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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.

Vol. 1, No. 10 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS *June 16, 1937*

NEW DEAN

DONALD W. MILLER, Ed. D.

Suffolk University has announced its first important appointment through the office of President Gleason L. Archer. Donald W. Miller, S.B., A.M., Ed.M., Ed.D. has been appointed dean of the College of Liberal Arts, his term of office to begin July 1st.

Dr. Miller received his degree of bachelor of science at Colby College in 1925, his other degrees are from Harvard University. For some years he has specialized in the teaching of psychology and has completed eight years on the staff of the Lesley Junior College. Dr. Miller has written extensively in the fields of education and psychology. Special articles from his pen have appeared in the professional journals. He is the author of *Introduction to Educational Psychology*.

Prior to this appointment, Dr. Miller has served on the faculty of Suffolk College of Liberal Arts for two years. In addition to his duties as dean, Dr. Miller will be the head of the Department of Education and Psychology.

The first degree in course to be awarded from Suffolk College of Liberal Arts is a bachelor of science in Education. The degree will be awarded to the following on June 16.

Edwin C. Anderson, Quincy
Charles W. Borden, Medford
Vartan J. Campbell, Roxbury
Charles M. Doherty, Medford
Lillian M. Gormley, Wollaston
Albert F. Hanrahan, West Roxbury
Eric Harrison, Medford
Thomas E. Houston, Hyde Park
John S. Mahoney, Jamaica Plain
Secundo A. Mazzucchelli, Brighton
Warren J. Moran, Brighton
Gunnar Munck, Quincy
William F. Murray, Mattapan
Arthur J. O'Leary, Hyde Park
Alex M. Romano, Medford
Samuel R. Romano, Brighton
Freeman D. Shepherd, Roslindale
John J. Shepherd, Roslindale

AVE ATQUE VALE

Ode to the Class of 1937
Suffolk University Law School

Suffolk vaunts no spacious campus,
Suffolk's sons, no snobbish air;
But of honest worth and merit,
Suffolk boasts the lion's share.
Let the heralds sound the trumpets,
And with triumph forth proclaim
From dauntless Suffolk's Halls of Learning,
Class of Thirty-seven's fame.

Sages, write in Suffolk's pages,
And let aged annals tell,
"In the greatest charter contest,
"Thirty-sev'n" fought — and well.
Where the battle raged the thickest,
They did not stand idle by,
But with one accord pressed forward,
Onward with unflinching eye."

Now they are as gallant seamen
Whose charted course is nearly o'er,
Shoals and storms lie well behind them,
Eager eyes discern the shore.
So with main and top-sails flying,
Conferred degrees the sea-gulls are
Signal of the closing voyage,
And the port across the Bar.

To professors, one and many,
Sincerest thanks is rendered.
For all wise and kindly counsel,
Graciously and freely tendered.
And as "Thirty-seven" departs
Greeting from the heart is brought,
"Au revoir, dear Alma Mater,
Known afar for ideals taught."

—Wm. R. L. Strath, L., '37.

Charles M. Doherty of Medford, who graduates with honors from Suffolk College of Liberal Arts on June 16th, will give the salutatory address on Class Day, June 14th.

John Stanley Mahoney of Jamaica Plain will give the valedictory address on Class Day.

At a meeting held early in May, the following members of the Class of 1937 were elected: class marshal, Charles W. Borden of Medford; historian, Edwin C. Anderson of Quincy; class will, Warren J. Moran of Brighton; presentation of gift, Samuel Romano of Brighton; prophet, Freeman D. Shepherd of Roslindale; orator, Gunnar Munck of Quincy.

Commencement Day committees will compose the following: cap and gown, Vartan J. Campbell of Roxbury; reception tickets, Alex M. Romano of Medford; photographs, John J. Shepherd of Roslindale; programs, Eric Harrison of Medford; invitations, Lillian M. Gormley of Wollaston; music, Thomas E. Houston of Hyde Park and Arthur J. O'Leary also of Hyde Park. William F. Murray of Mattapan is the president of the Class of 1937. Albert F. Hanrahan of West Roxbury is vice-president. Lillian M. Gormley of Wollaston is secretary and Secundo A. Mazzucchelli of Brighton is treasurer.

SCHOOL NOTES

By C. C. C.

The honor roll of the Class of 1937 of Suffolk University Law School published by the Dean's office on Monday, May 10, disclosed the following results: *With High Honors*: Paul Theodore Smith (92.11 H). Mr. Smith besides delivering the valedictory of his class will also be awarded the Walnut E. Evans Memorial scholarship by the Trustees of Suffolk Law School of the coming commencement exercises. The scholarship consists of a one year Master Of Laws course in the Graduate Law Department.

S. L. S.

Henry Clement Gill finished second with a general scholastic average of 91.3 H. Mr. Gill will deliver the salutatory.

S. L. S.

Seniors Enjoy Frolic

"Class Of '37" Smoker Huge Success

Floor Show Prodigious

The seniors pulled up anchors and got under way (in their first annual frolic on the evening of May 18, 1937, at the Brook House, Boston.

The party was a success from the start. There was an abundance of good food and beer and coffee. Cigars were supplied to top off a sumptious repast.

While the savages enjoyed a delightful smoke, they were royally entertained by a great floor show organized by "Tom" Driscoll. With Martin Gamache acting as master of ceremonies, the first event was a presentation of a can of Friend's Beans to Professor Finnegan. Two refreshing young ladies, the Misses Olive Teakles and Natalie Ringland, who hail from Stoneham, rendered delightful dance numbers. "Truckin" and the "Suzy Q." "Dot" McDermott entertained with a tap dance, and our own Roy Patch enchanted everyone with his plaintive vocal melodies. Margery Keohane enthralled the audience with a toe-tap dance. Junior Burke of Woburn, then entertained the multitude, and was followed by Peter Dellicolli (C.L.A.), a comedian. There followed Leo Kerrissey who demonstrated his version of eccentric dancing and the grand finale was a dance by Junior Burke and "Dot" McDermott.

The evening was then completed by a sing-song directed by Roy Patch.

The faculty present were Professors Parks, Wyman, H. J. Archer, Finnegan, Fogarty and Avery. Prof. Williams attended the gathering after he had given his lecture at the Law School.

The success of the smoker is due to the great work done by the committee, including Leo Leavitt, M. Timothy Ballanti, "Tom" Brett, J. Doherty, Edmund Fitzhenry and Paul Knight.

Roy K. Patch finished third with an average of 91.1 H. Mr. Patch will graduate with third highest honors.

S. L. S.

The following students will graduate cum laude having maintained a general scholastic average during their four year course of 85% or over.

Thomas Andrew McMahan (89.6 H)
Clarence Sorenson Borggaard (89%)
Samuel Henry Zaharsky (87.3 H)
Thomas Aloysius Brett (87.6 H)
Christopher Tate (86.29 H)
Angelico Joseph Fusco (86.27 H)
Wesley Erskine Yose (86%)
Frank Herman Samson, Jr., (86.19 H)
Edmund Burke Fitzhenry (86.11 H)
John Christopher Conley (86.11 H)
James Russell Grayson, Jr. (86.5 H)
Frank Louis Rosbeck (85.39 H)
John Joseph Mahoney, Jr. (85.9 H)
Thomas William Quigley (85.6 H)
Fritz Roland Larson (85.17 H)
Alexander Joseph Maino (85.1 H)
Alex Chester Sokolski (85.1 H)
Marion Archer MacDonald (85%)

S. L. S.

The election of Senior Class Day speaker field on Monday, May 10, resulted in the following:

Clarence S. Borggaard of Winter Hill, Class Orator.
John J. Mahoney, Jr., of Dorchester, Class Will.
Frank L. Reinherz of Brookline, Class Prophet.
Thomas A. Brett of Mattapan, Class Historian.
John J. Donovan, Jr., Presentation of the Class Gift.

S. L. S.

The positions of class marshals proved to be of exceptional interest. Out of seven men running for the position, the honors went to Sheriff Richard J. White, Jr., and Eugene F. Murphy.

S. L. S.

An interesting sideline on the election was the awarding to the different members of the class the following honorary positions:

Most Studious
Paul T. Smith
Most Modest
Wesley E. Yose
Most Likely to Succeed
Henry C. Gill
Most Popular
Clarence S. Borggaard
Most Argumentative
John C. Conley
Class Humorist
Richard J. White, Jr.
Class Romanticist
Julius Alpert
Sleepiest
Thomas J. Driscoll
Hungriest
Joseph E. Mellen
Human Question Mark
Martin T. Gamache
Best Looking
Eugene F. Murphy
Best Natured
Roy K. Patch
Best Dresser
Wilbur W. Broyderick
Best Course
Sales
Best Year
Senior
Favorite Prof.
Professors Finnegan and Duffy. (tied for first honors, with Professors Williams and Getchell running third and fourth.)

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker Poet

By William R. L. Strath, L. '37

John Greenleaf Whittier was born on his father's farm in the Merrimac Valley, near Haverhill, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

His father was descended from New England Puritan stock, and settled down to the life of a farmer, on virgin soil, in his native State. His mother, Abigail Hussey, was descended from an Oxford scholar and churchman, who became a Puritan, and emigrated to Boston in 1632. On both sides the poet had a dash of French Huguenot blood in his veins, through interbarriage between his Puritan ancestors, and refugees of the Huguenot faith who had fled from their own country in search of individual and religious liberty.

He was sent to a country school while quite young, but his boyhood does not appear to have indicated in any way that he possessed exceptional talent of any kind.

His early life was passed in working on his father's farm—healthful work for body and soul, and amid scenery of such prodigious beauty as could not fail, granted the poetic germ were in him, to foster it into fruitful life.

His parents and relatives belonged to the religious body, fairly numerous in New England, known as "Quakers," and the young poet was taught the creed of God and the "Quaker" faith by a saintly mother. Throughout all his long life, he adhered to the tenets of the simple faith that he learned in his boyhood days, at his mother's knee.

When Whittier was about four teen years of age, a relative placed in his hands a copy of Burns's poems. The poetic stream in his soul, which had hitherto lain unsound, was instantly awakened into life. The lad began to write, his early productions excited interest, friendly counsellors advised that he should be educated more thoroughly than was possible in the rural free school. His parents were poor, and poverty was in his way, or rather seemed to be, for nought has never yet been an insurmountable obstacle in the path of any young man bent on doing.

John learned to make and repair shoes, and with the money thus earned, he went to Haverhill Academy for six months.

He then became a school teacher, but still kept writing, not poetry only, but prose, contributing to local papers, and magazines, and in a brief period, while still but a youth, edited a paper in Boston. He returned to the farm and continued writing.

In 1836, when he was twenty nine years of age, the family removed to Amesbury, Mass., and in this idyllic spot he lived and wrote and sang, until his death in 1892, at the mature age of eighty five years.

He is described as being "a hard some young man, tall, slight, and very erect, faithful but never backward. His shyness was extreme, and he was possessed of a quiet and grave exterior. He had also a great love of fun and a sense of the ludicrous." The stainless honor and chivalry which characterized him throughout life, may be attributable in part to the fact, that in him was blended the best blood of England and France, and to the strict religious training he received in his youth. His eyes were keen and bright, and even in his old age, never lost their lustre. His face bore the imprint of peace, constance and truthfulness, attained in full measure after contest. A lady who knew him well declared that his face was that of a man who had kept his knightly honor and purity unstained all his life.

The great question of Whittier's time was that of slavery, a question which aroused such intensity of hatred, such bitterness of debate, such fervency of passion, as we at the later date can scarcely realize. Long rooted in the national life, like ashes of cancer, there were many who could not see the horror.

Blinded by the greed of gain, and perhaps as much by long familiarity, it was as hotly defended as it was boldly denounced. But the defenders were long in a vast majority, and to be an Abolitionist, for many long, shameful years, meant persecution, obloquy, mob violence, and very, very often, death.

Among a noble band, who, regardless of cost of friends, wrote and spoke and toiled to free the slave, Whittier was ever in the van. He had to suffer for daring to expose the cause of justice. His newspaper office in Boston was wrecked, the plant destroyed, and he himself was mobbed, abused and reviled, but he carried on his fight. Some of the poems he wrote in condemnation of slavery are among his finest productions, and they played no mean part in bringing about the final destruction of American slavery, which perished in a tempest of fire and blood in the great Civil War.

On this vital subject, Whittier was one who:

"Never turned his back, but marched forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were crushed, wrong would triumph."

Whittier lived to see the final triumph over slavery, and to celebrate it in joyful song, and then departed peacefully to an honored grave, as the bright glow of peace, prosperity, and amity crept again over his dearly loved country.

Though never married, he was a great lover, a lover of nature, of man, and of God. So he sings of nature's beauty, of man's deeper life, of God's great ways. Often the three overlap in his love and song. Man and nature, God and man, nature and God, but the song is always crystal clear, and pure as the dawn of heaven. His loving poet's eye, the very heart of nature, and demands our homage. For her loveliness, he looks into man's heart, sees there the potential angel, and bids him foster the heavenly life.

When he denounces oppression and wrong, he is never unjust, never wildly extreme. When he speaks of the deep things of God, he is never dogmatic, very rarely mystical, there is always the same sweet reasonableness, the clear vision of a truthful and obedient child.

"All sorts and conditions of men" there are, and there is not one for whom some poet has not sung; but, the Quaker poet, I think, has surely sung for them all. High or low, rich or poor, lettered or simple, all may come, and find some peculiar treasure for themselves in his rich store.

The one chief characteristic of his writings is their absolute wholesomeness. There is nothing artificial, no straining after gorgeous effects, no pomp of imaginative splendors; all is simple, natural, direct, and above all, pure and clear as the streams among which he lived. There is no fresh air is living water; no vagueness, no involved mystery in his writings, all is open and clear as the New England skies; whether he sing of nature, of man, or of God, there is no uncertain sound.

Whoso runs may read, and whoso reads shall run all the better, and be the nobler for the reading of this great poet's works. All seasons, all seasons, had their charms for him, and his songs set forth the beauties of all with impartial love. Winter's rugged, spring's sweet promise, summer's splendour, autumn's bountifulness, all found in him the seeing eye, and the hearing ear.

But let the poet speak for himself of nature, man and God. One notable saying of his, was: "We can do without a church; we cannot do without God, and of Him we are sure."

A few lines on Winter may not be amiss:

"Behold how against the walls of sapphire,
The shimmering tree-tops, are traced, and
Hold up their branches as if proud
I stand on the roof-ridge with the wind,
I drink the Night's dream of snow
Crystal brought the North Sea across."

"I walk the land of Eldorado,
I touch its mirror goods in hours,
The silver leaves and diamond blossoms
Are on the woodlands,
Were the squirrels dropping shell
And the yellow leaves among the
boughs, low rustling as they fell,
The flowers, gaudier were hard and
the stubble-fields lay dry.
When, Lone, winds called, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye.
But still in gentle, hill-top, in vale
Sings to myself with wind,
I laugh the, blaspheming on the sun,
The heavy and cloudy sky stand,
Place, unmoved, the heavy battlements and moves a crushing wave.
Here, slowly by the long hours, from
to land of heat and grace,
I sit in wind and rain as when he came,
the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's leave and the day in brightness passed."

And now hear Whittier speak of the scenes of his boyhood, the old village school-house, the whispering, chatting children, throwing over this scene of simple life, a soft pathetic beauty and putting into the homely words, a depth of tender feeling. "How sweet and genuine the lines appear to us:

"Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scored by many a school
The worn door, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;
The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
It's door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Got storming out to playing!—

The poet continues and depicts, then, at the close of their lessons, two classmates leave the school. The one a boy, with a look of shame, pride, and resentment is approached by the other, a girl, blushing deeply, with averted eyes and a look of timidity:

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to see thee go;
Because of the brown eyes lower fell,—
Because, you see, I love you"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! The grasses on her
grave,
Have forty years been growing!
He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How poor a place this place would be,
If never there the boy had met
Lucy's bright face and merry laugh.
Blest be the day that gave him
her,
Before the school-house door,
Dearer than all the world to him,
Dear, dear, forever more.

Whittier appears to have been the Liberal-minded poet seer of America, who was to write in trumpet tones, against the continuance of the "national crime." Turn we now to that stormy time in his life, when he stood in the forefront of the Anti-Slavery crusade, when out of his great heart, full of a passionate sense of freedom and pity, there rang mighty pleadings, for the oppressed slave, in words that burn with righteous indignation and glorious ardor. Imagination and fancy among the poems of this period gathered under the title of "Songs of Freedom," a few extracts. These noble lines from "Stanzas":

"Hold while ye may your stagnant slavery, and hinder God's free air!
With summer's shrieks to mock the wind, and winghold's wild despair.
Cling closer to the clouting curse that crushes upon your plains
The blast-pipe of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.
We hear your bondmen flying from Slavery's hateful hell,
Up, ere ye get your hold on them, up, bloodhound's yell.
We gather at your mountain shrine our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to place your accursed slaves.
But the ye and your sons and children, the one which we have given,
For freedom and humanity is regathered in Heaven.
No, shout heart in our borders—no speaks we our shame!
No tetter on the Rising Star—no slave upon our land."

Or the following:

"Thick be who trends profoundly on the words of law and creed,
In the depths of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need.
But woe to him who crushes the Send with chasm and rod,
And binds with lower nature's the sacred form of God.
Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our Northern air,
Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God, look there!
Take it down north for your standard, like the Bruce's heart of gore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand be seen before."

He refers to the emancipation of the slaves in the British Colonies thus:—

"What she has done, can we not do?
Our hour and men are both at hand;
The blast which Freedom's angel blew
O'er her green islands, echoes through
Each valley of our Pilgrim land.
Hear it old Europe! We have sworn
The death of slavery,—when it falls,
Look to your vassals in their turn,
Your dumb millions, trodden and scorn,
Your prisons and your palace walls!
Not always shall your outraged poor,
Appalled by democratic crime,
Grind as their fathers ground before,—
The hour which sees our prison door
Swing wide shall be their triumph time."

His prophetic eye saw the coming struggle was inevitable. Listen:—

"It is coming—it is nigh
Stand your homes and altars by;
On your own free thresholds die.
Ho, for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land.
Whom shrinks or falters now,
Whose to the yoke would bow,
Bend the crown on his brow.
Freedom's soil hath only place
For a free and fearless race,—
None for traitors false and base,
Perish party,—perish clan;
Strike together while ye can,
Like the arm of one strong man,
Take your land of sun and bloom;
Only leave to Freedom room
For her plough, and forge, and loom.
Take your slavery-blackened valley,
Leave us but our own free gales,
Blessing on our thousand sails
We but ask our rocky strand,
Freedom's true and brother band,
Freedom's strong and honest hand.
But when vengeance clouds your skies,
Hide ye from your eyes,
In the lost on Paradise!"

Slowly but surely the war clouds gathered, and burst in terror and darkness, in sorrow and death on the devoted land. For nearly five long years the titanic and fratricidal strife went on.

The battle-cry on the one side was Union and Freedom; on the other, States' Rights and Slavery. The country was swept with fire and sword, with battle and anguish, and the hearts of the people were wrung and crushed and broken by the deadly burden.

The best and noblest in the land bent down their lives in defence of freedom, and in vindication of the faith which actuated them.

It was in this critical and dark time, when many despaired of ultimate victory, that America's poets spoke the heaven-given words which inspired the people to bear with resignation and fortitude their terrific losses, and nerved the nation to carry on the struggle, till victory was attained. The end came, and slavery, like monarchy on the American continent, was washed out in a sea of blood; never, let us hope, to raise its baneful head again.

War! In our generation, we talk of it, sing of it, but always ourselves in safety, untouched; but when it comes near, the glamour vanishes, the glory fades, and it is seen as it is, the very carnival of devils, the most hateful thing that curses God's fair earth.

Whittier's poetical pieces are numerous and are gathered together under various names: "Indian Legends," "Legends and Poems of New England," "Legendary Ballads," "Occasional Poems," etc. No other American poet has sounded more diversified native notes, or covered so much of the field of Indian, and New England legendary lore, so that Whittier's name will go down to unborn generations as one with which to conjure.

During President Lincoln's administration, a vote was taken among men in public life, as to who was American's greatest poet. The palm was awarded to Whittier. Longfellow being a good second.

In more recent times, however, this decision would appear to be reversed, both in America and Britain. Quotations from Longfellow being more numerous than from his brother poet. Be this as it may, the admirers of the Quaker poet and his writings are a numerous body wherever the English language is spoken.

The love for Scotland was so huge, Burns proved throughout his writings, as long was going on Burns, reference to Scotch ancestry, to the covenanters, and various events in Scotch history. He had many personal friends, natives of Scotland, and his love for Burns was almost a passion till his dying day. "The Pipes at Lucknow," is one of his best pieces.

"Barclay of Wry," "Barbara Frietchie," "Maud Muller," and "Snowbound" have spread his fame far and wide.

His life, packaged by temperance and cheerfulness, at length drew to a close, and on the seventh of September, 1892, at a delightful retreat among the New Hampshire hills, the spirit of this gentle singer passed away to eternal rest. A few days later his remains were entombed in Amesbury Churchyard in the presence of an immense concourse of people, representative of the noblest minds and best literary talent in America.

As a lover of God, a prophet of the broken-hearted, as one in whom dwelt richly the spiritual sense that perceives the holy beauty of spiritual things, and the depth of hidden life of the soul, Whittier finds his grandest strains, grand, not with pomp of language or magnificinagery, but with the directness of simple faith and trustful love. There is no dogmatism, no cant, no pounding fear or doubt, nothing but broad faith, sure hope, deep trustfulness, nothing but sweetness and light.

I make bold to say that the man does not live whose manhood would not be purer, better, and worthier for sitting at the feet of this sweet singer, and hearing his songs of the soul.

In conclusion, I express the hope that popular as Whittier's works have been in the past, numbers will have been the readers who have gained hope, inspiration, and pleasure from his writings; yet, in the near future, may the popularity of his works, and the number of his readers, be increased a hundred-fold, for certain am I, that in his shortcomings there is treasure trove enough for those who may choose to avail themselves of it, leaving still, for all readers, an undiminished store.

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY

COMMENCEMENT

1937

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JUNE 13 — 2:00 P. M.
BACCALAUREATE SERVICES
Methodist Episcopal Church
Temple Street Boston, Mass.

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JUNE 13 — 8:00 P. M.
CLASS DAY, COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
Methodist Episcopal Church
Temple Street Boston, Mass.

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JUNE 16 — 2:00 P. M.
CLASS DAY, LAW SCHOOL
Ford Hall
Ashburton Place Boston, Mass.

•

JUNE 16 — 8:00 P. M.
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
Ford Hall
Ashburton Place Boston, Mass.

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY

College of Liberal Arts

CLASS OF 1937 COMMENCEMENT

Class Day Speakers
June 14, 1937

Valedictory	CHARLES M. DOHERTY
Salutatory	JOHN S. MAHONEY
Oration	GUNNAR MUSNICK
Honorary	EDWIN C. ANDERSEN
Will	WARREN J. MORAN
Gift	SAMUEL R. ROMANO

Class Marshal
CHARLES W. BORDEN

Committee Chairmen

Cap and Gown	VICTOR J. CAMPBELL
Reception and Ushers	ALICE M. ROMANO
Photographs	JOHN J. SHEPHERD
Programs	ERIC HARRISON
Invitations	LILLIAN M. GORMLEY
Music	THOMAS E. HOUSTON
	ARTHUR J. O'LEARY

Class Officers

President	WILLIAM T. MURRAY
Vice President	ALBERT F. HANRAHAN
Treasurer	SECONDO A. MAZZUCHELLI
Secretary	LILLIAN M. GORMLEY

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The Art of Living

The true art of living is to have a comprehensive knowledge of oneself, knowledge of the world and knowledge of Eternity, and the part played by the individual in all these relationships.

Thinks? Who are you? Why do you live? I am a human being, an entity, a distinct personality, an identity possessing a soul linked with the Universal Life of GOD. I have a conscious mind with which I think, choose and love, and which directs and uses the earthly medium of my soul known as a body. I live because GOD created me, and it is His will that I continue to live until this body dies and the soul leaves it to enter into another appropriate, finer and more sensitive to spirituality than this imperfect one, for an eternity of time wherever He provides.

The world? This world is an institution for souls, a spiritual school in which we prepare for the future's eternity. The world as a toy, and the universe is a plaything for our spiritual development. Here we grow and have spiritual experiences through prayer, love, sacrifice, death, enlightenment, relationship, hate, hunger, fear, hope, sin, loneliness, etc.

Eternity. What kind of a life? The kind we prepare for. Success or failure of the life after death is according to the individual's aspirations. The true preparation for the Other Life is in being simple, mean and ignorant. Only the beautiful heart in open-eyed wonder and sacred jackass wisdom at shall see the revealing glory of Heaven's highest benefit, life with GOD.

Live here now as if you were living in the bright Presence of GOD so that when you at last go to that Place you shall be no stranger to the kind of life they live there.

H. Kaminsky, Jr. '37

Reconciliation

Have you forgotten that day at the beach?
Hot on our stomachs we lay, out of reach
Of the wind,
From the lee of a hummock of whispering grass
Watching the gray gulls wheel and pass.

Do you remember? We quarrelled that day
In passionate whispers, so closely we lay
To each other.
Who did we quarrel? What was the cause?
Who was the victor, whatever it was?

I have forgotten. Yet, I recall
Trifles that seemed not to matter at all
At the time:
I still remember the warmth of the sand
That we lay on, and clutched, and let slip out of hand.

I still remember the long afternoon
The dew on my back, and the slowrising moon.
It was dank:
All the bathers were gone, and we two were alone!
What alchemy then, wrought the change in our tone?

C. S. Borggaard, L., '37

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72 Summer St., Boston
Second Floor

TRIVIA

"Oswald?"

I get a queer prickly feeling on my scalp when my wife calls me "Oswald." I know immediately that I have stepped from the straight and narrow, otherwise she would say "Ozzi." I hitch in my chair as I hear her coming. I know how she will look. She looks the same every year at this time. Her hair will be caught up in a brilliantly colored bandana, that is, all of it that isn't streaking before the wind. Her hands and face will be well smudged with the good old earth. Yes, it's a fact. When the wife gets spring fever, she must dig and dig and dig. It is one of the tribulations of my married life.

Now when the air gets nice and balmy and the flies and mosquitoes start crowding, it affects me differently. I like to watch the spring through a window and get my sniffs of balmy air as I sit in a nice cozy chair, chewing the fat with some of the boys.

That's how my transgression came about. I'm a genial soul. There's nothing I like better on a nice spring evening than to have a chew with some of the neighbors. But they, like the wife, have spring fever too, or else their wives have it and they acquire it whether they like it or not, and are out raking and spading every evening. My wife is different. She loves to plant and say that since I have been working hard all day, I don't have to do anything but spade up the flower bed which operation I do as early as possible.

Well yesterday was one of these balmy spring days that always makes me feel rather jovial and amorous. After supper, the wife took Junior down town and left me alone. I was sitting by a window watching the cars go by, when Joe, who was working away next door, spied me and called me over to tell him about some rose bushes he was aiming to plant. So I went over and showed him how to prune them. We started swapping stories, as is our custom, and I got a hoe and started to help him work. We were going fine, until I happened to look up and see the wife watching me. She didn't say anything, just looked.

I know from the tone in which she railed just now, that I may as well put down my paper and get out. My evenings of leisure and comfort are over.

I should get out in the air and take an interest in the flowers and lawns, you say? Maybe so. What do I do all day that makes me so lazy? Well, I plant seeds. Yes, I'm head gardener for Bill Burpee, the seed magnate. Now do you understand why the wife's sudden ardor for this spring gardening gets me?

Nelly Ann Smith, Jr. '41

Appendicitis

Unpleasant thought, to have one's side
By surgeon's scalpel opened wide
With razor-like incision!
What torture, 'till the fears subside
And flesh and spirit both abide
At last, in grim decision.

But now that unkind cut is done,
The healing process well begun
Beneath the surgic' dressing.
I trust you'll find it rather fun
Just basking in the mellow sun
Of Autumn; convalescing.

C. S. Borggaard, L., '37

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EDITORIAL

Suffolk Law School celebrated its thirtieth anniversary this year. But yet it seems that this thirty years of progress have this year been crystallized into one year. For this past year has been one of great things for men of Suffolk and for Suffolk.

The creation of Suffolk University stands out as the crowning event of this past year. The founding of this institution culminating months of hard labor on the part of Dean Gleason L. Archer and the trustees, aided by Faculty, students and alumni, is an event which will stand out not only for 1937 but will be the means and impetus for events of the years to come.

With the granting of the university charter, another new department was born. The College of Business Administration will be gin in the fall. The purpose of this institution is wholly parallel that of the College of Journalism. Instruction will be men who are experts and prominent in fields which embrace the subject they are teaching.

With the beginning of the school year, except of the thirteenth anniversary celebration began. It was singular that in the anniversary year, another new department should be added. The College of Journalism is proved its existence on September 28th and began its upward march of progress.

In founding this college it was the aim of Dean Archer and the trustees to establish the first evening college of journalism in the world and make it one that would turn out into the world of newspaper world well equipped to offer that profession having had the benefit of instruction under men who are engaged actively in the profession of the day. With the ultimate attainment the plans of the College of Journalism are still being developed.

The events of the 30th anniversary celebration began on September 19th with a gala anniversary program in the auditorium and then the alumni had their annual affair in November. But the events that marked the anniversary year were not of social and celebration character the achievements of the school and of the students and alumni gave far better testimony than mere words or song.

The November elections had a real Suffolk tinge. Frances E. Kelley of Dorchester led the parade sweeping into the Lieutenant Governor's chair. State Auditor Thomas Buckley was re-elected by a substantial majority. And down the line. In nearly every hamlet and town, Suffolk men were elected to high office.

Other Suffolk graduates were honored in appointments to public office. John MacDonough was appointed State Works Progress Administration director. David Lassar was appointed chairman of the Finance Commission of the city of Boston.

Extra curricular activities met with enthusiastic support in this, their first year of organization in the colleges. The Suffolk Players were organized in November under the direction of Miss M. Esther Newsome, director of extra curricular activities.

The Law School has had a debating team for several years. This year for the first time they had a contest in undergraduate ranks. In February, the Thomas J. Boyle Debating Society, named for the equal president of the Board of Trustees, was organized under the guidance of Prof. Joseph Francis. Their efforts this year were chiefly confined to preparing for the 1937 season when the Suffolk Law School Debating Society and the collegiate debaters will meet on a series of forensic encounters which will end in choosing a varsity team to represent Suffolk University in outside debate.

With the beginning of the second term saw the organization of an honorary and fraternity club. These organizations are organized and set up at the April production of the Suffolk Players.

Suffolk Law School students again maintained their high average in the bar examination. Suffolk's percentage of 46 led several other law schools including Northeastern and Boston College.

The closing month of the year found the work of adding three stories to the University building, adding to the convenience of students and staff. The university was assured by the work but students took it cheerfully.

In June came Commencement Week. For the first time a Baccalaureate Sunday was held in the church next to the University Building. For the first time in several years the graduation took place not on the Suffolk Auditorium, but in Ford Hall. This was done because of the work in the University Building.

As Suffolk University closes its 1936-37 year, it can well look back upon the past year as one in which great progress was made toward the establishment of a greater Suffolk University.

There Is a Tide

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Commencement speakers all over America are planning and delivering, these days, addresses which merit a very special place in the archives of American eloquency. The keynote of these addresses is the ever new, the now old, the perennially fresh advice to the effect that "beyond the Alps lies Italy."

The 1937 Commencement is of rather greater import with us here at Suffolk. For the first time in the three decades of the life of the institution, the degrees will bear the university seal. To the graduates in the Class of '37 this very fact signifies a great deal the university designation is a veritable symbol of the success of "the Suffolk cavalcade."

Individually, the men and women of the '37 Class are, naturally, grateful to Suffolk for the opportunities afforded. The possession of a degree is a proud distinction, the mark of a leader in the life of the nation. As a group, this year's graduates are much more inclined to feel that they have been especially favored in having been on the scene during the recent climactic charter contest. The sense of having participated as a Class brings a certain satisfaction and a close attachment that nothing else could have so well effected.

Thirty Seven is going out at a critical point in the history of this land of freedom. The time, once thought far distant, is already at hand when democracy must come to a live or die, though the fates of the rest of the "civilized" world seem to be planned before the impending clash of arms.

Yet, democracy as we know it must endure, and it will endure if all of the classes of educated men and women throughout this country of ours will pledge themselves to participate actively and consistently in the affairs social and civic of the American Commonwealth.

Higher education carries with it certain responsibilities which cannot be evaded. One of these is the responsibility that which devolves upon the part of those who would lead. Every participant of this University has an equal opportunity of thought and maturity of judgment. It is for the graduates to transfer this tranquility to the public questions which will be upon us whether we will or not.

The American social order seems to have become convinced that under the domination of the world war it is being fast organization. We cannot, of course, blame the habits of thought engendered in the halcyon days which all Americans look back to the Year of the Five Years.

Yet the individual citizens are filled with signs and portents that these days labor and capital lose sight in a class struggle that cost the basic sense of democracy should never suffer to sever.

Tyranny is foreign to our American nature. Computations to repress have been in the denial of the God and Master we find to serve; Democracy can survive. The impending clash only if it remains about throughout the last great battle likely ever to be fought by European peoples with one another. Then and only then can Democracy safely participate when the nations are through forever with the sons that the mouths of knaves have twisted to make a trap a death trap for fools.

Faculty Club Honors Dr. Archer

President Gleason L. Archer was the guest of honor at the Faculty Club banquet held in the Dickens Room of the Parker House on the evening of Saturday, May 15. Professor Robert B. Masterson presided as toastmaster.

Commencement Comes Again

By Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.

Life has been likened to a race. Ancient sages were forever mixing the simile of a footrace or contest of athletes over a course, long or short, to illustrate the eternal truth that life is essentially a struggle in which wreaths of victory come to the brow of him who runs a good race.

At the risk of a platitudinous observation, every commencement season witnesses the start of a new race for the material or spiritual rewards of life. The contestants are then lined up abreast, eager and ready to go at the word of the starter.

We of the older generation have been privileged to witness the beginnings of many such races. Twenty-eight successive classes have come out from Suffolk Law School, and in every class we have witnessed the same phenomenon — those who have set forth side by side have very shortly spread out, the laggards in the race trading the leaders.

The longer I live, the surer I am that life has no genuine rewards that are not earned by laborious effort. The slothful, the indolent, the self-indulgent speedily eliminate themselves from any contest of brain or brawn. Those who are unwilling to pay the price of success — the price of long hours of earnest striving for the desired goal — are those who later complain that they never had a fair chance to win. In this Class of 1937 we shall see the old truth again exemplified. Its future judges, successful lawyers, captains of industry, and others who may succeed, will prove to be those who in student days manifested qualities of mind and heart that were prophetic of their future progress in life.

It is the glory of America that she still offers to the youth of the land, irrespective of birth or wealth or social connections, the rewards of work well done. The leaders of tomorrow stand at the starting line today. Will you be one of them? or will you drop by the wayside while the race sweeps on?

Progress of the Endowment Campaign

Under the leadership of Professor Thomas J. Finnegan, who is chairman of the undergraduate effort, we are pleased to report that a splendid beginning has already been made. Despite the fact that the drive did not begin until the last week of school, more than 25% of the student body are already represented in the pledge cards that have been turned in. More students are reporting every day. Professor Finnegan hopes to have every loyal Suffolk undergraduate represented by a pledge, however small, in order that when the appeal is made to the public, as it will be very shortly, we can have as a talking point the fact that Suffolk students, the immediate beneficiaries of the drive, have made mutual sacrifices to aid in setting up the Suffolk University Library which is our first objective. Books and equipment needed in September 1937 will cost at least $50,000. Professor Finnegan hopes to raise $10,000 among the students themselves. The average donation is $25, but some students are giving as high as $100, whereas others find it difficult to pledge more than $5. All amounts are gratefully received.

Alden M. Cleveland, former Secretary of Suffolk Law Alumni Association, will have general charge of the Alumni drive, to be started at once. For many years, Mr. Cleveland has been Executive Secretary of the Metropolitan Garage Association, and has built up a notable organization. His work for Suffolk University's endowment will be part time, but with his long executive experience he should be highly effective. The Alumni have already voted enthusiastic support of the movement and are merely waiting for organization and direction of effort.

A very effective campaign document is being published under the title "Cavalcade of Suffolk University," of which Roy Harlow, Yankee Network Director, is the author. In dramatic episodes it depicts the high-lights of Suffolk's history. It brings to the fore the too-little-known fact that the noble action of George A. Frost, a Boston business man, in rescuing Dean Archer from a bad dilemma when he was a college student, was the motivating cause of Suffolk's existence.

Cruising the Corridors

With T. E. J.

A certain student at S. L. S. is very much interested in a certain class of contract which is considered void in this state because of illegal consideration . . . Specifically, he has manifested a great desire to learn all about "contracts for the promotion of marriage" . . . We're sure that his only interest is that prompted by curiosity . . . .

TO WIT . . . He has received a very indeedy deedy remarkable letter from one of the large "Lonely Hearts Bureau" . . . and is that letter a "WOW"!!! . . . Here 'tis:

Let us arrange a romantic correspondence and enchanting courtship for you. Through our confidential introductions by letter, thousands of lonely people have found love and happiness . . . why not you? Let us tell you about our romantic plan and how I can make you happy. If you find yourself lonesome and seeking romance, write today. Upon receipt of your application and registration fee, you will receive a certificate of membership. (It sounds like it's available for romance and a lot of money and addresses with letters of introduction.

According to this "Heart Balm Very," for the insignificant sum of three till bucks, you stand a sporty good chance of grabbing off a real romance or two . . . The recipient of this charming communication, we are inclined to believe would rather gamble on the treasury numbers on the horses . . . To be doubly sure, it might be advisable to carry a pocket pistol . . .

Vision they ask that the applicant send a pocket picture of himself . . . It would be rather tragic, if the picture had a couple of glass eyes, wooden leg, false teeth and signs of bumpus wig . . . What fun . . . Now you know what we mean when we say that Cupid may play the hell . . .

So how you like it, chaps? A fine most exciting party, and a sufficient and your one? Magnificently exciting product? The guy's a hoax . . . You've got a pension of the possible success for the clumsy fine performance . . . Perhaps we'd better dedicate this col. solely to the subject of a GAY WILL and TESTAMENT . . .

NOT . . . we're not telling by name . . . after all . . . He might come around, you know, to light at . . . the . . . we're not actually . . . Poppa had his . . .

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY . . . Just about a block down the way . . . in the Kiva Temple . . . A new sign hopped up over the door of an old sign emporium . . . The sign appeared the same day that Suffolk officially received its Charter . . . Now the institution and Dean Archer . . . "Cancel the Ring Room" . . . Several of the boys "in gay" on the early one morning waited for the news which Yankee Network news reports . . . About the third item down, the listening Suffolkonians . . . Emerged from their waiting cells, various unexhausted expectations of merriment . . . Immediately thereafter they hurried to their books, lots of the outside production covers, and replaced them with new ones, bearing in bright previously inscribed letters, "Suffolk University" . . . Rico Carilli is still flashing his job around . . . .

POT SHOTS UNPOTTED . . . Saul Waldman, son of the numerous Boston Waldman . . . famed first of all for his remarkable refusal to surrender that antique cheezy chug box, he causes tittle tattle about, when he informs people that it is a "motor vehicle" . . . From the looks of things, he's piling up a lot of demurr in the catering business . . . We note with pleasure, that Simone Friedland, S.L.S. B.S., is doing quite a job in the Winthrop jurisdiction of Young Judea . . . Have you ever spotted the beautiful set of De Molay insignia that Freddy Drew is the proud possessor of? . . . Jerry Doherty, a symphony in slightly worn brown, is a handsome sight nowadays . . . in the uniform of a first lieutenant in the Mass. National Guard . . . and he tries to fool us by saying that he yearns for "civilian life" . . . Bill Kenney is a direct descendant of the famous Ben Butler . . . We wonder if those shorts are too . . . Charlie Gould . . . the gentleman who sees America every summer, or raising a mustache . . . it's still so dense, but what it lacks in quality, it makes up in area . . . It's one of those moustaches, I know . . . Incidentally . . . we hear that Rev. Farewell was somewhat offended at the decidedly undesirable T. E. J. . . . We'd like to state now and honestly that we had no reason to feel that way . . . We think he's one swell guy, even though the expression we used might be regarded as "filler" . . . Jon Zaborsky . . . three years . . . S . . . one guy . . . drop the "Gordon Gamers" a few lines . . . come to be age . . . and tell us about a very fine young lady . . . A very fine . . . that Sam most emphatically declares that he doesn't mind anybody knowing that he entertains more than a passing fancy for her . . . actually he's almost taken a path in the Zaborsky capitol to Mattapan . . . Freddy Blunden can't decide if have sold . . . could at his more than fancy . . . Quite cute? curiously enough . . . and a most charming . . . and a most considerably what goes along with . . . Milton Beverage admits that he was most appropriately attired . . . The summer air seems to be doing Bob McLaughlin a lot of man genuine good . . . Why he actually added a few words to his . . . and he even . . . JOHN MALE was . . . and looked knockabout the attire . . . he left by a mere . . . He ought to win hard time . . . he . . . know how it he can get a couple of more Male to come and live in . . . the room . . . But anyway . . . he did say more than ever in his . . . for the most . . . Bill . . . Callahan and a gentleman named . . . Elmoth have a very deep interest in the "Wheel of Fortune" . . . Mr. Harry Face, he has . . . and Jake . . . and Ro . . . Blunk . . . and . . . and . . . we have all of us . . . Bill "Red" Hannon is working . . . at the . . . Theatre Cinema . . . his . . . hope and desire . . . is that they install something in the line of ventilation . . . Shirley, "Bob" "Dean Easter" Porich . . . is one swell pianist . . . and a very swellest guy . . . It's swell to study over at Hy Sokoloff's house . . . his mother's such a wonderful cook . . . Armin Siegrfriedt is an awfully small eater . . . or is he just polite? . . . Elliott Epson just had to get a hundred in a certain exam this semester . . . By the way . . . Professor Getchell has distinguished himself in a remarkable way . . . He has that unusual ability to make himself loved when he gets off the professorial platform and stand man to man with the boys . . . His work with the Suffolk Law School Debating Society has shown him to be entirely capable of making the boys enjoy his guidance . . . without the necessity of dullodness or artificial formality . . . And here's so long . . . We think that this will be the last line we'll write this year . . . and we're trying hard to make it good . . . Here goes . . . **OF ALL THINGS WE WISH FROM THIS LIFE, WE WISH MOST OF ALL TO GAIN GRACE AND CHAN RESPECT IN THE EYES OF OUR FELLOW HUMANS . . . Q. E. D. . . .**

Hedonist Youth

To Live . . . To Feel . . . To Breathe
To LIVE.

Raise high
The brimming Cup of Life,
Drink deep a Toast
To Beauty, Love, and Ecstasy.

Life;
To feel the hot sun's rays
On naked breast,
The graceful flex of strong young limbs,
Emotion's glowing coals . . .
Thoughts stylus on the Soul . . .

To Breathe
Moon dip's petals of the rose . . .
Youth, so bright and strong
In the rays of the Limpid Illusion
*

Life . . .
To LIVE! . . .

—Edward Jacobson, L., '39

Lyric

Sea-gull on soaring wing,
Master of flight!
You seem a tireless thing,
Buoyant and light.

Breasting the ocean breeze
Among the foam—
Sojourning a life at ease—
Restless, you roam.

Yonder your garb may be
Plain, dark and white.
Matching the scheme at sea—
Shadows and light.

Drenched by the salty spray
Sucked by the rain—
Colors, so bright, are gay
Such were vain.

Up with the rising sun,
Seldom you rest,
But when the day is done,
Back to your nest.

C. A. Borggaard, L., '37

Louis K. McNally, '37, Assistant Counsel of the House of Representatives was the first Suffolk graduate to see the Suffolk University bill, for the very good reason that he helped Dean Archer draft the measure.

Mr. Frank P. Rich, C.L.A. '37, instructor in printing at the Roxbury Memorial High School for Boys, has conducted a course in printing at the Eliot School in Jamaica Plain. Mr. Rich is the author of the book, *Elementary Printing*, a copy of which he has donated to the library.

RABBITS FOR MONEY

Can money be made in the rabbit business? Yes, if the would-be raiser will be careful to pick out a favorable location for his business and study his animals and the market.

One of the greatest problems of the rabbit raiser is to create a market for his meat. Most American housewives think of the rabbit as the long, gaunt animal with such a gamey taste, that the men sometimes bring back from their hunting trips. His advertisements should teach the public the use of the rabbit as a part of the daily menu. He should emphasize the good taste and nourishment in the meat and should teach them how to cook it. There are those who really enjoy rabbit, like foreigners, the Germans and Italians mostly. It would seem then, that a location near a city or town, where many foreigners live, would be ideal.

When the location is selected, buy several rabbits — not a lot — of good breed. The money spent for well-bred animals will be paid back with interest. The breed and color selected will depend upon what the rabbits will be used for. If the rabbits are to be sold for pets, the white will sell twice as fast as the brown or chinchilla. The furriers rather buy white pelts than dark ones because the lighter ones can be dyed easier. New Zealand Reds can be raised profitably for meat.

A healthy doe can produce three litters a year. Each litter consists of from four to seven rabbits. While she has her young, she should be fed oatmeal, bread and milk, and some green stuff. In about two months the young can be taken from her and sold. Care should be taken against too much interbreeding. It makes the young look weak and causes blindness and deformed bones.

Watch the animals, observe their habits. And prevalence. A thorough knowledge of all the animals is necessary for the best results. The Department of Agriculture has excellent pamphlets on rabbits, which are helpful even to the experienced.

A great deal of space is not needed for a small rabbitery. Hutches with runs of four or five feet, may be placed in rows, leaving a few inches of space between the floor and the first hutch, so that rats will not gnaw their way in and kill the young. The building should be where the rabbits are sheltered by pen and sun. If the outruns are too warm, the heat will spoil the pelts.

The hutches should be kept clean and dry. The health of the rabbits depends a good deal on this. Care should be taken that the food is not thrown about and trampled.

The food costs almost nothing in comparison. Scraps, vegetables and bread from the biggest part of the food. In the winter, roughage and bulky living food, such as alfalfa, hay and corn should be fed.

The producing stock should be increased in proportion with the increase in sales. Then the money coming in will not be spent supporting rabbits that are not working. In this way many have turned their hobby of raising rabbits into a flourishing little business.

Nellie Anne Smith, J. 41.

DODGING UMBRELLAS

Perhaps there is something wrong within the sphere placed on my shoulders by a kindly Mother Nature, as certain of my friends have suggested before now, or perhaps my wholesome hatred for that type of woman who thinks an umbrella is a weapon to be used with little caution, is instilled only by human emotions. For weeks I have dodged umbrellas: red umbrellas, blue umbrellas; transparent umbrellas, umbrellas with handles, and umbrellas without handles; but, alas, they all have points. I have points. I have received them just below the left eye, behind the right ear, a few degrees south of my nose, and even in my throat. Why it is my eyes themselves have been saved, I am at a loss to discover.

* *

Before I came to hang my hat in this great and perhaps glorious metropolis, the momentous problem of civil defense against umbrella storm troopers was something unknown. Back on the farm it rains only about four times a year. When it does rain, however, it raises! I have known the skies to darken of a Monday and give out rain for two weeks without any sign of letting up at all. In the warm months it is proper to don a bathing suit when necessary to venture out of doors. When it is too cold for a bathing suit to appear becoming, one can use either a boat or hip boot and slip, the latter method being preferred. Under no circumstances does one use the umbrella. That is kept in good repair for use on the beach in summer.

Here in Boston, however, we have a numberless army of female shoppers who always expect rain and sally forth duly armed. It is interesting to note that when it actually does rain they open their umbrellas and immediately scurry under the store awnings where they proceed to sneak have. Sweet indeed is the opportunity that enables you to break through the steel lines out from beneath the awnings into the glorious rain.

It is a wonder to me that these women are allowed to travel the public thoroughfares free and unrestrained. The law protects us from machine-gunning gangsters, speeding kidnappers, drunken drivers, knife-throwing thugs, and even little boys with pea-shooters, but nothing is done to save us from the blows of the umbrella in the hand of a female bargain hunter on the trail of a Dollar Day special. *To Heaven, God bless 'em!*

Lyons H. Robinson, J., 41.

FIVE-YEAR PLAN

Since the purpose of Suffolk College of Liberal Arts and Suffolk College of Journalism is to provide academic training for young people who are working for a living, it has been found necessary to arrange a five-year program of instruction with sessions four evenings each week. Courses are so arranged as to afford a maximum opportunity for home study in preparation for lectures.

Senator Albert Cole, '29, Chairman of the Committee on Education that has had the University Charter bill in its hopper for so long, deserves the thanks of every Suffolk man for the patience and tact with which he has dealt with a difficult situation in his committee. Senator Cole is a modest and unassuming chairman and while he might perhaps have pushed the bill through the Committee weeks ago, the fact that he is a graduate and an a way interested party, led him to "bend backwards" rather than to take advantage of his position as chairman. All honor to Senator Cole!

"____ And Man Abdicates"

By H. Kazarian, Jr. '41

Characters: RUTH ADAMS (forty, fair and prosperous).
JAMES WARD (fifty, retired, wealthy, lover of RUTH).
Mrs. MOLLY (forty, widow, pensioned).
CHARLES PALMER (forty-five, farmer, lover of MOLLY).

Stage: A Village Store Piazza, setting in a Garden.

SCENE I—On a Garden Setter.
Time: Noon.
(Molly and Palmer seated.)

PALMER—Well, Molly, how about it, don't you think it's about time we got married? How about the month? June, the month of brides and all of that, you know. What do you say?

MOLLY—How many times have I told you, Charly, that getting married is a serious business—and that one must just rush into things. And what makes you so sure that I am going to get married to you anyway?

PALMER—Eh? What do you mean by that? Is there someone else? But there can't be! You know that you're practically promised to me!

MOLLY—Really, Mr. Palmer, never proposed to me—how am I to know that your intentions are serious?. What are you a mind reader? Can you tell what I'm thinking about so just looking at me? Pest! What a lot you seem take for granted! No man has ever done anything right, they think they know everything when they know nothing. I know, for I lived with one for twelve years.

PALMER—All right! Since you've asked for it here it is, Molly. Will you become my wife? Is this good enough for you? You have never acted like this before. What — the matter with you, Molly, don't you feel well today? Well, what — say, are you going to marry me?

MOLLY—Oh, this is so sudden! I really don't know what to say. I am so thrilled. However, Charley, if I ever decide to get married you'll be my first choice for a husband. I like you a lot, you know.

PALMER—Oh, well, I couldn't expect anything more than that from you at the same old song and dance. You've been giving me for the last two years. By the way, did you know that Ruth and James are going to be married next week? I was over to the Inn a best time ago and Ruth told me of it. You know, Molly, I had always hoped that we might be married before those old lovebirds. What's the good word, Molly? We can still beat them if you're willing. Eh, girl?

MOLLY—So they're going to get married, are they? And next week, too? Why I was just up to Ruth's myself and she didn't say anything to me about it.

PALMER—Maybe she was afraid that you'd steal her James if she did tell you.

MOLLY—Oh, is that so, Mr. Charles Palmer, is that so? Perhaps you're right for once after all.

PALMER—Oh, Molly, can't you take a joke? There was no need to get angry over that. I was just fooling. Where's your sense of humor?

MOLLY—Sure it was a joke. How funny you are all of a cold sweat. Listen to me as I laugh. Hee, hee, hee.

PALMER—Molly, I'm sorry.

MOLLY—Sorry for what?

PALMER—Sorry that I said that I would steal James from Ruth.

MOLLY—Well, if Ruth isn't good enough to hold him now, she isn't good enough to be his wife. I am going to Ruth and give her my best wishes—see you later.

SCENE II—On a Piazza Setter.
Time: Afternoon.

MOLLY—Isn't it nice and cool? I'm tired, but under the sun.

RUTH—Yes, the sun is hot today. But we may get some rain tonight. It looks so.

MOLLY—Do you know what happened to me today, Ruth? Guess! Oh, I'm so happy and happy!

RUTH—No, I'm sure I don't know. What is it?

MOLLY—I had a proposal to-day, guess from whom—only one guess.

RUTH—Was it Mr. Palmer?

MOLLY—Right the first time, guess. This is the first time he popped the question after seeing me every day for the last two years. What a slow fellow! Why, I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man alive. The old hick! What does he think I am?

RUTH—Maybe you don't like him.

MOLLY—Why shouldn't I? Just because he takes me to dinner and to the movies is no reason why I should have any respect for the old weed-puller. Catch me being a farmer's wife, ha, ha, ha!

RUTH—But all the hopes he has, Molly, you know that he loves you.

MOLLY—Loves me? You mean he wants a housekeeper who'll work for nothing for him all her life. He can get some foolish woman, but not me.

RUTH—Then don't your duty to tell him that you don't feel towards him the affection he has for you. You shouldn't hurt anyone's feelings, Molly.

MOLLY—Duty, nothing! As long as he spend money on me, he can do it. When he stops spending them I'll give him the axe. You know, Ruth, he always insists on taking me to Boston and buying me all the clothes I need.

RUTH—Do you go to Boston with him for that reason?

MOLLY—Why, certainly, do you think I would go to the city with him for any other reason?

RUTH—You let him do such thing as that?

MOLLY—Why not, I get the clothes. Do nothing, don't I? My motto is if a man wants to spend money on me let him do it as long as he doesn't get serious. When they get serious and go "gaga" then I won't be home when they call.

RUTH—But it's not proper. It's—it's, why it's almost immoral!

MOLLY—Almost but not quite. I'm unmarried and I know how to manage men. I know how I can take all I can and give nothing in return. That's life, Ruth, and you don't know it.

RUTH—It's a wicked kind of a life, girl. I would never have dreamt it of you. How can you, Molly?

MOLLY—Life is full of surprises, you know. What a surprise Palmer will get when I show him the gate.

RUTH—Why you wouldn't, you couldn't do such a cruel thing as that, Molly?

MOLLY—I can do greater and stranger things than that. Just watch me and I'll show you a lot of things you never expected to see.

RUTH—I have come to the conclusion Molly, that you only delight in getting married. The life you now lead and picture to me will be disastrous to you eventually.

MOLLY—I suppose I'll get married if the right man comes around, but not before. If I come across such a man, who, by the way, are the proper husband material, I'll marry him. I know I'm old, but there's still a chance for the whole herd of them. You know the city, there is where the real men live. I wish I were back there. I'd be married now if I were.

RUTH—I don't want to lose you, Molly, and if I do please forgive me. I want to ask you Molly, if you have received other proposals besides the one by Mr. Palmer.

MOLLY—Well, since you asked me, I guess I may as another man from around here.

RUTH—Do you love him enough to marry him?

MOLLY—Of course I do.

RUTH—Then why are you going Mr. Palmer false hope?

MOLLY—I just wanted a little fun, that's all.

RUTH—I don't see how you can do such things. Who is this other man?

MOLLY—Er, well, er—James. James is anxious to marry me. He's much more man than your "Mr. Palmer." James is a—

RUTH—James? Why James and I are going to be married next week!

MOLLY—Really now you can't say that, that's impossible, he's going to marry me I assure you.

RUTH—Heavens! He's

SCENE III—On a Street.
Time: Evening

MOLLY—I'm so glad to see you, James. Is it true that you're going to marry Ruth next week?

WARD—Yes, those are your plans.

MOLLY—Then everything is settled, all the arrangements prepared and so forth?

WARD—Certainly, every detail is fully settled, this is an important event in my life.

MOLLY—You're a handsome man, James.

WARD—Thank you've always said that, Molly.

MOLLY—And I mean it too!

WARD—Well, you're an attractive woman yourself.

MOLLY—It pleases me to hear you say that, James. I think you are so much. But what good is my beauty, when it is fading in the sunshine?

WARD—Well, there's Charlie, he appreciates your beauty and I am sure he doesn't let you become rusty.

MOLLY—What are Charlie to me? He—pst hal ah the man you are?

WARD—He's a good fellow. I've known Charlie five years and always considered him AI among men, and I always thought in female company, too.

MOLLY—He may be a man among men, but not among women.

WARD—I always thought you liked him, Molly.

MOLLY—Well, he was the only available one around and I simply can't stand being alone.

WARD—I know you're very sociable, Molly.

MOLLY—How do you know? Maybe never escorted me anywhere and goodness knows you's has countless opportunities.

WARD—I let my chances slip away, eh, Molly?

MOLLY—There are opportunities now if you care to use them.

WARD—What do you mean?

MOLLY—Well, I'd be willing to go someplace with you.

WARD—Don't you realize that I'm going to be married to Ruth next week?, How can you speak like that, Molly?

MOLLY—What's the difference?

WARD—The difference? My dear woman, are you a thoughtless one to talk like that?

MOLLY—You're making a great fuss over very little.

WARD—What, is my coming marriage a minor thing?

MOLLY—No, I didn't say that. I only suggested that even though you're going to be married next week, that is no hindrance in taking me to the dance tonight.

WARD—Take you to the dance? Why you—you—

MOLLY—Listen to me. I know this will sound strange to you and maybe foolish, but I love you. Will you take me to the dance? It's all I ask, nothing more. Just please my vanity, this once, please, won't you?

WARD—Think I am a fool? Good evening, madam!

SCENE IV—On a Piazza Setter.
Time: Next Day.
(Ruth and Ward seated.)

WARD—I tell you, Ruth, and you must believe me. Molly is a monstrous liar. She lied to you!

RUTH—You were seen talking with her last night. Oh, I'm heartbroken; and I trusted in you so fully.

WARD—Ruth, you must believe me, she's a callous liar, an unfeeling cat who goes around troubling people.

RUTH—She spoke so convincingly and then she was seen with you, oh! *(Weeps).*

WARD—You believe her and you don't believe me. Have I ever lied to you, Ruth? Have you ever found me false? Have I ever deceived you? Have I ever been untrue? Speak, tell me, please.

RUTH—No, you haven't.

WARD—Then why do you hold the false words of that creature as being true and my defense as being false? Oh, Ruth, why are you so blind? Why don't you speak to me? Am I terrible to look upon? And our marriage only a week away? Why, oh God, did that woman ever cross our paths?

Ruth, answer me—tell me what to do. Believe in me, Ruth!

RUTH—My heart is broken; I cannot speak.

WARD—Don't you care for me? These years of blessedness which were ours are you going to forget them? Have you forgotten them? Do you think that I have lost my integrity?

Ruth, how long is this nonsense going to last? Speak to me, please. Is truth dead? Why must I suffer thus? Look, Ruth, on my bended knee I look that I have been faithful to you before God—

RUTH—But Molly said—

WARD—This is not the first time that Molly has been known to lie. Didn't she ever lie to you indeed? Has she always been honest and sincere?

RUTH—She has lied but—

WARD—Why that? do you think she is telling the truth this time?

RUTH—I don't know what to say.

WARD—I know what to say. Believe me and ignore Molly; she is your enemy. I am your friend. I love you Ruth. Do you love me?

RUTH—Why yes, I do, but—

WARD—But why? Are you still influenced by the lying words of a jealous woman? Believe me Ruth, please believe me.

RUTH—Why should she be jealous of me?

(Enter messenger.)

MESS—Telegram for Miss Ruth Adams.

RUTH—Here, let me have it, please.

(Reads) "Ruth: Got married to Charles this morning. Honeymoon in west. Love, Molly."

RUTH—Kiss me, James.

WARD—Eh? kiss?

RUTH—Hurry you darling, don't be so slow!

WARD—Who's slow?

(Embrace.)

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The MAN IN THE GREEN COAT

by Gertrude M. Horgan, J., '41

Have you ever written a short story, my friends? No? Then I perceive that you have yet to experience those attacks of madness, of fruitless endeavor, which drive many an embryonic author to a saner line of life-work. And, since you have never written a short story, ah, fortunate mortal, indeed, you have not been forced to remain awake at night, wracking your brain in search of an unusual plot. Since you are still happy, carefree, and in full possession of your senses, you will form an appreciative audience for the relation of an experience of mine. Read, and know of the fate which lies in store for you, should you decide to forsake your happy home, and join the vast army of literary recruits.

A few nights ago I received an assignment to write an article for a magazine. This fortunate order came to me, not because of my ability in the field of art, government, or science, but merely because the editor wished to fill the space with some harmless article, not distinguishable for its brilliance, not commendable for its originality. It so happened that I had been working with more than my accustomed fervor for the past week on an essay, which, I hoped, would mark the turning point in my literary life. I spent the evening pondering over an approach to the subject of my article, but inspiration failed me. Finally, about twelve o'clock, I decided to take a stroll, in the hope that the night air would cool my brain and give me some fresh ideas.

When I came out of the house I noted that the night was exceptionally dark, with neither moon nor stars in sight. I sauntered down Pearl Street, my mind an absolute blank. About a block from the City Hall, I noticed that rain was beginning to fall. I thought, what a grand night for a murder. Just then I saw a man come out of a dilapidated-looking tenement across the street, and pass under the light of a street lamp. I gasped. He was an evil-looking man, with his piercing black eyes and a drooping mustache. But what immediately caught my attention even more than his face was the astonishing green color of the coat he was wearing. You have seen the ocean when the sun is shining brightly, no doubt. That was the color of this distinctive green overcoat which shone even in the dark. The man in the green coat looked around him in what I thought was a furtive manner, then hurried across Pearl Street and down Beach Avenue, the main thoroughfare. My curiosity was aroused more by the shade of the coat than by the sinister face of the man. Scarcely thinking of what I was doing, I followed him. Where was he bound for? Perhaps he would supply me with the idea for a story.

I followed a few yards to the rear as the object of my interest hurried along the brightly lighted street. Fancying myself as a Sherlock Holmes, I turned my coat collar up to meet the down-turned brim of my ancient fedora. I thought that this man might well be a desperate character, and there was no sense in taking a chance of losing my life, although the insurance might console my wife. Once the man ahead stepped into a doorway to light a cigar, but I, being a devotee of Edgar Wallace, knew that he was looking for possible pursuers. So, very slyly, and with the agility of a sprinter, I too stepped into a store entry and waited for the pursued to reappear.

The chase continued like a fox hunt, with the man the quarry and I the faithful hound. The route went around corners, down side streets, through a poor section of the city, until we reached Dudley Street. The pace slowed down and I was able to catch my breath. One can't train on cream puffs and raspberry tarts for years, and then expect to do the mile in ten seconds flat. In front of Childs' restaurant the villain (I was already calling him that) paused to gaze hungrily at the tempting delicacies displayed in the showcase. With seeming reluctance, he tore himself away and continued on his route. I, in my turn, stopped before the window and feasted my eyes upon the roast beef and gravy dinner. I fingered the coins in my pocket and started to enter before I realized that I was pursuing some desperate criminal. Should I eat or trail him? All the pangs of hunger tormented me, pleading for an appetizing meal, but the forces of duty and curiosity prevailed. I hurried on, in pursuit of that rapidly disappearing figure.

Where was the man going? Then, my question seemed to answer itself, for the suspect paused before the elevated terminal, looked around him, and then entered the structure. What was the fiend up to? I followed him into the terminal with reluctant feet. Then my heart gave a fearful jump. Had he evaded me at last? Just as I glimpse of that green overcoat disappearing up the stairs marked was giving up hope, I caught a Exit. Hm, I thought to myself, that's a bad sign, going up the exit side to avoid paying a fare in the slot machine. Though I am always an abiding citizen, I made an exception in this case, and began to ascend the same stairs. At the top, I was panting heavily, but it was all in a good cause. I stepped behind the nearest pillar, for there was the man in front of me, his back turned, while he watched the other side of the platform intently.

There was not a soul but the two of us. With my eyes nearly starting out of my head, I kept watch from behind my pillar. The man in the green coat was acting very deliberately. He sized up the appearance of the station and then opened the cover of a tool box near the pillar behind which I was hiding, my nerves trembling. From the box he took a heavy pick and came in the direction of my hiding place. I was bathed in perspiration. What had I ever done to deserve such a death? Had I made my last will and testament according to the directions given by the Good Will Court? Oh, what would my poor Minnie say when she read the terrible news in the tabloids? I could visualize the headlines. *BRAVE AUTHOR SLAIN BY KILLER. PICK SLAYER KILLS FIFTH VICTIM. SUBWAY MURDER BAFFLES POLICE.* I closed my eyes and waited for the blow of the pick. I waited and I waited and I waited, but nothing happened. Cautiously opening one eye, I peered around the edge of the pillar.

The man had turned to the elevated pit. From his pocket he drew an object wrapped in brown paper. With a look of fiendish delight, he took the wrapping off and disclosed a small round object with what looked like a fuse on top of it. Then I knew what he was; an anarchist, about to blow up the elevated terminal. What could I do? He must be armed, and he outweighed me by at least fifty pounds. My only hope was a speedy rescue; the police station. His back was turned. I must go for aid, before he placed the bomb.

Quickly I slipped from behind the pillar and ran down the exit stairs. My heart was beating madly. I could feel the blood pounding through my throbbing veins. Would I reach the police station in the next block and summon aid before the terminal was blown to bits? Down the street I ran, puffing like the exhaust of an ancient Ford. When it seemed that I must drop from sheer exhaustion, I saw the welcome blue light ahead. Up the steps I leaped, and into the station house. A lieutenant was dozing in the desk chair. I banged on the desk, and finally had to shake him to arouse him. He sprang up, seized his service gun, and prepared to shoot me. With alacrity, I fell under the desk and shouted, "Help." By this time he was thoroughly awake, and he pulled me from my refuge.

"What do you mean by coming in here and waking me up as though there was a fire?" he bellowed at me.

I protested my innocence of any evil intent, and gasped, "You must come with me at once. There's an anarchist up in the elevated terminal with a bomb, trying to blow up the place. There's no time to be lost."

The lieutenant smiled at my fears, suspecting me of imbibing too freely of soft drinks. But when I persisted almost tearfully in my story, he said indulgently, "Well, it won't do any harm to take a look. These anarchists are always doing something crazy. Murphy, Flanagan, Cohen, get the riot squad out, call the patrol wagon. We have an emergency call to make."

Events moved with startling swiftness after that. The next minute I found myself on the front seat of the patrol wagon, careening madly down the street. Before I could catch my breath, we pulled up at the elevated terminal. I breathed a sigh of relief. We had arrived in time. Then I took command of the party. (Wasn't I the president of my class in college?) I turned to the lieutenant as the members of the riot squad gathered around us.

"We will go up the exit stairs," I explained. "He is probably in the pit now, setting the fuse. Some of you go up to the other end of the station, in case he tries to escape from that end. Watch him carefully; he's a dangerous man."

Silently we crept up the stairs. The night was still dark and cold, but I was even colder. An icy fear clutched at my heart. Chills shot up and down my spine. Why did I have such a sense of duty? In the elevated structure, which was still empty of passengers, we took our places behind conveniently placed pillars. Where was the fiend? Had he escaped? Just then I saw the flicker of a flashlight down the pit. A pencil ray of light pierced the gloom of the station. Yes, it was the man in the green overcoat, and he carried the black bomb in his hand. I seized the lieutenant's arm.

"There he is now, and he's still carrying the bomb, looking for a good place to put it," I whispered in his ear.

The policeman nodded, and his lips drew together in a thin line. Suddenly the man came up to the pit's edge, and headed toward the tool chest, carrying the bomb. He must be going to adjust it, and the tool box would be the place to do that. The lieutenant looked at me, and raised his eyebrows in an expressive gesture. Now for it.

In a hoarse voice the officer shouted, "All right, you in the green coat. Put up your hands. You're covered, so don't try any tricks. Flanagan, go out and take that bomb away from him, and be careful. I'll keep him covered."

Flanagan strode out to the man who had obediently elevated his arms, and stood looking about in bewilderment. Gingerly, the policeman took the black object and put it in a pail of water near the tool chest. Then we all emerged from our hiding places.

The lieutenant walked up to the blackguard and said belligerently, "What, you murdering devil, what have you got to say for yourself? Trying to blow up the place, were you?"

The man looked more bewildered than ever. But I knew his type. The more innocent they acted, I figured, the more guilty they were.

I walked over to him, folded my arms and said, just as Philo Vance would have done, "Hrrmph, don't look so innocent. We know you for what you are. I trailed you here and brought the police. What were you doing with that bomb when you were in the pit?"

I pointed toward the ominous-looking black object floating in the water. The man followed the direction of my finger with his piercing dark eyes. Then he burst into a shout of merry laughter.

Turning to the astonished police lieutenant, he said, with a decided Italian accent, "Me verra sorry, Mister Policemans, for thissa mistake. Me, I'm no anarchista, what you call heem. No sirra, me worka for the elevated company. My name, he issa Nicolo Angelo. My number, he issa 1234."

Flipping back the lapel of the atrocious green overcoat, he proudly showed his official elevated worker's badge, with the number 1234 on it. Then he continued, teeth flashing in a broad smile as he pointed to me. "Thissa guy, I seea him followa me, and I tink he issa robber, so I runna downa da side streets and da alleys, but he keeps on follow me. Me, I worka da night here, fixa da tracks. That, what you calla da bomb, he issa spray, what I oil da tracks with. I wassa goin' to spray dissa guy with da oil if he try to hold me up in da station. Me, I'm no anarchista, no sir. I'm Americana, one hundreda per centa, you beta my life."

There was a dead silence when Nicolo finished his statement. Then, as though at a given signal, the eyes of all the policemen turned on me. Their stares burned holes in my humiliated flesh. I felt extremely weak. Who wouldn't, after bringing the riot squad out on a cold night, to make fools of them?

"Er," I murmured in a faint voice, "I guess I'll be going. See you all some other time."

And I rushed down the stairs as fast as I could. Never do I want to see a man in a green overcoat again. I am likely to commit justifiable homicide at the mention of the word "anarchist." If anyone as much as mentions a *bomb* in my presence, I go positively berserk, and my Minnie can't understand my temperamental outbursts. So, you see, my friend, if you have so far escaped the fatal lure of authorship, stay away from it. You may be saved the expense of sending good cigars to a riot squad, and buying several tickets for the policemen's ball each year.

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