

Journal II
by
Gleason L. Archer

Covering the Suffolk Law School
years from 1920 to 1931

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
BOSTON
ARCHIVES

Journal II

Gleason L. Archer

Begun December 19, 1920

Ended February 13, 1931

December 19, 1920

I am beginning this Journal in the midst of the most strenuous campaign that I have ever waged for Suffolk Law School. Our great building project is drawing rapidly to a climax - a climax that will affect my future in a manner beyond present calculation. If I fail to secure adequate financial support (and the chances are ten to one that I will fail) it will be many years of hardship and struggle with overwhelming debts. If I succeed the victory will be correspondingly great.

Tomorrow I expect to test fate once more. Although I have failed more than a score of times already when hopes were as bright as the one of tomorrow, yet tomorrow is a new day and ones success will efface the score of defeats - so here is to the coming day.

At the beginning of the first Journal I described my household. No such elaborate description is now essential. But changes have been wrought in three years. These changes I will briefly set forth.

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I am now forty years of age. My hair is iron gray and is perceptibly thinner than it was a year ago. I am not so heavy as I was three years ago but the difference is only four pounds. I now weigh 176 pounds.

Other than this there is little change unless we consider those intangible qualities of soul that God alone can measure. I am not sure, but I think I have grown in humility of spirit, for three years of battling with life - especially the past eight months of that battle - have taught me to know my own limitations and imperfections as never before. Only by consistent prayer and effort have I maintained my ground on the battle line - and I am weary indeed but can never be weary enough to quit the fight.

Elizabeth, my darling wife, is still fresh and blooming and youthful. She weighs 155 pounds in spite of three years of endeavor to "reduce." She is still as devoted to her church as three years ago (Temple Street Methodist). She teaches class in Sunday school and has a class of foreign girls that meet at

Allan	5 ft 1 1/2 - 96
Marion	4 ft 8 - 67
Jr	3 ft 8 - 43 1/2

The Community House on Wednesday evenings.

As a wife and mother she has grown dearer every year. In three strenuous days when I am so burdened with care and anxiety it is her love and faith that helps to steady me in my onward way. God bless her.

My financial problems have not lessened. On the contrary, they have increased in complexity. A month ago bankers and others were postponing decisions on our load until after Thanksgiving. Lately it has been until after the Christmas holidays. This week the excuse will doubtless be "until after the first of the year." Thus it goes and I am fighting with my back to the wall, still refusing to believe that the way will not be miraculously open, or that in some manner "the worst will turn best for the brave."

The plasterers have given me a great deal of trouble for they have no money of financial credit and cannot meet their payroll. I advanced \$1000 to them to pay their men Friday. Many firms who have supplied us with materials or have preformed services under sub-contracts are clamoring for money but no ominous threats have yet been made. I have apportioned the small advances from the bank in what seemed to me the wisest manner. I have given several notes and am negotiating for the sale of used lumber to some of them on account.

Today's Boston Advertiser (Sunday Edition) had a feature story about members of the Legislation who are studying law in Suffolk Law School. They also had photographs of three legislators and a view of the Dern Street elevation of the new building.

Friday, Dec 28, 1920

Mr. Rush's broker friend with N.Y. connections and who was so sure that he could handle the proposition has fallen down, so we have no more to hope for in that direction.

Mr. Mason, the broker who talked so hopefully of his firm buying a first mortgage bond issue, has not yet made a definite move. My chief remaining hope lies here and it will be a serious blow if he fails me.

Today I got after WR Evans Jr. to help reach one of the banks (Provident Institution for Savings) that has already turned us down. He will try to make an appointment tomorrow or next day.

Mr. Spillane reports that Colonel Logan is working on the loan for us and will have a report in a few days.

Work is going forward well in the building. I have let all contracts except the floors in the apartments and the erection of the theatre marquise.

Thursday, Dec 30, 1920

Louis Spillane reports that Col. Logan has failed thus far but will try again. Mr. Rush has apparently gotten to the end of his possibilities. The only hopeful development of the last two days is the fact that Mr. Nason has written to JM Swift to say that he will take up our matter the first of next week.

Nothing has transpired in the sale of 45 M5. Vernon Street.

Troubles are certainly thick just now but I am trying to keep a level head through them all. Our creditors are of course clamoring for money, but I am denying some and paying small amounts here and there where the need is greatest. My financial resources are so slender that the slightest error in apportioning the fund would shipwreck the building programme. When I receive

an advance from the bank I study my situation carefully and decide how much is to go this firm and to that. My belief is that it is far better for a firm to be refused money than to pay at the risk of stopping work on the building. Those firms that are supplying us with materials must be kept in good humor or they might refuse credit when it is necessary.

I have sold the used lumbar to Joseph Lemay for \$250 to apply on his bonus of \$500, which I promised some time ago. Today I sold the putlogs for \$150, although the manufacturer, if he had taken them back as agreed would have paid only \$116 for them.

I have close two important contracts within a week, one for the finish of the building and the other for the floors of the apartments. In each case I told the dealers our exact situation and they have had no hesitancy about it. Several small contracts have also been entered into.

The painting, marquise and one or two small matters still remain to be taken care of.

January 1, 1921

I am not turning over a new leaf this New Year's Day, for the old leaf of problems and perplexities is still unfinished. The old year has ended - a year glorious with achievement and upward striving even though the goal has not yet been gained. The varied experiences of the last twelve months have undoubtedly fortified me against perilous days that may be in my pathway. But they have brought about, I feel, a change in my inner life - a new seriousness and a new appraisalment of my own very limited powers. I am quite despondent at times when I realize how far I fall short of my ideals of life - how superficial is my thought life in all respects save that relating to my school and building problems.

My success, such as it is, has been due to the indulgence of a very Merciful Father who has overlooked my unworthiness and granted my prayers even though in justice they should probably have been denied. Possibly this is God's plan - to utilize the imperfect instrument where no perfect one is available - in the furtherance of a cause, to forget the unworthiness of the standard bearer.

God only knows how I have prayed and laid awake nights and have worked long hours to put through this building venture. How cheerfully I could put aside life's burdens if there were not imperative duties to my loved ones and to Suffolk Law School to keep me to my tasks. The applause of men has no special appeal to me, even though it were possible to win such applause in large measure. Praise is empty and not the stuff upon which spiritual growth can find sustenance.

I took Elizabeth, Mother S. and Marion over to the new building today. The watchman was so sound asleep in the noisy boiler room that I could not rouse him, so was obliged to enter a window. Before leaving the building I went down to the boiler room and found the watchman sleeping like a log. After inspecting things and blowing out his lantern, I wrote "Happy New Year" on a card and stuck it into the lantern. He will doubtless be mystified then he sees it.



In the afternoon I went to the farm. The house was in splendid condition - no signs of rats or mice. The wind had thrown down the pergola on the bungalow grounds and gotten the doors of the two outbuildings off the hinges.

Jan 3, 1921

Troubles unending! The plasterers are out on a strike all over the city. It was rumored some time ago that the trade unions were going on a general strike January 1st, but I never thought that they would be foolish enough to do it. The lathers are still working likewise all others on our force.

The brokers, HL Nason and Co visited the building today. They were not at all enthusiastic. When we parted, they called for figures of the school's ability to handle so large a proposition. I prepared a table showing the total and net earnings of the school through a period of years - its net earning this year and probable income next year. This result I took to their office in person and talked with Mr. Hurlbert of the firm - making a distinct gain in his direction I think.

Last Wednesday I started a plan for some publicity. We have in the school an Indian of Pequot tribe, Nelson Simonds, by name. He has been out of work for some time. In order to help him, I suggested that he prepare a lecture on "Colonial days from the standpoint of the Indian." In order that this be more of an attraction to the public, I suggested that he go home to his tribe and get selected as "chief." Today Simonds returned a full-fledged Chief. I am setting him at work to collect data for his lectures and shall try to get him lots of publicity for them.

Speaking of elections, I was myself unanimously elected a trustee of the 1st Methodist Church at a meeting of the quarterly conference tonight - that in spite of my prior refusal to serve. Well, I shall accept in order to shake up some

of the dry bones in that organization, although I do not relish taking on any more responsibility just now.

January 4, 1920

A busy day. Plasterers still absent from the building. A second interview with Hr. Huilburt has helped matters along. Heard a rumor today that the State was considering taking our new building for an extension. This was conveyed to me by a newspaper reporter who called me by telephone to ascertain the facts. I told him there was no truth in the matter as far as I knew.

January 5th 1920

This forenoon I selected the electric fixtures for our new building and held various conferences on school matters. The strike is still on, so far as the plasterers are concerned. This evening we started a special course on "Mass. Income Tax Laws," given by Irving L. Shaw the head of the State Income Tax Department. About forty are in attendance. I am much pleased at the outlook of the course.

This evening at 8 PM I attended a meeting of the Trustees of the church (to which I was elected Monday) and was made temporary chairman. We held a very interesting meeting.

January 6, 1921

I scarcely dare credit the news, but Mr. Nason told me tonight that the thing looked good to his firm and that he would talk with Mr. Swift and me tomorrow. If the long agony is soon to be over it will come none too soon for I fear that I am very near a nervous breakdown.

The matter of sale of 45 Mt. Vernon Street still holds fire although Mr. Sheet's office feels that a sale to the Gil Company is pretty certain in a short time. The plasterers are still on strike.

January 7, 1921

There seems to be no end to the delays that lie in wait for our mortgage proposition. Mr. Nason's office telephoned today that because of illness Mr. Nason would be unable to take up the matter today.

I heard today that the plasterers were offering to return to the old rates, but that the contractors association were trying to reduce the overtime proposition of double time to time and one half.

Baby Gleason is fast drawing away from babyhood. He is already developing marked individuality. Yesterday he told his grandmother the Pied Piper of Hamelin story with these variations. The piper, he said, played "Jesus loves me - this I know for the Bible tells me so" and that the rats followed him into the "Childs River" (Charles River). He also declared that not all of the children followed the piper on his fatal excursion of a later date, but that one cut his foot on a stone and got all bloody and went home to its mother. She kissed it and said "Poor Fing".

He uses a great deal of license in dealing with the old fables he has heard and changes are usually surprisingly good. Not long ago, he asked me to tell him a story and teased so hard that I finally left what I was doing and sat down beside him on the sofa, proposing that I would tell him a story if he would tell me one. He agreed and when his turn came he gave me a new version of Red Riding Hood. In his story the wolf knocked at the door but grandma refused to admit him unless he would promise to be good. This he promised and the wolf, grandma and the little girl had a nice "picknic" which is certainly an improvement over the bloody yarn of old.

Saturday, January 8, 1921

Another week of weary anxiety has closed and no definite word has been spoken, either on the building loan or the sale of 45 Mt. Vernon Street. My thoughts, both waking and sleeping, are battling with these problems until life revolves around them. Daily I am called upon by creditors whom I cannot pay. I explain the situation and they are invariably kind. But every passing week makes my position more desperate. How long my physical strength can bear up under the strain of worry, hard work and loss of sleep, I do not know, but life is about as dark for me as it has ever been. Every week for two months I have thought was the black hour before dawn - but dawn has not come - One hope succeeds another, each as will o' the wisp like as the first, disappearing as it ever seems within my grasp. I am left in the darkness, the only glimmer of bright light being my determination to carry the burden as far as it is humanly possible to carry it.

And really as I survey the whole matter I have accomplished three hundred fold of what I had believed possible one month ago. If anyone had told me that I could stall off the evil day and keep the pay roll running until the 8th of January without a solution of the financial crisis in the meantime I would not have believed him. As it is I shall be able I think to get the school part of the building ready for occupancy before the deluge engulfs me. I am pessimistic as to a settlement of the matter on a satisfactory basis. If the brokers do offer us anything it will probably be on such highway-robber terms that it will be a very joyless deliverance. But it would be in keeping with endless disappointments of the past few months if they ended with some excuse as to the hard times and their inability to raise so much money.

Men say to me frequently "What a monument you have erected!" and I say "Yes and by the way things are going I sometimes feel I shall need the monument by the time it is completed."

Jan 10, 1921

Well, there is nothing yet from the brokers except that some doubt has been cast upon their ability to handle the proposition. Mr. Nason telephoned Mr. Swift Saturday night that he might have to have another brokerage firm come in on it. This probably means the preparation of an alibi, for no other brokerage firm is likely to be found. I have very little hope for a successful termination in their direction - or for that fact, in any other. Three months of anxious endeavor have

brought nothing tangible - nothing to show for the time and energy except a long trial of blasted hopes. The same is true of the sale of 45 Mt. Vernon Street. The plasterers are still out and the rumor is that all the trades will walk out "in sympathy" on Thursday.

But I shall win this fight yet. I am used to blank prospects and endless disappointments with victory in the end.

Tuesday, Jan 11, 1921

A disheartening day. The long drawn-out uncertainty about the oil company purchasing the building at 45 Mt. Vernon Street has now been settled - and they have fallen down! Mr. Swift and I held a long conference with the brokers today. As I feared they will be unable to take on the bond issue. There are some complications due to the fact that the bonds would be taxable in Massachusetts. Mr. Nason is considering several alternative propositions, including the second mortgage bonds, a note or stock issue on Theatre.

No news from the plasterers yet.

Wednesday, Jan 12, 1921

Nearer the verge of despair today than I have been for a long time. For nearly a week I have been laboring under a heavy cold. Last Sunday I was sick a bit but since then it has fluctuated. This afternoon I quit work for a couple of hours but a tangle in the work at the building made it necessary to get into the harness again.

I have decided to take charge of the plastering (having given the sub contractor notice last Friday that I should do so after today unless the strike were settled) and expect to have men on the job by tomorrow.

To night I had an adventure in the Boston Transcript with reads as follows:

It is a desperate expedient in which I have very little faith. Exams tonight and a very tedious evening one man tarrying until after 10 P.M. having come in late. I was on duty until the close.

FIRST MORTGAGE WANTED

By a well-known Boston Institution, a \$250,000 first mortgage loan on a \$500,000 property adjacent to the heart of the business district. A \$400,000 fireproof building is just being completed. Willing to pay any reasonable rate of interest. Address M.W.K. Transcript, Boston 9.

Thursday, Jan 13, 1921

One of the most strenuous days of the year for me. I was at the building at 8 A.M. but the plasterers did not appear. Later in the forenoon the foreman plasterer and the plasterers' delegate Mr. Hobbs called. We had a lively session, finally ending in an agreement to pay the union \$301, on Nicholson and Cathcart account for an alleged "waiting time bill." Later the delegate returned with Mr. Nicholson and we had a second lively session. Mr. Nicholson was inclined to

make trouble but I advised him if he blocked my efforts to continue the work his firm would be liable in damages. A real estate man called to look over the building for the Chandler School of Secretarial Science. There was a steady stream of conferences until noon, ending with a call from the Principal of the Chandler School. After dinner there were tangles at the building. Registration of new students, a second call from Nicholson, numerous other conferences at the office and building filled up a large part of the afternoon. Then the strike committee of labor delegates waited on me and we had an exciting meeting. They wanted to know the real situation of Nicholson and Cathcart's contract. I convinced them I was really clear of obligations - that the firm had received all the payments they were entitled to. They finally declared that our work could resume next week. Whereupon I told them that my agreement to pay \$1.25 per hour was based upon an express provision that we should have the third floor completed by tomorrow night so the plaster could dry over Sunday and unless the men could go to work tomorrow morning I should call the whole thing off. I made them quite a speech on the subject and when it was over they voted to agree to my demands. There was one fat German delegate with whom I evidently made a great hit for he shook hands with me three times before leaving.

After that I held several conferences at the building - hired a man to wash windows at 15 cents each - hired a painter to begin work in the morning. Then I visited the market for wife, called at the Transcript office and to my surprise and delight found that I already had two answers to my advertisement. I hurried back to the office for it was almost five o'clock. By great good luck I reached both of them by telephone and made appointments with them for tomorrow morning. I forgot to say the Mr. Swift and I have an appointment with Mr. Nason for 1 P.M. tomorrow.

Exams again tonight.

January 14, 1921

Another exceedingly busy day. Met by appointment at 8:30 one of the men who answered the advertisement. He is an architect by the name of Dow who claims to have financial connections in New York City. He offered to take our cause to them, but would need some money for expenses for the trip. Of course I did not take kindly to such a proposal.

The plasterers started work today; likewise the painter. I am much pleased at the progress made.

This being pay day I was put to it to get out my pay roll, so was unable to meet the second man who answered my ad, so postponed the interview until tomorrow.

Mr. Swift and I held a long conversation with H. L. Nason & Company. We have decided to form a voluntary association or holding company for the new building in order to meet one of the difficulties by securing tax exemption for a bond issue. This will mean that we must pay taxes on the building - a heavy expense, but there seems no other way.

Mr. Nason says that he wishes two other houses to come in with him on it and if they are agreeable he will take the entire issue (\$300,000) and turn over to us \$270,000 in cash.

The trustees of the 1st Church held a meeting at the Wesleyan House, which I attended, riding back with Tev. Dr. Johnson at 5 P.M.
Exams in the evening.

Saturday, January 15, 1921

It seems that I won a greater victory on Thursday than I realized. The fat German that I mentioned as having shaken hands with me three times after my talk to the strike committee is no a German at all but a Scotchman, and International Vice President of the Trades Council.

I have learned also that this is the first instance when the same crew were allowed to return to a job and work for the owner when they could not work for the sub contractor because of a strike. The precedent this established has today caused a fight in the labor councils. A similar case arose in Fall River and the assembly voted to deny the same right. It is now being reconsidered and my informant Mr. Dobbs (the plasterers delegate with whom I seem to have made a great hit says that a proposal was made to reverse the strike committee's action in our case - but nothing can be done to injure us. It was therefore a piece of marvelous good fortune that forces the committee to decide to allow the men to return Friday. For had the thing come up at the meeting today it would have failed.

Mr. Swift said to me today, "I hope you are keeping a diary, so that you can write this all up some day."

Hard as the situation has been for me in the past, I now face the most difficult situation of all. There is to be a general strike of all trades, beginning next Thursday. The Employers Association has not only refused the increase demanded by the men but issued a new wage scale calling for a 10% reduction to begin Thursday.

The President of the Building Trades Council is John Carroll the very man who pulled the "Sympathetic Strike" on us last summer (I was today informed by Mr. Dobbs that Carroll has now come to regard me very highly, in spite of our clash last summer). Carroll loves a scrap and there will be one of the greatest labor wars in the history of Boston.

I have a new theory on this point that vitally concerns us. Our sub-contractors figured our contracts on the present wage scale - they now promulgate a lower rate and precipitate a strike - thus be their voluntary acts they have made it impossible to complete our work. I believe this renders them or the Employees association liable to us for damages. I propounded this to Mr. Swift today and he agrees with me that there is something in it.

Of course I shall make the biggest fight possible to continue our work to a finish of the building. Shall take over all sub-contracts that in any way hinder our progress, on the theory that when breach occurs it is our duty to mitigate damages by completing the work in the best way possible.

I have made the most fortunate beginning with the Unions. Delegate Dobbs came in for an hour talk with me this evening and I sent word through him that I was planning to take over all contacts and pay the present wage scale.

While I believe it is for the best interests of the public that wages come down, yet I see no reason why Suffolk Law School should be made a victim in the fight if there is any honorable way out that will leave the real issue to be fought between the Unions and the employers association. But it will require tact and firmness to accomplish it.

This afternoon I had an hour of heated debate with Nicholson and Cathcart. They are trying to force me to pay them fifteen hundred dollars to quit the job, but I refused and reasoned with them, met threats with defiance and finally sent them away in a friendly mood.

Mr. Cathcart said in going out, "Well, old man, we couldn't put it over on you, could we?"

Monday, January 17, 1921

I had a very ill turn this morning - intestinal disturbance. Knowing that I was about to faint I left the bathroom and made a staggering progress to my study bed everything going dark around. I reached the bed and my dear wife came hurrying after me and was greatly alarmed at my apparent demise. However she was a widow for only a minute. I came out of it, but it was ten o'clock before I was able to go down to the building.

Since then I have gained in strength and tonight feel almost normal again.

The day has brought no change in affairs except that I have come to an understanding with some of the sub-contractors as to procedure in case of a strike. The plasterers have done excellent work today. I have some hope that the strike will not occur, for I believe the employers association will pay the present wage scale if they can have a year's contract with the unions.

Today also I began operations in behalf of Big Chief and publicity. I called the Boston Herald (Sunday Editor) and the result was that the feature writer Miss Ellam will come for an interview with Mr. Simmons and Miss Vaughn has already been here. She and a photographer called this afternoon, and I suppose her story will be tomorrow's Traveler. Miss Ellam will write for the Sunday Herald.

The last exam of the first semester occurred tonight.

Gleason Jr. walked on the Common with his mother this afternoon. In the course of his walk he espied the moon and became greatly excited. "My gracious, Mama," he cried, "the moon is broked." She smilingly agreed the half moon did look as though it were broken. She asked him what he supposed could have happened. "It couldn't have been a star that runned into it. Stars don't move. Oh I know - it was an aeroplane."

He finally concluded that the aeroplane man would take back the broken piece and mend the moon. When the little chap next sees the full moon he will be sure that the man has mended it.

Wednesday, Jan 19, 1921

Yet another disaster! HL Nason Co. notified Mr. Swift today that they could not handle the loan. We are now about as near a solution to our problem as we seemed to be three months ago - except then there were many hopeful prospects and we had not learned from hard experience the world of disappointments that lurked behind the rosy mist of hope.

A real estate broker called at 1:30 and waited for a client who wished to purchase 45 Mt. Vernon Street. His client came not but telephoned that he had changed his mind.

At 2:30 (Mr. Swift as already indicated having heard that Nason (his last hope) has given up the fight.) I went Leo Spillane to interview Alvan T. Tuller the new Lieutenant Governor to see if we could interest him in our loan. He had a grand alibi - was to leave for Fall River in half an hour or so. My progress was of course slight, but he did express some interest. I am to write to him and also to see him again.

When I returned to the new building I found Mr. Boyuton there, also one of the contractors as well as a committee of strikers - all wishing to see me. Having disposed of all I accompanied Mr. Boyuton to the Tremont Trust Co. in the hope of seeing Simon Sing.

By good fortune we saw him and has a very interesting interview. He suggests raising the needed money by small notes from various banks and individuals. When dedication time comes he thinks we will be able to raise he thinks we will be able to raise quite a fund in donation or loans.

This evening I wrote to John J. Martin of the Exchange Trust Co. about suggesting a broker to place a seventy thousand dollar loan suggesting that we would pay a \$5000 commission. That is a diplomatic move for my hope is that JJM may not let this \$5000 wander from the Exchange Trust Co.

By the way, I have discovered tonight that our bond issue of last winter permits the placing of prior "mortgage or mortgages " thus making possible a second mortgage, which should simplify our problem of raising money.

Chief Simons is attracting quite a bit of attention. A photographer for the Boston Record was here today to photograph him. He was also photographed for the Boston Herald by Bacharach, one of the leading photographers today. I shall get him into the Movie News soon.

Monday, Jan 20, 1921

The day has come and gone without definite developments in our great problem. A broker by the name of Milton C. Burton claims to have a client who will perhaps take our second mortgage but wants to rent our theatre. I told him that we did not favor renting our theatre but would give careful consideration to any reasonable offer.

The strike began today. The steamfitters, plumbers and electricians are off the premises but the plasterers, metal lathers, carpenters and laborers are with us. The work of laying floors in the apartments began today - a very good

Chief Simons was featured in the pictorial section of the Boston Record today - a very good likeness.

School prospects are very bright. An unusually large number of men have registered for the mid-year entering class. I am hoping that during the second week of the new semester we can use our new halls.

Friday, Jan 21, 1921

The worst day in all the awful days since my woes began! There was an hour or two in the afternoon when I abandoned all hope of finishing the building even in part. All efforts to raise a loan of any sort have failed. My exchequer is exhausted. The plumbers, heating men and electricians are of course out, but the unions won't let us finish either of these contracts except by employing a new contractor. I told the committee that we would quit building until after the strike was settled. They were somewhat disturbed over that and we discussed ways of meeting the difficulty. But when they left, it was with the understanding that at a future conference the matter would be taken up again.

For an hour or so after they left I was very much discouraged.

Then a reporter from a credit agency called to look at our financial condition. I was very frank with him, telling him our predicament, with abundant assets, but no way of realizing on them. The effect upon him was curious as well as pleasing. He became very friendly and sympathetic. I took him to the new building. He was much impressed and left, promising to send a second-mortgage broker of his acquaintance to see me soon.

Late in the afternoon Mr. Halloran telephoned that he was planning to go to New York the first of next week and wished for a picture of the building. I called a photographer and made an appointment for tomorrow morning.

The prospect of success is very remote, but so long as I can keep the tide of affairs from engulfing me I shall keep on in the disparate hope that somehow That Heavenly Father who has never before deserted me will still rescue me before all is lost.

But troubles are indeed heavy upon me. The Bank Commissioners agent, Mr. Cushman, is clamoring for the payment of our indebtedness to the Cosmopolitan Trust. I cannot pay until #45 is sold and Mr. Street reports that he has no definite hope.

The stairs contractor is calling insistently for money, also the heating contractor, the clock man, Swift-McMutt and others.

Saturday, Jan 22, 1921

My first duty this morning was to go to the building (8 AM) with the photographer but he had the wrong camera, so promised to return later.

In the morning mail came a letter from Pres. Martin of the Exchange Trust Company - a cordial and friendly letter sending by inviting me to call. Later I talked with Mr. Martin by telephone. He is leaving for Montreal tomorrow but told me to call him Wednesday and he would go with me to the building and see what could be done.

A bad headache developed during the morning - I had been out on errands (one of them with son Allan to the bank this being his thirteenth birthday and his usual money present from his "pa" had to be deposited).

Mr. Swift called to tell me the distressing news that a lawyer representing the stairs contractor was in his office to see whether he should file a lien against the building. The building account is now exhausted so I agreed to pay \$500 from the school account (having already decided to do that and actually having a telephone call in for the contractor at the moment); this smoothing the difficulty.

I called Mr. Cushman at the Cosmopolitan and told him that the only thing I could think of to meet our obligation to him was to convey #45 Mt. Vernon Street to him if he would take it in full extinguishment of our debt (\$36,000) for we have an equity above the first mortgage of more than \$40,000. He side stepped the proposition and very graciously offered to let the matter rest.

My hopes of selling #45 that had dropped well down to the vanishing point took a sudden rise, shortly after my talk with Mr. Cushman. Mr. Barnett, the head of a Jewish organization (fraternal) who had been here ten days ago, called with a committee and went over the building plans. I think we have reason to hope. Mr. Barnett promises to see me next week.

Sunday, Jan 23, 1921

Another week has dawned and January is almost gone. I have ceased to welcome the new weeks as each in its turn the possible week of victory - for victory is now a will-o-the-wisp, receding even farther from my grasp. Months of prayer and struggle have availed nothing except to prolong the heartbreaking struggle - yet that in itself is next best to victory, for every week has brought nearer the day when I can use the new building.

If I were to forecast the future from the angle of today, with its mountain wall of difficulty, the labor war that grows daily more bitter and is tying up three of our important sub-contracts; with the hundreds of failure to secure mortgage money and the faint glimmer of hope still remaining, I should say that we will succeed in making possible the use of our new building for the school itself, although in an unfinished state. I should also set the date of the first lectures at about the middle of February.

I do not see how it is possible to carry the theatre to the point where we can use it, owing to a lack of funds. We may not be able to start earning money with the theatre until next fall - more's the pity.

Of the troubles that confront us as the result of the present horrible state of affairs, the worst is perhaps bad faith on the part of the Exchange Trust Company - and the foreclosure upon our building and the bidding in of the property at so low a figure as to merely cover the loan. Our creditors may resort to bankruptcy proceedings or to the filing of liens against the building. All things considered, we are in a hellish predicament and unless deliverance comes I shall feel that at last my faith in God's leading has been disproved. Surely He would not lead me into such a heartbreaking enterprise. If I am in truth deserted of God in this my year of trial then I shall know that He has found me unworthy of the great prize that my too ambitious hands have sought. But his judgments are righteous and all-wise. I am not so blind that I cannot see my own unworthiness for the great places of life. I am neither a profound scholar, nor of anything beyond ordinary intelligence. Absence of temptation is perhaps

responsible for such mild virtues as I possess. Knowing myself as I do, I am sure that if I were in God's place as a judge of men, I should feel that I have done quite enough for Gleason L. Archer, and that it was time for him to be brought to realize that there were distinct limitations upon what he had a right to aspire to.

I realize now what a frightful mistake I made in undertaking this thing. Many of my friends were against it. My own arrogant faith, my Kaiser Bill delusion that God was with me, is like to prove my undoing. However, that delusion will not leave me even yet. I still come back to it in the silent hours of the night when weary of thought and prayer and anguish of spirit and it comforts me still.

But when I go down for the count and the great referee counts ten - then and there only shall I be sure. Until that hour (and it may come shortly) I shall pray and fight and plead with fate, and go down like a man. Then after it is over and the battle is lost I shall gather up what is left of the wreck and began to build anew. However I can be ruined financially or the physical property of the school can be swept away, yet Suffolk Law School will still live on independent of these things. A crash will injure it, but it will stand as firmly as twelve months ago. It can be held together - that much I am sure God will grant me. I can yet live to see my dear ones independent financially and the school which I have created a strong institution that may live after me. These things assured, I should most willingly quit the scenes of turmoil and soul weariness for the quiet of oblivion.

But it does seem cruelly hard that the day schools can roll up the millions in endowment, that they can receive the most generous of support, while this school that ministers to the friendless and makes men of power of the downtrodden must go down in defeat - unable to secure endowment or even loans upon assets of great worth. But God's will be done - He knows the reason - I can only guess. Justice moves slowly. Progress is measure in centuries and not in the life of any one man.

Monday, Jan 24, 1921

Another hope has followed the long procession of those dead hopes of other weeks. Mr. Barnett the head of the Jewish labor organization called today and told me that his organization would like to buy our building at #45 but could not do it on a cash basis. This is of course the only basis upon which I can work.

I was awake several times last night battling mentally with many problems. It is a source of wonder even to me that my health bears up under the stress of this dreadful nightmare in which I live. I was obliged to sign a note for the roofing contractor today.

I am living from day to day - meeting my problems to the best of my ability but deep in my heart the conviction is growing that fate has marked me for slaughter - that there is no escape. I am not afraid. I have even gone over mentally what statement I shall make to the newspapers when the crash comes. There is one grain of comfort in the situation - I have steadily refused to permit my dear wife to loan any of her money to the school during the campaign. She has several thousand dollars in the savings banks that may be an anchor if my assets are swept away.

Another broker has started work on our case, but I regard work in Boston as profitless and of no account whatsoever. Mr. Halloran is in New York working on the matter, but I cherish no delusions as to the outcome.

I started the bar review in Torts tonight with a full attendance of seniors.

Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1921

Before the events of the day cast again the black shadow over my spirit I will record one cheerful morning thought. The new building presents to the eye a truly majestic picture - so different from what would have been presented had I quit the fight when it was a mere roofless thing of walls and gaping masonry. For this I thank God. It so lessens the bitterness of a possible defeat. If every pedestrian that passed our way could point to the half completed structure as an evidence of Suffolk Law School's failure it would injure the school most cruelly. But now, no man can stand before it without increased respect for the school whose names is chiseled across its great white forehead. But now if I fail I must, the great building strike is an excuse that all people can understand.

While I was writing the above, Joe called from the building to say that he was sending a workman to me to be paid off - No.41, whom he had just "fired" for being absent from work for two days. When he arrived I found that it was a young fellow who had been twice injured on the job and whom I had befriended before. He had then confided to me that he was engaged and hoped to be married soon. So when he told me, very sadly that his absence Saturday and Monday was due to the fact that he had been sick, while absence on the previous Saturday was due to his marriage on that day, I decided that it was a case of mercy rather than harshness. I took him down to the building and appealed to Joe. The latter had somewhat of a grudge against the man. He had been saucy to "Fed" the labor foreman and had talked when he should have worked. We called the culprit before us and he made a rather lame defense. Joe was hard hearted and declined to take him back unless I insisted. So I was obliged to insist, thereby making our poor cuss happy. I told him



he must make good for I would not take his part again. Joe told me afterward that it was lucky for the job that I wasn't there to hear all the hard luck stories that he heard, or we would have a building full of laborers. I am not sure but Joe is right.

My forenoon was a very difficult one for I had a long session at labor headquarters with the strike committee. They refused to life the band from our plumbing, heating and lighting contracts.

At noon however the tide turned and my gloom was somewhat relieved. Mr. O'Hara, the broker added to our quest a few days ago (introduced by Mr.

Marrin the reporter of the credit agency) had put in a call for me. Upon my calling him he telephoned that he had a proposition for me. He came to the office promptly and informed me that a certain bank official had offered to loan us \$200,000 on a 1st mortgage. While we were talking, Mr. Smith (one of Rush's friends telephoned that he had found a man who would loan us \$200,000 and made an appointment to meet me at 2:30 PM at 50 State Street.

Before Mr. O'Hara left, a real estate broker looked in and started to show a client over the building. This client, I found, was from the office of "Crain and Ferguson" the well-known architect. I piloted them over the building. The results were apparently hopeful.

We laid off twelve plasterers today, so I had a payroll to get out. Several students registered. Conferences were many, but I managed to keep my appointment at Smith's office at 2:30. The "client" was Reginald Boardman the well know real estate operator who has a real client who offered to loan us \$200,000 on our building at 6 1/2% for five years. The upshot of our interview was the idea of trying for a second mortgage for the balance. It was suggested that the Exchange Trust might be persuaded to tale a second and have the first paid off.

Mr. Marion had intimated yesterday that he had a friend who would give us a second mortgage if the first was satisfactory: I called him and he has promised to have the man get in touch with me.

The situation has now returned to the hopeful stage, but like previous hope-bubbles I suppose they too will vanish into the air.

The chairs are being installed in the new building - the senior room being the first to be thus honored.

Jan 26, 1921

A strenuous day with our labor problems. The Committee of Labor Leaders have refused to permit any tile work in the new building unless the contracts for plumbing, heating and electric work are previously cancelled and relet to new contractors who stand well with the unions. So arbitrary and unreasonable an attitude got my goat, so to speak and I came very near severing all diplomatic relations with the crowd.

This action made it impossible to finish the bathrooms in accordance with our plans. I was therefore obliged to work out another plan. We will finish the floors with red master builder's finish and make the wainscoting of hard plaster to imitate tile.

Mr. Martin met me by appointment today and went through the building. He was full of praise for the structure and will take up the matter of financing with friends of his. I hope that some good may come of it. Incidentally, I persuaded him to advance an additional \$10,000 on account.

The installation of chairs is going forward rapidly and the hall now complete looks very impressive.

Held many conferences, by telephone and otherwise, with contractors in regard to the sub-contracts on which we are troubled.

Thursday, Jan 27, 1921

This day was much like yesterday so far as labor difficulties are concerned. Held several conferences with plumbers who wish to take over the Browning job. Mr. Browning was also in. The Employers Association have retained Henry F. Hurlburt, one of the ablest lawyers in Boston, to handle their side of the present situation. We may have to fight the Association. In the morning mail I received from Arthur Huddell, Vice Pres. of the Labor Union, a list of the Employers Association and the correspondence leading to the strike - valuable information indeed.

Mr. Halloran has not yet left for New York. Mr. Mann has not succeeding in reaching his second mortgage party. Mr. Rush is still working. Today at 4 P.M. I met him, Mr. Smith and Reginald Boardman at 50 State Street. The three of them urged me to apply for the \$200,000 1st mortgage that Mr. Boardman was on trail of, but I am holding off until I can get a line on a second mortgage.

Mr. Rush and I went to the Exchange Trust to see Mr. Martin. He concurred with my judgment in holding off on the 1st mortgage, even though it did look attractive. We discussed his idea of a bond issue.

Then I went to see Mr. Swift. While there, the thought occurred to me of trying to match Nason and Martin on the bond issue. Mr. Swift thought it a good idea and telephoned Mr. Nason. The latter expressed belief that he could take \$150,000. After Mr. Swift and I had discussed the law as to the liability of the Employer's Association, I hurried back to the Exchange Trust and told Mr. Martin that if he could dispose of half the issue of bonds, I thought I could arrange for the placing of the balance. He appears much interested.

Mr. Ferguson of "Cram and Ferguson" called to look over #45 Mt. Vernon today.

Senator Carey and several others registered today. In fact we have an unusual number of new men coming in this year. The new building will not be ready any too soon.

Jan 28, 1921

Tonight we used the new building for the first time - a mere sentimental performance, since the building is of course still very incomplete. The court room was "slicked up" so that I could take the seniors in there for our bar review lecture. I am astonished at the size of the hall, for it is a real effort to talk to men in the rear seats.

Today has been a busy one - pay day being the forenoon programme. I have secured a "contractor" who will take over the plumbing and heating work.

Saturday, Jan 29, 1921

The hand of the Employer's Association has now appeared. Late this afternoon I received a demand from Barber Company's lawyer for \$16,500 on their contract. They know we are in a precarious financial situation and that will be seized upon as the point of attack.

Monday, Jan 31, 1921

Yesterday I studied law somewhat, finding many Mass. Cases that will aid us in defending against hostile actions on the part of the Association. I forgot to mention that on Thursday that I arranged with a Mr. Feely, a plumbing and heating man, to go on with the work in both the Browning and Barber contracts, having notified each that because of their breach we should endeavor to complete the work ourselves.

It was in response to this notice that we received the Barber demand. That was the first move of the Employer's Association lawyer.

The second move was made this morning and I must confess that it placed me in somewhat of a quandary for a time. When I reached the building this morning, one of the first men I saw was Mr. Browning. He was dressed in overalls, but I did not grasp the significance of the fact at first.

After greeting him, I said, "Of course I am glad to see you, but won't the union object to your being on the job?" "Oh, no, I guess not," he replied. But Mr. Feely was there and also some of Mr. Browning's former employees. Before I left it appeared the Browning was there with a kit of tools and was puttering around in the toilet off the reception hall of our apartments. Mr. Feely objected and said there was danger of trouble with our union men on the job.

I went up and talked with Browning finally accusing him of being there under advice of counsel. He admitted it. I told him that since he had broken his contract by participating in a strike it would be impossible for him to work on the job while striking workmen were there. I urged upon him the fact that his presence would tie up the whole job, for all our union men would quit. He made motions to leave, so I went to the basement and found Mr. Barber and his lawyer going over the plant. We had quite a conversation - an argument on the case between me and his lawyer Rogers.

Later, I was called to the building "to put Browning out," as Mr. Feely expressed it, for he had not quit as I thought but was working. This time I was more emphatic and warned him in no uncertain terms that he must leave. This he did, finally. But in the afternoon he met me outside of the building and we had some very plain words.

Mr. Rush came to the building at about 4 P.M. with two men in who he has financial hopes. I hurried from conference with Mr. Swift to meet them, but frankly I expect their attempts to raise the money like the others.

Mr. Martin telephoned about noontime to tell me that he had a man that might take half the bond issue if Nason would take the other half. I telephoned to Mr. Nason and made an appointment for tomorrow at 10:30.

The second semester opened tonight. So many new men have registered that it was extremely difficult to find seats for the Freshmen in the 6 P.M. division.

All things considered, this day, with its three hours of teaching in the evening, has been a most strenuous one.

Tuesday, February 1, 1921

It is hard to keep track of events in the Journal, owing to the lack of time for writing. The battle with the Employer's Association is on. I have taken measures that safeguard against our pay roll money being attached. Rogers, attorney for

Barber, has started something, so Mr. Swift's office reports. Mr. Swift is ill with neuritis and his secretary, at his request, telephoned to Rogers asking for a delay until he could confer with him. But Rogers replied that the request came too late. I have received two letters from Mr. Hulburt - one for Barber & Co. and the other from Browning.

Browning himself came to the building and demanded the right to complete his contract. My attitude was the same as yesterday. He requested a written refusal but, of course, I did not "fall" for such a ruse.

Although Mr. Feely and his men were on the job today, they are handicapped by lack of fixtures etc. Other work is going on well. The floors are apparently completely laid on the 3d floor. The wainscoting in the concourse is going on well. The theatre is being plastered. Chairs have been installed in four halls.

I met Mr. Martin and Mr. Nason at the appointed time. If we do business on the \$300,000 bond issue it will be at a murderous rate, so I am praying for deliverance in some other direction. Our condition is so desperate now that we must accept any offer that will pull us through the present dilemma.

Physically, I am all in. Have had a sick headache all day and find great difficulty in "carrying on."

Wednesday, Feb 2, 1921

Events have moved so rapidly today that I am obliged to insert in this place a dictated summary of more important events up to noontime.

This morning when work started on the building, I was notified by telephone by the Superintendent of construction, Joseph Lemay, that Mr. O'Sullivan of the Lewis Company and a non-union man were on the job claiming to be there to finish the work. Mr. Lemay stated that all other work on the job would immediately cease unless the non-union man was removed from the building. I instructed him to keep the work going on if possible until I could reach the building.

I arrived at the building about 9 A.M. and talked with Mr. O'Sullivan who state to me that he was there to finish the work. I told him that we would be very glad to have him complete the work if he could do so without causing our men to quit, but in that alternative he must leave. I instructed the electricians what had reported to work on our job from the union to call their delegate and have the matter settled officially. In response to this call Mr. Queeny, the delegate if electrical workers arrived at the building at 10:40 A.M. I called Mr. O'Sullivan into conference having Mr. Lamay, our superintendent, and John Brick, head mason, as witnesses. Mr. Queeney stated



that all union men were under instructions to quit any job on which non-union men were employed, and that if Mr. O'Sullivan and his helper persisted in staying it would tie up the job. Under those circumstances I informed Mr. O'Sullivan that I considered the action of the Lewis Company as a breach in faith and as a second breach of their contract, the first of which was already treated. He asked me if I was ordering him to leave the building. I replied: "Under the circumstances, yes. You will have to go and take your man with you."

I returned to my office at 11 A.M. I received a telephone message from Mr. O'Sullivan telling me that he had received instructions to stay on the job notwithstanding my request and he proposed to stay. I told him that if he attempted any such thing I should treat him as a trespasser, call a police officer and have him ejected.

About 11:30 A.M. I returned to the building and found Mr. O'Sullivan there. He requested permission to wait until a member of his firm could arrive. This permission was granted and the party expected arrived. He assumed, however, the same attitude, declaring that his men were on the job to work and would continue in spite of us.

I sent Mr. Lemay out for an officer and it was some time before he returned. In the meantime Mr. Boynton came in. He and I went over the situation. Then I went upstairs to the third floor where the Lewis belligerents were and found they were about to go out to lunch. I told them that they had better take their things with them. They met the officers on the stairs and insisted upon seeing what we could do with them. We reinstated our case to the officers. At first I told them that we would not permit them to reenter the building. They objected on the grounds that they had property there and that they had the right to protect it. I then stated that we had no objection to their protecting the property. Our objection was wholly to doing any new work on the building such as would cause our union men to leave the job. They agreed that they would do no new work. They would simply appraise work already done, seeing if their pipes were clear and that sort of thing. They thereupon went out to lunch.

Shortly after one o'clock I was notified that the men for Lewis Co. had broken their pledge and were doing new work. I hurried down and found the Union electricians sitting down on the concourse. Calling to them to follow, I went up stairs. The Lewis men were working as reported. Upon my angry denunciation they replied that they could not tear out the state of the conduits without finishing wires. I told them that if that was the case, the union men on the job would fish the wires for them and they could watch. This they refused. They also refused to leave unless ejected by force. I knew that with a building full of angry men, to give the order to eject these fellows would be touching the match to a powder magazine - that the men would be roughly handled, so I refrained from giving the order. Later, I succeeded in pacifying the union delegate by assuring him that I was preparing a formal written notice forbidding access to our building which would be given to the Lewis Co. before night.

At 4:30 P.M., I told the non union men that they were forbidden to even to attempt to enter our building again and that if they did attempt, they would be

thrown into the street bodily if necessary. They protested that they would have to return for their tools and that they were under orders to return to work. I replied that I was giving them new orders that were more important than any they had received from their employers and that furthermore, they must take their tools with them. So they packed up their things and departed.

I gave instructions to Joe as to the defenses of our citadel for tomorrow morning.

Thursday, Feb 3, 1921

What a day this has been!

As I was about to sit down to breakfast our head painter came to #45 to report that the job was held up by a strike over non union men who were there again. Jumping up from the table, I finished my toilet at double quick pace and hurried to the scene, mad clear through. But all was quiet. Fred, the labor foreman, was guarding the door and no one could enter without a pass from me unless they could produce a union card. Mr. Hayden's alarm had been caused by the fact that Mr. Moriarty had, under orders, refused to allow any one to enter the building until Joe arrived, and the various workmen gathered in a throng around the doorway. Of course, I was relieved but my digestion had been more or less thrown out of gear.

A busy morning was followed by an afternoon that hummed with sensations. I was called from dinner by a telephone call from the Boston Post and informed that a reporter was coming to see me. Now, under the circumstances, I did not relish seeing a reporter. When I had finished dinner, the reporter was waiting for me, Ted Hedlund, the aviator. He told me that he had learned of our calling police officers to our building yesterday and he wanted the "dope." I replied that we did not wish any publicity just now.

While we were talking, my telephone rang. A deputy sheriff told me that he had two writs to serve on me and wished to come right up. Mr. Hedlund was, of course, all the more interested. We discussed matters at some length until the officer arrived.

I greeted him pleasantly and after being served, found that Barber had sued for \$50,000 and Lewis for \$5,000.

But an even more important event now occurred. I was being interrupted every few minutes by telephone calls, and before Mr. Hedlund left I received a call from Smith, the broker, saying that he had a new 1st mortgage proposal to offer \$225,000 for five years at 6 1/2%, but that I must accept within an hour if I wished to get it.

I got rid of the reporter by promising to have some sort of story for him before night. Then I got busy by telephone, talking with Mr. Rush, Mr. Nason, Mr. O'Hara and some others. Having decided to accept, I went to Smith's office and explained the occurrences of yesterday and today. We adjourned to Mr. Boardman's office and both men agreed that the suits would not interfere with the loan, for we could get the whole thing through quickly and their man would not be scared in any event. But a difficulty arose when they proposed to have a title handled by Rockerman & Brewster. I refused point blank to consent to that office

acting unless we had a definite agreement for a satisfactory charge. Mr. Boardman feels confident that he can arrange it.

While this loan is not a large as I had hoped, it may prove our salvation in this hour of peril. It almost looks to me like an answer to prayer and a most particular fulfillment of the following prophecy. This morning I awoke at 3 A.M. and did not sleep another wink until morning. Finally, I tired of darkness and got up and came into the house. Being in such distress and anxiety of mind, I opened my Bible at random and my eye fell upon the wonderful language about midway of the 71st Psalm. "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth. For my enemies speak against me; and they that lay wait for my soul take counsel together."

* I will go on in the strength of the Lord God." and all the rest of the old warrior's courageous meditation.

It finally put me on my feet, reviving my faith and hope and giving me strength to go on. And now comes this wonderful bit of encouragement. I pray God that it may have a golden fulfillment!

I met Mr. Boynton and Mr. Sing at the Tremont Trust, seeing them as I passed, so we took counsel together. The uncertainty of whether attachments had been made troubled us, so Mr. Boynton and I went to Registry and found that two real estate attachments (\$50,000 and \$5,000) were on record. I told Mr. Boynton of the reporter who desired a story and also that before I left the office I had dictated a story. He advised against advertising our troubles and pointed out that the attachments have been on record since Tuesday and no one, not even we knew of it. This convinced me, so when I returned to the office I had to labor with Mr. Hedlund (who was waiting for me) not to run the story. He finally agreed to keep it out of the Post until I had time to sign the loan.

Friday, Feb 4, 1921

An exceedingly busy morning, being pay day with a largely augmented force of workers. Mr. Street called. Mr. Smith came with a document for my signature. Rockerman & Brewster have agreed to do the title for \$500, but made an awful row over it. Mr. Boardman persuaded them, however. While it is a stiff price considering the little to be done, yet all things considered, I cannot hold off, so I have signed.

By dint of hustle I managed to get the pay roll out by twelve o'clock. I am now working on the problem of securing bonds to release attachments, for they will have to be removed next week for the loan will be ready in ten days, so says Smith.

I have asked Smith to look up a second mortgage for us. Mr. Rush also will make a fresh start.

Work is running in all departments. The plumbers are making good headway. The steam fitters are new men, however, and nearly all loafers I fear. I called them down and also kept my eye on them afterwards, for they continued to have hilarious good times. My wrath was specifically kindled against one of my students, Archie Gillis, whom I had sent to the job thinking that he would work for the school with real spirit. But it seemed that he worked as hard at story telling

and joking as at steam fitting. This evening I called him into the office and gave him a plain talk. He appeared quite cut up and declared that he had worked hard.

I am not sure whether my experiences of the past months have made me more blunt of speech than before, but it is now no effort at all to tell a man in plain language things that he needs to hear. It used to be a trial for me to have to administer reproof to students or to criticize members of the faculty. Tonight I was called upon to do both of these things and it troubled me not at all.

Saturday, Feb 5, 1921

Gillis quit the job this morning. I wonder if he will leave the school. He has always been quite a nuisance with his long spiels to Hiram and Mr. Dolan. But with me he has had no better luck than have other talkative gentlemen, for I have admonished him on numerous occasions to learn to imitate that wise (?) bird the owl.

Last night I was very wakeful, (in fact I have slept very little since Monday) and decided that perhaps I could remove the Barber attachment by compromise. By the way, I forgot to mention a conversation with Mr. B. yesterday in which he declared that this suit was against his wishes and that he was forced to do what he had done, but he added, "They couldn't make me put non-union men into your building."

So I tried to arrange a conference with Barber's lawyer. Our plans miscarried for the day, but we will meet Monday at 11 A.M.

Mr. Boynton and Mr. O'Connell met me at the new building this P.M. and we discussed our present plight. O'Connell is full of confidence that our enemies have delivered themselves into our hands.

A new attachment of \$5,000 was filed today at the Registry and I will doubtless be served Monday.

I have telephoned all of our creditors who might make trouble telling them that I expect to settle with them in about two weeks. This was, of course, to head off liens by reassuring them,

I had a pleasant talk with John J. Martin at the Exchange Trust Co. He applauds my judgment in accepting the \$225,000 loan, and promised cooperation in every way.

Monday, Feb 7, 1921

It is now after 10 P.M. My lectures and school duties are over and with a lighter heart than I have known for many a day do I write this entry. My interview with Mr. Barber was very successful and I am sure that the \$50,000 attachment will be removed. But I hear tonight from reliable sources that the building strike has been settled, so perhaps Barber can return to complete his contract. As for the other two who have brought suit, the question is very different.

My greatest cause for rejoicing is that the mystery of the mortgage of our building loan has lifted and lo! It the Suffolk Saving Bank. They turned me down cold two months ago. They refused M. Rush and now they calmly take the loan through Reginald Boardman.

Mr. Vahey has started to help me on the second mortgage. We will hold a trustees meeting at the new building tomorrow to vote on the mortgage proposition.

The extension course in Income Tax Law was held in the Senior hall of the new building tonight.

Tuesday, Feb 8, 1921

What a blessed relief to have the sun shining through the dark clouds that have overhung my firmament since last October! I could almost shout for joy at my good fortune. God did not refuse to grant me the great reward after all. I speak if it as already assured, because it truly seems that with the great victory won the outcome is certain.

Mr. Rand of the Rockeman office sent me the votes which he desired to have voted upon by the corporation which met today. We have taken the necessary action. A bonding house is working on our bonds to dissolve attachment in the Lewis and Browning cases.

By the way, I met Mr. Browning at the building today and purchased the Rudd heater which he was about to carry off.

Mr. Martin has offered me a second mortgage proposition that sounds pretty good.

The following is an exact copy of the typed story of Joseph, as typed by Gleason Jr. when he was six years old. You will see that his idea of spelling was most original but he has absorbed the idea of the story.

josaf and faro

Once ther was a man namd jakab.he had twelv sons.the yongst was jozaf and bengmn.jozaf was biggr than bengmn.his ten brathrs were gelas of himcazz thar frthr liked him the best.the nekst day jozafs brathrsaid to him wat have you dremd to-day.I dremd I had a flok of sheep and you had a flok of sheep and your sheep boud down befor my sheep.this made his brathrs gelas.the nexst day jozafs brathrs said wat have you dremd to-day.I dremd the moon and strs boud down befor me.evn frthr didn't like this droem.one.day jozads frths now you go our to help your brathrs feed thar flok of sheep.jozaf woked a long time.at last he saw a manand said have you seen my brathrs.he said I hrd them say lets go to dothn.so jozaf went to dothn.here is the mastr dremer lets kill him.one of the brathrs said lets not kill him.throw him in the pit.findly they saw some ishmelits with camls ladm with spiscarinthem to egap.aftr that they solldpoor jozaf.then they took a kid of a goatand killd it.they put the bladon jozafs coatof many calrs.they made bleev a willd beest dvowrd him.one of jozafs brathrs came to drop poor jozafout.he lookd in the pit but jozaf was not thair.he pikd up the blady coat of meny colrs and took it to jakub a pane came in his hart an d he said its my sons coat.a willd beest has dvowrd him.jozaf was solld to egapand was a slav.

Now there was a king namd faro.he had an ofsr potffr.but potfr had a bad wif.one time she told jozaf to be bad.he said the lord cant trus me if Im bad.she

was mad then and told potffrthat jozaf mokd her and fondernikto her.this made potffr ongyand he detrmend to out poor jozaf in prizan.findly the chef bakr and the chef batlr were put in jale.they had a drem and they wondt to nothe mening of it.the began to say his drem I had three baskits on my head .in the top baskit I had some kakes and the birds came and ate them.then jozaf said in three days faro will tak you out of prizan and chp off your head.and jozaf told the batlr when farro takes yo out of prizan you tell him to tak me out .a year a too after farro had a drem and he wondt to no the mening ofit .his wiz men kdnt tall him. the batlr told farro that jozaf kood tell menings of drems.farro told him I sa too stoks of cornbesid a brook.thar came some nies fat cows and ate it.jza said the to storks are to days it will be famin so you bettr get all the food thar is.farro said you will tak kar of it and jozaf did.he made jozaf rollr of egpt.in kanen it was famn to and his brathrs hrd thar was food in egpt.when they went that jozaf wondt to no if they were still bad he said Ill tak simean to prizan.the brathrs went bak to kanan and told jakup .he said you took jozaf and your going to tak bengmen no you cant .but they did then jozaf noo they ewre good and blest them.

Wednesday, Feb 9, 1921

A busy day chiefly devoted to negotiations and interviews. The Barber case has given me quite a bit of trouble since he claims \$1600 more than we think he is entitled to. We have finally compromised the matter by splitting the difference. We will meet in the morning and conclude final arrangements. Of the surety bonds go through we will pass papers tomorrow.

I am trying to purchase the Lewis' Co. appliances that are now in the building and not affixed.

Thursday, Feb 10, 1921

At last, Thank God!

The First Mortgage of \$250,000 from the Suffolk Savings Bank was placed this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. For four months I have labored unceasingly toward this grail, I have worked and prayed and walked through the Valley of Despair. I have even doubted that God was leading me, but now I know! Not for five years will I need worry about the first mortgage - and such a load has rolled off my shoulders this day.

The end of the quest came with all the excitement of a movie drama.

Not until 2 P.M. did I get the bonds to release attachment. We were to pass papers at 3 P.M. About 2:10 Mr. Rand telephoned that he must have written assent of Geo. A. Frost, James M. Swift and Thos. J. Boynton (Trustees of the Board of last winter), on the mortgage.

With no real hope that we could reach three men in different parts of the city in so short a time, I sent Mr. Cleveland off on the quest while I worked on the last details of things. The time for passing papers came and no word from Cleveland! Col. Rogers, Barbers counsel, had done to the Registry. We telephoned for delay and he returned to his office subject to call.

Then Cleveland telephoned that he had gotten the signatures of Mr. Frost and Mr. Swift and was on his way back. Mr. Boynton's whereabouts was uncertain. Mr. Tibbetts if the Exchange Trust had the figures on what was due

his bank from us but he was gone and could not be located for a long time. Mr. Rand telephoned the Suffolk Savings Bank to send down the money but the man to draw it had not returned from lunch.

I hustled about on Mr. Boyntons trail. Then Mr. Tibbets returned but did not have all the insurance policies and had to order them sent by taxi from the Branch Bank. His figures and mine did not agree at first.

I telephoned to Miss Cararher, my secretary and found that Mr. Boynton had telephoned that he was on his way to the Registry, having gotten one of my messages. I hurried up there from the Ames Building. He had not been to the Registry, so I went to the office but did not find him.

When I returned to Mr. Rand's office, Mr. Cleveland was there and he had put over the star performance of getting all three of the signatures, having met Mr. Boynton on the street.

The insurance policies arrived. The money came and we sent out the call to gather at the Registry. So at 4:30 we passed papers and all is well.

Now for the second Mortgage.

Saturday, Feb 12, 1921

Two very busy days have passed since my last entry in this book. Friday was filled with the usual duties - pay day until noon and, in the afternoon, school duties and working on the treasury accounts. Mr. Rush reported in the evening that he had made some progress on the second mortgage proposition and expected a man to report to him Monday.

Today has been somewhat quieter. A session with the Rating Board on the Zurich Insurance Co.'s overcharge on our account took some time this morning. This afternoon I have paid many bills, taken various people (including the folks) over the new building.

I think we can move to Derne Street by the last of next month.

Monday, Feb 14, 1921

My hopes were raised today that we had located our second mortgage. Mr. Smith, the broker, called me into conference with another broker who claimed that he had a man who would make an investment if it looked good. We discussed the matter and the broker asserted that he was confident that his client would act by 1 o'clock, and act favorably. But 1 o'clock came and no response. It was nearly 4 P.M. before the verdict came and it was unfavorable.

Mr. Rush reports that he has hopes of landing a proposition tomorrow. He surely has my prayers for success in the matter.

Thursday, Feb 17, 1921

Our second mortgage matter still holds fire although there are several prospects that look hopeful. Yesterday, I scored a victory over H. F. Hulbuit Esq., the attorney for the Employer's Association by forcing the Lewis Company to sell me the panel boards and other materials that were on the job (which we could not use, according to Hulbuit, unless we settled the whole case.) I paid \$600 and reserved the rights in the main proposition.

A serious blow to me just at this critical time is the closing of the Tremont Trust Company in which I have \$1000 or more and the school double the amount. Still it is not near so bad as it would have been had it happened two weeks ago.

Work on the building is going well.

Thursday, Feb. 24, 1921

For an entire week I have been too busy to write in this book. We moved from #45 Mt. Vernon Street to the new Building on Saturday, February 19th, and a strenuous day it was. When I saw that we would not get both families moved, I ordered another truck and put on three of our men. We ran everything into the concourse in order to save time, but even at that we were unable to move the safe or the bookcases. Then on Sunday came a mighty snowstorm that blocked the streets and tied up traffic. So that it is only now getting anything like normal

School is in session here in the new building. The boys are delighted with the spacious corridors and the new and unaccustomed convenience of everything.

The plumbing is practically finished. Plastering is about ten days from a finish. Electrical work is pretty well closed. The steam-fitting job is progressing well.

Friday, March 4, 1921

A great day in Washington D. C., with Harding and Coolidge being inaugurated.

With us it is payroll day and I have just about enough in the Treasury to meet the call today. The second mortgage matter is still unsolved and I am full of concern at the outlook. Mr. Rush declares that he is sure of a \$50,000 loan but a ruinous interest rates. He is trying for a larger loan and says it looks good. They are to meet and go over the matter at noon today. I have my doubts, however, for Mr. Rush is a natural optimist and a splendid hustler. People like to say nice things to him, but in the final test to sidestep the issue.

Saturday, March 12, 1921

At last, the great fight is won. I have gotten the second mortgage. \$70,000 is the figure, larger by far than I had dared hope. Frank Halloran called me several days ago to say that he had a man who had money for investment but that it would be up to me to convince him of the soundness of the investment.

I had been through such a series of mirages of late, however, that this announcement brought little hope. Mr. Rush had been working on several promising clues all of which had disappointing endings or led to a smaller figure than we needed. I had, in fact, made up my mind to accept a \$50,000 mortgage at a high rate of interest and had so instructed Mr. Rush. He was to put several of his matters to the test the very afternoon that Mr. Halloran called me to meet him.

This occurred Wednesday P.M. He had an appointment for me at 3:30 P.M. We went to 25 Huntington Ave. to the office of the First People's Trust and called upon H. Harry Neal, the President. He proved to be a very keen

businessman of pleasing personality. For a time I was doubtful. He raised many queries and objections. He called for figures, for plans of financing the mortgage indebtedness. But I met every objection and answered all his queries so that toward the end of the interview I knew from his face that he was thawing out. He finally informed me that I had made of wonderful success of the school and that he was disposed to take on the loan. His rate was 12%, however, (which I already knew from Mr. Halloran) so I raised a protest over that.

When we left at 5 P.M., I promised to let him know at 9 A.M. Thursday. Of course I was secretly rejoicing, but since Mr. Rush had a possibility at a lower rate of interest [note - I am writing aboard train to Hanover] I was Yankee enough to leave the matter open until I could be sure that no better proposition was available.

But Mr. Rush had no definite offer, so on Thursday morning I called Mr. Neal and told him I had decided to do business with him. He promised to telephone in an hour whether his associates would agree. I had already called the Corporation together for Thursday at 4:40 P.M. to act upon the mortgage.

Mr. Neal called at 10:30 saying that if I could produce paid vouchers showing an expenditure of \$250,000 we could have the loan. To say that I was disturbed was to put it mildly, for in the moving I had not taken especial care of receipted bills. I told that it was a "tall order" but if he would send a man to the office I would do my best.

At 2 P.M. the Vice President of the company arrived. He was a very different type from Mr. Neal. Try as I did I could not thaw him out. Before settling down to our task I took him over the building. But he had one thought only - receipted vouchers "for a quarter of a million dollars." He had no other interest in life. In this embarrassing predicament I got out my check books for his inspection, having already made a hasty tabulation showing \$249,000 of expenditures or at least that amount of money deposited which had been checked out. He had scarcely started on his task when a telephone message of urgent nature called him to the office. He did not return, but at about 3:30 P.M. the auditor arrived with orders to find that quarter of a million.

Two things were now in my favor. I had been able to marshal my figures somewhat and not the auditor, despite his formidable office was much less of a man with one idea. He was of a very agreeable personality. My tabulation was worthy of consideration. But he was under orders to take of memorandum as to my larger checks. We checked up the payroll.

The trustees came before he had gone far. We held our meeting and passed the formal votes. The auditor finally left with a promise to return Friday morning.

I worked quite a bit Thursday evening and located a bale of vouchers that I knew would rejoice the heart of my inquisitors.

The auditor came next morning and found me busy with the payroll, but I took him over the building which excited his admiration. We figured for an hour or so and he departed.

In the afternoon I got word from Mr. Neal that I had won my case and could have the money early next week.

So this is a happy weekend for me. For the first time in over a year I can see sunlight ahead. It has been such a nightmare! No moment of day or night has been entirely free from burden. At times I have even despaired of victory. I have doubted God's leading, fearing that my own unworthiness was thwarting the high purpose for which I labored.

(6:15 P.M.) I am now in the Hanover station with a happy and successful afternoon at the farm behind me. I have been pruning apple trees in the bungalow lot. I also dug some parsnips in the garden and was much astonished to find there was no frost in the ground. The winter has been unusually mild.

One week ago today Elizabeth and I came down here for the weekend, leaving Moss Caraher, my secretary, to keep the children company. My plan for pruning apple trees at that time was frustrated by an accident. I awoke in the night sneezing.. About the second sneeze after I awoke I "dropped a stitch" in my back and suffered agony for hours. Every breath made it seem that a knife was being thrust into me. I have but recently recovered from the ailment.

A new departure at school is giving me great satisfaction. Although I worked out the idea nearly a year ago the time was not ripe to put it into operation until last week. Coupon books for admission to classes are now being sold to students. The boys are taking the plan very well. More money came in this week that we have ever received in a single week.

Tuesday, March 15, 1921

My day of rejoicing over our second mortgage was of short duration. The clouds have settled once more for a difficulty has arisen that may defeat the whole programme. The lawyer at First People's Trust decided that unless we got releases from all holders of our second mortgage it would not be safe to take the investment. This would involve weeks and perhaps months of delay. This difficulty arose yesterday morning. I finally suggested that we give a bond to indemnify the mortgage. This will be satisfactory if we can get it. A. A. Dority is working on it, but it is doubtful whether he can get it without collateral of an indorser.

Wednesday, March 16, 1921

I have not been in a more peculiar mood than tonight. My nerves seem at the breaking point. There surely have been times when there was more cause for despair than now, yet never have I felt more broken up than after this anxious day. My head is throbbing and half-giddy and my heart is like lead. Just when victory was assured fate snatches it from my grasp and presents to me a bitter cup of defeat. But I am doubly sore because those who might help me without cost to themselves or risk to their purses will not help me. I am left to Gethsemane and there is apparently no deliverance. It looks as though I should lose the seventy thousand mortgage just when its possession would solve all my difficulties.

The bonding company has refused to give a bond. Mr. Neal says that there are others who desire the money and he cannot hold it for us long.

Thursday, Mar 17, 1921

3 P.M. There still is a fighting chance and I am certainly fighting. Mr. Rush is hard at it and has just telephoned me that he thinks Dority has a feasible scheme. Mr. Hitchcock, to whom I have just telephoned, says that if Dority will give the bond he will be satisfied. Dority has been there and he understands that the matter rests between me and Dority. Meanwhile I await his coming with great interest.

Later - Mr. Dority's proposition did not make a great hit with me. It was nothing less than a proposal that if the surety company issued the bond the mortgage money should be paid to a trust company in escrow and turned over in such amounts as we could produce second mortgage bonds or bonds with wavers indorsed upon them by the owners. Mr. Swift met us and the plan appealed to him more than to me, perhaps because he did not understand the difficulties that would confront us in securing the endorsement and loan of bonds with which to prove our case.

However, this seemed to be our only hope. I yielded a reluctant consent and Mr. D. departed.

He had no sooner left than another idea popped into my head that because of the failure of the Metropolitan Trust Company we had a splendid excuse for calling in the entire bond issue and putting out a new issue that should clear up all uncertainty. Thus we would deliver ourselves from two serious difficulties as well as obtain such proof as would satisfy the First People's Trust.

Mr. Swift was instantly enthusiastic over the plan and before he left we had elaborated it to include a debenture bond issue, giving our bond holders the choice of either kind of bond but holding our inducements for the debentures.

Sunday, March 20, 1921

I am at Clinton Osgood's in Manchester N.H. Elizabeth and I and Gleason Jr. came up yesterday morning, having planned the trip several weeks ago.

My bond issue plan has made great progress. Thursday night found me somewhat wakeful and the result of my cogitations was to issue 9% debentures and endeavor to absorb the whole issue of February 1920 as well as an issue of \$20,000 extra (if the students will buy them) if I find that I need to finance the last expenses that way

On Friday afternoon I got the Trustees together and they passed two votes, one authorizing me to call in the old issue and replace it by new bonds either debentures or refunding bonds similar to the old. The second vote was to authorize the \$100,000 issue of debentures if I deemed it wise to issue so many.

On Friday evening I visited the classes and told them of the new plan. The boys voted unanimously to bring in their bonds. I had already mailed out announcements to holders outside our present student body.

We should expect to finish all except odd jobs on the building by Saturday of this week.

ITALIANI ATTENZIONE!

Grande Trattenimento

SOTTO GLI AUSPICI

DEL PATHFINDERS' CLUB

DELLA SOCIAL SERVICE HOUSE

NELLA SALA DELLA

North Bennett Industrial School

39 North Bennett Street, Boston

Maggio 14, 1921, dalle ore 7:30

PARLERANNO

ANDREW J. PETERS

Sindaco di Boston che dira' Del Governo Municipale

Marchese A. Ferrante di Ruffano

Console Italiano Storia D'Italia

GLEASON L. ARCHER

Direttore della Suffolk Law School

Benefici pervenuti all'umanita dell Impero Romano

AVV. SAVERIO ROMANO

L'affinita di pensiero fra La America e L'Italia

IANDOLI and PERROTTI ORCHESTRA

Tenore—*Mr. E. Leon Edney*

Violinist—*Mr. Vincenzo Speranza*

AMMISSIONE GRATIS

PORTATE I VOSTRI AMICI

LOUIS BARRASSO, President

The Causeway Print, 5a Causeway St., Boston

Tuesday, March 22

At last the deed is done!

I returned to Boston in the 8 A.M. train from Manchester on Monday morning and spent a busy day arranging the last details of things and incidentally issuing debenture bonds to replace the old issue. Before the evening was over I called in \$10,000 of second mortgage bonds and replaced them with debentures.

We met at the registry at noon today and passed papers. Everything went off smoothly. Then I turned over to Mr. Dority \$17,500 of cancelled bonds, receiving an equivalent amount of cash.

I have already started to pay the bills, especially of those who will help us be allowing cash discount to reduce our interest charges. Some of them allow as much as 5% discount.

Wednesday, Mar 23, 1921

I gave Mr. Dority \$3,000 in cancelled bonds and also had him witness my endorsement of "priority claim" on \$7,000 of bonds held as collateral by Barber Co. This means that \$27,500 of the issue has already been accounted for. I now have (evening) \$3,000 more of cancelled bonds.

It is an unspeakable relief to have money to pay up these overdue bills. God has been very kind to me.

Tuesday, March 24, 1921

I turned over \$8,000 of bonds yesterday and have released thus far about \$35,000 of the funds in escrow. With the sum thus obtained I have paid the bulk of the long-standing accounts. The high rate that we are obliged to pay for the money has given me a successful argument for cash discounts ranging from 2% to 5% on these old bills. My motto is the ancient one with a variation - "a dollar saved is a dollar for the endowment fund." With what my successful scrap with the insurance company yielded I have already saved over \$2000 in the payment of bills.

I went to Norwell Saturday and brought up my car, having it at the service station for minor repairs.

Saturday, April 16, 1921

Busy days have intervened. Our dedication of the new building is now a pleasant memory. The theatre is open and the work on our building is done. Is not this a grand culmination of my year of struggle?

There is too much to tell for even a slight recital of events.

We received quite a bit of publicity. The Globe had a wonderful write-up of school on the editorial page. All of the papers reported the dedication exercises at considerable length. I received many flattering comments, and congratulations, but the surprise that affected me most was a gift of gold by students and workmen on the building. More than \$230 was in the purse. More than half of it was from the workmen.

Uncle Leonard was our guest for a few days at dedication time, but no others of my Maine relatives could come. On Saturday last (dedication was

Friday April 8) we held a private opening of the theatre. But the students did not patronize the theatre party in any numbers so we did not pay expenses.

The public opening of the theatre opened last Monday - an auspicious opening. But the next day our attendance fell off about 60%. Wednesday was the same, while on Thursday a further slump occurred, but yesterday trade began to come in greater volume.

John J. Enright, our theatre manager, is a very capable fellow. He has had a great deal of experience in assisting to put theatres on a paying basis. He is full of enthusiasm over the "Suffolk Theatre." We will not pay our bills this week - in fact we will lose six hundred dollars or so, but that is to be expected from the opening of a new theatre that has not been advertised.

It was certainly cheering to me to see the crowd pouring into our lobby last evening.

Sunday, April 17, 1921

Yesterday did not turn out as well in the theatre as we expected, the total being only \$85 for the day. We have a loss for the week of about \$700. While I expect greater returns next week, I do not dare hope that the theatre will begin to pay dividends for some time. Mr. Enright and I are working diligently on plans for advertising and developing the place.

Two or three ideas of mine have been put into operation. One is to open the theatre Saturday morning for children with an admission charge of 11 cents. Eighty children attended yesterday.

Another plan we are to put into operation this week is to announce the formation of a "best films club" the members of which are to receive a ten-cent reduction in prices.

My troubles with the Cosmopolitan Trust Co. are still continuing. They have refused to assent to the written waver without an order of the court, so \$20,000 of funds are tied up indefinitely. I have been utterly unable to make progress in the selling of 45 Mt. Vernon Street.

Tuesday, April 19, 1921

I went to the farm today with Elizabeth and Gleason Jr. We took along with us Mrs. Theo. Dyer, of Church Hill, who has been visiting us for the weekend. The weather was cold and raw. I did some work on the apple trees and devoted the balance of the time until 3 P.M. to the flower garden, planting tulips.

An agreeable surprise awaited me on my return to the building. The matinee at the theater had brought in nearly \$50, about double any previous day. This being a holiday I had hoped it would bring customers, but had not expected so strong a run.

Thursday, April 21, 1921

I contracted a cold Tuesday and am now quite miserable with it. Things are not going as well as I could wish. The agent of Cosmopolitan has now definitely refused to permit annotation on the bonds. This means that until I can sell 45 Mt. Vernon St. some \$20,000 of needed funds are tied up. The theatre continues to

lose money. We are planning to cut down expenses as much as possible and thus minimize the loss.

The outlook for the summer troubles me not a little, for there are heavy obligations to meet. But after all I should be a sorry figure to doubt now after all the wonderful leading that I have had the past two years. The good Father of All has blessed me too often to doubt that he will point the way to victory over circumstances that still obstruct the pathway. It will all come out right.

Sunday, Sept. 25, 1921

I am whiling away the forenoon in Franklin Park, sitting in the auto which is parked in the margin of Walnut Avenue. Mr. John J. Moriarty, the engineer of our building (and a sophomore in the school) and his family together with Allan and Gleason Jr. are seeing the sights and the animals. Unfortunately Elizabeth was taken with a spell of indigestion this morning and could not accompany us; else we would have gone direct to Norwell. I am hoping by noon she will be well enough to go, so I will return for her after lunch. Dear little daughter volunteered to stay with her mother so that the Moriarty should not be disappointed in their long expected outing. Without my dear wife at my side as we skim along the country roads motoring is not at all enjoyable. I have been reading the latter entries in this journal and realize more keenly than ever how wonderfully God has blessed me in the past five months. How many things there are to tell - wonderful happenings and veritable answers to prayers that I had no right to expect would be answered. Certainly I could never have planned in advance, nor even dared hope for the success and triumph of today.

Who could have dreamed that this day would see Suffolk Law School with an attendance that promises to exceed one thousand students this year; with a tenant for out lecture rooms during the day and very prospects or a gross income this year of approximately one hundred thousand dollars. Yet such is the fact! And in spite of my unworthiness and very humble talents, God has permitted it to me.

A sort of thanksgiving is in my heart continually. My constant prayer is that God may help me to be more worthy of the trust that he has laid upon me to administer

The spring ended in gloom incident to the lamentable failure of our theatre. It lost money week by week so that in two months we dropped over seven thousand dollars. All theatres lose money at the start and covering a considerable period. But each week we hoped by new expedients to gain ground and eventually to retrieve our losses. We reduced our rates, we cut down on expenses, we changed to a three-day run instead of a play running the full week. But nothing could turn the tide. Money was being lost that was needed for the paying of our bills, so early in June I clamped down the lid and closed the theatre. I have carried Mr. Enright on the payroll all summer, for having given up his position as Treasures of Boston Theatre to be our manager. I felt it duty bound to carry him through until the new theatrical season.

The pipe organ which was supposed to have been ready when the theatre opened in April and not to be paid for until ready has been in progress of construction all summer. That was another "white elephant" on my hands, but I could not honorably back out of the agreement. The organ is now practically complete. They are actually tuning it, so we are sure of the instrument when the theatre opens again on October 3rd.

Yes, we are planning to open again. But this time I have no illusions. The experience of last spring has shown me the dangerous possibilities involved. My fingers have been too badly scorched for me to look forward with any pleasure to the experiment. I am not a quitter. I shall give the project another try and if it fails to make good will close it until we have sufficient capital to finance a long campaign of educating the public to the merits of the Suffolk Theatre.

I have set a limit of two thousand dollars as the utmost that I am willing to lose in the venture this fall. With this as a spur, Mr. Enright (with what assistance I can give him in the executive end of the work) will stage his best campaign to put the thing across. Here's wishing the venture the best of success. I have abundant faith in the great money earning possibilities of the theatre, but under present circumstances cannot afford to spend money at the rate we lost it last spring.

Now that I have disposed of the dark shadows and tales of regret we will move into the sunlight of a glorious summer of success.

To begin with, the school year ended with our most noteworthy graduation. The exercises were held in the morning (A story of senior revolt thereby depends, but the class did not hold out long against the verdict of the trustees). There was a theatre party in the afternoon and a wonderfully successful roof garden party in the evening. Bar examinations came in due course and our boys made an excellent record. Our sad mishap of the previous summer (when but twelve men passed) was forgotten and even the faint hearted in our flock became once more loyal champions of our school.

This event I knew presaged a great boon for the school now in its new home. How great that boon has been I shall presently relate. But another event of great importance was slowly unfolding and should with propriety be related here.

Dr. Bennett, the executive secretary of the school of Religious Education of Boston University called upon me in the spring with reference to our Mt. Vernon Street property. As a matter of courtesy and to show him why we left the old building over the new building I piloted him over the new building. He was so captivated with the new building that he could not think of the old building at all. To secure accommodations here was his urgent request. Finding that his school operated only during the day, I saw at once that the building might be made to accommodate both schools.

At our annual meeting in May, I secured from the trustees the necessary vote authorizing me to proceed with the matter of a lease to Boston University. The matter held fire all summer and not until the last day of August did the trustees of Boston University agree to my terms. Their lease began September 1, and is for a period of five years. By the terms they are to pay Suffolk Law

School \$10,000 rent this year and \$11,500 hereafter. This is a very tidy income from our lecture halls when the school is not using them.

Matters of finance have also been in the foreground all summer. Our creditors have grown impatient at time. I have met the situations with utmost candor. In some cases I have persuaded them to take bonds in lieu of payment in cash. In all I have secured extensions of credit.

The matter of our senior annual interest that fell due in August was my gravest problem - over eight thousand dollars due and an empty treasury! By an exhibition of audacity that smacks of "Frenzied Finance" I put the thing across. Finding that the money held up by Cosmopolitan could not be salvaged; I went to President Martin of the Exchange Trust Co. and asked him for a temporary loan.

With absolutely no collateral to offer and no endorsers on the school note except myself, I surely had no reasonable expectation of securing the loan. But it succeeded, with some difficulty to be sure, but success nevertheless and \$8,500 in cold cash. I paid the interest when it fell due.

Now comes the greatest event of all - the wonderful boom of the school. While advance registration had indicated a mammoth freshman class, yet until last Monday when school opened I could not be sure of the magnitude of our victory. We shall have over one thousand students - some six hundred freshmen who are entering under the \$100 tuition plan.

Every indication points to a gross revenue this year with the rent and all of \$100,000. What a wonderful help in our hour of need! My most optimistic estimates last spring were far below our present reality. Seventy-five thousand dollars gross was my heaviest quotation, but fifty percent above last year. But, lo, our income has doubled.

Friday, October 7, 1921

Elizabeth and I spent a delightful day and a half in Norwell to celebrate our fifteenth wedding anniversary. Miss Caraher stayed with the children in Boston, so we were very carefree in our grand old farmhouse. I gathered my apples while there.

The theater opened last Monday - poorly as I expected. We will lose about \$800 this week. The organ has surprised us by disturbing lectures in two rear halls.

On Wednesday I decided to "can" the theatre except on Wednesday and Saturdays when it would not interfere with school. This plan would reduce expenses and still keep the theatre alive.

Today two things developed: one distressing and the other quite the reverse. The first was a tax bill from the city assessing the theatre at \$75,000. To lose money in trying to run the thing and have it taxed in addition is very exasperating. When I returned to the office from a trip of protest at City Hall, I found awaiting me a Colonel somebody from New York who was in Boston with reference to a great film gotten out by the American Legion based upon E. E. Hales masterpiece, "The Man Without a Country." He had been to see me earlier in the day to obtain permission to play to the State officials in the Legion. This permission I had granted. They ran off the film on one of our machines at

about noon. Then they had departed (as I later learned to try to hire Tremont Temple) Now they were waiting to see if I would let them use our theatre for the play. When I found out what their publicity plans were - aeroplane advertising and all sorts of real publicity, I saw a great opportunity to put Suffolk Theatre in the map.

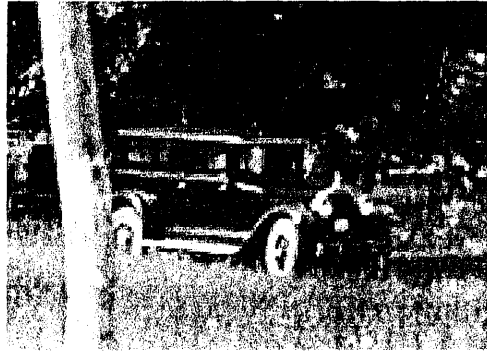
In short, we closed upon an agreement to put the play on beginning October 24th - Suffolk to have 40% of the net receipts, the balance going to the Legion for the benefit of disabled soldiers.

As I view it, now, after some hours of reflection, I believe that one of the great possible strokes of good fortune has come my way. We could not have spent money enough to advertise our theatre, but now comes an organization that will advertise it far and wide. Before the play leaves Boston, Suffolk Theatre will be one of the best-known playhouses in the city. It will do for the theatre what only my legislative scrap with Governor Foss did for the school. My gratitude to God for his wonderful leading in this matter is boundless. His wonderful kindness is so far greater than I deserve that I marvel at each new manifestation. May He help me to be more worthy!

Sunday, October 30, 1921

My note of rejoicing on the opposite page was somewhat untimely. The play did not come to Boston at all. The theatre is still closed and there is no prospect of opening it.

Elizabeth and I and Gleason Jr. have just returned from a very enjoyable trip to Wilton, Maine. We left last Tuesday morning and returned to Boston this afternoon. I drove over the road in our new sedan (Sterns Knight) which I purchased not long ago. The car had been used some, so I bought it for \$2500 (trading in my Willys Knight) instead of \$4300 that it cost last year. It had been driven 6100



miles before I got it. We are delighted with its comfortable qualities and beauty of outline.

Sunday, November 20, 1921

Three busy weeks have elapsed since my last entry. School duties and negotiations in respect to leasing the theatre have been the topics most engrossing. Various groups of men have visited me, some of them repeatedly, and endeavored to make terms for the theatre. One man in particular, Rex Farnsworth, expects to close the bargain with me tomorrow. He has been in daily hope of doing so for two weeks but has thus far been unable to raise the first quarter's rent (\$3000) which must be paid at the signing of the papers, otherwise I don't sign.

I have been working on new plans for #45 Mt. Vernon Street. Mr. Hayden, the painter who worked for me here, is working to put the place in shape for tenants.

School is progressing well. While there are many problems, especially in the matters of discipline, yet there are no more than might be expected in so large a school.

In odd moments I am writing the history of our building campaign that resulted in the present building.

December 22, 1921

The theatre lease was not closed as speedily as Mr. Farnsworth had hoped. It was not in fact until the 13th of December that we signed papers. The delay occasioned by my rigid insistence upon the \$3,000 initial payment. Every argument and strategy was resorted to by one group or another of would be movie magnates, but I grew more disgusted with the whole business and consequently more independent. Farnsworth finally got Victor Huffman and John H. Lyons as financial backers. They formed a corporation to operate the theatre. It opened last Monday. My judgment was certainly justified in demanding three month's rent in advance. They are losing money at a desperate rate, the audiences being much smaller than our audiences last spring.

While I sympathize with them, yet my conscience is clear. I told them that they would lose money fast at first, that it would be several months before they could hope to build up a patronage that would pay expenses. In fact I told them frankly that unless they were prepared to lose from fifteen to twenty thousand in establishing the new theatre, they ought not to lease it. Doubtless they did not believe that my prophecy would be fulfilled. So emphatically as is now the case.

#45 Mt. Vernon Street is still occupying my attention. Mr. Hayden has pretty well finished painting over there. Arthur W. MacLean of the Portia Law School is now talking of buying it. He is not willing to make any of the sacrifices that I did when I bought it, but it may be that the think can be managed nevertheless.

Today there is a new prospect of sale of the place, but I have little faith in any possibility except the Portia Law School already mentioned.

I have made some changes in the office - or rather addition to the staff. Miss Caraher has been overworked (although valiant little soul that she is, she would never admit it) so I have hired a young man named Kean to help her. He is taking hold of his work in a very satisfactory manner.

The first semester is now drawing to a close - a very successful session. Our tuition receipts this semester very nearly equal the entire year's tuition of last year and greatly exceeds that of any previous year's entire tuition. I surely have reason for gratitude to God for his wonderful kindness.

When I reflect that one year ago today I was in the midst of the most heartbreaking struggle, with months of crushing responsibility and anguish before me, I feel like crying out with joy that things are as they are. Some financial problems remain. Careful management is still a necessity, but thank God my burdens are light as compared to last year at this time.

In spite of my unworthiness, God has seen fit to hear and answer my prayers and to answer them even more bountifully than I could have hoped. The shadow of despair that hung over me so long has left its imprint on my soul, but

even that is fading away. Since the leasing of the theatre and the removal of that care (at least for a time) I feel less and less like an old man.

My darling and I are finding more time to enjoy each other's society. We read together quite a bit nowadays. Our beautiful home is a continual delight. The children are developing wonderfully. All things considered this is a good world to live in and a good time to be alive. I pray God to make me more worthy of my blessings.

January 16, 1922

The first semester is over and two weeks of vacation now ensue. The Mt. Vernon Street proposition still holds fire, but I have hopes that it will be closed up soon. The first half of the school year has been a wonderful success from every viewpoint. Many problems were raised by the sudden influx of students. The necessity of more lecture space was first in order. The freshman hall (hall I) was overcrowded even during the first week. I therefore opened hall 8 as a supplemental freshman hall for Div I and Div II N to Z. The change made necessary the addition of new men to our staff, bringing the total to six as follows: Douglas Hurley, Asst. District Atty. Fielding, W^m. H. Henchey, and Geo. H. Spillane.

The result has been most gratifying, so far as teaching is concerned. Out of the emergency, however, developed, or rather brought out in aggravated form, a most vexatious problem - that of discipline in class. Since large classes were the order of things in Suffolk Law School, it has been impossible for teachers to identify noisy students. In the freshman class last year, I even had great difficulty at times. Prof. Hurley was quite in despair over the noise and confusion that developed.

This year, with so many inexperienced teachers in the freshman department, the challenge was immediate. The school would be ruined unless means could be devised to hold the rowdy or noisy students to strict accountability. I met the situation by installing a student from the Theological school in each classroom of Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes with strict orders to watch the class continuously, to take names of offenders and to report to me at the close of school each night.

This system of written reports, together with a card catalog of offenders which I soon compiled has solved our difficulty very completely..

The tuition receipts for the first semester are almost exactly equal to the receipts of the entire year last preceding.

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An occasion a few days ago may have considerable bearing upon the summer vacation of this year. For some time I have desired a larger boat for my fishing excursions. Elizabeth and I decided that the time had come when the plan might be feasible. On Jan 9th I visited the Baker Yacht Basin in Quincy where several boats were for sale. One took my fancy - a 39-ft. cruiser, with a large cabin and a 30 horsepower engine. It cost over \$10,000 to build and had been actually used but two seasons (having been in storage five or six years). The price set upon it was \$1500, but I was unwilling to pay so much. I finally purchased it for \$1000. So summer has a new interest for me.

Sunday, Feb 5, 1922

Words cannot express the relief and satisfaction that is mine in these days of anniversary of the greatest trial of my faith and perseverance, for lo! I have seen in these four months since October 1st the most glorious fulfillment of my prayers for material help. God has showered upon me blessings and triumphs wholly beyond my deserts. Financial resources of the school in unhoped profusion have enabled me to pay off long-suffering creditors. I have sold bonds to enable the school to refund short-term indebtedness (\$10,000 going to R. L. Day Co., one of the largest brokerage houses in Boston, and smaller amounts in other directions). Best of all, I have sold #45 Mt. Vernon Street, the transfer being made on February 1st. That removes the foreclosure menace of the Cosmopolitan Trust Co. and pays off Mr. Bayley's first mortgage that has been a burden for me to keep so long.

Problems remaining are minor and insignificant. Now that the good Lord has led me through the darkness of blank night into the fullness of a new day, I cannot doubt His future leading. Oh that I may remain worthy of all my blessings, or rather become worthy, for I know that I am not. My only consolation is that I

have tried with all my soul to be worthy and that God has apparently taken the will for the deed in those things in which I have fallen short. He is truly a merciful and loving Father to whom all possible service is due.

Turning to school affairs: The second semester began January 30th with many additional students. Owing to the illness of Mr. Halloran, the recorder, I secured Mr. Dolan for Monday and Tuesday nights. On Friday, Miss Caraher, the ever faithful and efficient, was at the recorder's desk. She handled every situation admirably and will doubtless continue to be on hand three evenings per week. I really need a secretary in evening as well as the day.

Miss Cathrine and I have had some difficulty over a year on the salary question - and for the most extraordinary reason. In November 1920 I had raised her salary by degrees to \$18 per week, but a secretary of her ability and efficiency would command a higher salary. When I announced a raise to \$19, she refused to accept it. Not only that, but when on repeated occasions I put the extra dollar in her pay envelope, she invariably returned it by slipping it into my roll top desk when I was out of the office. Of course, I realized the motive - she knew that the school was very hard pressed in our building campaign, and she desired to add her bit of self-sacrifice to the cause. It was not until November 1921 that she would accept a raise.



But when the question came up of her taking on evening duties she declines to accept additional pay. I flatly refused to allow her to work at all in the evening unless she would accept what I thought was a fair return for her services. She was very set in her determination not to yield and for a day or so held out against it. On Thursday, however, we compromised on a basis slightly below my original offer. So she is happy again and will be in the office in the evening whenever I need her. All of which is a relief to me. I think I have previously recorded that her help in the office during the terrible strain of the building campaign was one of the big factors in its victorious conclusion.

Mr. Kean is still assistant secretary and is doing well except that he is a wretched speller and makes quite frequent mistakes in that line.

Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1922

I have a mild case of the "flu" - up and dressed after an uncomfortable night but with weak knees and general discomfort. Allan had it the first part of last week. His mother developed the trouble Thursday or Friday. She is up and around but not quite well yet. Marian was taken ill last evening and is abed today. I am sitting in the sunlit living room beside a warm radiator while away the time by writing in this book.

I noticed the last entry of Feb. 5th concerned the "poor speller." I was obliged to warn him a number of times that I fear he lacked interest in his work. His spelling was dreadful. One week ago yesterday I notified him that I should be obliged to let him go at the end of two weeks. The next morning I was notified

that he was sick with a cold (cold feet probably) and would not be in. He has not been in the office since.

Mr. Cleveland is brushing up on shorthand and will help Miss. Caraher whenever necessary.

The new catalog is in the hands of the printer. Schoolwork is progressing splendidly. Problems are continuously arising, but since I am devoting my energies to administrative work, doing no teaching and even leaving the mechanical part of the treasury work (pasting tuition vouchers on the individual tuition cards) to Miss. Caraher, the burden is lighter than usual.

A situation has arisen in the law school field to which I am giving earnest attention. A conference of Bar associated was held in Washington last week to confirm a little scheme that certain powerful day law schools have been concocting for some time. I did not believe that they would be able to put it over, but they have.

It is nothing less than a resolve that no man should be admitted to the bar who has not had at least two years of college work. This is ostensibly to bar out dishonest and corrupt lawyers.

I have been studying the situation in Massachusetts, however, in which we are having a house cleaning in the profession of law. Two district attorneys have been ousted for corruption in office and a dozen more have been excused for crookedness. It happens that eleven of the thirteen are graduates of day law schools and several of them are college graduates. Both the ousted district attorneys are graduates of college. So in an address to the Alumni Association of Suffolk last Saturday night I attacked the new plan, demonstrating how legal demoralization was due to the fact that too many lawyers are admitted without having any actual experience with life that would develop character. I pointed out that day law schools were graduating perspective crooks while practically none were coming from the evening schools. The investigations in Massachusetts being the basis for the charge.

I advocated two reforms: (1) Teaching of ethics in all law schools. (2) That no man be admitted to the bar unless he has earned his own living for four years without going "crooked."

Yesterday I drafted a circular letter to all the deans of evening law schools in the Union, inviting them to join in organizing an "Evening Law Association of America" to fight this new move of the day schools. It will go out today with extracts from my Saturday night speech. My hope is for a hearty response.

Wednesday, March w, 1922

My distemper continues - a most disagreeable visitation. Yesterday my pains were in three localities: my head, my chest, and my legs. Today there is not a part of my body that is not full of gnawing pain. Of this I am thankful: I am up and dressed and able to give direction to any problem that arises in the office downstairs. With Catherine and Alden on the job in the office and book store, I know that all is well for ordinary things. Other matters I can arrange via the Dictaphone or go down in a few moments at a time.

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Allan is in school. Marion and Gleason are abed. Daughter is better today. Junior was taken at noon yesterday so his is still quite miserable.

Manchester N.H. Saturday, March 18, 1922

The "flu" mentioned in my last entry is now but an unpleasant memory. The family is well. Elizabeth and I are visiting, for the weekend at Clinton Osgoods.

So many things have transpired since I last wrote that it would be a task indeed to recount them. I shall mention them but briefly.

The responses to my circular letter were sufficiently gratifying to lead me to appoint a preliminary conference in Washington D.C. for March 15 and 16. The notice in many cases was very short. What I desired, however, was to get together a few law school executives from different sections and with them to draft a Declaration of Principles and constitution to be recommended to the schools as a basis of organization. My replies have already convinced me that our organization should include both day and evening schools. Having never been to Washington, my arrival here on Wednesday morning in the midst of a very heavy downpour of rain, was decidedly a new sensation. I hove immediately for the Willard and prepared for business.

My first conference was by appointment with Dean Charles F. Carusi of the National University Law School at his office. I found him a very able man, but one who stood in great awe of the American Bar Association. He had worked out an ingenious plan for organizing an association of law students to be used as a "stalling horse" so that the schools need not come into the open as targets of the Association. He pictured the dire consequences of their possible characterization of our movement as an attempt of the "propriety schools" to protect their pocket books.

I pointed out to him that the whole student movement could be checkmated by the Association declaring that the college rule should not apply to men now studying law. Also, I averred, that since we were not in fact "proprietary schools" we should not fear to face the falsehood. Dean Carusi was at first resolved not to meet in conference with the other delegates at all. I finally prevailed upon him to accept my invitation to take lunch with us at the "Willard" and state to them informally his reasons for not joining the conference.

Having spent an hour in this conference, I hurried by taxi to the "Willard" to meet Dean Corlis of Benton College of Law of St. Lewis, Missouri, and Vice-Dean Easterday of the Brooklyn Law School who were awaiting me at the hotel.

I was much pleased with the appearance of both gentlemen. We adjourned to my room and plunged at once into a general discussion of the problems before us.

When I found that they were both quite timid about opposing the bar association, I was afraid that all my efforts would be fruitless. The seriousness of the situation, however, was so manifest that they agreed with me that some definite action must be taken.

My statistics, gathered from government reports, were so astonishing, however, (only 1.4% of our school children having the advantage of a college

training, which meant that the association plan would bar out over 98% of our young people from aspiring to the profession of law) they began to pluck up a little more courage.

Dean Carusi met us at lunch and his fears, expressed eloquently and well, threw my companions into the doldrums once more. They were my guests for lunch, after which we repaired to my room and for four hours Dean Carusi and I conducted a joint debate in which my enthusiasm and boldness gradually swung the issue my way. Before Dean Carusi left us he admitted that I had convinced him that his plan of law student association was not sound. We were to formulate plans for a convention, and he would meet us again next day.

Until suppertime we debated the question of a declaration of principles to be sent out to the law schools for approval. They could not at first see the necessity of that, but I finally convinced them that it was the only way to escape successful attack as attempting to lower the standards of legal education and also the only way to avoid the embarrassment of having one year and two year law schools join the association as charter members, thus exposing us to fatal criticism.

We took supper together and at seven thirty took a recess until I could draft a declaration of principles. The task was much more difficult than I had anticipated. Our minds had met on the general proposals but to state the matter in forceful and decisive language was quite another thing. I made start after start and destroyed draft after draft until at 9:30 P.M. I had what was to me a satisfactory paper.

I called the others to my room and found that neither had written anything, having debated continuously. But my draft upon which I had labored so strenuously was no sooner read than they both pitched into it as being too bold a platform. We must not, they declared, attack the bar association plan.

Then our debate began all over again. I told them that they reminded me of the anxious mother who told her boy that he could go swimming but he must not go near the water - we were to fight the bar association plan but our declaration must be so worded that even the astute Elihu Root would be deceived into thinking that we were forming a suicide pact to relieve the bar association the necessity of killing us. Finally, I took my declaration, article by article, agreeing to change it into more suitable form, providing that I did not do all the compromising.

Never was a more earnest debate conducted than was ours until midnight. At the end of that time my resolutions were a hopeless ruin and we were completely fagged. My companions had smoked incessantly and I was giddy headed from tobacco smoke. We then conceived the very wise notion of going out for a walk.

The storm had cleared. The street lights were brilliant and the air was biting cold, with a wind that struck through me in a way that made me regret that I had not brought my fur coat to Washington instead of a light overcoat.

We walked around the mighty shrine of every schoolboy's hope - the world famous White House - white and wonderful in the midnight illumination. The

great block known as the Army and Navy building was also circumnavigated before we returned to the hotel for the night.

I awoke at daylight and the dawn of a new thought that solved our long vexation of the night before. To find an adequate reason for a new organization without openly attacking the bar association plan had been the cause for our long and unsatisfactory debate. It now flashed into my mind that there were two important facts we had overlooked. First - that the Assn. of Am. Law Schools had sharply drawn the line between themselves and the unorganized schools when they had declared for college training as indispensable to admission. Second - that the Carnegie Foundation report, undertaken at the express request of the American Bar Association had come out with a strong endorsement of the evening law schools which the Bar Association was now trying to abolish. I accordingly drew up the following statement or Declaration of Principles.

PROPOSED DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF DAY AND EVENING SCHOOLS

The latest development in legal education has separated the law schools of the Nation into two distinct groups.

First: Law Schools that will receive for training college men and women only

Second: Law schools that are open alike to college and non-college man and women.

The first group of schools is organized into an association of law schools for mutual improvement and assistance. The second group is not yet so organized and cannot join the association of the first group, since it would necessitate the abandoning of training of the great mass of American youths who must daily toil to support themselves or others dependent upon them.

Government statistics prove that ninety-eight and six tenth percent of American youths belong to the latter class, and that but one and four tenths percent of our public school children ever graduate from college.

It has been most ably pointed out by the Carnegie Foundation, after an eight year survey of legal education undertaken at the express request of the American Bar Association, that the part time or evening school is a vital necessity. "Inherently," says this report, "the night school movement in legal education is sound. It produces a necessary corrective to the monopolistic tendencies that are likely to appear in every professional class - tendencies that in some professions may be ignored - but in a profession connected with politics constitute a genuine element of danger. A decidedly intolerant attitude toward any sort of night law school training is sometimes displayed by those who receive their education in other ways."

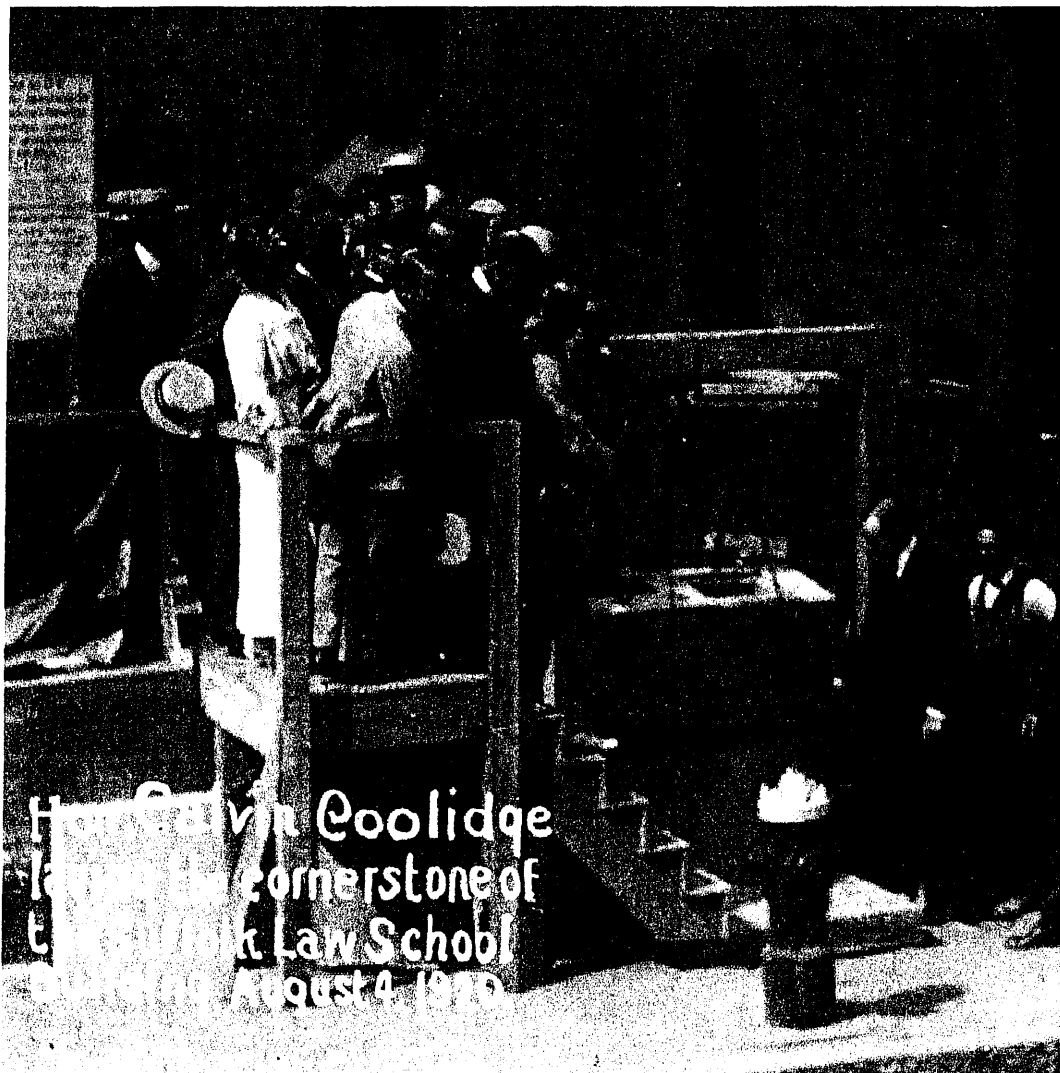
"Training for Public Profession of Law" page 399.

We, therefore, the only law schools now open to the 98.6% of our American youths, so hereby organize ourselves as the National Association of Day and Evening Law Schools, for the following purposes:

- (1) To raise the standard of legal education in our own ranks, with a minimum training period of three years, to be extended to four years for part time schools as soon as local circumstances permit.
- (2) To assist one another by interchange of ideas of teaching and methods of law school administration.
- (3) To determine from time to time and to maintain the highest entrance requirements that can reasonably be expected of applicants whose circumstances have prevented from attending college, which, until evening colleges are available, we now declare to be a high school education of its equivalent.

Having accomplished this, I shaved and made ready for the day much more hopefully that I had deemed possible after the difficulties of the previous day.

When I went to the dining room of the hotel and was ushered by the obsequious waiter to our usual table, I saw at an adjoining table in stately dignity and alone Vice President Calvin Coolidge whom I had not seen since he laid the cornerstone to our new building.



Strangely enough he recognized me as a man from home. I crossed to his table and we shook hands. He invited me to be seated and take breakfast at his table. We had a very pleasant chat in regard to improvements in the legal profession, politics in Massachusetts, Mr. Coolidge's experiences in presiding over the senate etc. The final result of our meeting was that I received a Vice Presidential pass to the Vice President's gallery, not only for myself but also for Dean Corlis and Vice Dean Easterday.

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Mr. Easterday was the first to join me in my room and he was overflowing with astonishment that I had breakfast with the Vice President (the waiter had told him). He was greatly elated at our pass for the senate debate. But when I had read my Declaration of Principles, he declared that the great objective of our Washington Conference had been attained.

Dean Corlis had overslept and it was ten o'clock before he arrived at my room. I found that he had indulged in literary labors also, so I declined to read mine until he had read his own. He did so, and much to my amazement I found that his platform was fully as belligerent as mine of the previous evening. The joke lay in the fact that he had been the cautious one of the night before, having warned my earnestly many times that we must not attack the bar association plan. When he read his paper, I turned the tables on him by telling him that there was only one fault with his paper, for we must remember that it was very unwise to attack the bar association. Dean Easterday, knowing my solution of the vexed problem, roared with laughter at my little joke in Dean Corlis. The good dean defended himself saying that he saw no alternative.

So I read my document and he joyfully acclaimed it as Easterday had done. In fact, my companions felt that the work for which we had come to Washington was now complete (I had drawn up a proposed constitution). They felt we were entitled to a little recreation and were both eager to accompany me to the senate debate. A luncheon engagement made the day before by Dean Carusi stood in our way, so we called him by telephone and told of what we had accomplished and of our desire to go to the Senate.

He advised us to go and see him in the afternoon as soon as we returned from the Capitol. He also informed me that he thought we should have some publicity for our plan and that he was preparing a letter to go out to law schools.

We went to the Capitol at noon and lunched in the Senate lunchroom. While there I met Senator Walsh and introduced him to my companions.

The Capitol building itself was very impressive but when we passed into the Vice President's gallery, I was conscious of somewhat of a shock. The chamber was much smaller than I had expected. Possibly my imagination from childhood had painted the Senate chamber in lines of grandeur that no real legislative hall possesses. Certainly it was not as impressive to me as our own House of Representatives Hall in Boston. The desks were better and the richly upholstered chairs a decided improvement.

The first impression of the Senate in action was perhaps unfortunate, for here again it did not measure up to my conception of the most powerful legislative assembly in the world. Our Senators from Massachusetts had always appeared immaculately dressed and somehow to look the part of a senator. My fancy had painted the Senate as a whole living up to that standard of outward appearance.

But what I did see in the United States Senate on the 16th day of March, 1922? A small number of men (the chamber was almost empty) of very ordinary, almost homespun appearance. Some of them needed haircuts. They strolled around, some of them very awkward in their movements, shambling of gait, like a group of ordinary folks from the county districts. But after all, what more healthy

evidence could be desired of our Nation's democracy that this unostentatious body of men?

Senator Reed was speaking to a chamber well nigh empty, declaiming loudly against the evils to him apparent in the Four-Power Treaty. That he had scant support in his views was evident. Very few senators were in their seats. Some of them were reading, others whispering together and all present seemed to be either too gouty to leave or else ready to flit bask into the Senate antechambers.

The only diversion that occurred was when some hoary haired patriarch doubted a quorum. The clerk called off the names and received a few responses until he had reached the end of the list. Then the senators came from the ante rooms until fifty-six had recorded themselves. The clerk announced that a quorum was present, but it was noticeable that the senators had played hide and seek; for when Senator Reed resumed speaking there were fewer men present than before the calling of the roll. Even blind Senator Gore was led out by a page.

During the roll call we saw many notable men including Senator Lodge, Senator Lofollette and others who have played a leading part in the League of Nations and treaty battles.

After leaving the Senate, we walked through wonderful corridors, halls and staircases until we reached the hall of the House of Representatives. The house chamber was unimpressive. The seats, without desks, looked more like an old-fashioned assembly hall than like a modern parliament chamber. This hall, too, was empty except for a few members. A young man was standing in the open space before the clerks' desk and delivered an impassioned oration on 3% something or other. We did not tarry to find out whether it was beer or taxes, although I ventured an opinion to my companions that if it had been beer the young orator would have had a larger audience.

Somewhat latter we met Dean Carusi at the National University Law School. We entered with high hopes that my draft of a declaration and principles might be sent out by the four of us as a committee. But Dean Carusi had no sooner begun to read his letter to be sent out that I saw with dismay that he had abandoned the advanced ground that we had occupied that night before. It was a mass of generalities without a practical suggestion except to invite the schools to come together for another conference. He did not favor an association at all, but thought the whole thing could be accomplished by a mere conference.

The others said almost nothing, so I was obliged to take up the debate and endeavor again to convince him of the grace necessity of an immediate and permanent organization. He was in fact afraid to be identified with the movement unless he could be sure of its success. The document he had prepared, he wanted me to send out.

We debated the matter for an hour. When I saw that Dean Corlis's courage had oozed out I lost all hope that we could agree on the matter.

I told them that we had accomplished all that I had a right to hope - namely that we had, or at least a majority, had at one time been in accord as to what should be sent out to the schools. Now it was apparent it could not be sent

out over our names. I therefore would "carry on" whether they did or not. The report should be sent out in my name as chairman and I boldly prophesied that it would win. Dean Carusi was indulgent in his attitude toward my "youthful enthusiasm" and I retorted what when he saw victory coming our way he would scramble aboard the bandwagon and wave a big flag. This was perhaps a trifle galling to a man so much older than I, but he took it well.

After leaving Dean Carusi, we returned to the hotel and talked until time for me to take the Federal Express for Boston. Dean Carusi recovered his spirits somewhat and Dean Easterday expressed himself as being with me without reservations. I reached Boston early Friday morning March 17th and immediately started to draft a letter to accompany my report. Before night the report was in the mails to about seventy-five schools.

On the following day Elizabeth and I took the train for New Hampshire to make our present visit.

Thursday, Mar 23, 1922

Our visit was cut short by a telephone call from Mother S., Sunday evening, telling us that Marian was very ill. We hurried home and found the little girl with a high fever. Br. Prior had left medicine and would call the next day. I at once feared pneumonia and that was the doctor's verdict the next day. Marian grew worse toward night Monday and I acted as nurse after school was over. She was delirious a good part of the time and so restless that I scarcely closed my eyes at night. She was very ill Tuesday but at night slept quite a bit. Yesterday her fever abated and today she is almost normal. We feel very much relieved and very grateful to God for his mercy to us in this anxious time.

The first returns are coming in from the law schools. Four schools already agreed to come into the "National Association of Day and Evening Law Schools." I have every hope of success in putting the big project over and of defeating the very un-American project by the Bar Association.

Sunday April 1, 1923

More than a year has elapsed since I last wrote in this book - a year of solid achievement but with no exciting or spectacular features. The nearest approach to excitement was at the organization of the "National Association of Evening Law Schools" in Cincinnati, Ohio (April 24,25 1922) Our convention was very small. The Dean of the YMCA Law School of Cincinnati was the leader of the movement to capture the organization for the YMCA schools. His hostility and discourtesy to me finally led to an open breach between us and lined up all delegates but YMCA representatives with me. We organized the association with Dean Lee of John Marshall Chicago as President, Dean Douglas of Atlanta Law School vice President and myself as Secretary and Treasurer. The organization has failed to grow in size because the evening law school men apparently fear to come out in the open. However, the purpose of the organization has been accomplished for we have published two bulletins (both

from my pen) that have been very effective in exposing the evils of the two year college plan.

The campaign or the day law schools to eliminate their evening law school rivals, launched through the Bar Association with Chief Justice Taft and Elihu Root as spokesmen more than a year ago has resulted in practically nothing. Even the Bar Association in Massachusetts has turned them down, and no bill has been filed in our legislation. In a few other states where they have won in the state bar associations it has been by a small vote. So far as I have been able to learn they have been defeated in every legislation where the matter has been decided.

So far a law school attendance is concerned, some of the day law schools have lost numbers, some have had an increase because their college rule does not take effect until next year and men have hurried in before the rule takes effect. The evening schools have gained in numbers - Suffolk Law School being now the largest law school in the nation.

The school theatre was one of my great problems last year, but like many other things that have happened in the history of Suffolk Law School when plans have been thwarted it has been the hand of Providence itself. Because of a failure to pay rent I cancelled the lease of out theatre tenants. Had they made good the school would have been tremendously handicapped for when our mammoth Freshman class descended upon us in September the theatre was our only salvation. We have used it all the year with splendid results. Our first division that would require three of our regular halls finds ample accommodations on the first floor of the theatre.

My ever faithful and efficient secretary, Miss Caraher, is still with me, although for six weeks last summer I tried the experiment of an all-male organization. It seemed that the work was too hard for her, for she is a young lady of slight build, weighing about one hundred pounds, and evening work in addition to her day duties, which she takes very seriously, looked like too great a burden.

The experiment, however, was disastrous to my office. Costly errors were made. My work got behind and I was quite desperate with the additional cares. Catherine came in on several Saturday afternoons as well as on one or two evenings and helped straighten out the tangles in our Federal Board account.

So I finally wrote to her employers (with whom I had placed her) and asked for her release to come back. She had already admitted that she was not happy in her new situation and would be glad to come back. It came about, therefore, that she returned under a plan by which she should have half a day off for every evening which she worked.

This plan has worked out very happily for the school. The young lady understands the details of the office so thoroughly that she can carry on my duties whenever I am absent. No three men that I have ever employed can do as much (or at least ever demonstrated that they could) as Miss. Catherine. She is indeed a prize.

My office staff as a whole is a remarkably fine one. One of my greatest claims to success has been my ability to choose my helpers. Mr. Snyder

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
BOSTON
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continues to handle the problem of incoming tuition in a most satisfactory manner. On rush days Catherine and I take care of the overflow. Alden McClelland continues to manage the bookstore and handle some of the secretarial work. He also corrects papers as well as pursue his studies in the school. He is so absolutely trustworthy that, as in the case of Mr. Snyder, I have no cares or worries over the work assigned to him.

John J. Moriarty continues as engineer of the building and has never failed in his duties. He has a very capable assistant in Thomas J. McGreel, now a freshman in the school. Chief Simmons is filing clerk and to the best of his abilities carries out his duties.

Hiram has brought the Problem and Quiz department to a high state of efficiency. Our faculty has received some important additions this year. In all ways the school is a greater institution than before.

The wonderful growth of the school, over 1500 students this year, has rendered necessary the extension of our plant. On February 15th I purchased the building adjoining us at 51 Temple Street and we will erect an addition next fall. Not only have I bought the property mentioned but have also acquired for the school the strip of land between it and the First M. E. Church, which gives us a grand building site.

This current year has been one of solid achievement for me personally in the field of legal authorship. During the first semester I wrote a textbook on "Criminal Law", and am now well along in a text on "Real Property" which I hope to finish before commencement time.

August 4, 1923

Our commencement exercises this year were noteworthy. The clip pasted here tells the story

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

The Class Day exercises this year were held in Suffolk Theatre at 10 o'clock A. M. on commencement day. The student addresses were of unusually high order, particularly Frederic W. Lovejoy's class poem.

The program was as follows:

Class President	Thomas R. Norton
Salutatory	Edward J. Garity
Class History	Roy E. Connor
Class Poem	Fredrick W. Lovejoy
Class Prophecy	Thomas J. L. Meehan
Class Oration	Daniel J. Allen
Class Will	Thomas A. Finn
Flag Presentation	Edward F. Wallace
Class Presentation	Timothy J. Driscoll
Valedictory	Joseph G. Toland

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement exercises were held at 2 P. M. in Suffolk Theatre, May 26, 1923, with the Hon. Joseph F. O'Connell, Vice-president of the Board of Trustees presiding. Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston spoke for the city. Congressman Peter F. Tague spoke for the National House.

Preceding the Commencement oration by U. S. Senator Wm. E. Borah, three honorary degrees of LL. B. were conferred by the school: upon Senator Borah, former Attorney General Thomas J. Boynton who has been President of the Board of Trustees of the school since it was chartered in 1914, and upon Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County Henry P. Fielding of our faculty.

The singing of Miss Marian E. Mulhall, and of Mr. James P. H. Ronne of the graduating class was of a high order of excellence. Suffolk Theatre was packed to the doors during the exercises. Degrees were conferred upon ninety three

candidates, two other students, being under twenty-one years of age, were given certificates of completion.

SENATOR BORAH'S ADDRESS

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho delivered a notable address at Commencement Exercises of Suffolk Law School on May 26, 1923. His theme was the necessity of maintaining peace by a World Court rather than by the discredited method of war.

Senator Borah paid a very graceful tribute to the persuasive ability of Dean Archer in inducing him to take Senator Walsh's place as commencement orator. Owing to Senator Walsh's sudden departure for Europe he was obliged to cancel his speaking engagement by telegraph. Dean Archer went to Washington immediately, and after a very strenuous day of campaigning, succeeded in reaching Senator Borah personally and securing his services even though the senator had already dictated his inability to accept the invitation that had been sent him by special delivery.

August 6, 1923

Hon. Calvin Coolidge,
Hotel Willard,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

I wonder if you remember the rather prophetic words that you spoke to me in the morning of March 16, 1922? I have often thought of them and am especially impressed by their remarkable fulfillment.

On that morning I had the honor and pleasure of the time with you the breakfast dealing I have

Lost in copy at
Suffolk Archives

~~I expressed~~
Of the White House. You said to me as nearly as I can recall your words, "To become President is very largely an accident of Fate."

We did not expect the very sad accident of Fate that has made you the Chief Magistrate of this Nation, but I feel sure that to that Providence which has placed you there it was no accident at all. You have simply been in training to meet the emergency that has arisen. We need not only a man of presidential stature, but one who understands the great problems that confront this national government. Two years in cabinet, and as presiding officer of the Senate enables you to bring to the great office of President of the United States that ability and understanding that the Nation needs in this hour of crisis.

We who have watched your political career and who understand something of your ability believe that you are the Man of the Hour, and that for six years the Nation's welfare is assured.

Very cordially yours,

GLA/C.

DEAN.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

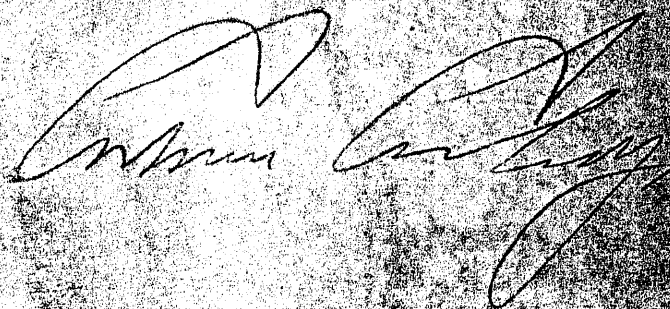
August 13, 1923.

Mr. Gleason L. Archer, Dean,
Suffolk Law School,
18 Darnes Street,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Dean Archer:

Thank you very much for your kind letter which has touched me deeply. I know you will understand that my reply is necessarily brief, but I assure you that it is none the less sincere.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely Woodrow Wilson, written in dark ink on a light background.

We gave Senator Borah a complementary luncheon at the Hotel Bellevue with trustees and faculty present. He made a very cordial speech in praise of the school and pledged his good offices in any case where his services might be helpful.

The great and overshadowing event of the day is the death of President Harding and the accession of Calvin Coolidge to the high office of President. The new President took oath at his father's Vermont farm house at an early hour this morning and is now speeding to Washington to assume his heavy responsibilities.

It recalls to my mind most vividly a portion of my conversation with the Vice President (as noted on page 126) at the "Willard" on the morning of March 16, 1922. I had voiced the hope and belief that he would be the next occupant of the White House. Mr. Coolidge replied, "To become President is largely an accident of fate." The accident of fate has occurred and has elevated a great and good man to the highest office of the nation.

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
BOSTON
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New York City. July 29, 1930

Nearly seven years have passed since I last wrote in this book - seven years of great importance in my life. It is not a case of wearying of the self imposed task that has caused me thus to neglect my Journal, but simply that I have been so engrossed with other things that there has been little or no time for anything but the task at hand.

I am now seated in my room at the Hotel Victoria with leisure for several hours. Every Tuesday for the next few weeks I shall find myself similarly situated for I am broadcasting a series of talks on "Laws That Safeguard Society," giving them over the National Broadcasting Company's great chain of radio stations. My purpose, therefore, is to utilize this unaccustomed leisure time by summarizing the events of the past several years.

Before making that survey, however, it is highly proper that I set down some facts concerning my family and the present status of things in general at the school.

Elizabeth, my wife whose name so frequently appears in these pages, is if anything younger and more charming than she was seven years ago. The lightening of family cares due to the growing up of the children has left her more leisure time for self-culture than she formerly enjoyed. She has struggled somewhat unsuccessfully with a tendency to plumpness, but inasmuch as that tendency is a family trait on her father's side, the contest has been unequal. In spite of every effort of self-denial at the table, she has increased to about one hundred and eighty pounds.

In other ways, however, she has scored remarkable successes. She took up singing about five years ago and has pursued it with great zeal under



Jean Wemple

Allan Archer

F. Morse Wemple

Elizabeth Archer

Gleason

Professor F. Morse Wemple of the N.E. Conservatory of Music. He is a very remarkable teacher and my dear wife has profited to the full from his teaching. She sings quite a bit in public, especially in churches and at social gatherings. She is also a capable teacher of voice but does not burden herself with anything but voluntary teaching.

But it is in a literary way that she has undergone the greatest development during the past seven years. Something less than two years ago she began to dabble in poetry. While I welcomed the new interest as an important factor in her soul development, it did not impress me at first as likely to result in anything but amateurish productions. Her first poems were somewhat too prosy in construction to suit my ideas of poetry. She was quite addicted to blank verse. But after some spasmodic efforts, she produced some very good verse. The late professor Sharp gave her some valuable criticisms that helped her see things more clearly. While at first I was obliged to be very cautious about any criticisms of her work, lest I discourage her, yet she now asks me to criticize each of her poems.

"A ROSE TO THE LIVING"

6

Also, with his love of nature,
 Gifted was he in expression,
 For that golden pen he wielded,
 Vivid pictures e'er presented,
 Telling as no man has told us
 Of the wonders of Creation.
 To our lack of understanding
 Bro't he powers of perception
 Such as none but he could teach us,
 Sharing all his mental treasures.

DALLAS LORE SHARP

J OYOUSLY he moved among us,
 Living fully, giving freely
 Of the beauty of his vision
 From his heart of understanding.
 We who listened to his teaching
 marvelled at his words of wisdom,
 As he opened up before us
 Wonders of the Book of Nature,
 Wonders which we ne'er imagined
 In our unperceiving blindness.

All his thots were tinged with beauty;
 Never careless, ever tender
 To the weakest of creation.
 Little creatures of the woodland
 Felt the aura of his friendship;
 Knew that he would never hurt them,
 Knew that he was Nature's lover.
 And 'twas his delight to picture
 All the marvels of construction
 In the ferns and flowers and mosses.

More than all his lips could utter
 Did we prize his charm and fervor,
 Understanding, perfect friendship!
 Oft he gave his full attention
 To the best he saw in others.
 Lavishly, with pains unsparing,
 Urging on to high endeavor
 Those in whom appeared some promise,
 Gently, but with honest insight
 Showing them their strength and weakness.

With his brown eyes beaming humor,
 Walking ever in the sunlight,
 Taught he, by his wholesome sweetness
 How we should endure life's trials.
 With a spirit brave and cheery,
 Emphasizing all the sunlight,
 Minimizing all the shadows.
 And he had no hidden vices;
 Nothing in his life which needed
 Charity of men's forgetting.

The rapidity of her development along this line is truly extraordinary. She has written some beautiful poems, overflowing wisdom and a calm philosophy of life that appeal to the ordinary reader. Quite a number have been published in periodicals. The Boston University Alumni Magazine has published several of them of late. Thus my wife and the mother of my children has developed with the years and is a source of pride to us all, whether as a singer or poet or home builder in the truest sense of the word.

Allan is now a six foot man, twenty two years of age, well developed in all respects. He has heavy brows and a strong intellectual face. He has already had four years of college training, two at Boston University and two at Harvard but is planning to continue at Harvard for his Ph.D. degree. Owing to the fact that he has changed colleges, he was unable to receive his A.B. degree at Harvard this year but will receive it next year. Allan is now in Cuba chasing the elusive snail. Yes, he has taken up another queer fad. During his first two years in college he collected Japanese prints, but since going to Harvard and falling in with the members of a club intent upon shells of one kind or another, he has become a snail enthusiast. In fact, he talks of making it his life's work. If he carries out with this intent it would seem to me a great pity, for he has a very remarkable legal mind (as I have learned from testing him on law). But for the present I am indulging him in his whim.

One particular thing about Allan is that he is not at all attracted to grown up young ladies. But he can enthuse no end over little girls from seven to fourteen. Many the child of that age has attracted his fancy in recent years. I tell him that unless he expects to be an old man before he marries, he must pick older damsels for his "lights-o-love."

Daughter Marian is now a very charming young lady of nineteen plus. She has finished one year in Colby College at Waterville, Maine. She is taller than her mother but slender and willowy in build. She is heavier than her mother was at nineteen since she weighs about one hundred and twenty-two. Marion's eyes are brown and her face is of a very unusual type. She has a splendid singing voice and, three weeks ago, she made her debut in a church duet with her mother. She repeated her exploit last Sunday and, of course, I was very much puffed up with pride to have my wife and daughter so splendidly perform.

There are many things about my only daughter that cause me to rejoice. Her honesty and her uprightness of character have been manifested on many occasions. She is also very particular about the opposite sex and we have never had any trouble about "puppy loves," for she has



never accepted serious attention from anyone. She is a very game young lady as they learned at college last winter when another girl accidentally struck her in the mouth with a hockey stick. The blow loosened five teeth and quite ruined her appearance - blood spurting and lips swelling in an alarming manner, But Marian did not faint nor weep as some other girls who saw the accident proceeded to do.

Quite recently she has mastered the art of driving an automobile and I have given her a new Chevrolet sedan in which she now drives around Norwell and the surrounding towns. Her mother, who is a very cautious lady, declared at first that she would not be a passenger in Marian's car the first season, but I notice that daughter has already overcome her mother's fear of the consequences of such a venture.

Gleason Jr. is now climbing the ladder to man's estate at an astonishingly pace. Although but fourteen years of age, he is taller than the average man (5 ft 6 1/2 inches) and a wonderful physical specimen. His arm muscles are almost duplicates of my own, despite the fact that he is still in early adolescence. All the girls and women rave over his good looks. His blue eyes and rather sandy hair give him a blonde appearance but I suspect that within a few years his hair will be almost black. He will soon need to use a razor for the outcrop of masculine fuzz around his lips is already manifest.

Gleason has completed two years in the six year course of the Boston Latin School. Each year he has won honors. His first year he won the scholastic prize for being the first in his room. During the past year he had the great competition of having a galaxy of prize winners from other rooms assigned to the same room, with the consequence that although he won five "A's" and one "B" he came out in second rank and was awarded the modern prize.

STON TRAVELER, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1931

Boston Latin Debating Team



The Boston Latin school debating team, having defeated the Brown University freshmen, will oppose the Harvard freshman team tomorrow evening at the Latin school hall. The Boston Latin school debaters are: Seated, left to right—S. J. Freedberg, G. O'Gorman, Jr., Faculty Adviser Francis J.

There is another thing about young Gleason that be especially noted in this Journal. He has a great passion for the oratory and possesses a remarkable gift in that direction. The fire and fervor that he can put into spoken language quite amazes me at times. Needless to say, son is in great demand at social affairs and there have been such this past summer in which he and his mother were "the whole show."

As far as my wife's parents who for so many years have formed an important part of our household living in a suite next to us in the school building and in our Norwell bungalow in the summer, they are hale and hearty. This summer they have been away constantly since June. For several weeks they visited the Osgoods in Manchester NH, and since that time have been in Chatauqua NY as in as guests of "Aunty Flo," taking in lectures galore on a great variety of subjects. They will return to Norwell in a few days.

Affairs at school deserve attention. Hiram is still Director of the Review department

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Affairs at school deserve attention. Hiram is still Director of the Review department and has a permanent staff of resident workers: Kenneth B. Williams, Harry Bloomberg, and Abbot G. Allbee. The department is a very strong feature of the school.

My office staff is headed, as usual, by Miss Catharine C. Caraher, the very remarkable secretary whose name has frequently been recorded in these pages. When she came to work for me eleven years ago last January, she was the only member of what has now become the most important part of the school. While the school was small she was stenographer, bookkeeper, recorder and secretary. Years have brought about great changes but Miss. Caraher has grown up with the institution and is now fully capable of running the executive department even when I am unable to give her personal instructions. There years ago, when I was stricken with appendicitis and was in the hospital for a month (as will be noted hereafter) she carried the entire burden at a very critical period of the school year. Nowadays I can leave her in full charge and rest assured that no mistakes will be made and no important duties will be neglected.

I am Dean and Treasurer of the school. Catharine is assistant Treasurer and Director of the office staff. She handles the payroll and attends to the drawing of checks for paying of bills. Her assistants are Leonard Williams as Recorder, Margaret Gillespie (Catharine's married sister) assistant Recorder and "engineer" of the mimeograph machine. Louise Duggan and Dorothy McNamara are stenographers and very efficient ones at that.

Rossiter Snyder comes up from Guilford Conn. during the weeks of quarterly payments and assists in the tuition ingathering. Harold Archer is manager of the bookstore and has been for three years.

Other members of the office staff are the monitors who are legion. They come from the Theological School of Boston University and "monit" in the day and evening classes about eight or ten regulars but on examination nights the number may rise to sixteen or so. The other employees under Miss Caraher's dominion are Ted Baker, the Janitor or engineer and his assistant. During the past year it has been Gerald Williams but Gerald has been promoted to the Library and will be succeeded by a young man named Keddy.

Now that the present status of things at the school and in my domestic household have been sufficiently outlined, let us take up the story of the years that have elapsed since the last formal entry in this book.

Events of 1923-24

While the chief events of this year (1923-24) have already been recorded at length in my book "The Impossible Task," yet, for the purpose of this record, I will summarize them as briefly as possible. On page 139 of this Journal it was recorded that on February 25, 1923 I purchased an additional tract of land on Temple Street for a possible addition to our building. A tenant was occupying the premises and the lease would not expire until September. This was, of course, as early as I could hope to start the work of building the annex, although it was obvious from the advance registration that we should need additional lecture accommodations as soon as possible.

Happily, I was able to make arrangements with the tenant to vacate in August. It was not a mere sentiment but sound business judgment that led me to engage Joe Lemay who had been the Superintendent of construction of the main building to take charge of the new enterprise. I also hired John Buck as head mason so that we had a strong and loyal organization to move onto "the job" as soon as wrecking operation would permit. In fact, as soon as the "EI" of the building was down we started a trench for foundation work in the rear of the premises. Before the wreckers were through the rear wall, the foundation was completed and the masons were called to start the brickwork.

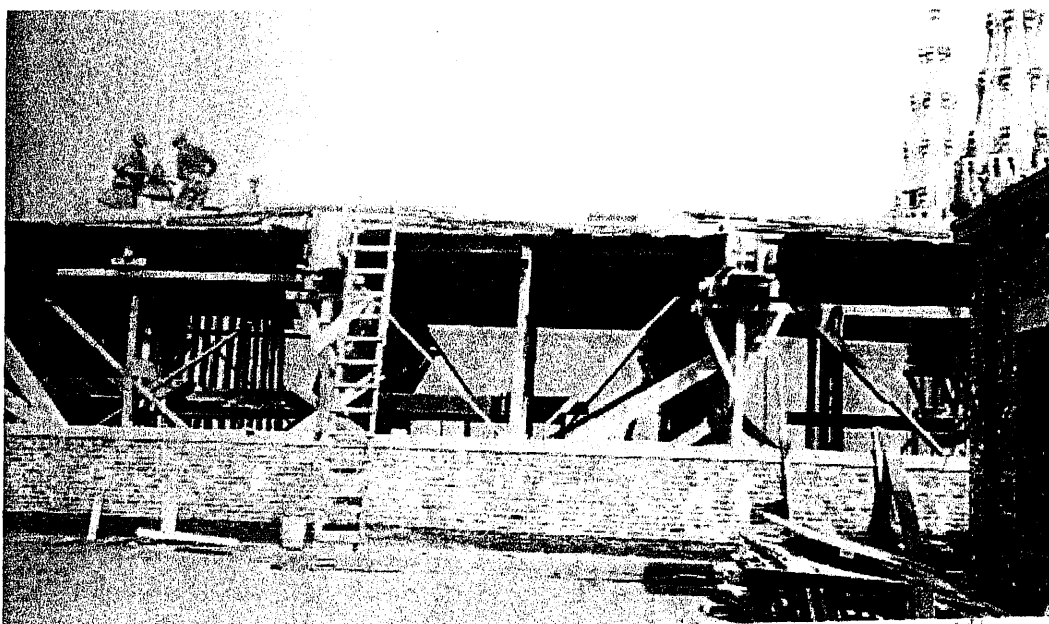
The Law School opened September 17th with an increase of two hundred men over the previous year. Our grand total of 1923-24 rose to the high figure of 1737. One fortunate circumstance about this additional prosperity was that we had a large sum of money immediately available for building needs. To be sure, we would need a great part of it to meet the semi annual interest and the cancellation of Bonds, but the need would not arise until January or February. I figured that the annex would then be so nearly finished that I could get a first mortgage and replace the tuition money before it was needed, thus avoiding the great expense of borrowing money on a construction loan. The beauty of it is that the plan worked exactly as I had hoped.



(Written in New York City Aug. 5, 1930)

The progress made by our workmen on the annex was truly remarkable. Joe Lemay fully lived up to the reputation acquired during the construction of the main building. His ingenuity and resourcefulness were a continual delight to me. I had wisely decided to keep all the brick in the original building and had paid a wrecking concern to raze the old building and cart off all the material except the bricks. When they found that we had double the quantity of bricks which they had estimated, it galled them considerably and they left the job without carrying off the granite of the high entrance, not the underpinning of the house. This was a matter of vexation to me, for I feared that it would cost a great deal to dispose of such heavy stones. Fortunately, a manufacturer of stone monuments came along and offered to buy the granite. He was able to remove these stones at his own expense and I succeeded in extracting \$75 from him for the privilege. The result was that our brick cost us very little. Joe hired some colored men to clean them and invented a brick-cleaning machine operated by an electric motor that accomplished wonders.

The colored men kept the masons supplied with brick and the latter worked very industriously on the rear wall of the annex. They needed to, for Joe had no sooner built the concrete foundations along the boundary next to the church than he started pouring columns and built the floors. It transpired that he could build floors faster than the masons could build supporting walls, so we



were treated to the strange spectacle of floors tied into the wall of the main building and at the back end of the annex but all the rest supported on scaffolding.

Meanwhile, John Brick's forces were working furiously in more senses than one for the forms for these concrete floors were never so tight but drippings of concrete fell upon the heads and down the backs and neck of the masons who were working below. There was thus furnished a powerful incentive to build walls as rapidly as possible.



The work began, as I said, in September. By the early part of December the floors and walls of the annex were complete. Early in February we took possession of lecture halls for the larger classes but the Annex was not dedicated until March 10, 1924. I had purposely delayed the ceremony in order that U.S. Senator Walsh might deliver the address on the tenth anniversary of the signing of the charter of the school.

The financing of the project was vastly different from the harrowing experience of the financing of the main building. I had the satisfaction and triumph of having several banks that had refused us aid three years before offer and even urge upon me a loan for the new structure. As a matter of fact, we were then paying 12% interest on a second mortgage on the main building. So I conceived the idea of placing a \$60,000 first mortgage on the annex and devoting at least half of that amount to paying off the second mortgage. That this was good business policy will be seen by the fact that I borrowed at 6% and cancelled a 12% obligation. The Exchange Trust Company made the loan.

Early in the fall I had seen that the Boston University lease was no longer advantageous. Their classes met in small units in our large halls. We were now about to build much larger halls and would perforce be obligated to let the S.R.E. students to use them. But our rental had been fixed on the basis of the original building. In the lease, however, was a provision that after three years the lease could be cancelled upon due notice. The three years would expire in September 1924.

After due deliberation, I notified the authorities of the school that we would be obliged to terminate the lease. I, thus, gave them nine months notice instead of three. This led to very disagreeable consequences because we were dealing with people who were capable of disagreeable conduct.

By some particular process of thought it had been deemed wise from the beginning of their lease for the officials of the School of Religious Education to "four flush" to their students and to give the impression that they were owners of the building instead of tenants thereof. Their catalogues and printed matter gave that distinct impression. When they had moved in, I had with my own hands taken down a sign that they had placed over our main entrance. This sign read "Boston University" as though the building had been taken over by the University instead of hiring offices in the left wing. At that time I had told them that the only sign I would permit would be a sign on the corner of the building near Ridgeway Lane. Well, the officials were in the dilemma of acquainting their students with the true facts or else have those facts come out through the logic of events. To my astonishment they refused to confess the truth. The S.R.E. students became very indignant at the presence of workmen about the premises. They still believed that Suffolk Law School was a disagreeable tenant and they set about making life as miserable for me as the knew how. I had formerly enjoyed very pleasant relations with the young people but I now found myself the object of black looks. They even went to the extent of hissing me in the corridors, particularly when we were cutting through the wall of the main building into the annex.

I demanded that Dean Athearn make frank explanation to his students. This he refused to do. I therefore issued a statement myself to the students of S.R.E., explaining the necessity of building operations and also that I had given due notice of cancellation of the lease. Since the professors were unaware of this and some of them had denounced me in their classes, the announcement made a great furor, but the officials of the school confiscated them before many of the students has seen them.

But I was not to be baffled by any such childish conduct. I thereupon issued the same statement to the students of Suffolk Law School. The S.R.E. people did not dare confiscate these bulletins which were left around where their own students would get them. I also placed some on our bulletin board under lock and key. Dean Athearn and his staff were furious but their students learned the truth in spite of them.

They did not bid me a fond farewell when the moved out during the summer of 1924 and surely no landlord was ever happier to be rid of tenants that were we.

But one of the reasons why I was particularly anxious to resume complete possession of our building was that I thought the time had come to institute a day department. The Trustees agreed with me and I made a trip to New York City to investigate the law schools in that vicinity where both day and evening classes were in operation.

The new department was announced in the catalogue of 1924-25, which was issued about April 1924. We offered several day sessions: 10 A.M., 2 P.M., and 4 P.M. but stated that we would be governed by the student preferences in the matter. All day school registrations during the summer of 1924 were therefore studied by me with great interest. Each such registrant was requested to state his references as to divisions. I soon discovered that the popular periods were to be 10 A.M. and 4 P.M., so we made definite announcement with these divisions as a basis for our day classes.

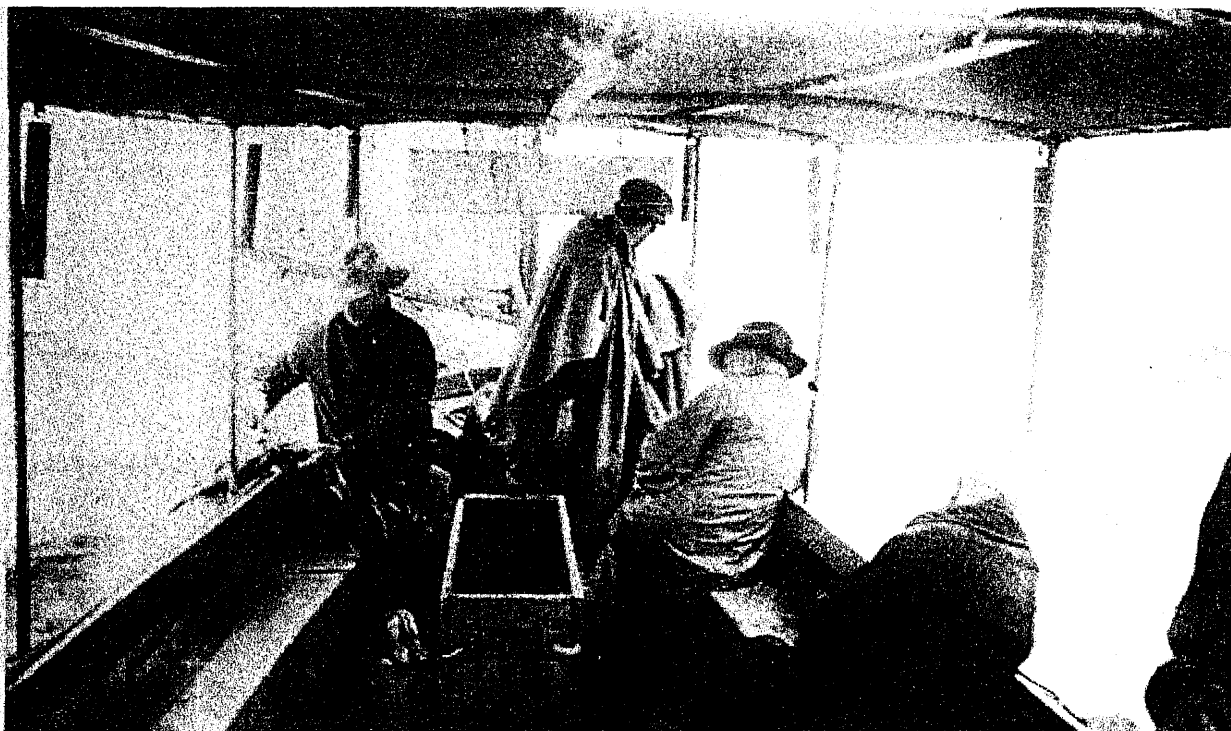
Events of 1924-25

The day department opened according to schedule, having, of course, but one class to begin with - freshmen. 140 students was the initial day enrollment out of a class of 958 freshmen. The year was comparatively uneventful, all departments running smoothly and efficiently. In this year I insisted upon lightening the burdens of my hard working secretary by employing a stenographer, Miss. Anna Crampa and also employing a Recorder, H. Rossiter Snyder. This made it possible for Miss Caraher to devote more time to executive work, thus lightening my own burdens.

The total attendance during the year rose to the record figure of 2018 students and tuition receipts rose to \$150,000. Out of this amount I succeeded in paying more than \$90,000 on our building debt.

But the annex was not my only out of the ordinary activity, for during the school year of 1925-25 I accomplished the very difficult and exacting task of

writing a textbook on Wills and Probate. This book was published during the summer of 1925 and was ready for use at the opening of school in September.



Events of 1925-26

Advance registrations during the summer of 1925 indicated a substantial increase of students, coming to us in large part through our new day department.

I spent as much time as possible on the farm in Norwell, going fishing occasionally. For several years Professor Sharp and his boys had accompanied me on these fishing trips but for two years the two younger boys has been attending school on a ranch in the west. As a sort of celebration of their return we staged a fishing trip in early August 1925 which led to important results. Professor and Mrs. Sharp with three of the four boys were with us in a sea trip with Captain Edson. We went out from Ecituante for codfish and made a very good catch, but Professor and Mrs. Sharp became very seasick. We returned to the farm and completed the day's outing with a corn roast and fish dinner at my boiling spring in the woods.

"The Reverie" August 9, 1930

The place was so enchantingly beautiful that I decided to build a log cabin as a permanent shelter for picnics. The decision was no doubt helped in the process of incubation by the enthusiasm of my dear and greatly respected friend when I mentioned it to him. His enthusiasm over the enchanted woodland in which the spring is the bright and particular jewel was good to see for Dallas Lore Sharp was as joyous in his expressions of gladness as an exuberant boy.

But there was also the cosmic urge of the woods of my childhood and the emerging memories of long ago when a log cabin in the forest was my favorite shelter and my delight. Not only could I recall golden days and hours when as a



small child I toddled about my father's lumber camp, but those five years of my youth in the lumber camps had sketched unforgettable memories in my brain. Hardships there were and privations of a primitive life but soul-satisfying days when the glory of autumn and of winter made the deep woods a paradise indeed.

So now I would recreate from those memories a cabin of pine logs, grown on my own land, that should speak to me ever of the past and yet fulfilling for the present as even greater measure of blessing than the 'old days' had possessed. Those days had been yoked to hardship and grim necessity - these would be idyllic recreation from the busy labors of a life filled to the brim with opportunities of service to humanity and of work well worth the doing.

So on that very day after my guests had departed I returned to the spring with Gleason Jr. as an interested spectator. I felled the trees and shaped the logs for the sills of the cabin. The story of that struggle to build the cabin before the bark of the pine trees stuck fast in obedience to Nature's laws has been written by me in the log book of the cabin. It is too long to be inserted in this narrative but suffice is to say that with limited time at my command and in the heat of an unusually sultry August, I nevertheless succeeded in accomplishing my purpose.

On the seventh day of September in 1925 we reassembled our original fishing party, with my wife in addition thereto, and dedicated the cabin with due ceremony - and a steak dinner. Professor Sharp christened the cabin with its poetic name, "The Reverie."



By Huntington Sharp.

It was my delight to add to that cabin every convenience that a cabin could have, including a silvery voiced radio which has served me ever since that autumn of 1925, bringing the news of the world and the music of the spheres in to the peace of my woodland Eden.

Several happy reunions with our friends, the Sharps, were staged in the cabin during that year. But I found "The Reverie" growing upon me as a new and peculiarly rich experience for body and mind. In the deep silence of the woods sleep took on new meaning. I could also write with an ease and power of expression not before experienced.

So I stole away to the woods whenever I could rejoicing in preparing my own meals and enjoying them as never before. But there were many things to do and my fertile mind was forever getting me unto one task after another.

In October I conceived the idea of excavating the brook that flows from the spring. On October 31st the log book of the cabin bears record that I began a very ambitious irrigation project. I wrote in the log book, "This day I began to dig the Suez Canal. The brook from my spring was always a slow moving trickle, choked by a century's accumulation of fallen leaves and tree limbs. Now I have always longed for a brook of width as well as length. That longing give birth to an idea and this day I began to put that idea into tangible form. I will excavate me a brook and dammed will it be - in several places. Thus I will create a wide brook,

a deep brook, a brook for trout, filled with sparkling cold water from my spring. Not only will I have a brook, but I will have a trout pond!"

Thus the originated the trout pond that has been such a joy to us for five summers. I hired Bill and Bob Smith to assist me in the arduous task of excavation. To my amazement I found that the entire swamp was underlain by a white sandy beach dating back to prehistoric times. So hard packed was the sand that it was difficult indeed to cut it with a spade. Under about two feet of peat the sand was to be found wherever we dug, so that in the process of digging the pond we threw up a high embankment on all sides and covered the embankment with white sand.

Thus I created the an ideal pond for trout and the following May the first consignment of eight-inch trout arrived from the Gilbert Trout Hatchery of Plymouth Massachusetts. Every spring since then I have stocked the pond anew, and every summer and fall I have been able to treat my guests to trout dinners which they themselves helped catch.

Under the urgings of Professor and Mrs. Sharp I began during the late fall of 1925 to reduce to writing some of my early life and varied experiences in the primitive hamlet of my birth. This writing was more in the nature of relaxation at odd moments than a real task. The delight of my family and friends at the vivid pictures of a strange and primitive community encouraged me to prepare and read them these installments of manuscript. I must have written more than five hundred pages of it during the year but have never attempted to put it into print, my idea being that such written record will keep an be of more interest to people years hence than now.

But there was another circumstance that encouraged delving into the past. I had become convinced that Joshua Williams, my great-great grandfather, was a Mayflower descendant. I went to the secretary of the Society of Mayflower Descendants to discuss the matter and he treated me as though I were a burglar trying to break into a sacred temple of which he was divinely appointed guardian. This treatment made me so indignant that I resolved to show the gentleman and his associated that I could qualify for admission and thus pave the way for all the descendants of Joshua Williams to join if they wanted to do so. Thus I let myself in for a great deal of research in Boston, Plymouth, Taunton, and even Elsworth, Maine. But I won the fight to become a life member of the sacred society.

During this investigation, I had sent out a questionnaire to all known members of the older generation of Great Pond (Maine) descendants and had thus accumulated a great deal of family data. By comparing data from various sources, it was possible to trace the various branches of Joshua's descendants. So I resolved to put into book form the results of my gleanings. While this had seemed to be a simple task when it was begun, it proved to be one of the most exacting jobs I ever tackled; for it was necessary to write for more and more information concerning this family and that, leaving portions unfinished for months. However, I evolved a system of folders for different family lines and thus avoided confusion so far as possible. But the family has so extensively intermarried that it was exceedingly difficult to carry the story of the different

branches in orderly sequence. It was, in fact, not until December 1926 that the little book came from the press.

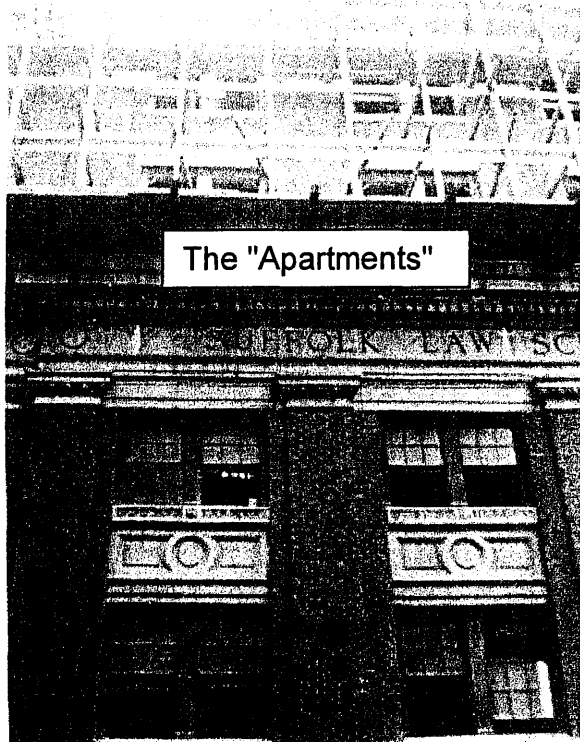
It must not be supposed that I was neglecting my school duties. The new day department tendered it necessary for me to be in the office more than usual for the building was now full of students day as well as night. However, Catharine held the students at bay as much as possible and attended to all except really important problems. This, of course, disrupted our old plan of giving the young lady the next forenoon off after an evening on duty, for we had morning classes. She stood up well physically, however, and we increased her salary to a substantial figure.

In the American Magazine for February 1926 appeared a special story about me which attracted a great deal of attention and indirectly led to important results. I had long been in "Who's Who in America" and other such publications, but this magazine article, giving the romantic story of my rise from a cook in the lumber camps to my present prominence in the law school world, focused interest in the school and its founder.

Shortly after the appearance of the magazine I received a letter from Dean Hamilton Douglas of Atlanta Law School which had been using my text books for a year, saying that his students were very eager to have me come to Atlanta. He stated that they had cut the story from the American Magazine and had placed it on their bulletin board. The invitation was accompanied by an offer to pay my expenses, which would be around \$100.

Elizabeth and the family urged me to go for they feared I was working too hard. My school associates felt that it would be a good thing for the school, thus to advertise it, so I accepted the invitation setting the date of my visit for the last of March. Of course, I don not wish to take so wonderful a trip without taking my wife along. Elizabeth has a great dread of travelling, however, and could not be persuaded to go. She urged me to take Gleason Jr. along. He was very eager to go, so I included him in my plans. It seemed to me that when I was so near Florida, which was then in the midst of a great boom as a winter resort, I ought to take some portion of Florida into my itinerary. Young son was very exuberant over this idea but insisted that we should swing far enough south to see "waving palm trees."

In consulting Raymond & Whitcomb, the travel experts, they suggested Sarasota, Fla. as a quiet and beautiful spot for a few days. The



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itinerary was drawn up and tickets procured for each sector of the journey. Then I fell victim to a species of influenza quite epidemic at the time. For three weeks and up to the very time of my scheduled trip I was very much of an invalid, running a fever every day and losing weight as a consequence.

A few days before sailing time I was able to be out of bed and around our apartments, but very rarely down stair in the office. My doctor said that the trip would do my good. We felt sure that on the Savannah boat would be ample medical attention until I reached the summer warmth of the south.

So on a Saturday afternoon, March 13th or 14th, Gleason and I took a taxi to the steamboat for our grand adventure. If I remember correctly, the steamer was the "City of Columbus." Although it was near sailing time I was surprised to see the great boat deserted. There were no people on the dock on this cold and cheerless afternoon and when we moved into the harbor there was scarcely half a dozen passengers in sight on the deck.

Being still feverish, I made inquiries about a doctor in case I should have a relapse. To my dismay, I found that because of the light travel at this time of year, there was no physician aboard. Neither was there a barber. Fortunately I had brought shaving equipment along.

When we had our first supper on the shipboard, I found that we could all sit at the captain's table. Such a motley handful of passengers. There was one tottering wreck of a man, so thin and antiquated that a gust of wind would have wafted him overboard. His wife was much younger and, oh so fat! She went to the other extreme and carried around all the beef of the family.

Then there was another couple in which the wife was a little frail old lady, one of the plainest mortals that ever drew breath. She was squired by a devoted husband who looked many years her junior, a fine upstanding man, well muscled and in every way a contrast to his unfortunate wife.

There were several other passengers, but the ones referred to are the only ones that I now recall with any degree of clarity. Gleason, now nearly ten years old, was the only child aboard. Son had some definite ideas of his own and before starting had procured a blank book in which to keep a journal of his trip. This record began he began to write on his first day out. One of the first of his tasks was to write a description of each of the passengers, a circumstance that later led to a hair-raising predicament.

That fact that so young a child was engaged in literary endeavors was soon known to the other passengers, for he did a good deal of it in the main saloon. Quite naturally the old ladies of the party were soon quite friendly with the small boy. On the last day of the sea trip they had become so friendly that son was persuaded to read his Journal to them. Now he had written so much that he had quite forgotten the frank description of the passengers. He did not discover the damaging entries until he was in the midst of them. The ladies were so delighted with his recital and so curious to know what he had written about them that they would not let him pause, so he was obliged to read the unflattering and truthful comments, while his audience rocked with laughter. In fact, they liked him all the better for it.

It happened that one of the ladies had a copy of the American Magazine and was quite thrilled to discover that I was a fellow passenger and that young Gleason was the child pictured with me in the illustration that accompanied the story.

Gleason distinguished himself in many ways on that trip but particularly at the table. The food was excellent, a fact apparent even to me in my ill and jaded condition of body. I went to the table each mealtime but ate very little. We were encountering very heavy weather and the ship wallowed a good deal. As I sat at the table I could see through the long windows of the dining saloon the remarkable antics of the horizon line. At one moment it would drop below my range of vision. The next moment it would come swinging up, rising into the window-view nearly to the top of the window, only to do down as suddenly. Meanwhile, we were somewhat concerned lest our dishes on the table would get away from us.

I did some writing in our stateroom but the chills that accompanied my fever, as well as the heavy cough that afflicted me, led me to spend a good deal of time in the bunk with an electric heating pad on my chest. In fact, if it had not been for the pad, I should have suffered a great deal more than I did. The weather continued very cold and inclement until, on the last morning when we steamed up the yellow Savannah River. It was then quite warm.

We arrived at Savannah about noontime, having been delayed on our trip by an accident to the crankshaft. The night when we rolled and tossed for hours on the open sea while a new pin was being inserted in the shaft is a very vivid recollection, not only for the discomfort at the time, but because I feared that the delay would throw my entire schedule out of gear. Fortunately, however, we reached Savannah in time to connect with the train for Jacksonville, Fla.

The train ride down the melancholy coastline of Georgia was quite fascinating but also dispiriting. To see endless miles of swamp land, dark and more or less forbidding in places, and yet in which human beings and domestic animals strove to exist was surely depressing. I shall never forget the cows, scrawny and even emaciated, nearly knee-deep in mud and water moving feebly along in search of grass on some hummock or reaching for moss among the trees. Once or twice I saw a dead cow lying on its side on some patch of dry ground, its legs grotesquely extended and its body bloated as no food had ever bloated it. Somehow, I felt as glad for the dead cow as I felt sad for the living ones.

We reached Jacksonville with two or three hours to spare before the train for the west coast would leave. So with Gleason and my movie camera we made a circuit of the town. We took a bus ride around the park system and found the trip one found of glorious scenery, fortunately, we had taken our overcoats along. While it was very warm when we started, yet before we returned from the trip I was glad to be buttoned tightly into my fur coat.

My clinical thermometer told me, when we were in the sleeping car that night, that I was still running a temperature. This was, of course, discouraging. When morning came, I felt better. We were moving through very interesting landscape. Palmetto palms were everywhere. Farms and fields and cottages

whizzed past our windows, all looking joyful in the spring sunshine. The contrast between the Georgic coastal swamps and this magnificent Eden of interior Florida was quite inspiring to the one who had come from snows and winter of Massachusetts.

(Hotel Victoria N.Y. City, Aug 12,)

We reached Sarasota at mid-forenoon and took a taxi to the hotel selected by the tourist agency. The hotel was now and hastily constructed as I could well imagine for the entire town had sprung up overnight. The closet in my room was roughly plastered and there was nothing about the place that was first class except the price.

A friend of Wilmont R. Evans, in fact the husband of Mrs. Evan's niece - a young named Crist, was in the real estate business in Sarasota. He had invited us the lunch with him, so when Gleason and I had freshened up a bit, we sallied forth into the blinding sunshine to meet our appointment. His office was not far from the hotel.

Now my eyes have always been very sensitive to bright sunlight but the glare of that semi-tropical sunshine was positively painful to me. I walked up the street with my eyes almost closed, surveying the dazzling world through narrow slits. And it was a glorious scene - a beautiful town with palm trees and tropical foliage everywhere.

Mr. Crist was expecting us and proved to be a very engaging young man, as was his business partner. They had arranged for a luncheon at an inn on the edge of Sarasota beach. The drive thither by automobile was a joyous affair for my small son whose capacity for enjoyment is quite beyond description. Two great ambitions had possessed him for some hours. The first was to gather some Spanish moss and the second was to climb a palm tree, both of which ambitions he was to realize before the sun had set that day. But he was obliged to postpone both experiences until after the luncheon engagement.

The meal was very appetizing and the company was congenial. After lunch we strolled on the beach in the warm sunshine. It was hard to realize that the calendar spoke truth in labeling this day the eighteenth day of March. To see women and girls disporting on the beach and in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico in scanty bathing suits was to complete the sense of unreality that engulfed us. I could not help thinking of the wintry scenes of New England from which I had so recently come.

I took some moving pictures to commemorate the occasion and thus brought back visual evidence of the summer land of Florida. Our hosts were eager to show us the country and set out through a section then about to undergo development. There were rumors afloat that an Indian mound had been discovered by road-builders and we headed for the spot.

To anyone as interested as I in such things, the Indian mound was worth coming many miles to see. It seems that the steam shovel had dipped into the edge of an innocent-appearing mound of sand, from which soil of the region is famous, and had dropped the human skulls and human bones into the truck which it was loading.

This fact quite ruined the morale of the Negro laborers and also called a halt to the work at that point. The Smithsonian people had been notified of the discovery and when we arrived several scientists were in the spot and were superintending the digging. They were working with great care and precision cutting the bank evenly up and down so that the position of the bones could be noted as they dug the sand from around them.

It was quite fascinating to see the skulls unearthed, looking for all the world when first discovered like balls, only gray, like damp sand. When the sand had been brushed away from the skull, its hollow eye sockets appeared and the lower jaw dropped off, having now no pressure of sand to hold the jaw in the position it had occupied for centuries,

We saw several skeletons unearthed and I took some moving pictures of the process. The scientists declared that the great quantity of skeletons and the positions of the bodies indicated that it was a common grave for the burial of Indian braves killed in some pre-historic battle among the local tribes.

While young Gleason had been intent on Spanish moss, he was quite fascinated by the box of bones that the Smithsonian party had collected. He was eager to secure a skull as a souvenir but I was not willing that he should do so even if the men had permitted. But as it was he managed to secure two jaw teeth from the ruins and came away happy.

In fact he espied a tree full of Spanish moss nearby and we grownups pulled down enough of it for him to stuff a pillow. When we drove back to the hotel he was still in rapture over the treasures he had secured. Mr. Crist was quite insistent that we take dinner at his house that evening and set the time when he and Mrs. Crist would call for us at the hotel.

The afternoon was well spent and when we had inspected the park opposite the hotel it was within half an hour of time for our hosts to arrive. Young Gleason then realized that he had not climbed a palm tree and he announced his intention of remedying the neglect at once.

He selected a young palm of the Palmetto variety - a cabbage palm - that had shed its outer jacket of husks up to a dozen or fifteen feet from the ground. Gleason had on his best suit but the trunk looked clean and inviting, so up he went, all the while exclaiming "Oh Boy" or some such ejaculation. When he had climbed as high as he desired he looked down at me in triumph but the exertion had quite winded him, so he began to slide back to earth.

Then it was that I noticed that his smile vanished and a startled look came into his face. The seat of his trousers as well as the insides of his legs hugged the trunk very closely and as the small boy came down the trunk he was aware that something dreadful was happening to him. The trunk was covered with slender needles of fiber all pointing upward and the very fact that had helped him climb now hindered his descent except at the cost of collecting a million needles that pricked through the cloth to the very hide of the boy.

When he reached the ground he was a wreck. His clothes were literally filled with needles that prevented him from walking or even straightening up. So it was not only an act of mercy but necessity as well that I assisted him to pick the fibers out of his pants. It must have been an amusing tableau but between

us we made him quite comfortable in his nether anatomy before the Crists' arrival.

Mrs. Crist proved to be a vivacious and charming young lady, not long married and proud of her domestic establishment. Gleason Jr. made a great hit with her and with some of his astonishing grownup remarks quite bowled her over. He assisted her with the dishes, I believe, or at least it sounded to me as though he were doing so. We spent a delightful evening and Mrs. Crist invited us to go with them to Serasota Beach the next forenoon.

That night in the hotel was a revelation in more ways than one. The bed was none too comfortable despite the fact the rooms were \$10 a day per. The weather was hot and the horrible thirst-provoking water of Florida had already given me considerable distress in the stomach. I got up in the night to endeavor to draw some cool water from the faucet. When I turned on the light I beheld a most amazing sight.

In the hotel, so new that it smelled of plaster, there were untold hoards of cockroaches. They had quite covered the top of the wash bowl in my room and were holding a convention around my toothbrush. One old granddaddy was in the act of making an oration over it. When the light went on, such a commotion and scattering to places of safety then took place.

Although the weather had looked somewhat dubious when we went to bed, yet morning dawned in tropic brilliance. There were no meals served in the hotel, so Gleason and I went our way to a restaurant. It was kept in brigands of some sort because every item on the menu was a hold up.

Of course, this didn't mean anything to Gleason and he proceeded to order a three or four dollar breakfast only to find that when he had consumed some kind of dry breakfast food the could have been purchased in Boston for fifteen cents he couldn't hold any more and was obliged to send the rest back to the kitchen - I paying for it, of course. After that I obliged him to order and eat before ordering again so that his appetite would keep pace with his needs and capacity.

Mrs. Crist came for us at the scheduled time and drove for miles through tropical scenes to the Ringling section of Serasota. We took some moving pictures. Mrs. Crist and Gleason staged an animated scene that came out very well on the screen. Construction work prevented us from reaching the beach by automobile, so we left the machine and clambered over planking of a bridge that was in process of building. Our hostess was very agile and attracted a great deal of attention from the workmen. They were not at all annoying in their attitude so we gained the beach with nothing to mar the pleasant adventure of the morning.

The sand of the beach was white and dazzling in the tropical sunshine. There was, moreover, a very stiff breeze blowing, and fine sand rained upon us at all times. Mrs. Crist was rather small of stature and quite slender so the wind was somewhat of an affliction to her.

Gleason was filled with joy at the strange and beautiful shells to be found on the beach, so we became shell hunters, helped along somewhat by the breeze from the gulf. One amusing incident remains in memory. We spied a small party of boys camping out in the beach. They had a pup tent and close

besides it in the sand was a fire of driftwood. When we approached them they told us they were spending the day on the beach but had not watch with them, and wondered how long it would be before sunset. They said they had eaten dinner and supper and would go home at sunset. But inasmuch as it was between 10 and 11 o'clock in the forenoon I informed them that they would need several more meals if they wished to avoid starving before sunset. Their chagrin over the fact that they had eaten all their food was very ludicrous. However, they were good sports and when I forced them to take some money for the horde of shells that they had gathered and insisted upon giving to Gleason, they felt better.

We returned from our excursion and made a visit to the fish market on the edge of the bay or harbor just in time to see the pelicans getting their morning meal. It seems that the fishing boats tie up at a certain hour of the morning and the marksmen or the fishermen, I am not quite clear after the lapse of time, dress the fish and hurl the offal to the feathered garbage cans.

The pelican is a large bird with a bag under his chin, a long neck and a raucous voice. Such a clamor as those birds set up, squawking and flapping wings, jostling each other in the water, swearing and scolding if somebody else gobbled their unsavory looking mess that he or she was after. Of course I took moving pictures, as usual.

I must not forget the fishing trip that son and I enjoyed that afternoon. I chartered a motor boat had my first experience at trolling the sea for monsters. One giant mackerel was our only catch and I could him within ten minutes after leaving the wharf. We raced through miles of winding waterways among islands in the bay.

Gleason and I were looking for alligators but it was somewhat too early in the season for the creatures to be out. The boatman finally took us out into the gulf and tried some deep sea fishing without success. The sea was very rough and the wind was hot. I got sunburned but this was of small consequence beside the fact that the tropical sun roasted the last vestige of the "flu" out of me and for the first day in nearly three weeks I was free from fever.

There is little else to tell of the Florida trip. We entertained the Crists at sinner in the swell hotel of the city (not the one at which we were rooming) and took the train for Georgia. I was surprised at the great distances in the Southland for the trip to Atlanta was much more lengthy than I had anticipated.

We arrived in the famous city - famous for Sherman's march from "Atlanta to the sea" as well as for other things. It was Sunday

(Written in Chicago, Ill August 19, 1930.)

and we were glad of a brief period of rest from our trip through the picturesque southern mountains.

Dean Hamilton Douglas came for us that evening, however, and took us to his mother's home for an evening call. I had known her husband, a fine old southern gentleman, and found the widow to be a very gracious hostess. We spent a pleasant evening in this home so typical of the South at its best. Gleason was delighted with all that he saw and experienced. I am sure that he gave equal pleasure to the grownups who showered him with attentions.

Our progress for Monday was light so far as the forenoon was concerned but at noontime I was to be the guest at a luncheon given in my honor at the Capital City Club. While I had expected this to be a modest little affair where I would meet informally with a few of the graduates of Atlanta Law School, I was quite amazed to find that in the reception rooms awaiting my coming was a most distinguished array of leaders of bench and bar.

Not only were the chief justices of the Superior Circuit of the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court but Governor Clifford Walker of Georgia was also soon to arrive. Southern hospitality quite outdid itself.

Then when we filed into the special dining room and seated ourselves around a great oval table, I was placed between Governor Walker and Dean Douglas. The only disturbing fact was that I was expected to make an after dinner speech to this distinguished array of orators. The dinner was a very jolly affair.

When I was introduced I gave them a very informal and heart to heart talk on the need of greater understanding between the north and south and of the obliteration of memories of old wrongs growing out of the Civil War. My talk evidently made a very strong appeal to the emotional Southerners, for Governor Walker followed me with one of the most eloquent speeches on the same theme that I ever heard.

With his hand on my shoulder as he talked, he assured me that "When a Republican Congress and a Republican President enacted a bill for the minting of a special Stone Mountain Memorial Coin, they had wiped the stain of traitor from Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and all the great Southern leaders. He declared that the Mason and Dixon line had been forever erased.

It happened that I had in my briefcase a copy of my new textbook on evidence. Desiring a permanent souvenir of the meeting, I used the flyleaf of this book to secure a complete autographed roster of those present.

When the very pleasant occasion had ended, Dean Douglas took me and my small son to Stone Mountain where the very impressive work of sculpturing the mountainside was in progress. That evening I made an address to the students of Atlanta Law School and thus fulfilled the main purpose of the trip. I was received with great honor by the students and was surprised to be greeted by a graduate of Suffolk Law School who had learned of my visit through the newspapers.

Tuesday was also a lively day from the standpoint of sightseeing, visiting, etc. Governor Walker had invited me to call at the executive offices. Of course I took Gleason along, and of course he was the center of attraction.

Governor Walker has a great way with children. He seated Gleason in the Governor's chair (one occupied by Alexander H. Stevens of Civil War fame) and declared him Governor for one minute. Then he took him around the offices, showing him pictures and relics of former governors, all the while talking to him in the most entertaining manner.

From the Governor's office we went to the Supreme Court to return Chief Justice "Dick" Russell's courtesy of the day before. Judge Russell is a tall, raw-boned man. He told me that his ambition had been to have eighteen children,

but he fell short by two. That he was a very entertaining host goes without saying. When he had chatted a while, he called in the Associate Justices of the court and after he had introduced me to each and we stood together, the Chief Justice exclaimed "He don't look like a dammed Yankee, does he?" In fact, I heard it said more than once when I was in Atlanta that in appearance and speech I could quite easily pass for a native of Georgia. This is no doubt due to the circumstance that our ancestors came from the same section of England and that in isolated communities the original manner of speech had for the most part been preserved in both sections of the nation.

There was another luncheon engagement to be met, this time with the alumni of Atlanta Law School, and this, of course, required another speech. Gleason Jr. was with me at these affairs. Dean Douglas was planning to give us an afternoon of sightseeing and we, in fact, set out on such a trip, but were obliged by a very alarming circumstance to abandon it and dash back to the hotel. Gleason was seized with a violent attack of indigestion. We called the house physician, undressed the youngster, and did everything possible to relieve him. To say that we were alarmed at his condition is to put it mildly. The way we dashed about for remedies! Hot water bottles, a syringe and other needed articles were procured in frantic haste. It was surely a historic moment when two law school deans united their efforts in giving young Gleason an enema!

When Dean Douglas had rendered all the assistance possible, he went home to break the news to his wife, for she had planned an elaborate dinner for us, as the final act of courtesy before our departure. We both agreed that Gleason's condition was too serious to think of my leaving him.

Dean Douglas called me by telephone twice after leaving. The first time found Gleason resting comfortably and the second time the invalid astonished me by declaring from his bed that he was beginning to feel hungry. So I promised to bring him over and we would feed him some gruel or something.

But there was no gruel diet for him. No sir, Gleason sat at the table with us and ate a man-sized dinner. It was quite amazing to us grownups to see how completely he had recovered from his ghastly sickness of the afternoon.

Dean Douglas' household was peculiar. He was divorced from his first wife and his young son was living with the mother. By a strange twist of fate, Douglas had married a divorced woman who had a son about the age of his own. The strangest feature of all was the fact that the woman's former husband had retained Dean Douglas to divorce him. The two were still friendly but each was obliged to visit his own child from an automobile in front of the respective houses of their divorced wives.

We returned to Boston by rail stopping for a day in Washington en route reaching home after an absence of two weeks. One very gratifying result of this trip was that in June of 1926 I received a telegram from Dean Douglas stating that the Trustees and Faculty of Atlanta Law School had voted unanimously to confer upon me the degree of L.L.D. I was unable to be present at the ceremony but received the document in due course. Thus, one of the ambitions of my life was realized.

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
BOSTON
ARCHIVES

In closing the entries for the school year of 1925-26, it should be noted that Miss Caraher's sister Mrs. Margaret Gillespie was added to our mimeograph and clerical force, so that we now have four women (Miss Antorietta Cranpa, stenographer, Mrs. Gillespie, who operated the mimeograph machine and did general clerical work, Mrs. Edith M. M_, who was a filing clerk and assistant recorder as well as Miss Caraher herself) and one man (H. Rossiter Snyder) busily engaged in performing the duties that Miss Catherine and I had formerly carried, with the building program as an additional burden. This additional staff was, of course, warranted by the growth and added prosperity of the school. Rev. Henry S. Snyder continued as assistant treasurer.

In the Review Department, Hiram had long been obliged to employ a part time staff of correctors of student papers. But during the year he added a full time assistant, Harry Bloomberg, a recent graduate of the school. Alden Cleavland, who for several years had been manager of the school bookstore, was also assisting in the correction of papers.

During the summer of 1926, it became apparent to me that the necessary school expenses, mounting as they must with the necessary expansion of our work, would soon make serious inroads upon our tuition receipts unless we increased our tuition rates. The limit of growth had well been reached and a recession of the tide of post-war registration must soon manifest itself and thus cause a crisis in our treasury which for some years must pay very heavy sums of on bonds and mortgages.

Accordingly, in August 1926, the Trustees met and voted to increase the tuition to \$140 a year to all students who might enter after March 1927. This was a very important decision, the wisdom of which has abundantly been demonstrated in the years since.

Events of 1926-27

Advance registrations indicate that the impending change in tuition rates would cause a great increase in the freshman class for 1926-27, and so it proved. Before the close of registrations for the mid year entering class we had reached the phenomenal figure of men which is doubtless the largest class that we may ever expect to enroll. The grand total of students for the year rose to 2440 men.

Now that school affairs have become so well ordered and the school itself had attained a degree of financial independence, I felt that we ought to turn our attention to the alumni of the school. Our roster of graduates has now attained impressive proportions and although various attempts have been made to organize them into an association, these attempts have invariably met with disaster. The latest attempt had been made by me in 1925 when I called the various classes that had graduated to a mass meeting and urged them to organize. But inasmuch as the latest class to graduate had the majority vote and they knew no one in the earlier classes, they elected their own men to office and thus ruined all prospects of a true alumni association.

In January 1927 I placed before the trustees and faculty a new plan of reorganization. Under the plan I was to act as director for the first six months, during which time I hoped to get the alumni sufficiently acquainted with each other so that they might organize a truly representative association.

The school was to finance the attempt and in my call for a great mass meeting to be held in March 10, 1927, I suggested several constructive plans.

1. Monthly meetings of the organization except during July and August.
2. A monthly magazine devoted to Suffolk and Suffolk graduates.
3. Appointment of committees on Judicial appointments and election to public office of Suffolk graduates.
4. A housing committee to make plans for a permanent home of the association on Beacon Hill.

The convention for organization was to be held in the school auditorium and on the appointed night came the gathering of the clans. To my surprise and annoyance I learned that a certain disgruntled element among our graduates had boasted their intention of wrecking the movement. But I did not intend that any such disloyal tactics should be permitted free reign in the meeting.

A musical program was one feature of the evening. Martin W. Powers '25, sang several solos and my good wife sang three selections, all of which were enthusiastically received/

The name of the new organization was the first item of business and after some debate the name "Suffolk Law Alumni Association" was adopted. The question of issuing an alumni catalog provoked a warm debate and the matter was finally tabled until the question of expenses could be investigated. The question of a clubhouse was discussed at considerable length, but no positive action was taken.

After this meeting had adjourned, George H. Spillane of the faculty came to me with a suggestion that we form a "committee of founders," each member of the committee donating \$100 toward a building fund. The idea looked good to me and at a faculty meeting held during the following week I had Professor Spillane explain the plan to his associates. I led off with a subscription of \$400, and before the meeting was over we had a total of pledges of \$2300.

Later, at my suggestion, the Trustees voted to purchase a clubhouse and offer it rent-free provided the alumni would raise enough money for alterations and equipment of the building.

These facts were duly announced to the alumni both in a mimeographed notice and in the first issue of the Suffolk Alumni News which appeared early in April 1927. I was the editor of the new publication during the year 1927.

At the alumni meeting of May 12, 1927 a circumstance developed that well nigh terminated my earthly career. For some days I had been suffering from a strange internal malady that seemed to me to indicated appendicitis. On Tuesday morning I remember that I went to James E. Prior and told him of my symptoms. He declared that I did not have the suspected malady and prescribed a strong cathartic. We were in the midst of an annual rush preceding the final meeting of the faculty, so I worked with no apprehensions of trouble. On

Wednesday morning, however, I noticed whenever I coughed (I was recovering from a heavy cold) a stabbing pain in the vicinity of my right hip. Another visit to the doctor was much like the first - assurance that I could not have appendicitis and advice to try another drastic purging of the bowels.

By Wednesday night I was becoming somewhat groggy but I managed to preside at the Faculty banquet and the "agony session" on the graduation list that followed the dinner. Thursday morning found me a trifle better and so I labored diligently clearing up the details of some left over cases and preparing for the alumni meeting for that evening (May 12th, to which I have already referred).

Prior to that meeting my symptoms became so alarming that I made sure that James H. Brennan would be present to take my place as presiding officer in case I collapsed. During the evening, while the men were gathering, I talked with one or two graduates who had been operated upon for appendicitis and one of the told me that his warning pains had been located near his hip. I, therefore, became convinced that I was facing a very serious crisis in my life.

I gave not intimation of my condition to the alumni who assembled in the school that evening and although I was obliged to lean on the pulpit for support I managed to keep on my feet until the evening was over. Immediately after the meeting, however, and the nervous tension had abated, I suffered a virtual physical collapse. The pains that had made the previous night a period of torture now returned in alarming spasms. A great trembling seized me so that it was with difficulty that I climbed the stairs to our apartments in the school building.

It was then nearly eleven o'clock but I managed to get Dr. Prior by telephone. When I described my symptoms he seemed distressed and alarmed. He advised me to go at once to the emergency ward of the Massachusetts General Hospital. So I called a taxi. Before going downstairs I awakened my wife and told her not to be alarmed for I was merely going to the Massachusetts General for advise and might stay the night in the emergency ward.

Poor girl! She was very much alarmed and excited and wanted to accompany me or have Allan go. But I concealed my real condition as much as I could and assured her that the taxi was probably at the door and that the trip would be over in a moment, the hospital was so near.

Although the month was May, I was so full of chills that I put on my fur coat and wobbled out to the waiting taxi. It was an ancient machine and seemed to me absolutely springless as we clattered down the rough streets that led to the hospital. Every jounce added fresh torture, so that before I reached the emergency I was scarcely able to leave the taxi. Only with great effort did I manage to climb the steps and enter the office.

At this distance of time the recollection of events of that midnight adventure bear all the earmarks of nightmare. A man at the desk directed me to a room off the nearby corridor with instructions to remove my clothing, saying that a surgeon would look at me in a moment. A painful and desperate business it was for me but I somehow managed to accomplish the task and climb onto a white cot bed that awaited me. If I had been chilled before the moment of touching the cold sheets of the bed, I was now thrown into a chill that caused my teeth to chatter in spite of all my efforts at self-control.

A young man in white raiment, pad and pencil in hand, came to me presently and began to ply me with questions as to my name and previous condition of servitude (?). Then to my surprise he volunteered the information that I was born in Maine and was the Dean of Suffolk Law School. Ill as I was, this circumstance surprised me until he had explained that he roomed with one of my students and had recently read "The Impossible Task," a history of our building campaign which I had published the previous fall.

Then came a surgeon, Dr. John Hodgson, also in white who enquired my symptoms and tapped and prodded my abdomen. He was apparently mystified and declared that I should be held for observation. Inasmuch as I was not a charity patient it would be necessary to remove me to the Phillips House. If necessary, he would operate on me. I insisted upon knowing how much his fee would be in such an event and he named a figure that I considered very reasonable. Perhaps if he had known who it was he would have charged a great deal more. However, I did not, as it turned out, hold him to his original figure but added a substantial amount to the fee.

The removal to Phillips House was arranged by Dr. Hodgson who promised to see me again as soon as I was installed in a room. An attendant came with a white wagon, a cot bed on wheels and I was transferred to its ice-cold surface. Again, I was seized with a chill - this time more violent than before. Then began a nightmare journey the like of which could scarcely occur to me again in this life.

Struggling to control my chattering teeth, I looked up at a grotesquely changing ceiling as the wagon rolled down the corridor, into other subterranean corridors where steam pipes occupied the space above me, with wheels and valves and elbows in most amazing array. All the while I was aware of a protesting, squeak from one of the wheels of that wagon, a squeak that rose and fell in dirge-like cadence cutting my overwrought nerves like a knife.

Then to cap the climax of and to add a sort of nightmare horror to the journey, I was suddenly aware of two roaring furnaces side by side, their great mouths emitting a dazzling glare of white heat, and the crazy attendant was wheeling me straight into them. But this was more than nightmare delirium for as it proved, the corridor passed between two furnaces.

My next recollection was of the ride up the elevator to a room in the Phillips House and of the transfer to another cold bed. By this time I was so exhausted by chills that my condition was beyond description. However, a deft-fingered nurse took me in charge, placed hot water bottles at my feet and did much to relieve my distress. Dr. Hodgson came and examined me again. He left some medicine to be administered at regular intervals and left me in the care of the nurse.

It was several hours - in fact almost morning - before I dropped into a doze, no doubt induced by opiates. But during that wakeful period, I wrestled mentally with all the unsettled problems of the school year and jotted down in a little memorandum book with the intention of dictating full instructions to my secretary, Miss Catharine Caraher, when morning should come.

Shortly after 8 A.M. Hiram arrived at the hospital full of alarm at my condition and through him I sent a reassuring word to Elizabeth and information that she would be allowed to see me after nine o'clock. She came very promptly and we discussed the impending operation from all angles and its implications. I arranged a plan for temporary finances during my illness and explained my various life insurance policies in event of my death. She was very courageous and helpful as she has ever been in every crisis. But she bade me a somewhat tearful farewell at parting because she knew that before her next visit I would go on the operating table.

At my request, Elizabeth sent Catharine, with checkbooks, ledger and senior records for a final session of business. For some three hours I dictated letters and memoranda. I signed checks and also gave Catharine a note to the bank to supply her with funds in case of an emergency. We labored on Senior leftovers and as far as possible arranged the details and duties that would intervene between then and graduation time. The details of my will and estate, real and personal, were gone over at some length and Catharine was given full directions how to proceed in case of my death. Thus my house was put in order. Alden Cleveland, the new alumni secretary, came for further instructions in matters of the new association.

I had already determined not to force another night without having my appendix out and had sent word to Dr. Hodgson. So now I had the children come to visit me. Allan came along for a brief manly visit, full of courage and good cheer.

Marian and Gleason came together. It happened that, during their visit, my room was shifted to a less expensive section of the building. I had thriftily decided that a view of the harbor was not worth several extra dollars a day - especially when I would not probably feel well enough to enjoy it.

So they gave me a room on the second floor overlooking an inner courtyard. I was transferred, bed and all, to the new room. The two children were ushered in immediately, so we finished our visit. They both clung to me and wept before leaving because the dread of an operation oppresses even children.

It must have been nearly five o'clock when the children left me. Of course, I was to have no supper because the operation was to occur as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. I heard the doctor telephoning for the assignment of the operating room and for nurses and for an assistant physician.

To tell the truth, it was all somewhat nerve wracking to me now that I had committed myself to the operation and in fact ordered it to be performed. Dr. Hodgson is a very mild-mannered little man. He was uncertain whether I had appendicitis and the case might have dragged on for days without action on his part had I not taken the decision into my own hands.

A circumstance that I have not mentioned was that this was Friday the 13th of May, and to Catharine and some others, the thought of my being operated upon on this alleged unlucky day was very disconcerting. I was urged to wait until the next day, but not being superstitious, the date did not disturb me.

However, I had sentenced myself to the knife and had a very lively horror of ether because of previous experience when I had had excessive palpitation when passing under the influence of ether.

Fortunately, there was very little time for reflection. The hospital was a business place. A painfully plain and painfully embarrassed nurse came in to make me ready for the operation. In other words, she was to shave all the hair from my body from below my armpits to the lowest point where the operation might extend, thus to make ready for the adhesive tape used in bandaging.

I doubt if that girl had ever shaved a patient before. She was armed with a safety razor and had very little idea how to use it. After she struggled a while I took pity on her and did most of the work myself while she looked on. The shaving was the job of this particular nurse, but others came. One brought me a peculiar kind of long legged garment with feet attached that pulled on like rubber boots and fastened at the hips.

Another pinched my arm and gave me a hypodermic of some kind of dope intended to quiet the nerves before taking ether. By that time the wagon cot was rolled in my room and I was transferred from the bed to it. A white garmented orderly rolled me to the elevator and took me to the anteroom of the operating chamber.

I caught a glimpse of the business like operating table and the white clad automatons, the nurses and doctors that stood at attention. It seemed to me that they all wore masks of white gauze or something and I could not have recognized Dr. Hodgson in the lot.

There was one doctor, however, who took charge at once.

"My but you are tall," he exclaimed as he looked me over in my sheeted and strapped down condition. "Now I understand why your children are so much taller than the average - I'm the school physician at Bowdon School. Now, I'm going to give you the anaesthetic.

I explained to him my previous experience with ether and ask him to watch my heart action. This he promised to do. Then he brought the mask slowly up to my face and I heard a slight hissing sound as though they were also using gas.

"Breathe deep - breath deep," he repeated over and over and I did so with strange and overwhelming results. I could feel his finger throbbing on my temple and hear his voice in the most reassuring "All right" - "all right," in regular rhythmic repetition. Except for that steady reassurance I should have become quite alarmed at the buzzing in my ears, the pounding drumfire of my pulses and the wild hallucinations that engulfed me. I seemed to be floating a million miles from my body, but far back in the distance I heard the reassuring "all right," and knew that the doctor was standing guard over my body. In fact, I all the turmoil of my reeling senses I listed with all my might for that voice when I heard it.

But the time came when there was no reassuring voice, only a mighty roaring as of all the trumpets that ever blew - wild hallucinations and almost unendurable spasms of agony. Someone was in the room with me, ghostlike in the dim light, begging me to lie still and laying hands upon me. Waves of consciousness and greater waves of oblivion succeeded each other and the first conscious thought was of gratitude to God that when I was thus helpless there

were those who were fighting for me and who would do everything human possible to save my life. Curiously enough, there was the thought also that the money I had saved when in health was now able to shield me when on the borderline of eternity, for I was paying these people to render this service.

But my gradual return to consciousness was shot through with the horrible realization that my bronchial tubes were fairly plugged with mucus and every breath I drew had the effect of strangulation that induced a spasmodic cough that hurt me most frightfully. Then I realized that I was bound up in bandages from my hips to my heart - tight, unyielding and vitally necessary. Then I knew that I had been cut open and sewed up and this it was the stitches of the fresh wound that caused such excruciating agony when I coughed. Then I tried to minimize the number of coughing spells.

Of course I realized that unless that mucus was removed from my bronchial tubes it meant death but I was also aware that it moved up and down valve-like with my breath and must be expelled by coughing. To control the coughing spells and make every one count now engaged my every effort. It was indeed a grim battle that I fought in the early morning of May 14, 1927 in that room in the Phillips House, with a special nurse at my bedside.

You see, I had been under ether six hours and it was nearly one o'clock in the morning when I first demanded the time. During this long period of unconsciousness the very croupy cough from which I had recently been suffering flamed up afresh and I had a well-developed case of ether pneumonia.

My method of fighting was to hold myself as rigid as possible, breathing in as slowly and quietly so not to draw the mucus further down into my lungs and then to continue with each exhaled breath to give the obstruction a little upward kick until it rose high enough so that the next inevitable spasm of coughing could clear some of it away.

But every spasm of coughing, and they came at least once in every ten minutes despite all my efforts, was agony such as I would never dream a man could live through for any length of time. That I was tearing my wound open and that I was bleeding internally was the thought that possessed me. The cold sweat that poured from my head and face with each spasm kept the nurse busy wiping it away or changing my pillow. Even the sheet became sodden.

But there was not escape for me - no pause for rest possible - the fight had to go on in the same way - else the devils I had staged continuous convulsions of torture. I believed I once begged the nurse to have somebody shoot me the next time I coughed. However, like all horrors of physical pain, it could not last. I gradually gained on my enemy, so far as the strangling obstruction was concerned.

Daylight came and as early as the hospital authorities would permit, my dear anxious wife was permitted to see me. I had demanded also that Catharine be permitted to bring my mail. This was reluctantly granted and the young lady arrived but she was too wise to bother me with business matters. She reported that all was well at the school. The newspaper reports of my illness and operation were read to me.

But neither to my wife or secretary was I more than a ghastly shadow of my former self. The coughing was now fairly under control but the nausea of ether poisoning was riding me hard. It was not until noontime that the nurse succeeded in inducing me to vomit and thus to relieve the nausea.

Well, it was grim and desperate experience for the first eight days. Ether pneumonia, with high fever and great debility of body, quite wore away my strength and flesh. Unable to eat for more than a week, I probably lost more than thirty pounds in weight.

There was in fact one day and night when my life was despaired of and the newspapers carried stories that alarmed my students and friends. Elizabeth was quite broken down with worry and distress and Hiram grew very pessimistic and blue.

I shall always feel that on the night when my fever was at its height the nurse saved my life by plastering my body above the bandages with Balm Ben Gay, thus inducing rivulets of perspiration that necessitated changing of pillow slips and sheets. But when morning came my temperature was almost normal.

During my entire stay at the hospital my room was continuously stuffed with the most gorgeous flowers. Friends sent many of them but the bulk of them were from the students. Each of the classes had contributed generously to a fund, which they turned over to Miss Catherine to purchase flowers in their behalf. She visited me practically every day and thus kept an eye on the supply of flowers, sending more whenever she saw the opportunity.

It was indeed a great consolation to have my wife and children visit me daily during this trying time. Elizabeth usually came in the morning and the children after school, except during the critical days when Elizabeth, Catherine and Hiram were the only visitors permitted. Dr. A. Z. Conrad of Park Street Church, and Rev. Harry B. Hill, of Tremont Street M. E. Church, as well as Rev. Henry I. Bailey, a former pastor of the Temple Street Church, were also welcome visitors. After the ban was lifted, my room was like my office. My secretary came with the mail, took dictation and discussed the regular problems of the school.

We even had the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees in my hospital room. To one as active and continually engaged in mental work as I have always been these comings and goings of relatives and friends was welcome relief from what would otherwise have been a tedious convalescence.

It must not be supposed that with the turning of the tide of fever I became at once free from pain. On the contrary, I found the occasional paroxysms of coughing an enemy that stabbed into my vitals. The inevitable gas pains and the general discomfort of body made it difficult to remain long in one position. The nurses were very kind indeed. For the first eight days I had special nurses night and day and, of course, their sole job was to wait on me.

But when the special nurses were dispensed with, I found that the regular nurses were very considerate of my comfort. The nurse that I have mentioned as preparing me for slaughter was one of the day staff and her special chum was a sort of alternate with her. To this pair I owe a great debt of gratitude (the hospital rules, as I later found, forbade any genuine reward to either) for they each made it a point to breeze into my room with some cooling drink at frequent intervals, or

to straighten my pillows change the slips, for in my weakened condition I perspired like Scotch mist. They frequently came strolling in with the welcome statement that they had nothing to do for the moment and would I like an alcohol rub for my sorely afflicted back. Of course, I never declined their services for of all applications of a hospital invalid most persistent is the inevitable discomfort of the skin of back and shoulders from lying on bed. In my case, the bandages had cut grooves in my hide and where the adhesive tape had been removed the skin was very much irritated. The cooling rub was therefore a welcome relief.

The barber who visited me daily after the first few days was an Italian of a very simple and fun loving nature. When he found that I could tell funny stories he took great delight in hearing them, for he tried to learn them to retell to his friends. There was one about Pat and Mike in a dark cellar that pleased him very much and he called for it several times. "If yere alive spake and if yere dead say so," was to him the most mirth provoking of "Irish bulls."

I managed to read a good deal during my stay in the hospital for I suffered from insomnia and never could sleep without some kind of opiate for there was just enough physical discomfort, even in the latter part of my stay at the Phillips House to keep me awake at night. My arms still bear evidence of punctures of hypodermic needles made during May 1927.

Not all the nurses were as agreeable as the ones I have mentioned. There was one strong-jawed man-killer who was on night duty for a time. We has one notable clash and only one for she learned her lesson. She came into my room at 9 p.m. one evening and informed me that it was bedtime. The bed had a mechanical devise for raising a patient to a sitting posture. She unjacked this in spite of my protest that I was not sleepy and feared that I might not be able to sleep. I explained my insomnia, etc.

But the masculine lady took away my glasses and my dressing gown. She informed me that although other nurses may have spoiled me, she did not intend to do so. After I had lain awake in the darkness for half an hour or more and had become restless I rang for the nurse and asked her to fix my bed so that I could read. She refused.

In my irritable condition her conduct was very exasperating. I switched on my bed light and made certain investigations of the framework of the bed. Being very strong in my arms, I contrived to jack up my bed into the sitting position. I then rang for the nurse. Her consternation and rage was very amusing to me.

"That was a very dangerous thing to do. You may have hurt yourself a great deal."

"Perhaps, but that is your fault," I retorted. "I am not in jail, you know, and I am paying for the services rendered, so if you will kindly bring me my glasses."

"I won't do it," she declared.

"All right," I said. "You wouldn't jack up my bet, but I did it myself. I shall get out of this bed and get the glasses."

She crossed the room and gave me the glasses.

"Now, the book I was reading." She got it. "And my dressing gown." She took that from the closet. She evidently didn't like my triumphant grin when I

thanked her. She didn't dare to slam the door when she went out but if I ever say a mad nurse, she was that nurse.

The sequel to the story is that at 1 o'clock she came in and gave me the usual sleeping shot in my arm, still mad but convinced that I could not be bossed by a mere nurse.

The hospital as an institution is a world by itself whose business is the caring for suffering and dying humanity. The sick room hears few echoes from the outside world, at least from the nurses themselves. But one event occurred during my stay at the Phillips House that caused great excitement among nurses and patients alike - Lindbergh's epoch making Atlantic flight. My bronchial pneumonia had just passed its crisis when I read in the morning paper (yes, I had the daily papers even during the worst of my illness) that a young man had taken off from New York all alone in an attempt to fly across the Atlantic. I remember my reaction to the news. I was sure that the young man had gone to certain death because I believed that even if his plane was adequate to the task, I would be impossible for one man to pilot it for so many hours without sleep or rest. So, I dismissed the matter from my mind except that I felt sorry for the latest "stunt victim." Two French fliers had been lost in a similar attempt a few days before.

But when the news came that Lindbergh has actually crossed the ocean and had been seen flying over Ireland and evidently heading for Paris, his announced goal, it thought the entire hospital into a firmament of excitement. The news seemed too good to be true. That a marriageable young man was the hero of the exploit thrilled every yearning female heart in the establishment.

Confirmation of the report and additional news came over the cables from Europe. It was reported by the starry eyed nurses that the bells of the city would ring loud and long at the first authentic report that the young hero had landed in Paris. And ring they did in due time. Such a pealing of bells and blowing of whistles I have not heard since Armistice was signed! It was a thrilling moment - even for me in ill and feeble condition. An American lad had captured the imagination of the entire world. It was glorious to be alive in such an age of romance and adventure.

Speaking of being alive reminds me of the warm gladness that crept into my soul when I realized that I had passed the crisis of illness and was practically assured of further years of usefulness. I had been through the valley of the shadow and knew what it was to face the apparent necessity of leaving my life work unfinished. There was one night - the night of crisis when the nurse worked so hard over me - that I gave up all reasonable hope of living and clung to life more in the spirit going down with my colors at the mast head than from any reasoned belief that my ebbing strength could outlast the storm.

So I associated with Lindbergh's victory with my own triumph over pneumonia. I date a new era of my life from that hospital room in the Phillips House in May 1927. I there rededicated myself to the service of humanity as a thank offer to God for having granted me a new lease on life.

Dr. Hodgson was making regular visits to my bedside and I was an interested observer of all that he did in changing my bandage and inspecting my wound. I forgot to say that from the first day I had possessed the grisly relic and

treasure trove of the operation. The appendix was of the type known as an inverted appendix. It was about six inches long when first removed. It had been corkscrewed into my intestines instead of lying flat on the surface as all such unnecessary troublemakers are supposed to be. It was due to the fact that Dr. Prior and the others had been so deceived for to press or tap on the orthodox spot produced no reaction at all. The trouble was inside and that is why I felt it near the hip.

Dr. Prior came into the hospital the morning after the operation and assured me what a real tremor in his voice how glad he was that I had insisted upon my own diagnosis of appendicitis. Had I not done so, my appendix would probably have ruptured before I received surgical aid.

This reminded me that for at least ten years I had suffered from the most alarming and devastating attacks of what I supposed to be indigestion. A pain so excruciating that all the world turned black before my eyes and I fell to the floor in a dead faint was now explained by this operation. It was the diseased and inflamed appendix that had caused it all. I remembered also the warning that Dr. Chas. Hammond of Hanover had given me once - at least seven years before - that I was suffering from chronic appendicitis and would die of some attack if I did not have the thing cut out. This warning I had regarded as the mere guess of a country doctor. But now I regard him an eminently wise physician despite his provincial surroundings.

During the latter part of my sojourn at the hospital I had an orderly who had been a former student of mine. He told me that he had been in the operating room the night when I was operated upon and had seen the entire affair. It was therefore my privilege, even though I was unconscious at the time, to see through this young man's eyes the whole scene reproduced. The long cut necessitated by the position of my appendix and the delicate operation itself! What he told me was later confirmed by the surgeon. While they had me on the table, they made a thorough search of my abdominal organs to be sure that the appendix was my only weak spot.

The wound itself was about six inches long, as I observed when the surgeon first removed the bandage. A nice piece of needlework it was, the sewing up of the wound. For a long time after the wound was healed, I could count the stitches etched in the skin, and my recollection is there were twenty of them. But as an additional security against rupture, Dr. Hodgson had inserted about four stitches of catgut, spaced some distance back of the regular stitches.

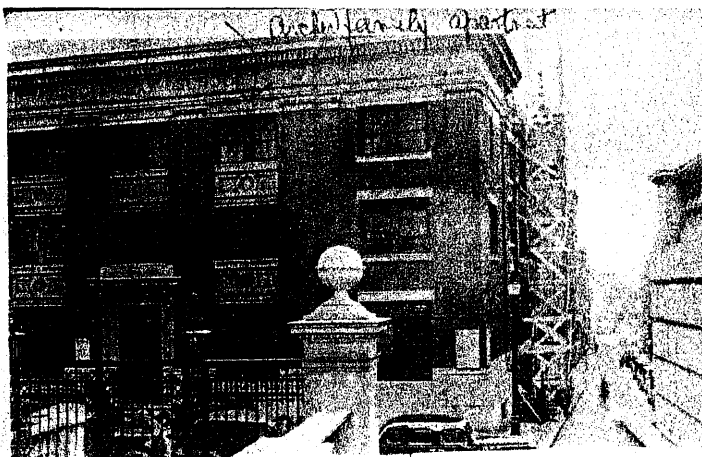
This precaution alone had saved me from fatal tearing during my convulsions of coughing. As it was, the sawing on all the stitches has been so violent as to tear the flesh around them and the holes around the catgut were greatly enlarged. In fact, the angry appearance of the stitches gave the surgeon some concern and he treated the wound with powerful antiseptic each day, finally being obliged to remove the stitches entirely and strapping me tightly to avoid rupture.

For several days the holes where the catgut stitches had been, exuded pus so that the bandages looked as though I had had a hemorrhage. When they had all healed but one, Dr. Hodgson gave reluctant consent to my leaving the

hospital. I had already been up around the room and even into the invalid's porch but I felt like a man of ninety trying to carry a millstone at his waste. It was curious about the exceedingly heavy feeling in my abdomen. Although I was still more than twenty pounds lighter than when I entered the hospital, I fancied that I must weigh as much as a horse. The burden on my legs caused me to stagger when I walked and if I had not worn what amounted to corsets around my waist, I could not have navigated at all.

My faithful nurses came to visit me the night before I left and each of them was rejoiced to find me so far recovered that I wished to leave the hospital. Knowing that the plain one who had given me so much attention was so poor that she was obliged to use an ancient dollar watch in her work of taking the pulse of her patients, I later procured for her a beautiful wrist watch, specifically designed for nurses, with an illuminated second hand that traveled all the way around the dial. A less conscientious girl might have kept it but she returned it to me with a letter overflowing with gratitude cut assuring me that the rules of the hospital forbade any nurse to accept a gift of gratuity from a patient of former patient. So daughter Marion fell heir to the treasure instead.

It must have been Memorial Day when I left the hospital, for I took the family by surprise when I buzzed up from my office in the school building to ask for help in climbing the stairs. Memorial Day would explain why the office staff was absent. Elizabeth and the children came flying down to welcome me home, and we had a joyful reunion.



With the help of Allan's broad shoulders, and assistance from Elizabeth, I managed to climb the stairs. When I reached our sunny living room, however, I was so exhausted that I began to doubt the wisdom of coming home so soon. By all tokens, I should have stayed another week, but so many important events demanded my presence at the school building that I felt an imperative urge to make the attempt.

The gladness of being home again, of viewing familiar scenes, and being in the bosom of the family did much to combat the appalling weakness of body that oppressed me. Elizabeth and the children did everything possible for my comfort, but the pain and discomfort of my scarcely healed wound made me more of less restless and ill at ease.

For several weeks I had been negotiating the purchase of the building at 73 Hancock Street as the home for the Alumni Association. I had, in fact, held several conferences with Ralph Jackson, the architect, concerning alterations, while I was still in the hospital. The day following my return from the hospital I

went down the office and transacted various important items of business - one of them was the passing of papers for the Alumni Building.

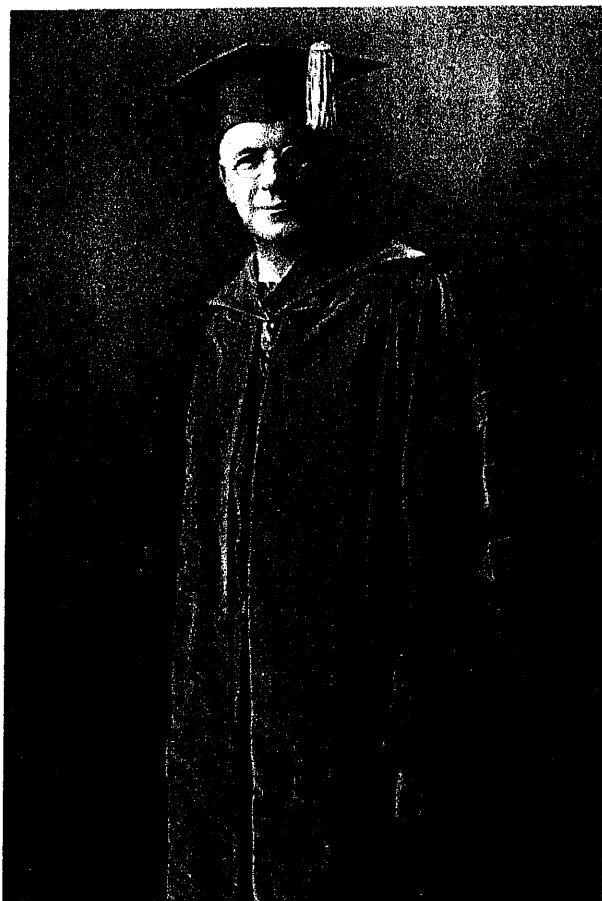
Catharine had managed school affairs so efficiently during the three weeks of my absence that there was no accumulation of routine matters. She had taken over my duties of Dean in the arranging of details of graduation, had arranged the program, and superintended the printing of invitations, announcements, and souvenir programs. She had also arranged for the program of the first alumni banquet to be held the evening of June 1st. I told her, that with so capable an executive as she, the school could get along very well without a Dean. She retorted that if I insisted upon working as soon, the school would be very likely to lose me permanently.

A part of the first day, of course, was spent in bed; but that evening I was taken by taxi to the Alumni Banquet at the Bellevue. While it was a risky thing to do, yet I felt that the best way to allay the concern over my condition was to show myself in public, however feeble I might be.

Nobody who has not experienced what I have been through can appreciate how much it meant to me to sit at the head table and look over the mighty host of graduates that were assembled that evening. Because of my condition, I ate little and arranged to leave early.

No speech of mine was ever received with more vociferous applause than the brief address that I made on that occasion. But the effort cost me a great deal of physical energy, for I nearly collapsed afterward and got out of the banquet room with considerable difficulty.

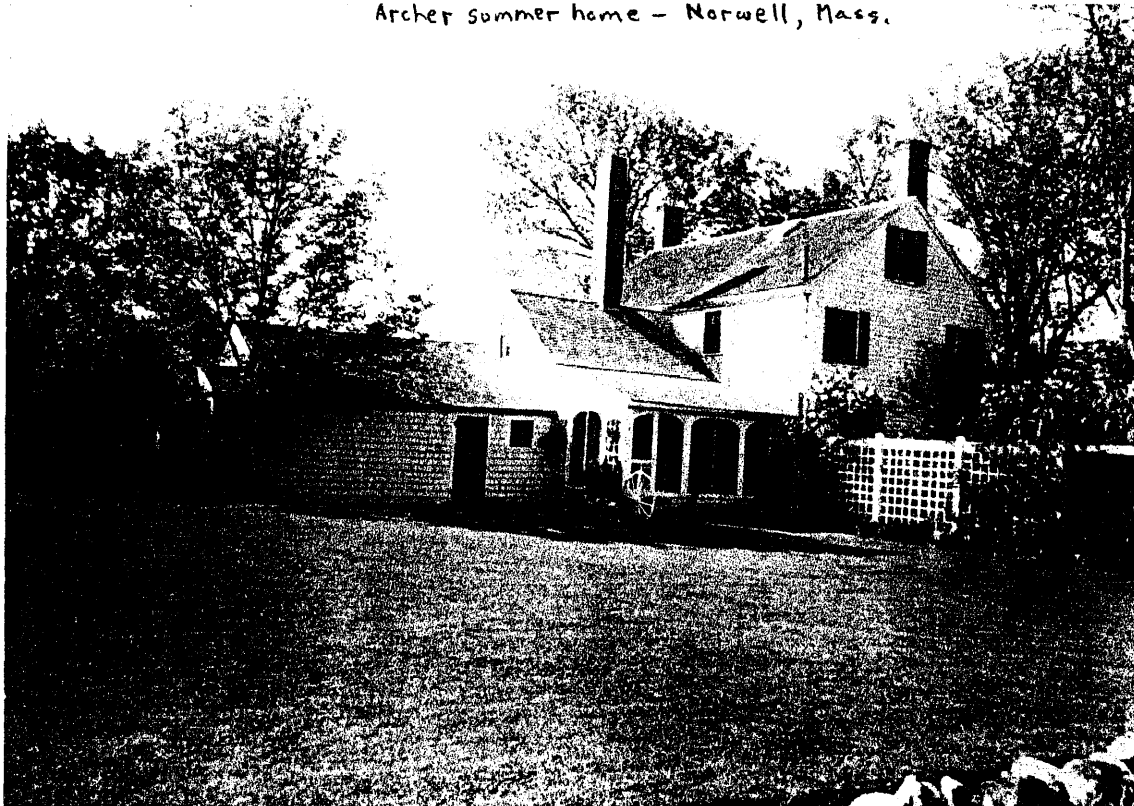
The day following day, June 2nd, was Commencement Day and I managed to attend the class day exercises in the school auditorium in the morning. For the first time, I wore my new Doctor of Laws gown. My appearance on the platform was the cause of a great demonstration. Although I was listed to speak, the effort was considered too great for me in my condition. In fact, I suffered greatly during the long program. I was told afterwards that I looked so yellow and hollow-cheeked in my gaudy robes that many of the audience were afraid that I might not be able to remain until the diplomas were awarded. The twinges of pain that came periodically are vivid recollections.



Dr. Hodgson came to our apartments several times to dress my wound. Because he was so friendly and easy going, I persuaded him to go to the country with me on the day following graduation. While I realized the risk I was running in making such a trip and while my wife and close friends were appalled by the idea, yet with my surgeon to accompany me, no one could offer valid objection.

The fact was that June was calling me with irresistible appeal to look upon the things I had planted prior to my operation. I was eager also to sit at the

Archer summer home - Norwell, Mass.



Well-loved farm in Norwell. Even during my illness I had seen to it that Harold went down to Norwell once a week to feed my trout so I was sure that I could give the surgeon a trout dinner.

The trip was accomplished successfully. The trout dinner was fully up to expectations. This was the first of many trips to the country. It irked me, at first, to be so helpless. The doctors had told me that I would not be able to use a hoe or a scythe all summer, but within two weeks I had made cautious beginnings at both.

I wonder if physicians do not make a mistake in forbidding exercise to a patient under circumstances such as mine. At any rate, I watched my own reactions very carefully and soon found myself gaining in strength and health. To be sure, it was a long time before the feeling of having a great load in my abdomen had entirely vanished. There was also a paralyzed section between the cut which had been made parallel to the medial line of my abdomen and that medial line itself. The nerves had been severed and it was more than a year before they were reestablished and the numbness disappeared.

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The first considerable undertaking of the summer was an automobile trip to New Brunswick early in July. I forgot to mention that shortly before my appendicitis operation I had gone to New Brunswick by rail, taking Marian and Gleason with me. I was searching ancient records to locate a tract of land granted by the crown to my great grandfather Simeon Williams. In my first trip I located the official record of the grant in the colonial archives in Frederickton N.B.

On the second trip I took Allan as a travelling companion. We visited my sister Maude in Livermore Falls and picked up Uncle Leonard for the balance of the trip. He returned with me to Boston.



Maude in 1905



Leonard and Susan Williams

Our first objective was Bangor, where my brother Harold was engaged in an effort to divorce his unfaithful and ignoble wife, Lotti. This developed into a bitterly contested suit that occupied several days. He had grounds for a dozen divorces but the difficulty was that the "poor sap" has condoned nearly all of those infidelities that he could prove.

When he had won the divorce suit, we headed for Houlton, Me., where there were some records that I wished to examine. We arrived there Friday afternoon in time to search the records. Saturday morning, in good season, we set out from Woodstock, N.B. By a singular coincidence, just as we crossed the borderline into Canada, and headed up the dusty hill, my car began to knock in the most alarming manner. I then realized that the oil was low, and I turned back toward Houlton for oil. The engine acted quite scandalous and after oil had been procured it acted just as it had, so I limped back to Houlton for repairs.

Fortunately, there was a garage in town where they understood Knight motors. They took the engine apart after great toil and persistence, only to find that one of the sleeves had fractured. This being the case, there was nothing to do but send to Boston for a new sleeve.

It was then quarter of twelve. Fortunately, I reached the MacAlamarr Company in Boston by telephone just as they were closing for the day. More

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fortunately still, the man who answered the phone was the salesman, Morley, who had sold me the car in December 1925. At that time, I had accidentally punctured the delicate honeycomb of the radiator of my previous car. This had occurred on a Sunday morning when I was all set to go the country with the children and Florence Reed of Brooklyn, N.Y. Rather than lose our day of picnicking, I had purchased a new car of Mr. Morley, who by chance was taking his own car from the service station.

So now, in my call from Houlton, he was greatly delighted when, after telling him of my mishap, I asked him if he had a car ready for immediate delivery.

"The finest car you ever laid eyes on and I'll deliver it in twenty minutes." I laughed and assured him that he would be a double-eyed magician if he could do it, for I was about four hundred miles away. This staggered him a bit, but he was eager to make the sale and was not at all adverse to a weekend trip. So he agreed to start as soon as possible with the new car, to bring with him a sleeve for the disabled car and drive it back to Boston.

The fact that I had bought a car by telephone and that it was coming over road to me was soon known all over town. My disabled car had excited great admiration for it was one of the most expensive cars ever seen in that region. That the new car was to be six cylinders and more expensive was also known.

Sunday forenoon, about eleven o'clock, as I was sitting on the piazza of the hotel, writing on my autobiography of early days, a magnificent new car came gracefully around the square and drew up to the hotel steps. A dusty and smiling Mr. Morley climbed out and greeted me.

He had brought his wife and another couple along, so I made them my guests at dinner. Before dinner, however, I drove the wonderful new machine enough to become accustomed to its different mechanisms and manner of operation. We arranged financial terms, so after dinner I was free to resume my journey into the wilds of Canada.

This time, we crossed the border and climbed the hill without mishap. To be sure, I was a bit uneasy at being obliged to drive an unregistered vehicle so far. To cap the climax, I found when I faced the immigration officials my license was missing. It then flashed upon me that when I went to the hospital, they had taken everything out of my pocketbook and sealed the same in an envelope. The missing document was in Boston. Fortunately, I had with me some catalogs of Suffolk Law School containing my picture. This proved the open sesame and I was given the necessary authorization to visit Canada.

It was a hot and dusty drive to the quaint little town of Woodstock, N.B., which is situated on the bank of the St. John River. I had visited it in April and had then made the acquaintance of an aged resident whose grandfather had been a celebrated missionary to the scattered settlements of the regions thereabouts. It was this same missionary who had married my great-grand parents Simeon Williams and Harriet Kenney in this very town.

The old gentleman, who wore a fur trimmed coat even in midsummer, was greatly excited to see me appear in my new car, the like of which had never been seen in his locality. But we did not tarry long in Woodstock, for my purpose was

to push on to Frederickton for the night. You see, I had experience with the hotel accommodations of Woodstock, as had Gleason and Marian when they had accompanied me on an earlier trip.

We drove down the remarkably picturesque St. John's Valley, with the river usually in sight on our left. I still vividly recall the many covered bridges that we encountered as well as the very narrow highway; and the dust. Oh, such rich, thick dust! From this statement, it may rightly be conjectured that we were not the only travelers on the road. Because it was Sunday afternoon and July, there is no doubt more traffic than usual was out on dusty highway.

We encountered automobiles and horse drawn vehicles, and as we drove, we overtook many such. As may be imagined, it was difficult to pass them because of the narrowness of the highway and the further fact that the aforesaid highway was flanked on either side by a ditch that held unpleasant possibilities. The necessity of maintaining some semblance of grade in the roadbed had caused the highway builders (I will not call them engineers) to fill across a ravine so the road stood eight to ten feet above the marsh or ravine. But in no case did I observe a fence or railing to safeguard the traveler,

While this sort of road is dangerous, in any case, yet where there is a curve in the highway, it is a positive menace to safety. Accidents must be of frequent occurrence and would no doubt be more so except that dangerous spots are encountered so frequently that a reasonably careful driver is on his guard at all times for what he may encounter next.

One accident occurred just before we reached the scene - but happily without fatal results. It seemed that a party of young people, two or three young men and an equal number of girls, were out for a ride in a rickety open flivver. While rounding a curve at too high a degree of speed the machine careened from the roadbed, pitched its occupants into the marsh and flopped down beside them. We stopped and took a picture of the scene. The car was on its side and its late occupants obligingly posed on its prostrate carcass. The ditch or gully at that point was at least eight feet below the roadway.

As we progressed down the winding river we beheld, from time to time, the most glorious of vistas of terraced banks and full, smoothly flowing river. Everything was in deep green, for the seasons are later in that region than in Massachusetts. So we saw the fields in their first verdure as well as the trees with newly set leaves. Then, too, the soil of the river is no doubt, very rich.

We reached the picturesque city of Frederickton in time for a late supper. Then, in the evening, we walked underneath stars along the promenade of a great park or common that extends along the river. As I remember it, the park is near the parliamentary and public buildings. Cannon were mounted here and there. I believe they are some trophies from the world war.

Young people were skylarking around, and youthful couples, and some not so youthful, were strolling arm in arm in the romantic half light along the river.

We were up in good season next morning because my chief business in New Brunswick was to see for myself the land that had been owned by my ancestor and to find out from the records of the town or parish of Oromoets if they had any reference to Simeon Williams. I had in my possession a large map

of the locality and by the aid of the clerk of the registry I have located the land as lying in a gore between two highways indicated on the map. Both of these roads originated at the highway along the St. John River.

While I set out in high hopes of finding the road without much difficulty, I soon discovered that the country was sparsely settled and the roads radiating from the main highway were neither inviting nor well marked. In the hope of securing information, I stopped at a farmhouse, and leaving Uncle Leonard and Allan in the car, I advanced to the front door. The house was a humble cottage and very silent when I knocked.

In the pause before anyone answered my summons, I made personal acquaintance with some of the largest and fiercest mosquitoes that it was ever my ill fortune to meet. The air was fairly vibrant with their ominous songs. A slatternly woman, at length, came to the door. She eyed me with suspicion and answered me with a brogue that betokened a foreign origin, possibly French. If she were to be believed, the first road of the two mentioned was near at hand.

We, in fact, soon reached it - a country road leading off through a field. I was a one-horse highway for sure, and I had misgivings as I turned my beautiful and massive car into it. Had I so much as dreamed what was ahead of me, I would certainly have avoided that horrible road. Once in it, however, there was no turning for a car such as mine. It grew from bad to worse, and I soon found that we were in a cedar swamp.

Little rivulets crossed the road here and there with rough hurdle-like bridges over them. The marshy roadbed was for the most part corduroy (i.e. rendered somewhat more passable by logs laid across it like sleepers under a railroad track) and the way we were obliged to charge across these awful places with my heavy car to avoid being mired was truly alarming to the well members of the party. But for me, alas! With my scarcely healed wound, every jounce was torture.

That swamp was apparently endless and one desperate mile succeeded another until we had covered five miles and came out onto firm ground thanking God that we had escaped with our lives. I am sure no car ever got such a baptism as that new car of mine. As for myself, I was a physical wreck. The only fortunate thing about this terrible ordeal was that we did not meet any teams until we reached solid ground. The natives evidently knew better than to venture into the swamp.

It was the unanimous opinion of all three of us that any land in such an unpromising locality would not be worth anything and that our trip to New Brunswick was a total loss. When we reached the fork of the roads and turned back on the other road that enclosed the land, we experienced a great relief. This was a very good road. It led past beautiful Oromocto Lake and through picturesque country.

In due season we reached the village itself and set out to rouse the keeper of records. We found that the registry was kept by a lady, but business of land records was so infrequent that the registry room was open only by appointment.

I soon located some very interesting information. Contrary to family tradition, Simeon Williams had sold the land in 1821.

We retraced our way to Frederickton where we partook of noonday meal and then pushed on to further adventures.

My map had indicated a road that led across country to the Maine border, crossing the St. Croix, as I remember it, at Vanceboro. It was country road all the way and such hills and valleys I have never seen. Why the road could be seen on the next hill hanging like paper on the wall, the hills were so steep. For my powerful car, however, the hills had no terrors. But how we did hate to meet other cars. They could be seen in the distance with a great cloud of dust around them and hovering over them. Our only consolation was that we gave each of them about twice as much dust as they gave us, for we traveled faster.

Allan was the most cheerful member of our dusty party, for he seemed to derive real satisfaction from the woes of the driver who encountered our traveling dirt storm, for he would gleefully exclaim as we passed the unfortunate driver, "Another Injun bit the dust."

Thus we progressed. We crossed into Maine and kept on through the same sort of roads until we reached the Bangor-Houlton Highway. Then with thanks giving did we drive to Bangor for supper and for a night's rest. The return to Boston next day was easily accomplished and I felt that, for an invalid, I had accomplished a truly remarkable journey.

My recovery if strength was swift indeed. On July 20, 1927, I climbed to the top of Pilgrim Monument in Provincetown and suffered no ill effects from the exertion. I worked about the farm much as usual and before school opened in the fall was as "hard as nails" physically.

But I must not overlook the supreme event of the summer of 1927 - the Convention of the American Bar Association when I broke into the arena and tackled the law school trust. The story of that convention has already been told in the columns of the Alumni News, so I will insert the printed story herein.

STORY OMITTED BY JAA

The school year of 1927-28 opened with an increased attendance despite the fear that the Freshman class was not as large as the banner class that had entered during the previous year. We had in fact experienced an abnormal freshman registration at that time because the class of 1930 was to be the last class to enjoy the \$100. Rate of tuition and many registered to avoid the higher rate. The increase in total attendance was of course due to the fact that the upper classes were larger than usual.

After the Buffalo convention I received many inquiries concerning my "Resolution" and the Brief that accompanied it. I also learned from investigation that Mr. Strawn had "double crossed" me in the matter of the nominating committee. The By-laws called for a committee of three. He had unlawfully appointed a committee of five for the obvious purpose of putting over his own prearranged slate of officers.

Fearing that the gain we had apparently made would be rendered gatory I sent out to those who had attended the convention a circular letter, explaining the significance of the happenings and offering to furnish proof beyond the facts

contained in the "brief" which I enclosed for their inspection. This brought a very considerable response but it also called forth a very remarkable outburst from Silas H. Strawn, the new President of the American Bar Association. He wrote what he termed a "formal letter" to me which he caused to be published in the October 1927 Bar Association Journal. This letter took me to task for statements reflecting upon the integrity of his late associate in the section of Legal Education. While he did not call me a liar in so many words, he made the inference so clear that it could not be ignored. To tell the truth, I was glad that he had thus opened a controversy that I foresaw would lead to important results. To be thus singled out for the wrath of the President of the Association publicly expressed in a printed letter was to focus the attention of the Association upon me.

But the mean spirited and short seeing Strawn and his associates committed another great tactical error. Immediately upon receiving through the mail a copy of Strawn's proposed letter I wired the editor of the Journal (October 14, 1927) requesting equal space in the same issue that published his letter for me to reply to the same. The editor of the Journal wired that the letter was already in type and that the issue had been made up so that it was impossible to publish my reply in the October issue. I immediately dispatched another telegram asking for space in the November issue. To this telegram I received the evasive response by mail that the Journal could not commit itself in advance and this it would be necessary to see the copy.

I accordingly prepared under date of October 19, 1927, a letter summarizing the essential facts upon which I relied for proof of my contention that the section of the Legal Education had been captured by the university crowd and that the American Bar Association was being exploited for the benefit of the Association of American Law Schools.

Shrewdly believing that Strawn forces would refuse to permit the publication of so damaging a letter I purposely loaded it with dynamite in order that when it came to light it might prove all the more effective. True to my forecast, the Editor of the Journal wrote to me rejecting the manuscript as "controversial."

I took command with Dean Carusi of the National University Law School and he agreed with me that the proper course for me to follow was to send out a "reply" in which I would include all the correspondence as well as my brief, thus placing the whole controversy before the Bar Association. Dean Carusi contributed \$300 to the expense of the project.

Dean Lee of John Marshall Law School, however, chided me for thinking such a thing and declared that he would not be a party to it since he had made peace with Mr. Strawn and had no intention further to antagonize him.

On November 11, 1927, I mailed out about 25,000 copies of my "Reply to Open Letter of Silas H. Strawn." It went out to the members of the Bar Association - a ringing challenge to Mr. Strawn and the conspirators. I recited the fact that a personal attack on my veracity and judgment had been published in the Journal and that that periodical, supported out of our joint contributions, had refused to publish my reply.

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I stated that my suppressed letter "drags into the light of day things that were doubtless thought to have been hidden from the Bar Association and from the public. It involves the very men whom Mr. Strawn defended in his letter." I also declared that I refused to be muzzled and that at great expense I was taking the only course open to me of personally circularizing the entire association.

Well, the response to this letter and to the questionnaire asking whether they believed that the "standards" could under present conditions be enforced in their state without injustice to deserving men. Was very heartening indeed. Some abusive letters I received, but surely 90% of the replies were strong endorsements of my position. Thus another stade of the law school fight was accomplished.

Events of 1928

School duties were numerous and exacting but I nevertheless found time during this year to write a new textbook on Private Corporations. Having already purchased four houses on Beacon Hill, 32, 34, and 59 Hancock Street as well as 2 Myrtle Street, I added to my holdings in December 1927 by purchasing #5 Hancock Street. This house was then in operation as a lodging house and an elderly lady of Irish extraction was in charge - Phoebe Brown.

I liked the appearance and decided to let her manage the place for me. While Phoebe remained, the venture was quite successful, but she finally had to return to Ireland and left another lady in charge. This was not so good and during the last few weeks of my ownership the place lost money. Fortunately just a year from the day I purchased the property I was able to sell it for a net profit of several thousand dollars.

In the spring of 1928 I purchased #40 Hancock Street, but there my real estate buyings on Beacon Hill ended. Miss. Catharine was an efficient collector of rents and rejoiced whenever the first of the month arrived. But as an investment the Boston property did not net me more than savings bank interest, so I declined to purchase any more of it.

During the winter of 1928 we had a considerable fight on our hands with the Legislature because of the drive of the Massachusetts Bar Association to raise the standards by enacting a "fitness" bill. Fortunately I was able to marshal a sufficient array of those opposed to the measure to halt its progress. Martin M. Lomasney, James H. Brennan and others joined in speaking against it before the legislature committee. Eventually the bill was killed in a spectacular fight on the floor of the house.

For some time I felt the need of a library or private study adequate to house my personal library. In January 1928 the Trustees voted to give me authority to proceed with the plan.

The only available space was on the roof adjoining the apartments occupied by my family. Here however was space enough to enable me to supply another personal need. My sleeping hours are necessarily irregular and my custom for years has been to work more or less at night or in the early morning

when writing a book. To disturb the family by going to my little study on the Temple Street side had frequently been a sufficient deterrent to cause me to waste sleepless hours in my bed in the little sleeping chamber occupied jointly with my wife.

So in the new building plan I included the design of a bedroom and private bath adjoining the library, so that I might work to my heart's content without disturbing the family. Ralph Jackson was the architect of the new addition and John C. Pritcher was the builder.

The work progressed in a satisfactory manner and beautiful and spacious apartments were constructed. When the place was complete my wife dubbed it "the Imperial Suit." It was decorated and furnished in appropriate manner. I was fortunate enough to secure a solid mahogany director's table that for twenty years had been the director's table of the Massachusetts General Hospital. I also purchased a dozen mahogany chairs that went with the table - chairs with leather upholstery - the last word in comfort and beauty of design on massive lines.

So it came to pass that in this beautiful new workshop I completed my new textbook on Private Corporations as well as finished my chief duties of the school year 1927-28.

United States Senator Royal Copeland of New York was our commencement speaker that year. We gave a luncheon in his honor at the Bellevue immediately before the exercises which were held in the evening in Tremont Temple. I had invited a group of Trustees and their wives as well as Professor and Mrs. Dallas Lore Sharp. Mrs. Sharp had been a classmate in college of Senator Copeland and I thought it would be a splendid thing to give them a brief reunion.

For some reason there were more guests than we expected and all seats were filled when Professor and Mrs. Sharp breezed in. They were late because of the difficulty of finding a parking place for their car. We met the joyful emergency of vacating the regular table and giving place to Mrs. Sharp beside the Senator while Professor Sharp and I ate at a little serving table in the corner. He was bubbling over with good humor and he and I enjoyed a delightful few minutes together during the meal.

The exercises were a grand success although Joseph F. O'Connell who presided as chairman nearly turned the affair into a political rally by his introduction of the speaker of the evening. Politics were then in the air and the governor of New York, Alfred E. Smith was being boomed for the Democratic nomination for President and it required very little to kindle exuberant Democracy into wild outbursts of enthusiasm. The Senator's speech was eloquent; some declared it more eloquent than logical and sound. But it was noticeable that Democrats were satisfied and it was only from Republicans that we heard vocal complaints.

Thus ended the school year of 1927-28 in which we attained our highest point in total enrollment of students - 2604 students.

The annual convention of the American Bar Association was the chief event of the summer of 1928. It was held in Seattle, Washington.

New Hampshire Bar Association

In recording the events of the summer of 1928 I accidentally omitted one of the most significant events so far as I personally was concerned - the New Hampshire Bar Association Convention. It seems that Louis Wyman, Esq. President of the association had attended the session of the Buffalo convention when we staged our fight against the entrenched monopoly of law schools. Although an advocate of college monopoly himself, he conceived the idea that it would enliven the annual meeting of the bar association of his home state to have me address them on the subject of legal education.

When he invited me to speak his plans were no doubt vague but he did not tell me that it was to be a joint debate and that the chairman of the board of law examiners of New Hampshire, reputed to be one of the ablest law examiners in the state, was my opponent. In fact, I did not learn of this until seated at dinner with the president and my opponent just before speechmaking. We had met at Manchester (NH) Country Club on a very hot day, June 30, 1928. The lawyers had gathered in goodly numbers for a golf tourney and field day so that the size of the audience was more or less problematical. I found, however, that my "Reply to Silas H. Strawn" had been read by many and that I was regarded with some interest. Mr. Wyman told me that I would speak after his own address and would be followed by Mr. Demond. This was not entirely to my liking so I urged that there were two reasons why Mr. D. should precede me - 1st, that of deference to his age and position - 2nd, that he was going to speak for the ABA standards and I was to oppose them. So it was agreed that I should speak last.

I must confess, however, that I later feared that I had made a mistake. President Wyman spoke drearily for an hour and Mr. Demond occupied a second hour. For an audience to sit through two hours of speechmaking when the golf course was under the window was somewhat of an endurance test and I expected to see the crowd depart before my turn came. Both speakers had labored so hard to prove the college standard as the only proper one that when I rose to speak I faced a decidedly hostile audience.

Having learned, however, that Mr. Dermod was himself a self-educated lawyer, having never gone to college or law school, I captured the attention of the audience by paying him a handsome tribute and offering him as exhibit one in proof of my contention that a man may become a great lawyer even though poverty in youth may have denied him both college and law school training.

He had told something of his own early life which gave me an excuse for a similar recital of why I had become a champion of the poor boy. I then launched into my prepared speech and before I had gone far the audience had kindled to the theme in a most gratifying manner. When I touched upon the medical school monopoly and how it had annihilated the country doctor, leaving great districts without medical attention there was a fervent response from the entire audience. The ovation that I received at the close of my talk was an event long to be remembered. When the tumult had begun to die down Jeremiah Doyle of Nashua, one of the most popular lawyers of the state, and a very excitable man leaped to his feet and cried out, "I'd like to see the man who would dare to ask the State of New Hampshire to adopt the college requirement." Whereupon the

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audience went into another salvo of applause. Mr. Demond edged out of the crowd and apparently received no congratulations. As for myself, it was a full hour before I could get away. Lawyers and judges crowded around me and discussed matters of legal education. Judge Bingham of the U. S. Circuit Court was especially friendly and gave me some additional points that I later used with telling effect in the controversy in Seattle.

I had my New Hampshire speech printed and it will later be seen how effectively it was used at the Seattle convention.

Events of 1928-29

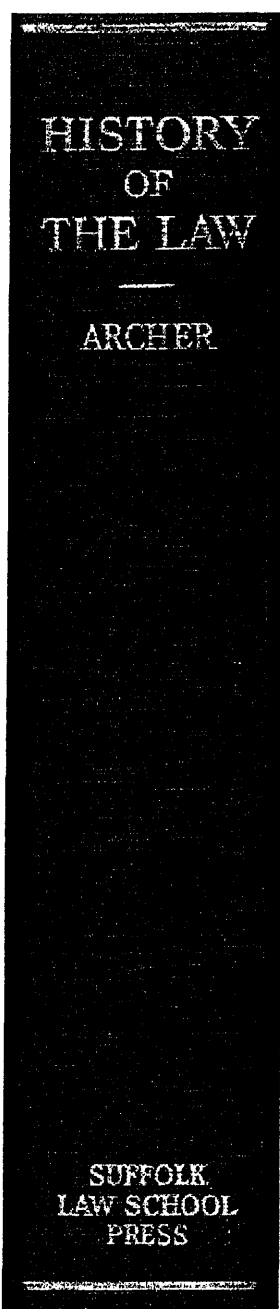
The school year of 1928-29 opened according to schedule but with about two hundred less students than during the previous year. I had foreseen that the crest of the wave of post-war registration would soon be past and that a return to normal attendance figures could be expected. This has influenced me in urging upon the Trustees an advance in tuition rate. Because of this change, we now had two classes paying the new rate of tuition (\$140.) which slightly more than counterbalanced the decrease in tuition-paying students.

The first important event of the school year was the announcement by the Board of Bar Examiners of Massachusetts, made public during the latter part of September 1928, that beginning with the December examination, they would hold applicants responsible for the history of law.

Quite naturally, I supposed that the Board was in a position to suggest some book from which students might glean the necessary information. At a conference with Hollis R. Bailey, the chairman, however, I learned that the Board had no single book in mind. After a few days I received from him a list of about twenty books made up by the librarian of the Social Law Library. I have already made a survey of the bibliography of the subject and had found books not listed by librarians.

Here was a dilemma indeed! No single book had a complete story of the law and the most of them were so vague as to be valueless to a student. Legal history was scattered through a whole library of reference books - thus rendering it impossible to secure the information that the Board of Bar Examiners required.

There seemed to be but one course for me to pursue and that was to write a textbook on the subject. An appalling task, truly, but one that must be executed under great stress and pressure if it were to be ready in time for



the day following commencement in sightseeing. Mr. Boynton and my good wife made up the party when we set forth in my car to the south shore.

One of the graduates had learned of this projected trip and having some



Miss Boynton, Mr. Boynton, Senator Walsh

connections with the Church of the Presidents in Quincy, he arranged for us to call there and visit the tombs of John Adams and John Quincy Adams. When we reached the church the Rector and others were ready to do the honors, so Senator Walsh was received with due ceremony. The great moment of the visit was of course going down into the subterranean crypt where the Adams great men were at rest.

An solemn and austere resting place where no sun has ever shone, dark and damp with the all pervading breath of earth is this secret, or at least well guarded shrine. The massive stone caskets were lettered with the names of the dead Presidents. Their women folk - the wives whose names are also known in history - were there in the tomb. Funeral wreaths, possibly months old, were on the caskets. A visitor's book was there for us to sign. President Coolidge and his wife had signed the book during the previous summer. When we had affixed our signatures, we took our leave of the place and drove onward to Plymouth.

Senator Walsh was a more talkative and companionable man than I had supposed. He sat with me in front and took great delight in getting back at my wife for giving me directions from the rear seat. He told a story and told it very well of a man who drove his wife to the station where she was to take a train. He told of her various remarks of caution and alarm at this and that and the other

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wayside happening and of the husband's parting caution to the wife to "Please let the engineers run the train."

Our visitor was of course familiar with the poetic description of the coast of New England. When I brought the car to a halt at the parking space near the Plymouth Rock shrine, he declared in some bewilderment "But where is the stern and rock bound coast - why this is a low and sandy shore?"

We returned to my Norwell place after giving the sights of Plymouth a hasty inspection. I had promised a trout dinner but was greatly dismayed when reaching the cabin and the trout pond to find that the pestilential herons had just raided the pond. The water was discolored by the commotion that the birds had made. The trout were milling around and we could see them occasionally.

Try as we might we could catch only two fish - I think the Senator caught them. We cooked the fish for Senator Walsh and Mr. Boynton. Fortunately we had some canned chicken on hand in the hope chest, so we made out a meal. Needless to say I was chagrined and disappointed at the incident. But the day itself was a success from all material viewpoints and Senator Walsh departed with every indication of a well-pleased guest. At every subsequent meeting in Washington - and I have seen him many times since then - he has been most cordial.

The summer of 1929 was filled with the usual routine. I alternated between Boston and Norwell all the while preparing for the new year by laboring on the school records to determine what students should be promoted, what men required to repeat the work of the previous year and - the hardest task of all - to decide the fate of those whose records justified dismissal for inferior scholarship.

My first impulse was to decline because of the brevity of the notice but I finally agreed and Mr. Davis told me that a Miss Boll would call upon me the next morning and explain the proposition. I later learned the Mr. Cleveland had talked with Mr. Davis (a student in the Junior class) about my desire to try out radio.

Miss Boll arrived in accordance with her appointment and discussed the nature of the expected address, I agreed to speak if I could select a topic in which I was very much interested, "Equality of Opportunity." I was in fact just then preparing a speech for the American Bar Association Convention and could use the portion of the address dealing with the subject. Thus it was arranged.

On Sunday afternoon I took a taxi to the Statler Hotel. Station WBZA is located on the sixteenth floor. The elevators reach only to the fourteenth floor. As I walked up the remainder of the flight of stairs I could hear music coming in muffled tones from the studio. Never having visited a radio station before I came early enough to be instructed in the use of the microphone. Alden Redmond, chief announcer of the station was on duty.

We decided that it would be better for me to be seated with the microphone beside me. I have since graduated from that method and now stand during the broadcast, but it was probably wiser - and certainly easier upon me physically to sit in that first momentous broadcast.

Miss Helene Boll gave me a flattering introduction, being first introduced by Mr. Redmond. I have since learned that some people have stage fright before the microphone. But I seemed to take to it as naturally as a telephone. My

opening sentence , after a formal "Ladies and gentlemen of the Radio audience" was, "May I reassure you at the beginning of my remarks that this will not be a high-how lecture but a straight from the shoulder talk on one of the vital problems of the day." For exactly half and hour I held forth closing on the very last moment of the period by reciting Edgar Guest's poem "The Birth of Greatness."

Of course I was glad to have the period over and my first radio talk an accomplished fact. But I was not prepared for the outburst of enthusiasm that greeted me. Miss Boll I knew to be rather a gushing lady. Her enthusiasm therefore meant little to me. To have Mr. Redmond the blasé announcer who had suffered so many years from having speeches and programs declare that my radio debut was a "corker" - that I had a marvelous radio voice etc. was quite astonishing. Before I left the station I began to get telephonic congratulations. My folks at home were very enthusiastic. Professor F. Morse Wemple of the N. E. Conservatory of Music was an auditor at our radio. He expressed astonishment at what the radio did to my voice, declaring that I had great possibilities and so on.

Letters began to pour in from such distant places as Eastport, Maine, so I was constrained to believe that the radio was my great opportunity. How to take advantage of that field was the great problem.

One night shortly after my talk on WBZ-WBZA, I thought of a plan. Suppose I should suggest to Miss Boll that she might intimate to the officials at WBZA that I was in a receptive mood and might be induced to give a series of talks over their station. Miss Boll was full of enthusiasm at the idea and promised to talk with Mr. Clark, the Program Director of the station. That she did so is evident from the letters that will be found on the next two pages. Because I regard them of great significance in the chain of important events to which they lead, I feel that the original letters should be preserved in this manner.

LLOYD C. THOMAS
COMMERCIAL MANAGER

ALEXANDER L. SHERWOOD
ASST. TO COMMERCIAL MANAGER

107 CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE BLDG.
PITTSBURGH, PA.



HAROLD G. ...
COMMERCIAL ...
HOTEL ...
BOSTON ...

F. E. SPENCE
COMMERCIAL ...
107 CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE
PITTSBURGH

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company

October 9, 1929.

Mr. Gleason L. Archer, Dean,
Suffolk Law School,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Dean Archer:

I learned with pleasure from Miss Helene Boll that you looked with favor on giving weekly lectures on criminal law over these stations.

We feel that such a series of talks would be very worthwhile and if agreeable to you, would like to schedule the series on Tuesday afternoons from 4:15 until 4:35 beginning in November.

If this arrangement meets with your time and plan, will you kindly get in touch with me, stating the date you would like to begin the lectures.

Very truly yours,

John L. Clark
John L. Clark
Director of Programs, WBZ-WBZA

JLC:C

Children in College

In writing this journal I have entirely omitted a very important development in our family. Allan graduated from Boston Latin School in June 1926. He was an honor student in everything but mathematics so was able to secure certification in 13 out of 15 points for entrance to Boston University. In September he entered the College of Liberal Arts and at once distinguished him in his studies. During his sophomore year he was one of two or three in the entire college to make an average of A for the first semester. For the record he received an official letter of congratulation from the faculty. Yet because of a stupid rule of the college Allan was not eligible to continue beyond his sophomore year.

Under these circumstances I transferred him to Harvard College. But in making the transfer he was obliged to take a cut of one letter in all of his marks at BU and was unable to complete the course in time to graduate in June 1930.

As for daughter Marian, she received her diploma from the Girls High School in June 1929, having no special difficulty except in Mathematics, I discovered, however, that the colleges of New England were refusing all students who did not make honor grades in high school. Some of them had a long waiting list at that. Boston University and Colby were the only colleges open to her even by examinations. Having to decide between them, I chose Colby College. One of the reasons was that I felt that Marian needed the discipline and experience of dormitory life.

Elizabeth and her mother were quite appalled at the idea and Marian was none too enthusiastic, but I took her with me to Maine and visited the college. She was pleased at the things she saw at the college and it was arranged that they would send the examinations for Marian to take at the High School.

Unfortunately the examinations fell upon very strenuous closing days of the high school and daughter was greatly run down. She took one examination when in such condition that she fainted afterward. The ladies then staged a revolt against the idea. They were willing to have Marian give up all thought of college rather than persist in so heartbreaking a task. But I wired to the college for delay. My request was granted so daughter went on and, to our delight, passed a goodly number of subjects.

By a rule of the college, however, if a candidate failed, they were required to do the entire task again in September. I went to Waterville and "labored with them."

I told them that Marian was hoping to go to Europe during the summer and urged that unless some concession could be made she would have to choose between college and Europe. The authorities agreed.

Marian and Allan joined a Cook Tour and spent five happy and strenuous weeks in Europe. Daughter finished up all her entrance conditions but Math. Later she took a special tutoring and passed that also, thus becoming a full-fledged college student.

The result of that year in college upon daughter Marian was most gratifying. But I am getting ahead of my story for there were other important events in the fall of 1929 that are yet to be recorded.

The Memphis Convention

The law school world was more or less agog over impending happenings at the Memphis Convention. It was known for many months that I was to make a formal address at the next meeting. The topic which I had selected "Facts and Implications of College Monopoly of Legal Education" was also announced in the tentative program of the meeting of the Section of Legal Education.

That the college monopoly crowd was filled with alarm and were marshalling their forces was also self-evident. My great moment was coming, for which I had fought for three years. I resolved that my speech should be the most clear cut and logical indictment that it was possible for me to frame. Having prepared it with great care, I had it printed and carried with me to Memphis a sufficient number of copies for general distribution.

Those who made the trip to Tennessee were Misters Boynton, O'Connell, Evens, myself, H.J. Archer, James H. Brennan, Geo. F. Hogan and John L. Hurley. We reached Memphis Monday morning October 20, 1929 and at once set to work. The renewing of acquaintance with lawyers who we had met at previous conventions was of great importance. The making of new friends and the lining up of forces for the expected battle of Tuesday kept all of us on the move.

The plan for the section meeting of Tuesday was of course formulated by William Draper Lewis. He could not avoid the necessity of giving me my opportunity to speak but he managed to inject several unexpected Bar Examination addresses into the forenoon with the obvious purpose of limiting my time and using up a great part of the morning for safe and boresome topics.

The Ball Room of the Peabody Hotel was the place appointed for our meeting - a very large hall and one that required amplifiers. On Monday afternoon I dropped into the Ball Room to observe the acoustic properties and found the amplifiers working splendidly.

But on Tuesday morning when we gathered for the great event I found to my dismay that the amplifiers had been taken away. Whether that was to handicap me I never knew, but the fact remains that Tuesday was the only day when the amplifiers were not in working order in the hall.

I took a seat in the front row at one side. William R. Evans was beside me. My manuscript was ready. To be sure Mr. Boynton, Dean Lee and others had assured me that my speech was much too long, so I had cut it down what I could. Mr. Boynton, in his quaint way had said - "No souls are saved after the first twenty minutes."

The official report of the meeting shows that it was called to order by Chairman Lewis at 10 A.M. After the purely formal portion of the meeting, Dean Lewis read his address as chairman. H. C. Horacle gave his report as advisor. George R. Nutter of Boston read his paper. The secretary of the Board of Law Examiners of Pennsylvania did likewise. The time had then been consumed up to eleven thirty. A Mr. Clark of New York who was to speak and suggested that I be allowed to go on with my address and he would use the remaining time.

This impressed me as a clever strategy to blanket the effect of my address. I met the issue by expressing my desire that Mr. Clark's paper be read immediately, which was done. All the while I noted with satisfaction that the great hall was filling up. Chairs were being brought in and arranged. Men were streaming in. It was a source of gratification to me to realize that they were coming in for the one purpose of hearing me make my long sought expose of the law school conspiracy. In other words, I was expected to furnish the fireworks and well I knew the fireworks that I had to offer them.

By the time Mr. Clark had finished and I was ready to take the platform the hall was jammed. Men were standing by the hundred; there must have been more than a thousand people in the room.

I had brought with me a bound volume containing the records of meetings of the Association of American Law Schools and of the election throughout the period of the conspiracy. I had come fully armed with books and documents. These I carried with me when I mounted the raised platform and took my place at the rostrum.

While I had feared the ordeal of speaking with no microphones, especially after some of the previous speakers had been heckled with cries of "louder", yet the moment I began to speak all such feelings vanished. I was filling the hall with ease. George Hogan who cruised around the outskirts of the crowd later reported that my voice rang out clear and distinct into the farthest corners of the Ball Room.

I was on familiar ground for Equality of Opportunity, my Radio speech, was the first part of my address. While my audience was obviously hostile at the beginning I had been speaking only a few minutes when I was convinced of a change of attitude. Everyone was listening to my arguments in regard to equality of opportunity and agreeing with the sentiments expressed on that score.

After I had won the first genuine burst of applause the way was easier. Laughter and applause were frequent during the last half of my talk and when I finished that gave me an ovation that would have done credit to a political rally. I was congratulated right and left and had a hard time to get out of the Ball Room in time to get a bit to eat before the afternoon session.

It was the consensus of opinion among all my friends and associates that if the matter could have been put to a vote at the close of my address the assembly would have voted overwhelmingly, not only to clean house in the section which was my main objective, but to reverse the action previously taken by the Bar Association on the college requirement.

Lewis and his crafty associates Strawn, Tolman and others had so arranged matters that no motions could be voted on until after 4 P.M. when the expected to throw the entire strength of the other sections into the section of Legal Education to overwhelm us. As it transpired, this result was accomplished. All sections but one of the Association adjourned toward the end of the afternoon because they couldn't get a quorum to do business. Everyone was in the section of Legal Education.

The annual report of the American Bar Association for 1929 contains my lengthy address in full. It also carries the complete story of the proceedings of

the section or Legal Education. I took no part in the afternoon session except as a spectator. But it was a wild and furious talk fest in which Dean Lee, James H. Brennan and John L. Hurley distinguished themselves but accomplished nothing except to get into the record of some meeting some interesting reading matter for those who did not attend.

Dean Lee made an unwise attempt to amend the so-called standards by rewording the entire standards as they would be with his suggested change. I am convinced that if he had offered his mild changes in the form of an amendment instead of a substitution that the result would have been different, but the hue and cry was used that "the insurgents" were trying to wipe out the standards hitherto adopted.

This gave the astute college monopoly crowd their opportunity to save their faces for the offered a resolution affirming the standards. Those present were for the most part ignorant of the real wording of the standards but they were as ready to end the long drawn out wrangle by adopting this resolution as they would have been to reaffirm faith in the theory that the earth was round. So the great field day ended in burying Dean Lee's substitution and the adoption of the movement to reaffirm.

We were apparently defeated, but when the election of officers came we found that the Nominating Committee (under pressure from the Executive Committee, as I afterward learned) had given us the housecleaning for which I had fought. Lewis, Sanborn and the old guard we one and all omitted from the list of officers. Horack, on whom I had centered my chief attack, because of President of the Association of Law Schools he was nevertheless serving the American Bar Association as Advisor of the Section of Legal Education at a \$10,000 a year salary, was soon to lose his job also, thus completing the housecleaning.

Radio Lectures on Law

My radio lectures on criminal law began on November 12th and at once attracted the interest of the public despite the fact that they were first given at 4:15 P.M. when the audience would naturally be women. But letters came in by scores and hundreds asking that the experiment be made a regular feature. After some weeks I was given an evening assignment. How fortunate the hour of that assignment was I did not realize until later on, but it was from many weeks at 7:15 P.M., immediately following "Amos and Andy" a feature that had attracted nation-wide attention because it was really a funny dialogue between two supposed colored men who were forever getting into absurd scrapes.

On two different occasions I talked in Sunday afternoon in the same series in which I had made my initial bow. By January 1930 I had so far made good with the New England audiences that Mr. Clark took up the matter with the National Broadcasting Company with a view to giving me a national hookup. What came of that attempt will later be seen. But there were other events that require at this juncture to be set forth in detail.

Involved in Politics

The beginnings of a given chain of events are often remote from the event itself. Such was the case in my controversy with Frederick W. Mansfield and its resulting projection of myself in a minor degree into the Mayoralty campaign of Boston. Now I had always been very friendly with Mr. Mansfield since as State Treasurer he had joined with the Attorney General and Secretary of State in waiting upon Governor Walsh in 1914 to urge him to sign our school charter. I had met him at various times since that date and had been friendly to him in his unsuccessful campaign for Governor.

I had noted with his interest his activities in the Judicial Council and had regarded him as kindly disposed toward the self-educated lawyer. When he was elected as President of the Massachusetts Bar Association by a little group of men in January 1929 I had been present. My congratulations had been very genuine because he was succeeding George R. Nutter who had been working for years to make an aristocracy of the Bar, being the Massachusetts representative of the insidious movement for a college monopoly. In Mr. Mansfield I was sure that we had a safe leader.

What was my surprise therefore on the morning of March 13, 1929 to read in the Boston Post and other newspapers that in the previous evening Mr. Mansfield had made a speech before the Women's Lawyer's Association in which he declared that the bar requirements in Massachusetts were woefully low and stamped as fallacious the argument that "a poor boy or girl who cannot afford to go to college should be allowed to become a member of the bar by studying nights after he or she is through a day's work."

This statement aroused my indignation. Having occasion to address the alumni of the Suffolk Law School that evening, I made a spirited reply to Mr. Mansfield. I pointed out that Mansfield himself had never gone to college and that when he was running for Governor on the Democratic ticket he had declared that he had gotten legal education "when working night and day in the drug business." I suggested that now that he could afford it, he go to college.

The publicity given to this exchange with the President of the Massachusetts Bar Association quite naturally attracted wide attention. As the city election or rather primaries approached, it was well known that the group of which Mr. Nutter was the head wire pluming Mr. Mansfield to run against former Mayor James M. Curley for the office of Mayor. The matter was uncertain for some days.

Late on evening after school had closed and I was clearing up an accumulation of work, my office phone rang and Daniel G. Gillen, one of our graduates and a former secretary to Mayor Curley, was on the line. He asked me if I could give him the facts as to my controversy with Mr. Mansfield, what the latter had said and what my reply had been. He was urgent to get the material for immediate use. So I invited him to come to the school as soon as possible, and I would in the meantime go through my files for the necessary information.

Thus I knew that Mansfield was to run for Mayor. And run he did. Mr. Gillen made very effective use of this material. The campaign became more and

more heated as the weeks passed and it was evident that the contest would be close for all the elements that were opposed to Mr. Curley had combined to support Mansfield as the peerless knight of Reform.

While I was at the Memphis Convention I received a telegram from Mr. Curley (sent out by former Congressman McNary, no doubt) inviting me to speak in Curley's behalf at a great meeting of lawyers to be held in Tremont Temple on Saturday night October _____. Inasmuch as I could not return until Saturday morning, I had a good alibi for not speaking.

When I reached Boston, I found the political situation in such ferment that I decided to visit Martin Lomasney and the Hendrix Club where they were to hold a great Sunday before election meeting. Frankly, I was concerned lest Mansfield and the forces of reaction should be victorious. I had a pleasant chat with the old warhorse of the West End. In his back room, shut off from the mob that crowded the hall where speaking was in progress, Martin literally champed the bit as he cogitated upon what he should say.

He had made notes in his large and somewhat illegible handwriting. He would never permit me to remove my hat in his sanctum. He always wore his own and insisted that democracy required everyone else to wear theirs. In his friendliness to me, Mr. Lomasney went over the main points of his speech, slapping his notes as he held them in his left hand and calling upon me to say if he was not right. Of course I agreed with him for he and I were of one mind on the issue before the people.

This was the first time for years, at any rate, that Martin had supported Curley. There was no love between them now. A lieutenant rushed in to announce that Mr. Curley had arrived and suggested that Mr. Martin go into the office to greet him. "No, No," he barked. "Put him on. Let him speak. I won't come out until he's through."

The old chieftain seemed disposed to keep me in the back room, but I told him I was curious to hear Curley's speech, so he dismissed me with a wave of his hand. There was a suffocating stench of humanity in the hall and I had difficulty getting into the hall far enough to see the speaker. Mr. Curley made a very effective address to a most enthusiastic and demonstrative audience.

When he was forcing his way out of the press, he passed near me and greeted me very warmly.

"Dean Archer," he said in passing, "I would like to have you come to the Garden rally tonight and say a few words." To this I demurred. "Come anyway and sit on the platform," he urged. To this I agreed on. Somewhat later, while Lomasney was himself occupying the rostrum, a man came to me with a message from Mr. Curley telling me how to reach the platform at the Garden rally.

Boston Garden, the great North Station Auditorium had just been completed. Mr. Curley Campaign Committee had engaged it for a mammoth Sunday evening rally. The newspapers had forecast a great crowd, for fiery speeches were expected.

The meeting was scheduled for eight o'clock. I arrived somewhat before that hour only to find some twenty thousand people jammed into the vast

amphitheater and speechmaking already in progress. If I had not had an invitation for the platform it would have been very difficult to secure a seat at all. The platform itself was no place of special honor inasmuch as it was very large and was jammed with politicians and friends of politicians, a motley host of nondescript humanity. There must have been several hundred on the platform.

A seat was found for me at the extreme left in about the third row between two very buxom ladies long past their prime and were able to fill the space allotted to me, for each of them was wider than the space allotted to them.

Such a variety of speeches as I heard during the two hours before the arrival of ex-Mayor Curley. This gave me a chance to study the unbelievably vast crowd that filled the main floor and rose tier upon tier to the very heavens, or at least to a height where humans appeared as pygmies. I shuddered at the thought of speaking in such a place, and congratulated myself that I had declined the Mayor's invitation.

Although my radio talks had already made a decided hit and I was beginning to receive that flattering attention from radio fans that sometimes fatally inflates the vanity, yet I had no illusions about my place in this scheme of things. I even began to take some comfort in the thought that I was concealed from any likelihood of being seen by the eloquent Ex-Mayor and called into the footlights.

John F. Fitzgerald, a former Mayor and perennial politician, was speaking when Mr. Curley and his party arrived. It was nearing 10 P.M. and the meeting was to be broadcast between 10 and 11. This was no doubt why Fitzy made so long-winded a speech - he wanted to have part of his talk broadcast.

When he had finished, I saw one of the committeemen standing up and looking my way, beckoning to someone. Not dreaming that he was beckoning to me I looked beyond me and saw a prominent politician standing in the wings. I made a sign to him that he was wanted, so he joyfully clambered over feet and legs and made his way to the area where the speaking was going on.

But to my amazement he was bolted and an excited individual charged past him to me and said, "Mayor Curley wants you to come up front." The band was playing and they were waiting - marking time. It was an awkward predicament for me, but the thought flashed across my mind that perhaps Mr. Curley wanted the audience to see that I was there and that Suffolk Law School was with him in the contest.

So I clambered over feet and made my way hurriedly to the center of the floodlight section. Mayor Curley rose to his feet and clasped hands with me while the crowd cheered - not necessarily at me but because they were waiting for something to happen, and it was happening. "Speak to them," he urged, "Tell them about Mansfield and how he's against the poor bay." He literally pushed me toward the microphone and the presiding officer stated to introduce me.

If I had felt like a tiny individual in the midst of a vast universe before I opened my lips to speak, I became a variant atom when I opened my lips to speak. Actually, I could not hear my own voice. So vast was the space into which I was seeking to project it I was morally certain that I was wasting precious time by remaining on my feet at all.

What I did not learn until afterwards was that my voice rang out clear and strong, thanks to the amplifiers, to the farthest circle of the audience and, better still, reached a cast audience all over New England that were tuned in by radio.

Fortunately I went through with what I was half persuaded was a dumb show. I left the microphones greatly vexed with myself that I had not come prepared to make a real speech. Not until I had heard from many of the Garden auditors and the listeners in over the radio that I had made one of the most dramatic, sincere, and convincing speeches of the evening did I regain my self-assurance over the incident, or recall much that I had said.

My speech was brief. I began by saying that I was not a politician and had never made a political speech. I should speak entirely from the angle of a school man. I asserted that I came there merely because I respected and admired James M. Curley because he had proved himself a friend of the common people, had proved his integrity and ability in the public office. I stated that I had no personal ill will for his opponent Mr. Mansfield. I admired the ability that had enabled him to raise himself from poverty and obscurity to a place of power and distinction. But I stated that now that he had attained his present dizzy height as President of the Massachusetts Bar Association he had forgotten his humble beginnings of youth and had turned to strike down the poor boys who must follow in his footsteps. I described the iniquitous college monopoly scheme and branded Mansfield as its leader in Massachusetts. I again contrasted Curley with Mansfield and declared, "I have nothing but admiration for a self made man who reaches out the helping hand to others like himself. I have nothing but contempt for the self made man who forgets his own days of poverty and seeks to strike down those who seek to follow in his footsteps." I closed with an appeal to vote for James M. Curley.

Mr. Curley thanked me very warmly for my address and for days I heard echoes for the radio audience.

The election came off on schedule and it proved one of the most exciting political battles of recent years. After school Tuesday night I went down to Curley headquarters to watch the election returns. Such a mob of sour faced, stunned and silent people I never saw. Curley had apparently gone down in defeat.

Everyone said that his unfortunate radio speech of the night before when he mercilessly attacked a Jewish lady of prominence who was campaigning for Mansfield had lost him the election. This lady had preceded him at the microphone and had mad statements that stung the high strung warrior into a fiery denunciation of the lady as having offered her services to him before going to Mansfield.

However true the accusation might have been it alienated the Jewish vote and turned many others against Mr. Curley. It was a political error of the first magnitude. So I watched the returns with a feeling of dismay almost as keen as that of some of the prominent politicians who were expecting appointments from the new mayor.

But the tide in the returns turned toward our candidate. Mansfield's lead became less and less. The crowd began to murmur with hope. What a yell burst

students who were contemplating the December 28 examination.

The method of treatment was a serious problem. Others has written on the subject who apparently knew a great deal about the historical development of certain legal remedies but totally without appreciation of their significance in light of political history - the result being a succession of essays about one legal remedy or anther and without coherence or human interest. Historians like Green has also touched upon the development of law but had written without knowledge of the law itself.

My plan was to write from the two-fold viewpoint of the student of history and the student of law. I resolved to paint in vivid colors the background of political history, thus giving the student a connected story of the development of the law, for I proposed to demonstrate that every great legal innovation originated under the stress and need of the period in which it originated. In other words, I would interpret laws newly emerging as the attempted solution by the people of special problems of their own day.

Just as the Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence would be mere platitudes unless interpreted in the light of history, so also all the great laws and statutes must be understood. In this spirit, I set to work.

Fortunately for me I was so gripped by the task at hand that it was a real joy to labor long hours at research and composition.

Histories, encyclopedias and learned tomes were my constant companions, My study table was covered with books and I moved around the table checking up this and that item of history or law. But it was that knowledge of history, that I had acquired through some forty years of reading for the sheer love of it that guided me in the stress of my literary endeavors. All that I had gained in the reading of the history of law readily fused itself into the greater background of historical knowledge. It was therefore a more or less exciting and stimulating task to check up that knowledge by reference to the multitude of authorities at my command.

I worked what might be termed a double shift. I sometimes began at there o'clock in the morning and usually not later than four thirty so that by nine o'clock I had accomplished many pages of manuscript. No doubt, I neglected my school duties during these strenuous days, but my very capable secretary delighted in the responsibility thus thrust upon her. She guarded me against every interruption except of the most imperative nature.

I was thus enabled to work until lunchtime. By that time I was usually mentally exhausted and glad to take a midday nap. The nap, however, invariably refreshed me so that I was able to return to my task with redoubled speed.

I wrote the first page of the book at 4 A.M. on the morning of October 1, 1928 and completed the manuscript at noon November 11th, just forty days later. In fact I jokingly declared that like the flood the outpouring of ink from my fountain pen continued for forty days and forty nights. There were four hundred and forty pages of printed book so that my "History of Law" easily takes first place in magnitude of output of all my literary efforts.

The printing of the book was a story in itself. I had arranged with Puritan Linotype for the setting up of the manuscript as fast as I produced it so that when

the last page was written over half of the book was already set up. This I was able to put the book on the market about sixty days after I wrote the first chapter, which, I think, will stand as a record achievement.

The sale of the book was immediate and widespread. It has received a great deal of praise from sources that brought genuine satisfaction.

In January 1929 the Honorable Joseph F. O'Connell and I journeyed to Miami, Fla. to do some work where it would count by appearing at the session of the Executive Committee of the American Bar Association. The story has been reduced to writing as will be seen from the following:

(Not included in this document JAA)

Even before setting forth on the Florida trip O had laid the keel of a new book or series of books. The value of illustrative material in connection with law teaching had long been a settled conviction with me. But I had become increasingly aware of the need of more of it in our classes. So I conceived the idea of working out a series of "Digests" of cases as parallel volumes to my textbooks already in use. Criminal law was the first subject selected for treatment.

All the way to Florida except during the sleeping hours found me reading and digesting cases from "Beale's Criminal Law Cases," a case book of the Harvard series. While at my hotel at Miami Beach, and also on the way back, I followed a like course of action.

After my return I devoted all available time to the task and before the close of school in June 1929 I had the pleasure of seeing my first "case book" come from the press.

For the commencement orator that year I had the good fortune to secure U. S. Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana. In fact I had tried unsuccessfully for several years to persuade Senator Walsh to come to Boston for that purpose. There is quite a story with securing his consent on this occasion, and I was obliged to wax eloquent in my description of the school and its mission in order to prevail upon him.

The Senator arrived in Boston on Commencement morning on a train several hours late. I took him to visit city hall and the Governor's office. He was invited to address the Senate and I had the honor of sitting on the platform with him. We had no sooner left the Senate than a delegation from the House came to invite him to address that body also. His address was similar to that in the Senate - a simple message of greeting and an invitation of the members to attend the Suffolk Law School Graduation if they wished to hear him speak at length.

The Senator's speech at Tremont Temple on commencement night was a very scholarly and instructive address, especially impressive to our great audience because of the prominence of the orator. It received its due share of newspaper attention.

In my invitation to Senator Walsh I had urged upon him that he be my guest for a day or two and visit some of our historic shrines. He agreed to spend

forth when the tabulation disclosed that Curley had closed the gap and was actually in the lead. There were groans when Mansfield returns gave him again first place. But the tide had definitely set in for Curley and victory by a narrow margin was at last assured.

The crowd came pressing into the headquarters. The street filled as if my magic and soon the hero of the hour arrived on the scene. It required a strong bodyguard of police to make a way for him. But he struggled forward smiling, happy, and tired. He mounted a box and stood there while the most deafening of cheers rang out and continued for minutes. All the while the successful candidate was bowing and greeting his personal friends whom he saw wedged in the crowd. I was one of those whom he greeted specially.

I was later invited "to sit in the seats of the mighty" at the Mayor's inauguration in January 1930.

One of the early acts of the Curley administration was to make ready for the celebration of the Boston Tercentenary. While I was very naturally interested in the celebration because of my ancestors Mayhew, Ruggles and others of the original settlers of Boston, yet I had no expectation of participation in an official way.

My first intimation that the Mayor had me in mind came when I received a letter dated Jan. 27th, inviting me to join a committee of three hundred to launch the Boston celebration. Gladly I accepted the invitation.

The first meeting was called for Jan. 31, 1930 to convene in the Old South Church. On the morning of the meeting I read in the newspaper that I had been appointed to the Executive Committee. There was a measure of satisfaction in this fact for I found that President March of Boston University, Judge Robert Grant and other celebrities who attended the first meeting were not thus honored.

But news of honors came to me by degrees and I was as much surprised as anybody to have my name read at the meeting as one of the three vice-chairmen of the General Committee.

Chairman of Radio Broadcasting Committee

The first meeting of the Executive Committee of the Boston Tercentenary was called by John F. Fitzgerald, Chairman of the General Committee, to meet at City Hall February 3, 1930. Knowing that the time was very limited within which we could make plans I went to the meeting prepared to make definite suggestions.

This was fortunate for I found that the entire personnel of the committee were in the dark, mentally groping for ideas. They were agreed, however, that the task was an appalling one. The amount of money that would be required for advertising alone was set by some members who were experts in such work was set a half a million dollars.

But not even in the first enthusiasm of the moment no members were so rash as to declare this an amount that could be raised. In the midst of their gloomy and pessimistic utterance I arose with what I felt should be a note of optimism.

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I expressed the opinion that we were entirely overlooking the most potent and up-to-date mode of advertising now existing - the radio. I called attention to the appalling expense of magazine and newspaper advertising and the long delays that must result before the advertising could reach the attention of the reading public. I pointed out the self-evident fact that the radio gave us instantaneous contact with the very people we wanted to reach.

Having had some months of experience as guest speaker over WBZ-WBZA, I advanced the opinion that the great Tercentenary Celebration could secure advertisements of free time over the air from the various radio stations of New England and of the nation. In fact I was very optimistic on this score.

To my surprise however there was not a single comment on my suggestion, which piqued me somewhat. The fact was, no doubt, that all of the other members of the committee felt that my idea was fantastic and impractical. They accordingly passed over it in silence.

After the meeting I broached it again to John F. Fitzgerald and he said it was a good idea if it would work. He then made the diplomatic suggestion that I investigate the matter and report to the next meeting.

I thereupon interviewed John L. Clark, Director of Programs of the stations over which I then making weekly broadcasts. He was favorably disposed toward the project and promised every possible aid.

As a result of my report the Executive Committee commissioned me to act as chairman of the radio committee. With the co-operation of Chairman Fitzgerald, Mr. Brown and Mr. Keenan, I drew up a list composed of newspapermen and managers of various broadcasting stations of Boston.

By good fortune every man nominated agreed to serve, so my fellow members of the committee were the following:

Charles W. Burton, Manager Station WEEI
 John L. Clark, Program Director, Stations WBZ-WBZA
 Willard DeLue, Radio Dept. Boston Globe
 Harold E. Fellows, Greenleaf Advertising Agency
 William G. Gavin, Boston Herald
 Bartholomew F. Griffin, Boston News Bureau
 Ralph LeRoy Harlow, Manager Stations WNAC-WEAN
 Forrest P. Hull, Boston Transcript
 Rush T. Jones, Christian Science Monitor
 Walter R. Meins, Roxbury Historical Society
 James W. Reardon, Boston American
 Joe Toy, Editor Boston Traveler

The first committee meeting was held in my library at Suffolk Law School on February 13th. I outlined to them a tentative plan for a two-fold program of radio broadcasting:

- (1) Local broadcasts in which all local stations would be asked to donate broadcasting time in a three month series of radio talks.
- (2) Nation wide broadcasting in which the Columbia and National Broadcasting Company would be asked to join, donating the time.

The plan looked feasible to me and I had drawn up a letter addressed to the great New York companies which I had hoped the committee would sign as a body, so that I might take it to New York in a projected interview with the officials of the great chains. The committee were well nigh unanimous in declaring the plan hopeless. Mr. Burton of WEEI declared that the national chain to which his station belonged would not look with favor upon it. Mr. Harlow of WNAC made a similar declaration of the Columbia chain. In fact they figured that my plan for the chain broadcasting would cost about \$200,000. They were of the opinion that unless we were prepared to spend that amount of money my trip to New York would be fruitless.

I assured them, however, that it could do no harm to try. Mr. Clark of WBZ-WBZA agreed to go with me to introduce me to the officials at NBC. The committee wished me luck but declined to sign the letter. Mayor James Curley, however, had more faith in my mission and gave me a splendid letter of introduction to the National Broadcasting Company.

Before going any farther with my story it may be well to go back a bit to a matter that becomes very significant in light of developments soon to be unfolded in connection with the National Broadcasting Company.

The success of my law broadcasts had been so pronounced that Mr. Clark, the Director of Programs of WBZ-WBZA, had written to the officers of NBC urging them in the strongest terms to take my talks onto a national hook up. This letter was dated January 14, 1930. The proposition was apparently under advisement for some time but under date of January 23d Phillips Carlin, Assistant to the Vice President in Charge of Programs, wrote a very diplomatic letter to Mr. Clark declining to give me a try out.

"We have given the matter careful consideration," he wrote, "but, base on precedent and past experience, we have decided it would be better not to get into this sort of series. Were we to do this, we should apply to the American Bar Association for a speaker to be assigned, since naturally we would want the endorsement of that supreme authority in a matter of this kind.

However law is different in every state and, to a considerable extent, technical in matter and not possessing mass appeal unless made sensational, and we feel that it would be better to steer clear of it."

Thus three weeks after my law series had been rejected by the NBC officials I was proposing to make an attempt to interest them in a totally new field of broadcasting which involved advertising, the very field from which the great broadcasting chains derived their chief revenue.

After deciding to go to New York I chanced to be talking to one of our newspapermen, and he asked me if I had talked to "Hap" Myers, the New England representative of the National Broadcasting Co. This was a new lead which I followed up immediately by making an appointment with Mr. Myers. I went to his office in the Little Building.

Walter Myers is a very magnetic and friendly young man with a rare combination of business ability and vision (business men are all too often lacking an imagination and relying wholly upon tried and established custom). He kindled at once to my plans. Realizing that he would be a valuable ally I

invited him to be a member of my committee, and also to accompany us to New York.

He agreed to do so. He did more than that. He called the National Officers by long distance telephone and made an appointment for us to see them on February 18th. Desiring to be well prepared for what I knew to be a fateful interview I invited Mr. Myers and Mr. Clark to meet at my office at noon on February 17th and go to lunch with me.

We lunched at the Bellevue and got on famously. By appointment we met in the South Station ready to take the midnight train for New York. Well, we didn't get to bed on the sleeper until after one o'clock, all because "Hap" Myers was entertaining us in the men's room with the most fascinating yarns. He had been a newspaper reporter before entering the radio field.

As a newspaperman he had had much to do with the late Harry Houdini, the magician. Houdini, it will be remembered, was very skeptical of spirit mediums and took great delight in exposing their fraudulent practices. Mr. Myers had witnessed many of Houdini's dare devil exploits and held us quite spell bound at the recital thereof.

We were reluctant to retire but oh so much more reluctant to arise after our brief and fitful slumbers! The porter's sad voice was inexpressibly doleful to us when he came to declare that we would have to get up. Mr. Myers' sleepy protest from the berth below me was eloquent of my own feelings. The backache that I had been entertaining for several days was still with me when we three emerged from the train into the subterranean mysteries of the Grand Central Terminal.

Our appointment was for 10AM, so we agreed to meet at the Hotel Victoria at about 9:30. I purchased tickets for our return trip, ate a frugal breakfast and fared forth for a shave. I customarily, when in New York City went to outside talent, having learned from experience that the railroad barbershop gives one whirlwind shave that leaves the face more surprised that barbered.

Thinking that the brisk air of winter would prove beneficial to my aching head I walked down Forty-Second Street to Times Square, and thence down Seventh Avenue to Hotel Victoria. It was too early for our appointment so I sat in the hotel lobby and wrote for some time. When I went to Mr. Myer's room I found that he and Mr. Clark were having breakfast in the room. We discussed plans for our meeting with NBC, then took a taxi to the Fifth Avenue building.

My headache was doing its throbbing worst when we met the celebrated announcer Phillips Carlin. He was already in the corridor of his own floor (the 12th) ready to go up to the 15th floor where Mr. Elwood's office is located. My first impressions of Mr. Carlin were written down at that time. From the manuscript I will quote the following:

"Mr. Carlin is a thick set man of medium height. His hair is gone on top, so far as real hair is concerned but there is a fairly thick carpet of fuzz that keeps him from being really and nakedly bald. His eyes are dark and full of good-humored animation. When we met him today a dark stubble of a beard

was manifest on his jaws and cheeks. I fancy he needs to shave about twice a day.

"As I gazed upon this sturdy, unromantic appearing artist of the air I thought of the many times I had heard his voice over the radio and how I had pictured him as tall and slim - a sort of Lindbergh. I still have the same mental picture of Graham McNamee, but as for Carlin, when I hear him again I shall picture him as he is, a well-fed, practical business executive.

"I remarked to him that I had expected him to be much taller and commented on the fact that my own radio fans had the curious impression that I was short and thick-set. He explained that men with high pitched voices were usually pictured in that way, where radio fans are equally sure that a man with a deep voice is tall and angular like Abraham Lincoln.

"After some delay we were admitted into the executive offices of Mr. John W. Elwood, the Vice President. He is a large man, tall and broad, with a fine intelligent countenance. He greeted us very cordially and with a smile that is very genuine - a broad smile in which one saw white teeth with definite spaces between them, every tooth distinct and not crowded into one mass.

"I presented my "credentials" from Mayor Curley which he read and commented upon approvingly. It was made clear from the onset that the Tercentenary was well known to them.

"What relation does your committee bear to that of Mr. Herbert Parker?" he asked.

I explained that Mr. Parker was chairman of the State Committee and that I was vice chairman of the newly formed committee for the Boston Tercentenary. Thus there was no relationship between us except that before coming to New York as chairman of the Radio Broadcasting Committee I had insisted that I be clothed with authority to speak for the radio men in all groups now engaged in Tercentenary work.

This was fortunate for I later learned that Mr. Parker had incurred the displeasure of the NBC officers by a singular manifestation of self-importance. He had written to NBC suggesting the importance of having the chief events broadcast. They had responded very graciously and had invited Mr. Parker to call for an interview the first time he chanced to be in New York. Mr. Parker had thereupon written them that he was a very busy man with little leisure to come to New York but that he would be glad to have them come to see him in Boston.

For the officials of so great an organization to be bidden to come to Boston to visit the self-important ex-attorney general was a most unfortunate blunder that might have been fatal to my cause. But Mr. Parker in his letter had given them to understand that he was not seeking favors but expected to pay for broadcasting. This in itself was a serious obstacle in my path.

But when Mr. Elwood opened the business of the conference by asking me how much time on the air I was prepared to buy, I met the situation by frankly declaring that I could not offer to buy a single hour on the air, that I came hat in hand asking the cooperation of NBC as a matter of public service. Of course, I explained that because of the unfortunate circumstances in which

we found ourselves we were unable to raise money and dared not promise or pledge any such accomplishment.

But in stressing the opportunity of public service I had unwittingly appealed to Mr. Elwood's vulnerable spot. HE demurred to the idea however and stated that "Worlds Fairs" and "Sesquicentennials" were usually "flops" anyway and in view of the fact that we had no money to spend he did not see how the Boston celebration could be anything but a colossal failure.

This gave me the very opening that I desired. I pointed out that we were not staging a world's fair, so that we were not to build attractive and expensive settings for pageantry, but were simple to rededicate the great shrines of America in our midst that were already venerated by millions. I enumerated these shrines one by one and launched into an earnest argument to show the spiritual significance of the celebration. I pointed out the great need now existing to bring the America people back to a realization of the ideals upon which the Nation was founded.

The argument made a distinct impression but they were still unable to see how the radio could play a very great part in the process. To this I replied that Christ taught his greatest truths by parables. And that we proposed to teach these great lessons of patriotism not by preaching but by human interest stories of early days, showing how in Boston the great experiments in democratic government, not merely for itself and America, but for the world, were successfully worked out. I cited the story of the squabble over the widow's pig that caused the Massachusetts legislature to separate into a Senate and a House, thus giving the Nation one of its greatest lessons in practical agencies of government. I then read to them the broadcast that I had prepared entitled "The Pig That Caused A Political Revolution." That story won them over completely. They asked if I had any other such entertaining yarns. I could supply any number they desired.

Vice-President Elwood then asked if I would come to New York once a week and broadcast these stories to the school children of America. He said that five million boys and girls were then listening in to the Walter Damrosch Series on Appreciation of Music, which series would end soon. He offered to put me on for a series of stories on early colonial history and assured me that it would be broadcast for about forty stations, from the Atlantic to the Rick Mountains. Of course, I accepted the offer immediately. He then offered an evening series to begin on June 3rd, a coast-to-coast hook-up that would reach twenty-five million listeners. This would enable us to put on notable speakers, Mayor Curley of Boston, Governor Allen, Calvin Coolidge, Senator Walsh, Senator Borah and others. Of course, I accepted that proposition at once.

We also worked out a marvelous plan for an international broadcast of a number of seven minute speeches by a relay of speakers in the same program, one from Boston Common, one from Lexington, one from Faneuil Hall, one from Plymouth Rock, etc., also including a broadcast from London, one from Germany and so on. Perhaps I should add that this last plan was the only one that failed of accomplishment and that it failed because we could

not secure speakers of National prominence to come to Boston on the 4th of July. But I did have the satisfaction of seeing NBC carry out this very program on September 18, 1930 in connection with the advance publicity for the American Legion Convention.

The effect upon my Broadcasting Committee of this overwhelming victory was curious indeed. Not a single one of those who had been most vocal in declaring the plan a wild dream ever after appeared in a meeting of the committee. In fact, the attendance after the first meeting was so slim that we held only three meetings. After all, it was not necessary to bother these busy men with details after they had approved my general plans for the two series of broadcasts. These details must of necessity be worked out by the chairman and the broadcasting companies.

It must not be supposed, however, that my course was smooth sailing. Mr. Harlow of WNAC, a member of the Columbia Broadcasting chain, at once offered his resignation. He chose to regard my tying up with NBC as an act of favoritism. He admitted, however, that he had assured me in strongest terms that Columbia would not have given me a sympathetic hearing. He admitted also that there was a spirit of rivalry between the two great chains that would have rendered it necessary to choose between them.

I found, however, that Mr. Shepard, the owner of WNAC was the real party who was angry and that Mr. Harlow was acting under orders of his chief. So I went to see the choleric gentleman. My confidential report to Mayor Curley and his reply were as follows:

March 6, 1930

Memorandum for Mayor Curley.

On March 5, 1930, as Chairman of the Radio Broadcasting Committee of the Tercentenary I held an hour's conference with John Shepard 3rd and Roy Harlow because of Mr. Shepard's refusal to let Mr. Harlow continue to serve on our committee. Mr. Shepard professes to act in a sort of dignified protest in behalf of the Columbia Broadcasting Company because the National Broadcasting Company are to make the first broadcast of the Tercentenary series. His reasoning is so extraordinary that I feel you should be informed in case the question should come before you in the future. I have endeavored to be very diplomatic and friendly and flatter myself that I have succeeded.

In the first place I took care that Mr. Harlow, the manager of WNAC (representing the Columbia chain) as well as Mr. Clark (Blue Network of National) should be on the broadcasting committee.

When we held the first meeting of the Committee I presented my plan of going to New York to appeal to the National and Columbia chains to take on the series as a patriotic service to the Nation. I had hoped that one chain might run a series the first of the week and the other the last of the week.

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An anvil chorus of disapproval from everybody except Mr. Clark greeted my proposal. Mr. Burton declared that National would not be interested. Mr. Harlow said that he was positive Columbia would not listen to me for a moment unless I came ready to pay cash for the series. Mr. Burton figured that it would cost over \$180,000 to put on my plan.

I insisted that I was going to New York and try it out and requested the committee to sign a joint appeal to the broadcasting companies for aid in celebrating the Tercentenary of the Nation's birth. The committee refused to sign.

Now Mr. Shepard takes the attitude that even after my plan had been pronounced a wild "pipe dream" by the committee that it was then my duty to have arranged a joint conference of the officials of the two big chains or not to have presented the plan to anyone. He admitted that these hostile chieftains would probably not have listened to me for a moment and that I would not have gotten a dollar of free broadcasting for the City. But he insists that it should have been done that way.

Now, as you know, I went to National headquarters with my friend Mr. Clark and with Mr. Myers, the N. E. Representative of National. They secured an audience for me and I succeeded in convincing the officials of the National that my plan was not a pipe dream but an opportunity of rendering a great public service. I brought back assurances of about a quarter of a million dollars worth of free broadcasting.

Mr. Shepard says it was "very unfortunate" and that now that Columbia "has been slighted" by my giving National first chance he will advise Columbia, if the question arises, not to give us any advertising over the air at all.

He said that unless I was prepared to junk everything and start over again it was all off so far as Mr. Harlow's membership in our committee was concerned. I told him that I had accepted the offer of the National Broadcasting Company for the preliminary broadcasts and that the offer stipulated that National, while the broadcasts were running, should have exclusive right. I felt that if they were giving us so much they had a right to ask something in return. I stated that we were in honor bound to keep our promise and that any other course would be suicidal to the Tercentenary and the City's interests.

I urged upon him, in the interests of New England, that he co-operate in plans for New England broadcasts even if he chose to stand on his dignity in regard to Columbia (which, by the way, knows nothing about it and would probably not given us anything anyway). But when Mr. Shepard is standing

up for his dignity he does a thorough job if it and we must proceed without Mr. Harlow.

I did extract a sort of promise from Mr. Shepard that WNAC will help in local broadcasts. I put the question to him squarely whether he would refuse this help because WNAC had not helped us frame the program. He said that he was merely interested that they should not help frame a program that their rivals could use.

Thus endeth the Chapter.

Cordially yours,

GLAD.

DEAN.



JAMES M. CURLEY
Mayor

CITY OF BOSTON
OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
CITY HALL

March 11, 1930.

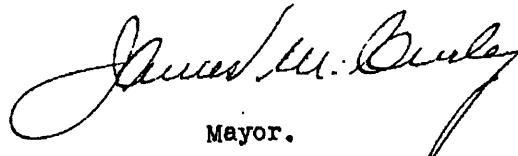
Dean Gleason L. Archer,
20 Derne St.,
Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Archer:

I have just completed reading of your interesting experience with Mr. Shepard, Jr., of WNAC, and I rejoice that you stood firm and achieved your goal. I have had similar experiences with this station and have not been as successful at all times as you have been.

With every good wish and assurances of my desire to cooperate, I am,

Sincerely yours,


Mayor.

Saturday, April 19 WLOE 7:30 - 7:45 P.M.
Speaker - Hon. Gasper Bacon, President Massachusetts Senate
Topic - - "Spirit of '76 in Colonial Days"

Monday, April 21 WEEI 10:30 - 10:45 P.M.
Speaker - John Jackson Walsh
Topic - - "The Appeal of the Tercentenary"

Wednesday, April 23 WLOE 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Miss Elizabeth M. Herlihy
Topic - - "Relation of Other New England Colonies to Massachusetts Bay Colony"

Thursday, April 24 WLEX 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Walter R. Meins
Topic - - "Founding of Roxbury"

Friday, April 25 NBC Broadcast 11:45 A.M.
Chain of thirty-seven stations
Key Station WEAJ New York
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "Haunted by Skulking Savages"

Sunday, April 27 WNAC 7:15 - 8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Hon. Edward P. Barry
Topic - - "The Fight for Democracy in New England"

Friday, May 2 NBC Broadcast 11:45 A.M.
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "Massasoit Makes Peace"

Saturday, May 3 WLOE 7:30 - 7:45 P.M.
Speaker - Hon. J. C. Joseph Flamand
Topic - - "The French Colonists of Early New England"

Wednesday, May 7 WEEI 7:00 - 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "John Oldham and the Pequots"

Wednesday, May 7 WLOE 8:30 - 8:45 P.M.
Speaker - Richard W. Hale
Topic - - "Bringing Charter to New England"

- Thursday, May 8 WLEX 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Richard K. Morton
Topic - - "Home Life of the Puritans"
- Friday, May 9 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
Key Station WEAf New York 11:45 A.M.
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "Wilderness Aristocracy and Democracy"
- Thursday, May 15 WBZA 5:30 - 5:45 P.M.
Speaker - Edwin D. Mead
Topic - - "The Historical Background"
- Friday, May 16 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
Key Station WEAf New York 11:45 A.M.
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "How Boston Clashed with Stuart Kings"
- Saturday, May 17 WLOE 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Albert Hurwitz
Topic - - "The Jewish Pioneers in New England"
- Tuesday, May 20 WNAC 8:30 - 8:45 P.M.
Speaker - Bartholomew F. Griffin, Editor Boston News Bureau
Topic - - "Financial History of Early New England"
- Wednesday, May 21 WLOE 8:30 - 8:45 P.M.
Speaker - Professor Frank Vogel
Topic - - "German Contributions to New England"
- Friday, May 23 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
Key Station WEAf New York 11:45 A.M.
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "The Pig that brought Us Our Senate and House"
- Saturday, May 24 WLEX 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Rev. W. Sikora
Topic - - "The Polish Settlers of New England"
- Thursday, May 27 WEEI 7:15 - 7:30 P.M.
Speaker - William C. Crawford
Topic - - "The Boston Massacre"

(Library Jan 4, 1931)

I went forward with my plans for the broadcast that I was to give over NBC and also with the plan that I had proposed to the Broadcasting Committee for the local broadcasts. In order to accomplish this it was of course necessary to get the local stations to broadcast for us free of charge. After what NBC had agreed to do there was no very great difficulty about it. Each of them came in on the plan. By each I mean WEEI, WBZ-WBZA, WNAC, WLOE, WLEX.

Then when I had the program well outlined and had opened the local series by a personal broadcast over WNAC on March 17th, John F. Fitzgerald returned from Florida. Fitzy blew up, because he had not led off, I suppose, and raised a great row about my having exceeded my authority. This occurred at the first meeting after his return. I responded with some indignation to his tirade assuring them that the Executive Committee had been consulted at every stage of the proceedings and had approved of my plan. Col. Pierce Guthrie was so indignant about Fitzgerald's attitude that he came into the fray and declared that I had accomplished more for the Tercentenary than all others put together and that Fitzgerald should thank me instead of bawling me out.

This was the beginning of trouble with John F. but I kept on with the very engrossing duties of the chairmanship. A part of the program is as follows:

<u>Monday, March 17</u>	WNAC	4:45 - 5:00 P.M.
<u>Speaker</u> - Gleason L. Archer, Chairman Broadcasting Committee		
<u>Topic</u> - - "The Bradford History and the Winthrop Journal"		
<u>Saturday, March 22</u>	WLOE	7:30 - 7:45 P.M.
<u>Speaker</u> - Robert F. Denvir, Jr. "Boston Record"		
<u>Topic</u> - - "The Western Colony at Weymouth"		
<u>Monday, March 24</u>	WEEI	7:15 - 7:30 PM
<u>Speaker</u> - Hon. Frank G. Allen, Governor of Massachusetts		
<u>Topic</u> - - "John Winthrop, Founder and Governor"		
<u>Thursday, March 27</u>	WLEX	8:15 - 8:30 P.M.
<u>Speaker</u> - Forrest P. Hull "Boston Transcript"		
<u>Topic</u> - - "The Salem Colony"		
<u>Saturday, March 29</u>	WNAC	7:30 - 7:45 P.M.
<u>Speaker</u> - Hon. John F. Fitzgerald		
<u>Topic</u> - - "Meaning of the Tercentenary"		
<u>Tuesday, April 1</u>	WBZ	10:30 - 10:45 P.M.
<u>Speaker</u> - Hon. Leverett Baltonstall, Speaker of the House		
<u>Topic</u> - - "Watertown and the Colony"		

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Saturday, April 5 WLOE 7:30 - 7:45 P.M.

Speaker - Frank Chouteau Brown
Topic - - "William Blaxton and the Removal to Boston"

Tuesday, April 8 WNAC 8:30 - 8:45 P.M.

Speaker - Judge Frank Leveroni
Topic - - "The First Winter in Boston"

Wednesday, April 9 WLOE 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.

Speaker - William W. Lundell
Topic - - "Sir Henry Vane in New England"

Thursday, April 10 WLEX 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.

Speaker - Judge Michael H. Sullivan
Topic - - "Settlement of Dorchester"

Friday, April 11 NBC broadcast over chain of thirty-five stations. Key Station WEA
New York. 11:45 A.M.

Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "Myles Standish and the Redskins"

My first appearance over a national hookup was of course a momentous one for me. I knew that eminent experts would be sitting in judgment upon me. It must be remembered that NBC had put me on for this series without giving me an audition - no doubt an unheard of thing with them.

When I went into the great studio where silence and solemnity and ceremony reigned as to all save the performer, I found another program in progress. I was to go on immediately and to use a new type of microphone. It was only human that I should have been under a considerable nervous tension, but I fancy they never realized it. The NBC people seemed pleased with my performance and I received many congratulations. Elizabeth and the home folks who could listen in were in and all pleased with the way the broadcast came over the air.

Tuesday, April 15 WEEI 6:35 - 6:48 P.M.

Speaker - Richard K. Morton
Topic - - "Indians in Colonial Times"

Friday, April 18 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-five stations.
Key Station WEA New York. 11:45 A.M.

Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "Death Stalks the Pilgrim Fathers"

- Friday, May 30 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
Key Station WEAF New York 11:45 A.M.
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "New England Confederation and King Philip War"
- Tuesday, June 3 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
Key Station WEAF New York 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "John Winthrop and the Puritans"
- Wednesday, June 4 WLOE 8:30 - 8:45 P.M.
Speaker - Judge Frank Laveroni
Topic - - "Italian Pioneers in New England"
- Thursday, June 5 WBZA 5:30 - 5:45 P.M.
Speaker - Sherman L. Whipple
Topic - - "Lexington to Bunker Hill"
- Saturday, June 7 WXLE 8:15 - 8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Carl W. Johansson
Topic - - "Scandinavian Contributions to New England"
- Tuesday, June 17 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
WEEI Boston 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - Mayor James M. Curley
Topic - - "Spirit of Independence in Colonial Boston"
Note: Because of Mayor Curley's great bereavement in the death of his beloved wife which occurred at this time, Mr. Wilfred E. Kelley substituted at the microphone.
- Tuesday, June 24 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
WRC Washington D.C. 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers
Topic - - "Governor Andros in New England"
- Tuesday, July 1 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
WRC Washington D.C. 11:45 A.M.
Speaker - U.S. Senator David I. Walsh
Topic - - "How New England Confederation Paved Way for Nation"
- Tuesday, July 8 NBC Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
WEAF New York 11:45 A.M.
Speaker - Ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald
Topic - - "Patriots and Poets of New England"

The air tour of "The New Arbella" to advertise the Tercentenary and the Legion convention hinged upon securing a national broadcast from the plane. The Boston Herald had promised to finance the trip if such a broadcast could be secured. The sponsors of the trip had almost given up hope but they brought the matter to me as chairman of the Broadcasting Committee just as I was leaving for a conference with NBC officials on our regular program.

I persuaded them not only to stage the broadcast from the plane while flying over New York City, but also to have Graham McNamee deliver the broadcast. Incidentally I wrote the script for McNamee's talk and had the pleasure of sitting in the control room of the studio that broadcast it while the broadcast was going on.

The second opportunity of service was in connection with the great Watertown celebration. Thirty-six hours before the affair I learned that Ex-President Coolidge was to speak and that the local committee had been unable even to secure a local broadcast of the affair. I reached Vice President Elwood by long distance telephone in the late evening and the next morning the National Broadcasting Company broke open its programs and arranged a nation-wide broadcast of Ex-President Coolidge's address.

As the result of my success in putting over the "New Arbella" broadcast for the Boston Herald that paper reciprocated by publishing my NBC broadcasts in full each week in the Boston Sunday Herald. Not only that, but they had an artist illustrate them each week.

There was another and very significant development that arose out of the historical broadcasts. Mr Sharp advised me to take the script to the Century Company. Mr Ferrin, the treasurer, was a great admirer of Prof. Sharp. When I arrived for an interview I received a very cordial welcome (Gleason Jr. was with me). I found that Mr. Ferrin had received one of the letters that I had sent out at the time of Prof. Sharp's death. He was quite impressed by my ability to write.

Mrs. Anne Stoddard of the Juvenile books department was called in. She took the manuscript of the various talks and promised to report as soon as possible over the possibility of their forming a nucleus for a book. The report was very favorable and later in the summer I prepared some preliminary chapters of a book on Plymouth Colony. The first draft was more historical in style than they desired so I worked out a new plan - to build the story around the life of William Bradford. So a royalty contract was drawn up. I had the satisfaction of being urged to include in the contract offer for two other books on colonial history.

But there was another result that came out the broadcasting of the Tercentenary that has borne great fruit. Before the series ended I suggested to Phillips Carlin that if NBC would like to have me fill in on Tuesday evenings at 7:15 during the dull weeks of summer, I would be glad to stage some law talks. He accepted the suggestion but stipulated that it would have to be at my expense and that I would have to come to New York for the broadcasts.

So immediately after the close of the historical series I began a new series entitled, "Laws that Safeguard Society." My first talk was given July 15th, 1930. They went out over a coast to coast chain. Before long, sufficient interest had been aroused to warrant Mr. Carlin in giving me assurance that my talks would continue in the fall.

In August 1930, the American Bar Association Convention was held in Chicago. After the housecleaning in the section of Legal Education that had been accomplished during the previous year I had no special reason to urge further reform in the section itself. It seemed to me, however, that the time had come to undertake a bit of reforming in the standards of legal education that had been foisted upon the American Bar Association by the university schools. These schools had felt so free to formulate rules for all law schools it might prove wholesome discipline if we were to reform some of the evils in the university schools themselves.

The fact that lawyers and judges are being displaced generally on law school faculties and all teaching in the university schools is being turned over to doctrinaires who have never practiced law seemed to me an evil that was open to attack. I therefore prepared a resolution designed to place the Bar Association on record as condemning the practice and calling for at least 50% of all law teaching by men who have had practical experience in the legal profession. How to present this resolution was the chief problem. The committee in charge of arrangements for the meeting had resorted to the old strategy of filling up all the time allotted for the meeting with formal papers. The meeting was scheduled for Tuesday August 19, 1930 at 2 P.M.

On the morning of that day I conceived of a plan for checkmating the aforesaid strategy. My plan succeeded as will be seen from the following extract from the official minutes. The president or rather chairman of the section had just read his report. Before he could start the formal program I got the floor.

I had thus rendered it impossible for those on the steam roller to avoid having a business meeting. They could no longer claim the courtesy to guest speakers who filled up all the time inadvertently prevented them from permitting adequate opportunity for discussion. I had also put on record the method by which we had been outvoted in Memphis.

(At this point Chairman Smith delivered his address. See page one.)

Mr. Gleason L. Archer, of Massachusetts: Mr. Chairman, a point of information.

Chairman Smith: State your point, Dean Archer.

Mr. Archer: According to the constitutional amendment adopted two years ago, this is to be a business meeting. Now, I observe from the program that we have a fairly full program of formal papers and discussions. I would like, therefore, to know how you will apportion the time between the discussion on bar examinations and the possible discussion of law school methods.

Chairman Smith: The program as we have designed it, will be through in about one hour from now. The formal papers and discussion and the other business will certainly not take more than the time left for the afternoon, as we believe, and we see no reason to anticipate that it will.

Mr. Archer: By 4 o'clock, then, we will reach new business?

Chairman Smith: Before then, at least, that is our anticipation.

Mr. Archer: Very well. Now, there is one other point of information:

We are in a very small room. Last year we had a very large room. Possibly the difficulties that arose last year will not arise in this meeting, but I would like to ask who will be entitled to vote upon any matters of business that may come up? Will it be those who have heard the discussions? In other words, is this to be a deliberative meeting, or are we to have shock troops rushing in at the last minute and outvote those who have heard the debates?

Chairman Smith: Perhaps you did not hear

me read the resolution, which was to the effect that all the members registered in attendance here are entitled to participate in this meeting.

Mr. Archer: True, but that same thing was done last year, and I know all sections, with one exception, suspended, and they all came into our meeting of the Section on Legal Education.

Chairman Smith: I did not know that. They certainly cannot get in here to-day, in the crowded condition of this room now.

Illness and Death of Dallas Lore Sharp

In the summer of 1929 there befell a very sad event for us all. One day in July I received a postal from Mrs. Sharp saying that Professor Sharp was at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital for observation and needed cheering up. I called upon him that very day.



My poor doomed friend was in a bad way. His face was unusually flushed and his voice unusually slow. But he was very glad to see me and we had half an hour together. He was inclined to feel that there was no real trouble and expressed hope that he could go down to my place the next Saturday. I promised to call on my way home to see if the doctors would let him go.

Alas, when I called Saturday morning he was on the operating table being operated on for a brain tumor. That was about July 29, 1929. Well, the operation disclosed to the surgeon at least that the tumor was incurable. He therefore removed a large section of his cranial bone in order to relieve the pressure. This resulted in a relatively painless progress of the disease.

Dallas was a mere ghost of himself thereafter, a wifful and plaintive figure. The sparkling eye and the smiling face were gone. Staring, frightened and sometimes irrational eyes looked out of a face that resembled as a caricature almost the familiar features of Dallas Lore Sharp. The body lived on for four tragic months. Several weeks were spent in the hospital but the balance of the time at Mullein Hill. Mrs. Sharp and Morrison showered the doomed man with every loving attention.

They told me that I was the first beside the family to be permitted to see him. He recognized me and managed to muster a half smile and to converse with me after a fashion. My visits seemed to cheer him so I called upon him whenever I could.

He had spells when he was able to read with his family, especially in the evening and seemed quite normal. Singularly enough these spells continued almost to the end. I saw him the day before he died. He was virtually in a coma at the time. Morrison tried to rouse him but I begged him not to disturb the poor soul.

I wrote a letter for Mrs. Sharp about this time to send out to his friends. She was receiving so many inquiries that it was utterly impossible to answer them. This letter was read at his funeral and as a part of the ceremony and was declared by critics to be "literature."

Chairman Smith: All in favor of accepting the report of the Nominating Committee and the election of these officers, signify by saying "Aye." Contrary, "No." The motion is carried.

The Secretary reports he has cast one ballot in favor of all the officers named by the Nominating Committee.

The next order of business is deferred business, if there is any. I know of no deferred business as a matter of record. The Secretary informs me there is no deferred business, so far as the record is concerned. That brings us to the point of considering new business.

Mr. Gleason L. Archer, of Boston: Mr. Chairman—

Chairman Smith: Mr. Archer.

Mr. Archer: I have a resolution to offer, and an explanation of the resolution. I think it could all be passed within eight minutes. I have had some copies of the resolution prepared and I will have them distributed. I think the lawyers will be glad to see them, so they will know what I am talking about.

Chairman Smith: Will you pass it to the Secretary for reading?

Mr. Archer: I will read it, myself.

Chairman Smith: It would be better to read the resolution so that we would know what your remarks are addressed to. I do not wish to make any parliamentary laws, but that is the usual custom and the usual method of presenting a matter of new business for the consideration of the house, for the mover to name the new business, state what it is.

Mr. Archer: Very well, then, I will read the resolution:

"Whereas, the practice of law involves many problems of professional ethics and practice formerly assimilated by law students in law offices, through contact with members of the bar and through training in office routine and,

Whereas, law schools have now almost entirely superseded law offices in the training of prospective lawyers, thus depriving law students of day by day contact with lawyers and with the practical problems of the profession, and

"Whereas, the present tendency of the law schools that heretofore have been approved by this Association, is to banish from their teach-

ing staff all practicing lawyers and to substitute therefor mere theorists who have never practiced law, and who cannot, therefore, understand the ethical problems of the active practitioner, nor impart to students ethical guidance in future practice, therefore be it

"Resolved, that the American Bar Association go on record as disapproving the said innovation and as recommending that in every approved law school at least half of all law teaching therein be conducted by lawyers in active practice or by men who have heretofore had at least ten years of experience in active practice."

Now, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the Section, we have listened to some very able and constructive and instructive discussion of Bar examinations and the problems by which the Bar Examiner is beset. Quite naturally Bar Examiners are blamed if newly admitted lawyers prove of inferior quality. Bar Examiners, however, can deal only with the material that comes to their hands, and responsibility for the adequacy or inadequacy of this material lies with the law schools and not with the Bar Examiners.

It seems to me that there is growing up in legal education a very dangerous movement that threatens to bring even greater evils upon us. It is very fitting and proper, therefore, that the American Bar Association should be asked to take some positive action to counteract the movement.

Within the past 20 years a powerful group of theorists among the law teachers of the Association of American Law Schools have developed a fixed policy of banishing from law school faculties all lawyers and judges, and substituting for them mere legal scholars who have never practiced law, and in some cases who have never passed the Bar examination in any state. Such men, however learned in the theory of law, are obviously not qualified to guide prospective lawyers in the intensely practical problems of an exacting profession. At best they can merely turn out theorists like themselves. They cannot teach legal ethics, because they have had no contacts with ethical problems of the profession.

The tendency of all theorists is to become farther and farther removed from the practical world of affairs. We, therefore, and this group asserting that the teaching of law should become the exclusive business of men

bar, to insure actual personal acquaintance, and influence with the whole student body, in order to emphasize the practical as well as the theoretical side of the law."

Chairman Smith: You have heard the resolution offered as a substitute for Dean Archer's resolution.

Mr. Lee: Very few of you, I am sure, enjoyed the president's address more than I did, because it took me back to the rather early days in the 1800s in connection with the meetings of this Association.

Now, in connection with this present resolution, upon my own experience of nearly 30 years as an executive of a law school in Chicago, where the members of the faculty are all practicing lawyers, except myself, who practiced for a number of years, my observation has been this, that you cannot impart to students a knowledge of the spirit of the law except through the mouths of men who have engaged in its practice—men of high character, men of learning in the law.

The students in the day schools who come to our school, for various reasons, not that the evening school is better than the day school, but for economic reasons, have told me of the lack of inspiration in the day schools; that it is self-evident; and when they have heard our men they at once say, that is the kind of teaching they feel should be given in all schools.

Let me say this, that in the day schools of the country there is growing up a class of teachers who are right out of the law schools; some of them are tyros, perhaps, in the profession. Young men have come to me asking to be appointed teachers. I asked them, "Have you ever taught?" "No." "When did you graduate from law school?" "Last June, from the Harvard Law School," or "the University of Chicago."

I have been kind to those young men and I broke the intelligence to them that we accept no one who has not had at least five years of practice in the law, and they have told me, "Why, a classmate of mine was taken on this last year to teach. He was an A No. 1 student." And that is done in a number of the day law schools.

I submit, if we are going to produce lawyers (such as the lawyers of the past), who will develop into judges like some of the great judges of the past, we have got to get back to a different system. A system of instruction has much to do in moulding a lawyer. With the introduction of the so-called case system, a new order of teachers has arisen. In place of men like Story and Parsons of Harvard, Dwight and Chase of Columbia, Cooley and Campbell of Michigan, Minor of Virginia, and Justice Harlan of Washington, young men, fresh out of law school, with no experience in practice, or mere tyros, brought up on the case system, are being introduced as teachers in day law schools. And to-day only professional teachers following the case system are found in all the endowed and state university law schools of the country. These schools not only ignore but disparage the

practicing lawyer as a teacher. Hence the teaching of law has been made largely a cloistered profession, lacking the inspiration of the present, the varied knowledge and the wisdom of the man trained at the Bar as well as by the books.

Mr. C. W. Goodwin, of Illinois: I want to apologize to my friend, Dean Archer, for being so rough in regard to his motion.

Chairman Smith: Oh, he is the best sport in the room.

Mr. James H. Brennan, of Massachusetts: I am in favor of the principle of the resolutions presented by Dean Archer and also by Dean Lee.

I believe the principle is a sound one. The gentleman from Chicago, not the gentleman who has just spoken, but the previous speaker, in the front row, said we were taking an indirect slap at the colleges and at the regularly constituted day law schools. That is not so, Mr. Chairman. They, themselves, have come into court, and gotten on the witness stand, and one of them went to the witness stand and has testified that the legal requirements are too low, and at their insistence the legal requirements, or higher legal requirements, were approved by this Association.

Now, they cannot turn around now and

through their spokesman here say we are taking a slap at them, because, by taking the witness stand, they are open to further questioning that pertains to the case at hand, and this surely pertains to the case in dispute, because it gives a better educational opportunity to the students of those schools.

The gentleman from New York, a member of the Board of Law Examiners there, in answer to questions by one of the faculty, when they said, "Why don't you pass our honor men?" came right back at them and said in substance "Because they do not know anything." And that is true, Mr. Chairman. I do not know of an honor man in any school, or from any school in Massachusetts, who now is a successful lawyer. He is working for from \$50 to \$100 a week looking up law and preparing briefs for men like the gentleman from Chicago who hires 33 or 40 of these men who cannot go into court alone. Those men work for men of experience.

Now, Mr. Chairman, experience is the best teacher. In the old commonwealth of Massachusetts they have the rule that no man can be appointed by our superior court to represent a criminal in a capital case unless he has been a member of the Bar for ten years, because they recognize the value of experience.

And there is a rule in our United States Constitution that no man can be a Congressman of the United States until he is 25, and no man can be a United States Senator until he is 35. If those provisions were sound and put into our Constitution to provide experience for the law-making body of America, why should experience be barred in the law schools of our country? We do not want theory. Our colleges are full of "isms" and theories. We want some practical education

who are entirely divorced from practice and who have never had experience at the Bar.

I have read the terms of the resolution which I have proposed. I wish to discuss them briefly.

My attention has been called many times during the past ten years to the loss to legal education involved in the tendency to discard practicing lawyers as preceptors of law students. After nearly a quarter of a century of experience as a law school executive, I am firmly of the conviction that the only proper teacher of law students is the man who has a

background both of legal knowledge and of practical experience at the Bar. In my own school every teacher is a member of the Massachusetts Bar, and the average period of membership in the legal profession among them is 15½ years, with some who have been active practitioners for more than 30 years.

The Attorney General of Massachusetts is one of our professors. We have a highly honored judge on our teaching staff, two Assistant United States Attorneys are on our faculty teaching important courses. Others are leaders at the Bar.

Now, I submit, gentlemen, that such instructors can bring more of inspiration and practical aid to our students than an army of theorists who have never engaged in the rough and tumble of practice at the Bar.

Students look up with veneration to the man who has made good in the profession to which they aspire.

Gentlemen, if we are going to teach boys aviation, we select teachers who themselves have had practical experience in aviation and not mere theorists who have never made a solo flight. If we are to teach young men to practice law, and to live up to the noble traditions of the legal profession while so practicing, it stands to reason that we must give them at least some teachers who have had practical experience at the Bar.

I will conclude by reading to you from a letter which I have just received from an aged New York lawyer on this very question. From the standpoint of 40 years of practice, he writes as follows:

"I am not an advocate of the abolition of the law school; upon the contrary, I consider that I have been greatly privileged in having spent two years at the Harvard Law School, two semesters at the university at Bonn, Germany, and attended lectures at a French law school when connected with an American law office in Paris, but I do contend that the law student of to-day is no more prepared to take charge of a client's interests than a student of navigation would be to take command of a ship, had he had no experience at sea.

"When I arrived at the Harvard Law School, the change in the teaching corps from the experienced jurists to the doctrinaire was well under way and the atmosphere, compared with that to which I had become accustomed in the law office in Ohio, almost caused me a shock. This was not ameliorated

much when I was told that the most popular professor had had but one law case which was in a justice's court in which he was the defendant and that he lost the case. He was very courteous and, of course, presented the conflicting decisions from the various jurisdictions, but he was so much a scholar and a gentleman that he presented each side with such deference for the court that had pronounced it that the student did not perceive for weeks whether he inclined towards one view or the other, and when he did express

an opinion, it was in such a mild and equivocal way that it made but little impression, and yet the student was expected at the end of the year to pass an examination conforming to his views. As many of the cases were hypothetical and the papers were to be graded according to the solutions that the given professor had made of them, it became largely a test of the memory, and of no practical value.

"I have since heard a dean of the Harvard Law School state that in adding to the teaching force they did not wish to draw in men of experience from the bench and the bar, but preferred to develop their own professors in their own way."

Now, Mr. Chairman, I move the adoption of the resolution as read.

Mr. Max C. Liss, of Illinois: I second the motion.

Mr. Vandervort, of West Virginia: I have read nearly all the papers that Mr. Archer has published on this general subject. I consider it somewhat in the nature of an action of the American Bar Association. As a long discussion may take place on this paper, many of which statements I do not admit, I will move the previous question and call for a vote. (Motion seconded.)

The motion for the previous question was carried.

Mr. William Draper Lewis, of Pennsylvania, moved a reconsideration of the motion for the previous question, which the Chairman declared out of order.

Mr. Edward T. Lee, of Illinois, appealed from the decision of the chair, which was seconded, and the decision of the chair was overruled. A motion for reconsideration of the motion for the previous question was then carried, and discussion was reopened on the motion before the Section.

The motion of Mr. A. G. Eberle, of Missouri, as amended by Mr. George F. Mulligan, of Illinois, to limit debate on Mr. Archer's motion to five minutes for each speaker was carried.

Mr. Lee: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: I desire to offer a substitute for Mr. Archer's resolution:

"Resolved, that every approved law school shall have among its teachers a sufficient number of practicing lawyers, or lawyers who have had at least ten years' experience at the

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Space will not permit the insertion of the debate on my resolution. Suffice is to say that what I had desired came to pass - an exciting debate. The university law school men were greatly alarmed. If the resolution passed they were virtually ruined because many of them would lose their jobs. If they talked against lawyers being qualified to teach law they were likely to engender wrath for themselves in the American Bar Association. The affair ended by the whole matter being referred to the council for investigation and report at the next meeting. This means that they will have a merry fight next year at convention.

One rather unexpected event occurred at the meeting of the Massachusetts delegation. When the state council was elected my name was first on the list which probably did not please the University men any too well. I was also very much pleased to see Josiah Marvel of Delaware, for several years a friend of mine, elected President of the American Bar Association. The sequel of the election was very sad. Before Mr. Marvel had been in office many weeks he died of heart failure. The Executive Committee therefore elected Chas. A. Boston to fill the vacancy. Boston is one of the old "varsity guards."

A pleasant feature of the convention was that daughter Marian and Gleason Jr. accompanied me on the trip. Elizabeth did not go because Allan who had for five weeks been in Cuba on a snail hunt for the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard University was expected back that week and his fond mother could not think of being away when he returned.

Hiram did not dare to go because of the danger of hay fever. He was living very close to the office so that he might minimize that distemper.

My National broadcasting was originally scheduled to close the first of September but I had the satisfaction of being invited to continue until January 1st. Later, in the fall, the National Broadcasting Co. did me the honor of voting to pay me \$50 as an allowance for expenses - a generous figure to one of my frugal habits. The allowance began the last week in October.

From time to time I received very pleasing evidences that my law talks were being appreciated in various parts of the country. Lawyers and judges and law teachers as well as public officials, probation officers and police wrote to me in terms of high praise.

In September the last of the Tercentenary programs were held. Owing to the "political" illness of John F. Fitzgerald, I became acting chairman of the Boston Tercentenary. On the day of the great parade, Sept 17, 1930, I stood beside Madame Schumann Heink of the Court of Honor on Tremont Street (near Park Street Station) and reviewed miles of the parade before the Governor and Mayor arrived.

The law school opened September 22, 1930 with a somewhat diminished attendance. The great industrial depression had hit the school rather hard. A surprisingly disastrous result in the July bar examinations was also somewhat responsible for the result.

The radio publicity that I was receiving no doubt did much to stabilize the situation. Some unexpected political publicity also came to me because of the withdrawal of John F. Fitzgerald from the race for Democratic nomination for Governor. This came very suddenly. Mayor Curley was opposed to the other two candidates for reasons that seemed very cogent especially when explained by Curley himself. He therefore urged the people to nominate Fitzgerald and then have the Democratic Committee substitute a name in his place. He asserted that he could suggest fifty men better qualified than Joseph B. Ely for Governor. He included my name in the list. A day or so later he reduced the list to four and still included my name. Of course I treated the reference as an empty compliment.

I attended a rally shortly after and at the very urgent request of the Mayor I sat on the platform. This paved the way for dragging me into making a brief address in which I disclaimed any political aspiration. Marian was with me on the platform and it was all very exciting for her.

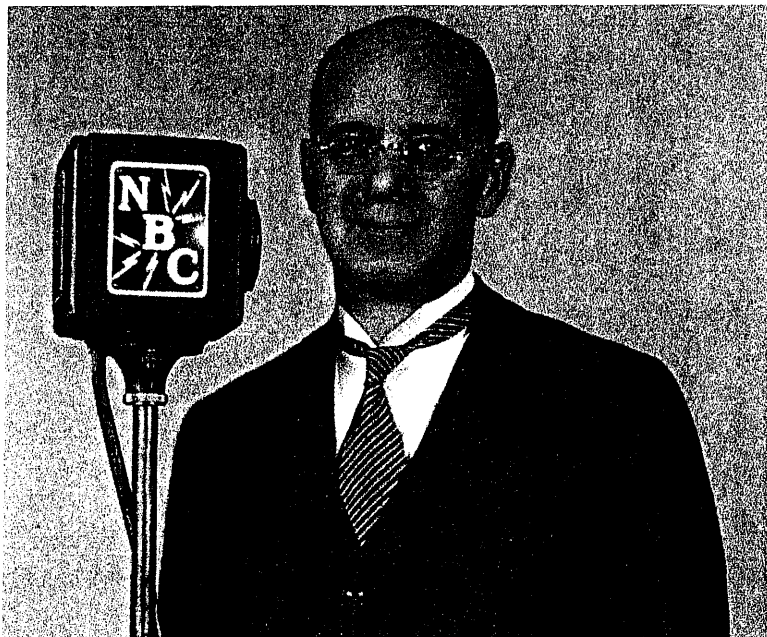
In October I began writing my History of Plymouth Colony and completed the first volume about Christmas time. Mr. Curley appointed me to a Conference Committee on Unemployment early in October, which gave me an opportunity to extend my acquaintance among the leaders of the University group in Massachusetts. He called upon me for a speech at the first conference and also at number of subsequent occasions.

Early in the summer a young man named John Griffin came to me for information for a sort of legal symposium for the American Magazine. I gave him quite a lot of information, thinking that I was helping a worthy scribe and not expecting any credit for myself. Imagine my surprise therefore when the December issue of the American Magazine came out with an extended interview with me. My first knowledge of the article came when I was attending an unemployment conference at Tufts College. A professor from the graduate school of business administration of Harvard, whom I have never before seen, congratulated me upon it.

Because I was pleased with the splendid way in which the article was handled, I wrote a letter of thanks to the managing editor. In my letter I suggested that I would be glad to furnish them with some articles on law. Promptly I received a cordial letter from Hugh Leany, one of the editors, inviting me to call for a personal interview. On my next trip to New York I availed myself of the invitation and found Mr. Leany a very cordial and genuine character.

But I had already visited the Postum Building and the Collier & Co. offices. They publish Collier's, The American Magazine, The Woman's Home Companion, etc. Weeks before I had visited F. D. Morris, one of the editors of Collier's and had shown him samples of my chapters of the Plymouth History, hoping it might be serialized by Collier's. Mr. Morris later told me he was ready to see me. My hopes had been somewhat raised but Mr. Morris told me that they were too much committed to other things to have space for serialization but that they could use a 4000 word article on The First Thanksgiving.

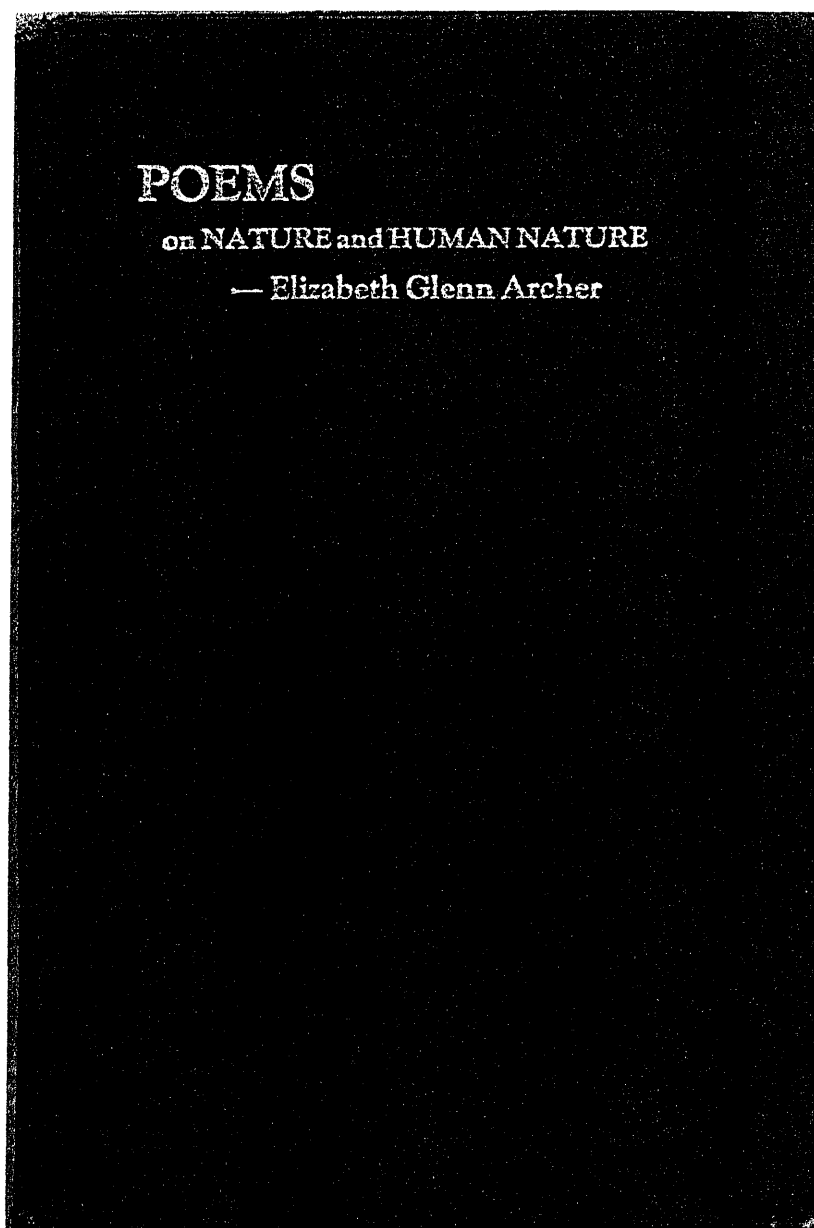
After my visit to Mr. Leany I thereupon had assurance that two of Collier's periodicals would accept articles from my pen. Thus out of my radio activities had emerged great possibilities in a literary way. Perhaps I should add that the Century Company assignment (which also came from radio publicity) has resulted most gloriously, for Mrs. Stoddard of the Juvenile Book department declares my book a "knockout", "the way history should be written," etc.



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But in this lengthy recital concerning my own literary activities I must not forget to mention that my talented wife whom I had vainly urged for years to do some literary work, actually did take up poetry two years ago. Frankly, when she began there seemed to be nothing out of the ordinary in her verses. She was rendered quite blue and discouraged by husbandly criticism. Our good friend, Dallas Lore Sharp, gave her some valuable criticism in the early spring of 1927 and then again a few days before his fatal operation. Her work grew better and better until she began to produce poems that seemed to me amazingly good.

She was ambitious to put them into a book to give away at Christmas 1930. Early in the fall she and I selected about one hundred poems and I agreed to have them published as my Christmas present to her. About \$475 it cost me for 250 books bound in red leather, a very artistic de lux addition. The book has made a very great sensation among all her friends. She is now (January 1931) getting some very excellent newspaper publicity. I feel that I have "raised" a poet and am very proud of my literary wife.



Returning to the matter of Radio broadcasts. For six months I had been occupying the Thursday evening period devoted each year from January to June to the Federation of Woman's Clubs program "The Voters' Series." This meant that when January came I would lose my network.

To my satisfaction, however, the National Broadcasting Company voted to give me a different evening. They finally hit upon Saturday evening at 7:15 to begin January 10, 1931. To my further satisfaction, we immediately built up for my talks a larger chain hookup than the Voter's Series are now enjoying. Not only do I get a coast to coast hookup of my own but it goes over WEEI in Boston and WCSH in Portland, two stations that were not in my original chain.

I submitted a low article to Mr. Lerner of the American merely to test out a certain type of story but since it was based on a single case it did not meet his needs. He outlined two topics for me to treat "Ignorance of Law No Defense" and "Circumstantial Evidence," both of which he now has in his hands for consideration.

On Dec 11, 1930 I had the honor of delivering an address before the Men's Club of the Congregational Church in Augusta, Me. Frank E. Mace, formerly of Great Pond, and the first teacher I ever had in school, was my host. I was received with great honors. Governor Tudor Gardiner was very cordial to me. Chief Justice Pattengal of the Supreme Court had me in his office for an hour. The next day I visited my daughter Marian in Waterville. Frank Fozier, an old teacher of mine, now a doctor in Fairfield came to see me.

An incident occurred while in Waterville that caused me great uneasiness. My eyes had given me some difficulty and I had done to a nearby doctor early November for a new set of glasses which I put on November 14th. Almost two weeks later, while writing my History in my room at Hotel Victoria I was seized with pain at the base of the brain on the left side rear.

This had troubled me off and on until the morning of December 13th when it became so alarming that I decided that there was something desperately wrong with me. Because I was to take Marian to the college oculist in Waterville, I had him examine my eyes. He could find no evidence of brain trouble, reporting that the optic nerve looked healthy, etc. So he changed my glasses. By good fortune as I thought I secured a new set of lenses before going to spend Saturday evening with Frank Fozier of Fairfield. I then discovered, to my horror, that the focal length of the lenses was so short that I would not be able to see to broadcast. Dr. Fozier took me to a druggist named Archer. He dabbed in things optical. I cautioned him to study the lenses and be sure to restore the old ones in proper order.

Well, he had just two guesses and he guessed wrong. So I was so badly used up Saturday that I routed out the doctor who had given me the short focus glasses and had him reverse the lenses. Then of course I could see again. But I returned to Boston on the Sunday P.M. train pretty badly bunged up - terrific headache and so on.

The following Monday I went to my regular oculist, Dr. Jones, and got a prescription. The maker of the glasses ground out some new one and put them in so that when I went to New York December 15th I had the new glasses. My condition improved somewhat but after a time my old trouble came back more pronounced than ever.

Again I went to Dr. Jones complaining that the distance portion of my bifocals was not as clear as the old glasses that I had worn for years. Jones examined me again and declared that the glasses were right except that the bifocal parts were not centered over my eyes. He gave me a new prescription to a Dr. Ralph Wright whom he declared to be very skillful. Dr. Jones also examined for possible brain trouble but could find none.

The new glasses were made. I patiently waited for the trouble to clear up but it persisted. Finally I went to Dr. Wright and told him Dr. Jones had refused to give me the "myopic" element in the new glasses that had been in the former ones, saying that I was too old for that type of glass. I ordered Dr. Wright to make a new set of glasses on my own prescription - a distant vision like the old glasses - bifocals like the new.

Then the next morning January 14th I had so very bad an attack of pain in my head that I decided that a x-ray was necessary. I got in touch with the Massachusetts General Hospital and was referred to a specialist, Dr. George Clymer of Bay State Road. I went to see him that afternoon. He examined me for evidences of brain trouble and confessed himself baffled. He sent me to Dr. Morrison for an x-ray and promised to let me know by Friday what the verdict was.

Now it happened on Friday morning my new glasses were ready. While I was after them Dr. Clymer called my office and told Catharine for me not to bother with changing glasses for the x-ray disclosed trouble in the vertebrae of my neck. I was told to do at once to Dr. Swain, an expert in such matters.

Well, I went to see Dr. Swain. He gave me a very careful going over, after questioning me on the length of my symptoms. He then studied the x-rays and told me that I had strained the neck and injured the nerves by reason of the fact that my new glasses had caused me to tip the head back and crowd the knobs of the spinal column together.

It would be necessary for me to take exercises to correct my "scholarly stoop" and straighten up the neck. He sent me upstairs to his gymnasium where a husky female nurse of uncertain age put me through "a course of sprouts" the result of which I was to appreciate by degrees.

That night I went to New York to give the second of my new series of talks on "Laws that Safeguard Society." All day Saturday I was sick abed in my hotel room. I ached all over, especially in the neck and chest, as well as in my abdominal muscles. My broadcast was successful, however. After my return to Boston I was somewhat of an invalid Sunday. On Monday I went to the osteopath and had some missionary work done on my muscles. That was last Monday.

So now we are almost caught up to date with this Journal.

I should not forget the splendid magazine write-up in Hie Mitchell Chapple's National Magazine for December. Joe himself did the article, which was very laudatory, filled with puffs and gusts of praise.

Saturday January 24, 1931

Well, it seems good to be caught up again after seven years of backsliding. I hereby promise to keep abreast of events hereafter.

My third broadcast was delivered tonight. It is now 10:45 P.M. and since returning to my room from the radio station I have written thirteen pages in this book.

Today I called upon Collier & Co. and did quite a bit of "shopping." For one thing I brought my promised story of the First Thanksgiving to Mr. Morris of Collier's. He was more or less non-committal but promises to report to me one week from today.

Being unable last week to seem Mr. Learnly because he was ill with a cold, I tried today while at the editorial rooms and learned, to my delight, that he had just been promoted to Managing Editor of the American Magazine. He will see me next Saturday.

It so happens that Mrs. Stoddard of Century Company has urged me to have my book serialized. One of the periodicals suggested had been Collier's. I have already spoken of the result of that attempt. She had also spoken of the Woman's Home Companion. Last Saturday in a telephone conversation, I found that she was acquainted with the editor of the Companion. I therefore suggested that she give me a lead there by talking to the editor herself.

Not having heard from Mrs. Stoddard, I was really inclined to think that the matter had slipped her mind in the rush of work. But after having executed two missions at Collier & Co.'s editorial rooms, I thought it could do not harm to investigate. Miss Gertrude Lane, the editor, was out ill. Her secretary Mildred Burton was in however, and to my delight I found that she had just received a letter from Mrs. Stoddard.

Miss Burton was very gracious and seemed genuinely interested. My radio activities quite evidently made a hit with her. She asked me many questions concerning it. We discussed the scope of the book and I read a bit of it to her. I left a carbon copy of the MMS. Well, we will see what we will see!

Now as to my headaches, it is rather too early to crow but everything, either my new glasses (built according to my own prescription, as before indicated) or the change in posture has practically cured my trouble. This lifts a great load from my mind.

For weeks I was uncertain whether I had a tumor of the brain or some other fiendish trouble, the eye difficulty was so baffling. I could not be sure whether my mental activities were over or not. For some weeks I have been harboring a very ambitious plan for the establishment of a great evening University but the possibilities of brain trouble forbade any elaboration of the scheme.

Now, however, my hopes are reviving. Several things must be done as preliminary steps: (1) Suffolk Law School must adopt a complete high school requirement prior to entrance of students, (2) We must have a regular all year preparatory school and abolish the more or less inefficient summer school. (3) We must make arrangements as soon as possible for lengthening our law course or increasing our lecture hours.

Two weeks ago my secretary Miss Catharine evolved the brilliant idea of turning our preparatory work over to the Berkeley Preparatory School. With this suggestion I have evolved a plan for taking over Berkeley and its staff as an official department of the projected Suffolk University - the preparatory department for law school, college and other departments we might care to establish.

About a week ago I saw Dr. Payson Smith, the Commissioner of Education, and discussed the idea of a college in which a limited number of required subjects would be offered instead of a vast array of electives. He took very kindly to the ideal and gave me some valuable suggestions both for the Preparatory and College departments.

I am now conducting negotiations with Dr. George Hipkinson, the founder of Berkeley Preparatory School, and feel very confident that we will work out a satisfactory merger plan. We meet again next Tuesday afternoon.

Thus the new year begins - the twenty-fifth year of Suffolk Law School - with many great possibilities just around the corner.

By the way I forgot to mention that I am not broadcasting history of Plymouth over WBZ-WBZA on Tuesday evenings at 7:45 P.M. I have give two such broadcasts and the response thus far is very gratifying.

Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1931

Strenuous days have elapsed since my last entry in this book. The second semester has opened with the smallest mid year class for some years, owing in part to the general business depression and also to the fact that I have been very strict in admission requirements. We now admit only those who have the full high school equivalent before beginning work.

This is a part of a new plan for the general improvement of the institution. Beginning next fall, we will have a high school department with day and evening session. This will make it possible for us to give all comes adequate training and in proper order. Hitherto we have faced the necessity of admitting them as special students with the hope of making up their requirements in the summer school or of turning them away to shift for themselves in very difficult field for educational gleanings. The new Department will also be useful in cases where me supposed to be equipped in English prove to be otherwise. This may save many men who now fail to make good.

But we have in prospect far more ambitious plans for the school than a mere preparatory department. This is the twenty-fifth year of the school. We propose to celebrate it by laying plans for the establishment of a College of Liberal Arts in the near future. The college would have a curriculum limited to those thing that every educated man should know. English, Mathematics, French or German, Physics, Chemistry, History, and Economics r some such array of fundamental subjects. This would render it possible to conduct the college at a low tuition rate for both day and evening students. The idea would be to secure the employed man.

If we could offer to ambitious boys in far off places an opportunity to earn their education by placing them in positions in or near Boston, it might answer a great need. I should favor also allowing credit toward the degree for satisfactory work at their daily tasks in industry.

For several weeks I have been studying the field of preparatory schools with an idea of taking over, if possible, some established Preparatory School, thus achieving at one stroke a genuine basis for further academic development. For some time I negotiated with the Berkeley Preparatory School but a few days ago decided that their demands were quite beyond reason.

Yesterday I called in Mr. Carroll M. Wheeler, proprietor of the Wheeler School, whom I have known for some years. Last evening we arrived at a tentative understanding that looks very promising. He will come again tomorrow evening for a more definite conference.

Daughter Marian has been having a bat time with her eyes or perhaps with her general health, so that she has been worried about the outcome of her first semester work at Colby College. Some days ago she wrote me that she felt sure she failed in Mathematics, which was her weakness anyway. What was my relief and pleasure to have her telephone me Monday night saying that she heard from her exams and that she had passed in everything.

Elizabeth had had the pleasing experience of singing over the radio (Station WSSH) at Tremont Temple. This occurred last Friday evening. Her voice came over very well and it certainly sounded good. One of the speakers in the program honored her by reading one of her poems over the radio. Her poems still garner letters of praise from far and near wherever she has sent the little book.

My history broadcasts over WBZ-WBZA have been transferred to Sunday afternoons (3 - 3:15 P.M.) beginning next Sunday. This will restrict my activities somewhat. It interferes with my plan to visit Marian February 22, but I have decided to have Gleason Jr. take my place at the microphone. He reads very well and I am sure that his broadcast of my Plymouth story will make a great hit with the radio audience. For a fourteen-year-old boy to do such a thing is unheard of.

Thursday Feb. 5, 1931

Mr. Wheeler's name is not Charles but Carroll. This I learned when we signed the preliminary agreement this evening. I like that little man - and he is little so far as stature is concerned, about five feet I should judge. But he has been a devotee of wrestling and he has a grip in his small hand that is like that of blacksmith or an osteopath.

Well, we came to a definite understanding and all that now remains is for the Trustees to ratify the agreement. The Wheeler Preparatory School becomes our official preparatory department and with it comes Mr. Wheeler himself at \$3,000 per year, plus 20% of the net savings of the school for the next five years. I will establish the school at 59 Hancock Street. This will mean that Ted Baker moves out, but he is very agreeable to that plan.

Yesterday I spoke on Capital Punishment before the committee on Judiciary, for last year. I acquired quite a reputation as a defender of the system. The National Civic League recently did me the honor of using extracts from my address of last year before the Judiciary Committee as their reply to the official argument of the proponents of the abolition of the death penalty - the two opposing views being printed in one broadside for public distribution.

It was suggested yesterday take on Clarence Darrow for a radio debate on this question. Today I wrote to Phillips Carlin, passing on to him the suggestion for his consideration.

Monday Morning Feb. 9, 1931

Saturday in New York City I had an extended conference with an editorial lady named Harding at the American Magazine editorial rooms. Mr. Leary has assigned her to my law

articles. She gave me some good suggestions as to the method of handling the article "Ignorance of Law Excuses No One."

I was very much shocked to learn from the press dispatches of the death of my friend Dean Charles F. Carusi of the National University Law School. It was very sudden indeed. He was on a vacation trip in Florida when influenza seized him. A man as fleshy as he no doubt had little chance in the hot climate of Florida.

My Saturday evening broadcast went over well. Yesterday afternoon I gave the first of the Sunday afternoon talks in continuation of the history series. Despite the sleet and storm Elizabeth and son Gleason accompanied me, walking to and from the Hotel Statler. Gleason had an audition while there and demonstrated a good radio voice. For a fourteen-year-old he is a splendid specimen. He stands five feet ten inches and is well filled out.

Daughter Marian has surprised herself by passing all her 1st semester college subjects in spite of her poor health during the first semester. She expected to make her first public appearance as a member of the Colby College Glee Club in Fairfield yesterday, which is of course a great event for her. I am very proud and happy at the ability and downright pluck that she has manifested in Waterville. But she was always a very determined girl, bent on having her own way, which is a good thing when a person desires to obtain a worthy goal.

My weight this morning a la Adam is just under 190 pounds.

Evening Feb. 9, 1931

Elizabeth and I entertained her New York cousins, Florence and Connie and her husband Jimmie Gleason. We went to the Parker House for dinner and fared sumptuously. Afterward we returned to my library for a movie show and a general good time. I read the story of the saifish and also a chapter from the Pilgrim Story. Allen entertained them with snails and yet more snails, all of which they enjoyed for the artistic coloring and designs of aforesaid snails.

Allan is still strong for snails. The sun rises for him with a necklace of snails and it sets with a halo of snails. He can talk about little else except the science of snailology.

Feb 11, 1931

Yesterday I developed symptoms of a very severe cold. School duties and the necessity of attending a meeting of the "old timers" (or early classes of Suffolk Law School) at the Alumni House kept me up until nine o'clock last evening. But I took a hot bath and drank some hot lemonade as a measure of protection before returning last night. This morning I am somewhat groggy from the cold but able to be at work on a broadcast subtitled "Homicide by Accidental Killing of Another." This is for a date five or six weeks from now. Faculty meeting tonight, well attended and successful

Feb. 12, 1931

Still struggling with the cold. Went to Dr. Prior this evening and got several kinds of medicine. I managed to work all day and succeeded in finishing the broadcast mentioned last night, as well as starting another.

Today Mr. Wheeler and I signed papers for the transfer of the Wheeler Preparatory School to Suffolk Law School. Quite a number of conferences were held by me with disappointed seniors and their friends. Mid year graduation occurs next Wednesday evening February 18th.

Feb. 15, 1931

I returned from New York City early this morning as usual. While away from Boston I had attended to my NBC broadcast and held two important conferences with publishers. At the Century Company I found Miss Stoddard very enthusiastic over my new book. We named it

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"Mayflower Heroes." I brought back the manuscript of some early chapters to give them a final revision.

At the American Magazine I found that my recent contribution on "Ignorance of the Law No Excuse" had been approved by Mrs. Sherman, "contract editor", and by Hugh Leamy, the Managing Editor, but was still to be "censored" by Mr. Flowers, the "Editor in Chief."

This afternoon Elizabeth accompanied me to WBZ and we took a walk after the broadcast was over. All along Beacon Street was an immense throng of people in marching formation to visit the State House where the body of General Clarence Edwards was lying in state in the Hall of Flags. Hero worship is a healthy sign.

As I came into the bathroom a few moments ago I had a singular adventure. Intending to take a bath I had put on the electric radiator. Passing the radiator as I have done so often with the cords of the bathrobe dangling behind me, it chanced that the silk tassel of one came in contact with the radiator. It at once burst into flame and if I had not been very swift in my actions, the blooming thing being behind me would have burned my silk bathrobe and enveloped me in a sheet of flame. Fortunately I was able to catch it, like a dog chasing its tail, and hold the blazing thing away at arms length, finally being obliged to run water on it to extinguish it. As it was, no special damage was done. I even saved a reasonable portion of the tassel itself.

February 17, 1931

How serenely we sometimes march through danger without a thought that danger is nigh! When I came up to bed last night I did so without the slightest intimation that I had just scared a burglar out of the executive offices down stairs. This is the first time in the history of the school that a burglary has ever been attempted. The story of the affair is as follows.

Dave Richmond locked up the building at about 9:30 P.M. Apparently the burglar was well posted on the lay of the land and had secreted himself in the building. When the lights went out he evidently got busy with a glasscutter and tried to cut out the corner of the glass door to the secretary's office in order to insert a hand and turn the knob. But finding that it was wire glass he gave up the attempt. He then unscrewed the steel grill from the Treasurer's window and clambered into the stenographer's room, evidently believing (as there was) that there was money in Catharine's roll top desk. He started to jimmy it open. He was then scared away.

No doubt he had just started work on the desk when I opened the front door and came on the concourse. By the time I had opened the office door the burglar had gone into the stenographer's room and by the time I had done into my own office and hung up my hat and coat he had made his escape. He might, of course, been concealed in the darkness of the stenographer's room. But before coming up to bed I went in that room in the darkness and got a drink of water. What a chance that burglar had to pop me off or club me!

Today was the anniversary of my luncheon with John Clark and Hap Myers before our New York trip when I won the NBC victory, so today we three men and our respective wives met at the Parker House for a dinner. Afterward we had movies in my study.

Tues. Feb. 24, 1931

Having just returned from Waterville, Me. Where I have been visiting daughter Marian. Say, I am very proud of that girl. She has fought her way through college "Math" and it was a grueling contest. She has now cleared up all the conditions with which she entered college. Her professors are full of admiration for her splendid qualities and so express themselves to me. She is by all odds the most distinguished in appearance of any of the girls that I have seen at Colby. Her brown eyes and dark hair set off her very unusual face which reminds me a great deal of her



mother. She is tall and slim and has most excellent taste in dress. But it is of her mental development that I am most happy. She is getting a great deal out of her college course, especially in English and history in which subjects she is majoring.

When I arrived in Waterville Sunday about 3 P.M., I hurried to Elmwood in order to hear son Gleason's broadcast. Marian and her roommate Louise Tinkhorn arrived at about the same time. But we could not get WBZ over the hotel radio so we hurried over to Dr. Bessey's office. The Doctor managed to get the station but it did not come out clearly so we were all disappointed.

But I have learned this morning that Gleason made a whale of a hit with his broadcast. Everybody said that his voice is a great deal like mine saying it is no doubt better for he started out with a better natural voice than I have. His mother says that it was one of the proudest experiences of her life to hear her youngest performing so wonderfully on the radio. So I have an understudy who can step into my shoes whenever anything interferes with my radio engagements.

Wed. Feb. 25, 1931

Today, for the first time in two months I drove to the farm with my car. It was a delightful day, with warm sunshine melting such snow as remains from our recent storm. The roads were entirely free from ice or snow. The bees were out enjoying the unexpected warmth.

I pruned one vineyard and started another one behind the stone garage. I also pruned the young apple trees across the street from the house. I picked over my apples and dried out the dampness in the house by running a brisk fire in the fireplace nearly all the afternoon. In order to keep the Electone radio from damage by dampness I customarily run it for an hour or two each trip - not that I listen to it, simply turn it on and let it amuse itself. I visited the Reverie and fed the one lone first that I found in the trout pond.

I forgot to mention that yesterday I spoke before the Committee on Legal Affairs in opposition to a bill that comes up every year to abolish all electric signs within a wide radius of the State House. It is of course aimed at the Chevrolet sign on Beacon Street but it would deprive us our school sign as well as sweep down every sign on hotel and theatre in the proscribed area. Conrad Crooker, the notorious leader of the wits, was the only one who spoke in favor of the bill. I created a great deal of mirth at his expense by declaring my amazement in seeing him appear as a prohibitionist who would prohibit by law innocent electric signs. "He who fought for years for the sacred right of the individual to be 'lit up' would now deny Beacon Hill the right to be lit up at night." This sally at his expense quite convulsed the committee and those present at the hearing.

My regular argument follows the lines of that of last year when I made the Art Commission quite frantic by satirical comments on their taste in art for Beacon Hill. "There is on beauty of life and another beauty of death" I declared, "and evidently the Art Commission favors the beauty of death.

Perchance the Art Commission favors the beauty of death for Beacon Hill. Come to think of it we already have white wings recently affixed to our magnificent old brick State House. That in itself is at least a suggestion of the great hereafter - and the peace of death.

Now you are urged to cut out all signs of life from the vicinity of the white winged capitol.

I know not how you feel about it gentlemen but when I cross the common as I frequently do at night the light and life of the electric signs against the sky is a thrilling spectacle. It makes me glad that I live in a city that is throbbing with life. When I drive up Beacon Street at night and see that great aurora borealis that bursts upon the eye even though it is an advertising sign I think how much more cheerful it is than if we faced a dead skyline of crape-like housetops.

Every great city of the world now prides itself on the pulsing life of its illuminated skyline at night. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and other American cities encourage private initiative in the matter of illuminated signs. No doubt they exercise some supervision over the artistic quality of the signs themselves.

If I were a member of the Art Commission I would be glad to have something to distract the attention of the visitor from too sudden a vision of the extraordinary art of the State House. We Bostonians are accustomed to it now but the ordinary visitor experiences a genuine shock when he beholds the beautiful Bulfinch front between the two alabaster wings.

They murmur, "Oh what a pity - too bad you didn't have an Art Commission." But we have to keep that fact as dark as the Art Commission would keep Beacon Hill.

Of course I did not advocate anything that would in the slightest degree interfere with the spectacle of the State House, wings or no wings, but I see no reasons for any such drastic recommendation as this. I would submit in closing that the Art Commission should confine itself to art and not allow itself to be drawn into any commercial controversies.

March 3, 1931

Back from New York and Washington. My usual NBC broadcast occurred Saturday night. On the following day I went to Washington, a tedious trip for it rained all day. When I arrived at the Continental in Washington it was after 3 P.M. Being more or less a wreck I rested until suppertime and then went to the theatre where I spent a pleasant evening. Yesterday morning I set out on my campaign for a commencement speaker. Senator Wash was friendly but could give me little aid. Senator Fess however was very cordial and as it proved very helpful indeed. He sent me first to Senator Elect Wallace White of Maine but I found that White is to be abroad at the time. I saw Senator Davis of Pennsylvania but he could not give me a definite answer.

Later in the day I sent a note to Senator Fess, telling of White's inability to speak and asking suggestions. In a short time the Senator came into the lobby looking for me. He took me into the Senate reception room and introduced me to Senator Hastings of Delaware. Senator Fess had apparently explained the whole matter to him for he readily agreed to come.

Catharine is toiling daily on the semester reports, keeping track of failures and worrying more or less over losses in enrollment due to the hard times as well as natural causes. Leonard Williams is at home sick with mumps. The girls are worried lest they have the same unfortunate malady

March 9, 1931

Leonard is still confined to his bed with complications following mumps. No other cases have thus far occurred in the office staff.

Just now I am in the midst of a most interesting experiment. For some weeks I have received repeated requests for copies of my National broadcasts on law. It has been in my mind for some time to test out the matter of getting out a book composed of all broadcasts from the beginning to the 36th of 40th broadcast. Saturday I discussed the plan with Phillips Carlin and found him favorable provided no financial matters were mentioned over the air.

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So in my broadcast on Saturday evening I mentioned the possibility of getting out a memorial edition containing pictures of all concerned in the series - announcers and all. I asked all who were interested in procuring the book to write for particulars at once.

The first mail this morning had twenty requests and the continued to arrive all day until tonight. I have fifty-two. It will be interesting to see how the west responds to the plan for they seem to be very much interested out there. There should be quite a bit of fan mail tomorrow.

March 11, 1931

Yesterday's mail fulfilled expectations with more than a hundred splendid letters (106 in fact) so with such a beginning there is no doubt about the wisdom of proceeding with the book. One curious development was a book editor of the Century Company (evidently a radio fan) wrote urging me to give the book to the Century Co. to publish for me. Of course I shall not do this because I can get it out myself so much quicker and just as I want it whereas there are many miles of red tape with a larger company.

Well, last night I (with Elizabeth) attended a great banquet given at the _____ Hotel ballroom (now called who had been appointed a special justice in the Roxbury District Court. Of course I had to make a speech and to my chagrin my voice played me a mighty mean trick. There was a frog in my throat and I simply could not make myself heard. Always before in such a situation (at least for the past two or three years) I have managed to pitch my voice at a high thin key and get my message across. But last night I was quite disgusted with public speaking except over the radio. Only last Friday night I made a very good speech in a banquet hall in the Statler at a banquet given by the Forty and Eight, an organization connected with the American Legion. Floyd Giccins was supposed to be the guest of honor but owing to illness he had to send Captain Hawks, the famous aviator, instead. Hawks and I and a representative of Mayor Curley were the only speakers. Perhaps I should add that on February 26th I was the guest of honor of the Pawtucket (RI) Chamber of Commerce and spoke for three quarters of an hour with a clear voice. My audience seemed delighted with my speech (Laws that Safeguard Businesses).

But now after this experience I shall certainly fight shy of speaking engagements of all sorts. What does it profit me to make a national reputation as a speaker over the radio to millions of people and then to have my voice play such a trick in a hall that other speakers of no reputation can fill with ease? Well, I simply wont do it in that particular hall again or in any other where acoustics are bad.

March 12, 1931

Fan letters in quantity came in yesterday and two payments for the new book. A busy day for me reading fan letters, conferences with students, school problems, working on catalogs, not to mention addressing envelopes (during my resting periods - for change of work is a rest) and mailing out announcements for my new book.

I am impressed by the fact that in my fan mail are numbers from blind people who write most appreciative letters, thus testifying to the value of this modern wizardry the radio. One ten year old boy wrote to me - a most charming little letter in boyish scrawl.

Wonders will never cease! My old enemies Frank Palmer Spure and Dean Everett A. Churchill of Northeastern are in friendly relations and negotiations with me (at my initiative) on the common problem of a five-year course for evening law schools. I am announcing in our new catalog that all classes, after next year's (1931) entering class, will be under a five-year system. This action is influenced more or less by the fact that it is becoming increasingly difficult for evening students to gain admission to the bar. Averages for Suffolk men have been falling in an appalling fashion. Spere said to me recently that it was becoming almost impossible for evening students

to gain admission to the bar at all. The Bar Examiners have been hinting that evening students should study for five years. Then too, the Judicial Council made a bitter attack on evening law schools last January and published some astounding figures based upon recent examination returns. The report declared for five year evening course.

January 12, 1932.

Having been so absorbed with a multitude of duties that I have neglected to write out the events that have transpired since last March. I will now summarize them.

The demand for publication of my talks became so great that I decided to publish the book. It made a handsome volume. Two thousand copies have been printed and nearly all have been sold.

A very sad even for me occurred on April 24th in the death of my father at Great Pond. A telegram came from Susie on the night of April 23rd as I was about to leave for New York. I phoned to Hiram and he started for Maine with the understanding that I would come directly from New York to Great Pond. So I drove through by machine only to learn when I reached Bangor that father was dead.

It was somewhat of a comfort to me that one month before this sad event Father had been able to hear my voice over the radio in the old home and I had spoken to him personally, praising him for his worthy and upright life. The wonder of it all gave him the last great thrill of his earthly life. How peaceful he looked in death. I had never seen him in a full beard and there was a certain majesty about his countenance that I had somehow missed during his life.

The funeral was held in the old home. Uncle Claud and his family were there and the house was crowded. Uncle Leonard preached the funeral sermon. I spoke a brief eulogy and read Elizabeth's beautiful poem on "Death" from her little book "Poems on Nature and Human Nature." The sad procession to the hilltop cemetery and the last act in the long drama of life for my father left him sleeping beside my mother from whom he had been separated for more than a quarter of a century.

The contacts with the American Magazine that were established during the winter failed to produce any noteworthy results. The special articles that I prepared at their request were not in line with their usual journalistic styler and they urged me to permit the material to be handled by a "ghost writer," under my name, of course. This I refused to permit. They had already sent a special writer to make a feature story based on my career, but it turned out that he was only a special writer for the Boston Post which is extremely hostile to Suffolk Law School. Now would have been policy for this man to prepare an acceptable article for the American Magazine on me while doing feature work for the Post?

At any rate he waited for six weeks before writing a word and then practically reproduced the article that had appeared in the "American" concerning me in 1926. So the magazine rejected it on the ground of lack of novelty. I was of course very indignant at such shabby treatment.

Plans for the Wheeler Preparatory School went on apace. The trustees voted, at the expense of about eleven thousand dollars, to remodel two buildings at the corner of Hancock and Myrtle Street into a real school building. This work occupied the summer months but when it was finished the result was very pleasing to the eye.



Then in September the school opened. Whether it was the depression, with hard times of unprecedented severity, or Mr. Wheeler's lack of executive ability, but the school got off to a bad start, so that we had only a handful of day students and only such evening as were sent to the Wheeler Preparatory School by the law school itself.

At this very time I was obliged to do to Atlantic City to attend the American Bar Association Convention. At this convention I found a solid line-up of University men to protect their group from any limitation being placed their activities as will be seen by the following.

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The following pages were not scanned, as the material was copy of The Law School Review - Proceedings on the Section of Legal Education pages 320-329. Pages 328, 329 are pertinent to the outcome and are included

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
BOSTON
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The American Law School Review

should go before pleasure, and my point is that this is in order. We have already discussed it to quite an extent.

Chairman Smith: The chair rules that the order of business, as arranged by the council, will prevail unless this meeting changes it. I hear no motion to change it.

Cries of "Regular order!"

Mr. Archer: Is new business in order?

Chairman Smith: According to the program, the next order would be report of the Nominating Committee. Is the Nominating Committee ready to report?

Report of the Nominating Committee.

Report of the Nominating Committee: The Nominating Committee suggests the following nominations:

For Chairman—John Kirkland Clark of New York;

Vice Chairman—Judge Oscar Hallam of Minnesota;

Secretary—Alexander Andrews of North Carolina;

Members of the Council:

For Four Years' Term: George H. Smith of Utah, to succeed himself; R. Alan Stevens.

For Three Years' Term: Eugene Stanley of Kansas;

For Two Years' Term: Charles B. Dunbar of Louisiana;

[REPORTER'S NOTE: The above was the report as made. Subsequently a list was handed the reporter containing, in addition to the above names, the name of William A. Hays as member of the Council for the three year term, and James Grafton Rogers as member of the Council for the two year term; and Theodore Francis Green, as member of the Council for the one year term.]

Mr. Terriberry (Louisiana): I move that nominations be closed and the secretary be directed to cast the ballot of the meeting for the gentlemen nominated.

(The motion was seconded, and the question being taken, it was unanimously agreed to.)

(The Secretary thereupon cast one ballot for the gentlemen nominated by the Nominating Committee, and the chair declared them elected.)

Chairman Smith: I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. John Kirkland Clark, who was elected president. I am sorry to say that under the rules it is the duty of the present

chairman to continue to preside at this session.

Mr. Clark: Your sorrow, Mr. Chairman, is my joy, and that of the gathering here; but I wish to express to you all my appreciation of the honor which you have conferred upon me, and assure you that I likewise appreciate the heavy responsibility of acting in this position as successor to our present able chairman and his able predecessors, two of whom have already participated in the exercises of the day. And with their example before me, and with the association which I have had for four years with the Council, and the assurance of the continued help of the present chairman, who is going to serve again on that board, and particularly—and for this I appeal to you, for without the support of the section, I can do little—I hope we shall go on to a year of even greater results than those satisfactory results which Mr. Smith has outlined, which have been accomplished this year; and particularly I rejoice that we are assured of the continued assistance of our able and efficient adviser, who has contributed so much to these results. I thank you.

Chairman Smith: I neglected to have reported and summarized, the report that has been made, and I would like to state that it does not contain anything that requires action, other than receiving it; that it sets forth the progress made very much as the chairman stated it in his remarks, except that it contains a tabulated statement by states as to what their specific activities have been.

Is it your wish that the report be received and incorporated in the minutes?

Mr. Moore (New Jersey): I move that the report of the Council on Legal Education be received and incorporated in the minutes.

(The motion was seconded, and the question being taken, it was agreed to.)

Chairman Smith: That concludes the formal part of our meeting, and new business is now in order.

Mr. Archer (Massachusetts): I have a resolution to offer.

Chairman Smith: Dean Archer, of Boston, is recognized for the purpose of offering a resolution.

Mr. Archer: The resolution is as follows: Resolved, That the American Bar Association go on record as recommending that in every approved law school, at least half of all law teaching therein be conducted by lawyers in active practice, or by men who have hitherto had at least ten years' experience in active practice.

I find myself in the very happy position of suggesting something to which the opposition apparently agrees. The opposition last year

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
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Proceedings of the Section on Legal Education

was opposed to the preamble. It was said by Colonel Wigmore that all the law schools complied, so what is the harm of putting it in the record? The only opposition that was voiced was opposition that made me happy, because it taught me that my five years of effort convinced Dean Lewis that the Bar Association should not dictate to law schools whom they should select as teachers of law. Five years ago the Bar Association said that they should have a certain number of full-time professors. Was that dictating to the law schools? The Bar Association also said that they should have a certain number of books. Was that dictating to the law schools? They also said that all applicants for admission should have at least two years in college. Then in Buffalo, in 1927, we were successful in getting that interpreted that that should mean equivalent of two years in college. Now we are simply asking you to put this into the record as a thing that common sense dictates and, as Colonel Wigmore said, all law schools actually have it in operation today. I do not quite agree with him. I think there are some schools in the East that do not comply, but let us have it that all comply.

Chairman Smith: Will you leave a copy of your resolution?

Mr. Archer: This part here (indicating).

Chairman Smith: Is the resolution seconded?

A Voice: I second it.

Chairman Smith: The resolution is that the American Bar Association go on record as recommending that in every approved law school, at least half of all law teaching therein be conducted by lawyers in active practice, or by men who have hitherto had at least ten years of experience in active practice.

Cries of "Question!" "Question!"

Chairman Smith: I presume we all understand the nature of this resolution.

(The question was taken, and the chair announced that the "noes" seemed to have it, and then said that the "noes" had it, and the resolution was lost.)

(A rising vote was then called for by a member, and the chair stated that although it was technically too late, he would ask for a rising vote, and a rising vote being taken, there were, for the resolution, 23 yeas; against the resolution, 67 nays. And so the motion was lost.)

Mr. Lee (Illinois): Mr. Chairman, for a

great many years I have been attending this section and have heard always a willing note about the decadence of the legal profession, and especially about the lowering standard of applicants for admission to the bar and students of law schools.

I go away today rejoiced by the statement made by the gentleman from Pennsylvania that the Committee on Character and Fitness, of the Bar of Pennsylvania, after going over some twelve or fifteen hundred candidates with a fine tooth comb, found less than five per cent. disqualified. I think our own state of Illinois—and the secretary of the Bar Association of our state is now present—has had that same experience, and I want to say that in spite of all the reflection cast upon law students today, they are of the same high character as the other youth of the country. They are filled with the ambition and energy and resolution of you gentlemen who were admitted many years ago, and you need not be afraid of them as being part of the flaming youth of the country. Their flame is as sacred and as lasting as ever burned in the breast of any member of the bar here.

Chairman Smith: Did you wish to make a motion, Dean Lee?

Mr. Lee: No, Mr. Chairman.

Chairman Smith: I should have stated in the beginning that the secretary of this organization, that is, the regular secretary, is attending an assembly of the Episcopal Church to which he has been elected a delegate, in Denver, which prevented his being present here. It is the only time I know of when he has been absent from any American Bar Association meeting where it was his duty to attend in any official capacity, and the Council designated the Adviser to act in his place as secretary.

Secretary Shafroth: Mr. Howe's Committee on Ethics and Grievances wishes it announced that the opinions of that Committee are being published and can be had at a nominal price.

I want to announce that this evening, at Haddon Hall, on the 13th floor, there are going to be four round table discussions, particularly for the Bar Examiners, and it will be of interest, I think, to all members of the profession, to which any of you who desire to come will be welcome.

(On motion duly seconded, the meeting then adjourned.)

January 27, 1932

I am writing these words on the eve of the most critical battle I have ever fought since my law school battles began. Tomorrow I meet the Board of Bar Examiners in what might be called mortal combat, for I am impeaching them before a Legislative Committee for malfeasance in office. Unless I win the contest Suffolk Law School has a bitter future indeed.

It is proper therefore that I should set down the facts that have led to this desperate impasse. First in order is perhaps an encounter at the Bar Assn. Convention with J. C. Collin, the Chairman of the RI Bar Examiners, who was circulating a report that the Theologs marked our exam papers at Suffolk. I demanded an explanation for he had asserted that I had told him so, the only basis being a statement I had made that Theologs acted as monitors in class. I informed him that a bar examiner ought to have intelligence enough to know the meaning of the word monitor.

Well, I later learned that he had asserted that the bar examiners of Massachusetts were our to get Suffolk Law School or words to that effect. "There has been a great change in the board within two years," he had asserted. The more I pondered the remark the more convinced I was that he was right.

Two weeks after the convention we learned that Collins had been well informed in advance for the result of the July Bar Exam was another crushing defeat for Suffolk an average of 16% or so against 52% for the corresponding exam six years before. Therefore I went diligently to work to collect statistics on our record over a period of years and to trace its downward course especially after certain changes in the personnel of the Board.

Men told me quite freely that the Examiners had brutally informed them that they had written a good paper but would not pass because they had not attended a day law school. The mischief of it was that since they had not yet passed, none of them would dare testify, lest the examiners have revenge upon them.

When I explained the dilemma to the trustees and suggested filing bills in the Legislature they were afraid. There was some hope that the examiners themselves might start something. So I waited until the end of December but no bills were filed. For months I had been trying to secure information concerning a rumor that the Examiners were farming out papers to other lawyers for correction. But the thing had been done so secretly and tracks covered so skillfully that it was quite impossible to find any clue to the mystery.

So I began to work on some bills for legislative action. Just as Legislature convened I met John J. Irwin in front of the school building and got to telling him of our troubles with the examiners. He told me that Bailey had flunked him three times and had assured him that he would have passed if he had gone to a day school. Thus he declared that he was willing to testify to.

A few days later I went to the office of the State Auditor to see George E. Murphy of the 1st Deputy Auditor, to ask aid in tracing expenditures of the Board of Bar Examiners. He was not in but a clerk told me that the information would be in the comptroller's office. So I hied me hither and asked to see the records concerning the board.

An obliging lady made several attempts and finally brought out a sheaf of papers that fairly took my breath away, for lo! My long search was rewarded at last. There were the vouchers filed by the lawyers who had corrected the papers. Five men whose names were utterly unfamiliar to me had corrected the Jan 1931 and the July 1931 exams at 50 cents a book. Wow, but that was a joyous victory.

Then I hurried back to the office and consulted my bar exam summaries, finding that one of the men named had been a lawyer less than three months when he corrected the January 1931 exam. Considerable investigation was necessary to get together all the facts concerning the secret

five but I got it assembled and found that four of the five were young Harvard men and the other a Boston University Law School man.

Then I discovered that the Examiners had increased their budget from \$9,411 in 1925 to \$19,000 in 1931. Since this had to be raised from fees from applicants it gave me an additional clue to the reason for such a wholesale slaughter of candidates.

Then came the great question of whether I could risk the future of the school by striking the examiners in so sore a spot as the precious secret of theirs. After much deliberation I decided despite the pessimistic wails of Catherine, Leonard and others to stake all in the great contest that must need rock the Bay State from Cape Cod to the Berkshire.

Two bills which with the help of Martin Lomasney (splendid old warhorse of the West End) I framed were filed and tomorrow we come to grips in the hearing room. The matter is pending before Joint Judiciary. With indecent haste the Clerk of the Committee listed the bills for hearing at this early date.

When I returned from New York Sunday morning and learned of the hearing I knew that I must work fast if I were to attract public attention to the bills. The newspapers were silent despite the sensational nature of the measures.

So on Sunday evening as a prelude to my broadcast on Plymouth history I threw out my first ringing challenge in the following form. Broadcasting from WBZ-WBZA:

"For more than two years and a quarter I have had the great privilege of talking to you over these stations, bringing to you each week a message either of law or of history. I have often said to you that my purpose is not merely to instruct or to entertain but rather to do my bit to bring people face to face with the great truths, truths of the laws that safeguard our liberties of today, and of the great problems of democracy that were worked out for us by noble and God fearing men and women in New England of three hundred years ago.

"But my life interest is vitally focused upon the preservation to present and future generations of that democracy in education and in the opportunities of life which our ancestors transmitted to us. The first broadcast that I ever gave over the radio in September 1929 entitled "Equality of Opportunity" for the children of rich and poor. In that broadcast I pointed out to you a great and nation-wide movement to close the doors of the legal profession in the face of young men and women who are obliged by economic necessity to work for a living while studying law. That movement seeks to create a monopoly of the legal profession in favor of the graduates of certain day law schools.

"In more than two years over the air I have not since mentioned the movement in Massachusetts. But the time had come when I must mention it. The Board of Bar Examiners of Massachusetts for two years have been flunking evening students at an astounding rate, and giving themselves airs of conscientious guardians of the public against inferior lawyers.

"What must we think therefore, at the sudden revelation that these men, paid by the Commonwealth to correct examination papers of appeal for the bar, have secretly been farming out papers to newly admitted day law school graduates for correction at 50 cents a book.

"Incredible, you may say. No such injustice is possible in Massachusetts! I thought so too, until with my own eyes I saw in the comptroller's office at the State House a few days ago the pay vouchers signed by these men, giving names and addresses and a charge for correcting the Jan 1931 and the July 1931 bar examinations. To my amazement I learned that one of this striplings had been admitted to the bar only three months before he assumed the heavy responsibility of passing upon the examinations of earnest and deserving young men and women who had been studying law in evening law schools for a year before he entered Harvard Law School. Is it any wonder that the bar exam success has dropped from an average by year of 54% to about 16%? Is

it any wonder that the legislature of Massachusetts is about to take a hand in this matter? I learned only this morning upon my return from New York that here will be a hearing before the committee of Judiciary on this matter next Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Quite naturally I am ablaze with indignation and with preparation for that hearing.

"So you see, Ladies and Gentlemen, this generation has its problems and its duties just as did the Pilgrim Fathers. They struggled to preserve eternal principles of human liberty against those who perhaps honestly and mistakenly believed that privileges and opportunities were for the elect and not for the sons and daughters of the laboring man. So in this new crisis, whether you believe that the number of lawyers should be kept down, I am sure that you agree with me that for a State Board secretly to delegate its duties in this outrageous manner is not conducive to justice, nor to fair play, nor to public respect for our institutions of government, supposedly of the people, for the people and by the people."

January 28, 1932

Well, the great battle has been fought and the State is still agog with excitement! To begin with, the Boston Post came out this morning with a grand story of the impending conflict. This was an unexpected help for I had believed that the newspapers were close against me. So convinced had I been of this fact that yesterday I went to John Clark of WBZ-WBZA and told him of the desperate battle in which I was about to be asking for radio facilities if the same could be given without danger to himself. John is a valiant soul and he kindled to my story, pledging 100% support. When I came away he had arranged for six-week day broadcasts for the next two weeks. So the Post story was an unexpected stroke of good fortune. It attracted a great deal of public attention.

Thanks to the thorough way in which I had lined up my own students for hearing day we had a very large crowd in the corridor and it became necessary to adjourn to the Gardner Auditorium which itself filled up. My speech was of course the chief feature of the hearing because it was I who had discovered the sensational facts. The Boston Post as will be seen in the clippings on the next two pages had already broken the news to the public. This accounted for a goodly portion of the throng that gathered to witness the battle. Chairman Hitchcock was sitting at the end of the table at which I stood when delivering my "Phillioci" against his board and he certainly looked worried and wilted.

When it came to his turn to speak he began by denying my charges but before he was through he had admitted them all by implication if not in so many words.

The newspapers came out with hostile headlines "Archer Rebut by Hitchcock" and the like but the facts reported and the speech by Hitchcock even as reported gave the readers the information that was in itself a vindication of my stand.

On the day following the hearing I wrote a letter to Chairman Hitchcock telling him that I was planning to discuss the bar exam situation over the radio and that if he would care to reply to me in the same way I would be glad to arrange for him to have equal time on the air free of charge.

After his weak showing at the hearing I felt quite certain that he would not dare to accept my offer. Sure enough he declined to enter the lists with me. Before leaving for New York I had prepared my first broadcast on the bar exam situation to be delivered Sunday Jan 31st in place of my "Heroic Days of Plymouth Colony."

Sunday noon when I was busily engaged on the preparation of my Thursday broadcast someone rang the doorbell. I sent Allan down. He reported that there was a man to see me. I was surprised and delighted to find that the visitor was former Mayor Malcom E. Nichols who had come to congratulate me on the splendid showing I had made in the fight and to tell me of a young

UNIVERSITY

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Boston Post

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1932**

BAR EXAMS CORRECTED BY YOUTHS

Work Farmed Out by
Board, Archer
Declares



DEAN GLEASON L. ARCHER
Who charges bar exam work farmed
out for correction.

'SECRET FIVE' PAID
BY STATE FOR TASK

Also Says Night Class
Men Not Given
Even Break

Charges that the Massachusetts Board of Bar Examiners, instead of personally correcting the examination books of applicants for admission to the bar, has been farming them out secretly, at 50 cents a section, to young, inexperienced graduates of the Harvard Law School, were made last night by Dean Gleason L. Archer of the Suffolk Law School.

The dean's charges, which are to be made formally today before the legislative committee on judiciary at the State House, comprise the most sensational attack ever made on the Board of Bar Examiners.

Continued on Page 2—Third Col.

DECLARES BAR EXAMS CORRECTED BY YOUTHS

Continued From First Page

Dean Archer last night declared that he will also charge today that the bar examiners have unlawfully discriminated against applicants from evening law schools, by requiring them to pass the same examinations with higher marks than required of university day pupils, and that the bar examiners have increased their own remuneration and expenses and raised the money for them by wholesale discrimination against evening school pupils, who become "repeaters" by subsequent examinations, paying more fees in the process.

Dean Archer said yesterday that he had backed up his charges of farming out examination papers for correction by "virtually only students of law," with information gleaned from the records of the State Comptroller's office, where the vouchers for payment at the 50 cents a page rate are on file. He has the names of those paid for the work, he added, and will give the list as of the "secret five."

Declines Comment Now

William H. Hitchcock, chairman of the State Board of Bar Examiners, last night refused to deny or affirm Dean Archer's charges, but declared that there was plenty to be said about them at the proper time, and that everything the board had done had been with the approval of the courts.

The occasion for Dean Archer's appearance before the judiciary this morning is a hearing on the matter by which the bar examiners were specifically compelled by statute to correct the papers of the examinations, with the farming process prohibited, and by which the board would be re-organized so that no two members of the board could be graduates of the same law school, or come from the same county in the State.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, Dean Archer said yesterday, in explaining his appearance this morning before the judiciary committee, created a special court known as the Board of Bar Examiners, delegating to the Supreme Judicial Court the duty of selecting five lawyers of "ripe experience, deeply-grounded in law and able to do justice to all comers," as the members of this special court.

Quotes Bailey's Boast

"Such a board we apparently had for many years under the administration of Hollis R. Bailey, who retired October, 1931. As late as October, 1932, Mr. Bailey boasted that for a quarter of a century, every answer submitted by an applicant for admission to the Massachusetts Bar had been read and corrected by the bar examiners themselves. After such public and positive assurance, it is somewhat of a shock to learn that this special court, the Board of Bar Examiners, is now doing what former Chairman Bailey so valiantly asserted it would not do, delegating the very duties for which the board was created.

"And delegating them, moreover, to inexperienced striplings, one of whom, when appointed, had been a member of the bar less than three months, and others of whom had been members less than four years.

"The very fact that this was done in secret would indicate that the examiners themselves, realizing to the fullest extent the illegality of their conduct, but relying upon secrecy to keep that knowledge from the public and from the public.

Secrecy Proof of Charges

"Law is not an exact science, but supreme Court justices, even, do not always agree upon how the legal principles should be applied in a given case. For that reason, none but men of broad understanding of legal principles and endowed with that tolerance for the views of others, that springs from long experience at the bar, should be permitted to read and mark the examination books of candidates for the bar. Such, I take it, was the view of the Legislature in creating the Board of Bar Examiners.

"The very secrecy with which this entire transaction of delegating the duties of the examiners has been shrouded should be evidence that the examiners themselves realized that they were doing something which needed to be kept under cover. Let us look into the identity of the 'secret five,' these young correctors who are now deciding the fate of our young men and women in such amazing fashion.

man who had been grievously mistreated by the bar examiners.

My Sunday evening broadcast went over with a bang. I was in good voice and so full of suppressed feeling at the time that those who listened in declared it my greatest success as a broadcaster.

The radio program "Bar Exam Abuses in Massachusetts" ran on the following dates: Sunday Jan 31 - 6:15 PM,

Tuesday February 2 - 7:45 PM

Friday February 5 - 5 PM

Sunday February 7 - 6:15 PM

Tuesday February 9 - 7:45 PM

Thursday February 11 - 1:30 PM

Friday February 12 - 5 PM

Closing as I did on Lincoln's birthday gave me a grand opportunity for driving home truths that needed to be told.

Before going to New York I completed the text of a forty-one page manuscript (typewritten MSS) brief to be filed with the Legislative Committee.

New York City, February 13, 1932

Having brought the story up to date so far as the main facts are concerned I may as well size up the situation as it now stands. It is reported that the Committee of Judiciary will hold an Executive Meeting on the bill on Monday. John V. Mahoney, my chief reliance on the committee, has hopes that we will win in the committee, but of course if we do it will be a tremendous victory, due almost entirely to my radio campaign.

Harvard and BU, the bar association and those behind the drive of the college monopoly are working desperately to save the Bar Examiners. The thought occurred to me some days ago that if this corrupt and unjust board were saved it would have to be by Republic votes. So I have been pointing out to some of the Republican leaders that Democratic spellbinders could use that fact with devastating effect in the campaign next fall. Since they have seemed to grow very concerned over the matter I have hopes that it will prove a strong factor in the decision of the committee.

There is no blinking the fact, however, that unless I win in the Legislature Suffolk Law School will be in grave danger. Of course it was facing ruin anyway as things were going, for the examiners were flunking 85 percent of our candidates and no school could stand that long. Whatever the outcome I have taken the only courageous and manly stand that was open to me. On the day before the hearing when Catharine was pleading with me not to attack the Bar examiners openly lest

Names Secret Five
 From folders in the State House
 office and from records of the
 office of the clerk of the Supreme
 Court we find them to be as follows:
 Henry C. Butler, 24 State Street, Bos-
 ton, Harvard Law School, class of 1920,
 admitted to the bar, Oct. 22, 1920. He
 corrected 487 book sections, January,
 1931, examination, at 50 cents each, giv-
 ing him a total of \$242. Thus within
 three months after his own admission to
 the bar, young Butler was deciding the
 fate of other young men and women in
 the State bar examinations. He cor-
 rected 707 book sections of the July, 1931,
 examinations, also at 50 cents each;
 total \$353.50.
 Charles B. Conley, Third National
 Bank building, Springfield; Harvard
 Law School, three years, no degree; ad-
 mitted to the bar Oct. 27, 1928. He cor-
 rected 750 papers of the January, 1931,
 examinations, and 707 of the July, 1931,
 examinations, all at 50 cents apiece.
 Joseph A. Donahue, 22 Central ave-
 nue, Lynn, Harvard Law School, class
 of 1927; admitted to the bar Nov. 16, 1927;
 corrected 750 January, 1931, and 707 July,
 1931, papers; all at 50 cents each.
 One Veteran Lawyer
 Paris Fletcher, 808 Slater building,
 Eastern Harvard Law School, class
 of 1917; admitted to the bar Nov. 16,
 1917; corrected 750 January, 1931, and 707
 July, 1931, examination papers, all at 50
 cents apiece.
 Charles W. Mulcahy, 339 Park
 Square building, Boston, Boston Univer-
 sity Law School, class of 1915, the
 single "veteran" of the "secret five," to
 whom bar examination papers are
 turned out for correction by the Board
 of Bar Examiners. He was admitted
 to the bar Feb. 24, 1915. He corrected
 750 January, 1931, and 707 July, 1931,
 papers, all at 50 cents apiece.
 The extraordinary leaning toward
 young Harvard Law School graduates
 may be explained in part by the per-
 sonnel of the bar examiners, them-
 selves. They are as follows:
 Chairman, William Harold Hitch-
 cock of Boston and DeLham, Harvard
 Law School, '01; Charles H. Beckwith
 of Springfield, Harvard Law School,
 '95; Walter Powers of Boston, Harvard
 Law School, '00, and George S. Taft of
 Worcester, a graduate of Brown for
 the Bachelor of Arts degree, but of no
 law school.
 Night School Hit
 Also, the night school law students
 have been discriminated against in the
 marking of the papers. Several men
 have told me that they were informed
 that they would have to get as much as
 15 per cent better mark on their papers
 to pass than a day-school, university
 law school man. State Representative
 John J. Erwin of Medford, who has
 passed the examinations, was once told
 "You passed in a good paper and if you
 had attended a day law school you
 would have been admitted."
 Now, on the expenses of the board of
 bar examiners. In the year 1925 the
 grand total of expense of the board,
 including salaries of the chairman, sec-
 retary and members, was \$411.54. In
 the year 1931 it was approximately
 \$13,500, or nearly double that of six years
 before.
 Jean Archer also maintains that the
 oral examination of applicants after

we have to close the school, I replied, "I would sooner do that than play the coward." That sentiment still holds good. I cannot believe that God will permit the type of work that we are doing to be destroyed by so sinister a movement as this college monopoly scheme. The door of opportunity must be kept open to the poor and oppressed and it should be possible to awaken the people of Massachusetts to their duty in this matter. Whether my radio talks have already accomplished that, time alone can demonstrate.

Suffolk Law School has been very hard hit by the depression. There is also a hostile friction in our board of trustees led by Joseph F. O'Connell. He and I quarreled two or three years ago over his tendency to demand large sums of money for some legal services in connection with tax matters with the city and also for his attendance at Bar Association Meetings. He had a way of declaring that he has lost cases or fees while absent at convention and demanding that the school make good his alleged losses.

Finally, we had a fiery clash two years ago over an insulting telegram that he sent me from New York City as the result of seeing a hostile letter in the mail bag of the Boston Post. This letter was written by some falsifier who claimed that I indulged in stories over the radio ridiculing the Irish - merely because I had cited cases in which Irish dependants were concerned. This caused very bitter feelings because I wrote him a scorching letter denying his right to condemn without taking the trouble to investigate the facts. Though he stormed for some time, vowing vengeance and so on he finally returned to trustee meetings. I have never felt any confidence in his fair words since then.

He and James Swift apparently got together on a scheme to require fees for services as trustees and finally so engineered matters that each member of a so called "executive committee" should receive \$2000 a year and President Boynton \$2500. I have resented this for the past two years as an unjustified raid on the treasury because none of them are doing more than attend two or three meetings a year and it costs the school \$12,5000.

Well, last fall when I found that we were facing a deficit for the year, I informed the board that drastic retrenchments were in order and asked them to adopt a rule for a fee of \$500 instead of \$2000. They at once retaliated by calling for an audit of my books as treasurer. In fact my treasury accounts has never been approved since my row with O'Connell.

He insisted two years ago on having an auditory committee, of which he was a member, but the committee never functioned. My report of last June was held up in the same manner. The auditor finally selected was a well known public accountant. Pride.

It was a great nuisance to



President Thos. Boynton and Elizabeth Archer

have an accountant in the office for two weeks or so but it ended, as I knew it must in his finding that my accounts were correct except that he criticized the method as "crude." He recommended a system.

Now in the midst of a life and death struggle for the school's future I am handicapped by an ugly looking situation in our own board of trustees. A meeting will be held next Wednesday. No member of the board has given me the slightest assistance in the legislative fight or has manifest any interest in it, vital as it is to the school's future.

O'Connell has one way of making trouble, in that he owns a \$20,000 bond that was due January 1st but which I understood he was willing to let run until another year. Yesterday I received a letter angrily demanding the \$20,000. That will be up in the meeting of Wednesday.

Well, now let us look as something more cheering, the overwhelming success of my NBC series of broadcasts. They are now being published word for word in the "Radio Digest" each month, a fact which places me at the top of the world so far as radio is concerned.

The manner in which this came to pass was so sudden and dramatic that it deserves more space than remains in this book. Last spring I had written, at the suggestion of John Elwood, an article on "Education by Radio." The press relations department liked it and one of the men had kept a copy of it to send to "Radio Digest."

I had very little hopes of having it accepted. Months went by. The man who had taken the article left NBC and the article was quite evidently lost.

On November 21, 1931 I called at the office of "Radio Digest" and met the editor Harold P. Brown. To my delight I found that he and his family had already discovered my law talks and were listening in each week. He had already a little article for the December number concerning me. Never in my experience did I ever make friends with a man so quickly.

When he learned of my book "Mayflower Heroes," then just off the press, he became very enthusiastic and I promised him a copy. He declared his wife would like to meet me, so I invited him to come with her to the studio the following Saturday and we could talk history late into the evening. This invitation he accepted on the spot. I left the article "Education by Radio" with him. He notified me by letter that he accepted it for the January number.

On November 28th Editor Brown and his wife were guests of mine at NBS, which created a sensation there. We spent the evening together, and during the evening Mr. Brown said that he liked my broadcasts so well that he would like to have me give him a page of similar material each month. Of course I was glad to accept the offer. While riding back to Boston the brilliant scheme popped into my head of suggesting that my new series of talks on Domestic Relations (to begin on NBC network on December 19th) be reprinted each month. When I reached Boston I sat down and wrote Mr. Brown outlining the offer and sending him a copy of the script for the first talk.

He wrote back that the idea appealed to him and he would take it up with the publishers. They also agreed, so he rushed into the January issue the first two talks (in addition to my special article) so it was quite an Archer number. Mr. Brown had me come to his house in Tarrytown early in January. Then he and his eldest daughter, a college girl, visited the studio and attended the theatre with me afterwards.

When Allan's birthday came along I had him come to New York to celebrate. Miss. Brown and her father spent the afternoon with us, took in my broadcast (Jan 23d) and then Mrs. Brown and her oldest son joined us for a theatre party. We saw "Hay Fever," an unusual comedy. A very pleasant friendship has thus been established - Thus I end this volume eleven years and two months in the making.

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