men were putting a deep, wounding gash in the side of a second. The men stopped the saw, pulled it from the tree, and, stepping back, one of the men yelled, "Timm-m-ber!"

The tree began to groan and creak as it slowly leaned toward the undercut. A sharp, piercing snap echoed through the forest as the 'backbone' of the tree broke. Rushing past the boughs of the falling monarch, the wind sounded like the sigh of a dying warrior. With loud breaking of limbs and an earth-shaking crash, the tree at last was down. The earth, which had nurtured the aged giant from its infancy, rose in great clouds and respectfully tried to cover its fallen child but all in vain.

Even before the dust had settled, half-a-dozen men rushed in on their fallen victim and hewed away the quivering limbs from the tree. But still the men were not satisfied. Driving up a large band saw, they cut the log into fifty foot lengths. Then they tied the logs behind a caterpillar and dragged them to a concentration point. This point was a cleared area about two hundred and fifty yards in diameter where the disected trunks of the once magnificent monarchs were stacked. Here in the clearing a crane picked up one log at a time and gently deposited it on the bed of a waiting truck. Then the truck slowly moved out and headed for a mill.

I stood there watching the activity when all at once a long blast from a horn reverberated through the woods. The men, picking up their tools, headed for the trucks; retreat had been blown; they were through for the day. Once again a powerful silence permeated the whole forest. But somehow this quiet differed from what it had been. It was now a silence not honoring the living but the dead, for great kings had fallen this day.

MARTIN FREITAS

On close observation of a class of young men studying Latin, one easily detects certain marks which classify the students into distinct groups. By their manner of studying and their class behavior, he finds these three: the passive student, who works only the time necessary to do assigned work; the slavish student, who is interested in the language but only struggles with it; the enthusiastic student, who not only grasps the language but enjoys it.

The first has never developed an interest for Latin and does not intend to. His I. Q., however, shows that he could be very learned in this field if he desired to. He starts each study period the same way; he props up the opened Latin book, slouches down in his chair, and then commences to "study". In reading over the subject matter he gets the main idea but disregards cases, moods, and tenses of the Latin words. When he encounters a puzzling passage, instead of reasoning it out, he marks it off and asks someone after study to explain it to him. In class, because of his general lack of interest, he never participates in discussions or asks questions. He gets to class early to make sure he gets a seat near the back of the room. Otherwise he would have to sit up front near the professor and pay attention---this is absurd. This boy either continues with this passive attitude and soon drops Latin, or soon drops the attitude and continues with Latin.

Because of his constancy, the slavish student is to be admired. He has not come to enjoy the language, mainly because he does not understand it, but he is interested in learning it! In study he hovers over his book disregarding all the mumbled murmurings about him and keeps his attention directed to translating. All words he does not know he writes neatly in a vocabulary note book which, after a week's time, contains such a list of words that the student is afraid to review it because of its awesome size. In class, since the boy is constantly making elaborate, painstaking notes, he often loses the meat of what the teacher is saying. Because he is ill at ease with the language he hesitates to ask questions in class. After class, however, his interest entices him to find out the answers to his questions from a classmate. Should a teacher or another student straighten out his method of approach to Latin, he would excel in the language.

The enthusiastic student is a boy who finds no trouble in working with Latin. When he comes to a difficult passage, he faces it not as a hindrance but as a challenge and overcomes it easily with this viewpoint. Observing him study

one would think he was reading a well written library book, his eyes glowing, his mouth smiling. In recitation, keeping the author's ideas ever present, he fits the Latin thought into strong, clear English. During class the student jots down any information the teacher stresses otherwise he leaves his pencil down and listens avidly to the instructor. Enthusiasm will push this student over horizons that passive and subservient students will only notice in the dim distance.

No Latin student is confined to his particular classification. At times, all students of this language can crucify an eminent Latin author, can completely confuse those ignorant of the language, and can nearly double the blood pressure of their Latin professor!