

# The SUFFOLK JOURNAL



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

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

—Congdon.



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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

May 18, 1937

## SUFFOLK WINS UNIVERSITY DESIGNATION!

### The Builders

#### THE CHARTER CONTEST OF 1937

By Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.



Work started April 10 on very extensive alterations to the School house. The building will consist of three stories. The changes will include sixteen additional lecture halls, a large chemistry and biology laboratory, a University Library, will occupy an entire wing of the main building.

The new building will be ready for the use of the various departments in September, 1937.

State Auditor Thomas H. Buckley, '36, was one of Suffolk's most loyal and diligent workers in our legislative campaign for the charter of Suffolk University. "Tom" attended the hearings before the Committee on Education and worked effectively to present the claims of his Alma Mater to committee members who lacked information as to its merits.

Major John J. McDonough, '36, State Director of the Works Progress Administration, is another of our recent graduates who has taken time off to attend legislative hearings.

Walter V. McCarthy, '35 (LL.M. '36), State Commissioner of Public Welfare, is a veteran of Suffolk's various legislative campaigns. He spoke at the many hearings on the college charter in 1935 and also at our hearings on the current University charter.

Joseph A. Parks, '31, Chairman of the Industrial Accident Board, will soon be back at Suffolk for his annual series of lectures on Workmen's compensation. Professor Parks was Suffolk's first champion in the Legislature. To his distinctive and fighting qualities was due the victory of Suffolk's charter in 1932.

Now that victory perches on our banner with Suffolk's most momentous battle won, there is time to sit around the campfire and review thrilling incidents of the campaign.

When we gave notice last autumn that Suffolk would apply for a University charter, none of our Trustees anticipated much of a contest. In our victory of two years before when the Massachusetts Legislature gave us power to confer collegiate and other degrees there had been so little opposition that the progress of the charter through the House and Senate did not attract newspaper notice. Within three weeks from the hearing before the Committee on Education in February 1935, the bill had passed completely through the House and Senate and had been signed by Governor Curley. This experience had perhaps made us a bit overconfident.

To be sure the Commissioner of Education at an early date manifested opposition but then so had his predecessors on four previous occasions, 1912, 1914 and 1933 when Suffolk had appeared as petitioner. That there would be some opposition in the Committee we had expected but we had not anticipated an implacable hostile House Chairman of the Committee on Education. Such a fate awaited us this year, and, since the House Chairman is usually all powerful, the matter became very serious. The Senate Chairman, Albert Cole, was once a graduate of Suffolk Law School in the class of 1925 but his senatorial colleagues on the Committee were against us from the first. As it developed we had only two or three loyal forces in a committee of thirteen.

The first open objection to our bill was the allegation that its language was too general. We explained that we had copied the exact wording as it appeared in the charter of Northeastern University in 1935. The House Chairman, himself a graduate of that institution, declared that a mistake had probably been made in 1935 but that no such mistake could be tolerated in 1937. Inasmuch as we had no desire to establish any new departments except a College of Business Administration, we attempted to checkmate the Commissioner of Education and the House Chairman by rewording the Suffolk University charter that its powers would be limited to five schools. This apparently accomplished its objective because every informal report that came to us from the Committee thereafter was favorable. Strangely enough no official action was taken. Six weeks passed and at about the middle of March despite our earnest objections, the Commissioner of Education was given an opportunity to report on our second draft of the charter. We had offered the plan of second reference because it seemed to us that the Commissioner had already prejudged the matter. He had never visited the school nor had any of his agents ever seen any of the College of Liberal Arts or Journalism classes in session, neither had they visited the evening classes of the Law School. The second opportunity to vote was likewise ignored.

Then came the fateful day in April when we discovered that at a dinner meeting of the Committee on Education the night before, it had been voted to give the Suffolk University petition "leave to withdraw." As if this vote had not been enough, it now appeared that Senator Cole and Representative John F. Manning were the only two recorded dissenters. What had happened in the Committee to change an apparently favorable majority to a hostile array? Rumors there were in plenty of strategy in which it appeared that the House Chairman and the Commissioner of Education by skillful teamwork had prevailed against us. They had delayed the issue until the Legislature had reached the hectic days of its session when forensic battles were unpopular and both branches were inclined to follow the recommendation of a legislative committee. To attempt to overturn a committee report was declared to be a foolhardy hope. Some of our close friends and advisers told us frankly that we were beaten. Two months earlier in the session when all our students and friends had cheered themselves there might have been a chance they told us but now we had better accept the House Chairman's offer to permit us to withdraw our bill from the Committee before the adverse report could be filed. At this juncture Wolcott Frazer, of our Senior class, rendered valuable service to the cause. He was a personal friend of the House Chairman and of the Speaker of the House. However, because thoroughly conversed to the idea of a graceful retreat from our awkward position and at his behest the adverse report was held up until he could have opportunity to persuade us not to withdraw the bill. He did his best because he was genuinely alarmed at the desperate situation in which we apparently were, yet when we refused to be convinced he amply marshalled our support of our stand. The delay had given us time to marshal our

forces — an exceedingly important advantage. Various other Suffolk men accepted the House Chairman's assurance that Suffolk University had a fair chance in the House. An interview was arranged for Dean Archer with the House Chairman by Harold Benjamin of our College of Journalism staff and there was a lively debate in the House Library. The Dean finally told the Chairman that Suffolk had never crawled out of a fight in all its history and that we would scorn to withdraw the bill, choosing rather to go down to defeat in a pitched battle.

In the meantime, in response to our call for help, Mr. Shepard of the Yankee Network, our newest Trustee, had come into the picture. Mr. Bickford of the Yankee News Service and Roy Harlow, Manager of the Network, took the field in our behalf. Having learned that untruthful propaganda was being used against us in the Legislature the three former Amherst-Generals on our Board of Trustees came in with a smashing denial that reached the members of the House and Senate on the day the adverse committee report came into the House.

By this time through personal appeals to the various classes, we had marshalled all of Suffolk's strength with the result that nearly every Representative and Senator was being bombarded with requests to vote for the Suffolk University measure. Representative John F. Manning of Marlborough, a member of the Committee on Education and a discoverer from the adverse report, made a motion on April 13th to substitute a bill for the adverse report. Suffolk's representatives in the House, nearly thirty in all, joined in the activity on the floor. George I. Leary, mid-year '31, Edward P. Bacigalupo, mid-year '32 and Arthur V. Mahan of our Junior class made effective speeches in behalf of the measure while John G. Kerrigan, Fall River, and Ralph Clappett, Springfield, Charles W. Hedges of Quincy, and John H. Valentine of Uxbridge, all members of the Committee on Education, battled for a rejection of the charter. At length it was over, Suffolk won by the gratifying vote of 94 to 41. There was great rejoicing among the friends of Suffolk University because no one had expected such a smashing victory and the following day the measure was advanced to a third reading without opposition.

In order to safeguard our rights to immediate use of the University title, we arranged for the emergency preamble to be introduced on April 15th. When the measure came up for engrossment our opponents were again ready to do battle. A debate was precipitated by Representative Kerrigan who offered an amendment to strike out the provision giving us the right to establish a College of Business Administration. Representative Bacigalupo opposed the amendment and made a very effective argument. Representative Hedges of Quincy again appeared in opposition to Suffolk. The veteran legislator, Charles H. Morrow of Haverhill, who, twenty-three years before, had fought for the Suffolk Law School charter made an earnest speech in behalf of the University. Representative Kerrigan's amendment was lost in a vote of 63 to 52. Activity was then transferred to the Senate, our opponents declaring that they had the votes to kill the measure.

There was a hectic day of skirmishing in which three of Suffolk's stalwarts some joined those already lobbying for the measure. Judge Franklin W. L. Miles, Roxbury District Court, Class of '22; Archibald A. Gilks, prominently associated with the American Federation of Labor, '22 and Dr. Delbert M. Staley, President of the College of the Spoken Word, '19. With surprise and pleasure we found the bill was advanced to a third reading without opposition. The same thing occurred on the engrossment table and the bill went back to the House for enactment. The following day it was enacted in the Senate and on Tuesday, April 20th it reached the Governor's desk.

We had confidently expected a prompt signing of the measure, but because of the opposition of the Commissioner of Education, the Governor Hurley saw fit to hold hearings to determine his course of action. Prominent in these proceedings were Professor William H. Henshaw of the faculty, Auditor Thomas H. Buckley, Chairman Joseph A. Parks of the Industrial Accident Board, Senator Edward C. Carroll, Thomas M. Burke and Albert Cole. Since Senator Cole was Chairman of the General Committee on Education he was able to make a very effective speech in behalf of signing. The Commissioner of Education, the Governor graciously permitted Dean Archer to make the final argument.

After five o'clock on the afternoon of April 29th, Governor Hurley sent for Dean Archer in order that he might be present at the actual signing of the measure. Senator Carroll, Senator Burke and a large group of our friends were in the line with the Governor when the Suffolk University measure received the official signature of Governor Charles F. Hurley.

The Law and The Lawyer

LEGAL DAMAGE

Generally speaking, no tort action may be maintained unless there is legal damage accompanied by a breach of some legal duty...

The postmaster at Rochester, N.Y., was required by law to publish lists of candidates for letters on the newspaper having the largest circulation...

Although it is a general rule that compensation may be recovered for damages occasioned by the wrongful and intentional conduct of another...

In a passage, we are informed through the conduct of negligence pushing a decidedly passenger, whom he is in the process of spotting...

Spade v. Jones & Boston Ad. Co., 105 Mass. 285.

Where an advantage is derived by the public requiring the detriment to the injured party...

Where an advantage is derived by the public requiring the detriment to the injured party...

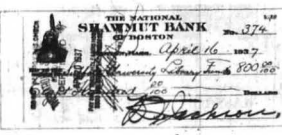
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We Gratefully Acknowledge..



"Valiant" and "Storm Signal" Please Large Audience

Ye Editor To Face Foughtlights In Commencement Play

Stephen Bellamy, 23, of Boston, and Mrs. Susan Lee, 28, of Lakeville, will be brought to trial June 14 before Judge William Strath in Suffolk County's Superior Court charged with the murder on last June 19 of Alfred Bellamy, wife of the accused man.

Mrs. Bellamy was found stabbed to death in a neighbor's cottage on the Beacon estate, orchards, in Ringmont. Bellamy and Mrs. Lee were arrested several days after the murder following an investigation by detectives of District Attorney Farr's office.

Bellamy and Lee will be represented by Attorney Harold S. Lambert of New London, Julius Sherburne, Southampton, Stephen Bellamy, Jr., of New Bedford, and an Ives, Harriet Kandler, C. I. A. in Stephen Bellamy, Jr. of New Bedford, and an Ives, Harriet Kandler, C. I. A. in Stephen Bellamy, Jr. of New Bedford.

Appearing as trial witnesses are Ruth Hilditch, Law Office, Mary Ann Snow, J. J. Gerard, Melville, Boston, William Kenney, Jr., 32, Providence Falls, George and Joffre Morice of the Law E. H. Hony, L. B. Defense Attorneys.

Wanda Lovell, Sara Doyal, Janet Doyal, John Randolph.

Storm Signal

The Valiant

Wishes Hilditch, Father Doyal, James Doyal, Josephine Paris, Dan Wilson.

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Trustees Announce Timely Gift To Suffolk Library

Dean Archer's Column

RALPH TEMPLE JACKSON, University Architect, is donor of the first important gift to the new General Library of Suffolk University...

His letter is addressed to Dean (Gleason L. Archer and reads as follows:

"Because of my seventeen years of pleasant architectural association with Suffolk Law and its affiliated departments, during which I have had the privilege of carrying out five projects I wish at the time of starting the month, to express my appreciation by a gift to the school.

It will give me great pleasure to donate forty per cent of the cost of the work, to a library fund for Suffolk Law School and the Suffolk Colleges.

I should like also to donate my services for the design of a library book plate, which should emphasize the aims of the combined libraries of Suffolk Law School, the Suffolk Colleges and the ultimate Suffolk University.

Dean Archer has accepted the gift in behalf of the Trustees. He has honored Mr. Jackson that whatever sum may be due under this agreement when the work is completed will be credited in setting up the new library and that a suitable memorial will be installed in the library in recognition of their generous gift.

A second important gift to the library comes from Dean Archer himself. He is donating his entire personal library, with the exception of some rare historical source books, to the University Library.

These books will be kept in a special section by themselves in the research portion of the library.

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Dean Archer's Column

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The happy outcome of our legislative content has brought joy to all of us. In my own case it means more than words can express.

For upwards of thirty years my efforts have been definitely toward this goal since thus only might my life work be established on an enduring basis. I can now feel not only that the past is secure but that irrespective of my personal continuance in life the institution itself will go on as a powerful agency for good.

Suffolk Law School has been the symbol of the open door of opportunity for those who must educate themselves. Suffolk University multiplies five-fold the measure of that opportunity. It is my dearest hope that before the time comes for me to relinquish the helm of Suffolk University, we may have added to our ranks of students, scholars and benefactors the multitude of worthy students who come to us with uplifted hearts but with empty hands.

We desire that Suffolk University shall serve as a great training school for the leaders of the masses - for the boys and girls who feel the eternal urge of ascension and who have the hardihood and industry while others are pleasure bent to give themselves their leisure hours to intellectual

in order to qualify for positions of leadership. Thus, by bestowing this institution may do much to safeguard the United States of America against the ever present menace of ungodly radicalism, the foe of true democracy. No man or woman under my administration as President of Suffolk University may have a place on our faculty in any department to propagandize for any European or Asiatic tenets inimical to the principles of government upon which this nation was founded.

Students in a classroom are like clay in the hands of their professors and a clever propagandist in the classroom with no one to answer him has the greatest opportunity to accomplish far-reaching mischief for the future of the nation. It is the price of academic freedom heeds enabled to strike at the foundations of the nation and under liberalistic academics freedom has first known among men.

Suffolk University will not permit such propaganda to be taught in its classrooms any more than it will permit other types of faculty to be promulgated under its auspices. We intend that Suffolk University shall be not only a haven of opportunity for the potential leaders of the masses but an institution where the highest standards of moral, ethical, and political philosophy will be taught.

Miss Agnes Carr, of the Boston Traveler, had faculty member at Suffolk University's School of Journalism, spoke last month before the Boston Junior Woman's Club at the Brockton Y.W.C.A. Her topic was "The Modern Girl."

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### Curriculum Revisions Are Announced By Registrar

#### Students Matriculating In 1937 Are Subject To New Requirements For Degrees

The College began with a three-semester program and was limited to one hundred and five semester hours. Beginning with students entering in September, 1937, candidates for degrees will be required to complete satisfactorily one hundred and twenty semester hours. Classes will meet Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings with session from 6:00 to 7:15 p. m., followed by a recess until 7:30 and a second session from 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., four courses being the maximum permitted to any student. Each full-year course will be rated at six semester hours credit while one-semester courses will be rated at three semester hours on the fifty-minute semester hour basis.

Any applicant of good moral character, who can present credentials covering fifteen college entrance units of high school work or the equivalent, may be admitted as a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science.

Applicants who have graduated from an approved high school and who can offer satisfactory credentials in the secondary course, may be admitted on probation.

All candidates admitted because of a permanent record of the College will not be returned to the student.

High schools and preparatory schools outside of Massachusetts may secure the syllabus of certifying their graduates for admission by proving that their prescribed courses of study are equivalent to the Massachusetts day high school standards.

Applicants who have completed, with a grade of C or better, subjects in a college of recognized standing and who present official transcripts of their college records will be permitted to enroll as students in advanced standing subject to conditions outlined below. All students so admitted must also fulfill the requirements for admission to the Freshman Class.

Not more than one-fourth of the credits accepted from another college may be of B grade.

No advanced standing credit from another college will be definitely allowed until the student has satisfactorily completed twenty-four semester hours of work in Suffolk. Whenever a student enters with advanced standing and later proves to be inadequately prepared in any of his preliminary subjects, the College reserves the right to require him to make up such deficiencies prior to graduation.

All candidates submitted because a permanent part of the College record and will not be returned to the applicant.

If a high school graduate of marked ability is unable to meet all specified requirements, he may be admitted as a special student upon recommendation of the Committee on Admissions.

A person of mature years who

unable to meet the entrance requirements may, under special circumstances, be permitted to take courses and receive a special certificate for those satisfactorily completed but may not be a candidate for a degree.

Registration of a special student is for one semester only. Registration will be refused if the student does not meet the required scholastic standing.

The school year consists of thirty-four weeks, extending from September to June. No student may take more than twenty-four semester hours in any one year, except that in the Summer School he may be permitted to take six semester hours additional.

The method of estimating credits is the semester hour which is the equivalent of fifty lecture minutes a week for one semester. Two laboratory hours count as one lecture hour.

For the degree of Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Education, Bachelor of Science in Journalism, a student must receive credit on 120 weeks hours of prescribed college work, forty-eight of which must be taken in Suffolk College. The last twelve semester hours of the degree requirement must be earned at Suffolk's college during the regular college year. The 120 semester hours must be obtained in accordance with a prescribed plan, in which no subject may be counted more than once.

Applicants for admission as candidates for a degree must present proof of general education to the Registrar at the time of registration. All such proof must be official transcripts. They will not be returned but will become a permanent part of the applicant's college record.

Testimonials of good moral character must also be filed at the time of application.

In the Suffolk Law School Building as erected in 1929 provision was made in the top of the building for living quarters for the Dean and the Assistant Treasurer. Because these officials were necessary on duty day and evening, it was understood, however, that these apartments would be turned into classrooms or libraries whenever the school needed the space.

Very extensive alterations to the school building are now being made in which the space occupied by the apartments will be taken by the General Library of Suffolk University.

Hereafter there will be no apartments in the school building except a small room off the Library for the Board of the School when it is necessary for him to be in town over night.

### New Journalism Chairman



John Shepard, 3rd, recently elected to the Board of Trustees of Suffolk University.

John Shepard, 3rd, president of the Yanket Network and of the Suffolk University, has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Suffolk University.

Mr. Shepard was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George A. Frost last Summer. The present members of the Board are Thomas J. Houston, former Attorney General, President; James M. O'Connell, former Attorney General, Vice-President; Gilman E. Archer, Secretary; and Hiram J. Warner, the only other member of the Board at present.

### A MAKER OF RADIO HISTORY!

The fifteen short years have passed since the early days of 1922 when radio and the art of broadcasting were barely in the embryo stage and considered by most as an amusing but rather expensive hobby to the day of nation-wide and international broadcast with lectures on the office and broadcast organizations in the forefront of the nation's great business.

At the advent of the new gadget radio, scores of tired business men belated the new diversion and, hark by the answerer, their wives, spent many an hour crowded, jostling with expectant eyes over a tangled mass of wire, components, coils and batteries. Their helpful ears tried to catch the first faintest of intelligible sound from the combination of gramophone, hisses and rattles that issued from their old-fashioned "ear lap" loud sets.

To most of the early devotees of the sound of the Air, the radio was strictly a toy, to be discarded on Monday morning for the more pressing matters of serious business. But, to one at least, John Shepard, 3rd, now President of The Yanket and Colonial Network, one of the largest regional networks in the country, who celebrated this year the thirty-first anniversary of his active business life, was granted the foresight to envision the possibilities of radio in the modern business world.

On July 31, 1922, when John Shepard, 3rd, was thirty-six years old, he broadcast his first radio program over Station WNAAC at the Shepard Store in Provincetown, Massachusetts. It was a two-hour affair in the opening of WEAS located in the Shepard Store in Provincetown, Rhode Island. WNAAC, inaugurated as a program, was later to become the nucleus of the present Yanket Network, embracing radio stations in the leading cities of New

Boston Part of January 5th carried a story of the event as follows:

"Radio fans were given a unique programme last night for three hours, beginning at 8, broadcast from the American Telephone and Telegraph station in New York, officially known as WEAJ, which was connected by direct wire with the Shepard Store station WNAAC, the two broadcasting simultaneously.

"It was the first time that an experiment of this nature was attempted, and it involved most delicate adjustments and connections to shut off the ordinary noise from the telephone circuits, especially over so great a distance."

"It was a high class program and was heard distinctly by amateurs in Greater Boston."

Once again John Shepard 3rd scored with the first network broadcast on permanently installed lines, an event which took place between WNAAC in Boston and the Shepard owned station in Provincetown, WEAS, was on October 12, 1928 and in the same year WNAAC became the key station in New England of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Another instance in which John Shepard led not only the country but the whole world — was the bringing into action on August 7, 1934 of the world's first commercial, single-tower, half-wave, vertical antenna broadcasting simultaneously WNAAC and WAAB programs on different wave lengths, one-half wavelength WAAE by several weeks.

In contrast to WNAAC's original two-tower antenna arrangement fifteen years ago, The Yanket and Colonial Network employ over two hundred antennas, antennas, technicians, operators, and office workers, and comprise one of the most elaborate broadcasting headquarters in the country.

On September 27, 1936, Station WNAAC became the Boston outlet of the National Broadcasting Company's basic Red Network and the key station of the reorganized Yanket Network of thirteen New England stations. On the same day, WAAB became a basic member of the Mutual Broadcasting System and key station of the newly organized Colonial Network of twelve New England stations.

The far-flung web of Yanket and Colonial Network stations manned by an army of over eight hundred persons, including executives, completely dominates Yankee and claims a listening audience of well over fifteen million listeners.

Many men younger than he would retire on their laurels considering their own job well done. John Shepard, 3rd, is made of a different stuff. Keener than ever before, he keeps as regular as clockwork as the humblest of his employees.

Perhaps the greatest reason for his success is that he believes in the value of little things in the building of the whole. This characteristic is reflected throughout the entire Yanket Network organization. Nothing is too small or apparently unimportant to escape his attention. He knows his business from A to Z.

Although he has seen great developments in radio in the past fifteen years, not a few of which have been fostered by himself, Shepard realizes that we have just reached the frontier of radio's possibilities.

What great developments await about there is no way of telling, but we may safely venture that the name of John Shepard, 3rd, will again be among the first of those who further the art of broadcast.

### DRESS CLOTHES

London Dress Suits, Custom Tailored In Rent and For Sale. Croston & Carr Co. 71 Summit St. Boston Second Floor





FREE LANCE WRITING

Free lance writers are usually gentlemen without jobs. They create their own work, and they are hard-hosed, for they push themselves harder than any employer ever humanly could.

If you feel the urge to write feature stories, there are certain things that you should know. First, newspaper editors are cluttered with feature stories written during the years from 1917 to the present. They will be in the process of dropping in the public print for the next fifteen years.

If you harbor any delusions about the independence of the free lance writer, a small illustration may change the picture for you. Bright and early Monday morning you will start out for town to interview someone you think will say something readable. But he will either give you too big a story to handle or say nothing at all of interest to your public. He will balk at being photographed. He will offer you a stale cigar, which you must accept, and smoke it until you are killed. When you have finally dragged a few interesting facts out of him, and are ready to leave, he will beam on you and want to know exactly what day the article will be printed. You will try to explain that a story you wrote a month ago has not yet come to light, but that you will try to hurry it up.

This stage of the game will have taken at least two hours of your time. Nervous and rather irritable, you may approach your editor. He will not be available, and you will wait another hour. Copy boys will trip over your tired feet. In a display of courtesy you will still over to the telephone just in time to catch with a nervous gasp a reporter. You will fret for and fume, and finally, completely exhausted, and begin to get hot under the collar. At this precise moment, however, the editor will appear on the scene. In trembling determination you will approach him. Although he will try to shake you, like a hunted animal, you will finally overcome him. You will read defiance in his every feature. He will puff cigar smoke in your face. Your eyes will be spread in the photon on the desk, thus obscuring the story. If he likes them he will read only a page or so of your masterpiece. This is the crisis. From here on it is every man for himself. His decision, affirmative or otherwise, will leave you cold, for you will be tired and hungry and probably asleep on your feet after ten hours of waiting, writing, revising, and the mad high-pressure salesman ship you have displayed.

A word in parting. Do not expect to be paid. Not within three weeks, anyway. I would warn you not to contract short-term loans on the strength of a forthcoming check.

But regularly, one day, keep your chin up, but do not beat with it. The free lance game requires hardness and PATIENCE. Remember, not so long and time in shooting.

J. P. COLLINS CO. New & Used Pianos 100 Summer Street—Lib. 913 All Repairs Buying—Selling Exchanges

Why Does She Wear Those Hats?

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the quest of the hour, pro-pounded by male and female alike, is: "Why does Mrs. Roosevelt wear those awful hats?" You may think this question a matter of trifling importance compared with the present state of Germany and the future of Jugoslavia, but if you should ever suggest such a thing in the presence of witnesses, you would be known forever as a small town, boy who is out of place in the big city. For common travelers in this country, and even abroad, know that when they visit some small town, the eager villagers will crowd around and ask eagerly, not for reports on the prospect of the next war, but will huddle breathlessly and ask if Mrs. Roosevelt has bought a new hat.

Strange as it may seem, I believe that I possess the key to the secret of the First Lady's choice in millinery. In my own small town I was using a simple, unostentatious, plain, sensible, and comfortable walking shoe when I thoughtfully believe to be the latest in spring style, it is a rubber shoe. I have heard it said that the check to be heard of in the neighborhood is a rubber shoe. I have heard it said that the check to be heard of in the neighborhood is a rubber shoe. I have heard it said that the check to be heard of in the neighborhood is a rubber shoe.

Of course there is a secret in choosing hats, as in everything else you know, and soon to the point who mistakes the angle of the nose, by a quarter of an inch. Personally, it is my habit to stand before the mirror in the privacy of my bedroom, take the hat which I have just purchased after much effort on the part of the subject, and place it on my head, gently but firmly. The result is usually a stupor, and I must wait until I am reduced to tears. When I recover sufficiently from my paroxysm of wrath to take another glance, I wonder who on earth I ever thought that had looked intriguing. After trying the peculiar-shaped hood, gear on at several angles, I at last was out of my misery, and I proceeded to create and don it in a very unbecoming manner with the other hand. The result is a cross between an Alamo mantan's cap and a "hats" (happily, former derby). Then I ruthlessly jam the finished product on my head and smile with satisfaction at the result, heretofore as it may be.

A few weeks ago, wearied by the ridicule of my family when I unearthed a hat which was a last-year's affair and informed all and sundry that I was planning to wear it this season, I took my map of Boston and proceeded to let out on my annual hat-buying expedition. Getting to town was easy enough, but finding the store I wanted was another matter as I was disappointed. Grasping my trusty map in one hand, I started on an appointment to meet my sister at one o'clock in front of Central on Winter Street. When I finally reached the appointed meeting place at three o'clock, I had explored every alley in the city. This was but a prelude to the misery which followed.

When we entered the military section of the store, the new arrivals of the New York Stock Market during the better days of the pre-war era. Salesmen were running about carrying armfuls of hats, customers were feverishly trying on the wildest looking creations and as quickly casting them aside, stock boys were pushing trucks full of bare heads from the door. I looked on, aghast at the prospect of ever finding something new in such a place. By this time my sister had pushed and shoved her way through the crowd, and she had a few yards to wobble and she found two elegant shoes, much to my surprise. But the prospect of finding a subject was absolutely zero.

Fortunately I had brought a book with me, and an hour later, when I looked up from my perusal of "Life Begins at Forty," a tall, dark, good subject was leaning over me, asking politely: "May I show you some hats?" I resisted the impulse to ask her what she thought I was waiting for, and informed her that I was no pleasure to wear hats, preferably in blue dress. She gazed away like a child slipping out of stockings, and I looked with a little of chagrin upon with which to christen her. "Stinky Stinky," she should have been a queen, I decided, as I watched her picking hats. Her head forms with horrible matches. Her sense of the dramatic was well-developed, for she stared up at me, then from nowhere produced a hat, and quipped in a hoarse voice: "That's that der time."

It must be understood that I am the dearest of whatever sister or brother you may have, but for it is my invariable habit to refer the subject to "helpless" whenever my words do not include in such remarks attention.

But when a thought occurs to me, "it will suit." This day was no exception, for when the girl, whom we shall call Susan, produced a hat and said, "This is the Shephard's model." I rejoined lightly, "It looks as though the sheep had been playing with it." Now, that didn't seem funny to me, because the hat did not look funny. But Susan thought I was kidding me, and she said, "I don't see how you can get the hat on my head. It is so tight that it will crush my head." I said, "You can imagine how a Shephard's dog would look on me if it resembled an inverted dish with a vision thrown on the front of it for good luck."

The next model was a jockey's cap, and when I caught a glimpse of it, I gasped. "To horse, to horse." By that time the salesgirls from the nearby tables were standing around to watch the fun, and since we are all actresses at heart, I put on a little show for them, pushing my sister's embarrassment. Soon I had offered a sort of hat, little thing for them, and I was sitting on the floor, my head like a party cap, with feathers flying in the breeze, and my sister looking on with a healthy complexion from the biting wind, a fine view of many amusing and interesting scenes. Fifth Avenue shop can be seen gaily decorated for the Easter season, and I look like a show cabinet in one of the hats, and that is how I found my new hat, for better or for worse. When I reached home, I read the hat in my usual way, and I rolled up like a ball, cocked at a peevish angle to the honor of my friends who tell me that it should be donated over the right eye.

Honestly now, do you blame Mrs. Roosevelt for wearing the old style hats? I put her in a place with Queen Mother Mary of England when it comes to wearing hats, very. If you could have looked in the window of the store on the day when Queen Mary bought a new hat recently for the coming coronation, you would undoubtedly have heard her son, George VI, King of Great Britain and Emperor of India, Dearest of the Faith, and by the Grace of God, ruler of the Empire Beyond the Seas, say: "Mother, who does she buy one of those little hats? You always wear the same kind of hat."

To think that the gracious Queen probably smiled with a wave of her royal hand for emphasis, "Now, George, how many times do I have told you that I wouldn't buy one of those hats, even if I were a girl!"

(Continued on Page 7)

IN OLD NEW YORK

Release from routine duties always creates a desire for relaxation and indulgence in those pursuits ordinarily denied. March vacation at Suffolk College afforded the opportunity to satisfy such a longing. What greater change in environment could be brought about than to abandon the old and familiar for the new and unexplored? The writer decided to forsake rural and conservative Boston temporarily, and to spend a few days in aimless wandering about America's largest city.

New York is truly a city of contrasts. Towering skyscrapers rear their heads toward the heavens, while in their very shadows stand small ramshackled shacks of squatters. Rockefeller Center's monument to man's genius, spreads its beautiful buildings over a wide area, while in the same neighborhood, ancient dwellings manage to escape the wreckers's axe. Above huge transport planes hurt themselves through space, while below antiquated street cars slowly move along crowded thoroughfares. The inhabitant of the East Side feverishly fights for existence, while the resident of Park Avenue, lavishes in luxury. Banker, bird, bookish, leader and butcher boy, rub shoulders in the pursuit of daily labor. The monkeys in Central Park have warm, clean, comfortable, simple food and every attention. In contrast, along the river banks the unemployed huddle in inadequately heated homes subsisting frequently on only the bare necessities.

Along a double-decker bus one acquires, besides a healthy complexion from the biting wind, a fine view of many amusing and interesting scenes. Fifth Avenue shop can be seen gaily decorated for the Easter season, and I look like a show cabinet in one of the hats, and that is how I found my new hat, for better or for worse. When I reached home, I read the hat in my usual way, and I rolled up like a ball, cocked at a peevish angle to the honor of my friends who tell me that it should be donated over the right eye.

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- Ernest R. Gysin, '36
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Teachers of industrial arts, commercial subjects, kindergarten, and of other special divisions of the educational system whose training for their professional work has been obtained in normal schools and teacher colleges and has included a considerable number of professional courses in the field of education are admitted as candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education from Suffolk College provided their previous courses of study have not constituted in all respects an advanced standing will be granted for credit in certain of the college's normal and teacher colleges.

For the degree of Bachelor of Science in Education the student must receive credit in 120 semester hours of college work, forty-eight hours of which must be taken in Suffolk College. The last twelve semester hours of the degree requirement must be earned at Suffolk College during the regular college year. The 120 semester hours must be distributed as follows with prescribed study in which no student may be counted more than once.

Why Does She Wear Those Hats?

...continued from Page 6...  
 "I wonder if..." These dinky little bonnets are like these new aluminum caps. I can't tell the back from the front. You remember how I tried to climb on the radiator of Lady Fitz Howard's new car last week, thinking I was getting in the radiator seat. You know how fashionable you and Lizzy were, that's why I stick to my old style hats."

Then George, wishing he had thought up the subject, replied: "Yes, Mother, I know just how you feel, and you are always right. Why, I wouldn't know if you were one of those little turban that Mrs. Stimpson (sister coach) wore in Edwards' court reception last August." And the subject is a closed book. The Queen Mother continues to wear her plumed hats. In the White House the honor is given to the evening, and the Bonnevilles, with the exception of

It must be admitted, I suppose, that there is a certain type of hitch-hiker who "hitches" his way about the country, purely for pleasure, tired-out after a night's watchman when he probably has more money going in his pocket than the unlikeliest motorist from whom he solicits a ride. Certainly this type is a public nuisance, but not the type I am concerned with here. I write of another type of hitch-hiker. He is the young man who, because of the location of either his school or occupation finds it almost impossible, financially, to get home for a week-end now and then. He must either forgo this pleasure or attempt to convince passing motorists that it would be quite safe to allow him to ride a bit in their automobile.

Young foreign correspondent is one of the best mentioned class. He is a Knight of the Road, and often a Bachelor of the Night, for what other time has one to travel if he-took work during the day? During the past six months I have travelled at least twelve hundred miles with odd-hearted motorists. And please don't for a moment think that those miles were covered with a certain amount of entertainment of multiple order.

Whenever that the motorist who picks up a "hitcher" feels that because the gentleman in question does not know him, he must entertain him with a sense of delight and inordinate amusements narrated to the very essence of truth. The most numerous type in this classification is the "tired-out" night watchman variety. He is generally a man about thirty-three years of age, wears a shop-lined coat of heavy, wears a Chevrolet car of questionable vintage. Often he is an ex-soldier who fought in the Spanish American war. He explains his unusual ability at night driving as being the result of picking the Maine line. HAYMA HARPER. Being with him, no motorist feels your fate will be little more fortunate than that of the sailor on that ship. Probably his great narrative ability comes from extensive thinking between naps at his work as night watchman.

Mother, Eleanor, are at dinner. His wife smiles slyly. "Well, Franklin, I see that I can't hide anything from you. If you must, and you must for her. She is to fly from Virginia and will be in New York in time for dinner." What the dearest is being served, a tall, slender woman hurries into the room. It is the First Lady, just ducking from a work to a Federal project.

she greets the family and then hands me into a description of her travels. Her daughter Anna is in receipt with "But, Mother, where is your hat?" Mrs. Roosevelt puts her hand to her head, then smiles frankly. "I'm afraid that bit of hair from the slave, somewhere over Baltimore. Call out the Secretary, a new one to me."

They all laugh at the talk, then Mrs. Roosevelt speaks. "But, Eleanor, the children tell me that you have had too new hat for months."

What are you going to do with you?"

It seems strange that you never wear in the evening, and the new hat, only the new ones."

I Am A Knight Of The Road

One kind-hearted young lady I have yet to classify was even more entertaining than any of the "tramp" men—who spent his life saving to a night watchman—keep his sick wife in a hospital, where she could get proper medical attention, only to lose her after a lingering illness. He loved his wife dearly and her death drove him to resort to liquor for relief from his piteous condition and he soon found himself in a hospital himself. His two young daughters were grief-stricken to see him in such a state and they tried to console him, but to no avail. I left his truck then away to his father's home to be cared for. They tried to console him, but to no avail. I left his truck then away to his father's home to be cared for. They tried to console him, but to no avail. I left his truck then away to his father's home to be cared for.

And so it goes. . . all too often right by, without even slowing down, as my rear light blinking like a cry in the cold darkness. But I do not feel any anger at the motorist who does not stop, even if he has room for another passenger. He can not know what type of individual is asking for a "lift." Perhaps the thumper is armed with a length of lead pipe to use on his head. I once never know. I have stood beneath a lane street light on a clear night to see the very brink of civilization, at midnight, with a combination of rain and snow falling from the blackness above. In the distance a pair of automobile headlights appeared. They began like a lighthouse in a storm. . . like a gleam in a sunny day. . . they were nearer, and just as they were about to pass me, they were described rather with that of a partner of a state institution who had been reported missing a few days before.

The charge has been made that not one has a Knight of the Road, and yet on one occasion at least, I have been thanked by the motorist for riding with him. One unfortunate gentleman, especially, is called to mind. He was driving a rattling truck when I showed the conventional sign which is interpreted as being a request for a ride, but it was late and no means of transportation was to be secured.

And so, in behalf of the hundreds of deserving members of our fatherless organization, I humbly beg of you. . . don't pass the Knight of the Road too quickly. Look him over carefully, and if you are favorably impressed by your inspection, take a chance and give him a lift. He also deserves who only stands and waits.

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I confess that I share Mrs. Roosevelt's view on old-fashioned hats. There is something friendly and familiar about a hat which one has worn for several seasons through all vicissitudes of weather. Give a man an old pipe and he is happy, but take away that pipe and give him the

His story was indeed pathetic. It was the history of a working man—who spent his life saving to keep his sick wife in a hospital, where she could get proper medical attention, only to lose her after a lingering illness. He loved his wife dearly and her death drove him to resort to liquor for relief from his piteous condition and he soon found himself in a hospital himself. His two young daughters were grief-stricken to see him in such a state and they tried to console him, but to no avail. I left his truck then away to his father's home to be cared for. They tried to console him, but to no avail. I left his truck then away to his father's home to be cared for.

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MISCELLANY (To Her)

I  
Her's light shines in her eyes,  
His bow tucks in her sighs,  
My passion runs at Mary's heels  
With every sin of her sweet breast.

II  
Like wind the speedy horse pass,  
While I gaze at you, Paros; alas!  
Apollo never felt such Love  
As mine for you, O lovely Lass.

III  
When wings of time its span hath spread  
Its comfort ever hearts that bleed,  
I know of one that will abide,  
A thrall of passion's strongest need.

IV  
She whispered sweet, "I am thy slave!"  
replied, "Then I am slave of slaves!"  
Narcissus 'd faint intrude the mystery,  
Which thee, dear me gives full mastery.

V  
From the distance all seems sweet,  
Close up something's dirt as meet,  
Dancers from both great and fair,  
For coldset ice can't melt a star.  
Edward Jacobson  
S. L. S., '39

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