

The SUFFOLK JOURNAL



"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;

"But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."
—Confucius.



Vol. 1, No. 4

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

December 19, 1938

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET HELD

Dean Archer Lauds
Loyalty of
Faculty

UNIVERSITY NAME
SOUGHT

In presenting Dean Gleason L. Archer, the Hon. James H. Brennan, toastmaster, thus referred to Suffolk's founder:

"A young man without funds but with an ideal who put it into effect and carried it to a successful conclusion, opened the door of opportunity to young men who have made their families happier. A man of simple taste and simple habits! A family man without frills! A sensible man! I think tonight that he is entitled to all the praise and glory that can be showered upon him, because he is the man who has laid the trail. —No further words of mine could add to his achievements. —A man with vision who has carried his School from a humble beginning to a University, the Dean of Suffolk Law School."

Problems and Prospects
The highlights in the Dean's clearest address came when he feelingly paid tribute to his loyal co-workers in the arduous task of building and conducting the Law School; when he frankly explained the recent tax appeal decision handed down by the Supreme Court; and when he announced that a bill will shortly come before the Legislature creating Suffolk University. The Dean's address, excerpts from which the Journal is privileged to quote, was enthusiastically received by the alumni body.

Fidelity of Staff
"I have been most fortunate in those loyal workers who surround me—members of the faculty who have borne the great burdens of an institution, who have taught right fully year after year. . . . He has been rich in knowledge, the wonderful way in which you men have stood by me. I feel that this is one of the great moments of my life. It touches my heart very deeply."

"Suffolk Law School has lived through three decades. We have had our problems, our tribulations, through these years. We have them still. One may particularly have excited your interest and wonderment perhaps, you know some thing about the political part of the Suffolk tax situation in the City of Boston. That was not an error of judgment on our part which involved us in the present difficulty. It was simply due to this: For the first time in the history of the Commonwealth . . . when we went to the Tax Assessors . . ."

(Continued on Page 2)



Suffolk Law School Faculty
1908-1937

Our Gratitude to Honorable Thos. J. Boynton President of the Board of Trustees

Thomas J. Boynton is widely known to the public from his long and honorable career at the bar and his distinguished public service as Mayor of Everett, Attorney General of the Commonwealth and United States Attorney for the district of Massachusetts. In his active and kindly career thousands upon thousands have learned to know and love him for his wise and disinterested counsel and aid.

But Suffolk Law School has special reason to be grateful to him and to offer him today her most fervent thanks. For more than a quarter of a century this institution has been a large beneficiary of the un-

selfish devotion characteristic of their service from the humblest days of the school to the present hour. His mellow tones and eloquent tongue have been dignified and charming to our public exercises. His illuminating humor and sage advice have cheered and inspired our delectable resolutions.

Suffolk Law School is profoundly grateful to President Boynton. She is indeed fortunate that he is able and willing to carry on in her service. That her students will continue to enjoy his wise and benevolent guidance in the perplexing years that lay before us.

Great Gathering of Alumni at Kenmore

FRANCIS E. KELLEY, '28,
SPEAKS

On Thursday evening, November 19, a host of Suffolk Law School alumni took possession of the banquet hall of the Hotel Kenmore for the purpose of holding the best reunion ever held by Suffolk men.

The committee headed by Joseph J. Tuttle, chairman; Carl E. Diemer, secretary; and Professor Thomas J. Finnegan, treasurer, had worked faithfully for many weeks to assure the success of the occasion. From the Florida fruits potpourri to the very last cup of the Honorable Toastmaster, James H. Brennan, the thirtieth anniversary dinner was a complete success, a tribute to the efficiency of the committee and the loyalty of the old boys.

Elections Discussed
As the alumni feasted with evident relish upon the Kenmore's choicest offerings, table talk centered around the recent elections, particularly as they affected the careers of the Suffolk men who were returned victors. Although graduates and students of the Law School have frequently in the past been honored by the electorate, this is the first election in which a Suffolk man has been a candidate for the office of Lieutenant-Governor. Francis E. Kelley, '28, Lieutenant-Governor-elect, was the recipient of a tumultuous ovation when he rose to speak.

Grateful to Suffolk
The man who will soon be inducted into the second highest executive office in the service of the Commonwealth said, in part:

"We all know where we would be if it were not for the opportunity afforded us by Dean Archer to study law. . . . During my recent campaign I was advised to get out that Suffolk Law School—it's being so often don't say you are a graduate of Suffolk Law School, say you are a practicing attorney." It told that young man that the night will never come when Francis E. Kelley will be in a group singing out and and School and make them members of the Alumni Association. Let me wish for the Dean, who has made it possible for me to have a legal education, that Suffolk Law School may continue to turn out in the next thirty years as good lawyers, as in the past thirty years."

(Continued on Page 1)

Journalists Visit Herald-Traveler

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 21, the members of the College of Journalism were given a glimpse of some of the mechanical details which will confront them when they are actively engaged in newspaper or advertising work. This opportunity was afforded when the future journalists visited and inspected the modern newspaper plant in which the Boston Herald-Traveler is published.

We first saw the Traveler city room. Here the reporters, editors, and copy readers work. All stories are written in this room.

One of the most interesting features here was the actual operation of the Associated Press machines, bringing to the Traveler countlessreams of sport, local, national, and international news.

Next came the composing room. This is the backbone of newspaper production, for here are located the great Mergenthaler Linotype machines, which make the leaden slugs, which are later fitted into type. The operation of the linotype was explained in detail by veteran Traveler employees.

The next mechanical process inspected was the "galley," where the different pages that make up a newspaper are assembled.

The foreman in charge, carefully explained how the different slugs, cast by the Linotype machines, are put together by the galley press. How the slugs are fitted into place with such uncanny accuracy amazed many of the students.

After the page has been thus assembled, it is placed in the galley press, which rolls and a matrix is made. This matrix is later used when the stereotyping department is ready to work with the page.

The engraving department was next inspected. In this room the photographs are made into cuts. A cut is a metal impression of a photograph. It is this metal plate which is reproduced in the paper. Here are also made the plates which are used to reproduce advertising in the paper. The process in this department is very complete, and so no attempt will be made to describe them.

In the stereotyping department, the matrix, previously referred to, is poured over hot molten lead. This forms a cylinder. This cylinder is allowed to cool for a short time. It is then placed on an endless belt and sent to the press.

It is in this metal cylinder that actually prints the newspaper page such as you are reading now.

Another source of interest was the reference room. In this room are filed all kinds of material, newspaper clippings, books, pamphlets, reports, pictures, and much other information to help the reporter in writing his story.

An explanation of the telephoto machine was given. This machine transmits pictures from all corners of the world to the Herald-Traveler. The picture is reproduced in the Traveler plant by a system of black and white lines, which are developed the same as a regular photograph. It takes about an hour and a half to transmit a photograph.

The entire trip required two hours. At its conclusion the graph of the group was taken by a Traveler photographer.

The students of the College of Journalism extend their thanks to the Herald-Traveler Corporation and to Miss Carr for arranging the trip.

John P. Connolly Takes Office

The first of eight Suffolk graduates who were elected to public office in the recent State election, by assuming his duties as John Patrick Connolly, who was sworn in as Clerk of Suffolk Superior Court Tuesday, December 1st.

The ceremony of qualification was in a courtroom filled with officials, members of the bar, and members of his family. He was introduced to Judge Joseph Walsh, who presided, by D. Poldosor, Colville, assistant clerk of the court. Connolly had been acting clerk of court since the death last year of Francis Campbell, Mr. Connolly's predecessor.

Among those present at the ceremony were Attorney-General Paul A. Dever, Register of Probate Arthur W. Sullivan, William Collins, clerk of Municipal Court, Redmond Fitzgerald, clerk of Superior Court, and Charles O'Connor, clerk of the State Supreme Court.

After the ceremony of qualification, Mr. Connolly retired to his office, where surrounded by many legal tributes, he received the congratulations of his friends and family.

On the previous day, he had resigned from his post of Assistant Attorney General of the Commonwealth.

Miss Agnes Carr Addresses Group

Miss Agnes Carr, the first woman to speak at Suffolk, was the principal speaker at the annual conference of the Rhode Island School of Journalism Association on Thursday, December 3.

The conference, held at the Central High School, Providence, was attended by faculty and students from various colleges and universities throughout Rhode Island. Miss Carr's subject was "Writing for the Press."

Miss Carr recently concluded a series of lectures at the College of Journalism.

Miss Carr has had 25 years experience in news feature writing, editing and is on the staff of the Traveler.

The Plays The Thing

The drama, "The Thing," is here. Always shortly will be seen striding up and down the hall, muttering to himself, "The Thing," as they, with furrowed brows, memorize the lines of some great masterpiece. This masterpiece will be no mere creation of a Noel Coward. It will not bear the hollow of Eugene O'Neill. Any one of these lesser mortals.

Then who, say you, will be the author of this drama to end all drama? That is the secret. For who does not know what he is doing? He is, don't you know, don't you know?

Well, the first prize is the production of your play by the Drama Club. And if that isn't enough, an extra prize of a \$20 scholarship in your tuition is awarded. The second prize is a \$10 reduction.

Now sit down at your typewriter and let your pen write the drama. And dash the play off. Don't forget the deadline is set for January 15. Sounds far off, but it won't be long now.

SUFFOLK SCRIBE VIEWS THE SPORTS

RETROSPECT—It's all over—the 1936 football season—and now for a little shouting. That victory of Northwester's hosts over the Minnesota champions will stand out in our minds for some time. It was the upset of all upsets. You know how something pleases you when it comes unexpectedly. That's how that game hit us—right between the eyes. But good old Minny still looks like the national champion in spite of that lone defeat. . . . If every football season were like this, half of the "sport-pass subscribers" and such would be in the clubhouse. The other half would have quit anyway. Tranquilly it rolled along—the season we meant—until that last Saturday in October. Then the fireworks began. Team after team with Row Bowl aspirations was knocked off until nary a team, eligible for that well-known California commercial enterprise, remained with a clean state.

There was a gorgeous season, packed with thrills. Nothing could have been nicer for a final finishing touch than Boston College's 13-12 victory over Holy Cross and Navy's pinning a 7-0 defeat on the miles of Army. . . . The East staged a brilliant comeback bringing the climax of the season right into our own backyard. And we didn't fare so badly in inter-sectional warfare either. The Easterners held a 3-2 edge in this type of bloody murder at the close of the season. Pittsburgh, Holy Cross, Fordham, Yale (Mr. Kelly of course), what teams in the far-flung suburbs could draw these fellows? It took teams from the East to do the trick. . . . It was a season of ups and downs that a man couldn't call a game his own. A team, latticed and beaten, would rise up in its wrath and take one of these cheery, unbeaten teams over the hurdles. People forget about form and using the old pin system (clamped up. . . .) whenever the day Princeton and Yale played saw us up and down the field? They couldn't make out their minds who should win the game. But Yale slipped, got out in the lead, 20-0, and before you could say Alexander Weisshawski, the referee, the old man wazzy, popped his gun, ending the game. Boy, was Yale dis-

CAUGHT! ROSIE ROWL—It wasn't a complete surprise to us when the Hoosiers of Washington picked Bill Frazier for the good old Rose Bowl. True, we peked Fordham but it seemed quite natural to us of these hoosies, one tie and one defeat, is the team in the East. It is the opinion of this corner that the Hoosiers have bitten off more than they can chew. The next January 1st, when the Pitt Panthers transpires on the Washington Hoosiers, just remember I told you so. 'Twill be a nice thing for them to win—this being their fourth pilgrimage to the shrine of Rose. Evidently, we got quite a kick over a new announcement that for the first time the Rose Bowl will have some of those bloomers subjected after its confines. An announcement, a new FFA and his WFA stickers who have made this possible. Returning to the corner at hand, I beg to submit that Pitt can and will beat Washington. But you know me and my predictions.

OLD MAN WINTER—We've dug our ski out of the upstairs closet, dusted off our own season on the Brains, picked up a pair of sartorial snuff down "where's a bet the hat" and are now ready to announce that winter is here. What? You know it already. Toh, Toh. . . . We were down to the Garden, rather tight and gaped with the rest of the mortals at the grave and daring of Evelyn Chandler. She's the legs in hours' starting. By the way of an added attraction, they had some skiers tearing down that big ski slide. They made the sport look easy that even we have decided to take it up. As our contemporary, the sports cartoonist, expressed it, it looks so easy and yet see what happens to us. This carnival, though, is due to become an annual thing in the future. It's too late for the carnival, but plenty of winter fun is ahead. The "Snow Train" (there will be two of them this year) are just around the corner. Then, in late February, the Stating Carnival probably at the Arena) will be worth the taking in. If Evelyn Chandler's there, the old Suffolk Scribe will be there, too.

Soph Notes and Sweet Music

NO DRIBBLING ABOUT IN SUFFOLK
A man must be a driving idiot who does not know what he is doing? He is, don't you know, don't you know?

Mr. Finnegan's version of "Beauty and the Beast" is "Beauty catches up with the Beast." He would also like to see the Real Property and Bills and Notes.

Many of the Sophs went to the banquet on November 19, to avoid taking the exam. Thus they figured that it was worth five dollars for an additional week's trouble tried to accept the Sophs' prize but no luck.

But what's this? Tadpole is a Ferguson v. Moore (Tenn.) 39 S. good food and drink. Baker v. W. 341.

Sworn In

John J. McDonough, Suffolk Law School '35, was sworn in as State W. P. A. Administrator on Tuesday, December 1st, by retiring administrator Paul Edwards. He was appointed to the post on November 19.

Mr. McDonough has been prominently connected with labor relations both state and national, for a number of years. Previous to his appointment, he was head of the State W. P. A. Employment Division.

During the World War he rose to the rank of lieutenant in the U. S. Army and still retains an intensive interest in military affairs. Recently he was promoted from Major to Lieutenant-Colonel in the Quartermaster Reserve Corps.

Before the repeal of the N. R. A. he was State Director for Massachusetts. In July 1935, he was appointed chief inspector of the Division of Industrial Safety of the State Department of Labor and Industries. It has been constructed in official parlance with the Department of Public Safety and the Department of Health.

A graduate of the Mechanics Arts High School of Boston, he entered Suffolk Law School in 1921, graduating in 1925. In 1933, when the announcement was made of the organization of the new Suffolk Graduate Law School, he was one of those to enroll in the first class. In June, 1936, he received his master's degree.

Jottings

Leo Martischell, one of our Soph lawyers, was seen striding along, war paint and all, in the Sanderson parade on Thanksgiving Day. He was having a great time and getting a big appetite for that turkey.

It's rumored in dramatic circles that Robert C. Schimmel, well-known Hoosier playwright and now a teacher at Dorchester High School, will aid our aspiring dramatists in their big three-act production next spring. Numerous amateurs and professionals also have won fame treading the boards in some of his productions.

The publicity for the recent Boston convention of the National Council of Teachers of English was handled by Mr. Robert F. DeWitt, Jr., a member of the faculty of the College of Journalism. Mr. DeWitt, a teacher at Dorchester High School for Boys, is a former Boston newspaperman and is the only teacher of Journalism in the Boston Public Schools.

Alfred Robinson, head of the College of Journalism, is one of our students who has had actual newspaper experience. Down on Cape Cod, Marion to be exact, he ran a magazine which attached considerable popularity. He's still still running things—for the Herald-Traveler now. He handles the paper and ad rates copy and ad proofs to and fro.

The youngest news manager of a New England newspaper was Edward Brendan Barrett, when he acted in that capacity for the Athol (Sutcliffe) News. Now he's enrolled in the College of Journalism and features editor of the Suffolk Journal. He is, at present, journalism instructor at the Hight Neighborhood House in Dorchester but after December 15th, he will be employed as a press agent in Hingham.

Miss M. Esther Newcome, administrative guiding hand for the Drama Club and librarian of Suffolk College, attended Northwest-ern University, when she was in professional days to shed them. Her career there her surprising upset victory over Minnesota, who was in "seventh heaven."



Sons and Daughters of Suffolk's Professors

From time to time, the Journal School faculty, William F. Looney, forget Kenneth, for his daddy will publish pictures of the child. He, age 6, and Erna M. Looney, age 2, are the chubby youngsters in the center of this group. The popular little one, we have the kiddie of our William F. Looney, professor of good friend, Prof. William H. history in the College of Liberal Arts, is their daddy. "Bill" is keep- ing in close touch with Santa, welcome awaiting him at the Hochey home. The young man in will be no slipup on Christmas, the lower left corner is William, the sweet little lassie in the McNeil Smith. His brother, John, is Miss Elaine Perkins. The kiddie with the stumped of corner. They are the sons of our beloved and learned Dr. Alton M. Smith, professor of philosophy in the College of Liberal Arts. Com- are not worrying 'cause Santa and ly obnoxious of old Man Winter, is sturdily little John Lawrence Mc- ever, "With all the Christmas rook, No Christmas tree. His daddy for- ever, it's mucky way for well-known and esteemed Prof. Santa, forget a feller." Well, John A. Mearns of the Law it's a "Wax let that Santa won't



Contemporary Gems

To The Non-Conformist
*The pink of Cobble Mount, in old
 is here, and blank. Yet on its
 barren rocks,
 solitary spruce tree, all, and
 grand,
 Stands like a poplar for the en-
 creasing bark.*
*The gnarled roots that brace its
 stunted trunk
 Against the fury of the mount-
 ain gales,
 Like naked fingers in the rocks are
 sunk.*
*Its bent and twisted branches
 curve like life.*
*Against the sky. No other tree
 could grow
 Among the holdfasts of that lone-
 ly place.*
*Alone it stands, while huddled far
 below
 Its brethren hug the mountain's
 sheltered base.*
*These trees are straight as men
 but they have known
 No freedom like that tree which
 stands alone.*
 CLARENCE S. BORGARD
 Law School '37

ALUMNI MEET AT KENMORE

Judge Edward T. Simmons, of the Marlborough Court, delivered a stirring address, speaking in part as follows:
 "No honor ever came to me that I appreciated any more than when Dean Archer offered me an opportunity to become a member of the faculty of Suffolk Law School. There is something about the atmosphere in an evening law school, and particularly in Suffolk Law School, which gives the boys something besides what they get in books,—where we rub elbows with men in serious purpose; men who are spending their own money to get a legal education, men who are making a sacrifice and whose families are making sacrifices in order to obtain that education. . . . As graduates of Suffolk we have no need to apologize. It has been my privilege to meet the men of Suffolk professionally and otherwise throughout this Commonwealth. They are men who have achieved success because they are placing in the granitic of Law the fundamen- tals, the ideals and sentiments of Suffolk Law School. . . . Do not let other law school graduates over- see you. . . . Be proud you are a Suffolk Law School man. . . . I thank God for Dean Archer and Suffolk Law School and that I am not a W. F. A. man. Dean Archer, I congratulate you upon this, the Thirtieth Anniversary of Suffolk Law School. I sincerely trust that the motto, privileges and ideals that you personally have expressed will go down through the years that boys of succeeding genera- tions will have the opportunity and privilege that you offered to us who have been fortunate enough to have graduated from Suffolk Law School."

to being a guest at that happy event but by the worst of luck I am in the clutches of a heavy cold. In spite of my being unable to mingle socially, please think of me as an unseen guest, proud and happy over your rejoicing. For many years your graduating classes have lavished praise on the Dean's wife and the memory of your especially kind tribute at your recent celebra- tion in the school auditorium will warm my heart forever. I have always felt so unimportant to the school, but in my heart you have all been my boys.

Your splendid tributes through the years to the Dean himself, how- ever, have never been exaggerated and I know him better than any of you do. Not only to be all you be- lieve him to be but he has always been the pleasantest man in his home life, ever patient, apprecia- tive, and cheerful.

DEAN'S ADDRESS AT BANQUET

(Continued from Page 2)
 "I for a blank on which to file an ap- peal there were no blanks, because it was the first case that had been arisen. They had no blanks for exemption at all. I refused to use the form or blank that admitted that we were taxable. The Appeal Board found that we were not tax- able by the City of Boston. And the Supreme Court has just held that because we did not file on that blank the Tax Appeal Board had no authority.

"We still have our rights under the law. There is a statute in Massachusetts that says if a person or institution is obliged to pay an unlawful tax they can recover, and that is what we intend to do."

"Reference has been made to the various departments of Suffolk. Let me say tonight that this winter we intend to present in the Massachusetts Legislature a bill to create Suffolk University. We are working definitely upon that line at the present time.

"Now I do not expect to be the head of the new institution for another thirty years. I do not know how many years may remain, but I do hope before I die to see Suffolk University performing a function second to none among the universities of this Commonwealth.

"There is little more that I can say to you except what I have said before—the gratitude that is in my heart to you for this testimonial to Suffolk Law School.

"Reference has been made to the great multitude of men who have graduated from Suffolk and won- derment expressed that more are not here tonight. But I want to say that we have quality here even if we have not quantity. Where- ever I go in the United States I find Suffolk men! Suffolk gradu- ates! You who are present here tonight symbolize that great army of Suffolk men. I feel like saying with the radio announcer, 'Time marches on!'"

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The SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Official newspaper published by the students of Suffolk Law School, Suffolk College of Liberal Arts and Suffolk College of Journalism. Editorial Office at 59 Hancock Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year, Single Copy, 10 cents. Advertising Rates on request.

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The Suffolk Journal Extends Seasonal Greetings to All Its Readers

From Beacon Hill

Winding streets, dimly lit by old-fashioned gas lights. A sudden flare of light as the door of some old-fashioned house swings open to admit some late-comer to the warmth and cheer of the old-fashioned fireplace. A red-haired stranger against the cherty yellow brick frame of a window. The strains of "Silent Night" in wondrous clarity, some strange glow from the light reflecting on the newly fallen snow. Flocks migrating through the street, rarer to catch the atmosphere of this quaint old section of Boston. Back of the State House, Suffolk Law School, adjacent. Beacon Hill Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill.

Thoughtless of Suffolk, that our annual Christmas vacation.

Christmas Eve, when, shall we say, perhaps in some dimly lighted, deserted chamber at the nearby hotel, just recently one of the most ardent of the anti-slavery group years ago above the plains of Bethlehem. "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men of Good Will." We still see his old window in our own, some little lad with vision of some phantasmagoria through our heads, or perhaps a few prayers that Mary will fill that little present. How that child will be a glorious Christmas. Freedom from before, nothing to worry about only the "and next year, only fun and excitement ahead."

We enter into these two weeks with the feeling of "Peace on Earth." We're not still shocked by those December feet marks for there was no December here yet. Joan Archer gave us a Christmas present ahead of time and a little written work would make up for it.

Next week will be one of mad frenzy. Crowding alone, with a lot of resolutions and not an idea in our often-brained heads. We'll get our own little shipped on our shelves by the busy offices of some anxious shopper, our nerves worn to a frazzle. We will say, "Never again!" But next year, will you know—

THE SUFFOLK JOURNAL

December 19, 1936

Short Story --- "Christmas for Everybody"

L. M. G. '37

It was twilight on Beacon Hill, in the window lights were just beginning to appear, as Mary's tears left her face and crossed the bridge to cross in upon her more that common toward her chimney ever. She sat there, following with her eye the large, bare branches and determined to lose herself in trees which strewed their coldly delicate tracery against a gray, December sky. As she passed the majestic Christmas tree she seemed on the contrary, this fit, as little

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Snowie's Diary

House which have been so dear
Are full of love, good-will, and cheer!
Pacifists near and far are humming
To the tune, "Christmas is coming!"
Last minute shoppers pull and shove
Nobody minds—That's Christmas love!
Mischief-makers turn to Saints;
Old time grumblers cease complaints!
Trees that once were only green
Now—red, blue, and silver sheen!
With sleigh-bells ringing, children singing,
Christmas comes again!

December 1, 1936

Dear Diary:
It is distressingly evident that my talents (?) don't run to writing poetry. I guess that's because I don't have those "ideally eyes". But the festive spirit at the approaching holidays had nudged my brain somewhat, and writing poetry is the result. Joe suggests that there must be a festive spirit the whole year round if that is what muddles my brain.

However, Joe's opinion does not mean much to me since I have discovered that he wants for Christmas. Why, Joe doesn't believe in Santa Claus. When he told me of this I said that there wasn't any Santa Claus, he said it was not my fact that I always believed him. All that Joe wants for Christmas is a car. I never heard of Santa Claus so reluctant, nobody asks for a car for Christmas. But the current thing about the whole thing is that anyone can plainly see that Joe lacks an imagination. You just not assured that if he were a Suffolk student, he wouldn't be asking for a car?

In fact, there is one little boy in Suffolk College of Journalism who is trying very hard to be good so that Santa will bring him a Shirley Temple doll. Is that what Suffolk does to the homes of today?—Keep on being good. See, you may have it yet!

I'm sorry, Diary dear that I wandered so but I did believe in Santa Claus and since Joe seemed so certain that there is none, I've been wondering. But to return to the students of Suffolk College, I find that several of them love to go window-shopping. Just as he is spent money that is quite an idea for it may give the problem. "What shall I get for Aunt Mary?"—I find that several of these students who? Just picture yourself snatching a pair of invisible stockings by her side. A large hand closed warmly over her own and a new familiar note said: "Merry Christmas, Mary. Mother has been telling me that you'd like a house. He came to our tree and you know I'd love to have you there."

For the second time that night Mother was with her family. I'd have thought there was something here which he did not understand, for the two talking in low tones now after had forgotten that he was there. "What if they forgot to take him to the 'Crimes' party?"

Obviously, a pair of curly hair was pushed back from a small forehead, as a certain new note had come from Mary's eyes. I should think Christmas is for everybody" and responded only to hear the uncertainly voice of the operator in saying, "There's one on the line measured thirty. Will you please it please?"

Snowie

"A Suffolk Land-slide"

From Groups of the Town in the Boston Post, November 12, 1936.
Tip from Suffolk. One of the most prominent voters in the recent election, came to think of it as the Suffolk Land School.

Francis E. Kelley, the Lieutenant Governor elect, learned about his President Gibson L. Archer, of the school, calls them "arithmetic years". The new Lieutenant Governor says he learned to run by dashing from a lawless truck to his chosen three night work.

Only last June the school graduated Thomas H. Buckley, State Auditor and those of course there is John Patrick Cassidy, elected to the clerkship of the Superior Court. He, too, is a graduate.

More than that, William H. Hensley, who married Charles F. Hughes' race for the Governorship, is a professor of Tufts at this institution.

Wahk, all in all, give Suffolk Law School a land-slide.

J. L. Boston Post, November 6, 1936, says:

"We got an old hand from President Gibson L. Archer that Rudy Valle is actually going to wear the toga of Professorship at the Suffolk college of law from Monday and teach radio broadcasting beginning Tuesday, February 1."

Hon. James M. Swift, Vice President of the Board of Tufts, is concluding from a recent visit to the Suffolk College of Law, General Hospital.

Paul A. MacDonald, Director of the Placement Bureau, has his first class of at least five that he has. You see Paul and the Misses were returning from a week end trip to Maine and naturally over took a grandly traffic stop. The one gave Paul a ticket for the local court somewhere in the state of Babbits, Massachusetts. Will Paul plead guilty?

The faculty of Suffolk Law School have recently been photographed for the Thirtieth Anniversary brochure. It is interesting to note that the first composite picture of the faculty was taken 20 years ago and that of the Thirtieth anniversary number is that there are on the present picture—A. Cheley York, Howard Archer, and Gibson L. Archer.

The Thirtieth Anniversary brochure lists all 30th students on date. It was distributed at the Thirtieth Anniversary banquet held at the Hotel Somerset on Tuesday evening, November 19th.

Among some of graduates who have received the 1st Honorary Suffolk Law School diploma are Patrick Kelley, son of the late Willham J. Kelley, 20, South Hill, Woburn, and of Walter H. Waldman, 27, Walter V. McCarthy, Jr., son of Walter V. McCarthy, 26, and Raymond M. Bartholomew, 25, son of Henry A. Bartholomew, 25.

There is a note and address how themselves outlook in their robes, and very often get to pieces' during rehearsal. Few of them are job-wally doing. Four took his job and fresh air, and the strain on their nervous system are responsible for this.

Needless to say, I was a disillusioned student, even though I could grasp some little satisfaction from the fact that I "belonged". But a month of this was enough for me. I even tried an empty stomach, and didn't want "jangled nerves" to get the best of me, so home I came.

I went, I saw; but alas, I did not conquer! BIRTH DAIRY SCHOLAR, S. C. J., '31.

Stock Company Blues

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there lived a girl who thought she was destined to become a great actress. She very fortunately got on the thought at that time, was able to make connections with a well-known stock company.

There she spent some fast months, whitened north, framed with experience, and then went home to mother for rest and a change of air.

Glamour in the Life The stock actor and actress life is not of roses. There is, however, a certain amount of glamour in being a member of a troupe and one could easily, after several months' drift into the mode of living and be fairly content.

In the spring and autumn, the particular company got on one night stands, in the winter they performed in Florida, and in the summer, the most profitable season of the year for them, they had a summer theatre which was well patronized. I was with them from June to April during the one year stand period, which was the most interesting, but the most unprofitable time.

Business were supposed to be done. Six of which was to be paid back for room and board. If enough of the board had been done, they would have been able to pay back the rest, which it was not.

The Raisin Complex We received two and a half mail bags, including a set which were put into everything from meat loaf to jelly. Some of the things were so plentifully that there was always a vacant feeling which was rather unpleasant.

Now this was the only time in our road. I had intuitive were supposed to be a week, but unfortunately, the depression was on, and we were to consider ourselves lucky to have a bed to sleep in, and such food as there was.

This was not a new situation. Most of the actors and actresses had been with the company for years, during which the only time they had prospered had been that brief period between June and September.

Like So Many Puppets A very strange thing? Why? Because this life was so their hand, and they couldn't get out of it. I was like a many puppets, controlled by strings over which they had no control. They couldn't get out of the normal line of the world.

I was natural here, because I had been in a stock company for nearly 10 years and an unconfident part of them in every day. I had rehearsed, rehearsed, and rehearsed, and then a plot of nothing which you are more than apt to rehearse again.

Stars "Temperamental" The actor and actresses here themselves outlook in their robes, and very often get to pieces' during rehearsal. Few of them are job-wally doing. Four took his job and fresh air, and the strain on their nervous system are responsible for this.

Needless to say, I was a disillusioned student, even though I could grasp some little satisfaction from the fact that I "belonged". But a month of this was enough for me. I even tried an empty stomach, and didn't want "jangled nerves" to get the best of me, so home I came.

I went, I saw; but alas, I did not conquer! BIRTH DAIRY SCHOLAR, S. C. J., '31.

Journal's Roving Reporter Interviews Jack Spink

by Edward Brendan Barrett, S. C. J., '31

He sits in a doorway on Bayston Street day and night. You will recognize him by his wooden leg and the left arm that's missing. He is Jack Spink, a colored man about 35 years old. He tells me:

We squatted beside him in the doorway one rainy night, dropped a few questions his way and asked him a few questions about himself. Jack was born in Bermuda. He remembers that his grandmother worked clothes at the Hammetton Hotel there when he was a kid—boarded like—

Brought Up in New York "I was raised in New York, mostly. Went to first year's high school there. Never did finish, went back for a job."

A gust of wet wind swept into our doorway. Jack shivered, but he grinned good-naturedly as we talked.

"Jack, I just saw Leg at the Harvard Hospital, 120th Street at Lenox, was all the more welcome after the darkness. I'll hold a fire to make the place a little brighter."

"A fire? I'm afraid of it. I've got a cold and the light is out of the apartment. Jack glanced at the empty stove of the "frigid-outlet" and said "I'm afraid, but two years after that I'd have had that cut off, too."

We went to know what he thought of people who were being treated there. I found in people "they're a good kind of people. They're kind and hearted at the top of you to get a well, they're kind. Don't know what they're thinking, sometimes we get it."

The financial position of such a man as Jack Spink, brought on by an operation about the day's receipt of an hour of a time in the winter had a "make-up" if it's cost too much about a nickel of it, an "extra" for the day.

It is really sitting there, not to do anything in Jack's mind, but he is not satisfied enough to accept leaving for his rooms where we can talk some more.

"Oh, the way was not for progress. For me, I've got my own. Jack brought a set of outfit, two cases are there, an eight-foot bed of board, a "chair" of rubber, it can be folded up for use as a chair in the morning. Strange's money, he did buy them self—naturally, he really be content of the store one by one, content they take? And he had a book three "extra" things."

"I got three rooms," he tells me. We peek our way through the middle in the street. Jack's wooden leg clicking rapidly there and back grandfather's clock ticking off the minutes. There means? You're of grandeur, we think.

Jack poked us casually through after dark and quickly lighted a street light. The floor itself had only negligible lighting. There is a clean and a dank smell like getting to get the best of me, so home I came.

We light matches on our way up the unstarred flights of stairs. Jack grunts, then puffs. "Darned if I didn't burn my fingers with that match." We light

times forty-five or fifty below zero! The dilapidated bed for guys like me. I was porter in a barber shop in Rome about two months. But everyone, Eskimos, some Englishmen's more Frenchmen was gain' round with marks, it was so cold. I only had an old overcoat somebody give me in the States. No I grab a salmon boat back to Halifax. And then I come home."

What Campship Means "I know," Jack said, forgetting the bare floor, that big square mark in the ceiling, the flickering lamp, the obvious absence of window curtains. "I seen fyin' fish-up in the Boring Sea—sailed in droves—Regent Park in London in the springtime—all them bright lights along the White Way in New York—poor folks, rich folks—tough times' good times—but the thing that kinder chokes me up more's all them... well, it's havin' somebody I talk with. That gets the best of tough breaks, grid through 'em. I mean folks that's got something pleasant to say to somebody when all the time those first folks've got plenty heart-break 'n' their own."

Empty shelves gave me the idea of asking besides what he had brought, what Jack thought of all to be at.

"Puh! chop," he said immediately, changing. "Yes, I mean I like them better's anythin' else. There's plenty to 'em. Them sure is elegant."

Time was hurrying along. It was twenty minutes to one o'clock Thursday morning. We both yawned at the same time, and Jack burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, er, there's been pleasant for me. I want you to know," he said, trying. "Don't make this your first good 'ill be so well. I know best yet. An, don't feel I have 'bring me anythin'. This grub'll last me a long time, you see."

"Me a few fellows got had a little party here last night... 'erly in the mornin', I mean, after I come home from work. We left it 'round an' all stories. A rich lady promised me she'd get me a small radio. That'll be swell. We...," he checked himself. "Play her dance. That'll be good, won't it?"

"Poke, Hollis, and Grits!" While we were waiting for our street car Jack was telling about one day he spent in Cleveland, Ohio.

"Me an' another gent was standin' outside a restaurant one mornin', the best' broke, I says to him, 'What're you gonna have for breakfast?' He says, 'right smart. He gonna have pork, calls on Grits.' 'What in the world is that?' I says. 'Well, he says, 'you can have one two, jes' get out' me, well, old 'er eyes an' get 'er teeth'!"

We are still laughing as our car comes out of the night. Hollis now, we look into the street. Jack Spink is all doubled over with laughter. Vaguely his form winds its way through the foggy atmosphere of the South End. He disappears under the black gates of the "R.R."

"Her eyes are wet. It is raining, was awful cold up there. Some you remember."

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Dramatic Club Organized

A mere idea one month ago, the Suffolk dramatic club is now a reality. When questionnaires were circulated throughout the school, the response in favor of a dramatic club was so great that, after preliminary meetings for the Colleges and for each division of the Law School, a meeting was called for November 9, at 9:30 P.M. Despite the late hour, over forty students were present, and the club will probably have between fifty and sixty members in a few weeks.

The cast for each play is of course relatively small, but many have expressed their willingness to do the "unglorified" work of the club. Stage sets must be designed, scenery has to be painted, lights operated, and costumes designed and made. There is work for stage manager, stage hands, proprietor, man, business manager, advertising and director. In short, after the multitude of backstage and off-stage duties, the actors' work sounds like child's play. But the actors must rehearse long hours to avoid putting on an amateurish production, and thus every member of the club, whether a member of the cast or not, will cooperate in the production of the play.

No officers were elected at the first meeting, as it was thought inadvisable to have the members of the group become letter acquainted before electing permanent officers. A committee was nominated to confer with the director and to draw up plans for future meetings and productions of the organization. The committee, composed of Boyce E. Blank, Law '38, George Glazer, Journalism '31, and Robert H. Johnson, Jr., Liberal Arts '30, will direct the destinies of the club until regular elections are held.

The Suffolk auditorium, hereafter to be called the Suffolk Theater, will be altered to make it more practicable for play production. The stage which in the past has known only the measured tread of somber-clad graduating classes, will rub its eyes in astonishment as it views the "dramah" which our Suffolk students will write, enact, and produce.

Meetings will be held regularly on the second Monday of each month in Liberal Arts Hall I, Law School. Special meetings will be called from time to time as the business of the club warrants. The Suffolk Law Alumni Association has given the dramatic club permission to use their building whenever needed.

Suffolk's New Library

The left half of the second floor in the College Administration Building on Hancock Street has been made into a Library for the use of students in all departments of Suffolk. In it are to be found approximately one thousand volumes on such subjects as Journalism, Economics, History, Philosophy, Psychology, Science and Literature. Subscriptions are maintained to many of the leading papers of Massachusetts, at the present time to 35 weeklies, 15 dailies and the leading papers of Boston and New York.

The current copies of a number of the magazines of the country are on display and numbers which all may be obtained from the stacks room, which is in another part of a house. (Royal Arcanum Bulletin) the second floor.

Pre-Election Poll Published

LAW SCHOOL. Suffolk Law School has always been overwhelmingly Democratic. In previous polls Republicans have never made an impressive showing. This year, however, while there were apparently 400 Democrats and 250 Republicans in the Law School poll, judging by the vote for Governor, Roosevelt ran nine votes ahead of Hurley, receiving 499 votes to 228 for Landon and 66 for Lemke. In the contest for Governor, Charles F. Hurley polled 481 votes as against 253 for Haigis and 52 for William H. McManister. In the contest for Senator, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., with 350 votes, beat James M. Curley with 241 votes by the slender margin of nine votes.

COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM. About half of the Freshman class in the College of Journalism voted. They were apparently evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans, since Roosevelt received 11 to Landon's 10; where as C. F. Hurley polled 9 against Haigis 11. The race for Senator showed Curley far behind Lodge (Curley, 5; Lodge, 15; O'Brien, 1; Collins or Lemke, 4).

Those who voted in the College of Liberal Arts poll appear to have been predominantly Republican. In the Landon poll 19 votes in 19 for Roosevelt and 4 for Lemke, while Haigis ran ahead of Landon (Landon, 21 votes to 11 for Hurley and 2 for McManister). The Senate fight again showed loss of strength: Curley, 9; Lodge, 18; O'Brien, 4.

The most surprising feature of the poll in all three departments is the popularity of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., whose aggregate vote appears in the following summary: Curley Lodge O'Brien Law School 347 130 90 College of Journalism 5 15 1 Liberal Arts 9 18 4 Total 361 263 94

The Reporter Remembers

For a dead death in a state of time. Found with trees in a dozen places. Would be much up to my knees. Had to handle of Malin Bros. For a horse slaughter, run and water. Of our and famous Fox had a car. But seeing sundown beauty spoiled. My horse fence, my hand would. A cry came out of the heart of Spring. A woman asked ... a terrible thing. "O Heaven! she cried as I killed my hand." "The don's heart! It is a hand!"

JUST LIKE DAD

Walker—"Gee, Pop, there's a man at the circus who jumps on a horse, slips underneath, catches hold of its tail and finishes up on the horse's neck!" Dad—"That's easy. I did all that the first time I ever rode a horse." (Royal Arcanum Bulletin)

Dean's Book Widely Praised

Dean Gleason L. Archer was re-elected Councilor-General of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants at the Triennial Congress of the Society held in Plymouth, Massachusetts, on September 7th, 8th and 9th of this year. He has already served for three years in this capacity. The Dean's new book "With Axe and Musket at Plymouth" was published on September 16th. The following reviews will be of interest:

"The First Years at Plymouth" "WITH AXE AND MUSKET AT PLYMOUTH," by Gleason G. Archer (American Historical Society, \$3), embodies in a book of 216 pages and 160 illustrations, radio-broadcasts, won Dean Archer vast audiences for four years in the NBC network. The impetus of the publishers is well deserved for the sound historical foundation of each incident is well recognized, only in the dialogue and debate is there an exception, and this is always reasonable and in keeping with the speakers and with the occasion. It is necessary to give color and drama to the daily life of the Plymouth colony; a necessity that was very much present in the broadcasting of the material. Since their presentation in radio form, the author has made great improvement in verifying his material, and the result is historical accuracy. It is not a composite of that arose from old logic; rather, as Dean Archer says of the regeneration, "The dialogue is made itself." He found the personal characteristics of the chief figures, and then let them talk. It has disappointed many that John Alden is so well an add-on in the dialogue, one that John Alden was too young to have been present in the colony in 1620.

The book covers the first 10 years of Plymouth and all the notable incidents are enlarged upon in a way that makes every page a fascinating narrative. The controversies, a black sheep of the colony, and the hard times are not neglected, nor are the unduly emphasized. The narrative runs along as the times did in early Plymouth, and all whose ancestry springs from that colony or who have an interest in its affairs are certain to be enthralled in this book. There are some 25 beautiful photographs included. Dean Archer has written a book of great value to New England history and it will be read widely and long.

Boston Herald "That of the shadows of the past, Dr. Archer evokes the chief protagonists of one of history's most momentous dramas."

Boston Transcript "Forty-one chapters, packed with information about Indians, Pilgrims and early settlers. General."

George Evening Post "The author has caught the spirit of the color and the background of the era."

Columbus (Ohio) State Journal "Under Dr. Archer's vivifying pen these stories of exciting years and brave characters are re-created with forceful reality."

Never before has the story of the Pilgrims been told in just this way—and a fine way. It is a new story. The Pilgrims' story is a thrilling and vivifying story of the founding of Plymouth. Segments (Cont.) See

Confidentially Speaking

My mother's father, the greatest swash-buckling grandfather a fellow ever had, died suddenly 31 years ago. Caschman for one of Boston's aristocratic families, the Mays, he was married but a few months at the outbreak of the Indian Wars. Being Irish, with not a whit less devilry in him than the wildest Irishman, he thought there'd be nothing for him to do but join up, just like that. But before the draft, only single men were being accepted in the service. His young bride, learning of his intention, said nothing to him about the fact that he'd be certainly refused.

Cocky Edward Donlan presented himself to General Butler, threw him a big grin and said, "Well, General, here's the rest of your army! When do I start? Can't wait to join the cavalry!" "Hold on a minute, young fellow," the General said. "We're taking single men first. Have you talked with Mary Ann about it?" Mary Ann being my grandfather's little bride.

"Bargains," it slipped my mind entirely; darned if it didn't," the General said. "But I'm sure if you let me sign up for the regular army, she won't mind a bit."

"Well, Ed, I'll see what can be done," the General said. "I'll see what I can do for you." One afternoon Mary Ann, my maternal grandmother, took her hands out of a man of dough (the Met... a couple high school girls, "I'm sure of these words I translated!" ... a woman standing in a doorway between two men ... "My're crying now, but wait'll they start questioning us!" (1) The blind old paper "dog" shivering in the doorway of St. Paul's Cathedral ... Afternoon rush down Park subway ... sneezing taxi brakes ... that shrill police whistle ... fierce gaze of set night ... Neon signs blinking on as darkness drops slowly as a tired hand on the head of a slumbering child ... "Papers! Four Races out! Papers!" at the highest pitch of the "moo-se" lings ... Down Winter St. ... "Two pounds 19 cents ... assorted nuts—blue-uniformed blunder holding out samples ... she's shivering, too ... Around Washington St. ... warm electric signs squinting over shops ... "Boston Transcript" ... Nettletons ... "Ooops ... 'cause, m'ann ... stupid of me" ... The mountain of gold looks eerie ... don't blame him; cars jammed in that side street ... At last ... relief from sending the finding of Susan Gary's head. The case had stumped and shaked the country for weeks.

Dropping the paper on the table, Edward Donlan returned to his independent little space. It can quite a while later, on September 26, 1906, he was nearly as my mother can say for sure, that the old warrior was sending the finding of Susan Gary's head. The case had stumped and shaked the country for weeks.

Edward Donlan half-acted, "Oh, Mary Ann, I can't read any more of this." And that was the last thing he ever said. He topped to the door, dead.

It's strange ... 31 years later, almost to the very day of the month ... the head of the murdered Mrs. Grace Ansell should be found, after her having been brutally slain by a fiend. I haven't read any of the late newspapers ... I've only heard of the shock and brave characters are re-created with forceful reality. (Herald) many of my Grandfather's physical and mental characteristics, and hearing his name in a bit sketch I'll be some time before I'll feel that all is right. Coincidence like these don't rest well on my mind ... Would you feel the same way? I think you would ... Anyway, I'm glad I don't dream much!

Here and There With The Rambler

ADVICE TO 1941

Laugh at all the jokes of the professors. Resolve now to attend summer school next year. Pass no remarks about faculty wastelands. Don't argue about your marks. Don't be squelched by the sophomores. Pay your tuition, or else— Don't subscribe just yet awhile to a set of Corpus Juris. Be good children. Don't clutter the corridors. Sleep days.

H.G.H.G.J. VanDamander, III, 37. Don Marquis went blind shortly after writing his play, "The Dark Hours," a bit ironic. His sight returned some time later, though. Ever read his adventures of "Archie and Melibolus"? Archie overtook the most popular character in literary circles ... didn't do much toward increasing his public's interest in the race as a whole, however.

Speaking of winter, won't it be cozy at Suffolk when snowflakes pile up against our frosty windows? P. S. Miss Bryant dreads ghost stories! (We found out!) Up Tremont St. ... from the Metropolitan ... that wintry rain ... the Yen Ho ... slanting rain ... a cab bearing a Low's State Emblem ad on open ... time-tripping folks ... the Met ... a couple high school girls, ... of these words I translated! ... a woman standing in a doorway between two men ... "My're crying now, but wait'll they start questioning us!" (1) The blind old paper "dog" shivering in the doorway of St. Paul's Cathedral ... Afternoon rush down Park subway ... sneezing taxi brakes ... that shrill police whistle ... fierce gaze of set night ... Neon signs blinking on as darkness drops slowly as a tired hand on the head of a slumbering child ... "Papers! Four Races out! Papers!" at the highest pitch of the "moo-se" lings ... Down Winter St. ... "Two pounds 19 cents ... assorted nuts—blue-uniformed blunder holding out samples ... she's shivering, too ... Around Washington St. ... warm electric signs squinting over shops ... "Boston Transcript" ... Nettletons ... "Ooops ... 'cause, m'ann ... stupid of me" ... The mountain of gold looks eerie ... don't blame him; cars jammed in that side street ... At last ... relief from sending the finding of Susan Gary's head. The case had stumped and shaked the country for weeks.

HONEST DOCTOR Mrs. Perkins—"My little daughter has swallowed a gold piece and has to be operated on. I wonder if Doctor Robinson is to be trusted?" Mrs. Gaskins—"Without a doubt. He's absolutely honest."—Charles Record.

SLOW DOWN She—"You drive awfully fast, don't you?" He—"Yes, I touched eighty yesterday." She—"You see having ... She—"Did you kill any of them?" (Our Paper.)

STILL ALIVE "Mummy," asked the little boy, "how long is it since 'thirty died'?" "He didn't, darling," his mother sighed, "he joined a golf club." (Wicklow Star.)

Prof. Underwood Discusses Munsey

"He's a short man, gray haired now, with a pleasant voice. A bit nervous in his lecture, but he'll get over it. When he does, we'll have some swell lectures about ethics of journalism."

These were some of the thoughts that were floating about at random when George Underwood, the new and well-known member of the faculty of the College of Journalism, interestingly diagnosed the "Newspaper men's Attitude Toward Frank A. Munsey."

Thirteen Years with Munsey

He certainly ought to know for he was one of the few men who escaped the axe during Munsey's crusade of destruction in the metropolitan field. Thirteen years he stayed with the celebrated financier and for thirteen years, he ran the risk of being fired instantly.

During the time Mr. Underwood was on the staff of Munsey's Washington paper, he related, there was a hand-back reporter in the office. Munsey's pet phobia was for cripples and in one who was deformed was employed. This man had been on the paper before Munsey had acquired it and had been retained without his knowledge. When Munsey was in the building the word was flashed around and the hand-back would be hustled into some out of the way place by the staff.

Success crowned their efforts until one fatal day. Munsey stood on him and he was fired. Munsey was killed, however, for the city editor hired him back the next day under an assumed name. The merry game of hiding him started all over again and this time was successful.

Munsey even went so far as to fire a man just because he was fat. A dramatic critic of many years standing found himself out of a job just because he became a few pounds overweight.

Munsey and Hearst Compared

Mr. Underwood compared the journalistic policies of William Randolph Hearst and Frank A. Munsey. "Hearst was content to let his competitors live. Munsey had attained his object, but Munsey built on the dead."

"Munsey," the great lecturer said, "stood for destructiveness, not constructive journalism. In making way for his paper in New York City, Munsey wrapped six papers, turning out on the streets over one thousand capable journalists, with not more than two weeks' salary in their pockets."

"Munsey's fertile mind," continued Mr. Underwood, "was so changeable that he promised here one day and faced them the next."

One member of the staff of his New York paper received a proposition that sent him abroad as a foreign correspondent. He viewed this proposition with optimism, because Munsey would be unable to fire him.

Munsey was ruthless in his tactics but it was the ruthlessness that enabled him to build a forty-million-dollar fortune from forty dollars. When he came to New York, Mr. Underwood revealed, he had only the latter amount in his pockets.

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Why Students Chose S. C. J.

A recent survey, conducted in connection with Professor John O'Neil's course in Advertising, revealed that the main attraction of the Suffolk College of Journalism, to the majority of the students, is the fact that it is an evening school. It appears from this survey that rather a large number of the Journalism students are able to work during the day.

Another feature that has attracted many students is the wide range covered by the several courses. For example, the College of Journalism offers instruction not only in newspaper practice and principles, but also in advertising functions, radio broadcasting, and the mechanics of newspaper publishing.

A third attraction, and probably as important as the other two, is the quite unusual situation of the instructors, being actively connected in the profession of the value of the type of instruction given by them. It is significant through the day they are faced with hundreds of trade problems they must solve. By passing on to the evening students typical problems, they offer an insight into the profession which the detached instructor might be unable to present.

Today's Truth

TODAY'S Truth—Tomorrow's Trend that runs the motto of the *Boston Freepress*, one of the really fine newspapers of the United States. This aim is expressed on the very first page of this nationally-known publication, it is and should be the aim of every really first-class newspaper in this country.

We read the news stories of European and Asiatic controversies being imposed on the press of many lands. How foreign in all this to a free and untrammeled press is a bright and an education throughout our entire lives!

History is in the making these days. Empires to republics, republics to dictatorships, and the final chapter in the national life story of any people is never finished, or so it seems. How important it is for us here in the United States to guard the freedom of our press against all its enemies! How necessary it is for us to set the proper standards for our American newspapers and to insist that only those papers that meet our standards of excellence shall be accorded our support as readers and subscribers!

Today's truth — tomorrow's trend. How well the historians of the future regard the American newspapers of this era! The light of our age seems to be that they will look to the free press of this nation and to the free press of other really free nations for much of the source materials from which the histories of these times must be written.

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Law School Man's World War Record

Many World War heroes are to be found quiet and modestly attending classes in Suffolk Law School. Stories of a few of them are known. John F. O'Neil is an instance in point. He is now a member of the Junior class but the story until it was told to him the other night by Ex-Mayor Michael C. O'Neil, of Everett, a dramatist, but not related to the modest hero. Here is the story in the Ex-Mayor's own words:

"Prior to the World War, John F. O'Neil was a carpenter, who by his energy, skill and ambition had quickly risen to the position of superintendent of building construction. He built many of the large apartment houses in Brookline and the Back Bay.

"At the beginning of the World War, O'Neil enlisted in the Navy and was with the first big guns in France during the time of the Battle of Thieroy. On return to sea duty, he was an officer on ships carrying war munitions, and was one of the crew of the *Lakemore* which was destroyed by a German submarine. The *Lakemore* had been under convoy across the Atlantic, but of the Irish coast the convoy had dispersed. The submarine appeared and torpedoed the *Lakemore* at about 11 o'clock at night. O'Neil assisted in releasing one of the life boats and pitching it into the sea. The *Lakemore*, carrying 2000 depth charges, exploded when struck by the torpedo and sank immediately. The crew, badly shattered by the explosion, had no time to prepare for their safety. Clinging to one of the life boats, O'Neil, severely wounded himself, moved about in the darkness with one arm in the boat and his body in the water, assisting those whom he could reach to get into the boat. His own strength failing because of his wounds, he was unable to get aboard himself. During the night, he could hear the moans of those who were clinging to the wreckage and the cries for help from those whose strength was failing. Toward morning, no sign of the crew remained, except those in the boat and O'Neil. During the night he, too, had tried to release his grip on the boat and sink, but his two fingers were caught, and although they were nearly severed in the struggle, kept him above the water. Eighty-nine of the crew were lost, nine survived. The survivors were picked up and taken to Ireland, where they received hospital treatment."

"On his return to the United States, O'Neil was one of the first cases of severe shell-shock that the doctors of Boston had. At Naval Hospital he was the subject of much experimentation and study. The United States Congress presented him a heavy and service and by a special act retired him from the Navy on pension."

O'Neil has two children, John F. Jr., 8 years old, and Mary, 11 years old. At the present time he is a teacher of woodworking and cabinet-making at the International Trade School, and an interested student in his third year at the Suffolk Law School.

Suffolk Welcomes Popular Maestro

"Hi-Ho, everybody! Rudy Valle and company!" This is the popular greeting of a popular modern maestro to his radio audience. It's unmistakable. It trademarks the vital, always entertaining and wholesome program of a vital, entertaining, wholesome, and incidentally clever young man, Hubert Price "Rudy" Valle.

It is said that when he was practicing his saxophone lessons at home, some of his neighbors sarcastically suggested, "Give a hall! The world is his hall! The world is his audience. His admirers applaud him from Iceland to India! Clean, modern, fascinating, unusual—that's the type of entertainment "Rudy" stands for. For this reason, and because he is a personable, friendly fellow, his popularity has not only lasted but will continue to increase long after the cause of less intense radio personalities have slipped from memory.

We at Suffolk College of Journalism are fortunate in having Mr. Valle on our teaching faculty. He knows radio showmanship—he is a radio personality. He is an advertiser's equipment, though the subject for which he has been chosen. We anticipate a pleasant and successful year under his tutelage. Maestro, raise your professional mast!

"Bugs" Bar Gets Started From George Underwood

During Munsey's reign of terror in New York journalism, a certain Arthur "Bugs" Bar was scuffling around for a job, with much luck. George Underwood, *Boston American* writer, was at the time working at a reduced salary for Munsey. He suggested to Munsey's Managing Editor that he could get Bugs for \$40 per week, to write for the paper.

Bar's staff, the Managing Editor assured him "Bugs" had "something on the ball." Bug could be bought for \$40 per week. Of course he could, Underwood assured him. Functions filled the plan, though, when Munsey declared Bar wouldn't be any bargain, and that \$40 per week would be "ten dollars a week too much."

Readers know, however, that Bar was hired by Hearst at something like \$110 per week, and that he later received more than that!

Alumni Directory

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Salem 883

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