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BOSTON, MASS.

# 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."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

JANUARY 28, 1938

## Suffolk Scribe Views the Sports

BY JAMES F. HANLEY, II

Like the famed H. G. Wells, we like to smoke our pipe and dream of things to come. Not pipe dreams but things that actually will come true. So as we sit in that quiet room chair smoking our pipe, through the curling smoke we could see visions of some mighty new things that are in the not-too-distant future.

We see a diminutive blonde angel weaving and promoting over the ice of the Boston Garden as thousands cheer. And we look back to the first February when we saw lovely Sonia Reine park the garden on five successive nights. Already we are looking forward to the night a few weeks hence when we will look down to the North Station curling palace and once more see her faithful creations. No doubt, few of the many thousands who will be there can describe the technical procedure that surrounds her figure but some of these will fall to be charmed by the beauty and grace that Sonia possesses when she is on the ice.

Sonia seemed to fade from our view just then and the ice was covered with brown and white figures skating madly as they attempted to outskate other figures. And then we remembered that the Boston Bruins hold weekly hockey sessions at the garden and that Boston seems due for another Stanley Cup triumph. We hate to break out this year's resolution of refusing to predict anything again but we can't help but feel certain that come next April and the Stanley Cup final, our Bruins will be right there and that they will emerge victorious. They've altered the mathematics of hockey leaves this year with a season so reminiscent of ten years ago when they won it and lost it.

The hockey players had gone up in smoke and now peering through the smoke filled room we seemed to see men in various colored scarves paddling around a wooden summer. And that they will emerge victorious. They've altered the mathematics of hockey leaves this year with a season so reminiscent of ten years ago when they won it and lost it.

When the back fall winds began to turn the leaves to flaming fire last Autumn, Harvard's athletic fortunes flared up anew. Forgotten was the 1937 Yale baseball victory which cost the Crimson the Eastern Intercollegiate trophy when Harvard defeated Yale in their special football game in November. Harvard's basketball will be factors in the Eastern Intercollegiate race for the 1938 time, this year, since the reveal of the sport across the Charles a few years ago. Harvard's hockey team is rated the best college outfit in the East while their mile relay squad is rated the best in the East. And a grand football team will come up in the East headed by Marbut and Estes names which made the headlines last season and will do so this year.

A couple of headlines and a few puffs of the pipe brought us to wondering who the powers that be in the newspaper business don't look into more often the good qualities of the men who write sports. Certainly the writings of Westbrook Preyer are just excellent and he's a graduate of the sports page. Then there is Damon Runyon who fairly smokes (figuratively we mean) of the horse track and despite all his bad words (figuratively we mean) to third sports offers a deep and past and new is seen on the finer things of life. We heard our head in sorrow a few weeks ago when the press carried the story of the death of Ted Lull of Lawrence who died over in Spain in time of duty as a war correspondent. We never knew him, but could realize that as a well guy he must have been when we read the obituary about him. And he's another graduate of the sports page.

Ran across a little item the other day about a high school coach getting four or five thousand dollars for coaching the hoop sport alone. It set us wondering why basketball has never caught on here in Boston. Especially when they can pay a high school coach out in the Middle West

## PRESIDENT ARCHER'S COLUMN



### Nothing For Nothing

The gambling spirit that has recently seized upon the people of Massachusetts and other states is no new thing in America. At various periods of our history since early colonial days there have been successive waves of gambling hysteria. I unfortunately the bitter experience of one generation has been out of public consciousness and in time the face of our society has changed. In the case of Massachusetts we have seen a resurgence of the gambling spirit.

The experience of mankind has been that widespread gambling proves highly demoralizing to the common people. The slender margin between earnings and even prudent expenditures is capable of great psychological effect upon the wage earner. If set aside for the proverbial rainy day, even though the total may be modest indeed, nevertheless develops a consciousness of security that becomes a strong bulwark for the individual. If on the other hand this meager reserve should be spent periodically in lotteries or in other forms of gambling it represents not only a loss of such funds but a continual frustration of hope that only the spiritual integrity of the individual. The lure of hoped for riches in return for a small wager, even though months and years of diligent appointment be in the long preceding trail of experience, seems to hold its victims in much the same way as that which serves upon football greyhounds when they dash madly around a race track and are sold of some mechanical rabbit that forever eludes them.

Thus the gambler wastes his substance and his hopes, and worst of all destroys his own possibilities of success in life. This is why a disinterested and unbiased public perspective of organized gambling, the gambling "market" in and around greater Boston is already assuming proportions. The gamblers' total of the underworld in their various

## JUDGE HENCHHEY'S RESIGNATION

Judge William H. Henchey of the Woburn District Court who has been a member of the faculty of Suffolk Law School for more than fifteen years has been obliged by pressure of official duties to relinquish his professorship in Suffolk University. Judge Henchey was graduated from Suffolk in the Class of 1923 having made an exceptionally fine record as a student. His work in the classroom was marked with the same keen mentality and earnestness that have characterized him through life. Graduates, faculty, graduates, and students extend to Judge Henchey cordial wishes for his success on the bench.

Struggle for place and power will one another in order to reap the golden harvest that pours into gamblers' coffers from foolish folk who vainly imagine that a few cents or a few dollars will bring them riches.

## Suffolk Players Again Score Stage Success

Throughout the nation the same spirit of seeking something for nothing, thousands of millions of our citizens. Even the benighted old age period for the worth-poor become a stigma for the better-known of millions. Who put money into saving banks or investments to provide for old age when one reaches the age of sixty the dramatic we have often considered in our long struggle with gambling. Why sacrifice who do anything but spend all their earnings during the years of waiting until the check of life strikes, and the government thereupon bathes all rare work with a pension? A hope, delusion, or moment of course awaits the deluded millions. They will run their course like the greathounds off the out of the mechanical raffle link and at the end of it all the stark truth that no government can protect them except that which comes from the pockets of all the people themselves included—and taxes are surplus earnings that government takes from the individual and then ritually spends for his benefit.

The mischief is that oft national government is now spending so much more than any possible income that it is only a question of time of continued the same thing when we shall have spent our national heritage in ruinous living and when overthrown by disaster, even an indulgent parent with out-sterilization to welcome as home no such garments to replace our rags and no fatted calf to appease our hunger after a long diet of fish. No, we will have gambled and have lost our national spirit.

It is high time that we pause and take thought for the nation-wide delusion of seeking something for nothing. Many post offices and alphabetical handouts for communities that vote lamb, as is immortalized the role of "right." No system ever devised by man has ever yielded such dividends of happiness and contentment as that based upon honest baffled Sturge Peabody, who rang a happy ending as the curtain of the underworld in their various savings for future individual needs.

## WILDE'S COMEDY IS WELL RECEIVED

The Suffolk Players scored another triumph with their presentation of Terence's "The Heir Apparent" on January 12 opening the Dedication Program with their comedy. The play was a triumph through the three-act comedy drama, securing the audience in common speech. Who sacrifice the banquet we had to the end for their splendid performance we had an orchid to Miss M. Fisher. No name director, who with little more than a month in which to work, showed us that "It can be done."

Frank Harris, a newcomer to the play this year, is already well established with the Players as a result of his commendable performance of last Wednesday night. To perfection Mr. Harris portrayed Clyde Middleton, a timid business man, and not only that. We suggest that Mr. Harris's next role be immortal Shakespeare's Hamlet. Mr. Harris is a Junior in the College of Liberal Arts, as is also Margery Pickett, another newcomer to Suffolk, who had her play with the Players all week up. Miss Pickett as Pat Vining, millionaire play-girl, that is she thought she was a millionaire—when we shall have spent our was delightfully amusing and you'll give her an academy award for her hysterics. Quiet Margery sure can cut up on the stage.

In rivalry with Pat for Clyde's attentions was the quiet secretary, Mildred East, played by Mary-Lou Snow. A quiet secretary, yes, but she looked out for her interests. Miss Snow is a Sophomore in the College of Journalism. George E. Barnes, Law '38, as Henry James Atherton (patrician critic from Paris, carried himself off to perfection. Francis White, Honney's classmate, but not his playmate, thundered in like a lion, but left like a lamb, as is immortalized the role of "right." No system ever devised by man has ever yielded such dividends of happiness and contentment as that based upon honest baffled Sturge Peabody, who rang a happy ending as the curtain of the underworld in their various savings for future individual needs.

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**Mid-West Meetings**

**DR. DESMOND REPORTS ADOPTION OF RESOLUTION FAVORING SUFFOLK**

Dr. Robert W. Desmond, director for in-History and Principles of Journalism, in Suffolk University College of Journalism, represented the College of Journalism at the annual convention of the American Association of Teachers of Journalism and the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, held at London, Ohio from December 28th through December 30th.

Those interested in Suffolk University College of Journalism will be glad to learn that the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism in a resolution adopted at the annual convention of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, which was held at London, Ohio from December 28th through December 30th, has expressed its approval of the Suffolk University College of Journalism.

1. Entrance to the library is by the turnstile nearest the Temple Street side of the building. Near that turnstile is the card catalog, in which books may be looked up by author, title, or subject. Most of the law books, and all newspapers, periodicals, clipping files, encyclopedias, and English dictionaries are on the main floor. All books on reserved reading lists, and the Journalism books on reporting, editorials, news writing, etc., are on the main floor. All other books are either on the balconies or in the research library (not yet ready) will be open to all professors, members of the graduate school and to undergraduate students by special permission.

2. Coats, hats and umbrellas must be checked before entering the Library. Any of the library workers will be glad to be of any possible service in locating books, and in showing students how to use the card catalog. The law books are not yet entirely catalogued, but they are so placed as to be easily accessible. All stacks are labeled.

3. Students may replace the books on shelves if they are positive of the correct location; preferably they should be left at one of the student assistant's work tables, to be returned to the shelves by a library worker.

4. In all other open-stack libraries, all persons leaving the library must sign their briefcases or book bags for inspection by the library assistant on duty at the turnstile.

2. All Suffolk University students and alumni are entitled to use the University Library.

3. All books are on open stacks, except textbooks and those reserved for special reading assignments. These are at the charging desk and may be borrowed for reading room use for two hours. They may be renewed if you are not yet waiting to use them. In case of unusual demand on certain books the librarian may restrict the number of reserve books to be taken at one time.

1. Reserve books, borrowed from the charging desk for use in library, must be signed for and must be returned to the charging desk.

5. No book may be taken from the library except by professors for use in class, to be returned immediately after class.

M. ESTHER NEWSOME

**CONFESSIONS THE BAR**

**VOLUME I**

In a faraway time, that golden era when the square dance was the height of masculinity and a kiss was an event that set those who were familiar with the biological phenomenon.

To the great bearded creature there is nothing more indicative of the general trend of thoughtful resistance than the modern manner of pronouncing "due to the influence of Hollywood's sparkling, sophisticated "Tom Man" on those days saw a relic of the past when an adolescent admirer on bendlet knee pleaded for the hand of his heart's desire. And she, blushing the red of shame, tremulously murmured some of the unexpressed ones of the contemporary. She didn't tell him that the trunk upon which he leaned was a hope chest destined to overfurnish.

But Mariah Monk's momentary eye detour to the side-to-date woman. The dialogue which deter mines the most important step in her life for most disfigure of her perfect seems to follow this procedure:

"Pigs must be in ditch," she says the young chap. His momentary reply is "into one of them categories, 'Yes' or 'No'?"

"A certain young lady sporting a personal discolored of mine. The B.F. called one evening to take her for a ride, took to the woods and used an umbrella (parade). He said little and drove furiously. Stopping the car at a bar, he escorted her inside without asking whether she cared for a drink or not. She didn't.

Without the old-time fumbling hand, it is "What is that knocking about in the pockets, the ring man? neatly appeared and spun about before the class. There it is."

Below the fellow, "You want V. or 3?"

P.S. She did.

Frank J. Harris, C.L.A., '30

Habitual "Yes" men and regular confessions of the month in the opinion of medicine people, had been a day in the street woman and America and include in his area are writers themselves and wide coverage personal investigation, consider they are entitled to a return into present day conditions turn for the money they give to Washington, D.C., London, Paris, Rome and Berlin.

He is particularly enlightening when he deals with foreign news, and that he is not only a resident at, for instance, an international conference on some important question is usually able to obtain accurate information even though the meeting under discussion may be a secret one. However, one of the members will talk, sometimes to air his own grievances at the expense of affairs, or for other reasons, though he will never allow himself to be directly quoted, or even to be mentioned in such vague phrases as "it is learned on high authority" need not necessitate being regarded as evidence that the news report is of doubtful authenticity. And on the other hand, very often a so-called official report just because it does come from an authorized source cannot afford any let or compensation. In other words, everybody has an axe to grind and it is the foreign correspondent himself. The handiwork under which he works to obtain these facts makes his task an almost intricate one at times as he tries to wade through the propaganda and censorship of the particular country in which he is working.

STRICT RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP

Ownership at times of special cross-censured carried out in Russia. The reports of Lenin's death of the explosion of Trotsky and

**SUFFOLK AUTHORS**  
 In their works appear to the reviewers

**2. Dr. Robert W. Desmond**  
 of the Faculty of Journalism, Suffolk University

The title of Robert W. Desmond's book "The Press and World Affairs" (Doubleday Company, Inc.) 1935 (although the last date on the cover is 1936) is a little misleading. The book is not a history of the press, but a study of the press in relation to the government. It is a book that would intrigue the average man, but it is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the press. The author, who is a Chicagoan, has a wide knowledge of the press in various countries, and his book is a valuable contribution to the study of the press. The book is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the press.

He has taught journalism at the University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin and is the author of several books on the press. His book "The Press and World Affairs" is a valuable contribution to the study of the press.

**METHODS OF FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS**

What most of Dr. Desmond's book is about is the methods of foreign correspondents. He is particularly enlightening when he deals with foreign news, and that he is not only a resident at, for instance, an international conference on some important question is usually able to obtain accurate information even though the meeting under discussion may be a secret one. However, one of the members will talk, sometimes to air his own grievances at the expense of affairs, or for other reasons, though he will never allow himself to be directly quoted, or even to be mentioned in such vague phrases as "it is learned on high authority" need not necessitate being regarded as evidence that the news report is of doubtful authenticity. And on the other hand, very often a so-called official report just because it does come from an authorized source cannot afford any let or compensation. In other words, everybody has an axe to grind and it is the foreign correspondent himself. The handiwork under which he works to obtain these facts makes his task an almost intricate one at times as he tries to wade through the propaganda and censorship of the particular country in which he is working.

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**IN GRATITUDE**

It is a joy to be known only to be known to walk into Suffolk University and breathe an air filled by the final perfume of fully mature.

Those who are responsible for the great work of cleaning should be rewarded with a vote of thanks, we the abstainers, say fully salute those persons who made it possible for us to inhale unconfounded air.

When we realize that a year ago how we were engaged and how we played this fetal sense of deeply hazy and brightened face, imagine someone of the horrid word we again lift up our hat to those who have brought us peace, peace and good old fashioned, unadorned joy.

Again, Thank you!

**Judicial Candor**

During a session of court there was so much talking and laughter going on that the judge, becoming much provoked, shouted:

"Silence! Order in the court! We have decided half a dozen cases here this morning, and I haven't heard a word of one of 'em! Silence!"

Montreal Star

**In Training**

Vicar: I have never christened a child who has behaved so well as yours!

Mother (chattering): I have been getting him used to it with the washing-can for the last week.

Telephone Topics

**PARMENTER'S LUNCH**  
 36 MYRTLE STREET  
 Best Food - Tasty Prepared  
 Your Patronage Appreciated.  
 All Home Cooked Food  
 H. N. Parmenter, Prop.

### Radio Training To Be Given S.C.J. Students

#### YANKEE NETWORK OFFER CLASS, DIRECTS, BROADCASTING INSTRUCTION

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is "WSTU" coming and operated by Suffolk University, on the air. An up-to-date program, this evening.

This won't be heard over the air, but some evening in the studios of the Yankee Network, College of Journalism, a student will step up to the microphone and intone these words. They will follow a program conceived and directed by the students of the College, which will be given in the staid atmosphere of the studio.

It's all part of the course of Radio Advertising under the direction of Roy Harlow, general assistant to the president of the Yankee Network. Professor Harlow plans to take the students through the entire ritual of building and financing a broadcasting station and then the students will design their own programs.

To get them into the atmosphere, trips will be made to various broadcasting stations in Boston. A program will be given in production, according to Professor Harlow. It is the prediction of Professor Harlow that at the close of this course, students will know more about radio in its non-technical sense than 75% of the people in this city.

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### RADIOACTIVITY

The future of radio in the short waves, rather than the present channels, declares Professor Harlow.

According to Mr. Harlow, it is the belief of modern radio engineers that in the short wave there are greater opportunities for better reception for the radio listener. It is on this band that much of the natural static now troubling the listener is eliminated.

In order to further investigate the practicability of short wave transmission by commercial broadcast stations, the Yankee Network, according to Mr. Harlow, is constructing a station atop Mount Wachusett in central Massachusetts where test broadcasts will originate.

From a little studio on the third floor of the Suffolk University building it will originate future broadcasts of President Wilson's Address and the University.

The studio has been equipped with the latest soundproofing devices and will provide complete facilities for efficient radio broadcasting. Telephone connections will link the studio with the Yankee Network from whence the broadcast will be transmitted.

President Archer has become well known throughout the nation by radio broadcasts over the headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company. Routine subjects

### Revolt Of The Oyster

#### CHARACTERS

PROBABLY ABROGATED  
PARROT FEATHERS  
CROOKED NOSE  
DIRTILY SIMIAN  
Mrs. S. SEMAN  
BIG MOUTH  
CROWD  
PROPHET

He thinks a few dollars' worth in food is a treat.  
I should like to take a dip now. I should like to take a dip now. I should like to take a dip now.

PROBABLY ABROGATED: I'm natural for a dip to see his feet that way, and I don't intend to have the feet pinched for what's natural.

Mrs. SEMAN: You say under stand one for all, Stubby, that I intend to suppress the boating up of the children. Just because your people had feathered boots no blessing no matter.

SIMIAN: Mrs. Seman, you work in anything casual, now, Mrs. S? To there'll be trouble for you yet.

PROBABLY ABROGATED: I'm married to her property, and now she's here on her because there isn't any more of it. Well I'll shut down and go to the water and get no breakfast. I'm hungry.

FEATHERS: Help me, then, I don't see how I can do it. I don't see how I can do it.

PROB: Don't I caught you, then, under the water you go. How does it feel to be half-drowned? Parrot Feathers, because how you talk with a man's affection, some day I may take you seriously. That's it.

PROB: Well, Well! Say, who is throwing shells and jagged pieces of that at me?

FEATHERS: I am just silly thing, don't you know it's Spring? Wake up and live!

PROB: See! There now, how does it feel to have your arms scoured with the sharp stone? What do you think of this for scolding cook? I'm almost in love with you already. Keep this spinning up and get it in my ear by mouth.

FEATHERS: Oh! Probably! Thank Oh, you'd please! Probably! Give you're wonderful, Yankee's cooking!

CROOKED NOSE: Probably, Probably Abrogated, you are first one with my shoulder.

ROOKED NOSE: You have hurt her market value. These oysters on her arms will not come off for weeks. And what man wants to marry a scoured up woman unless he has made the scars himself?

PROB: Crooked Nose, if you don't go away I'll eat every slaughter you've got in your part of the woods. Do you get me?

CROOKED NOSE: I wish you'd look them over, you might do more than marry all of them.

PROB: I'll marry none of them. I'm toward water.

PROB: Who shows that holder at me? It you, oh Crooked Nose?

CROOKED NOSE: Here's another one, and more are coming, you die!

PROB: You'll die for that! Here, take that and that and that! Crooked Nose dies! He, you might take your father's body away and bury it.

FEATHERS: Now that there can be no question of cowardly, will you and your sisters marry me?

FEATHERS: Probably, you are only making this offer out of generosity. It is not love that prompts it. As for my sisters, they must speak for themselves.

PROB: Are you angry with me Feathers?

PROB: I'm probably not here, I'm not here.

PROB: I'm probably not here, I'm not here.

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PROB: I'm probably not here, I'm not here.

PROB: I'm probably not here, I'm not here.

man or of the earth, man or oyster? If the oyster wins this battle and overcomes. Probably, this mankind shall become the food and the claw of the oyster and the industrial and spiritual and physical supremacy held by the insect will pass over to the beetle.

But in the end of sports, manhood and they are right not help. I'm not here, I'm not here.

PROB: I'm probably not here, I'm not here.

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### Communication

#### Ignominious, Ignominious, Ignominious

Perhaps I am asking out of turn, but would you kindly inform me just who makes up that crew you publish as a school paper, a paper that is supposedly a representation of a school having a journalistic college?

I have seen Sunday School papers with more punch than that and specimens you are prancing off on the student body right now. To read that paper you would think it was made up entirely by the law school, or some other similar misinformed body. You are liable to arrest for misrepresentation, or sale under false pretenses.

There is a stipulation that contributions will not be accepted from Freshman in print their first semester, so if you have the courage to print this, you better hold it till the next semester. I would not want to upset the rigid morale of that shimmering waste of words you now edit.

Now we come to the second part, where I can show myself not only a critic, but also constructive. I hope.

Why not have a column where the student body can air their trials and triumphs? As long as they keep it clean, they could give vent to their opinions, views, desires, and wants.

Why not have a regular outside the bookstore so that contributions could be made without any difficulty and without detection. Plenty of students would write for the benefit of it was easy to contribute. I am sure.

Why not have a not a found column, advise to the level, I'm merely giving voice to the opinion of many other students who I have discussed the paper with, so if you are interested in these suggestions and try them, I am almost sure to support.

Ann Ominous: Your suggestions are gratefully acknowledged. However, please have SOME respect for our age and wisdom. We know that you are not a Sunday School scholar. So there! Just you run along, now, and put somebody else's shoulders. You remind us of "Houdjinnu us gods-an' from Wellby." -Ed.

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**A Preparedness Crusade**  
 Law Dictionaries





