

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."
—Longfellow



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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

February 13, 1937

Students, Alumni Urge Charter Grant

M. C. O'Neil, '38 To Head Big Drive

During these mid-winter days, there is one topic of conversation here on Beacon Hill wherever Suffolk men and women are assembled—converge. The question uppermost in the Suffolk mind is: What action will the Legislature take on the petition of our Alma Mater for a university charter?

The petition was presented to the sovereign law-making body of the Commonwealth by the Hon. Thomas J. Bourne, President of the Board of Trustees. At the recent hearing many prominent friends of Suffolk were on hand to set forth the case as well as to rally in. The joint committee of the House and Senate have taken the matter under advisement, now, but within a short time the petition will come up before the Legislature for consideration and action.

In the meantime, students and alumni in every section of Massachusetts have focused their attention on the law-makers. Precedent, principle, and fact are all on Suffolk's side. *De facto*, we are a great evening university, known and respected far and wide. Legislators are quick to recognize facts and they are prone to honor principle. And so, Suffolk watches. Every Suffolk student is communicating his interest to his creator and representative. A wide awake student committee is at work—a real thing afoot, if ever there was one. And the energetic leader of this committee is none other than Everett's former mayor, Michael C. O'Neil, Suffolk Law School, '38, who is sparing no effort to bring victory to his Alma Mater.

Presented to Supreme Court

Maxwell H. Robinson, Law School '29, has been admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Robinson was presented on January 11 by the Hon. John Paul Jackson, special assistant to the Attorney General. Attorney Robinson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius L. Robinson of 34 Ware Street, Lowell. He was

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"Rudy" Vallee Begins Series Of Lectures

"Rudy" Vallee's course in Radio Advertising began on Tuesday evening, February 10th, and will continue on that evening each week from 7:40 to 9:10 P.M. The first unit of the course will be three lectures on February 10th, 23rd, and March 2nd.

Unless Mr. Vallee goes to Hollywood, the course will continue every Tuesday evening until June. Tuition charges will, therefore, be deferred, students paying at this time for the first three lectures only. Except to students of Suffolk College of Journalism, who are entitled to half rates, the cost of the course will be \$10-\$20 of which is payable for the first three lectures. The Registration Fee of \$5 and the first unit of tuition is payable on application but Registration and Tuition will be refunded if Mr. Vallee does not accept the applicant. All persons not regular students in the College of Journalism must fill out a special questionnaire for Mr. Vallee by which he can determine their eligibility for the course and advise the College office accordingly.

All applications must be made to the Registrar of Suffolk College of Journalism, 59 Hancock Street, Boston. Lectures will be given in Suffolk Law School Building. Admission to class will be by ticket only.

Testimonial

Hon. George J. Leary, State Representative from the Third Suffolk District, was given a testimonial dinner on January 14 at the Hotel Bradford.

Six hundred friends of the prominent parliamentarian and Suffolk alumnus attended the dinner.

I AM THE RED CROSS

(Dedicated to the loyal and untiring men and women enrolled under the banner of the Red Cross, who are engaged in a work of mercy in the flood areas of the Middle West.)

I am the Red Cross, born of a thousand disasters. I shed light where there was no light before. I create gladness where once was gloom.

I unite Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic. Where once was sadness I leave behind me joy. Where yesterday was a bare floor, I leave a rug and chairs and a hearth-fire glowing.

I invade the undisturbed hearts of the wealthy and open them to the needs of the poor. I make a man feel like a man, I root poverty. I am flesh and blood mother to the unfortunate.

I answer the needs of all the world. I am agreeable, tireless, unselfed, and my plea for humanity can not be refused.

Delmore Acclaimed Lowell's Next Mayor

F. G. Claffie, '27 Opens Offices in Pittsfield

Attorney Francis G. Claffie, Law School '27, has opened a law office in the Berkshire County Savings Bank Building at Pittsfield.

Mr. Claffie, since 1927, has been a member of the legal staff of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company of Boston. He has been its trial attorney during most of that time. He also has conducted a private practice here in Boston.

He was admitted to the bar in 1927, immediately after his graduation from Suffolk, and to practice before the United States District Court in 1928.

His work as trial lawyer for the insurance company has taken him before the State Supreme Court on several occasions.

Mr. Claffie is a Dalton, Massachusetts, boy. His father was the late Pulver Chief Joseph H. Claffie of that town. Atty. Claffie was graduated from Dalton High School, attending Kettis Hill Seminary before entering Suffolk. At Dalton High and Kettis Hill, sports being football, basketball, and baseball. He excelled on the scholarship side of school life, also, and was a winner of first prizes in annual declamation contests at both schools. Atty. Claffie married Miss Mary Hilda Rice, a Boston girl. They have one child, a boy. The family resides at 16 Edward Avenue, Pittsfield.

High Tribute Paid Popular Suffolk Grad

Another Suffolk man, Thomas A. Delmore of Lowell, is progressively scaling the heights of the public service.

The opening gun in the 1937 Lowell mayoralty campaign was fired the other evening at the banquet tendered the much-esteemed Tom.

Treasurer Daniel E. O'Dea struck the keynote when in presenting the guest of honor as the final speaker of the evening, he referred to the popular legislator as "the next mayor of Lowell." The five hundred friends on hand cheered the prediction to the last.

The various speakers paid eloquent tribute to Mr. Delmore's character and attainments. One of the older members of a large family, he suffered the loss of his father while the family was still very young. Tom was attending St. Patrick's Grammar School at the time. He was a lad of only eleven, but he soon found an after-school job as a bundle boy in a Lowell department store.

As soon as the law permitted, Tom left school to continue his work in the clothing store on a full-time basis. As economic pressure in the family began to be relieved a bit, young Delmore registered at Suffolk Law School, making the long trip from his native city to Boston in order to pursue his evening law studies and making many a personal sacrifice on the long climb to the LL.B.

In 1924, on the official record states, the coveted degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred upon one Thomas Alphonse Delmore of 176 Andover Street, Lowell, Mass. The records of the Bar Examinings show that Tom hit the exams on his first try.

In 1931, he became a candidate for the Lowell City Council. He was elected as "high man" in the councilor-at-large contest, for a term of two years. Still serving in the Council, he ran for Representative from the 15th District in 1932, and when the ballots were all in and tabulated, it was learned that Tom Delmore's name had led all the rest. At expiration of his term in the House, he was re-elected by an increased majority.

At the testimonial dinner, a warm tribute was paid the guest by Mr.

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I am the Red Cross.
—Edward Brendan Barrett.

Dramatic Club Elects

Suffolk Players-Elect Officers

At a special meeting of the Dramatic Club held on the evening of February 17th, at the Law School Alumni Building, the following were elected officers of the Club for the coming year: George Banney of Boston (L. S. J. president, R. J. also president, Miss Esther Newman, College Librarian and Director of the Dramatic Club, permanent treasurer, Miss Mary Lou Stone of Boston, chairman, hon. secretary, and the executive committee composed of the officers and one representative from each department of Suffolk. Those elected were Timothy J. McEvoy, president of Boston Law School; Miss Thelma Holbeck of Woburn, College of Liberal Arts; and Vera Robinson of Boston, College of Journalism of Boston.

A selection of short comedies was presented under the direction of Timothy J. McEvoy of the Law School, and a few short stories were told by James Bethel and Rodney Blank also of the Law School. Refreshments consisting of coffee, ice cream, and cakes were served.

George Honey addressed the group as its new president, thanked every member for his co-operation and promised a faithful administration of his duties. Plans were discussed for the Club next year which is to be given some time after the first of April.

Maine Alumni Greet Dean

During Dean Archer's recent visit to Augusta, Maine, as guest of the Maine State Bar Association, he had the pleasure of meeting many graduates, some of whom he had not seen for many years. J. Kenneth Turner, 28, now Judge of the Municipal Court of Hallowell, was one of them. Reginald D. Stacey, 32, Judge of the Municipal Court of Farmington, was another. Silas Jacobson, 32, of Portland, already prominent in Maine politics, was the first Suffolk man to greet the Dean on his arrival in Augusta. John P. Carey, 24, of Bath, and Leonard F. Williams, 21, of Lewiston, were also prominent participants in the bar convention.

Burden Lands Giant Sailfish

Fred E. Burden, L.S.J. 28, is wearing the quilt that none but sailfish champions are entitled to wear. Recently, off the coast of Florida, he captured an eight-foot sailfish and that is some fish as Dean Archer can testify. Some years ago the Dean himself captured a six-foot sailfish so he is duly appreciative of the extra postage of the fish that Alumnus Burden brought to the gaff. Incidentally, Fred wears a gold pin that was presented to him in testimony of his membership in the famous Sailfish Club.

It Won't Be Long, Now!



Suffolk 1936 Receives the Good Old Summer Time!

The ladle in the left, who is balancing the beach ball on his toes is Carlton B. Stuckfield, son of Professor Roger A. Stuckfield of our Law School. Professor Thomas W. Sheehan of the College of Liberal Arts is the fond daddy of Bobby and Ann, the chubby youngsters on the right.

SCHOOL NOTES

Among those who registered in Suffolk Law School in the recent mid-year entering class are Paul E. Tierney, supervisor of property management for the Home Loan Corporation; Stephen J. Boylan, District Supervisor, Bureau of Motor Carriers, Interstate Commerce Commission; James F. Byrne, Deputy U. S. Marshal; Roger M. Bradley, Secretary to the Mayor of Cambridge; William G. Hennessey, former Governor's Councillor and now a member of the State Board of Tax Appeals.

Recent Appointments in the College of Liberal Arts: Robert B. Masterson, A.B., A.M., Ed. M., Headmaster of the Roxbury Memorial High School for Boys, will give during the second semester a course in Organization and High School Administration. Mr. Masterson comes to us after many years of teaching experience. His degrees were earned at Holy Cross and Harvard.

Paul A. Zahl, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., will conduct a course in Biology, North Central College, Illinois, and Harvard University. Mr. Zahl is affiliated with the following societies: American Society of Zoology, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Museum of Natural History, Sigma Xi, Gamma Alpha, Sigma Tau Delta. He is at present connected with the Harvard Biological Laboratories.

Arthur V. Gistebell, LL.B., LL.M., has been appointed to the College of Journalism faculty and will give lectures in Proof Reading, a branch of the Editorial Department. Mr. Gistebell received his law degrees from Suffolk Law School. He is connected with the firm of Adligian, Gistebell & Son and will bring to the students a wide range of information gathered from his years of experience as a printer. Mr. Gistebell is a member of Suffolk Law School faculty and also of Suffolk Law Graduate School.

Lieutenant-Governor Francis E. Kelly, 28, as acting Governor during the absence of Governor Hurley at the Insular in Washington, was Suffolk's first alumnus to sit in the Governor's chair.

Suffolk has its own Joe Louis in the person of Fred McLean, the lucky Sophomore from Roxbury. Fred entered the 160-pound Amateur Boxing Championship contest. In the semi-finals he stopped his opponent in the third round, but in the final it was a case of sudden death. When the gong sounded, Fred sailed into his adversary, buff bang, buff bang, and after he had buff banged him awhile, with socked right to the jaw he ended the fight a knockout in one round!

Several West End arkins made into the building during mid-year. They looked with awe at the bearded heads. Breaking the tension at arkins outside the building yelled, "Hey, leave 'em alone, they gotta study!"

Some budding Blackstone opened, "Our future clients."

Quite conjectural no matter how you argue it.

Suffolk Law School is a member of the National Association of Law Schools which held its annual meeting in Washington, D. C., on January 21st and 22nd, 1937. That Suffolk Theatre has needed to bring out the full beauty of its architecture.

Confidentially Speaking

By Tom Harkins, L. J. 39

Shades of Lady Esther! All was peace and quiet—except for the drone of the lecturer, of course—in a soph class several chapters back, when all ears pricked up to a steady clip-clip, clip, clip-clip. And what was it but a lady? It was for so he apparently clipping gleefully at his side. Perhaps it's the feminine influence from the Colleges. The L.S. catalogue says, "A Man's School!"

More Clipping!—Several nights later another soph felt the urge to be dainty, but this time the prof was not quite so amously silent. T. J. F. let the recreation project go on for a while, but it wasn't a "Curly contract," but it proved too tempting a subject for the class' sleeping performance. Suddenly you must do your best, you feel you please your prof, you feel you do it!

The emphasis, inflection and intonations in that word leader could be imitated only by the student completely gone over. What with the bookstore selling the latest complete year books, ever saw, who knows, some night we may see some of you inspecting the glint on your prof's nose and then slap on a wee dab of powder—but don't let T. J. F. catch you, or you'll live to regret it!

We see Paricles!—Professor Duff's habit of pronouncing "boys" very correctly, bores me. I've heard enough so much that he remarks on it every so often. "It's not in my way they say it down in Truroboro (where every thing is perfect) it's Bill! And *Are We Clever?*" The 7-15 Winchester, Wilmington, and Lowell will interest quite a group of Suffolk boys. And of course their superior intelligence was immediately recognized by one of those hard working fellows who had recently "refreshed" himself—just pushed, by any means, just feeling very good.

Being talkative, he asked, "Who was the first President of the United States who was not a citizen?" None of our answers were right, of course. But he volunteered, "During the War of 1812."

"Jackson," quoth I, to humor him along.

"Right," says our self-styled professor.

If we get any more geni, we'll pass them on—but if really depends on how his eyes hold out and the luck in the beer!

(Heedless of the professor on the subject declares that Jackson was born in North Carolina and with the President in 1828, which all proves that such "refreshment" is not conducive to accuracy.)

Post mortem and rag chewing certainly fill the air on test night, from the blue smoke of the smoking rooms to the far corridors of the annex, an incessant babel of voices proclaims the letting out of exams or at least the 7-15 bell that releases the first flood of excited Blackstones. The more noise there is, the louder each grows, obliged to yell in order to be heard and thus the babel increases until an outraged monitor appears to chase away the noise makers.

The new curtains in the auditorium are certainly decorative. The rich coloring adds just the touch that Suffolk Theatre has needed to bring out the full beauty of its architecture.

Frank "Crosset" Binkton, Law '36, is being asked where he will next face the footlights. Frank certainly has the goods and knows how to deliver—when he doesn't forget his lines.

On January 26th, Dean Archer was the speaker at the dinner of the Joseph Warren Masonic Lodge. The topic was "Joseph Warren at Bunker Hill." It is interesting to note that Harry Gilbert Law School '27, and Wolcott Howard Fraser, Law School '37, were former Masters of the Lodge. Both men were in attendance at the meeting on January 26th.

Miss Bodwell Wins Contest

Judges Praise Storm Signal

Storm Signal by Theresa M. Bodwell, C. L. A., '36, was voted the best play submitted in the Suffolk Players' one-act play contest, which closed January 27th. *Storm Signal* was chosen from a large group of plays submitted. The judges said it equaled many of the one-act plays of professional playwrights. First prize was \$200 in tuition and production of the play by the Suffolk Players.

Second prize, \$100 in tuition, was awarded to Roxford M. Farnwell, Law '39, for his play *The Perfect Crime*, a fantasy in three acts.

Miss Bodwell was graduated from the Woburn High School with the class of 1935. While at Woburn High School, Miss Bodwell maintained an exceptionally high scholastic standing, and since enrolling at Suffolk College has been on the Dean's list. She is a selected member of the Dramatic Club, having taken a prominent part in the organization's initial performance of January 7. Miss Bodwell is also a contributor to the Suffolk Journal, of which she is the newly appointed circulation manager. Her achievements at Suffolk are especially commendable in view of the fact that she is a "working" student, financing her own education. As the pre-contest announcements stated, the prize-winning play will be produced by the Suffolk Players. While a definite date was not available at the time, it is expected that *Storm Signal* will be presented in early April. Costumes, settings, and other adaptations will be handled by various members of the Dramatic Club under the supervision of the authors, Miss Bodwell. Casting tryouts will commence immediately.

Roxford M. Farnwell, Law '39, of Boston, second prize winner, is to be remembered for his excellent dramatic monologue presented in conjunction with the Suffolk Asia tour show of January 7. Mr. Farnwell has had considerable dramatic experience with local stock companies and little theatre groups.

The Suffolk Orchestra is expected to make its debut at the April presentation of the Suffolk Players. The newly formed group has been meeting regularly since Monday evening, February 15. A number of rehearsals have already been held.

BOYNTON DEBATING SOCIETY

Suffolk has a new debating club in addition to the Law School Debating Society. On the evening of February 16th, a meeting of students of the College of Liberal Arts and the College of Journalism was held with Professor O'Connor presiding. It was unanimously decided to name the organization in honor of the President of the Board of Trustees. The club will be officially known as the *Thomas J. Hoaglin Debating Society*.

The first debate has been scheduled for February 19th, at 7:15 P.M. in Liberal Arts Hall I. The topic agreed upon is "Resolved: That former King Edward VIII was unwise and heading to his abdication."

Douglas Campbell and Vernon Robinson will take the affirmative and Hubert St. Aug and Dick Norman the negative.

THE PLAYS THE THING!



How they looked as they faced the footlights on that fatal 13th of January. Left to right: Stephen Gougin, Sidney Attorney, James Deibel, George Hanna, and Timothy McFarney of the Law School; Norman Robinson, C. L. A.; Frank Radnos, Alfred Sawyer, William J. Kelley of the Law School, and Robert Johnson of the College of Liberal Arts.

College Library's Rapid Progress

The Suffolk College Library, situated on the second floor of the College Administration Building at 59 Hancock Street, consists of a reading room and a stack room. Adequately equipped with study-facilities and a reading room is well lighted and ventilated. It contains, at the present time, about seven hundred volumes, two hundred and fifty periodicals, pamphlets and magazines, and a continuing file of fifty representative daily and weekly newspapers. The stack room contains about five hundred volumes. Substantial additions to the library are being made weekly.

Although necessarily compact because of its short existence, the Suffolk College Library attains an exceptional degree of usefulness through the cooperation of the College faculty. The acquisition of new books is guided by the advice of the professors who supervise the various courses. In this way, the library becomes instantly adapted to the needs of the students. Sociology, philosophy, English and American literature, drama, education, psychology, economics, government, chemistry, biology, and history, both European and American, are all sufficiently represented in separate departments as to provide a diversified selection of treatment upon each course.

Among the standard set-books of reference, Suffolk College Library has the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *History of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*, *International Library of Famous Literature*, the *Cambridge Histories of American and English Literatures*, and the *Smithsonian Scientific Series*.

Another feature of the library is its collection of law books, which find special use among the students engaged in the study of government and economics. Every branch of the law is represented, with a range from special treat-books upon each subject to general case books.

Perhaps the outstanding division of the Suffolk College collection, however, is its department

of Journalism and Advertising. Comparatively new in the field of academic education, these subjects are as completely and as skillfully covered as present day publications may provide. In conjunction with the Suffolk College of Journalism, the Library offers books on writing and editing, newspaper management, make-up, and in the various phases of syndicate and press association work, as well as books on the history of journalism, and the history of American newspapers. The large file of current representative newspapers is a valuable complement to the Journalism course.

The Advertising section is no less complete. It contains the most recent publications of the leading contemporary figures in the world of advertising—a world whose swift development demands the best and the latest if one is to keep ahead of its progress. The Suffolk Library group of advertising books include in scope the technical and theoretical aspects of that particular subject. The history, economics, philosophy and technique of advertising, the writing of advertising copy, retail advertising and sales promotion, the selling of advertising, layout technique, commercial engraving and printing, new typography and signers layout, advertising art, and some of the subject-matter offered in these books. There is also a sizeable collection of volumes relating to radio advertising and its technique.

In addition to facilities of the Suffolk College Library, students have the opportunity of utilizing the Suffolk Law School Library and the private library of Dean Glenn L. Archer. The West End branch of the Boston Public Library is in close proximity to the College. The State Library is just across the street in the State House.

Candidate

Henry Miller, of Turners Falls, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for selectman. Mr. Miller is a alumnus of Boston English High School in the class of 1923, and of Bentley School of Accounting and Finance in the class of '27. He took his law work here at Suffolk before journeying westward in quest of fame and fortune.

Presented to Supreme Court

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graduated from the Suffolk Law School in 1925 as the valedictorian of his class.

Throughout his four years at Suffolk, Mr. Robinson was an outstanding student. His professors remember him as a man who always maintained an exceptionally high scholarship rating. He was the winner of many scholarships and prizes. The residents of Lowell and vicinity know him as a man of wide interests and many activities apart from his thriving legal practice. It is said that every important sporting event in the north country finds Attorney Robinson right on deck as an enthusiastic patron.

Delmore Acclaimed Lowell's Next Mayor

(continued from page 1)
Mayor Deane, a lifelong friend. Mr. Deane said that he had known the guest of honor for thirty-five years, and had yet to hear him utter a profane word; that he knew that Tom Delmore had never taken a drink of intoxicating liquor nor has he ever used tobacco in any form.

God-speed to Tom Delmore on his journey to the highest municipal office in Lowell. He personifies the Suffolk spirit.

THE SUFFOLK QUIZ

How are a few questions of general information. Can you answer them?

1. How many amendment proposals were introduced into Congress in the last year?
2. What was the name of the first ship in the American navy?
3. How many public accountants are there in America?
4. How many kinds of cheese are made in America and Europe?
5. How long is a nautical mile?
6. When and where was the first five-and-ten-cent store opened in the United States?
7. How fast does electrical energy travel?
8. What is hard water?
9. How heavy is a long ton?
10. What is the most used letter in the alphabet?
11. How many practicing dentists are there in the United States?
12. To whom did Alfred Lord Tennyson dedicate his Arthurian *Idylls*?

(Answers are given on Page 4.)

ALUMNI NOTES

Attorney Francis E. Burke of Lexington was recently named to succeed Weston F. Eastman as liquidating agent for the Merchants Trust Company of Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. Burke received his LL.B. in 1922. Prior to entering Suffolk, he served during the War in the United States Navy as a member of the crew of the U.S.S. *Polaris* cruising between Atlantic Coast and Mediterranean ports. He passed his bar exams immediately after graduation from Suffolk, and for the past fifteen years he has engaged in active practice. He is an expert accountant and has been associated with counsel for the General Trust Company of Cambridge.

Another young Suffolk man is rapidly establishing himself as one of the leading attorneys in the Commonwealth. William J. McCluskey of 14 Cornwell Street, Somerville, has been appointed assistant district attorney of Middlesex County. Mr. McCluskey attended Boston College prior to matriculating at Suffolk. He was admitted to the bar in 1930. Congratulations from Suffolk through the *Journal*.

Attorney Seth B. Williams of Methuen, Mass., has announced his candidacy for the school committee at the coming election.

A product of the Edward F. Searles High School, Mr. Williams obtained his education in the law at Suffolk. He was admitted to the bar in 1935.

The SUFFOLK JOURNAL

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Edward H. Barrett, J. '41
Theresa M. Badwell, C. L. A., '40
Thomas Valley, L. '41

EDITORIALS

ENDORSEMENT UNIVERSITY

This is a poor title for what we want to convey. The very word endorsement connotes millions of dollars to the present-day billion-dollar American. The term *endorsement* conjures up pictures of a group of vast colleges and graduate schools all concerned and excited in the grand style. As *Business* says: "The world is still drenched with endorsement."

Such, in these thinking thirties, is the American notion of the university and its endorsement. Not that we deny this notion. It is popular enough to command some respect.

The American in the street is not the only member of our social order who looks to vastness, wealth, and fine feathers as the ultimate criteria of the standing of an educational institution. Occasionally, university men themselves are guilty of the illusion.

The Suffolk Group of colleges is in the process of obtaining university recognition before the law of this Commonwealth. For generations the universities of Europe have been respected, not for their material splendor for many of them are humble homes of learning, indeed, but for their influence upon the culture and progress of the dynamic world they were founded to serve. So shall it be with Suffolk.

As for the endorsement, Suffolk is not entirely without an endorsement. It is not a material one; you cannot find it on the auditor's reports. It is more of a tradition, something intangible, something one breathes even while inhaling the night air as he climbs this hill of all the hills within the Hub.

Suffolk's endorsement is rather one of the spirit. It is epitomized in the living characters of such men as our present Lieutenant-Governor, himself. It is, in short, a force which inspires one to fight onward and upward for an every side here at Suffolk one finds strong characters, men and women of whom the Commonwealth has every reason to be proud, fighting onward through the mists to some glorious goal, the reward of it all.

THOSE NINE OLD MEN

President Roosevelt has presented legislation to Congress calling for the removal of Federal judges who have reached the age of seventy. The nine old men of the Supreme Court have been satirized and exposed to ridicule on every hand, but who has stopped to examine the cause of their infirmity on the part of the people?

The Chief Executive has had ample opportunity to present constructive criticism of the decisions rendered by the highest court of the land, but to date he has utterly failed to do so. It would be a simple matter for President Roosevelt to point out that the Supreme Court was originally intended to interpret the laws passed by Congress, and not to rule on the issue of constitutionality. Chief Justice Marshall first took the unjustifiable step of ruling on the validity of Congressional measures.

The President has another alternative. He may prevail upon Congress to enact legislation requiring the Supreme Court to observe the two-thirds rule in rendering decisions. These five-to-four decisions in the important cases have lessened the prestige of the Supreme Court as a tribunal.

The request of the President to Congress has no basis either in fact or in fiction. The justices of the Court are able men. The President has two alternatives: to force the Supreme Court to pass only on the interpretation of the laws enacted by Congress or to persuade Congress to pass legislation making a two-thirds decision mandatory in all cases affecting the Government. A "packed" Court will help neither the President nor the country. Which alternative will he choose?

G. M. H.

Music and Art

by W. R. Strath, L. '37

Music and art are two simple words in whose meaning lie the finer expressions of men's souls through the ages.

There is an old proverb which says, "Art is a jewel of many facets," which means that art is expressed in many different ways. We have poetry, sculpture, painting, and architecture. Each in its true form carries a reflection of all the other arts. For instance, a poem may be so written that it brings to mind a beautiful painting, or a piece of sculpture, or even a majestic building, and from the foundations each line may be built up and the poem stand at last, a monument of its kind, strong and solid, set with a delicacy of outline that stamps the work at once, as art. On the other hand, a beautiful building may carry in its curves and bold relief the suggestion of so many of the sister arts—the resounding volume of a great opera or an epic poem striving toward the clouds.

Without the arts this world would be a dreary place, and with them it is a place of beauty which ever we allow our eyes to see them. And yet, it would be well to ask where our great arts had their own beginnings. Practically any day we can turn our eyes up to the sky and watch the remarkable outlines of the clouds there: big clouds, small clouds, and light fairy clouds. It does not take much imagination to think of these clouds as poems or buildings or great paintings, or even works of sculpture. I have watched these clouds and seen wonderful cathedrals with harp-like ribbons flying from their spires. Again, I have seen a great sailing ship sailing over the heavens and right across the sun. It is not possible that this was the beginning of all art and that our great men received their inspiration in some measure from the skies above them!

Genius will always appreciate genius, and so it is that among our famous works of art there are those dedicated by one genius to another. Our great sculptors have helped to immortalize their brothers already famous in the worlds of music, poetry, literature, and painting. Their cunning chisels have carved for us life-like images of Burns, Shakespeare, Longfellow, and the great company of old masters who still receive and love. Again, our poets have used their own art to sing the praises of the other arts. Take for instance those two verses from "The Lost Chord," by Adelaide R. Proctor. The theme is an involuntary chord struck on an organ and forgotten:

*If I should die in common twilight
Like the close of an organ's peal
And if I lay on my favored organ
With a touch of infinite calm*

*If you will pain and sorrow
Like love's ever-recurring strife
If you find the harmonious echo
In some distant life*

It is very hard to hard that these beautiful words set to music will not soothe!

We have both music and poetry here, and one does not need to be either a poet or a musician to sense the beauty in these words. The first two lines give us an exquisite picture of sunset seen perhaps through the stained glass windows of a quiet church. The crimson light lies on the altar and one can almost sense the last dying echoes

of a wonderful chord stealing down the aisle out into the deepening twilight.

Have you ever left the busy scenes of city life far behind you and walked alone amid the mountains and forests of our own New England? There you may have peace and leisure to listen to the most beautiful music in the world, music that was never equalled by the greatest of our musicians. Listen closely to the calls of the wilderness, bird calling bird in plaintive notes, the gentle sighing of the trees in the summer breeze, and the tinkle and splash of a crystal clear stream hurrying merrily down a mountain slope.

Have you ever been by the sea-shore? There is music to be found there, also, sometimes in the rustling music in the leaves above you, the small waves will make quick short rushes over the pebbles on the beach, and the waves will watch the seagulls in the winter time. They have become huge, towering rollers and they thunder in on the shore in terrific fury. There is a organ in the world that can duplicate the sullen boom of an ocean billow as it is shattered in a rock-bound coast, or the wailing of a hurricane as it screams through the maddened air. These are the voices of nature, the greatest of choirs in the world. Our musicians have done well. Their compositions have the power to make us happy or sad, to soothe our tired spirits or strengthen us for life's battle, but our greatest composers are those who have learned to listen to the voices of nature, and their works are but echoes of what they have heard.

The arts have given us so much and they have helped us all who are interested in them to strive toward better things. We cannot all be geniuses, but we can learn to appreciate the works of others.

Work To Win

Shades of Shakespeare and Board of Bernard Shaw! The play writing contest sponsored by "The Suffolk Players," the New Dramatic Club, has certainly called out latent literary talent in all departments. Two Law School juniors submitted two plays each, while many others also presented brain children for the inspection of the judges. Heart burnings necessarily result from decisions in such a contest but the posterity be the judge of his content things that even out and was undismayed when smaller men lauded him faker and fraud. His life and his example should be inspiration to every Suffolk man and woman who is gained.

Dean Archer's Column



When Cyrus W. Field, in 1854, proposed the laying of a cable across the Atlantic Ocean, the "wise men" and many of the scientists of the day declared that Field was having a "pipe-dream." Then, when the first attempt to lay the cable ended in disaster in August, 1857, the critics were loud in their condemnation of the waste of good money in so crazy an undertaking.

There was a second disastrous attempt in June, 1858, but by an immediate rally a second expedition in August of that year completed the cable and through the agency exchanged greetings between Queen Victoria and President Buchanan. The critics were silenced, but only recently insulated against the corrosive action of salt water. It was even declared that all subsequent messages had been faked in an effort to promote a giant stock selling swindle. But any man of average sense, with a heart-breaking experience, but Cyrus W. Field was made of heroic stuff.

In 1925 he again essayed to lay a cable across the Atlantic. Within six hundred miles of the goal, the cable parted. This by good rights should have been the last attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable, but not so, for in 1926 Field again set forth on his self-appointed task. On July 27th the last mile of cable was put down. The Old World and the New were linked together by a cable that worked to perfection. Not only that, but Field led up the last line of the year before, spliced it, and on September 8th, 1926, had two cables in operation.

The moral of this fourteen-year-long struggle needs no expounding. Field made mistakes, but he learned something every time. He never made the same mistake twice. He persevered even under abuse and vilification. He was content to let decisions in such a contest but the posterity be the judge of his content things that even out and was undismayed when smaller men lauded him faker and fraud. His life and his example should be inspiration to every Suffolk man and woman.

ANSWERS TO THE SUFFOLK QUIZ

- (1) 222 amendment proposals were introduced into Congress in the last decade.
- (2) The "Hannan" was the first ship in the 1860's.
- (3) There are about 15,000 certified public accountants in America.
- (4) There are about 150 kinds of chess-men in America and Europe.
- (5) A nautical mile is 6,076 feet long.
- (6) The first fire-and-ice-cream in the United States was opened in Utica, N. Y., February, 1879, by Frank Woodworth.
- (7) Electrical energy travels 186,000 miles per second.
- (8) Water, with a lot of water, is the hardest material in the world.
- (9) A long ton weighs 2,240 pounds.
- (10) The most used letter in the alphabet is the letter "e."
- (11) There are 70,000 practicing dentists in the United States.
- (12) Tompson's *Idylls* were dedicated to the memory of Prince Albert.

Snowie's Diary

February 19, 1937

Dear Neglected Diary:

I didn't intend to disregard you so completely, but have been intoxicated—mentally—by a story. This book, the "one plus ultra" of Hugh Wipple's character novel, has held me so in its grip of intrigue that I could neither kick nor scream for help.

When Joe handed me a book at Christmas, I writhed inwardly at the silliness of such a gift, but gushed, oh, so sincerely, and hugged it with a "When did you leave Heaven?" lift to my eyebrows. After I had unwrapped the book, my "honor" contracted a rapid acceleration and I glanced from the title, no comment on the cover, to Joe. The latter shifted uneasily and muttered, "Mother picked it out, as I didn't know what to get for you."

Apparently his mother did, but I wondered just what suitability was behind her choice of *Power for My Son*. I didn't betray any of my thought to Joe, however, for he just wouldn't understand. Instead, I thanked him again. This time I was sincere.

Now, I doubt whether the book was chosen for its title or not. It is not so much that just a book I felt I must read because I had given to me. In fact, I went so far as to write a note "Thank you, Note" to Joe's mother.

Hugh Wipple's insight into children's nature is at times rather shallow, at times, almost humorously, shown in John, an illegitimate child, who has lived with his grandfather since infancy, for his mother never got over him all the opportunities she wanted for him, and his father was killed shortly after John was born.

Rose Bennett, the mother, has stayed away from John for ten years according to an agreement made with Colonel Fawcett at the time when John was put under his care. At the opening of *A Power for My Son*, Rose is acquainting herself with the Colonel's home, with Janet, an old maid sister of John's father, and with the warderment of the Colonel's invitation that she spend a few days with John.

Janet, the married old maid, shows from the first her disapproval, not only of Rose herself, but also of the Colonel's noncommittal invitation. Janet had loved her brother dearly and had never recovered from his scandalous love for Joe.

John was a lonely boy who stood very much in awe of his grandfather, father, and who loved no one but his dog. The difficulty of meeting his mother did not phase him a bit, and he passed it off as a well-trained boy could. After John met his mother, however, his life was full of trying moments to be contended with, with his chin up and shoulders back. John became a real top before the end of the book, however, and his awe of his grandfather changed to fear and then to hate, and then to pity.

Colonel Fawcett, unquestionably the dominating character of the whole book, was patently like a child. He was forever after power and more power. Finally, however, he had a touch of reason and in his own words "lost his power at that point."

I wouldn't advise you to read this book to pass away idle hours, but if you ever feel too sure of yourself it would be an ideal way to sit yourself back a pace.

Snowie

I Speak For the Silent

by Old Hickory

Have't you often sat over coffee and doubts in some far-flung cafe filled with nonusers, and wondered on some of the people that populate this city of ours? I have, many, many times.

Have't you gently cursed your conscience, chided yourself for small rebellions, scoured yourself mentally, for your strict sense of honor, your fear of hurting others' feelings?

And haven't you wished that you could be more selfish in dealing with your fellow men? Haven't you wanted to shout to heaven, or confide in some friend, "I'll give your son an 'A'! Maybe, you've done just that many times.

Peace and bright things to be bothered with, but they're so deviously common, so much a part of us, aren't they?

You've wanted to sit into the fellow or girl who glazes over her or her success, fine position, splendid pay check, pleasant social connections, etc. Especially when they show perfectly well that you have either lost your job through no fault of your own, or are still hunting for one. When they know that you've lost plenty of friends because you were broke and had no ready source of encouragement along those lines. That's only one of your peccs, and a justified one, too.

Don't you feel estranged, like a forty-second cousin, from the friend who has had plenty of chances to say a good word for you when there was a job in the office, and didn't?

From the friend who lets you come in and keeps mum about himself? From the fellow who, with no more intelligence or personality than you, lands a good position, which you could easily fill, and with just as good chance of success. . . . the fellow who condescends to tell you of the good times he's had and is going to have, taking the girl friend to this and that social event?

Doesn't it tinge your thought with a dash of irony to know that a classmate has received better marks than you, because he cheated successfully in an exam? And seems more the worse for having cheated? Doesn't it irk you to go into your empty wallet, knowing that the fellow who travels into the city with you every day has a bank account, and that he would be a bright future. . . . Because Adam's particular how he made money?

And don't you smile a queer little smile when someone tells you about a fellow who has gotten a soft good paying job in a firm merely because his dad knew a man who was a good friend of the boss? When you yourself, with much better educational equipment, and a more serious outlook on life and work, have been turned down time after time by that same boss?

If you've experienced any of these things you will understand why the writer speaks for the silent. Upon a thousand dumb, uneducated and make them speak through me.

If you are among the silent, one of those who has never complained except to yourself, give ear for the space of a few sentences while I try to express first my sympathy, for I am one of you.

But these people we've been talking about, they who live in our city, travel into the city with us, sit in classrooms with us, rub elbows with their fellow men day after day. . . . some of these people don't know that they are dishonest? And those who do know it will never speak, or admit it, for they dare not. But they are such pathetic people, I fancy they appreciate even to themselves.

The sad irony of the funny twist to it is enough to hurt. Funny enough to make us chuckle even, tho' a bit cynically. If it weren't for such people as these, this would be a dull world indeed! The story of Adam and Eve wouldn't be half as interesting if Adam had not been a gentleman and given Eve the first bite out of that famous apple! But at the same time, what a grand world this would be if Adam had tussled the apple from Eve and tossed it away, following up with a stern lecture to his mate in their paradise!

But they enjoy the apple, and we've told, that's why we're in this strangely disorganized organization called life.

So why not take pleasure and joy in the things you do and enjoy them? Our day will come! In justice, great justice and indignation—will all end sometime.

In September of the current academic year, the Suffolk trustees and faculty established *The Suffolk Journal*, giving the member-scholarship of this rapidly developing evening university a common publication, a command organ for expression.

The loyalty of many graduates and students has been proved beyond question. To them the faculty adviser is very grateful; other students and alumni have made generous gifts of copy and financial support which will, no doubt, be cheerfully fulfilled at some not too distant date. The *Journal* is a factual proposition! There is nothing theoretical or hypothetical about it. It must be supported!

Now, this is how. We must have advertising. How about a "non-discriminatory" successful lawyer advertisement? How about a deluge of business ads, you evening students who are employed in business during the day?

For Mothers Wherever They Are

A mother is the loveliest being in all this world of ours.

She is her children's first teacher. She guides their first funny steps. She shows them the art of play. She saves for their education, often neglecting her own health, good looks, and comfort in the process. She hides a warring tear as she watches her offspring start out that first day of school. She keeps them warm and free from colds in winter, she incalculates in them still further at the beach and in the mountains the love of the outdoors. She watches them grow in body and mind and soul.

Those first years are hard. But later, when her children step out for themselves, seek jobs. . . . then her most trying time begins. She prays for them, worries over them, advises them. . . . and sees them, too often, forgetting her advice, or willfully neglecting it. Then there's heart-break, for many a mother. Those formative years impose severe trials on her already overburdened heart.

When her children obey, get into trouble with the law, run afoul of their religious training, or domestic obligations, she shows those first symptoms of disapproval. She argues, suggests changes, governs, protests, and dreads long nights and days through.

Oddly enough, in most cases, everything evolves "for the best." . . . her serious and daughters are trained for jobs, some for professions, careers; but her worry over them never ceases. She considers them, as they are, merely babies grown up, with many immature reactions and pet ideas. Only when they've reached the "top" in the professional or business world, or when they marry happily and are on their own, does the mother have respite. And her daily tribute from her children is even then usually: "Morning, Mother. . . breakfast ready. . . or. . . 'What's to be home to dinner tonight. . . you don't mind, do you, Mom?" . . .

Then at Mother's Day, Christmas, on her birthday, perhaps, she is showered with cards of congratulation or best wishes. . . . from sons and daughters far away, even though they live in the same house. They are whole worlds apart. Card-sending is a ritual, a ceremony, a social obligation, too often.

Blissfully, grown-up babies go through their whole lifetime, scarcely knowing, so busy with their own affairs are they, their innermost feelings about the "old Mom." . . . She doesn't want scraping tribute. She doesn't wish constant mouth-phrase. That doesn't hold any meaning for her.

Little things, done in a spirit of self-sacrifice. How about a "non-discriminatory" successful lawyer advertisement? That's what makes a specialty should have a little to do with life. That's what makes her modest self-external in memory.

—E. B. B.

Fascism! In America?

The answer to this question, according to Norman Thomas, Socialist, is in the affirmative. The nationally known Socialist orator spoke recently in Boston stating that it was his belief that we do face fascism in America, and that a grave national crisis such as war or economic depression would be the long-awaited spark. His argument was based in the opinion of many present. He expressed the firm conviction that our present democratic system of government, laboring as it is under the terrible hand of over-production and inequality of distribution, is in itself made up of the very factors which breed fascism. When the opportune moment arrives, it will be upon us before we are able to recognize it.

In a brief outline tracing the steady rise of fascism in European nations, the speaker pointed out that originally the movement was a lower-middle-class protest against government of the plutocrats. It was, then, a case of little man against big man. To illustrate this point, Mr. Thomas showed that the term "middle class" is really a state of mind.

"Boston has been called a state of mind," he said. "Middle class is the same thing."

With so very many "isms" flung about in the political arena today, it is well to know just what fascism denotes. According to

Norman Thomas, fascism is the regimentation of business and finance, and ownership and control of the tools of production by the all-powerful "state." It differs from socialism in that it makes no provision for the welfare of the people as social groups. It allows existing social conditions, whatever they may be, to continue to exist. It is the regimentation set for the establishment of a cooperative state, but for the creation of a military party government.

It is not for the writer of this article to pass judgment on the merits and demerits of either fascism or socialism. They are far too involved; their practical interpretations are too open to challenge.

If the American people will exercise a little caution in accepting new doctrines, always bearing in mind the opportune privileges we enjoy under our much discussed "democracy," and continue to make use of the right of free thought and expression, we should have little to fear from the "isms" for several years. "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

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TRIVIA

By Tom Valley, Jr., L. '34

Sometimes, in my more cynical moments, I sit and profoundly ponder over what we of the enlightened Twentieth Century take great pride in calling our modern day civilization. If we are to believe the optimistic after-dinner speaker who cheerily contends that man has reached the peak of intellectual development, then we, you and I, are resoundingly marvelous specimens of humanity, fit occupants for a glass cage, outside of which the heavy things of the jungle and the slings things of the swamp might pass by and wish that they also had had the good fortune to be created human.

That misanthropic me, please, I'm perfectly satisfied to go on being more or less of a human being, instead of hanging by my tail end bananas, if anybody can convince me that the former condition is the more desirable. One of the chief troubles with being human lies in the fact that one is supposed by all the conventional aesthetic to be a definite object in mind for his time spent on this wandering sphere. If somebody aesthetically inclined simply wants to roam the world, it is his duty and that and attempting to arrive at a conclusion about the sap in homo sapiens, then he is in constant suspicion of Mrs. Grundy, who summons the militia and has the unfortunate being thrown into the nearest cage on charges of vagrancy. It matters not that the unfortunate is gifted with an abundance of gray matter, if he is visibly lacking in sufficient legal bona fides to keep at least abreast of the Joneses. He just "ain't no good" if he is obviously and materially poverty stricken. Ten dollars or ten cents.

The poor, dumb animals, unhappily by a conglomeration of conflicting conditions, are usually concerned with finding the next meal. Having found it, they sink off into a career, relax, and think self-satisfied thoughts which run in the general direction of "This is the life!" But not so with Joe Human. He rises in the morning, rushes to the office, dictates two letters, rushes to chase a white pellet around a sophisticated pasture, bemoans political conditions with the boobies, rushes home to bed, to repeat almost the same performance day after day, ad inf.

Things are altogether too complicated with us. We're sure about mental knots and thus give rise to a profession of bearded sages who stroke their whiskers and confide that our normal impulses are being stifled by phobias. All stuff like that.

An animal stuffing along through the jungle is sure of two things that he's in peril of his life. One is that he's hungry. All he has to do to alleviate the one condition is satisfy the other in keeping any one of the things bigger and something smaller than he is. "Fudge" if he's successful at this two-fold purpose, then he is reasonably sure of living to a ripe old age in peace and contentment.

Hunger in humans can be satisfied by a cellophane-wrapped piece of prepared matter at the corner drug store, but the fight for self-preservation takes an alarming proportion as a human accumulates more of what the other fellow wants.

Although the jungle sages are somewhat crude and indolent in their methods of disposing of their pettish members of society, we

humans, or intellectuals, have developed a sort of genius in these matters that is truly admirable, gentlemen of the jury.

The only clear distinction that I can see between the two dwellers and us is simply that the former eat their bananas as is, while we poor-intelligent humans have learned to dip the pieces of our delectable fruit in deep gobs of ice cream on the spot.

Motivation Called Dynamic Force

All activity represents the will and energy. This energy can be used in many ways, but it is not always as represented by movement. A change in position may be readily observed. The belching forth of hot lava from the depths of a volcano is due to hidden forces within its base. Latent energy in the form of coal and various minerals stored in the bowels of the earth ultimately a good to turn the vast wheels of industry, to propel giant ocean liners, and to drive fact assemblies through space. These forces, when considered from a functional standpoint, are analogous to those equally effective, though less detectable, impulses which excite mental activity.

What forces represent the driving power behind the diverse actions of the human mind? What incentives urge? Columbus to set out on uncharted and unknown seas? What stimulus impelled American colonists to face the trials and tribulations of a bleak New World? Ambition, desire for success, and love of achievement are some of the many activating forces which may be designated by the abstract term motivation.

These forces in which motivation is a negligible factor because it either does not exist or lies dormant. These, however, who have been generally touched by it, find it a most relentless master which drags, lurches and drives them on, wall through adversity and hardship to higher stations in society. History records the lives of many leaders whose successes resulted not always from a natural endowment of talents, but from the possession of average ability and a wealth of motivation. Proper motivation knows no obstacles. Poverty, crude equipment, and inadequate quarters did not prevent Pasteur from making a valuable contribution to humanity.

We are to visit our educational institutions in quest of this motivating factor which is basic in work and study as a means to progress. The evening university would be found most fertile territory. For here it exists in abundance. The young student foregoes pleasures and enjoyment to improve his mind; he assumes additional tasks and responsibilities to further his progress. Studying, driving, and improving him as he travels the long difficult road which leads to success and the joy of achievement.

That dynamic force called motivation. H. H. H.

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Suffolk Bookstore Is At Your Service

Highway Etiquette

"Now isn't that interesting?" he replied as his hand emerged from your left hand coat pocket and he proceeded to put a valuable batch of papers into his own pockets.

"Regardless," you continue, "robbery is the lowest form of crime. Why is it even lower than embezzlement?" His hand, clutching your \$50 smoking set, is just emerging from one of your jacket pockets.

"I understand that the Senate is trying to raise the standards of robbery, and make the theft put it on the same level as embezzlement," he retorts. By this time he has removed your solid-gold fountain pen, and he is now working on your inside jacket pockets.

John R. Howard, C. L. A., '37, has one of the championships they teach in Medford and he is going to practice with the boys.

Major Charles W. Borden, C. L. A., has a son who qualified for permission to take the West Point exams. Major Borden teaches painting in Medford.

A group of new students in the journalism class. Thinking of new angles makes us feel like grateful rubbers, tried after the first semester.

After swim ball sessions the next afternoon at the Dorne Lutch... future lawyers, city editors... and the man with an A. B. gathered at their tables scattering smoke and opinions.

Grab yourself a daisy... "Win a girl's heart... it isn't... it is... Even experts are baffled. That's one of the reasons New Englanders are seldom bored. One day sunshine and balmy breezes, the next day sleet and whipping winds and usually rain.

Don't get overboard in Mr. O'Connell's class... a student was thumbing a friend of his... "He strongly resembles an intellectual hangover."

"Just one more yard," shouted Frank Merriwell, the all-American quarterback, as he brushed the drops of perspiration from his forehead with the sleeve of his jersey and took a fresh grip on the handle of his lawn mower.

"Isn't there anything that can save you from the wicked rut of terms?" you phoned with him.

"Nope, nothing! Well I gotta go."

The Suffolk Scene

"Share, my good fellow," you answer. Then, as you proceed to go through the ceremony of all-day shaking, he deftly removes your \$500 diamond ring!

"Gosh!" he yells as he begins to run away with all your valuables. Then, as you slowly watch his disappearance, you yell after him: "Help, Help! I've been robbed!"

"The doctrine that something serious goes on in the remote back of chop suey restaurants."

"The doctrine that all sailors are gifted with an extraordinary propensity for amour, but that on their first night of shore leave they hang around the water-front saloons and are given knockout drops."

"The theory that all country girls have clear, fresh, fuzzy complexions."

"That street-corner beggars have a great deal of money hidden away at home under the kitchen floor."

"That when one stands beside the edge of a dizzy altitude, one is seized peculiarly with an impulse to jump."

"That the larger the dog, the safer he is for children."

"That two men seldom agree that the same girl is good-looking."

"That a woman always makes a practice of being deliberately late in keeping an appointment with a man."

"That whenever one takes an umbrella with him, it doesn't rain."

"That if one gets one's feet wet, he is sure to catch cold."

"That if one holds a buttercup under a person's chin and a yellow light is reflected, it is a sign that he likes butter."

"That a young girl may always be safely treated with the kind of man who speaks to her of his mother."

Contemporary Gems

From the Smart Set magazine we have acquired "The American Creed" by George Jean Nathan. The entire "Creed" is too long to quote in full in this column but here are a few choice bits.

"The doctrine that a man like Charles Schwab, who has made a great success of the steel business, could in the same way easily have become a great composer like Bach or Beethoven had he been minded thus to devote his talents."

"The doctrine that something serious goes on in the remote back of chop suey restaurants."

"The doctrine that all sailors are gifted with an extraordinary propensity for amour, but that on their first night of shore leave they hang around the water-front saloons and are given knockout drops."

"The theory that all country girls have clear, fresh, fuzzy complexions."

"That street-corner beggars have a great deal of money hidden away at home under the kitchen floor."

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"The Proper Study of Mankind is Man"

Met a gentleman today. A Real Gentleman. Very nice old man who has retained his youth.

It was on the train. He rose with an indefatigable bow entered to open the door for a lady overladen with packages. Helped with her bundles with an alacrity which puts to shame Jack's grumbling complicity to accompany his mother shopping.

I was almost inclined to utter at the ludicrous in the gentlemanly act. But since then I have taken myself to task. That's the trouble with the cultured modern youth. We try so hard to appear able to "take it" that there is no depth to any of our feelings. We think that politeness is a thing which went out with knickerbockers and waistlines or dozens of petticoats.

I said the gentleman was old. I stand corrected. He isn't. He never will be. He knows how to smile, to laugh, to look for the sunny side of the darkest clouds. Here's a sample of his beliefs.

"It won't last a cent as you roll along To make a law or sing a song. And the world will seem brighter all the day. For a nod and a smile you may drop by the way."

A short time ago, the Jacksonville Minister, the gentleman of the train, Gilbert E. Lane, was asked "Where, when, and why" he was born. After answering the first two questions quite matter-of-

factly, he replied: "Just to make the old saying true. 'It takes all kinds to make a world, and I am one kind.'"

Mr. Lane has given over 200 lectures in cities and towns showing the articles he has carved out of 60-some-odd kinds of wood. The Jacksonville entertainers groups, from Boy Scouts to all kinds of church gatherings.

When I first saw Mr. Lane with his bag of tricks, I thought immediately of Santa Claus. — And no wonder! Isn't good old Saint Nick good there, happiness, a joyful spirit?

But shutting and lecturing and laughing aren't all the tricks Mr. Lane has up his sleeve. Not by a long shot! He waxes, too. Hair dresser? No. Signaller? Well, yes. Gilbert, if I may get so personal, is a crossing watchman on the New-harport turnpike. In cold weather he sits inside his palace beside the B & M tracks and waves out his wiper to passing motorists. And they salute him. On one Saturday afternoon in summer Gilbert sits outside in the summer he received greetings from approximately 3,000 vehicles.

Frang from every state in the Union greet Gilbert; bustlers with a friendly nod or a verbal greeting, some even stop and talk for a few minutes. A shrewd word and a friendly smile. — That's Gilbert. Laugh to live or live to laugh?

Cruising the Corridors

With T. E. J.

Overhead in the C. L. A. corridors a J. study claiming that he once heard a parrot recite "The Village Blacksmith" so realistically that sparks flew from its tail.

Incidentally, we're wondering at the skill of the prof's artistic likes. Those illustrations of planes they draw on our exam papers are very realistic, only not very appetizing. . . and they also draw such beautiful goose eggs. . . perhaps because they're accustomed to writing long monetary checks. . . Why doesn't the Commonwealth install an essential system in place of those stop-leading down to Rose St. from the Capitol? . . .

Bess Blank has a new book on top library over at the S. S. . . "Pat" Villanti has political ambitions. . . So has Jerry Roberts' reputation, can I have my nickel back? My Nellie wouldn't talk to me. . . Conversation appears actually heard in the Smoking Room "boater". . . Not on our insignificant wind of honor! . . . Where did Bok McCarty get those sky-blue pink shirts. . . and those neck ties?

A big fellow smiled as he watched a little ruffian winning in a street corner affray. A law student approached him. "How can you smile when you stand there watching a fellow having his teeth knocked out?"

"I'm a dentist," he replied calmly.

"W. A. 'Buck' Jones has a 'South'n accent' that leaves you embarrassed. . . John Conley tried out his vote getting power during the last campaign. . . and not so badly was the effort rewarded with.

Judge: "Was your friend in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

First Case Joe: "I object. The defendant was never with his friend when he was alone."

Congrats and farewell to Joe Sals, former head librarian at L. S. a polite scholar and gentleman. . . Billie friend to the mind and mindframe.

Miss C. L. A. objected that her suitor was penniless. He was a law student, and a legy politician. "What of it," he said "the Car of Rosyita was a Nickel-less."

We note that Wally Dipper has made a lucrative connection with General Electric. . . And about this time of the year some of us are saying that the satisfaction of a bad start is that it gives you more to brag about when you've come out in O. O. . . Modest Stanley Kava, the fellow who grabs off scholarships and high marks and continues to converse with "poor people" and ordinary students.

By the way, just what are we of the lowest of pea-bean classes, flunkers or flunkies? . . . Ben Farewell's ideal, a half dozen Putnam Prizes, maybe one or two Nobels — or just corner.

I honestly wonder which will be. . . Have you ever seen Bill Kenney from Tynghore with his famous "Mr. Tatt coat," and the long, black and highly characteristic? . . . The latter is highly recommended for clearance of the nasal tract.

S. L. S. Senior: "Was your uncle's mind vigorous and sane up to the moment?"

Free Legal Advice: "I don't know. The will won't be read until tomorrow."

Professional advertisement

Your scribble does hereby offer to draw up your will for the cut price of \$50.00, and free of charge guarantees that you will die intestate.

Law-Lavitt claims that he was out three stumps last campaign, speaking in behalf of our Government.

How do you like my new shoes? "They're immense!" . . . Jack Donovan will some day be senator

he raised the present incumbent to suffer from the chills during the hot period of electioneering. . . Isn't it wonderful the way those free legal advice blounds keep coming back for more erroneous disquisitions on the law?

Secret Ambush No. 1: to endow the School with a set or two of red plush upholstered comfy seats for the Smoking Room. . . Isn't that new Auntie Seely's the L. S. office descriptive in four letters n-i-c-e, eh!!!

Pray: "When were you born youngman?"

Student late for class: "April second, sir."

First: "Hummm! Late again!"

Pot Shots . . . Jasowie's new suite. . . innovations or relics of the styles of course. . . By Schofield, bright student, red headed, big and good natured. . . Elliott Lipson and Sigfrieds, not red headed or big, but like the first mentioned, "very excellent fellows". The

U. S. S. grad who took the bar, exams and forgot to put his name on the papers. . . all straightened out. This year is on the level.

"How John Lincoln and Joe Murray go for those J & S 'All arounds'! . . . Up and coming. . . Friedland, capable public relations officer of the S. L. S. Debating Society. . . and incidentally. . . So long!

Jottings

Suffolk Law School long ago broke into literature. Books and magazines have referred to the institution in laudatory terms. The American Magazine has carried feature stories on two different occasions concerning Suffolk and its founder. The Providence Eagle and other newspapers of high repute

congratulate Suffolk in connection with Rudy Vallee. The most recent reference to Suffolk is in Marquand's "The Law Geography," one of the current best sellers. On page 25, the hero of the story speaks of having paid the tuition of a protégé at Suffolk Law School.

Suffolk College of Jurgonism is holding its students to a high standard of scholarship. At the end of its first semester of operation the college dismissed several students because of failures to measure up to college standards. Others were placed on probation. It is gratifying to note that a goodly proportion of the College's first freshman class are doing exceptionally well work.

By the way, just what are we of the lowest of pea-bean classes, flunkers or flunkies? . . . Ben Farewell's ideal, a half dozen Putnam Prizes, maybe one or two Nobels — or just corner.

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J. P. COLLINS CO. New & Used Knives 100 Summer Street—Lib. 9163

All Repairs Buying — Selling Exchanges

The Poet's Corner

Apotrophe To Chiclo

Oh, luscious, resilient god! Or a bush! — Mexican drew

From the bark of a tree, Or a bush! — Just listen to me

While I gush. Hush! You were tamed, and crisp

When I rent, and discarded your sheath

And I spoke with a lip As I bent you with

Pakle and folded you. Crumpled and foiled you,

Tumbled and molded you. Into a paste

While the synthetic Sweet essence of Suedo, Weede, And other extractions

Soak into my tongue. But hie! Must pause in my song

Because. . . My jaws have been idle too long

Oh, luscious, resilient, indestructible god! —

Clarence S. Boggard Law School, '37

Read Music

You have gone and this I know: Every passing night shall be

Lonely as the slightest need; Resounding the drumming sea.

From the restless rhythm Of waves will not retire sounds—

Template music of notes Playing endless weary rounds.

You have gone and this I know (Over this dim waste of sand

And idle you will presently come, Stealing shadowless to me.

Muse, in the stilly hours, And if in the darkness your hand

Guides the reel mope blindly Know that I will understand.

Forest Reverie

What have I done for you to keep Me in remembrance?

Is it enough that I should weep, For only by chance

I heard your footstep softly rustle The dying leaves?

You basked me standing mute, And like a dried leaf crying in

thirst Your lips opened, and from them

The sweet singing of a flute. And yet, there, not knowing, I

stood A tremble in the silence of the wood

Wind Sculpture

Look where The descriptive blades of

Wind divide the artist's hand Of the sun on

Snow-drifts.

Chancelon

Do you sometimes remember, Coleridge.

A nightmar's afternoon—before Our path a tiny lizard crept

Whisking over the surface of a rock; Do you sometimes remember, Coleridge.

This creature flashing back rainbows?

Lawrence Francis Simcock Law School, '39

Dark Night

Why do you not sleep, Beloved? Is it the same long watchfulness

that keeps my eyes Forever on your portrait?

Lawrence Francis Simcock Law School, '39

Taps . . . and Revellie

I'm afraid dawn: The cold, Shary, pearl-tipped gull,

That gray, And inextinguishable

Into my dreams In two . . .

That takes away The sweetness of my sleep.

And leaves me Drabness and reality.

Edward Jacobson, Law School, '39

Suffolk University

Yes, Some of us often

Wear the taint of sweat In our "go-to-school clothes,"

And Very soft our wrinkled brows

Are created by other than Exam results.

We Carry to Lecture Class The strain of Toil,

And the bitter Taste of Worry.

And I defy all Voices; I rise up and say,

"We're made better men by it!"

Our By-Word is Real American

And it's Holy: "All Men are Free and Equal!"

Virum Te Praesto

He is a man of stout, brave heart,

Who fears not any storm, Facing in unafraid way,

The foe in any form. . .

He is a man with head bold high,

Who turns from evil deeds, Who, striving forth with conscience

clear, Obeys the greater crowd.

He is a man with mind content,

Who searches not for flaws — But finds the good in every man,

Respecting all his laws.

He is a man with years well spent,

Who looks into the skies, Who fills his soul with love of God,

And walks with open eyes. This is the man I wish to be,

The man I'll try recall. When arms are weak and hopes are low,

And back against the wall, Thomas McShanell, Journalism, '41.