

Journal II

Gleason F. Becker

Begun December 19, 1920

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1

December 19, 1926

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 ~~require~~ mean 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 high as the one of tomorrow, yet tomorrow is a new day and once success will efface the score of defeats - so here is to the coming day!

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

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 gained 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 constant 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 a class in Sunday school and has a class of foreign girls that meet at

allan 5ft 1 1/2 - 96

marian 4ft 8 - 67

je 3ft 8 - 43 1/2

598

298, 155

3

a. 18-a. 96

the Community House on Wednesday evenings.

As a wife and mother she has grown dearer every year. In these 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!

Allan has grown into a husky lad, very different from the skinny specimen of three years ago. He is not fat at all, but plump and rosy cheeked. He weighs 96 pounds and is 5 feet 1 1/2 inches tall. He attends the Boston Latin School (seventh grade) and is doing very well. He is somewhat too pugnacious (as well as pugnacious) for his own good. He is inclined to resent trifling indignities from other boys and the master marks him down for it. Of course I would rather have him this way than if he were the timid door-mat sort who submit to all bullying from other boys.

Marian is tall and skinny and has a wealth of dark brown hair. She is 4 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 67 pounds. She is getting on well in school and

is fact better in her grade than Allan
in his. She is fond of mathematics
while Allan does not care for it.

She and Allan are not at all harmonious.
They fight at every favorable opportunity
although their quarrels are usually
of the wrestling and scolding variety.

Gleason, Jr. is the one member of the
family who has undergone great
change. He is 3 feet 8 inches tall and
weighs 43½ pounds. He is still a very
handsome child, sparkling with life
and intelligence. As an artist he
promises to surpass either of his
elders. He draws a great deal and
insists that his pictures be inspected
and praised.

An incident occurred this morning
that illustrates the little chap's mental
power. He had in some way abstracted
a pencil from my pocket and the
pencil had an eraser, thereby enhancing
its value to a budding young artist.

But sister saw him at work and
seized the pencil. She returned it
to me. Shortly after she asked for
it not directly but by deploring the

fact that she had no pencil.

Junior very promptly offered her a stubby pencil of his own - a pencil whose eraser had long since worn out. She declined the loan. Whereupon the little chap became insistent. She turned away but he caught her by the dress and hung on in a most determined manner. I was so amused at the tableau that I ordered Marian to accept the loan and encourage her brother's generosity. She complied.

When a reasonable time had elapsed Gleason came to me and said

"Papa I don't have any pencil. Please let me have yours." Then I saw through his little game and how he had "put me over" on his sister. Of course he got the pencil!

Monday, December 20, 1920

Business today. The expected call from Mr. Mason did not come. A new party came to examine #45 Mt Vernon Street today. From the office of French & Hubbard, engineers but with no expectation of business in their section. Work on the new building is proceeding favorably.

Tuesday, Dec 21, 1920

Made arrangements this morning with Pres. Martin of Exchange Trust Co. that I shall receive ten thousand dollars per week for three weeks beginning today. This will help to tide over until something develops of a substantial nature I hope.

A meeting of the Board of Trustees was held this evening at the Parker House. We discussed our various problems and debated some matters of school policy. It was voted to increase the tuition to \$100 after this year.

Nothing developed on the mortgage. French and Hubbard probably not interested in #45 Mt Vernon Street.

Wednesday, Dec 22, 1920

A busy day today largely devoted to routine matters. Mr. Rush called me into conference with a broker who has New York City connections who may be interested in our mortgage.

Mr. Eastman wrote the expected letter declining to help our endowment fund.

Mr. Halloran notified me tonight that he would have somebody come to look at the new building tomorrow at

7
9:30 AM with a view to investment.
Mr. Mason the broker has not yet shown
up and present confusion in the stock
market is perhaps demoralizing the
situation so he won't dare to invest.

Sunday, Dec 26, 1920

Christmas is now a happy memory - happy
for the dear children and happy for my
love and me. Elizabeth and I read
nearly all day, taking turns, "Julia Paizi"
by Kathleen Norris. It was a very interest-
ing novel with a clear strong moral lesson
possibly somewhat overstressed by the
author.

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
loan until after Thanksgiving. Later
it has been until after the Christmas
holidays. This week the excuse will
be "until after the first of
the year". Thus it goes and I am
fighting with my back to the wall, still
trying to believe that the way will
unavoidably open, or that in some
way "the worst will turn best" for the

The plasterers have given me a great deal of trouble for they have no money or financial credit and cannot meet the payroll. I advanced \$1000 to them to pay them over Friday. Many firms who have supplied us with materials or have performed services under sub-contract 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 sale of used lumber to some of them on account.

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

Tuesday, Dec 28, 1920

Mr Ruch'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 Nason, 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 W R Evans to help reach ~~some~~ one of the banks (Provident Institution for Savings) that has already turned us down. He will try to make an appointment for 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 section of the Theatre Marquise.

Thursday, Dec 30, 1920
~~Wednesday~~

Mr Spillane reports that Col Logan has failed thus far but will try again. Mr Rusk 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 J M Swift to say that he will take up our matter

the first of next week.

Nothing has transpired in the sale of 45 W. Vermont 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 slip back the ~~post~~ building programme. When I receive an advance from the bank I study my situation carefully and decide how much is to go to 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 material must be kept in good humor or they might refuse credit when it is necessary.

I have sold the used lumber to Joseph Lemay for \$250. to apply on his bonus of \$500. which I promised him some time ago. Today I sold the putlogs for \$150. although the manufacturer, if he had

taken them back as he agreed would have paid only \$116. for them.

I have closed 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 hesitations 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 perils that may lie in my pathway. But ~~they~~ they have brought to me, I feel, a change in my inner life - a new seriousness and a new appreciation of my own very limited powers. I am quite confident 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 my 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 Gods plan - to utilize the imperfect instrument where no perfect one is available - in the furtherance of a cause, to forget the unworthiness of his standard bearer.

God only knows how I have prayed and lain awake nights and worked long hours to put through this building venture. How cheerfully I could put aside lifes 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 of the stuff upon which spiritual growth can ~~be~~ find sustenance.

I took Elizabeth, Mother S and Marian over

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 when 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 blown down the pigola on the bungalow grounds and gotten the doors of two outbuildings off their hinges.

Jan 3, 1921.

Chambles 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 so. The latters are still working, likewise all others of our force.

The brokers, H. L. Nison & Co visited the building today. They were not at all enthusiastic when

we parted they called for figures on 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 earnings this year and probable income next year. This result I took to their office in person and talked with Mr Hurlburt 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 the 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 elected chief. I wrote a letter to the tribe and sent them a paper to sign electing him 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

...reunited a trustee of the Methodist Church at a meeting of the ... conference tonight - this in spite of my prior refusal to serve. Well, I will accept in order to shake up some of the dry bones in that organization, although I don't relish taking any more responsibility just now.

January 4, 1920

Busy day. Plasterers still absent from the building. A second interview with Mr. Kurlburt has helped matters along. Heard a rumor today that the hotel was considering taking over the 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 that there was no truth in the matter so 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 study is still on, so far as the plasterers are concerned. This evening we started a special course on Mass. Income Tax.

given by Irving L. Shaw, the head of the State Income Tax department. About fifty are in attendance. I am much pleased at the outlook for 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 am ^{afraid that} very near a nervous breakdown.

The matter of sale of 45 Mt Vernon Street still holds fire although Mr. Street's office feels that a sale to the oil company is pretty certain in a short time.

The plasterers are still on strike.

Jan 7, 1921

There seems to be no end to the delays that ~~can~~ wait for our mortgage proposition. Mr. Nason's office telephoned today that

because of illness Mr. Mason would be unable to take up the matter today.

I heard today that the plasterers were offering to return at 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 Ting".

He uses a great deal of license in dealing with the old fables he has heard and his changes are usually surprisingly good. A long ago he asked me to tell him a story and teased so hard that I finally told him what I was doing and sat down.

beside ^{him} on the sofa, pretending 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 grand-
 ma 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 "picknicker"
 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 bidding 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 now 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 ^{well as the week} ~~gross~~ like as the first, disappearing as it seems almost within my grasp, and I am left in the darkness, the only glimmer of light being my determination to carry the burden as far as it is humanly possible to carry.

And really as I survey the whole matter have accomplished three hundred fold what I had believed possible one month ago. If anyone had told me that I could stall off the evil day and keep the mill running until the 8th of January without a solution of the financial crisis, the meantime I would not have believed it. 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 banks do offer us anything it will probably be on such a highway-robber terms that it will be a very joyless deliverance. But it

would be in keeping with sudden disappointments of the past few months if they ended by some excuse as to the hard times and their inability to raise so much money.

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

Jan 10, 1928

Well, there is nothing yet from the Probers except that some doubt has been cast upon their ability to handle the proposition. Mr. Mason telephoned to 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 of 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 trail of blasted hopes. The same is

time 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~~ 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 purchase
the building at 45 Mt Vernon Street has
now been settled - and they have fallen
down! Mr Swift and I had a long con-
ference 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 con-
sidering several alternative propositions,
including the second mortgage bonds,
note or stock issue on 10% or 12%.
No news for the plasterers yet.

Wednesday, Jan 12, 1921

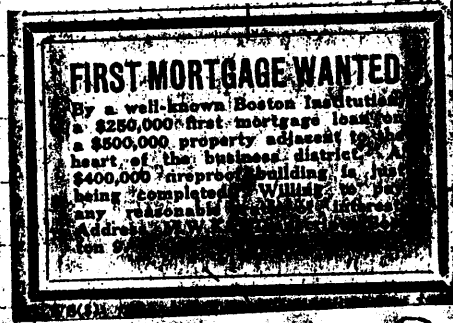
Nearer the verge of despair today than I have
been for a long time. For nearly a week
have been labouring under a heavy
load. Last Sunday I was sick and

but since then it has fluctuated. In the 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 tomorrow.

Tonight I had an advertisement in the Boston Transcript which read 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.



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. ~~Porter~~ called. We had a lively session finally ending in an agreement to pay the Union \$301. on Nicholson & 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 that if he blocked my efforts to continue the work his firm would be liable for damages. ~~to~~

~~establish~~ 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 tagles 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

club delegates waited on me and we had an exciting meeting.

They wanted to know the real situation with Cathcart's contract. I convinced

them that 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 that 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¢ 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 that Mr Swift and I have an appointment with Mr Mason for 1 P M tomorrow.

Exams again tonight.

Jan 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 case to them, but would need some money for expenses of the trip. Of course I did not take kindly to such a proposal.

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

This being pay day I was put to it to put out my pay roll, so was unable

to wait the second man who answered my ad, so postponed the interview until tomorrow.

Mr Swift and I held a long consultation 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 Rev. Dr. Johnson at 5 P.M.

Exercises 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 not 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-contractors because of a strike. The precedent thus 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 committees action in our case - but nothing can be done to injure us.

It was therefore a piece of marvelous good fortune that forced 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

written 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~~ not only refused the increase
~~offered~~ demanded by the men but has issued a
 new wage scale calling for a 10%
 reduction to begin Thursday.

The president of the Building Trade
 Council is John Carroll the very
 man who pulled the "Sympathetic
 Strike" on us last summer (I was
 today informed by Mr. Dobb that Carroll
 had now come to regard me very highly,
 in spite of our clash last summer)
 Carroll looks a scraf 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 by their voluntary acts
 they have made it impossible to con-

plete our work. I believe this renders them on the Employer's 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 a most fortunate beginning with the Unions. Delegate Dobbs came in for an hour's talk with me this evening and I sent word through him that I was planning to take over all contracts and pay the present wage scale.

While I believe it is for the best interests of the public that wages come down, yet there is no reason why Suffolk Law School should be made a victim in the fight if there is any honorable way of that will leave the real issue to be fought out 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 couldist 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 bath room 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 pictures have done excellent work today. I have some hope that the strike will not occur, for believe the employees association will pay the present wage scale if they can have a year's contract with the unions.

Today also I began operations on behalf of the Big Chief and publicity. I called the Boston Herald (Sunday editor) and the result was that the feature writer Miss Ellum will come for an interview with Mr. Simms, and Miss Vaughan, who has already been ~~at~~ here. She and a photographer called this afternoon, and I assure her story will be tomorrow. Miss Ellum will write for the Sunday Herald.

The last exam of the First Semester is held tonight.

William J. walked on the Common with his father this afternoon. In the course of his walk he espied the moon and became greatly excited. "My precious, Massa," he cried; "the moon

is broken."

She smilingly agreed that 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 rained into it. Stars don't rain. 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! H L Nason Co notified Mr Swift today that they could not handle the loan. We are now about as near a solution of our problem as we seemed to be three months ago - except that then there were many hopeful prospects and we had not learned from hard experience the world of disappointments that lurked behind ~~the~~ 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 later telephoned that he had

changed his mind.

At 2:50 (Mr Swift as already indicated having heard ~~from~~ ^{that} Mason (his last hope) had given up the fight.) I went with Leo Spillane to interview Alvan J. Fuller 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 him and also see him again.

When I returned to the new building I found Mr Boynton there, also one of the subscribers as well as a committee of thinkers - all wishing to see me. Having disposed of all I accompanied Mr Boynton to the Trust Co in the hope of seeing Sumner Swig.

By good fortune we saw him and had 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 quite a fund in donations or loans.

This evening I wrote to John J. Martin of the Exchange Trust Co about suggesting a broken

to place a seventy thousand dollar loan suggesting that we would pay a \$5,000 commission. This is a diplomatic move for my hope is that JGM may not let this \$5,000 wander far 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 the money.

Chief Simms is attracting quite a bit of attention. A photographer for the Boston Record was here today to photograph him. He was also photographed by Baeharoch ^{one of} the leading photographers today (for the Boston Record). I shall get him into the movie news soon.

Thursday, 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 ~~had~~ told him that we did not favor renting the 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 and carpenters and laborers are with us. The work of laying floors in the apartments began today.

Chief Simmons was featured in the editorial section of the Boston Record today - 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 the war began! There was an hour or two in the afternoon when I ~~had~~ 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. 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 up our financial condition. I was very frank with him, telling him our predicament, with abundant assets, but no way of realizing upon 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 banker 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 fight.

I 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 double Commissioner's 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 Stein's contractor is calling insistently for money, ^{also} the heating contractor, the clock maker, Swift-M. Nutt and others.

Saturday, Jan 22, 1921

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

In the morning mail came a letter from Martin of the Exchange Trust Company, a cordial and friendly letter, ending by asking me to call. Later I talked with Martin by telephone. He is leaving for Montreal tomorrow but told me to call on 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 father had to be deposited).

Mr Swift called to tell me the distressing news that a lawyer representing the Shaws contractor was in ~~the~~ 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); thus 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) ~~which~~ who had been here ten days ago, called with a committee and went over the building. From their approving words and outspoken pleas 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 week as such in its turn the possible week of victory - for victory is now a will-o-the-wisp, receding ever farther from my grasp. Months of prayer and struggle have availed nothing except to prolong the heart-breaking 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 only more bitter and is tying up three of our most important sub-contracts; with the hundreds of failures 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 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 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 to 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 ~~is~~ 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 professed 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 had done quite enough for Ghasem 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 unregard faith, my Kaiser Bill delusion that God was with me, is like to prove undoing. However, that delusion will not leave me ever yet. I still come back to it in the silent hours of the night when weary of thought and anger and anguish of spirit - and dreams pursue me still.

But when I go down for the count

(and the great referee counts ten with
and then 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 ~~the~~
what is left of the wreck and begin
to build anew. However I can be
ruined financially or the physical
property of the school can be swept away
yet ~~the~~ Suffolk Law School still will live
on independent of these things. A crisis
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 finan-
cially and the school which I have created
a strong institution that may live after
me.

These things assured I should most
willingly quit these scenes of turmoil
and soul weariness for the quiet of oblivion.

But it does seem cruelly hard that
the day schools can roll up 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 dominion
must go down in defeat - unable to
secure judgment 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 measured 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 hours last night
tossing mentally with many problems. It is
source of wonder even to me that my
strength bears up under the strain of this
terrible nightmare in which I live. I
am obliged to sign a note for the roofing
contract today.

I am living from day to day - meeting
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 ~~to~~ one grain of comfort in the situation - I have steadily refused to permit my dear wife to ~~invest~~ loan any of her money to the school during this 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, ~~for~~ 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 name is chiseled across its great white forehead.

But now if 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 it was a young fellow who had been three injured on the job and ~~also~~ ^{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 for 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 surly to "Fred" the labor foreman and had talked when he should have worked. We called the culprit before us and he made rather a lame defense. Joe was hard hearted and declined to take him back unless I insisted. So I was obliged to insist, thereby making our foreman 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~~ ^{heard}, for 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 lift the ban from our plumbing, heating and lighting.

contracts.

At noon however the tide turned and my gloom was somewhat relieved. Representative of Mr. O'Hara, the broker added to our quest a few days ago (introduced by Mr. Mann 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 Rusch'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 showed in and started to show a client over the building. This client I found was from the office of "Cram and Ferguson" the well known architects. I piloted them over the building. The result was apparently "hopeful".

We laid off twelve plasterers today, so had a pay roll to get out. Several students registered. Conferences were

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many, but I managed to keep my appointment at Smith's Office at 2:30. The "client" was Reginald Boardman the well known real estate operator who has a real client who has 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 take the second and have the first paid off. ~~It~~

Mr Mann 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 this 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 thin air.

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

Jan 26, 1921

A strenuous day with our labor problems. The ~~Board~~ committee of labor leaders have refused to permit any tile work in the new building unless the contracts for plumbing, heating and electrical work are previously cancelled and relet to new contractors who stand well with the unions. So arbitrary and unseemable 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 bath rooms in accordance with our plans. I was therefore obliged to write out another plan. We will finish the floors with red master builders 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-contract 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 Heddell, vice pres of the labor ~~and~~ unions a list of the employers association and the correspondence leading to the strike - valuable information indeed!

Mr Halloran has not yet gone to New York. Mr Mann has not succeeded in reaching his second mortgage party. Mr Lusk is still working. Today at 4 P M I met him, Mr Smith and Reginald Boardman at 50 State Street. The three of them

aged 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 Bush 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 a belief that he could
take \$150,000. After Mr S 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
and took 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 nice 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 astounded 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 & heating work.

Saturday, Jan 29, 1921

The hand of the Employers association has now appeared. Late this ~~PM~~ afternoon I received a demand from Barber Company's lawyer for \$16,500 on ^a their contract. They know that 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 action on the part of the association. I forgot to mention on ~~Friday~~ ^{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 ~~try~~ 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 Employees Association Campaign.

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'm glad to see you, but what's the object of your being on the job?"

"Oh, no? guess not," he replied.

But Mr Feely was there and also some of Brownings former employees. Before I left it appeared that Browning was there with a kit of tools and was putting 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 a strike.} it would be impossible for him to work on the job while the striking workmen were there. I urged upon him the fact that ~~the~~ his presence would tie up the whole job, for all of our union men would quit. He made motions to leave so I went to the basement and found Mr Barber and his lawyer ~~was~~ 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. Fred 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. Bush came to the building at 4 P.M. with two men in whom he has financial hopes. I hurried from conference with Mr. Swift to meet them, but frankly I expect their attempts to raise the money to be like the others.

Mr. Meylin telephoned early in the ~~day~~^{at} about noon time to tell me that he had a man that might take half the bond issue of Mason would take the other half. I telephoned to Mr. Mason 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 PM division. All things considered this day, with its three hours of teaching in the evening, has been a most strenuous one.

Tuesday, February 4, 1923

It is hard to keep track of events in this Journal, owing to lack of time for writing. The battle with the employees association is on. I have taken measures to safeguard against our pay roll money being attached.

Rogers, attorney for Barber, has started something, so Mr Swift's office reports. Mr S is ill with meningitis and his secretary, at his request, telephoned to Rogers asking for delay until he could confer with him. But Rogers replied that the request came too late.

I have received two letters from Mr Hurlburt - one for Barber & Co and the other for 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 any such 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 2nd floor. The walls coating 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 Mason 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 ditch. The condition is so desperate now that we must accept any offer that will get us through the present dilemma. Physically, I am all in. Have had a real headache all day and find it difficult 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 now time

Memorandum In Re Edwin C. Lewis Company.

February 2, 1921.

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 were 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 stated 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 who 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. Queeney, the delegate of electrical workers arrived at the building at 10:40 A.M. I called Mr. O'Sullivan into conference having Mr. Lemay, 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 of faith and as a second breach of their contract, the first of which we had 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 and 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 that he proposed to stay. I told him that if he attempted any such a thing I should treat him as a trespasser, call a police officer and have him ~~objected~~.

ejected.

About 11:30 A. M. I returned to the building and found Sullivan there. He requested permission to wait until a member of the firm could arrive. This permission was granted until the party expected arrived. He assumed, however, the same attitude, declaring that his men were on the job to work and would continue to work 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 that 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 restated our case to the officers. At first I told them that we would not permit them to reenter the building. They objected on the ground that they had property there and that they had a 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 in 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 were acting under orders and that they could not test out the state of the conduits without fishing 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^{PM} 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 ~~the~~ tomorrow morning.

Thursday
~~Wednesday~~, Feb 3, 1921

What a day this has been!
 As I was about to sit down to breakfast one
 painter came to #45 to report that the
 work was held up by a strike over the men
 who were there again. Jumping up
 from the table I finished my toilet at double
 pace and hurried to the scene, made
 clear through. But all was quiet.
 The labor foreman was guarding the
 door and no one could enter without a
 pass from me unless they could produce a
 work card. Mr Hayden's alarm had been
 caused by the fact that Mr Moriarty had under-
 stood refused to allow anyone to enter the
 building until Joe arrived, and the various
 workmen had gathered in a throng around
 the doorway. Of course I was relieved
 but my digestion ~~was~~ 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. Mrs 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 has 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

light. Then I got busy by telephone, talking
 to Mr. Rush, Mr. Mason, Mr. O'Hara and
 the others. ~~Then I called~~ Having
 decided to accept I went to Smith's
 office and explained the occurrences of
 yesterday and today. We adjourned to
 Boardman's office and both men
 agreed that the suits would not interfere
 with the loan, for we could get the thing
 through quickly and their man would
 not be scared ^{at any event.} But a difficulty arose
 when they proposed to have the title handled
 by Ruckman & Brewster. I refused
 point blank to consent to that office
 unless we had a definite agreement
 for a satisfactory ~~to~~ charge. Mr. Board-
 man feels confident that he can
 arrange it.

While this loan is not as 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 peculiar 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} ~~passage~~ about midway of the 71st Psalm. It fairly put me on my feet, restoring my courage to its old state.

"Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

For mine 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 fairly 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 Swig 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 the Registry and found that two real estate attachments (\$50,000 and \$5,000)

I told Mr Boynton of
 a reporter who desired a story and ~~told~~
~~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) that not to run a story. He finally
 agreed to keep it out of the Post until I
 had time to sign up for the loan.

Friday, Feb 2, 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. Rackeman & Brewster
 have agreed to do the title for \$500, but
 made an awful row over it. Mr Bond
 man 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 payroll out by twelve o'clock.

I am now working on the problem of securing bonds to release attachment for they will have to be removed next week for the loan will be ready in ten days, so says Smith.

I have asked Mr. 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 especially kindled against one of our own students, Archie Gillis, whom I had sent to the job thinking that he would work for the school with real spirit. But it seems that he worked as hard at story telling and joking as at steamfitting. 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 to 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 school. He has always been quite a nuisance with his long spits 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 old 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

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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 am.

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

A new attachment for \$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 promises cooperation in every way.

Monday, Feb 7, 1921

It is now after ten 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 today 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.

But my greatest cause for rejoicing is that the mystery of the mortgage of our building loan has been lifted and lo! it is the Suffolk Savings Bank. They turned me down cold two months ago. They refused Mr Rush and now they calmly take the loan through Reginald Boardman.

Mr. Vahay 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.

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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 of it as already assured, because it truly seems that with the great victory won the outcome is now certain.

Mr Rand of the Rackeman office sent me the votes which he desired to have ~~just~~ voted upon by the corporation which met today. We have taken the necessary action. A building 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 Mann has offered me a second mortgage proposition that sounds pretty good.

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

jozaf and fero.

Once there was a man namd jakab. he had twelv sons. the yongst was jokaf and bengmn. jozaf was biggr than bengmn. his ten brathrs were gelas of himcazz thar frthr liked him the best. the nekst day jozafs brathrs said 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 nekst day jozafs brathrs said wat have you dremd to-day. I dremd the moon and strs boud down befor me. evn his frthr didnt like this drem. o. a day jozafs frthr now you go out to help your brathrs feed thar flok of sheep. jozaf woked a long time. at last he saw a man and 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 dremr 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. afrtr that they sold poor jozaf. then they took a kid of a gote and killd it. they put the blad on jozafs coat of many calrs. they made bleev a willd beest dvowrd him. one of jozafs brathrs dame to dror poor jozaf out. 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 and he said its my sons coat. a willd beest has dvowrd him. jozaf was sold to egap and was a slav.

Now there was a king namd fero. he had an ofsr namd potffr. but potffr 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 potffr that jozaf mokd her and koddrikto her. this made potffr ongr and he detrmend to put poor jozaf in

prizen. findly the chef bakr and the chef batlr were put in jale. they had a drem and they wond 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 fero will tak you out of

prizen and chp off your head. and jozaf told the batlr when fero takes yo out of prizen you tell him to tak me out. a year a too after fero had a drem and he wond to no the mening of it. his wiz men kdnt tell him. the batlr told fero that jozaf kood tell menings of drem. fero told him I sa too stoks of corn besid a brook. thar came some nies fat cows and ate it. jze said the to storks are to days and in to days it will be famin so you bettr get all the food thar is. fero said you will tak kar of it and jozaf did. he made jozaf rollr of egpt. in kenen it was fann to and his brathrs hrd thar was food in egpt. when they went thar jozaf wond to no if they were still bad he said Ill tak simegn to prizen. the brathrs went bak to kenen and told jakub. hs 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

Today chiefly devoted to negotiations and interviews. The Barker case has given me a bit of trouble since he claims \$1600. more than Dan 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. If the surety bonds go through we will pass papers tomorrow.

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

Thursday, Feb 10, 1921

At last, thank God!

The first mortgage of \$225,000 from the Suffolk Savings Bank was placed this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. For four months I have labored unceasingly toward this goal. 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 2:00 PM did I get the ~~release~~ bonds to release attachment. We were to pass papers at 3:00. At about 2:10 Mr Kaul telephoned that he must have the written assent of Geo A Frost, James M Swift and Thos J Boynton (Trustees of the Bond mortgage of last winter) on the mortgage.

With no real hope that we could reach these 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 Barber counsel had gone to the Registry. We telephoned for delay and he returned to his office subject to call.

Then Mr Cleveland telephoned that he had gotten signatures of Mr Frost and Mr Swift and was on his way back. Mr Boynton's whereabouts was uncertain. Mr Tibbets of 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 to the Suffolk Savings Bank to send down the money but the man to draw it ~~was~~ had not returned from lunch.

I hustled about on Mr Boynton's trail. Then Mr Tibbets returned but he 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 Caraker, 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 on 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 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 Wessie
Street by the last of next week.

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 the investment if it looked good. We discussed the matter and the broker assented 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 the proposition tomorrow. He surely has my prayers and ~~best~~ 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. H. Hurlbut Esq the attorney for the Employees 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 Hurlbut, unless we settled the whole case) I paid them \$600 and reserved our rights in the matter.

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proposition.

A serious blow to me just at this critical time is the closing of the Tempt Trust Company in which I have \$1000 or more and the school double that 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 on 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 stormy 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 snow storm 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 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 pay roll day and I have just about enough in the Treasury to meet the call of today. The second mortgage matter is still unresolved and I am full of concern at the outlook. Mr. Rush declares that he is sure of a \$50,000 loan but at 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 ~~is~~ the issue. Our creditors are clamoring.

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 ones 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 offices of the First Peoples Trust and called upon J. Harry Neal the President. He proved to be a very keen

business man 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 a 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 Harroville] I was yassker 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 4:30 P.M. to act upon the mortgage.

Mr. Neal called about 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 moving I had not taken special 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 of a very different type from Mr. Neal. Try as I ~~could~~ did I could not throw him out. Before settling down to our task I took him over the building. But he had one thought only - receipted vouchers "for 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 expended
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
recalled 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 now the auditor, despite
his formidable office was much less of
a man with one idea. He was ^{very} agreeable
personality. My ~~tabulation~~ tabulation
was worthy of consideration. But he was
under orders to take of ^{my} memos ^{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 created a bale of vouchers that I
knew would ~~rejoice~~ rejoice the heart of

my inquisitors.

The auditor came next morning to find 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 week end 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 the 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 PM) I am now in the Hanover station with a happy and successful afternoon at the farm behind me. I have been pruning apple trees on the bungalow lot. I also dug some parsnips in the garden and was much astonished to find that 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 week end, leaving Miss Cariker, 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. At about the second sneeze after I awoke I ~~was taken with~~ "dropped a stitch" in my back and suffered agonies for hours. Every breath made it seem that a knife was being thrust into me. I have but ~~just~~ recently recovered from the ailment.

A new departure at the 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 the students. The boys are taking to the plan very well. More money came in this week than we have ever before received in a single week.

Tuesday, March 15, 1920

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~~ the whole programme. The lawyer for the First State Peoples Trust decided that unless we got releases from all holders of our second mortgage it would not be safe to take the investment. This ~~was~~ would involve weeks and perhaps months of delay. ~~This~~ This difficulty arose yesterday morning. I finally suggested that we give a bond to indemnify the mortgagee. This will be satisfactory if we can get it. A. A. Drury is working on it, but it is doubtful whether he can get it through without collateral or an indorser. We cannot give sufficient collateral, nor can we get a satisfactory indorser.

Wednesday, March 16, 1920

I have never 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 the bitter cup of defeat. But I am sore because those who might help me without cost to themselves or risk to their purses will not help me. I am left to my gethsemane and there is apparently no deliverance.

~~There is a ~~lot~~ ~~of~~ ~~money~~ ~~back~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~firm's~~ ~~facilities~~.~~ 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. Reed says that there are others who desire the money and that he cannot hold it for us long.

Thursday, Mar 17, 1920

3 P.M. There is still a fighting chance and I am certainly fighting. Mr. Rush is hard at it and has just telephoned me that he thinks Drity has a feasible scheme. Mr. Hitchcock to whom I have just telephoned

says that if Drity will give the bond he will be satisfied. Drity has been there and he understands that the matter rests between me and Drity. Meanwhile I await his coming with great interest.

Later - Mr Drity's proposition did not make a very 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 waivers 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 indorsement 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 Cosmopolitan 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 ~~bad~~ serious difficulties as well
 as obtain such proof as would satisfy
 the Trust 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 out
 inducements for the debentures.

Sunday, March 20, 1921

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

My bond issue plan has made great
 progress. Thursday night ~~was~~ 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 issue \$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 of our present student body.

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

Tuesday, Mar 22, 1921
~~Monday, Mar 21, 1921~~

At last the deed is done!

I returned to Boston on the 8 AM 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 had called in \$10,000 of Second Mortgage bonds and replaced them

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

with debenture.

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 by allowing a 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 indorsement 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.

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Tuesday, March 24, 1921

I turned over \$8,000 of bonds yesterday, and have released thus far about \$35,000 of the fund 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} ~~an~~ 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 \$2,000 in the payment of bills.

I went to Nowell Saturday and brought up the car, leaving 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 this not a grand culmination of my year of struggle?

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

We received quite a bit of publicity. The globe had a wonderful write up of

the 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 a purse 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 occurred 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 had begun to come in 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 "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. Eynight and I are working diligently on plans for advertisement and developing the place.

Two or three ideas of mine have been put into operation. One is to open the theatre Saturday mornings for children with an admission charge of 11c. 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 waiver without an order of 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 J. We took along with us Mrs Theo Dyer of Church Hill who has been visiting us for the week end. The weather was cold and raw. I did some work on the apple trees and devoted the balance of the time until 3 PM to the flower garden, planting tulips etc.

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

Thursday, Apr 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 the Cosmopolitan has now definitely refused to permit annotation on the bonds. This means that until I can sell 45 Mt. Vernon St. ~~to~~ 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 very sorry figure to doubt now after all the wonderful leading that I have had in 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 Lincoln 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 Allen 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 Nowell. I am hoping that 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 ~~and~~ so that the Moriarty family 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 ^{outings} part of the journal and realize more keenly than ever ~~what~~ 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 ~~never~~ ^{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 our lecture rooms during the day and very prospect of 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 song of thanksgiving is in my heart continually. ~~and~~ 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} do that 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 our expenses, we changed to a three day run instead of

a play running the full week).

But nothing could stem 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. Swright on the payroll all summer, for having given up his position as treasurer of Boston Theatre to be our manager I felt in duty bound to carry him through until the new theatrical season. (and not to be paid for until ready)

The pipe organ which was supposed to have been ready when the theatre opened in April 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 it 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. But 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 Suffolk theatre.

I have set a limit of two thousand dollars is 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. He is 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 ~~the~~ 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 truly 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 the school.

This event I knew presaged a great boom for the school now in its new home. How great that boom 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 for the new 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
sager request. Finding that his
school operated only during the day
I saw at once that the building
might be made to accommodate ~~the~~
~~both~~ both schools.

At our annual meeting in May I
secured ^{from our 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 its terms they are
to pay to 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 times.
I have met the situation with utmost
caution. In some cases even 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 strikes ^{across} ~~the~~ "Frenzied Finance" I put the thing up by the Cosmopolitan could not be salvaged, I went to Pres. 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 for \$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. million ~~plan~~

Every indication points to a gross revenue this year ^{(with the next fundal} of \$100,000

What a wonderful help in our hour of need! My most optimistic estimates of 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 half in Nowell to celebrate our fifteenth wedding anniversary. Miss Caraker stayed with the children in Boston, so we were very carefree in our grand old farmhouse. I gathered my apples while there.

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

On Wednesday I decided to "can" the theat

except on Wednesday and Saturdays when it would not interfere with the school. This plan would reduce expense 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 demonstrate the play to the State officials of 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 what their

101
publicity plans were - aeroplane
advertising and all sorts of real
publicity. I saw a great opportunity
to put Suffolk Theatre on the map.

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

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 play
houses in the city. It will do for the
theatre what ~~my~~ ^{my} legislative scrap
with Governor Foss did for the school.

My gratitude to God for his wonderful
leading in the matter is boundless &
wonderful kindness is so far greater than
I deserve that I marvel at such 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 (Stearns Knight) which I purchased not long ago. The car had been used some, so I bought it for \$2500 (trading in my Willys Knight for \$1000) 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, ~~October~~ 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, Rexford C. Farnsworth, expects to close the bargain with me tomorrow. He has been in daily hope of so doing for nearly two weeks but has thus far been unable to raise the first

quarters rent (\$3000) which must be paid at the signing of papers, otherwise I don't sign.

I have been working out new plans for #4/5 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 matters of discipline yet there are no more than might be expected in so large a school. ~~and~~

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 was 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 and more disgusted with the whole business and consequently more independent. Farnsworth finally got Victor Kaufman 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 months rent in advance. They are losing money at a desperate rate, the audiences being much smaller than our small audiences of 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 dollars in ~~breaking up~~ ^{establishing} the new theatre they ought not to lease it. Doubtless they did not believe that my prophecy would be fulfilled so emphatically as ~~it~~ ^{the case} is now ~~running~~.

#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 thing 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 Public Law School already mentioned.

I have made some changes in the office - or rather additions to the staff. Miss Caraker has been overworked (although a valiant little soul that she is, she would never admit it) so I have hired a young man by the name of 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 ^{exceed that} ~~exceed~~ 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 heart-breaking 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 with 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 leaving 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~~ is a good world to live in and a good time to be alive. I pray God to make me more worthy of ~~his~~ ^{my} blessings.

Jan. 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 5 as a supplemental Freshman hall for Div I ~~At~~ and Div II ~~At~~ I. The change made necessary the addition of new men to our staff, bringing the total to six as follows Douglas, Hurley, Bal Asst. District Atty. Pelding, Wm H Huskey, 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 approximate 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 often 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 class room of Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes.

with strict orders to watch the class con-
tinuously, to take names of offenders and
to report to me at the close of school each night.

This system of writers reports, together with
a card catalog of offenders which I soon com-
piled has solved our difficulty very
completely. etc.

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

An occurrence of 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 horse power
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 Co! I have seen in these four months since October 1st the most glorious fulfillment of all my prayers for material help. God has showered upon me blessings and triumphs wholly beyond my deserts. Financial resources of the school in reuhoed for 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 ~~the~~ 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 Bayleys first mortgage that has been a burden to me for so long. stop

Problems remaining are minor and insignificant. Now that the good Lord has led me through the darkness of blank night into the fulness of a new day I can not 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. Hallock, the recorder, I secured Mr. Dolan for Monday and Tuesday nights. On Friday, Miss Caraker, the ever faithful and efficient, was at the recorder's desk. She handled the situation admirably and will doubtless continue to be on hand three evenings per week. I really need a secretary in the evening as well as the day.

Miss Catherine and I have had some difficulty for 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 the raise.

But when the question came up of her taking on evening duties she declined 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~~ it. On Thursday however we compromised on ~~the~~^a basis slightly below my original offer. So she is happy again and will be at 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 am having a mild case of "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 well yet. Marian was taken ill last evening and is abed today. I am sitting in the sunlit living room beside a warm radiator whiling away the time by writing in this book.

I notice the last entry of Feb 5th concerned the "poor speller". I was obliged to warn him a number of times that I feared 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 at the office since.

McClelland is brushing up on shorthand and will help Miss Caraker whenever necessary.

The new catalog is in the hands of the printer. School work 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 necessary work (pasting tuition vouchers on the individual tuition cards) ~~to~~ to Miss Caraker, 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 associations 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 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 incompetent lawyers.

I have been studying the situation in Massachusetts, however, in which we ~~have~~ 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 accused of 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 democratization was due to the fact that too many lawyers are admitted without having had any actual experience with life that would develop character. I pointed out that day law schools were graduating prospective crooks while practically none were coming from the evening schools, the investigations in Massachusetts being the basis for the change.

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

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

Wednesday, March 1, 1927

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 office and book store I know that all is well for ordinary things. Other matters I can arrange via the dicto phone or go down for a few moments at a time.

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

Manchester N.H. Saturday Mar 18, 1927

The "flu" mentioned in my last entry is now but an unpleasant memory. The family are well. Elizabeth and I are visiting, for the week end at Clinton Osgood's.

So many things have transpired since I last wrote that it ~~would~~^{will} 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 wishes had already convinced me that our organization should include both day and evening schools.

Having never been to Washington, my arrival there on Wednesday morning in the midst of a heavy downpour of rain, was decidedly a new sensation. I drove immediately to the Willard and prepared for business.

My first conference was ~~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 "stalking 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
"Proprietary 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 rules
should not apply to men now studying law.
Also, I averred, that since we were not in
fact "proprietary schools" we should not feel
to face the falsehood. Dean Cairns was
~~first~~ ^{at first} resolved not to meet in conference with
the other delegates at all. I finally pressed
upon him that to accept my invitation to
take lunch with us at the "Willard" and
state to them informally his reasons for not
joining in the conference.

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

I was much pleased with the appearance
of both gentlemen. We adjourned to my
room and plunged at once into ~~the~~
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 astounding, however, (only 1.4% of our school children having the advantage of a college training, which meant that the bar association plan would bar ^{out} over 98% of our young people from aspiring to the profession of law) ~~that~~ 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 at 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 a law ~~school~~ ^{student} association was not sound. We were to formulate plans for a convention, and he would meet us again next day.

Until supper time we debated the question of a declaration of principles ~~was~~ 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 ~~an~~ attempt to cover the standards of legal education and also the only way to avoid the ~~sub-~~barassment of having one year and two year law schools join the association as charter members, thus exposing us to fatal ~~attack~~ criticism.

We took supper together and at seven ~~th~~ took a recess until I could draft a declaration of principles. The task much more difficult than I had anticipated. Our minds had met on the general prof. but to state the matter in forceful and dignified language was quite another ~~matter~~ ^{thing}. I start after start and destroyed draft after draft until at 9:30 P.M. I had what 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, which I had labored so strenuously wa

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. ~~at~~

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 of the necessity of killing us.

Finally I took up my declaration, article by article, agreeing to change it into more suitable form, providing I did not do all the compromising.

Never was a more earnest debate conducted than was ours until ~~at~~ 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 bought my fur coat ^{in Washington} instead of a light overcoat.

We walked around the mighty shrine of every school boys hope - the world famous White House - white and wonderful in the midnight illumination. The great black banner as the Army and Navy builds 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 debates.

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 indorsement 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 LAW 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 men 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 by daily toil support themselves or others dependent upon them.

Government statistics prove that ninety-eight and six tenths percent of American youths belong to this 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 law school is a vital necessity. "Inherently" says this report, "the night school movement in legal education is sound. It provides 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 have received 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, do 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, a minimum training period of three years, to be extended to four for part-time schools as soon as local circumstances will 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, in circumstances have prevented from attending college, which, until colleges are available, we now declare to be a high school education or its equivalent.

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

When I went into the dining room of the hotel and was ushered by the obsequious wait 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 corner stone 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 ~~legal~~ improvement in the legal profession, both in Massachusetts, Mr Coolidge's experience in presiding over the senate etc. The

final result of our meeting was that I received a ~~pass~~ Vice Presidential pass to the Vice Presidents' gallery, not only for myself but also for Dr. Carliss and Vice Dean Easterday.

Mr. Easterday was the first to join me in my room and he was overflowing with astonishment that I had breakfasted 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.

Dr. Carliss 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 amusement 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 me earnestly many times that we must not attack the bar association plan. When he had 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 on Dean Corbin. The young Dean defended himself by saying that he saw no alternative.

So I read my document and he joyfully acclaimed it as yesterday had done. In fact my companions felt that ~~the~~ ^{the} work for which we had come to Washington was now complete (I had drawn up a proposed constitution). They felt that 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 Carnesi stood in our way, so I 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 to 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 lunch room. 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 as 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.

My 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 senator. My fancy had painted the senate as a whole living up to that standard of outward appearance.

But what did I see in the United

States Senate on the 26th day of March 1922.
 - A small number of men (the chamber was almost empty) of very ordinary, almost homespun appearance. Some of them no haircuts. They strolled around, some of them very awkward in their movements, shambling of gait, like a group of ordinary folks from the country districts. But after all, what more healthy evidence ^{could be desired} of our nation's democracy than ^{this} ^a ^{modest} ^{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~~ 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 giddy to leave or else ready to flit back into the senate ante chamber.

The only diversion that occurred was when some hoary haired patriarch ~~called~~ doubted a quorum. The clerk called off the names and received few responses until he had reached the end of the list. Then the senators came in 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 La Follette
 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 clerk's desk and
 delivering 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 later we met Dean Causi at the National University Law School. We entered with high hopes that my draft of a declaration of principles might be sent out by the four of us as a committee. But Dean Causi had no sooner begun to read his letter to be sent out than I saw with dismay that he had ~~abandoned~~ abandoned the advanced ground that we had occupied the 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 mere conference.

The others said almost nothing, so I was obliged to take up the debate and endeavor again to convince him of the grave 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 the 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 Causi was indulgent in his attitude toward "my youthful enthusiasm" and I related that when he saw victory coming on way he would scramble aboard the band wagon 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 Causi we returned to the hotel and talked until time for me to take the Federal Express for Boston. Dean Corbis recovered his spirits somewhat and Dean Saterdag expressed himself as being with me without reservation.

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. ~~told~~ Sunday evening telling us that Marian was very ill.

We hurried home and found the little girl in a high fever. Dr. Prior had left medicine and would call next day. I at once feared pneumonia and that was the doctor's verdict 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 all night. She was very ill Tuesday but at night slept quite a bit. Yesterday her fever had 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 have 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 of 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 YU CA Law School of Cincinnati was the leader of a movement to capture the ^{organizational} ~~movement~~ for the YU CA schools. His hostility and discourtesy to me finally led to an open breach between us and lined up all delegates but YU CA 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 organ 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 of the Day Law schools to eliminate their evening school rivals, launched through the bar association with Chief Justice Taft and Elisha Root as spokesmen ^{more than a year ago} has resulted in practical nothing. Even the bar association in Massachusetts has turned them down, and no bill has been filed in our legislature. 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 legislature where the matter has been decided.

So far as law school attendance is concerned some of the Day law schools have lost in numbers, some have had an increase because ~~of~~ 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 our theatre tenants. Had they made good ~~we so~~ 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. A 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 Caraker 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 ~~was~~ looked like too great a burden.

The experiment however was very disastrous to my office. Costly errors were made. My work got behind and I was quite desperate with the additional cases. Catherine came in on several Saturday afternoons as well as 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 could
 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 pick choose my helpers.
 Mr Snyder continues to handle the problem of
 incoming tuition in a most satisfactory manner.
 On most days Catherine and I take care of the
 overflow. Alden McClelland continues to
 manage the bookcase and handle some of the
 secretarial work. He also corrects papers as well
 as to pursue his studies in the school. He
 is so absolutely trustworthy that, ^{as in the case of} like Mr Snyder

I have no cares or worries over the work assigned to him.

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

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

The wonderful growth of the school, over 1500 students this year, has rendered necessary an 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 ~~at~~ 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 legal authorship. During the first semester I wrote a text book on "Criminal Law." 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 clippings pasted herein 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. Garly
Class History . . .	Roy E. Connor
Class Poem . . .	Frederic W. Lovejoy
Class Prophecy . . .	Thomas J. L. Meehan
Class Oration . . .	Daniel J. Gillen
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 25, 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. Roane 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 25, 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.

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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 on 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 your call at the east port 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 the national government. Two years in the 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.

we - I hope to finish

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Archer,
20 Derne St.,
Boston,
Mass.

Statement of Account
WITH
The **FIRST**
NATIONAL BANK of
BOSTON

For the month of JULY, 1930

JULY, 1930

CHECKS	DEPOSITS	DATE	BALANCE
BALANCE BROUGHT FORWARD	109.69		THE LAST AMOUNT IN THE COLUMN IS YOUR BALANCE
10.00 -		7	89.69
5.00 -		8	84.69
10.00 -		9	74.69
1.00 SC -		24	73.69
30.00 -		30	43.69
3.00 -		31	40.69

CC == Certified Check
CG == Charge
CL == Collection
CP == Coupon
CR == Special Credit
IN == Interest
LN == Loan
LST == Total of checks on list enclosed
OD == Overdraft
SC == Service charge for preceding month

Please examine Statement at once.
If no errors are reported in ten days
the account will be considered correct.

Detailed figures necessary for your income tax return are on this statement. Please preserve it for future reference.

We gave Senator Borah a complimentary 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 the 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 in the Nation.

New York City. July 29, 1930

Nearly seven years, have passed since I last wrote in this book - seven years of great import in my life. It is not a case of wearying of self imposed task that has caused me to neglect ^{this} 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 seven 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 for self culture than she formerly enjoyed. She has struggled somewhat unsuccessfully with a tendency to plumpiness, 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 Professor ^{J. Moore} 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 very 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 ~~poor~~ ^{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 to 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 criticise each of her poems.

The rapidity of her development along this line is truly extraordinary. She has written some beautiful poems, overflowing with 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. This my wife and the mother of my children has developed with the years and is a source of pride to us all, whether as 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 a Ph.D. degree. Owing to the fact that he changed colleges he was unable to receive his AB 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 been a snail enthusiast. In fact he talks of making it his life work. If he carries out 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 peculiar thing about Allan is the fact that he is not at all attracted to grown up young ladies. But he can enthuse no end over ~~the~~ 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 ~~an~~ older damsels for his "lights-o-love".
 Daughter Marcian 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.

Marian's eyes are brown and her face is of a very unusual type. She has a splendid singing voice and three weeks ago made her debut ~~at~~ ^{in a} church duet with her mother. She repeated the ~~Explet~~ ^{Explet} 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 honest and ^{her} uprightness of character have been maintained 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 ~~out~~ and lips swelling in an alarming manner. But Marian did not ^{faint nor} even weep as ^{some of} the 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 astonishing pace. Although but fourteen years of age he is taller than the average man ^(5 feet 6 1/2 inches) and a wonderful physical specimen. His arm muscles are almost a duplicate 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 outcroppings of masculine fuzz around the lips are 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 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 "As" and one "B" he came out ⁱⁿ second rank and was awarded the modern prize.

There is another thing about young Gleason that should be especially noted in this Journal. He has a great passion for oratory and possesses a very 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 for 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 Nowell bungalow in the summer they are hale and hearty. This summer they have been away continuously since June for several weeks they visited the Osgoods in Manchester N.H. and since that time have been in Chataqua N.Y. as guests of "Auntie Flo" taking in lectures galore on a great variety of subjects. They will return to Nowell in a few days.

Affairs at the 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 Abbott G. Allbee. The department is a very strong feature of the school.

My office staff is headed as usual by Miss Catharine C. Caraker 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. ~~The~~ While the school was small she was stenographer, bookkeeper, recorder and secretary. Years have brought about great changes but Miss Caraker 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

100
instructions. Three 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 duty 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 the payment of bills. Her assistants are Leonard Williams, a Recorder, Margaret Gillespie (Catharine's married sister) assistant Recorder and "engineer" of the mimeograph machine. Louise Duggan and Dorothy Mc Namara are stenographers and very efficient ones at that.

Rosita Snyder comes up from Guilford Conn. ~~for~~ during the weeks of quarterly payments and assists in the tuition in gathering. Harold Archer is manager of the Bookstore and has been for three years.

Other members of the office staff are the librarians, two in number and the monitors who are legion. They come from the Theological school of Boston University and "monitor" 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 Caraker's dominion are Ted Baker the janitor or engineer and his assistant. During the past year it has been Gerard Williams but Gerard 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 ~~from the Journal~~)

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 these as briefly as possible. On page 139 ^{of this Journal} it was recorded that on February 15, 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

102
it was obvious from the advance request
tion that we should need additional better
accommodations as soon as possible.

Happily I was able to make arrangements
with the tenant to vacate in August. It
was not mere sentiment but sound business
judgment that led me to engage Joe Lee
who had been 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 run
out "the job" as soon as working operations
would permit. In fact as soon as
the "El" of the building was down we
started a trench for foundation work in
the rear of the premises. Before the weeks
were through the rear wall of the foundation
was completed and the masons were
called to start the brick work.

The law school opened September 17th
with an increase of two hundred men
over the previous year. Our grand total
for 1923-24 rose to the high figure of 1737.
One very 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 good 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 ~~tear~~ ^{raz} 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, nor 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 to remove the stones at his own expense and I succeeded in extracting \$75. from him for the privilege. The result was that our ^{brick} ~~wall~~ 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 no form: Joe had no sooner built the concrete foundations along the boundary next the church than he started pouring columns and building 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 Bricks 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 back of the neck of the masons who were working below. There was thus furnished a powerful incentive

build walls as rapidly as possible.

The work began as I have 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 from 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 five units in our large halls. We were now to build very much larger halls and would perforce be obliged to permit 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 peculiar 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 catalogs and printed matter gave that distinct impression. When they had moved in

I had with my own hands taken down a big 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 its hiring office 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 having these facts come out through the logic of events. To my astonishment they refused to confess the truth. The SRE 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 they 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 Atherton make a frank explanation to his students. This he refused to do. I therefore issued a

statement myself to the students of SRE explaining the necessity of building open and also that I had given due notice of cancellations 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 had 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 SRE 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 Athas and his staff were furious but their students learned the truth in spite of them.

They did not bid me a fond farewell when they moved out during the summer of 1924 and surely no landlord was ever happier to be rid of tenants than 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 for 1924-25 which was issued about April 1924. We offered several day sessions: 10 AM, 2 PM and 4 PM but stated that we would be governed by student preference 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 preferences as to divisions. I soon discovered that the popular periods were to be 10 AM and 4 PM, 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, of course but one class to begin with - Freshman. 140 students was the initial 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 handworking secretary by employing a stenographer Miss Anna C. Ciampa and also employing a Record Writer H. Rossiter Snyder. This made it possible for Miss Caraker 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. Student 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 ordinary activity for during the school year of 1924-25 I accomplished the very difficult and exacting task of writing a text book on Wills and Probate. This book was published during the summer of 1925 and was ready for use ~~at~~ 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 ~~the~~ two years the two younger boys had 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 Scituate 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 Revere" August 9, 1930)

The place was so enchantingly lovely that I decided to build a log cabin as a permanent shelter for picnics. That decision was no doubt helped in the process of incubation by the enthusiasm of my very dear and greatly respected friend when I mentioned

it to him. His enthusiasm over the suchart 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 surging memories of long ago when a log cabin in the forest was my 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 etched my proudest memories in my brain. Hardships there were and privations of a primitive life and soul satisfying days when the glory of autumn and of winter ~~and~~ 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 even of the past and yet fulfilling for the present an even greater measure of blessing than the old days had possessed. Those days had been yoked to hardship and grim necessity - these ~~of~~ would be

lyllic recreation from the busy labors of a life filled to the brim with opportunities of service to humanity ^{and} of work ~~that~~ well worth the doing.

So on that very day after my guests had departed ~~to~~ I returned to the spring, with Gleason J. as an interested ~~spectator~~ ^{spectator}. I felled the ^{tree} logs ^{and shaped the} for the sills of the cabin. The ~~story~~ ^{story} of that struggle to build the cabin before the bark of the pine trees struck 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 it to say that with the 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".

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~~^{news} of the world and the music of the spheres into 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~~ "The Reverie" growing upon me as a new and ~~definitely~~ ~~definitely~~ 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 ^{whenever I could,} stole away alone to the woods, rejoicing in preparing my own meals and enjoying these as never before. But there were many things to do and my fertile mind was forever getting me into 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

sand. 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 gave birth to an idea and this day I began to put that idea into tangible form. I will excavate me a brook and dammed well 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 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 this sand that it was difficult indeed to cut it with a spade. Under about ~~a foot~~ 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 an ideal pond for trout and the following ^{May} ~~April~~ ^{the} first consignment of eight-inch trout arrived from the Gilbert Trout Hatchery of Plymouth, Mass. Every spring since then I have stocked the pond and every Summer and fall I have been able to treat my guests to trout dinners which they themselves helped to catch.

Under the wings of Professor and Mrs. Sharp I began during the late fall of 1925 to reduce to writing some of my early life and my varied experience in the primitive hamlet of my birth. The 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 to them these instalments 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 and 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 the divinely appointed guardian.
This treatment made me so indignant that I
resolved to show the gentleman and his associates
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 Ellsworth, Me.
but I won the fight and became 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 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
result of my gleanings. While this had seemed
to me a simple task when it was begun
it proved to be one of the most exacting ~~the~~ jobs

I was 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 the different family lines and thus avoided confusion so far as possible. But the family had so extensively intermarried that it was exceedingly difficult to carry the story of the different branches in order of 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 rendered 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 Catherine 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 ~~to~~ morning classes. She stood up well physically however and we increased her salary to a substantial figure.

In the American Magazine for February 1927 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. It was 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~~ the appearance of the magazine I received a letter from Dean Hamilton Douglas of Atlanta Law School which had then 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 that I was working too hard. ~~The~~ ^{My} school ~~officials~~ 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 did not wish to take so wonderful a trip without taking my wife along. Elizabeth has a great deal of travelling however and could not be persuaded

to go. She urged me to take Gleason, Jr. as 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 ~~in~~ some portion of Florida into my ~~the~~ itinerary. Young Sam was very exuberant over this idea but insisted that we should swing far enough south to see "waving palm trees."

In consulting Raymond & Whitecomb, the travel experts, they suggested Sarasota as a quiet and beautiful spot for a few days. The itinerary was drawn up and then procured for each sector of the journey. Then I fell victim to a species of influenza ~~that~~ 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 in consequence.

A few days before sailing time I was able to get out of bed and around our ~~at~~ apartment but very rarely down stairs in the office. My doctor said that the trip would do me good. We felt sure that on the Savannah boat we would have ample medical attention until I reached the summer warmth of ~~the~~ the

So on a Saturday afternoon, March 13th or 14th of 1900, my wife and I took a taxi to the steamboat wharf and embarked ~~for~~^{on} our great adventure. If I remember correctly the steamer was the "City of Poughkeepsie" 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 out 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 ship-board 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 in the family.

Then there was another couple in which the wife was a little frail old lady, one of the plannest mortals that ever drew breath.

She was squarred by a devoted husband who looked many years her junior, a fine upstanding man, well muscled and in every way a decided contrast to his unfortunate wife.

There were several other passengers but the ones referred to are the only ones that I can recall with any degree of clarity. Gleason now nearly ~~eight~~^{ten} years old was the only child aboard. Son had some very definite ideas of his own and before starting had procured a blank book in which to keep a journal of his trip. This record he began to initiate on the 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 him into a hair raising predicament.

The 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 been so friendly that son was persuaded to read his journal to them. Now he had written so much that he had quite forgotten the

the 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 at the discovery that I was a fellow passenger and that young Gleason was the child pictured with me in the illustration that accompanied the story.

~~At the table~~
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 in the window-view nearly to the very top of the window, only to go down as suddenly. Meantime we were somewhat concerned that 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 my time in the bunk with an electric heating pad on my chest. In fact if it had not been for that pad I should have suffered a great deal more than ~~we~~ ^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 in Savannah about noon time, having been delayed on our trip by an accident to the crank shaft. The night when we rolled and tossed ^{for hours} on the open sea while ~~the~~ 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 coast 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 every} emaciated, nearly knee deep in mud and water moving feebly along in search of ^{grass} food or some hummock ^{reaching for} 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 that 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 round 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. Palm trees were everywhere. Farms and fields and cottages whizzed past our windows, all looking joyful in the spring sunshine. The contrast between the Georgia coastal swamps and this magnificent Eden of interior Florida was quite inspiring to me 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 new and hastily constructed as I could well imagine for the entire town had sprung up over night. The closets in my room was roughly plastered and there was nothing about the place that was first class except the price.

A friend of Wilbur R. Evans, in fact the husband of Mrs. Evans' niece - a young man

and insurance
business
The Crist, was in the real estate business
in Sarasota. He had invited us to lunch with
them, 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 that clung to the trees
in many places like the gray beards of ancient
giants 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 congenial. After luncheon we strolled on the beach in the warm sun. It was hard to realize that the calendar spoke truth in labelling this day the eight 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 ~~the~~ 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 boats 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 for which the 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 in the work at that point. The Smithsonian people had been notified of the discovery and when we arrived several scientists were on 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 unearthened, looking for all the world when first discovered like round ~~cobble stones~~ ^{foot balls} only ~~white~~ gray like damp sand. When the sand had been brushed away the skull, ~~with~~ 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 unearthened

and I took some moving pictures of the process. The scientists declared that the great quantity of skeletons and the position of the bodies indicated that it was a common grave for the burial of Indian braves killed in some prehistoric battle among the local tribes.

While young Gleason had been interested in 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 with 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 copied a tree full of Spanish moss nearby and we grow up and pulled down enough of it for him to stuff a pillow. When we drove back to the hotel he was still in raptures over the treasures he had secured. Mr. Crist was quite insistent that we take dinner at his house that evening and set the time in the

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 yet climbed a palm tree and he announced his ~~at~~ 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 beach 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 smiles vanished and a startled look came into his face. The seat of his trousers as well as the inside 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 fibre all pointing upward and ~~the~~ very fact that had helped him to climb now hindered his descent except at the cost of collecting a million needles that picked 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 assist him to pick the fibres 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 Crisks arrived.

Mrs Crisk proved to be a vivacious and charming young lady, not long married and naturally very proud of her domestic establishment! Gleason Jr. made a great hit with her and some of his astonishingly gross up remarks

quite bowled her over. He assisted her with the dishes. I believe, or at least it seemed to me as though he were doing so. We spent a delightful evening and Mrs. Crist invited us to go with her to Sarasota 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 that 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 drain some cool water from the faucet. When I turned on the light I beheld a most amazing sight.

In this hotel, so new that it smelled of plaster, there were untold hordes of cockroaches. They had quite covered the top of the wash bowl in my room and were holding a convention around my tooth brush. 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 as then took place:

Although the weather had looked somewhat dubious when we went to bed yet morning dawned in tropical brilliance. There were no meals served in the hotel so Gleason and I went our way to a restaurant. It was kept by big game of some sort for 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 that 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 scheduled time and drove ~~so~~ for miles through tropical scenes to the Ringling section of Sarasota. We took some moving pictures. Mrs Crist and Gleason staged an animated scene that later came out very well on the screen. Construction work prevented us from reaching the beach by

automobile so we left the machine and lumbered 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 times. Mrs. Crisk was rather small of stature and quite slender so the wind was somewhat of an affliction for her.

Gleason was filled with joy at the ~~change~~ ^{change} 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 espied a small party of boys "camping out" on the beach. They had a pup tent and close beside it on the sand was a fire of driftwood. When we approached them they told us they were spending the day on the beach but had no 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

as much as it was then between 10 and 11
 o'clock in the forenoon I informed them that
 they would need several more meals if they
~~wanted~~ 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 more
 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 marketmen, 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,
 squearing and scolding if somebody else
 gobbled the unsavory looking mess that

as she was after. Of course I took many pictures as usual.

I must not forget the fishing trip that Sam and I enjoyed that afternoon. I chartered a motor boat and had my first experience at trolling the sea for monsters of the ^{South Sea} deep. One giant mackeral was our only catch and I caught that within ten minutes after leaving the wharf. We raced through miles of winding waterways among the islands of 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 onto 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 "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 dinner 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 very 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 <sup>(written at Chicago 22 August 1930
Am Bar Assn Convention)</sup> and we were glad for a brief period of rest from our trip through the picturesque southern mountains.

Dean Hamilton Douglas came for us that evening home and took ^{us} to his mother's home for an evening call. I had known her husband, a fine old southern gentleman and now found the widow to be a very gracious host. We spent a ~~very~~ 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 grown ups who showered him with attentions.

Our program 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 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 court

the Court of Appeals and of the Supreme Court but Governor Clifford Walker of Georgia was also soon to arrive. Southern hospitality quite outdid itself when we filed into the special dining room and seated ourselves around a great round table. I was placed between Governor Walker and Dean Douglas. The only disturbing fact was that I was expected to make ^{an after-dinner} a 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 for greater understanding between the north and the south, and the obliteration of old 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 ^{the minting of} for 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 has thus been forever erased.

It happened that I had in my ~~book~~ brief a copy of my new text book on evidence. Desiring a permanent souvenir of the meeting I utilized the fly leaf of this book to secure a complete autographic roster of those present.

When this 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.

~~The~~ Tuesday was also a busy 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 centre of attraction.

Governor Walker has a great way with children. He seated Gleason in the Governor's chair (one occupied by Alexander # Stevens of Civil War fame) and declared him governor for one minute. Then he took him around

the offices, showing his picture and pictures of former governors, all the while talking to them 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, having only sixteen. That he was a very entertaining talk goes without saying. When we had chatted a while he called in the associate justices of the court and after he had introduced me to each and we stood there together the chief justice exclaimed "He don't look like a damned 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. Glendon G. was of course with me at these affairs. Dear Douglas was planning to give us an afternoon of

sightseeing and we in fact set out on the trip - but were obliged ~~to~~ by a very alarming circumstance to abandon it and dash back to hotel. Gleason was seized with a violent ~~case~~ ^{attack} of indigestion.

We called the house physician, undressed the young man 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 J. 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

Glendon sat at the table with us and ate a
 well-sized dinner. It was quite amazing to us
 grown-ups to see how completely he had recovered
 from his ghastly sickness of the afternoon.

Dean Douglas's household was peculiar. He was
 divorced from his first wife and his young son
 was living with the mother. But 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 secure the divorce for 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~~ ^{the Trustees and} Faculty of Atlanta Law School
 had voted unanimously to confer upon me the degree
 of LL.P. 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.

In closing the entries for the school year of
 1925-26 it should be noted that Miss Caraker's
 sister Mrs Margaret Gillispie was added to our mines -

graph and clerical force so that we now have four women (Miss Antonietta Ciampa, stenographer, Miss Gillespie who operated the mimeograph machine and did general clerical work, Miss Edith M. M. who was filing clerk and assistant Recorder as well as Miss Caraher herself.) and one man (H. Rossiter Snyder, Recorder) busily engaged in performing the duties that Miss Catharine 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 staff of part time correctors of student papers. But during this year he added a full time assistant, Harry Bloomberg a recent graduate of the school. Alden Cleveland 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 for several years 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 nigh been reached and a ~~recession~~ ^{recession} of the

the tide of post-war registration must soon manifest itself and thus cause a crisis in the treasury which for some years must carry very heavy sums 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 ~~is~~ ^{has} abundantly been demonstrated in the years since then.

(Events of 1926-27.)

Advance registrations indicated 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 had 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 had now attained impressive proportions and although various attempts had been made to organize them into an association, these

attempts had 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 this 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 on 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 of election to public

Office of Suffolk graduates
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
class. 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 enthus-
iastically 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 expense could
be investigated. The question of a club
house 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 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 club house and offer the 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 ^{Supple} Alumni News which appeared early in April 1927. I was the editor of the news 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 indicate appendicitis. On Tuesday morning I

I remember that I went to Dr. James E. Poirer and told him of my symptoms. He declared that I did not have the expected malarial and prescribed a strong cathartic. I was in the midst of the annual rush preceding the final meeting of the Faculty so I worked on with no apprehensions of trouble. On Wednesday morning however I noticed ~~that~~ whenever I coughed (I was recovering from a heavy cold) I felt 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 the 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
for appendicitis and one of them told me
his warning pains had been located in
his hip. I therefore became convinced that
I was facing a very serious crisis in my
life.

I gave no intimation of my condition to
the alumni who assembled in the school
auditorium that evening and although I was
obliged to lean on the pulpit for support
I managed to keep on my feet until the
meeting was over. ~~I was a~~
Immediately after the meeting ~~was over~~
however and the nervous tension ~~that~~ 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 apartment in
the school building.

It ~~was~~ then nearly eleven o'clock but I managed
to get Dr. Prior by telephone. When I had 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
down stairs I awakened my wife and told
her not to be alarmed ~~that~~ for I was merely

201
to the Massachusetts General for advice and
might stay all 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
entrance I was scarcely able to leave the taxi. Only
by a great effort did I manage to climb the steps
and enter the office.

At this distance of time the recollection of the
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 ice cold sheets of that 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, pocket pencil in hand, came to me presently and began to ply me with questions as to my name and previous condition of service. Then to my surprise he volunteered the information that I was born in Maine and was the Dean of Suffolk Law School. All this was this circumstance surprised me and he explained that he roomed with one of ~~the~~ 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 ^{Dr. John Hodgson} surgeon, 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 upon me. I insisted upon knowing how much his fee would be in such an event and he

200
I made a figure that I considered very reasonable. ~~But~~ 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 the Phillips House was arranged for 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 that 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} corridors, where 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~~ ^{quest} journey I was

suddenly aware of two roaring furnaces side by side, their great ~~mouths~~ ^{mouths} emitting a dazzling glare of white heat, and the attendant was wheeling ^{me} straight into them. But this was more than nightmare delirium for as it proved the corridor ~~passage~~ between the two furnaces.

My next recollection was of the ride up the elevator to a room in the Phillips Hotel and of the transfer to another cold bed. ~~But~~ 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 Carver when morning should come.

Shortly after 8 am Hiram arrived at the hospital full of alarm at my condition and though 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 ^{angles and} all 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 check books, 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 left overs and so far as possible arranged the details ^{of duties} that would intervene between them and graduation time. ~~The details~~ The details of my will and of my ~~estate~~ 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 Clark
the new Alumni Secretary came for
instructions in matters of the ~~the~~ new ass.

~~At the same time~~ I had ahead
determined not to face another night
without having the appendix out and
had sent word to ~~the~~ Dr Hodgson. So
now I had the children come to visit
me. Allan came alone 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 probably not
feel well enough to enjoy it.

So they gave ^{me} a room on ~~a~~ ^{the second} ~~lower~~ floor
overlooking an inner courtyard. I
was transferred bed and all to the new
room, ~~and~~ 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 ~~last~~ children left me. Of

since 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 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 ~~worked~~^{might} have dragged along 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 I 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 little time for reflection. The hospital was a business place. A painfully plain and painfully embarrassed young 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 the armpits to lowest point where the operation might extend, this to make ready for 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 of how to use it. After she had struggled a while I took pity on her and did the 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 garments with feet attached that pulled on like a rubber boot 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 into my room and I was transferred from the bed to it. A white garmented orderly rolled me to the elevator and took me

the ante room of the operating chamber I caught a glimpse of the business like operating table and of the white clad assistants, 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 of me 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 the Bowdoin school. Now I'm going to give you the anaesthetic."

I explained to him my previous experience with ether and asked 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 using gas also.

"Breathe deep - breathe deep," he repeated over and over and I did so with strange and overwhelming results. I could feel his finger on my throbbing temple and hear his voice in the most reassuring

"all right" - "all right", in regular rhythmic repetition. Except for that steady assurance I should have become alarmed at the buzzing in my ears, the pounding drum fire 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 that reassuring "all right" and knew that that doctor was standing guard over my body. In fact in all the turmoil of my reeling senses I listened with all my might for that voice and was infinitely comforted when I heard it.

But the time came when there was no reassuring voice, only a mighty roaring as of all the tempests 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

411
I would do everything humanly 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 borderland 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 ~~was~~ 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 breast - tight, unyielding and vitally
necessary. Then I knew that I had been
cut open and sewed up and that it
was the stitches in that 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
were 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 everyone count
~~to~~ now engaged my every effort. It was

indeed a grim battle that I fought in the early morning of May 14, 1927 in the room in the Phillips House, with a special nurse at my bedside.

You see I had been under ether ^{in the morning} ~~for~~ ^{six} hours and it was ^{nearly one o'clock} ~~at the next night~~ when I first demanded the time. ^A ~~Due~~ this long period of unconsciousness the very croupy cold from which I had recently been suffering ~~was~~ ~~was~~ ~~was~~ flamed up afresh and I had a well developed case of ether pneumonia.

My method of fighting was to hold myself as rigidly as possible, breathing in as slowly and quietly ~~as possible~~ so not to draw the mucus further into my lungs and then to continue with each exhaled breath to ~~to~~ give the obstruct 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 such spasm kept the nurse busy wiping it away or changing my pillow. Even the sheet became sodden.

But there was no escape for me - no pause for rest possible - the fight had to go on in the same way - else all the devils in hell staged continuous convulsions of torture. I believe 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 Catherine be permitted to bring my mail. This was reluctantly granted and the young lady arrived but she did not 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 well under control but the nausea & ether poisoning was riding me hard. It was not until noontime that the nurse succeeded in inducing me to ~~eat~~ 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 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 ~~the~~ students and friends. Elizabeth was quite broken down with worry and distress and Hiram grew ^{very} ~~quite~~ 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 Bausse Benigne thus inducing rivulets of perspiration that necessitated changing of pillow slips and sheets. But when

my temperature
during course Φ was almost normal.
During my entire stay in the hospital
my room was continuously supplied with the
most gorgeous of 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 Catharine to
purchase flowers in their behalf. She
visited me practically every day and thus
kept an eye on the supply of flowers,
sending mine 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,
Catharine and Hiram were the only visitors permitted.
Dr. A. J. Conrad of Park Street Church and Rev Harry
B. Hill ^{of Temple Street M^e Church} as well as Rev Henry G. 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 mail, took dictation and
discussed the regular problems of the school.

We even held the annual meeting of the Board
of Trustees in my hospital room. To me as active
and continually engaged in mental work as I have

always been these comings and goings. I and my friends was welcome relief from what we 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 stalked deep 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 or 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

at the moment and would I like an alcohol rub for my sorely afflicted back. Of course I ~~was~~ refused declined their services for of all afflictions of a hospital invalid the most persistent is the inevitable discomfort of the skin ~~of~~ back and shoulders from lying in bed. In my case the bandages had cut grooves in my hide and where the adhesive tape of the extra width of bandages ~~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 retail to his friends. There was one about Pat and Mike in the dark cellar that pleased him very much and he called for it several times. "If yere alive shake 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 the punctures of hypodermic needles ^{made} during May 1927.

Not all of the nurses were as agreeable as the ones I have mentioned. There was one jawed main-killer who was on night duty for a time. We had one notable clash and one for she learned her lesson. She came into my room at 9 P.M. one evening and informed me that it was bed time. The bed had a mechanical device for raising the 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 it she did not intend to do so. After I had ~~lain~~ lain awake in the darkness for half an hour or more and had become very restless I rang for the nurse and asked her to fix my bed so 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 orthodox 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 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 tail but I did it myself. If you force me to do it myself, I shall get out of this bed and get the glasses myself."

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 ever I saw a mad nurse she was that nurse.

The sequel of the story is that at 1 o'clock she came in and gave me the usual sleeping shot in the 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.

420
But one event occurred during my stay at the Phillips House that caused great excitement among nurses and patients alike. - Lindbergh's epoch making transatlantic flight. My bronchopneumonia 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 were adequate to the task it would be impossible for one man to pilot it so many hours without sleep or rest. So I dismissed the matter from 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 had actually crossed the ocean and had been seen flying over Ireland and evidently heading for Paris, his announced goal, it threw the entire hospital into a ferment of excitement. The news seemed ~~to~~ too good to be true. That a young ~~and~~ marriageable ~~young~~ 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 had not heard since the armistice was signed! It was a thrilling moment even for me in my 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 and 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 cling 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 associate 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 thanks off to God for having granted me a new life of life.

Dr Hodgson was making regular visits to my bedside and I was an interested observer of all that he did in changing my band and inspecting my wound. I forgot to say from the first day I had possessed the great 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 trouble makers are supposed to be. It was due to this fact that Dr Prior and the others had been so deceived for to press or tap on the orthodox ~~flat~~^{spot} produced no reaction at all. The trouble was inside and that is why I felt it near the hip.

Dr Prior came to the hospital the morning after the operation and assured me with 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 ^{which I supposed to be} of 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 inflamed and diseased appendix that had caused it all. I remembered also the warning that Dr. Phas Hammond of Hawaii had given me once - ~~that~~ at least seven years before - that I was suffering from chronic appendicitis and would die in 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 regarded 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 neat piece of needle work it was, the sewing up of the wound. For a time after the wound was healed I could count the stitches, etched in the skin, and my recollection is that there were twenty of them. But as an additional security against rupture Dr Hodgson had inserted about four ~~sutures~~ 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 sewing on all the stitches had 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 taping me tightly to ~~avoid~~ 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 onto the invalid's porch but I felt like a man of seventy trying to carry a mill stone at his waist. It was curious about the exceedingly heavy feeling of 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 ~~and~~ 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, especially designed for nurses with ^{an illuminated} ~~an~~ second hand that travelled all around the dial. A less conscientious girl might have kept it but she returned it to me with a letter overflowing with gratitude but assuring me that

the rules of the hospital forbade any nurse to accept a gift or gratuity from a ^{patient} ~~form~~ patient. So daughter Marian felt keen 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 were 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 so 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 or

was restless and ill at ease.

For several weeks I had been negotiating for the purchase of the building at 73 Hancock Street as a home for the Alumni Association. I had in fact had several conferences with Ralph Jackson the architect concerning alterations while still in the hospital. The day following my return from the hospital I went down to the office and transacted various important items of business - one of them the passing of papers in the purchase of the Alumni Building.

Catharine had managed school affairs so very efficiently during the three weeks of my stay absence that there was no accumulation of routine matters. She had taken over my duties as 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 on 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 so soon the school would be very likely to lose me permanently.

A part of the first day was of course spent in bed but that evening I was taken by taxi to

the Alumni Banquet at the Bellevue. While
 was a risky thing to do, yet I felt that
 best way to allay the concern over my con-
 dition was to show myself in public however
 feeble I might be. ~~It~~

- Nobody who has not experienced ^{what I felt} ~~the same~~
 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 on that evening. Because
 of my condition I ate very little and arrived
 to leave very 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, I
 nearly collapsed afterward and got out of the
 banquet room with considerable difficulty.

The following day June 2nd was Commencement
 Day and I managed to attend the class Day
 exercises in the School Auditorium in the
 morning. ~~and~~ Commencement itself was
 held in Tremont Temple in the afternoon.
 For the first time I wore my new Doctor of
 Laws gown. My appearance on the platform
~~and~~ was the cause of a great demonstration
 although I was listed to speak the effort was
 considered to great for one in my condition.

In fact I suffered greatly during the long ^{afternoon} ~~long~~ ^{progr} ~~progr~~ I was told that I looked so yellow and ~~thin~~ 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~~ ^{risk} that I was running in making such a trip and while my wife and close friends were appalled at the idea yet with my surgeon to accompany me no one could offer valid objection.

The fact was that June was calling in with irresistible appeal to look upon the things I had planted ~~in my~~ ^{prior to my} ~~operation~~ ^{operation}. I was eager also to sit at the wheel of my powerful Stearns Knight and to guide it through the familiar scenes to the well loved farm in Nowell. Even during my illness I had seen to it that Harold went down to Nowell 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. My trout dinner was fully up to expectations. This was the first of many trips to the coast. 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 certain 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 lead 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.

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 Simon Williams. In my first trip I located the official record of the grant in the colonial archives in Fredericton N.B.

On this 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 return with me to Boston.

Our first objective was Bangor where my brother Harold was engaged in an effort to divorce his unfaithful and ignoble wife Lottie. 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" had 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 for me to search the records. Saturday morning in good season we set out for Woodstock, N.B. By a singular coincidence

just as we crossed the border line into Canada and headed up the dusty hill my car began to knock in a most alarming manner. I then realized that the oil was low and I turned back toward Hamilton for oil. The engine acted quite scandalous and after oil had been procured it acted just as bad so I limped back to Hamilton 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 McAlman Company in Boston by telephone just as they were closing for the day. More 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 honey comb of the radiator of my previous car. This had occurred on a Sunday morning when I was all set to go to the country with the children and Florence Reed of Brooklyn N.Y. Rather than

On our day of picnicing 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 Hutton 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 dyed 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 averse to a week end 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 to drive it back to Boston.

The fact that I had bought a car by telephone and that it was coming over the 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 news car came gracefully around the square and drew up at the hotel steps. A dainty 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 showed the wonderful new machine enough to become accustomed to its different mechanism and manner of operation. We arranged financial terms so that 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 car so far. To cap the climax I found when I faced the immigration officials that my license book was missing. It then flashed upon me that when I went to the hospital they had taken everything out of my pocket book and sealed the same in an envelope. The missing document was in Boston. Fortunately I had with me some catalogs of Suffolk

school containing my picture. This proved the
same 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
1914 and had then made the acquaintance of
an aged resident whose grandfather had been a
celebrated missionary to the scattered settlements
of the region 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 that locality. But we did not
tarry long in Woodstock for my purpose
was to push on to Fredericton for the
night. You see I had had experience
with the hotel accommodations of
Woodstock, as had Gleason and Marian
when they had accompanied me on the
earlier trip.

We drove down the remarkably picturesque
St John 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! thick rich dust! From this statement 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 on the dusty highway.

We encountered automobiles and horse drawn vehicles and we also 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 looked ^{filled} 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 that 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 traveller.

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

(Continued from Page 14)

our hands if we were not vigilant. I reassured him by relating how a man-killer of a Jersey bull in a prize ring at a Maine Fair had by a treacherous lunge and swing of his horn tried to flip an iron staff out of my hand when I was a high school boy, and what happened to the bull.

The captain lectured us on the technique of handling the rod and reel in case we hooked a big fish. I quizzed him on what big fish we could expect. He mentioned sail fish as the most gamey and powerful of fighters.

WE CATCH DOLPHINS

An hour passed and no fish came to either of us. Then just as we had passed a floating spar I hooked a fish—a real fish with whom I fought for half a minute until he broke away. We circled back to the spar, and both Kenney and myself, almost at the same instant, hooked a dolphin. Fortunately we each landed our fish. The dolphin is a greenish fish, flat, with a big blunt head, or so it seemed to me as the captain took them off the hooks and dropped them into the box in the stern. Mine weighed six or seven pounds, so said the captain, and Mr. Kenney's was slightly smaller.

It is necessary to confess that I was still as green as the dolphin, and that I did not take sufficient interest in my quarry even to look at it after it came in. I simply braced my feet against the stern of the boat and hung on to my rod, waiting for the next fish. A long wait it proved.

HAM SANDWICHES UNPOPULAR

The captain produced ham sandwiches and Mr. Kenney ate his with apparent relish. Although I had eaten nothing since the previous day, having left off breakfasts years ago, the sandwiches were not a temptation. However, I forced myself to look at one. That did not prove fatal, so I nibbled a bit of the salt ham and even ate a corner of a sandwich, wondering what sort of a reception my stomach would give the unwelcome morsel. It stayed down and I ate a little more, but did not finish the sandwich.

THE BIG FISH STRIKES

The hours passed. We zigzagged for miles along the Gulf Stream, facing it, however, and making almost no headway, for I could see my hotel, the Roney Plaza, in about the same relative position on the shore for at least two hours. The captain then ordered more speed, and we gradually forged ahead until the great moment arrived—3.15 P. M.—when I was awakened from my "green study" by three mighty bumps on my line. Biff! Biff! Bang! as swift as that. With the third bang was that indescribable and electric thrill of a hook striking deep into the tough jaw of a deep sea monster.

The shock of it lifted me almost clear from my chair, for my feet were braced against the stern boards. The reel whirred in spite of the heavy drag that would check almost any pull upon it.

"A whale," I gasped. Just at the moment far behind us there shot into the air the raging demon that had my hook. Wow! What a leap he made—ten feet into the air it seemed—a

stracorn are coming near-on into a great wave. But I had seen its sails—all sails spread in that instant clear of the sea.

"A sail fish" was the yell from three throats at once.

ACTION IN PLENTY

The captain snapped into action.

"Slow down, Eddie," he yelled, and instantly snatched Mr. Kenney's rod and began to reel in the line.

"Keep steady, Dean," he cautioned, "don't let him have any slack line."

I had forgotten sea sickness now. Every nerve and muscle was centered in this mighty battle that had descended upon me. To hold the rod with an express train tugging at the other end of the line was hard enough, but to leave the right hand free for reeling in the slack when the great fish turned toward the boat was the real problem. I dared not set the rod in the chair socket for fear of breaking it in one of the mighty lunges. With the butt of the rod first under one leg, then under the other, or pressed against my body, I fought the furious creature.

WINNING THE FIGHT

Foot by foot I reeled him in with every turn in the circles he was making, and then I would lose all I had gained when he turned away from us and raced back down the Gulf Stream. Several times the captain cautioned me not to work so hard. "Take it easy, take it easy, Dean. There's a long fight ahead and you'll get all worn out."

But I carried the fight to the enemy until it decided to come my way, circling the whole. Furiously I reeled and the fish gained on us. One circle came so near the boat that I could see the gleam of its great body in the sunlight, for it was almost at the surface. Then it swung off to the left of the boat and gradually forged ahead of us.

"More speed, Eddie," yelled the captain. The fish began to lose, and I forced him nearer and nearer the stern. His circles grew shorter, but he was shaking me back and forth in my chair as violently as ever. I have since learned that a sail fish battle often lasts a full hour; in some cases an hour and a half. Whether I forced the fight more than the ordinary fisherman does or whether the fact that the wire leader had become wound three times around the great fish's bill had something to do with it, but in twenty minutes from the strike the big fish was coming over the gunwale.

SAIL FISH LANDED

With a sigh of relief I relinquished the landing to the captain, "who knew how," and dashed into the cabin for my movie camera. When I got it out of its case, Capt. Dick Morgan had just gotten the big fellow into the cockpit and was hanging onto his slender sword, and being shaken all made—the film is not back yet. Eddie produced a belaying pin and the captain persuaded Mr. Sail Fish to be still.

Groggy and weak as I was (the trip to the cabin had increased my nausea) I could not help joining in the howling exultation of the moment. Mr. Kenney shook hands with me. He also took a movie of me holding up the fish.

The sword caught in the brim of the straw hat I was wearing, the fish was so big. The captain measured him and found him nearly six feet and a half long. Some fish!

I was so weak and shaking when the rod was once more in my hands that I breathed a silent prayer that I might not hook another sail fish until I was thoroughly rested. The prayer was answered all right, for neither of us hooked another during the half hour that remained.

I BECOME FAMOUS AS A FISHERMAN

It amuses me now to think how lack-a-daisical and nonchalant I was over this achievement. I thought my companions were "soft-soaping" me a bit to console me for my sea sickness during six weary hours that I had clutched the rod and refused to "feed the fishes."

The crowd that gathered around my capture when it was landed on the wharf did not inflate my pride. To be sure, I was gratified at the rapture of the taxidermist over the beauty of my fish, but after making arrangements for the mounting of the big fellow I hurried away.

It was not until I returned to the Roney Plaza and modestly informed Joe O'Connell that I had captured a six and a half foot sail fish, that I realized the importance of the event. Then I learned for the first time that the highest ambition of the sportsman who goes to Florida is to capture a sail fish, which Joe declared to be "the rarest and gameyest fish in the Gulf Stream."

Mr. O'Connell sat on his bed and alternately laughed and shouted at me. "Why, you poor innocent greenhorn," he yelled, "men come down here year after year and fish for 'em. If they hook one he gets away. Why, the most exclusive club at Palm Beach is the 'Sail Fish Club,' made up of men who have captured one. Now you go out for a day's fishing and do something the veterans would give their eye teeth for. They'll have it in the papers to-morrow, sure's you're born."

"No, they won't," I replied. "I didn't see any reporters."

But Joe was right. The Miami Herald came out next morning with big headlines. "Dean of Law School Gets First Sail Fish," and a story of the capture, furnished, no doubt, by Captain Morgan.

Thus did Fate accord to me the honor of capturing a prize coveted by all sportsmen. In about a month the mounted fish will be ready for exhibition at the school. But I have not yet applied for admission to the "Sacred Order of Sail Fish."

is no doubt very rich.

We reached the picturesque city of Fredericton in time for a late supper. Then in the evening we walked under the stars along the promenade of a great park ^{or commons} that extends along the river. As I remember it this park is near the parliamentary and public buildings. Cannon were mounted here and these I believe there were some trophies from the world war.

Young people were skylarking around and youthful couples, and some not so youthful, were strolling arm ~~and~~ 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 Cromwell if they ~~had~~ held any reference to Simon Williams. I had in my possession a large map of the locality and by the aid of a clerk in the registry I had located the land as lying in a gore between two highways ~~located~~ 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 farm house ^{and} leaving Muck 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 war 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. It was a one horse highway for sure and I had misgivings as I turned my beautiful and massive car into ~~it~~ 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 ~~the~~ little rivulets crossed the road here and there with rough ^{hurdle like} bridges over them. The marshy roadbed was for the most part corduroy (as is rendered somewhat more passible 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 of it and came out onto firmer ground thanking god that we had escaped with our lives. I am sure no car ever got such a baptism of mud 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 unimproving 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 crossed the land we experienced a great relief. This was a very good road. It led past beautiful Oromocto lake and through very 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 opened 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 Fredericton where we partook of a noonday meal and then pushed on to further adventures. My map had indicated a road that led

across country to the Maine border at
the St Croix as I remember it at Vanceboro.
It was county 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 hill
had no terrors. But how we did hate
to meet other cars. They could ~~be~~
be seen in the distance with a great
cloud of dust around 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 travelled 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 travelling dirt storm for he
would gleefully exclaim as we passed
the unfortunate driver

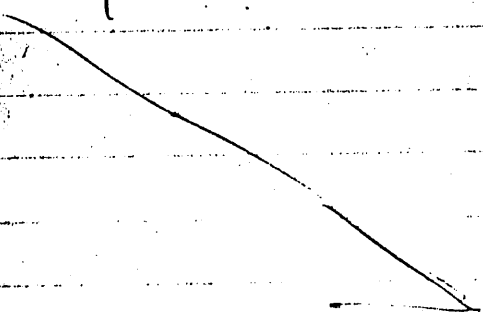
"Another Injuri bit the dust."

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

After Thanksgiving did we drive to Bangor
to suffer 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 of strength was swift indeed.
On July 20, 1927 I climbed to the top of the
Pilgrim Monument ~~at~~ 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 that summer of 1927 - the Con-
vention of the American Bar Association
where 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.



opportunity for discussion at the Thursday evening and devised a plot to stifle any proposals of a constructive nature. Mr. Strawn affirmed that he was without authority to call a meeting Wednesday evening.

Then I transferred my campaign to the doors of the executive offices and finally caught Governor Whitman "in transit." By this time he well knew both me and my mission and was glad to escape by promising to authorize any meeting that Mr. Strawn would call. This knowledge triumphantly conveyed to Mr. Strawn after several hours of knocking and waiting.

I then found that my resolution, which I had distributed sundry copies, had created such alarm in the ranks of the "University men" that they had held a strategy meeting and had prepared a substitute resolution in which my definite proposals had been reduced to generalities that would defeat its whole purpose. This amendment was now submitted to me by Mr. Strawn. I pointed out its defects but promised to consider it. Mr. Strawn still declined to call a meeting, alleging the necessity of submitting it to the "section" of which he was chairman.

A Petition Drafted

Realizing that nothing but a positive command of the executive committee was likely to produce results I held a conference with Dean Lee and Mr. O'Connell at which we decided to prepare a petition to the executive committee and to secure the signatures of as many as possible. I drafted the petition and we began collecting signatures, a move that evidently mystified and alarmed our adversaries.

Mr. Strawn sent word to me that he would see me either in the evening or early next morning to tell me whether we could have the meeting. One of the most eminent of the day law school deans gave me an urgent invitation to lunch with him Tuesday. I did so. When I learned from his conversation that someone had already shown him my resolution and brief it gave me a clue to the reason for his friendliness. We quite evidently had them worried.

Mr. Strawn in particular was in a dilemma owing to his avowed candidacy for the Presidency of the Association. Himself an eminent lawyer who had never attended a college or a law school he could not with consistency fight to exclude from the profession those to whom college education was an impossibility. Neither could he afford to have it appear that he was responsible for so shabby a trick as the cancellation of the Tuesday meeting.

I had already informed him that unless a meeting were granted we would take the matter to the floor of the convention. This would of course react very unfavorably upon his candidacy. Measures were tak-

en, no doubt, by Mr. Strawn that very evening to insure the prompt squelching of any such attempt.

More Trouble for Strawn

Being unable to sleep Tuesday night because of a fog horn blowing on Lake Erie and one of my roommates snoring, I concocted a brilliant scheme to cause further trouble for Mr. Strawn. I would draw up a resolution to the following effect:

Resolution

WHEREAS, The American Bar Association, for the purpose of protecting the public from incompetent and unfit practitioners of law, has established certain standards for admission to the bar, viz., two years of college work prior to beginning the study of law and graduation from an approved law school, and

WHEREAS, The American Bar Association is now engaged in an earnest campaign to make these requirements effective throughout the nation, and desires to set an example of consistency in its own ranks, therefore, be it

RESOLVED that hereafter no person shall be deemed eligible for the high office of president of this association who has not had at least two years of college work and is not himself a graduate of a law school.

When Mr. Boynton and my brother, somewhat later in the night, had been informed of the new plan they laughed so heartily over it that I knew that we had forged a new weapon to be used in the convention. Early the next morning I had it typed. Everybody that I showed it to indulged in a hearty laugh except Hollis R. Bailey. He shook his head and chuckled with delight but declared as the others had done that it was "a sensible plan."

Publicity Campaign

Leaving this new development to spread its alarm until it reached Mr. Strawn's ears I sallied forth with Dean Lee on a campaign of publicity which he had suggested.

We together interviewed the editor of the Buffalo Courier-Express. After hearing our story he made an appointment for his convention reporter to see me at my room in the Statler at 2:00 P. M.

The first meeting of the convention was scheduled for 10:00 A. M. at the Buffalo Consistory. Dean Lee and I arrived toward the close of formal speeches. The election of the general council and state officers was to take place at the close of the session. Placards announced the section of the great hall where each state delegation was to meet. I was gratified to find that every Suffolk delegate was present and that two unexpected recruits had shown up—Walter M. Kendall and Percie D. Jordan.

Our First Victory

Our plans were well formulated. They succeeded beyond expectation. The chairman recited Mr. Hannigan's service as the Massachusetts member of the general council and called for

nominations. Mr. Boynton at once nominated Joseph F. O'Connell, extolling his ability and his long service in important committees of the American Bar Association. Our delegation was well scattered among the forty-four Massachusetts representatives. There was such a chorus of seconding Mr. O'Connell's nomination that no other nomination was offered and he received unanimous election.

This was of course our goal, but when I found that four members of the state council were also to be elected we pressed on to new conquests. Judge Burns of Pittsfield was nominated by James H. Brennan; Walter M. Kendall by myself. I also seconded the nomination of my good friend and college classmate, Mrs. Emma Fall Schofield. All three of these were elected.

Thus we scored a much greater victory for Suffolk than any of us had a right to hope. We had moreover the satisfaction of beholding the blank looks of the Harvard delegation while it was happening.

Our Delegates Go Sightseeing

Knowing that no fight on the other matter could come up that afternoon I released our delegates for a sight seeing tour and returned to the campaign against Mr. Strawn. He was in fact looking for me as earnestly as I was looking for him. We met for a lengthy conference. I rejected his amendment and announced my intention of submitting the resolution as it stood. He urged that the Thursday night meeting would give me ample opportunity to present the matter. My suspicions of a packed meeting had already taken form so his assurances did not mean much to me.

I knew that Mr. Strawn could not properly render the report of his section Thursday morning as called for by the convention programme and challenged him on this point. He admitted that I was right and that he must ask the convention to give him until Friday morning for his report.

Hatching a New Scheme

Wednesday night I was again very wakeful. Mr. Boynton noticed this during the night and said:

"Well, Dean, I suppose you have hatched up some other devilish scheme to spring on Strawn."

I admitted that I had and informed him that the new plan was to have him arise in the convention when Mr. Strawn made his request for postponement and voice our grievances. When that disturbance was over I would attempt to introduce my two resolutions. This plan did not make very much of a hit with our genial President. He is a lover of peace and doubtless foresaw things not to his liking. But he agreed to think it over.

Early in the morning of Thursday the Buffalo Courier-Express was pushed under our door. I captured it, and found a corking story of our attempt to secure a modification of the two year college rule. I later found that all the first comers to convention headquarters had read the story. It was the opening gun of our campaign.

My loyal supporters, Hogan, Fielding and Avery, were on deck early and I arranged with them that a suit case of resolutions should be brought down from my room and distributed to the delegates as they entered the ball room of the Statler where the Thursday meetings were to be held.

Then everything went wrong. In the ever increasing throng in the hotel lobby I met Mr. Boynton. His face was full of trouble, as mine was presently when he told me that he had decided not to speak in the coming meeting. I hunted up Mr. O'Connell and told him of my dilemma. He agreed to speak but told me how much it would embarrass him with the new administration if he did it. Strawn was sure of election, he declared.

S. O. S. for Brennan

Then I thought of James H. Brennan, our fearless young orator from Charlestown. He had not yet put in appearance. I found one of our delegation, Professor Hogan, and sent him to Brennan's room to pull him out of bed if necessary but to get him downstairs to the ball room immediately.

Then to my dismay I found that the ball room was already half full of delegates and none of my resolutions had yet been distributed. We had not expected so early a gathering. There was nothing to do but check the suitcase and wait for a more favorable moment for distribution.

The meeting opened with the most hard boiled presiding officer of the association in the chair—former U. S. Senator Chester I. Long of Kansas. I was on pins and needles waiting and watching for Brennan.

Meantime Professor Hogan was having his troubles. Brennan and his roommates Henchey and O'Connor had been up late and had talked until the wee small hours. It was hard to arouse them. The Charlestown orator had to be hauled bodily from bed. A less resolute gentleman than George F. Hogan might have failed in his mission. When Brennan objected that he had had no breakfast, Hogan informed him that this was a morning when he was going to miss his breakfast entirely.

By the time Brennan appeared he was ready for battle. His warlike countenance was fairly agleam when I greeted him and took him aside to coach him on the points that ought to be brought out. He informed me that I could count on him to "rip Mr. Strawn up the back," so I

breathed easier and took my place in the crowded hall.

Mr. Strawn came to the platform—the heir apparent to the Presidency appearing for the first time since the general council had agreed upon his nomination. He was received with great applause and when he had voiced his request for a postponement of his report the audience gave him a genuine ovation. Surely our champion would have been justified in feeling that the tide of events was running too strongly against us for a protest against the hero of the hour.

Brennan's Great Fight

But even in the midst of the applause I saw the athletic figure of Jim Brennan rise up and demand recognition. His voice rang out like a battle cry that electrified the two thousand delegates. Before the chairman had recovered from his amazement Brennan was unfolding the story of how we had been tricked by the cancellation of the meeting.

Bang! went the chairman's gavel. "Do you rise to oppose the granting of Mr. Strawn's request?" he demanded. "I do," declared Brennan and then continued his eloquent denunciation of the "strange procedure" and the "unwarranted delay." He pointed out to the delegates that none could attend this dinner meeting without paying \$2.50 as an admission fee. He called upon Mr. Strawn to explain why he had cancelled the Tuesday meeting.

Dean Edward T. Lee then got the floor and added benzine to the flames that Brennan had kindled. The chairman was by this time banging his gavel in a mad attempt to drown out the speakers. But Brennan managed to get in a few more telling shots at "star chamber sessions," eliciting much applause from the delegates, before the chairman could rule him off the floor and put the motion to vote. The motion was carried but there was a noticeable adverse vote.

I then got the floor on a "point of information", stating that I had two resolutions to present but by reason of failure of the Section of Legal Education to meet had been unable to do so and wished to know if I might offer them then and there. The chairman answered me with his gavel, as I knew he would, and ruled that it was a matter for the Section of Legal Education.

The First Reactions

Thus ended the most spectacular battle of the Buffalo Convention. Delegates came to me in the lobby to express their indignation at the way we had been treated. One asked, "Who is this young man, Brennan?" "A graduate of my school," I replied. "You have a right to be proud of him," he declared and of course I agreed most heartily with the sentiment.

As the meeting was breaking up Mr. Strawn came out and hurried to

where Mr. O'Connell and I were standing. I was jubilant at the storm we had raised and of course the "heir apparent" was worried. Both of us kept our tempers and Mr. O'Connell stood by, chuckling at the argument. When it was over he said to me, "Dean, you certainly gave it to him 100 per cent and you've got him d—scared."

The controversy had now become the talk of the convention. At the Harvard Alumni dinner Dean Pound made a special appeal to all Harvard graduates to attend the dinner meeting of the Section of Legal Education that evening, stating that there was grave danger of a modification of the "two year college rule" unless they came to the rescue. Whether this was done at the Yale, Cornell, Northwestern, Michigan and other university dinners held at that same time I have no means of knowing. But within a few hours nearly three hundred dinner tickets had been sold. They were certainly packing the meeting in the most emphatic manner.

Our Strategy Meeting

I sent out word to all our delegates and allies to meet in my room at 2:00 P. M. for a strategy meeting. I invited also the Dean of a North Carolina law school to join with us—or at least I thought I did but learned immediately that it was somebody that looked like him. The man said that he would not "give us away" but even if he did it could not have been other than a fresh cause of alarm to our adversaries.

We had no sooner started our meeting than the telephone rang and one of the newly elected general council asked to see Brennan on a matter of great importance. He came up and we discovered that he was campaigning against Strawn. The fight of the morning had convinced many that he was not the proper man for President. We wished the councillor success in his campaign and promised aid in every manner possible.

Later we learned from Mr. O'Connell that at least three delegations from the Illinois crowd had come to see him during the afternoon asking him to pull us "off Strawn's neck." He had told them that I was a very fair-minded individual and would doubtless meet them half way on any reasonable compromise.

By the time our strategy meeting was over I was dead tired. Overwork, loss of sleep, not to mention hay fever, had reduced my vitality greatly. So I remained in my room and tried to rest and to decide just what arguments I would use in presenting the resolutions that evening. We had already decided to oblige them if possible to adjourn the meeting to Friday morning. The order of speakers had been arranged.

(Continued on Page 6)

Armistice Declared

I went downstairs and found the afternoon session had just adjourned. Mr. Strawn was looking for me and had just been informed by the telephone clerk that I was not in my room. His remark to me was very genuine. I was there for me just two minutes. I found something very important to me. I have to see another person. I agreed to wait.

Dean Lee in towering excitement came rushing to me. He was trying to put something on me. He declared, "Biggest defeat yet."

Mr. Strawn was holding in his hand a copy of the resolution which he urged me to discuss with him in the ballroom lobby. I explained that I had to meet Mr. Strawn and could not leave. Then I read the resolution and found that victory was in sight. It was my own victory with very unimportant details.

Mr. Strawn came out and began talking for me again in the throng. In a spirit of mischief I closed in behind him and helped him hunt for Dean Lee. But he looked so worried that I tapped him on the shoulder and relieved his suspense.

We went into the back room. Mr. Connell and Dean Lee joined us. Mr. Strawn explained that in order to settle our controversy harmoniously the "Council of Legal Education" had just prepared a compromise resolution which he then presented. After I had studied it a few minutes and we had discussed it for an hour or less I suggested that we go to my room where it was quiet to see if we could not agree upon final wording. This he agreed to.

Treaty of Peace

Thus the "heir apparent", Chicago's greatest lawyer, the man whom President Coolidge had sent on a special mission to China was glad to go to my room to arrange the terms of surrender. It was all quite fantastic and unreal.

It was then five o'clock and the dinner was scheduled for six fifteen. The forces were at work downstairs printing copies of my resolution at every plate. While we were at work Robert Avery came into the room and inquired anxiously, "Any news?" Mr. Strawn, with a twinkle in his eyes, replied, "Yes, sir. The enemy is in camp." Avery beat a hasty retreat and we all laughed.

Our negotiations were triangular. Dean Lee had prepared a resolution which I went even farther than mine. He offered for substitution. We debated the questions until after five o'clock and finally settled the matter by including the main portion of Dean Lee's draft as the last clause of the compromise resolution.

The completed document read as follows:

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, at the annual meeting of the Association in 1921, as a means of improving the morale of the legal profession, a resolution was adopted to require of all applicants for admission to the bar two years of college work before the beginning of the study of law; and

WHEREAS, opposition has been encountered in several States, due in part to inadequate educational facilities locally, and, in part, to the alarming rise in college and living expenses, and

WHEREAS, some States have developed systems of education whereby ambitious youth are offered opportunities to acquire a collegiate training free or at moderate cost; therefore be it

RESOLVED, that in compliance with the policy announced by the American Bar Association in 1921, we recommend the establishment in each State, where none now exist, of opportunities for a collegiate training, free or at moderate cost, so that all deserving young men and women seeking admission to the Bar may obtain an adequate preliminary education, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the several States be urged through the Council of Legal Education and Admission to the Bar to provide at stated times and places for prelegal examinations to be held by the University of the State or by the Board of Law Examiners thereof for those applicants for admission to the Bar obliged to make up their preliminary qualifications outside of accredited institutions of learning.

We also agreed as a part of the "treaty of peace" that I should have the right to name one of the nominating committee. I suggested J. Weston Allen of Massachusetts.

Then I hurried down to the stenographic department to have new drafts prepared. It was after six o'clock when I delivered them at Mr. Strawn's room. He was dressed for dinner and was eagerly awaiting my coming.

The Dinner Meeting

When we reached the grill room of the hotel we found the place packed with expectant delegates. They had come for the "big show." When I told one southerner of my acquaintance that there was to be no fight he threw a most amusing fit, declaring that he had wasted his money in buying a ticket.

The evening papers carried a first page story of the fight in the convention. Brennan's spectacular exploit had been featured as the sensation of the day.

It developed that J. Weston Allen was not at the dinner so I substituted the name of Thomas J. Boynton, former Attorney General of Massachusetts. At the beginning of the business meeting Mr. Strawn announced the names of the nominating committee. There were four others beside Mr. Boynton, so he was in a hopeless minority for the others had a prearranged slate. We cared nothing for the officers, however, for the adoption of the resolution was our main objective.

Mr. Strawn made a very tactful and happy speech announcing the clearing up of our late misunderstanding. He introduced one of the members of the council to read the resolution. According to our ar-

rangement I arose to make the seconding speech. My remarks were very brief and as near as I can recall were as follows:

"As the author of the original resolution over which all this contest has raged it gives me great pleasure to second the motion for the adoption of the resolution as read. I regret very much that we arrived at our final understanding at too late an hour to give due notice of the fact so that some of you gentlemen who came here to witness fireworks might have made other arrangements."

The storm of applause that greeted this jest at their expense had scarcely died away when J. Hamilton Lewis, former U. S. Senator from Illinois arose and made a very eloquent speech "further seconding the proposition."

The resolution was unanimously adopted by the meeting and also on the following morning by the American Bar Association proper, in the same session at which Mr. Strawn was elected President.

I congratulate him upon this high honor and I congratulate the American Bar Association upon its good fortune in having such a man as its president. Throughout our controversy and despite the awkward predicament in which he found himself he fought fairly and like a gentleman.

Magnitude of Our Victory

Thus our great adventure was crowned with success. We had set out to do battle with a movement that does not much concern us in Massachusetts. "Two years in college" is not exacted of boys in the old Bay State. But the movement has been submerging other communities and no champions of the working man have hitherto arisen strong enough or courageous enough to make war on sponsors of the movement.

It is very fitting therefore that Suffolk Law School, the largest law school in the country, should take up arms against the common enemy while they were yet far from our own borders.

The magnitude of our victory will grow and grow as the days pass. The universities no longer have a prospective monopoly upon the training of lawyers. "Two years in college," according to the programme adopted in 1921 has now given place to a programme calling for "collegiate training free or at moderate cost" and even for home study with qualifying examinations "at the State University or before the Board of Law Examiners."

Truly the young men of America owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to the men named in this narrative whose team work and valor made possible this epoch marking victory in the Buffalo Convention of the American Bar Association.

The school year of 1927-28 opened with an increased attendance despite the fact that the Freshman class was not as large as the former class that had entered during the previous year. We had in fact experienced an abnormal Fresh 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. Starn had "double crossed" me in the matter of nominating committee. The By-laws called for a committee of three. He had unilaterally 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 nugatory 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

211

very remarkable outburst from Silas H. Strawn
the very 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 associates 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 well 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} Mr 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 that it would be necessary to see the copy.

I accordingly prepared under date of October 19, 1911 a letter summarizing the essential facts upon which I relied for proof of my content that the Section of 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 the straw men 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 counsel with Dean Causi 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 Rossi contributed \$300. to the expense of the project.

Dean Lee of John Marshall Law School, however, chided me for thinking of such a thing and declared that he would not be a party to it since he had made peace with Mr. Stamm 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. Stamm". It went out to the members of the Bar Association - a ringing challenge to Mr. Stamm 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, ~~published~~ ^{suppressed} out of our joint contributions, had refused to publish my reply.

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 the public. It involves the very men whom Mr. Stamm 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 circu-

insuring 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 superced 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 indorsements of my position. Thus another stage of the law school fight was accomplished.

(Events of 1928.)

School duties were numerous and exact but I nevertheless found time during this year to write a new text book on Private Corporations. Having already purchased ~~three~~^{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 Hanc 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 her 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 ^{at 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 a very efficient collector of rents and rejoiced whenever the first of the month arrived. But as an investment the Boston property did not net me much more than savings bank interest, so I declined to purchase any more of it.

During the winter of 1928 we had ^{considerable} a ~~very~~ fight on our hands in the Legislature because of the drive by 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 legislative committee. Eventually the bill was killed in a spectacular fight on the floor of the House.

For some time I had 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 sleep 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 bed room 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. Pitcher 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 suite". It was decorated and furnished in appropriate manner. I was fortunate enough to secure a solid mahogany directors table that for twenty years had been the directors table of the Massachusetts General Hospital. I also purchased

purchased a dozen mahogany chairs that went with the table - chairs with leather upholstery - the last word in comfort and beauty of design or massive lines.

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

United States Senator Royal C. 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 Truitt Temple. I had invited a group of Trustees and their wives as well as Professor and Mrs Dallas Lore Sharp. ~~And~~ 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 beeged in. They were late because of the difficulty of finding a parking place for their car. We met the joyful emergency by my vacating the regular table and giving place to Mrs Sharp.

beside the Senator while Professor [unclear] 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 Alfre E. Smith was being boomed for the Democratic nomination for the President and it required very little to kindle exuberant Democracy into wild outbursts of enthusiasm. The ~~SP~~ 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. (see Ins

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

The New Hampshire Bar Association.

In recording the events of the summer of 1928 I accidentally omitted one of its most significant events so far as I personally was concerned - the New Hampshire Bar Association Convention. It seems that Louis Wymann, 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 lawyers of the state, was to be my opponent. In fact I did not learn of this until seated at dinner with the president and my opponent just before the speechmaking. We had met at the Manchester (N.H.) Country club on a very hot day, June 30, 1928. The lawyers had gathered in goodly numbers for a golf tournament.

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. Demond should precede me - 1st, that ~~of~~ 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 cheerily 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 windows 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. Demond was

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 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 the matter 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.

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 ~~and~~ 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 what I had become the 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 ^{accumulated} ~~boasted~~ the
 county 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

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The Alumni Office is ready to co-operate by giving information on recent decisions, state or national; on legal research; on legislative affairs; and to aid in such matters of law and business as may fall within its scope.

THE SEATTLE CONVENTION
(Continued from Page 1.)

train when I was writing and drafting plans in our drawing room.

Planning the Campaign

It was in fact when we were travelling through the vast prairies of Minnesota that the idea was evolved that brought us such a signal victory in the convention. While studying the advance program of the convention I noticed that the executive committee, in a desire to pave the way for incorporating the association, had reported a redraft of the constitution and by-laws with a provision for incorporation therein. I saw at once a means of bringing our fight to the floor of the convention. At the Buffalo Convention it had been ruled that no matter relating to legal education could be brought to the floor of the convention until after the Section of Legal Education had passed upon it. But the strategy of those in control of the section had been to hold a meeting of the section only at a supper recess of Thursday when the work of the convention was over, and to devote the meeting itself to a banquet, leaving no time for discussion. The readoption of the constitution at the Seattle meeting was, therefore, our golden opportunity. We must devise amendments that would strike at the heart of the evil of which we complained and pave the way for the ousting of the conspirators from the Section of Legal Education.

I drafted several proposed amendments and held conferences with my associates, conferences attended with some difficulties, however, owing to the roar and rattle of the train as at high speed we rolled northwesterly through the great wheat filled prairie lands of North Dakota. Before we reached the Canadian border our plan of campaign had been definitely decided upon, except for the element of uncertainty that existed as to the next move of the conspirators.

Mr. Horack's Offer

It will be remembered that at the close of the Buffalo Convention a salaried adviser had been appointed by the Section of Legal Education, one H. C. Horack, Secretary of the Association of American Law Schools. Mr. Horack has been very active during the past year in attempting to secure the adoption of the two-year college standard in many States.

Some days before our departure I received a special delivery letter from him. He had evidently seen one of my circular letters sent out to friends in the Bar Association urging them to attend the convention, for in his letter he wrote that he had been informed that I wished to address the Bar Association and the Section. He declared that if I would tell him what my subject-matter would be he would do his best to arrange to have the time assigned to me.

My first reaction had been indigna-

tion at so obvious an attempt to secure advance information of my line of attack. On second thought, however, I decided it would be good strategy to accept his offer and wired him suggesting two rather tame titles of addresses.

On the morning of leaving Boston a reply wire had come from Mr. Horack regretting his inability to fulfill his offer and suggesting that I would have to present the matter in the form of a resolution. This at once unmasked his show of friendliness, for I well knew that a resolution, under the by-laws, is undebatable, and is referred at once to a committee which of course in this case would be the Section of Legal Education.

Five Days En Route

We were en route five days except for one glorious day in Banff, Alberta, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The scenery was beyond description and the ten reels of movie films that I took during that portion of the trip give but faint impressions of the grandeur of glaciers and mountain ranges. The lights and shades and colors that no camera can record are the chief glories of the six hundred miles of mountains through which we passed.

The all-day steamer ride down Puget Sound to Seattle was likewise a continuous feast to the eye. Lest there be some misunderstanding here I refer specifically to the distant glacier-clad mountains and the shore lines, but to no other lines or curves whatsoever, although the great boat was so well freighted with counter attractions that some tourists quite evidently were not interested in anything so cool as a glacier.

We reached headquarters hotel, the Olympic, at Seattle, Sunday evening, July 22nd. By a peculiar coincidence Mr. Horack was assigned a room adjoining mine, so I was destined to see much of him during Convention Week.

At Work in Seattle

To George Hogan had been assigned the task of distributing copies of my New Hampshire speech to those who came to register at convention headquarters. Early Monday morning he began operations and not a little of the success of our efforts at the convention was due to the splendid work of Professor Hogan. The warm-hearted Westerners kindled to the warm-hearted Hogan in a manner that was very encouraging indeed. To be sure, all four of us were busy every minute, but my activities consisted chiefly in conversing with lawyers who were brought to me by the other three. The most of them had read my "Reply to Strawn" of last December and were already favorable to our cause.

The Alumni may, therefore, picture us for two days and evenings prior to the opening of the convention as very busy getting acquainted with members of the association. They may also picture the dismay and concern of Mr. Horack, President Strawn and others of the opposition at the progress we were making.

Mr. Horack Appears

Mr. Horack introduced himself early Monday and thereafter met me at frequent intervals. Our meetings were verbal sparring matches. He con-

versed also with the other members. More than once his persuasiveness was too much for the gulleless Professor Hogan, who came to me privately and assured me that he was convinced of Mr. Horack's sincere desire to assist us. Each time, however, I convinced him that my suspicion of crafty designs were well founded, and Mr. Hogan returned to the fray in his inimitable manner. As for Jim Brennan and my brother, they were dyed-in-the-wool sceptics and could not be persuaded.

Mr. Horack was quite solicitous that I should present a resolution to the convention, but after I had jolled him along on that tack for a time, I told him frankly that I was not to be caught in such a trap but had other plans. This evidently worried him. During a quiet period Monday evening we held an extended conference. I really enjoyed talking with him and matching wits in the great contest that we were waging.

At this meeting I decided to test his reaction by telling him that I was planning to offer an amendment to the constitution that would oblige the Section of Legal Education to meet on Tuesdays thereafter. He expressed great concern lest somebody should raise a point of order that thirty days notice was necessary for an amendment. I told him that I expected that point to be raised and knew very well that it would be his crowd who would raise it, but that I was ready for them on that score.

President Strawn in Conference

In the throng that had gathered at headquarters Monday President Strawn came to me and shook hands most cordially. He tried to dissuade me from offering an amendment by saying that so far as he was concerned we could have a meeting of the Section Tuesday if we so desired. I reminded him that the previous year President Whitman had given me similar assurance but the thing was then impossible because the Chairman of the Section, Mr. Strawn himself, had refused to hold such meeting. I asked him if the present chairman, William Draper Lewis, who had engineered the capture of the section eight years ago was very likely to be more liberal than he himself had been.

Mr. Strawn protested that I was misjudging the eminent gentlemen, and that hereafter we could have meetings whenever we desired them. I replied that for several years advantage had been taken of a technicality that the By-Laws did not specifically call for a meeting at a stated time and bogus meetings were being held on Thursday evenings at which a dinner occupied nearly all the time. This practice I proposed to stop by an amendment and asked him point blank if he would recognize me at the proper time Wednesday morning so that I might offer such amendment. To this he smilingly agreed.

Publicity of High Degree

One of those unforeseen events that have sometimes assisted us now occurred. After lunch on Monday I took Mrs. Archer and the children to convention headquarters. As I was showing them around, a Seattle lawyer who

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 2.)

(Continued from Page 4.)

text-book, "Private Corporations," appears this month from the pen of Mr. Dean, written in his inimitable style, a clear statement of law, and a carefully selected illustrative cases. This book will lessen the difficulties of the student in that course, and will help the attorney or business man who is interested in private corporations.

Reports bear to our office word that Mr. Joseph J. Halligan, '19, and Mr. Richmond, '23, are each to be appointed on the arrival of a new class to the future Suffolk Law School.

We note that Joseph Crowley, '25; Thomas J. Canavan, '21; Percy F. Adams, '21; Orvis H. Saxby, '26; Frederick W. Hoag, '25; and Louis G. Hall, '25, are listed in the Baggott & Hall Directory of Guaranteed Attorneys, a listing widely used by lawyers and business men, and one which is sponsored by a Suffolk man, Mr. Arthur Berkal, '25.

George B. Mahan, '20, has filed nomination papers for Representative from Ward 15. Mr. Mahan is an active member of the bar. He received his A. B. degree from Boston College in 1904, was admitted to practice in Massachusetts in 1911, and the United States District Court in 1922. He is a member of several other organizations and has been an active worker in public affairs in Dorchester for many years.

Representative Garrett H. Byrne, of Roxbury, a member of the Alumni Association, is Democratic candidate for the office of Register of Deeds of Suffolk County. Mr. Byrne is a Bostonian receiving his education at Mechanic Arts High School, Harvard and Suffolk. He has served in the Massachusetts Legislature from 1925 to date and is a member of several local lodges and the American Legion.

Jeremiah F. Driscoll, '22, past president of the Massachusetts Federation of Labor and an officer at work in many labor organizations in this State, is also a candidate for Representative from Ward 15, Dorchester. He is a man well versed in labor problems and represents the labor with impartial skill. Mr. Driscoll practices law at 8 Beacon Street, Boston.

Charles S. O'Connor, '13, active in alumni work and a professor of Tort Law at Suffolk Law School, is a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth. Mr. O'Connor served on the Boston Law School Committee, and his experience in city affairs and in an extensive practice before the courts together with his understanding of the matters and of men, make him the logical man for this office.

Joseph A. Parks, '17, has been appointed a Commissioner of the

Faculty he has served for many years. He has done good work as a member of the board, having the happy faculty of seeing the real issues involved, and his decisions are impartial, showing a deep knowledge of the law relative to Workmen's Compensation. "Joe" Parks graduated from Suffolk Law School in the days when instructors knew the students by their first names there were so few of them. In addition to his work as a Commissioner, Mr. Parks is an instructor in Workmen's Compensation Law in the Suffolk Law School. He is a frequent and entertaining after-dinner speaker, and is in great demand at the festive board. His genial disposition and great personality has made for him a host of friends. We congratulate him on his well-deserved re-appointment, and we congratulate the Governor for recognizing the services of an able and conscientious commissioner.

THE SEATTLE CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 3.)

was on the reception committee, Mark Litchman, plucked my sleeve and requested very urgently that I give him more literature for publicity purposes.

He explained that he had just read my New Hampshire speech and was so enthusiastic over it that he wished to do something to help the cause. I promised to see him in a few minutes and bring him more complete information.

When I found Mr. Litchman shortly after he hastily excused himself and hastened after a feature writer of the "Post-Intelligencer," Seattle's only morning paper, who had just left him. This gentleman proved to be R. B. Berman, of the editorial staff, a man with a real gift as a journalist.

Mr. Litchman returned with Mr. Berman in tow. It appeared that Mr. Litchman had already told him more or less about me. The editor invited me to a quiet nook on the mezzanine floor and we spent perhaps an hour together. Inasmuch as Mr. Berman had worked his own way through college he was at first somewhat lukewarm on the iniquity of barring non-college men from the profession. Whether he became an out and out convert or not I am not sure, but at any rate he wrote a corking story for the next issue of his paper. He was for having his photographer make a picture of me, but thanks to the foresight of my ever-vigilant secretary, Miss Caraher, "shiny prints" of my latest picture were in my brief-case. I gave him one of these.

The Newspaper Story

On the front page of Tuesday morning's Post-Intelligencer appeared my picture and President Strawn's with the legend "At Grips." The following brief extracts will sufficiently indicate the nature of the story.

"There is a paradoxical phase in this leadership. Dean Archer, the anti-college leader, is himself a college man, whereas his opponent never carried his formal education beyond high school. . . . 'If a man can have a university education, so much the better,'

can citizens who, for economic reasons, cannot go to college, and who, if the present association standard prevails would be debarred from the profession of law. . . . Keep qualifications high. But my contention is that it shouldn't matter how a man qualifies, so long as he can qualify."

The effect of the publication of this story was very advantageous to our cause. Many lawyers now recognized me from my picture and came forward to discuss the matter.

Dean Edward T. Lee, of John Marshall Law School, an ally in our movement, had arrived on the previous evening. We had held a long conference. He was completely satisfied with my plan of campaign and offered some valuable suggestions. Tuesday morning he was with us in our proselyting activities in the hotel lobby, quite jubilant over the publicity in the morning paper.

A Misunderstanding Ironed Out

On this morning occurred my only hostile encounter. The results that flowed from it were so considerable that it deserves special mention. I was continually being greeted by name by persons whose identity was unknown to me. A short dark-complexioned man greeted me and introduced me to a friend. The sarcasm and hostility of my introducer was so evident, however, that it aroused my indignation. I found that he was Oscar Hull, of Detroit, a member of the Executive Committee, and was angry with me over some letter that had been received by the committee blaming them for the suppression of the meetings of the Section of Legal Education.

Not having written such letter I denied with some heat that I knew anything about it. He retorted that it was ostensibly written by Dean Lee, but was of course inspired by me. He made other comments of a similar nature, and so aroused my wrath that we staged a genuine row. My indignation and logic, however, soon convinced him that he had made a mistake. Then because he is a very honorable and fair-minded gentleman, although somewhat hot-headed, he listened to my explanations of Dean Lee's activities as distinct from my own, as well as the facts underlying our protest. The conference closed very amicably. We shook hands and parted as friends.

I knew that he was blaming Dean Lee for a misunderstood sentence in the latter's letter of protest, so I sought out my warlike ally and introduced him to Mr. Hull. The result was even better than I had hoped, for the misunderstanding was speedily cleared away, and Mr. Hull became a friend in court for the Executive Committee of the Bar Association is a very powerful body.

"Greeks Bearing Gifts"

Later in the forenoon Mr. Horack came to me with a new proposition. The council of the Section of Legal Education was to hold a special meeting that afternoon. We could avoid

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the difficulty over the thirty-day notice, he averred, by having the council adopt and report an amendment similar to what I had in mind.

I asked him if he ever heard of the classical admonition, "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts." But he protested good faith, whereupon I laughed and said:

"A fine spectacle, indeed. The Section of Legal Education, if it adopts my amendment, will in effect be saying to the Association, 'Please give me a swift kick where it will do me the most good. I have been very naughty.'"

Even Mr. Horack laughed at this, but he urged me to adopt a more friendly attitude toward the officers of the Section. Still later he came to me with a special invitation from the council of the section that I attend their meeting and present any matter I desired in order that we might arrive at an understanding. This was a surprising development, but I was not to be caught so easily.

I replied that for two years I had been fighting unsuccessfully for an open meeting of the section; that I was ready and willing at any time to present what I had in mind to any such meeting, but that I must respectfully decline to attend a star-chamber session of the council.

I saw nothing more of Mr. Horack the balance of Tuesday, but I was later informed that the council met at 2.30 P. M., and continued in session until evening. Quite obviously they were worried. They had even more reason for worry than they realized, for they did not foresee my other amendments.

A Council of War

In the meantime the three trustees of the school had arrived one by one on the scene.

Mr. O'Connell had reached Seattle ahead of us and was of course a great help to me. He knew all the important people, and since he was a member of the powerful general council was highly regarded by all. Mr. Boynton arrived at headquarters Tuesday morning, terribly sunburned from his sojourn in Yellowstone Park, but radiating good cheer. Mr. Swift arrived also so that when on Tuesday P. M. we held our last joint council of war prior to the opening of the convention there were six Suffolk men, Mr. O'Connell being unable to attend. Dean Lee also sat in with us.

Inasmuch as we had but seven of the nineteen delegates from Massachusetts, it did not seem at all likely that we could elect more than that proportion of the state representatives of the local council. Our caucus was held for the purpose of clarifying the situation and agreeing upon a general plan of action. When the meeting ended there was an understanding as to who should nominate our various candidates.

Stealing a March on the Enemy

Wednesday, the opening day of the convention, found us early on the move. I had taken to the convention city two suit cases of pamphlets, re-

shire Bar Association and another entitled "What Lawyers Think of College Monopoly," this being a compilation of brief quotations from letters that I had received from members of the association from all parts of the nation. Hiram J. Archer and George F. Hogan were delegated as a committee to secure the distribution of these pamphlets to every chair in the convention hall—the Civic Auditorium.

Mr. Hogan returned with the empty suitcases, but my brother remained to superintend the distribution of the pamphlets. It was very fortunate he did so, for the ushers would have succumbed to the attack that was later made upon this particular phase of our activity.

One of the Association officers arrived and waxed very indignant. He demanded angrily who was responsible for the "outrage." Those who have engaged in debate with the Director of the Review Department of Suffolk Law School may well appreciate the spirited exchange of views that took place. When the baffled official declared that the matter should have been taken up with the constituted authorities Hiram declared his willingness to do so immediately and asserted that if the protesting party represented the "constituted authorities" he would take it up with him then and there. Whereupon the other retired from the lists and the work of distribution went on.

Reading Matter for All

The result was that in the long delay while the convention was assembling everybody had something to read. When I arrived at the great auditorium I was delighted to find that it was already well filled and that everybody was reading my speech. I noticed also as others came in and the hall rapidly filled, all and sundry retrieved the pamphlet before sitting down and immediately raised it to the position for reading.

This, then, was the sight that must have struck dismay and vexation to the heart of President Strawn and his cohorts, as they fled down the right-hand aisle to the platform.

The Civic Auditorium is a new building of immense size, capable of seating a great multitude. The public had been invited. Mr. Brennan and I seated ourselves in the very centre of the first row of seats directly in front of the rostrum. This was, of course, to make it easy for Mr. Strawn to recognize us when the time came.

Fears and Forebodings

I must confess that now when the hour had struck for the great contest I was filled with apprehension at the prospect of attempting to address that mammoth audience. Dean Lee sent me the none too comforting word that when I got the floor I must "roar like a bull" if I was to be heard—roar like a bull with my high pitched voice! I couldn't make a whisper in that hall unless I could use the amplifiers with which the rostrum was equipped.

This desperate expedient, suggested by Mr. O'Connell, was running through my mind during the long-winded speech-making that preceded the real work of the convention. Without in-

form and cross the stage with finished and indignant eyes upon me and in the face of this great multitude, was a truly appalling prospect.

Mr. Brennan was beside me and his magnificent voice was at my command. But I had not coached him on my amendments nor on the legal aspects of the fight that might arise over their admissibility. I was armed with books and papers with which alone was familiar. The task before me and it was too late to shift the burden upon anyone else.

Speeches Begin

The addresses of welcome were followed by the annual address of the president. Mr. Strawn spoke at great length and among other things recited his version of the history of the college requirement for admission to the bar. But he gave its origin as from the Root Committee in 1921, whereas I was armed to the teeth with evidence of the conspiracy of 1919 that resulted in the appointment of the committee.

I was ready to prove also that the "two years in college" requirement was first advocated by the universal law school men in 1915 with the avowed purpose of suppressing rival law schools. Mr. Strawn's discussion of the subject was helpful in my present dilemma, since it awakened my warlike instincts. It was like a direct challenge to combat. Thereafter I waited tense and eager for the great moment to arrive.

Speeches ceased and the first item of business bore the innocuous title "Report of the Executive Committee." Everyone was supposed to have a copy of the program containing that report. Secretary McCracken, with his superb voice, was called upon to read the report. It was lengthy and moreover in our hands in black and white. By the time that he reached the constitution and by-laws which were appended to the report the great audience had been lulled into a state where it would have accepted anything that promised relief from its terminable routine oratory.

Brennan Joins Battle

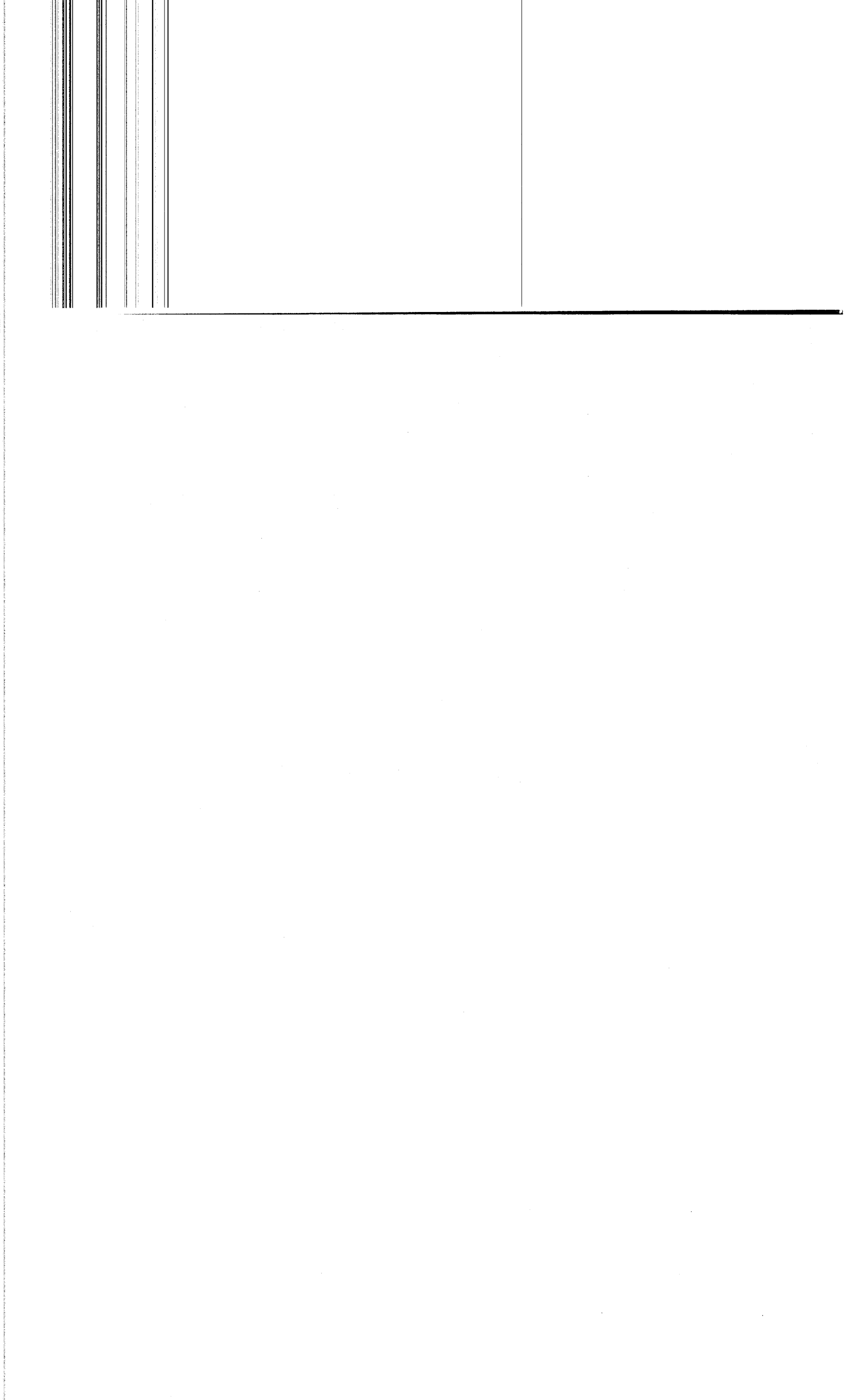
Then came the danger point. A motion was made to adopt the constitution and by-laws as printed without even being read. The psychology of the crowd would have been fatal to our cause—the steam roller would have gone over me on high had it not been for James H. Brennan, that fiery warrior, with his quick wit and long experience at ditching "steam rollers."

The next morning's Post-Intelligencer gave us headlines, "Storm Hits Bar Association," "College Rule Is Attacked by Minority," and three other minor headings. The story began:

"Few in numbers, but too aggressive to be dismayed by either the heat or the derision of some of their fellow delegates, a little group of willful men succeeded in throwing a monkey wrench yesterday into the well-oiled machinery of the semi-centennial convention of the American Bar Association."

Nearly a column was devoted to

(Continued on Page 8.)



THE SEATTLE CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 6.)

the effort we were making within the association. Then came the following: "A motion had been made and seconded to adopt the constitution and by-laws without even reading them—as all delegates had been supplied in advance with copies. It was about to be put to vote when James H. Brennan, of Boston, started the ball rolling by asking if amendments could be offered. Efforts were made to shout him down, but he stuck to his guns and won recognition for his ally, Glenson L. Archer, Dean of an evening law school in Boston, who ascended to the platform to present an amendment dropping the two-year college standard".

Without quoting the balance of the article and merely remarking in passing that the reporter made a wild guess at the true nature of my amendments, I will now relate what happened as nearly as I can remember the hectic affair.

Mr. Brennan leaped to his feet at the moment the motion was made. His clarion call, "Mr. Chairman," grew louder at every repetition until Mr. Strawn recognized him. He rose to ask for information from the chair as to whether a great deliberative body could adopt a constitution and by-laws without giving the members an opportunity to discuss the same.

Yells of "question" and attempts to drown out the Brennan flow of oratory were unavailing. As the reporter well said, Brennan stuck to his guns. The lethargic audience awoke with a start and President Strawn was forced to concede that remarks were in order.

I Am Recognized by the Chair

Thereupon I leaped to my feet and demanded recognition. So many people were yelling that had I not been as near as I was, the chairman might well have failed to hear me. But he could not have failed to see me. My height and the fact that I was wearing a black cutaway suit while others were dressed for the weather rendered me a conspicuous figure. The fact, also, of the previous day's publicity, my speech having been read by the audience and my insistent clamor for recognition, created a situation, the dramatic quality of which could not fail to have its effect upon the reluctant presiding officer.

At about my fourth shout for recognition he surrendered with the air of one yielding to a distasteful necessity, and announced, "Mr. Archer of Boston."

A Nervy Performance

If he or the audience expected me to speak from the floor they were treated to a surprise. I retrieved my books and papers from the chair and headed for the steps leading to the platform. The audacity of the move

captured the attention of the audience. The platform with its decorations and its commanding height was reserved for the great and mighty who were assembled there by invitation.

They tell me that I was very pale when I ascended the stairs and confronted the excited individual who tried to bar me from the platform. My pallor was not due to the encounter, however, for to this day I cannot remember who the man was, or what he did, or how he got out of my way, for I certainly did not walk over him. I simply remember that he was trying to shoo me away and that I was not in a mood for shooing.

I crossed the platform to the rostrum beside President Strawn.

Never shall I forget his outraged expression nor the venomous glance that he gave me. If I was any paler than he was I was certainly pale.

A Private Argument

"I have three amendments to offer," I said to Mr. Strawn. "Shall I read them together or separately?"

"You can't offer amendments," he retorted. "The constitution calls for thirty days' notice."

"On ordinary occasions," I replied, "but the action of the executive committee in submitting a revised constitution for adoption at this meeting resolves us into a constitutional convention. A constitutional convention has inherent right to perfect or amend a constitution. The thirty day provision does not apply."

Now the audience released from its spell broke loose, or at least that portion of it known as Julius Henry Cohen of New York. Points of order flew thick and fast. Jim Brennan and Dean Lee got into the fray. The president certainly had his hands full.

I did not realize until afterward that Mr. Strawn and I were carrying on our private argument directly in front of the microphone, for the proceedings were being broadcast.

While parliamentary strife was going on I stood there beside the president so that the audience, which on the previous day had seen our pictures on the same page now had the opportunity of seeing us together at the same rostrum. We were certainly "at grips" as the newspaper had so aptly put it.

We renewed our argument as to the admissibility of my amendments. I then flashed upon him my heaviest batteries.

"I hold in my hands the minutes of the convention of 1919 when this constitution was last submitted to the association. I can prove to you from this book that substitutions were offered and debated in that convention. I propose to follow the exact procedure of 1919."

I offered to show him the book, but he had other matters more engrossing. A motion to have the constitu-

tion and by-laws taken up article by article, proposed I think by either Brennan or Lee, was voted upon and carried.

Mr. O'Connell's Motion

The meeting was now very much alive. Several articles of the constitution were taken up, but the hall was in considerable confusion. The audience was getting out of hand, when from the rear of the hall came the ringing voice of Joseph F. O'Connell, of our Board of Trustees.

"The amplifiers have gone out of commission," he declared. "The audience in the rear of the hall cannot hear what is going on. How can any body of reasoning men act upon important matters if they cannot hear what is being said? I move that further consideration of the constitution be postponed until to-morrow morning and that such be placed first in the orders of the day."

This motion was adopted with a literal whoop of joy and the meeting adjourned.

A Wordless Victory

Neither of the sections of the constitution and by-laws to which my amendments applied had been reached so the session ended without my having had an opportunity to address a single word to the convention. But we had won a tremendous strategic victory. The audience had already received an extended argument from me in the New Hampshire Bar Association speech distributed to all. We had caused the "steam roller" to back up and had effectively blocked its progress, for I still had the floor and the next session was to be held in a theatre in the same block as convention headquarters where I could talk without amplifiers. By his motion, Mr. O'Connell had rendered a great service to our cause.

Nor was this victory lost upon the audience. Later in the morning Mr. Brennan rode back to headquarters in an automobile loaded with delegates. They did not recognize him, but were obviously friendly to our cause, for they discussed the recent affair with warm approval, not to say exultation. They looked forward to the renewal of the contest with keen zest and one of them said:

"There will be something doing in the morning for old Dr. Archer still has the floor."

This remark was repeated to me with great gusto by the fun-loving Brennan. For a mere stripling of forty-seven to be called "Old Dr. Archer" was indeed a rich joke, but my gray hair and bald dome was a sufficient excuse. Because of his zeal in our behalf I could forgive the man anything.

Suffolk Wins Entire Council

The election of general council and the local state councils took place in the civic auditorium immediately after

(Continued on Page 12.)

THE SEATTLE CONVENTION

(Continued from Page 8.)

the adjournment of the morning session. Each state had a designated section of the hall in which to meet.

I had some difficulty in reaching the Massachusetts section because my lengthy sojourn on the platform had identified me to all, and there were many who desired to speak to me before going to their own delegations.

Mr. O'Connell presided over the Massachusetts group. According to schedule, Mr. Boynton nominated him for re-election to the general council, and Professor Williston, of Harvard Law School put the vote. There was no opposition candidate.

There were four members of the State Council to be elected. My brother had been designated to nominate Mr. Swift, but somebody outside our delegation "beat him to it" by nominating "Former Attorney-General Swift." Mr. Hogan nominated Mr. Brennan and the latter returned the compliment by nominating Mr. Hogan. I seconded all these nominations. Professor Williston was nominated for the fourth member, but declined to serve. While he was declining, I nudged Sam Borofsky, one of the picturesque characters from Massachusetts, but not a "Suffolk" man, and whispered, "Nominate Mr. Boynton." He did so with great alacrity and that modest gentleman, who had previously declined to be a candidate, found himself swept into office.

At this juncture one of our fun-loving trustees jostled me and chuckled in my ear, "Dean, when they wake up they'll realize that they have handed everything to Suffolk Law School."

They certainly had. Five of our seven delegates had been elected to office. O'Connell to the general council; Swift, Brennan, Hogan and Boynton to the four places on the State Council. And I had entertained misgivings at our strategy meeting of the previous day!

Interesting Developments

After lunch that day I assembled the material for a speech—in fact, I was writing a new speech every day because of rapidly changing conditions in our fight.

The extreme heat of the weather—I think it averaged about 100 degrees in the shade—caused me to do my writing in the seclusion of the bathroom of our suite, where I could pause for "first aid" with a bath towel every few minutes.

Late in the afternoon, "clothed and in my right mind" I went down to "headquarters," where I found myself somewhat in demand, not only by well wishers in the Association, but by members of the Executive Committee. They were alarmed lest my activities endanger their program and were desirous of affecting some compromise with me.

Former Attorney-General J. Weston Allen, of the committee, was the first to discuss the matter. He read my three amendments and was evidently impressed by their fairness, and also by the possibilities of battle that they possessed.

Attempts at Compromise

The next member of the committee to see me was Mr. Hull, who it will be remembered had become friendly after a somewhat heated misunderstanding. I now discovered that he was chairman of the sub-committee that had drafted the alterations in the constitution and was charged with the responsibility of securing their adoption.

He also found my amendments highly proper, but dangerous to the harmony of the convention. My amendment for a referendum would, he believed, be adopted by the Executive Committee, but the other two (the one designed to oblige the Journal to publish both sides of a controversy and the one aimed at the Section of Legal Education) he argued were so very controversial that he was afraid of them.

"They'll fight them bitterly," he declared.

"All the better," I replied. "We have a strong following and I have no fear of the result. But you have nothing to lose, Mr. Hull. You desire the constitution with or without the amendments. If we beat them, you get it with the amendments. If they beat us you get it without the amendments."

This bit of logic did not comfort him, however. He made an appointment for that evening.

Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Boynton had a conference with me later and both advised that if I could get the referendum amendment accepted by the executive committee it would be wise to accept that without holding out for more. They found me hard to convince.

Later in the evening Mr. Hull also found me in the same frame of mind. He urged upon me the necessity of compromise and at the close of our interview I authorized him to say to the Executive Committee that I would drop the amendment aimed at the Journal and would not make a speech to the convention exposing the conspirators, provided there was to be no opposition to the two amendments which I would present in person. I informed Mr. Hull, however, that at the dinner meeting of the section Thursday evening I would "open the whole works." To this last proposition he agreed most heartily. Our final arrangement was that at about 9.45 the next morning he would notify me if the Executive Committee had accepted my offer.

Shortly before 10.00 A. M. the summons came and I met Mr. Hull in the lobby outside the committee room. My offer had been accepted, but I was informed that Mr. Lewis, chairman of the Section of Legal Education, was "kicking up a fuss." From other sources I learned he was very bitter and accused the committee of "letting him down." He at first refused to consent to either of my amendments, but when he was told that the committee were with me and he could fight or not as he pleased he decided to submit.

Reserved Seat on Steam Roller

In the meantime I had gone to the theatre and had taken a seat with my wife in the audience. What was my

surprise, however, to have former U. S. Senator Long, who was presiding, send Mr. Hull to me with a special invitation to sit on the platform—a quite different experience from that of the previous day. In fact, President Strawn came to me on the platform and shook hands in plain view of the audience. Evidently it was desirable that all should observe the harmony that existed on the platform.

When the section of the Constitution relating to Referendum was reached I offered my amendment enlarging its scope to include matters of association policy, etc. Julius Henry Cohen popped up to inquire if the amendment was satisfactory to the Executive Committee. The broad smile with which Mr. Hull assured the convention that it was "eminently satisfactory" squelched Mr. Cohen and set the audience into a roar of laughter. The amendment was then put and carried without a hostile vote.

Somewhat later my other amendment to require sections to meet on Tuesdays was offered, and evidently Mr. Cohen feared that I might yield to the temptation of exposing the inner workings of the Section of Legal Education, for again he popped up and said, "Is this amendment satisfactory to the Executive Committee, for if it is Dean Archer doesn't need to make a speech unless he wants to." When the roars of laughter had subsided, I set the audience into a fresh gale by informing Mr. Cohen that if there was to be no opposition I certainly did not care to make a speech.

The amendment was adopted unanimously and I descended from my reserved seat on the "steam roller", with feelings of profound satisfaction.

Fireworks at Dinner Meeting

That night occurred the dinner meeting of the Section of Legal Education. On general principles I had refused to attend the dinner, but I reported at seven o'clock for the business meeting. A large group had gathered.

William Draper Lewis, as chairman of the Section, made a half-hour speech containing several statements that gave me a wonderful opportunity to come back at him strong. I spoke for half an hour to an audience that gave me most rapt attention. Inasmuch as the stenographic report of this address will later be published in the American Law School Review and reprinted in the Alumni NEWS it is unnecessary to summarize it here.

From the congratulations and comments later received I have reason to believe that the audience felt that they had received their money's worth and that the promised fireworks were fully up to their expectations.

Conclusion

As a result of the Seattle Convention our fight to preserve equality of opportunity and the right of a man to educate himself in a college or out of it is now on a new basis. We have been accorded recognition by the Executive Committee of the Bar Association. We have won two amendments that are fundamental to our cause. We are ready to wage a general campaign to secure the passage of the amendments. I believe, is written on the scroll of a not distant future.

BOSTON
ARCHIVES

Events of 1928-1929

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 had largely 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 a knowledge of 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

had already made a survey of the bibliography of the subject and had found books not listed by the 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 for ^{ordinary} students to secure the information that the Board of Bar Examiners required.

There seemed but one course for me to pursue and that was to write a text book 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 students who were contemplating the December 1928 examination.

The method of treatment was a serious problem. Others had 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 the light of political history - the result being a succession of essays about one legal remedy or another and ~~for~~ ^{without} coherence or human interest. Historians like Green had also

reached upon the development of law but they 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 ~~the~~ 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 the~~ ~~times~~ of the special problems of their own day.

Just as Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence would be mere platitudes unless interpreted in the light of ~~the~~ history so also all great laws and statutes must be understood. In this spirit I set to work.

Fortunately for me I was so gripped by the task in 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 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 reading history of law readily fused ~~into~~ itself into this 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 three 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 lunch time. 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

my task with redoubled zeal.

I wrote the first page of the book at 4 AM 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 the 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. Thus 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. That story has been reduced to writing as will be seen from the following:

Suffolk Alumni News

Devoted to Legal and Educational Interests in the Commonwealth

VOL. III, No. 2 Suffolk Law Alumni Association, 73 Hancock Street, Boston, Mass. February, 1929

4

THAT FLORIDA EXPEDITION

Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.

I am asked to tell something of my recent trip to Florida and all the startling adventures that befell me in that land of sunshine and flowers. Now Marco Polo lost his reputation by relating his adventures in far away lands. Perhaps any truthful traveller is likely to suffer from a like cause if he sets himself down in print. I am, therefore, treading on dangerous ground when I comply with the request above stated.

The Honorable Joseph F. O'Connell and I left the South Station on the evening of Friday, January 11, 1929, leaving winter-gripped and shivering Boston to journey to far-famed Miami Beach, Florida. Despite the fact that a cold wave was reported in the north and that it was snowing in Boston, the iron horse bore us farther and farther away from winter. January gave place to April, April to June, and when we reached our hotel, the Roney Plaza, at Miami Beach on the evening of Sunday, January 13th, we were in the balmy breezes of mid-July.

Joe and I took a turn on the boulevard along the beach before retiring, listening to the surf, looking up at the summer stars shining through the palm trees, trying to convince ourselves that we were not dreaming. It was all so unreal to step out of winter into summer that, to me, at least, it seemed there must be a catch somewhere.

"Perhaps they are just having a hot wave and we will see some cold weather yet," I ventured.

"Hot spell," Joe retorted, "why the natives say they're having a cold spell—they're apologizing for this wind and cold."

Well, the natives were right! The first night was the only cool night we experienced—the others were too hot for comfort.

No wonder the flowers bloom in Florida and that nature goes crazy with the heat and does all sorts of strange things—blossoms and fruit on the same tree, cocoanuts of all ages from ripe nuts down the line, or rather up the line to the newly opened sheaf of corn spindles which is its blossom. But I must not linger over natural history—that is too vast a field in Florida.

OUR REASON FOR GOING

I will not say that it was a mere coincidence that we happened to be in Miami at the very time when the Executive Committee of the American Bar Association was to hold its winter meeting. It was no coincidence that I happened to have with me a goodly number of copies of a twenty-four page booklet that I had just prepared, entitled "What Is Wrong with the Section on Legal Education."

The members of the official group were very kind to us and did me the honor of setting an hour on Wednesday, January 16th, when I could be heard on the general topic. At four o'clock that morning I made an early start in the preparation of a speech and finished it before 8.00 A. M. This was indeed fortunate, for I was included in the list of guests to be entertained by the local lawyers. The banquet lasted so long that the Executive Committee were obliged to leave before the post prandials were over. They took me back to headquarters with them, and gave me a very generous and attentive hearing in the Committee Room. The fact that I could read my speech saved time for them and mental strain for me.

That the Executive Committee now realize that this whole question of legal education is far from being settled, and that they must take the section in hand, I confidently believe. My

reasons for this belief need not now be discussed. That we accomplished what we hoped to accomplish I am very certain.

I GET INTO A SCRAPE

The social side of our trip deserves some attention. In fact, it is quite necessary that I explain certain happenings lest Joe O'Connell give a version that might require even greater explanations on my part. He might, for instance, accuse me of betting on the horse races at the opening of the racing season, Thursday, January 17th. It was all a mistake, of course, and an illustration of my guileless and trusting nature, my need of protection against the wicked world.

On Thursday, with the entire Bar Association aggregation, I was a guest of the local Bar Association at a banquet at the Jockey Club, and at the races to be held in the afternoon.

Now we were parcelled out among the local brethren. The host and hostess of my group were out to give us a good time and no mistake. When we sat down at the table, there was a racing chart at each plate giving the entries for the six races of the afternoon. Our hostess proposed that each of us at the table select our favorites for the races. Thinking that it was all a joke to pass away the time in the interval between grapefruit and the fish course I joined in the game and made my selections. Then to my consternation the majority voted to create a pool, everybody paying a dollar for each race, the winner to receive one-sixth of all for any one race.

HOW I SALVED MY CONSCIENCE

I am constitutionally opposed to gambling in any form. But I was in an awkward predicament. To refuse to abide by the vote of the majority, to rebuke my hostess and prominent members of the Executive Committee and to appear to be "a squealer" after walking so blindly into the trap

(Continued Page 14)

(from Page Four)

would be worse than

my conscience with the
it— I had paid my way
grounds (admission alone
for the banquet, it would
me more than six dollars.
my money to the pool without
the least idea that any or all of it
come back to me from the
Goddess of Chance.

GAMBLING AT THE RACES

I was very mildly interested in the
particularly when in the first
my choice romped home last. If
I had confessed, however, that
in the second race my choice
back and neck with the winner
to the tape, finishing second,
somewhat of a kick out of the
My movie camera was, of
course, trained on the finish of each
race, so it was hard to see.
Mr. O'Connell piloted me around to
the fast and furious gambling with
high stakes was going on. Some
friend of his kept giving him tips, and
the Honorable Joseph was indulging
in the pastime of the hour, winning
and losing small bets (with emphasis
on the losing). But I could not be
induced further to trespass on my New
England conscience.

I MEET JACK DEMPSEY

I was much more interested in the
arrival of the great Jack Dempsey
than in the races, but I had no expecta-
tion of making Jack's acquaintance.
I caught him with my movie camera
on several occasions.

But it chanced that Mr. O'Connell
introduced me to William F. Kenney,
former editor of the Boston Globe. We
struck up a conversation and he began
to introduce me to every notable that
came our way.

Finally the great moment came
when Dempsey left the press box and
came like the conquering hero through
a lane formed by his admiring sub-
jects. I liked the strong saturnine
countenance of the big silent fellow.
Kenney knew that I had been filming
him, so when Dempsey passed he
halled him. In a moment I was grip-
ping hands with the mighty gladi-
ator, and Kenney was giving him a
great story about me and the size and
importance of my school.

"I've been taking a movie of you,
Mr. Dempsey," I remarked.

"Yes, I noticed you were," he re-
plied, about to hasten on.

But when I remarked, "I am a great
admirer of yours," the big fellow
turned squarely back to me, and gave
me a second handshake, whose cordi-
ality and strength I shall not
soon forget. I could understand the
deep silent current of emotion that
makes this man the greatest gladiator
of modern times—quick and instinc-
tive in his reactions. I will testify
here and now that I would much pre-
fer to have that mighty right hand
of his approach me in a demonstra-
tion of friendship than in a demon-
stration of hostility.

So I was one of the very few of all
the thousands of spectators that shook
Dempsey's hand, for he passed through
the crowd looking neither to right nor

a bronzed incarnation of physical

proress.

When I rejoined my friends of the
betting pool, I found them positively
green with envy. Some of them had
seen the Dempsey encounter. They
finally, in mock solemnity, insisted
upon a "second hand" hand-shake
from Dempsey by shaking the hand
that had twice gripped his.

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS

Then came the fourth race, and to
my astonishment the horse whose
name I had selected won the race.
I had chosen it for the mere whimsi-
cal reason that it was "Common
Sense," which I realized that I was
not exhibiting at the time I selected it.
The stakeholder paid me in cash and
then tried to get me to bet my win-
nings with him on the next race. But
I declined and informed him jestingly
that I was saving it to get Joe O'Con-
nell back to Boston should he lose all
his money. Mr. O'Connell was betting
with him in every race and losing to
him regularly.

There is little more to be said about
the races except that in the sixth and
last race my choice left the field be-
hind him and left me in the predicam-
ent of a gambler who had won a
third of the pool which I had so reluc-
tantly joined. After restoring the six
dollars to my pocketbook I set the
balance aside for charity.

The amusing part of the episode
was that those responsible for the
formation of the pool at our table did
not win at all. Thus the Evil One
sets his traps for the innocent and
the unwary, but swats his regular
devotees heavily on the hip pocket.

Did my astonishing luck change my
attitude toward games of chance? Not
a particle. On the contrary it height-
ened my antipathy to the system, for
I did not earn the money and do
not relish that sort of gains. Of course
the Bar Association folks, like Mr.
O'Connell, who participated, did it in
the holiday spirit and as a sort of
price of the entertainment offered. But
there were many there, both men and
women, whose faces told the story of
the wretchedness that awaits the
habitual gambler.

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF ALL

There is another adventure that
befell me in Florida of which the
newspapers have already spoken—an
adventure that brought the greatest
thrill of the entire trip, my capture of
the first "sail fish" of the Miami
season.

Here again was luck, for had not
the big fish struck at my bait instead
of the numberless others that were
being dragged up and down the vast
reaches of the Gulf Stream off Miami,
I would not have had my great oppor-
tunity. The only thing for which I
can claim credit is the capture of the
darting demon after he had struck
my hook.

But now to the story in all its lurid
details:

I had invited William F. Kenney,
formerly editor of the Boston Globe,
now handling the Florida advertising
and publicity for the Barron publica-
tions, to be my guest for the trip.
A stiff breeze was blowing and when
we passed the breakwater and headed

sant gymnastics that were to last for
more than six hours.

We reached the open sea shortly
after 10.00 A. M. "Miss Sadie" was
short and broad, as was her captain,
Dick Morgan, a most capable skipper.
There was another man called "Eddie,"
who acted as engineer, helmsman and
crew. Mr. Kenney and I were seated
in comfortable wicker chairs in the
stern, facing away from the direction
in which we were travelling.

I DEMUR AT MAL DE MER

I felt no special distress at first,
for I have always been a good sailor.
But I had never before experienced
quite the same gyrations that the
"Sadie" performed. She rolled and
side-stepped, she climbed joyfully up
one side of a mountain of water and
then slithered joyously down into the
valley. Other boats were in sight,
rolling and pitching even worse it
seemed than our own.

We had almost reached the Gulf
Stream, which is something over four
miles off shore, when Mr. Kenney
paused in our conversation and re-
marked, "What's the matter, Dean,
aren't you feeling well?"

"Good Heavens," I replied "is it as
bad as that? If I look as pale as I
feel, then I guess I must be entertain-
ing our old friend Mal de Mer."

For fifteen minutes I had been try-
ing to persuade myself that I was not
seasick, but it was no longer possible
to pretend. I had fallen victim to the
malady, and I thought with sardonic
appreciation of the joke on me after
the years that I had joshed my friends,
who had succumbed on cod-fishing
trips with me. Here I was green to
the gills, and my companion had not
changed color.

With every sudden wallow of the
craft, I felt new pangs of nausea, but
somehow or other I managed to con-
tain myself. The rail was under my
elbow, but I resisted the thought of
leaning thereon. I dared not yawn,
and I let Mr. Kenney and Captain
Morgan do most of the talking. In
spite of my distress their conversa-
tion was very interesting, yarns of
real life, especially concerning a cer-
tain "bad man" who had the humor-
ous habit of employing captains for
his coasting ships, and when his debt
to them got sufficiently large "bump-
ing them off." But the story of this
villain and the vengeance that befell
him is another story altogether.

WE REACH THE GULF STREAM

We reached the Gulf Stream. Even
a landlubber could not fail to know
where the coastal waters with their
emerald sheen join the swift and mys-
terious current that sweeps northward
nearly parallel to the coast of Florida.
The waters of the stream are a black-
green and the waves were here more
mountainous than before.

But I had come to fish and a little
thing like sea sickness should not pre-
vent me. It must be confessed, how-
ever, that I never felt less interest
in the sport. The captain baited our
troll lines and started us off. He cau-
tioned us as to the necessity of keep-
ing a death grip on the rods, because
he declared there were lurking mon-
sters that might snatch them out of

(Concluded Page 16)

(Continued from Page 14)

our hands if we were not vigilant. I reassured him by relating how a man-killer of a Jersey bull in a prize ring at a Maine Fair had by a treacherous lunge and swing of his horn tried to flip an iron staff out of my hand when I was a high school boy, and what happened to the bull.

The captain lectured us on the technique of handling the rod and reel in case we hooked a big fish. I quizzed him on what big fish we could expect. He mentioned sail fish as the most gamey and powerful of fighters.

WE CATCH DOLPHINS

An hour passed and no fish came to either of us. Then just as we had passed a floating spar I hooked a fish—a real fish with whom I fought for half a minute until he broke away. We circled back to the spar, and both Kenney and myself, almost at the same instant, hooked a dolphin. Fortunately we each landed our fish. The dolphin is a greenish fish, flat, with a big blunt head, or so it seemed to me as the captain took them off the hooks and dropped them into the box in the stern. Mine weighed six or seven pounds, so said the captain, and Mr. Kenney's was slightly smaller.

It is necessary to confess that I was still as green as the dolphin, and that I did not take sufficient interest in my quarry even to look at it after it came in. I simply braced my feet against the stern of the boat and hung on to my rod, waiting for the next fish. A long wait it proved.

HAM SANDWICHES UNPOPULAR

The captain produced ham sandwiches and Mr. Kenney ate his with apparent relish. Although I had eaten nothing since the previous day, having left off breakfasts years ago, the sandwiches were not a temptation. However, I forced myself to look at one. That did not prove fatal, so I nibbled a bit of the salt ham and even ate a corner of a sandwich, wondering what sort of a reception my stomach would give the unwelcome morsel. It stayed down and I ate a little more, but did not finish the sandwich.

THE BIG FISH STRIKES

The hours passed. We zigzagged for miles along the Gulf Stream, facing it, however, and making almost no headway, for I could see my hotel, the Roney Plaza, in about the same relative position on the shore for at least two hours. The captain then ordered more speed, and we gradually forged ahead until the great moment arrived—3.15 P. M.—when I was awakened from my "green study" by three mighty bumps on my line. Biff! Biff! Bang! as swift as that. With the third bang was that indescribable and electric thrill of a hook striking deep into the tough jaw of a deep sea monster.

The shock of it lifted me almost clear from my chair, for my feet were braced against the stern boards. The reel whirred in spite of the heavy drag that would check almost any pull upon it.

"A whale," I gasped. Just at the moment far behind us there shot into the air the raging demon that had my hook. Wow! What a leap he made—ten feet into the air it seemed—a

straw hat I was wearing, the fish was so big. The captain measured him and found him nearly six feet and a half long. Some fish!

I was so weak and shaking when the rod was once more in my hands that I breathed a silent prayer that I might not hook another sail fish until I was thoroughly rested. The prayer was answered all right, for neither of us hooked another during the half hour that remained.

ACTION IN PLENTY

The captain snapped into action.

"Slow down, Eddie," he yelled, and instantly snatched Mr. Kenney's rod and began to reel in the line.

"Keep steady, Dean," he cautioned, "don't let him have any slack line."

I had forgotten sea sickness now. Every nerve and muscle was centered in this mighty battle that had descended upon me. To hold the rod with an express train tugging at the other end of the line was hard enough, but to leave the right hand free for reeling in the slack when the great fish turned toward the boat was the real problem. I dared not set the rod in the chair socket for fear of breaking it in one of the mighty lunges. With the butt of the rod first under one leg, then under the other, or pressed against my body, I fought the furious creature.

WINNING THE FIGHT

Foot by foot I reeled him in with every turn in the circles he was making, and then I would lose all I had gained when he turned away from us and raced back down the Gulf Stream. Several times the captain cautioned me not to work so hard. "Take it easy, take it easy, Dean. There's a long fight ahead and you'll get all worn out."

But I carried the fight to the enemy until it decided to come my way, circling the whole. Furiously I reeled and the fish gained on us. One circle came so near the boat that I could see the gleam of its great body in the sunlight, for it was almost at the surface. Then it swung off to the left of the boat and gradually forged ahead of us.

"More speed, Eddie," yelled the captain. The fish began to lose, and I forced him nearer and nearer the stern. His circles grew shorter, but he was shaking me back and forth in my chair as violently as ever. I have since learned that a sail fish battle often lasts a full hour; in some cases an hour and a half. Whether I forced the fight more than the ordinary fisherman does or whether the fact that the wire leader had become wound three times around the great fish's bill had something to do with it, but in twenty minutes from the strike the big fish was coming over the gunwale.

SAIL FISH LANDED

With a sigh of relief I relinquished the landing to the captain, "who knew how," and dashed into the cabin for my movie camera. When I got it out of its case, Capt. Dick Morgan had just gotten the big fellow into the cockpit and was hanging onto his slender sword, and being shaken all made—the film is not back yet. Eddie produced a belaying pin and the captain persuaded Mr. Sail Fish to be still.

Groggy and weak as I was (the trip to the cabin had increased my nausea) I could not help joining in the howling exultation of the moment. Mr. Kenney shook hands with me. He also took a movie of me holding up the fish.

The sword caught in the brim of the straw hat I was wearing, the fish was so big. The captain measured him and found him nearly six feet and a half long. Some fish!

I was so weak and shaking when the rod was once more in my hands that I breathed a silent prayer that I might not hook another sail fish until I was thoroughly rested. The prayer was answered all right, for neither of us hooked another during the half hour that remained.

I BECOME FAMOUS AS A FISHERMAN

It amuses me now to think how lack-a-daisical and nonchalant I was over this achievement. I thought my companions were "soft-soaping" me a bit to console me for my sea sickness during six weary hours that I had clutched the rod and refused to "feed the fishes."

The crowd that gathered around my capture when it was landed on the wharf did not inflate my pride. To be sure, I was gratified at the rapture of the taxidermist over the beauty of my fish, but after making arrangements for the mounting of the big fellow I hurried away.

It was not until I returned to the Roney Plaza and modestly informed Joe O'Connell that I had captured a six and a half foot sail fish, that I realized the importance of the event. Then I learned for the first time that the highest ambition of the sportsman who goes to Florida is to capture a sail fish, which Joe declared to be "the rarest and gameyest fish in the Gulf Stream."

Mr. O'Connell sat on his bed and alternately laughed and shouted at me. "Why, you poor innocent greenhorn," he yelled, "men come down here year after year and fish for 'em. If they hook one he gets away. Why, the most exclusive club at Palm Beach is the 'Sail Fish Club,' made up of men who have captured one. Now you go out for a day's fishing and do something the veterans would give their eye teeth for. They'll have it in the papers to-morrow, sure's you're born."

"No, they won't," I replied. "I didn't see any reporters."

But Joe was right. The Miami Herald came out next morning with big headlines. "Dean of Law School Gets First Sail Fish," and a story of the capture, furnished, no doubt, by Captain Morgan.

Thus did Fate accord to me the honor of capturing a prize coveted by all sportsmen. In about a month the mounted fish will be ready for exhibition at the school. But I have not yet applied for admission to the "Sacred Order of Sail Fish."

Even before setting forth on the Florida trip I 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 text books already in use. Criminal Law was the first subject selected for treatment.

All the way to Florida except during sleeping hours found me reading and digesting cases from "Beard'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 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 in connection 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 to 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 a due share of newspaper attention.

In my invitation to Senator Walsh I had urged upon him a suggestion that he be my guest for a day or two and visit some of our historic shrines. He agreed to spend the day following Commencement in sightseeing. Mr Boynton and my good wife made up the party when we set

path in my car for the south shore.
One of the graduates had learned of this
projected trip and having some connection
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.

A solemn and austere resting place
where no sun has ever shone, dark
and damp ~~is~~ ^{with} the all pervading
breath of earth is this secret, or at
least well guarded shrine. The
~~great~~ massive stone ~~sarcophagi~~ 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 visitors 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 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 the 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 the other wayside happening and of the husband's parting caution to the wife to "Please let the engineer 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 ~~new~~ Plymouth Rock shrine he exclaimed 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 about 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 1922 was filled with the usual routine. I alternated between Boston and Nowell all the while preparing ~~for the~~ ^{for the} new year by laboring on the school records to determine what students should be promoted, what were required to repeat the work of the

previous year and - hardest task of all - to decide the fate of those whose records justified dismissal for inferior scholarship.

[A Momentous Event]

Shortly after school opened for the year I was talking with Alden Cleveland about ~~his~~ radio broadcasting and expressed my willingness to go on the air if the opportunity presented itself. The Harry E Burroughs Foundation had included in its building a broadcasting studio - or rather a room suitable for the purpose and was negotiating for a branch station. Cleveland was working on this project.

On Friday evening September 27, 1929 I received a telephone call from Albert W Davis, the secretary of the Foundation. He asked me if I would be willing to speak for half an hour on Sunday afternoon in place of Mayor Nichols who was scheduled for a talk at WBZ-WBZA but was unable to give it.

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 that Mr Cleveland had talked with Mr Davis (a student in the Junior class) about my desire to try out the radio.

Miss Boll arrived in accordance with her appointment and we 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 ~~that~~ ^{the} portion of that 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 remaining flights of stairs, I could hear music coming in muffled tones from the studios.

Never having visited a radio station before I came early enough to be instructed in the use of the microphone. Aiden Redwood, 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 a broadcast

but it was probably wiser - and certainly easier upon me physically to sit in that first momentous broadcast.

Miss Helen Boll gave me a flattering introduction, being (first) herself 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 to 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 an hour I held forth closing on the very last moment of the period by reciting Edgar Guest's poem 'The Birth of greatness'."

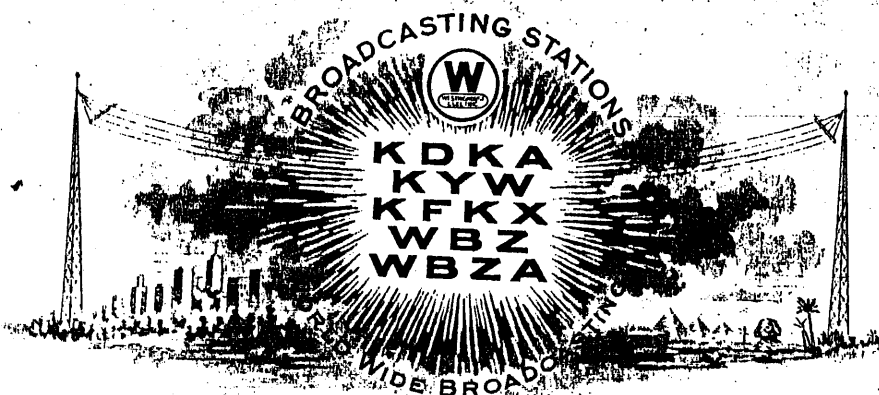
Of course I was glad to have the period over and my first radio talk an accomplished fact. But I was not prepared for the outburst of enthusiasm that greeted me. Miss Boll I knew to be rather a gushing lady. Her enthusiasm therefore meant little to me. To have Mr. Redmond the blasé announcer who has suffered so many years from boring 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 come 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 at 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} ~~manager~~ 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
1207 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG.
PITTSBURGH, PA.



HAROLD C. ...
COMMERCIAL ...
HOTEL ...
BOSTON ...
F. E. SPENCE
COMMERCIAL ...
1207 CHAMBER OF COM
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.

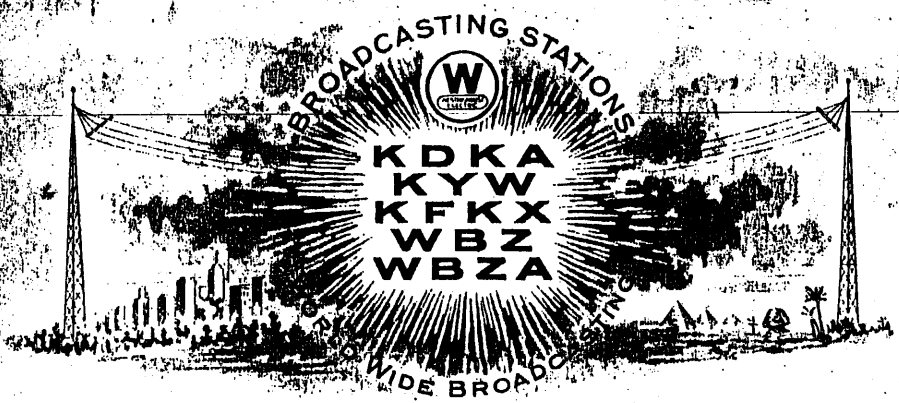
If this arrangement meets with your time and plan, will you kindly get in touch with me, stating the date you would like to begin the lectures.

Very truly yours,

John L. Clark
Director of Programs, WBZ-WBZA

JLC:C

WOOD
MANAGER
WBZ



HAROLD C. HIGGINS
COMMERCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
HOTEL STAYLER
BOSTON, MASS.

F. E. SPENCER, JR.
COMMERCIAL REPRESENTATIVE
1207 CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company

October 14, 1929.

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

Dear Dean Archer:

I read with great satisfaction from your letter received this morning that you will be able to be with us on Tuesday afternoons from 4:15 to 4:35 P.M., to deliver the first of a series of lectures on "Crime", - the first one to be given on November 12th.

We, too, feel sure that these lectures will be very worthwhile and will do much good.

Very truly yours,
John L. Clark

John L. Clark
Director of Programs, WBZ-WBZA

JLC:C

Children in College.

In writing up this Journal I have entirely omitted a very important development in our family. Allan graduated from the Best 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 1926 he entered the college of Liberal Arts and at once distinguished himself 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 this 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 point or letter in all 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.

However that the colleges of New England were refusing all students who did not make honor grades in high school. ~~She~~ 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 ~~Latin~~ ^{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 heart-breaking 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 over again in September. I went to Waterville and "labored with them" ~~the~~

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 Epistamere conditions but Math. Later she took 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 were 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 Messrs Boynton, OConnell, Evans, 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 whom 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 us all 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} ~~basically~~ part of the morning for safe and boring 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 had dropped into the Ball Room to observe its 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 this was to handicap me I never knew but the fact ~~is~~ 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. Wilnot 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~~ the first twenty minutes."

The official report of the meeting shows that it was called to order by

Chairman Lewis at 10 AM. After the purely formal portion of the meeting Dean Lewis read his address as chairman. H C Hoack gave his report as adviser. George R. Nutter of Boston read a paper. The secretary of the Board of Law Examiners of Pennsylvania did likewise. The ~~time~~ ^{time} had then been consumed up to eleven thirty. A Mr Clark of New York who was to speak arose and suggested that I be allowed to go on with my address and he would use the remaining time.

This impressed me as clever strategy to blanket the effect of my address. I met the issue by expressing my desire that ^{Mr Clark's} ~~his~~ 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 hun-

ded. 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 Section 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 ~~the~~ some of the previous speakers had been heckled with cries of "Louden" 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 conscious

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 they 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 bite 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 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 Shawn, Tolman and others had ~~craftily~~^{so} arranged matters that ~~no matter~~^{no motions} could be voted on until after 4 P.M. when they 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 could not get a quorum to do business. Everybody was in the section of Legal Education.

The annual Report of the American Bar Association for ~~1930~~¹⁹²⁹ contains my lengthy address in full. It also carries the complete story of the proceedings of the section of 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 the 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 changes. I am convinced that ^{if} he ~~had~~^{had} offered his very 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 they offered a resolution reaffirming the standards. Those present were for the most part ignorant of the real wording of the standards but they

were as ready to end of a long drawn out struggle by adopting this resolution as they would have been to reaffirm faith in the theory that the earth is round. So the great field day ended in burying Dean Lee's substitution and the adoption of the motion 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 were one and all omitted from the list of officers. Hornack on whom I had centered my chief attack, because as President of the Association of American Law Schools he was nevertheless serving the American Bar Association as adviser 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 at first given ^{at} 4:15 P.M. when the audience would naturally be women. But

letters came in the series and kind asking that the experiment be made a regular feature. After some weeks I was given an evening assignment. Unfortunately the hour of that assignment was I did not realize until later on, but it was for 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 on 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 Frederic W Mansfield and its resulting projection of myself in a minor degree into the Mayorality 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 on the previous evening Mr Mansfield had made a speech before the Womens Lawyers 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 ~~permitted~~ ^{allowed to} become a member of the bar by studying nights after he or she through a days work.

This statement aroused my indignation having occasion to address the alumni of Suffolk Law School that evening I made 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 Democrat ticket he had declared that he had gotten his legal education "when working night and day in the drug business. I suggest 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. Mutter was the head
were planning Mr. Mansfield to run against
former Mayor James M. Curley for the office
of Mayor. The matter was uncertain for some
days.

Late one evening after school had closed and
I was clearing up an accumulation of work
my office phone rang and Daniel J. 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 Mansfield, what the
latter had said and what my reply had
been. He was very urgent to get the material
for ~~the~~ ^{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 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 Sunday morning I had a good alibi for not speaking.

When I reached Boston I found the political situation in such a ferment that I decided to visit Martin Lomasney and the Hendrix club where they were to hold a great Sunday, people election meeting. Frankly I was concerned lest Mansfield and the forces of reaction should be victorious. I had

a pleasant chat with the old war horse 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~~ Tommasney 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 Martin go into the office to greet him.

"No, No," he barked. "Put him on. Let him speak. I won't come out till he's through."

The old chieflain 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 wince of his hand. There was a suffocating of humanity in the hall and I had difficulty in getting into the hall far enough to see the speaker. Mr. Cur 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.

"Dear Archer," he said in passing, "I would like to have you come to the Garden rail tonight and say a few words." To this I demurred. "Come anyway and sit on platform," he urged. To this I agreed a somewhat later while Tommasney was himself occupying the rostrum a man came to me with a message from Curley telling me how to reach the

platform at the Garden rally.

Boston Garden, the great North Station ~~auditorium~~ Auditorium had just then been completed. The Curley campaign committee had engaged it for a mammoth Sunday evening rally. The newspapers had forecasted 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 amphitheatre 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 undescrict 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 uxorious ladies long past their prime and well able to fill the space allotted to me for each of them was wider than the space

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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 above tier to the very heavens, or at least to a height where individuals 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 ~~the~~ 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 sloped Ex-Mayor and called to the footlights.

John F. Fitzgerald, a former mayor and perennial politician, was speaking when Mr Curley and his party arrived

It was then nearing 10 PM and the meeting was to be broadcast between 10 and 11. This was no doubt why Fitzgibbon made so longwinded a speech - he wanted to have a part of his talk broadcast.

When he had finished I saw one of the committee men 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 halted 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 cosiest.

So I clambered over feet and made my way hurriedly to the centre of the footlight 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 boy." He literally pushed me toward the microphone and the presiding officer started to introduce me.

If I had felt like a tiny ^{individual} atom in the midst of a vast universe before I opened my lips to speak I became a veriest 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 that I was, ^{morally certain} ~~sure~~ that I was wasting precious time by remaining on my feet at all.

What I did not learn until afterward 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 vast 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. ~~and~~ ^{I left the} microphones greatly vexed with myself that I had not come prepared to make a real speech. Not until I had heard ~~of~~ ^{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 mass. I asserted that I came there merely because I respected and admired James M Curley because he ~~was~~ ^{had} proved himself a friend of the common people, had proved his integrity and ability in public office. I stated that I had no personal ill will for his opponent Mr Mansfield. I admired the ^{SUFFOLK} ability that

BOSTON

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 ~~to~~ as President of the Massachusetts Bar Association he had forgotten the 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 named Mansfield as its leader in Massachusetts. I again contrasted Curley and Mansfield and declared "I have have nothing but admiration for the 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~~ speech and for days I heard echoes from the radio audience.

The election came off on schedule and it proved one of the most exciting political battles of recent years. After 3 o'clock Tuesday night I went down to Curley headquarters to watch the election returns. Such a mob of sour faced, stumped and silent people I never saw. Curley had apparently gone down to defeat.

Everyone said that his unpropitiate 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 made statements that stung the high string 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 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 forth when the tabulation disclosed that Curley had closed the gap and was actually in the lead. There were groans also when Mansfield returns gave him against 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, ~~and~~ the street filled as if by 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 unsuccessful 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 Mayors 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 this celebration because of my ancestors, Mayhew, Ruggles and others of the original settlers of Boston, yet I had no expectation of participating in an official way.

My first intimation that the Mayor had me in mind ~~was~~ ^{came} when I received ^{dated Jan 27th} a letter 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 newspapers that I had been appointed to the Executive Committee. There was a measure of satisfaction in this fact for I found that President Marsh of Boston

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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 ~~the~~ ^{work} was set at half a million dollars.

But not even in the first enthusiasm of the movement 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

of the wire in good shape.

I think the word "now,"
at the beginning of many
sentences, might be reduced
in number with good effect.

All in all it was the
smoothest performance thus
far.

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the diplomatic suggestion that I would

87 St. Stephen Street
Boston

February 5, 1930

Dear Dean Archer,

If this rate of improvement continues, I shall be working myself out of a job.

You were in fine form to night. Very smooth, good rhythm, fine inflections. All very expressive.

"Supreme" was perfect.

The " before the vowel, "thuh" before the consonant will bear watching.

Subdividing - "eu" needs practice.

You pulled "deceased" out

an entirely up-to-date modern die. I called the magazine the long delays advertising covered the public that the radio with the very people

since as guest advanced the every celebration see type on the air se from the England and of optimistic on

was not a stion, which was, no doubt, of the committee and impractical. silence. It again to

... said it was a good idea if it would work. He then made the diplomatic suggestion that

should be a note of optimism.

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 wished 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 assignments of free time over the air} ~~command liberal attention~~ 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 it over 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 was then making weekly broadcasts. He was favorably disposed toward the project and promised every possible aid.

As the 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 newspaper men and managers of the 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
 Edward J. Dunn, Editor Boston Post
 Harold E. Fellows, Greenleaf Advertising Agency
 William G. Gavin, Boston Herald
 Bartholomew F. Griffin, Boston News Bureau
 Ralph LeRoy Harlow, Manager Stations WNAC-WEAN
 C. Edward Holland, Boston Record
 Horrest 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 meeting of the committee 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 months series of radio talks.

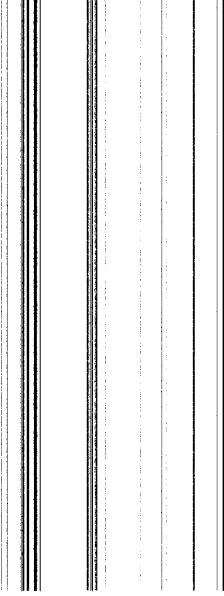
ation wide broadcasting in which the Columbia and National Broadcasting Company would be asked to join, donating the time.

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, that I might take it to New York in a selected 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 WAC made a similar declaration concerning 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 of NBC. The committee wished me luck but declined to sign the letter. Mayor James M. 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 low broadcasts had been so pronounced that Mr Clark, the Director of Programs of WBZ-WBZA had written to the officers of NBC

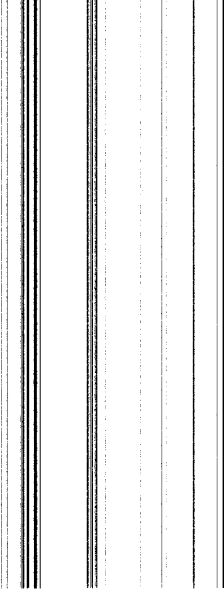


urging them in the strongest terms to take ~~on~~ my talks onto a national hook up. This letter was dated January 14, 1930. The proposition was apparently under advisement for some time but under date of January 23rd Phillips Carlisle, Assistant to Vice President in Charge of Programs, wrote a very diplomatic letter to Mr. Clark declining to give me a tryout.

"We have given the matter careful consideration," he wrote, "but, based ~~on~~ precedent and past experience, we have decided it would ~~not~~ ^{be} better ~~not~~ to get into the sort of a series. Were we to do this, we should apply to the American Bar Association for a speaker to be assigned, since naturally we want the indorsement 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



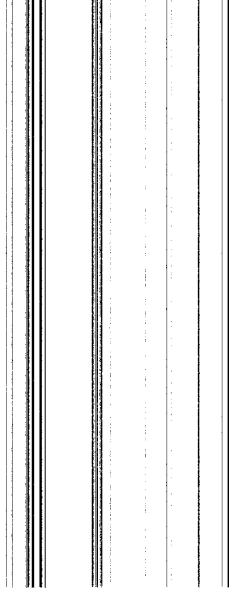
derived their chief revenue.

After deciding to go to New York I chanced to be talking to one of our newspaper men and he asked me if I had talked with "Hop" 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 in imagination, relying wholly upon tried and established customs). He listened 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 as 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 newspaper man he had had much to do with the late Harry Houdini, the magician. Houdini it will be remembered was very ~~the~~ sceptical of spirit mediums and took great delight in exposing their fraudulent practices. Mr. Myers had witnessed many of Houdini's dare devil exploits and heard us quite spell bound in 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 ~~to~~ 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 headache 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 10 A.M., 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 barber shop gives one a whirlwind shave that leaves the face more surprised than barbered.

Thinking that the brisk air of winter would prove beneficial to my aching head I walked down ~~to~~ 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 Myers' room I found that he and Mr Clark had been having breakfast in the room. We discussed plans for our meeting at 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 bald.

nakedly bald. His eyes are dark and full of good humored animation. When we met him today a dark stubble of 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 thickset. He explained that men with high pitched voices were usually pictured in that way, where radio fans are squally 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 ~~spaces~~ ^{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 outset 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 ~~the~~ newly formed committee for the Boston Tercentenary. Thus there was no relation 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 of all groups now engaged in Tercentenary work.

This was fortunate for I later learned that Mr. Parker had incurred the displeasure of the N.B.C. officers by a singular manifestation of self importance. He had written to N.B.C. 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 therefore 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 hot 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

Mr. Elwood's vulnerable spot. He demurred to the idea however and stated that "Worlds Fairs" and "Sequicentennials" 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~~ celebration could be anything but a colossal failure.

This gave me the very opening I desired

I pointed out

that we were not staging a world's fair, that we were not to build attractive and expensive settings for pageantry, but were simply 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 American people back to a realization of the ideals upon which the Nation was founded.

This 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 was them over completely. They asked if I had any other such entertaining yarns. I could supply any number they desired.

~~Mr. Jones~~ 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 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 from about forty stations, from the Atlantic to the Rocky 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 millions of 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 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 N.B.C. carry out this very program on Sep-

18, 1930 in connection with the advance publicity for the American
 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 chosen 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 an extraordinary that I feel that 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 WJAO (representing the Columbia chain) as well as Mr. Burton of WHEI (Red Network National Broadcasting) and 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.

An anvil chorus of disapproval from everybody except Mr. Clark greeted my proposal. Mr. Burton declared that the National would not be interested. Mr. Harlow said that he was positive that 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 admits 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. B. 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.

Now Mr. Shepard says it was "very unfortunate" and 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 its 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 Centenary 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 give us anything anyway). But when Mr. Shepard is standing up for his dignity he does a thorough job of it and we must proceed without Mr. Harlow.

I did extract a sort of promise from Mr. Shepard that WNAC will help us 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,

GLA/D.

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,

James M. Curley
Mayor.

(Library Jan 4. 1931)

315

I went forward with plans for the broadcasts 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 WBC had agreed to do there was no very great difficulty about it. Each of them came in on the plan. By each of them 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. Fitzzy 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 proceedings and had approved of my plan. Col. Percie Guthrie was so indignant at Fitzgerald's attitude that he came into the fray and declared that I had accomplished more for the Interwar than all others put together and that Fitzgerald should thank me instead of howling 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

- Monday, March 17 WNAC- 4:45-5:00 P.M.
Speaker - Gleason L. Archer, Chairman Broadcasting Committee
Topic - - "The Bradford History and the Winthrop Journal"
- Saturday, March 22 WLOB 7:30-7:45 P.M.
Speaker - Robert F. Denvir, Jr. "Boston Record"
Topic - - "The Weston Colony at Weymouth"
- Monday, March 24 WEEI 7:15-7:30 P.M.
Speaker - Hon. Frank G. Allen, Governor of Massachusetts
Topic - - "John Winthrop, Founder and Governor"
- Thursday, March 27 WLEX 8:15-8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Forrest P. Hull "Boston Transcript"
Topic - - "The Salem Colony"
- Saturday, March 29 WNAC 7:30-7:45 P.M.
Speaker - Hon. John F. Fitzgerald
Topic - - "Meaning of the Tercentenary"
- Tuesday, April 1 WBZ 10:30-10:45 P.M.
Speaker - Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, Speaker of House
Topic - - "Watertown and the Colony"
- Saturday, April 5 WLOB 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 WLOB 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"

Monday, April 11 N.B.C. Broadcast over chain of thirty-five stations. Key Station WEAJ 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 and were all ^{one and} pleased with the way the broadcast came over the air.

Tuesday, April 15

WEAI

6:35-6:48 P.M.

Speaker - Richard K. Morton
 Topic - - "Indians in Colonial Times"

Friday, April 18

N.B.C. Broadcast

Chain of thirty-five stations.

Key Station WEAJ New York.

11:45 A.M.

Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
 Topic - - "Death Stalks the Pilgrim Fathers"

- Saturday, April 19 WLOE 7:30-7:45 P.M.
Speaker - Hon. Gasper Bacon, President Mass. Senate
Topic - - "Spirit of '76 in Colonial Days"
- Monday, April 21 WEEI 10:30-10:45
Speaker - John Jackson Walsh
Topic - - "The Appeal of the Tercentenary"
- Wednesday, April 23 WLOE 8:15-8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Richard K. Morton
Topic - - "Colonial Customs and Manner of Life"
- Thursday, April 24 WBZA 5:30-5:45 P.M.
Speaker - Miss Elisabeth 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 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of thirty-seven stations
Key Station WEAJ New York 11:45 A.M.
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 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of thirty-eight stations
Key Station WEAJ New York 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 N.B.C. Broadcast
 Chain of thirty-eight stations
 Key Station WEAJ New York 11:45 A.M.
 Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
 Topic - "Wilderness Aristocracy and Democracy"
- Thursday, May 15 WBZA 5:30-6:45 P.M.
 Speaker - Edwin D. Mead
 Topic - "The Historic Background"
- Friday, May 16 N.B.C. Broadcast
 Chain of thirty-eight stations
 Key Station WEAJ 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 N.B.C. Broadcast
 Chain of thirty-eight stations.
 Key Station WEAJ 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"
- Tuesday, May 27 WEEI 7:15-7:30 P.M.
 Speaker - Dr. William C. Crawford
 Topic - "The Boston Massacre"
- Friday, May 30 N.B.C. Broadcast
 Chain of thirty-eight stations
 Key Station WEAJ New York. 11:45 A.M.
 Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
 Topic - "New England Confederation and King Philip War"

- Tuesday, June 3 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of twenty stations
WEEL Boston 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - Governor Frank G. Allen
Topic - - "John Winthrop and the Puritans"
- Wednesday, June 4 WLOE 8:30-8:45 P.M.
Speaker - Judge Frank Leveroni
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 WLEX 8:15-8:30 P.M.
Speaker - Carl W. Johansson
Topic - - "Scandinavian Contributions to New England"
- Tuesday, June 10 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of twenty stations
WEAF New York 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - Dean Gleason L. Archer
Topic - - "A Banished Man Who Caused an Indian War"
- Tuesday, June 17 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of twenty stations
WEEL 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 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of twenty stations
WRC Washington, D.C. 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers
Topic - - "Governor Andros in New England"
- Tuesday, July 1 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of twenty stations
WRC Washington, D.C. 7:15 P.M.
Speaker - U.S. Senator David I. Walsh
Topic - - "How New England Confederation Paved Way for Nat"
- Tuesday, July 8 N.B.C. Broadcast
Chain of twenty stations
WEAF New York 7:15 P.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 of 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 N.B.C. 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 during the broadcast 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 N.B.C. 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. Mrs 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 I 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 Book Department was called in. She took the manuscript of the various talks and promised to report as soon as possible on the possibility of their forming the nucleus of 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 an option for two other books on colonial history.

But there was another result that came out the broadcasting of the Sereniterary the

has borne great fruit. Before the series ended I suggested to Phillips Carlin that if N.B.C. would like to have me fill in on Tuesday evenings at 7:15 during the dull weeks of the 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 be continued into the Fall.

In ~~July~~^{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 practical 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 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

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 the 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 upon 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 the 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 witful 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 Yamanian 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 Mullin Hill. Mrs Sharp and Morrison showed 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 seem 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 as a part of the ceremony and was declared by critics to be "literature".

Section had just read his report. Before he could start the formal program I got the floor

(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.

I had thus rendered it impossible for those on the steam roller to avoid having a business meeting. They could no longer claim that courtesy to guests.

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.

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, find this group asserting that the teaching of law should become the exclusive business of men

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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

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 1900s 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 38 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 and some practical instruction.

Space will not permit the insertion of the debate on my resolution. Suffice it 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 we 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 ~~have~~ 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 very pleasant feature of the convention was that daughter Marian and grandson of 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 ~~leaving~~ ^{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 the disturbance.

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 Schumanon Heink in 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 aspirations. Marian was with me on the platform & it was all very exciting for her.

In October I began writing my History of Plymouth Colony and completed the first volume at about Christmas time. Mr. Curley appointed me to a Conference Council 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 on a number of subsequent occasions.

Early in the summer a young man named John Griffin came to me for information for a ^{study of} ~~law~~ legal symposium of

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. I 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 had 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~~ ^{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 Leary, 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. Leary 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

Comparisons etc. weeks before I had visited F D Morris one of the editors of Colliers and had shown him samples of my chapters of the Plymouth History, hoping it might be serialized by Colliers. 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 Leamy I therefore had assurances that two of Colliers' 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.

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} ~~winter~~ of 1929 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 deluxe edition. 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} ~~question~~ of Radio broadcasts. For six months I had been occupying the

Tuesday evening period devoted each year from January to June to the Federation of Women'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. This finally hit upon Saturday evening at 7:15 to begin Jan 10 1931. To my further satisfaction we immediately built up for my talks a larger chain ^{broader} than the voters' series are now enjoying. Not only do I get a coast to coast hook-up of my own but it goes over WEEI in Boston and WESH in Portland, two stations that were not on my original chain.

I submitted a law article to Mr. Leary 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 December 11th 1930 I had the honor of delivering an address before the mens club of the Congregational Church in Augusta, Me.

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Frank E. Mace formerly of Great Pond and the first teacher that I ever had in school was my host. I was received with great honors. Governor Judson Gardner was very cordial to me. Chief Justice Patterson of the Supreme Court had me in his office for an hour. The next day I visited daughter Marian in Waterville. Frank Tozier, 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 gone to a nearby doctor in early November for a new set of glasses, which I put on December 14th. About two weeks later while writing on my History in ~~the~~ my room at Hotel Victoria I was seized with a pain at the base of the brain on the left side.

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 optic nerves 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 Tozier in 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. Tozier took me to a druggist named Archer. He dabbled 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 Sunday 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 glasses ground out some new ones 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 bi-focals 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 skilful. 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 that 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 me a set of glasses on my own prescription - distance 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 an X-ray was necessary. I got in touch with the Massachusetts General Hospital and was referred to a specialist,

Dr. George Chymer 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 a Dr. Morrison for an X-ray and promised to let me know by Friday what the verdict was.

Now it happened that on Friday morning my new glasses were ready. While I was after them Dr. Chymer called my office and told Catharine for me not to bother with changing glasses for the X-ray disclosed trouble in the vertebrae of the neck. I was to go at once to a Dr. Swain an expert on such matters.

Well, I went to see Dr. Swain. He gave me a very careful going over, after questioning me at length on my symptoms. He then studied the X-rays and told me that I had strained the ~~next~~ 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 up stairs to his

gymnasium where a husky female nurse of uncertain age put me through "a course of sprints" 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". ~~The~~ All day Saturday I was sickened in my hotel room. I ache 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 an 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 Joe Mitchell Chapple's National Magazine for December. Joe himself did the article ~~with~~ which was very laudatory, filled with puffs and quotes 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 see Mr. Leamy 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 Colliers. I have also 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 no 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~~ 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 M.S.S. Well, we will see what we shall see!

Now as to my headaches, it is rather too early to crow but something 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 frightful trouble, the eye difficulty was so very baffling. I could not be sure whether my mental activities were over or not. For some weeks I ~~had~~ been harboring a very ambitious plan for the establishment of a great evening University but the possibility 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 Cathers evolved the brilliant idea of turning our

preparatory work over to Berkley Preparatory School. With this suggestion I have evolved a plan for taking over Berkley and its staff as an ~~an~~ ^{official} department of the ~~projected~~ Suffolk University - the preparatory department for law school, college and any other departments we might care to establish.

About a week ago I saw Dr Payson Smith of the Commission of Education and discussed the idea of a college in which a limited number of required subjects would be offered instead of the vast array of electives. He took very kindly to the idea and gave me some valuable suggestions both for the Preparatory and college departments.

I am now conducting negotiations with Dr George Hopkinson the founder of Berkley 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 now broadcasting history of Plymouth
over WBZ-WBZA on Tuesday
evenings at 7:45 PM. I have given
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 require-
ments. We now admit only those who have
the full high school equivalent before begin-
ning work.

This is a part of a new plan for the
general improvement of the institution. Begin-
ning next fall we will have a high school
department with day and evening sessions.
This will make it possible for us to give
all comers adequate training and in the
proper order. Hitherto we have faced the necessity
of admitting them as special students with
hope of making up their requirements in
the summer school or of turning them
away to shift for themselves in a very difficult

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field for educational gleanings. The new department will also be useful in cases where men 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 ~~four~~ 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 things that every educated man should know. English, Mathematics French or German, Physics, Chemistry, History and Economics or 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 serve the employed man.

If we could offer to ambitious boys in the far off places an opportunity to earn their education by placing them in positions in or near Baton Rouge it might answer a great need. I should favor also allowing credit for 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} Charles N 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 bad time with her eyes or perhaps with her general health, so that she has been worried over the outcome of her First Semester work at Colby College. Some days ago she wrote to me that she felt sure that she had failed in Mathematics, which was her weakness anyway. What was my relief and pleasure to have her telephone to me Monday night saying that she had heard from her exams and that she had passed in everything.

Elizabeth has 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 also 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 PM) beginning next Sunday. This will restrict my activities somewhat. It interferes with my plan to visit Marian February 22nd 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 of course 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 of savings of the school for 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 abolition of the death penalty - the two opposing views being printed in one broadside for public distribution.

It was suggested yesterday that I take on Clarence Darrow for a radio debate on this question. Today I wrote to Phillip Carlin, passing on to him the suggestion for his consideration.

Monday Morning - Feb 7, 1921

Saturday in New York City I had an extended conference with an editorial lady named ^{Harding} ~~Stewart~~ at the American Magazine editorial rooms. Mr Leamy 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 where 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. It is of course lower pitched than mine for he promises to have a bass voice. For a fourteen year old he is a splendid specimen. He stands about ^{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 attain a worthy goal.

My weight this morning at Adam is just under 190 pounds

Evening. Feb 9, 1931

Elizabeth and I entertained her New York Cousins, Florence and Cousie and her husband Jimmie Pearson. 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 Sail Fish and also a chapter from the Pilgrim story. Allan entertained them with snails and yet more snails all of which they enjoyed for the artistic coloring and designs of the 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 shining mollusks. He can talk of 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 after nine o'clock last evening. But I took a hot bath and drank some hot lemonade as a measure of protection before retiring last night. This morning I am somewhat groggy from the cold but able to be at work on a broadcast entitled "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 kind 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 Mrs Stoddard very enthusiastic over my new book. We named it "Mayflower Heroes." I brought ^{back} the manuscript of some of the early chapters to give them a final revision.

• At the American Magazine I found that my recent contribution on "Ignorance of Law no excuse" had been approved by Mrs Sherman "contact" editor and by Hugh Leamy the magazine 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

down 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 blazing thing being behind me would have burned my ^{silk} bathrobe and enveloped me in a sheet of flame. Fortunately I was able to ~~keep it~~ 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 severely 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 looked 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 glass cutter and tried to cut out the corner of the glass in the 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 into the concourse. By the time I had opened the office door the burglar had gone into the ~~treasurer's~~ ^{stenographer's} room and by the time I had gone into my own office and hung up my hat and coat he had made his escape. He might of course have concealed in the darkness of the stenographer's room. But before coming up to bed I went into that room in the darkness and got a drink of water. What a chance that burglar had to pop me off or chub me!

Today was the anniversary of my luncheon with John Clark and Hal 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

Have 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 quelling 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 ~~the~~ Colby. Her brown eyes and dark hair set off her very ^{unusual} ~~unusual~~ face which reminds me a good 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 at about 3 PM I hurried to the Elmwood in order to hear son Gleason's broadcast. Marian and her roommate Louise Tinkham arrived at about the same time. But we could not get WBZ over the hotel radio so we hurried over to Dr. Bessays 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 was a great deal like mine.

~~only a few minutes but it is a great deal~~

with a better natural voice than I have. His mother says that it was one of the very 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.

Evening.

Wed Feb 25, 1931

Today, for the first time in two months I drove to the farm in 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 on the 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 brick fire in the fire place nearly all the afternoon. In order to keep the electric 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 Reeves and fed the one lone fish that I found in the ^{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 great Chevrolet sign on Beacon Street but it would deprive us of our school sign as well as sweep down every sign on hotel or theatre in the proscribed area. Conrad Aker the notorious haddock 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 ^{unmount} electric signs. "He who has fought for years for the sacred right of the individual to be 'lit up' would now deny to 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 followed the lines of that of last year when I made the Art Commission ^(who honored me last year) quite frantic by satirical comments on their taste in art for Beacon Hill. "There is one 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 auroraborealis 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 sky line of crape like housetops.

Every great city of the world now prides itself on the pure 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 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 would 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 reason for any such drastic recommendation as this. I submit in closing that the Art Commission should confine itself to art and not allow ^{themselves} ~~themselves~~ to be drawn into any commercial controversies.

March 3, 1931

Back from New York and Washington. My usual NBSO 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 PM. Being more or less of a wreck I rested until supper time 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 that 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 Senator 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.

Catherine 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 to natural causes. Leonard Williams

is at home sick with mumps. The girls are worried lest they have the same unfortunate malady.

March 9, 1931

Ronald 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 or 40th broadcast. Saturday I discussed the plan with Phillips Carlin and found him favorable provided no financial matters were mentioned over the air.

So in my broadcast of 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 full particulars at once.

The first mail this morning had twenty requests and they continued to arrive

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 ans organization connected with the American Legion. Floyd Gibbons was supposed to be the guest of honor but owing to illness he had to send Captain Hawks the favored aviator in his stead. Hawks and I and a representative of Wayne Curley were the only speakers.

~~Now however I have~~ Perhaps I should add that on February 26th I was the guest of honor of the Pawtucket (R.I.) 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 Business).

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 me such a trick in a hall that other speakers with no reputations at all can fill with ease? Well, I simply won't do it in that particular hall again or in any other where the 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 the announcements of the new book.

I am impressed by the fact that in my fan mail are numbers ^{from} of 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 a boyish scrawl.

Wonders will never cease! My old enemies Frank Palmer Spence 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. Spence 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

limiting that evening students should study for five years. Then too, the Judicial Council made a bitter attack on evening law school last January and published some retorted 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 March. I will now summarize them.

The demand for the publication of my talks became so great that I decided to publish the book. It made a handsome volume. Two thousand copies were printed and nearly all have been sold.

A very sad event 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 ^{saying that father was very sick} as I was about to leave for New York. I phoned to Hiram ^{that father was very sick} 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 about 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 before seen him with a full beard and there was a certain majesty about his countenance that I had somehow missed ~~my~~ ^{during his} life.

The funeral was held in the old home. Uncle Charles 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 style 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 upon my career, but it turned out that he was also 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 an expense of about eleven thousand dollars, to remodel the 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.

There 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

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373

as were sent to the Wheeler Preparatory School by the law school itself.

At this very time I was obliged to go to Atlantic City to attend the American Bar Association Convention. At this convention I found a solid lineup of University men to protect their group from any limitation being placed upon their activities as will be seen from the following:

THE meeting of the Section of Legal Education and Admissions to the Bar was held in the Municipal Auditorium in Atlantic City, New Jersey, September 16, 1931, at 2 p. m. The following is the stenographic report of the proceedings:

The Section of Legal Education and Admissions to the Bar was called to order by its chairman, Mr. George H. Smith, of Utah, in the Ball Room of the Municipal Auditorium, Atlantic City, N. J., on Wednesday, September 16th, 1931, at 2:00 P. M.

The reading of the minutes of the last meeting were dispensed with on motion of Mr. Stephens.

The chairman announced that by vote of the council, every member of the American Bar Association, registered at the present annual meeting, or who had signified his intention of registering, would be enrolled as a member of this Section and entitled to vote.

The chairman appointed as a nominating committee to nominate officers and members of the council for the ensuing year:

Mr. Hollis Bailey, Massachusetts;
Mr. Charles S. Moore, New Jersey;
Mr. Frank Boesel, Wisconsin.

At this point the Chairman, Mr. George H. Smith, read his address. See page 267 of this magazine.

Chairman Smith (continuing): The report to which I refer commences on page 23 of the advanced program, and I am sure it has been read by all those interested in the subject, and I am also willing to assume that that includes this body. It contains some recommendations, six in number, and a motion is now in order as part of this statement that has just been read to you, to approve the report and the recommendations as contained in the report. Do I hear such a motion?

Mr. Lewis (Pennsylvania): I move the adoption of such a resolution. (The motion was seconded.)

Chairman Smith: It is moved and seconded that the report of the Section of Legal Education and Admissions to the Bar, on the subject of bringing law students into personal contact with members of the profession of high standing, be approved. (The question was taken and the motion was agreed to.)

Mr. Archer (Massachusetts): Mr. Chairman, the members of the council of the Section of Legal Education have grappled with the problem of bringing law students into personal contact with practicing lawyers of high standing. Judging by the report itself, the distinguished counsellors have retired from the contest somewhat bewildered by the task assigned.

Singularly enough, they have considered every possible solution except the very one that I proposed last year which resulted in the order to the council to investigate and report.

The resolution which I offered last year was aimed at this vital topic of personal contact between law students and practicing lawyers. It recounted the historic change from preparation for the bar by study in law offices where students were in daily contact with practicing lawyers to the modern system of study in law schools. It pointed out the growing tendency to fill up law school faculties with men who have never practiced law and who have never had personal contact with the great ethical problems of the legal profession. My resolution deplored this tendency and sought to put the American Bar Association on record as declaring that every approved law school should have at least half of its classroom instruction given by practicing lawyers or by those who have had ten years of practical experience at the bar.

Why did the council ignore this very pertinent and practical suggestion?

Was it because the Association of American Law Schools is dominated by doctrinaires who are building up law school faculties from which lawyers are conspicuously absent? It was asserted in debate last year that "the best law schools" would refuse to obey any such mandate of the American Bar Association.

What is so very terrible about having practical, public spirited lawyers on law school faculties? The great law schools of the past were manned entirely by lawyers and judges. Nowadays law school faculties among the university group are largely recruited from the senior classes of one or two of the so-called best schools. They undertake to train men for the legal profession yet these young graduates themselves are mere doctrinaires, knowing nothing of the great profession from

personal experience. They continue to be doctrinaires however long their teaching experience may be.

We would not expect aviation to be taught by those who had never themselves had experience in flying. Why, then, place a premium on inexperience in so great and vital a task as training men for the legal profession and in ethical understanding of its great problems?

Let us consider for a moment the remedies discussed by the council in its report:

They speak of the system of preceptors now being tried out in Pennsylvania. Each law student in that state is required to have a sort of godfather who is supposed to oversee his ethical development. Yet the very rule of the Supreme Court declares that that oversight may be "by correspondence or otherwise." How inferior such influence must be to the daily and hourly contact with an eminent lawyer in the classroom! There are few relations in life more potent in influence than that of the teacher over his pupils. A judge or a lawyer, bringing to his classes the very atmosphere of the legal profession in which he daily moves, may wield incalculable influence over the future destiny of his students.

Yet such are now banished from the classrooms of the so-called best schools in favor of doctrinaires and godfathers by correspondence!

The council declares that even in Pennsylvania the preceptor plan is already breaking down. This can be only because lawyers refuse to have any such burden placed upon their shoulders by the law schools.

The council admits that law office contacts with busy lawyers is now impossible, owing to the fact that the modern law office is a sort of factory in which each worker performs some special task, none of which the law student is qualified to perform. He would, therefore, be more or less of a nuisance in a busy office.

Singularly enough, the council, apparently without intending to do so, have unqualifiedly endorsed the very idea which I sponsored last year. Listen to these words of wisdom from the council: "Probably the English have as near a perfect solution to the problem of contact between students and eminent practitioners as it is possible to get under modern conditions."

To be sure, the council hastens to call attention to the fact that lawyers and students in the Inns of Court eat a certain number of dinners together. In the magic of these dinners the council would apparently have you believe lies the excellence of the English system. They advocate a similar system of banquets for practitioners and neophytes in the United States.

But the great fact remains that all teach-

ing in the Inns of Court has for centuries been done by leading practitioners at the bar. This modern innovation of teaching by theorists who have never practiced law and have perhaps never passed the bar in any state would not be tolerated for a moment in England. Yet the council assert that the English system is a perfect solution of the problem.

So I return to the question propounded a moment ago. Why should my proposal that merely half of the teaching in approved law schools be done by lawyers be treated as a dangerous doctrine that the self styled best law schools would refuse to accept?

The lawyer always has been and he still is the best qualified interpreter to student minds of the great principles of the law, and the great ethical truths of the profession that have come down to us through the ages. It was true in the time of Judge Kent, Judge Reeve and Judge Story, each of whom were the virtual founders of famous law schools. It is true today, and the sooner this great association of lawyers recognizes that fact and calls a halt upon the present tendency to oust lawyers from law faculties, the quicker we will remedy the evils which we are now discussing.

Bear in mind, gentlemen, my resolution does not call for the ousting of theorists and doctrinaires but merely insists that students in law schools have the advantage of both types of teachers—a fifty-fifty break between the practical, experienced lawyer, and the new type of legal scholar to whom the law is a mere field for research and speculation.

The theorist, however learned, is obviously not qualified to guide prospective lawyers in the intensely practical problems of an exacting profession. Such men cannot teach legal ethics for example, because they have had no contact with ethical problems of the profession.

Now I submit, gentlemen, that a judge who has for years discharged the high and exacting responsibilities of the judicial office, and to whom students look up with veneration, is far better qualified than any mere theorist to be a teacher of young men in those practical and pressing questions of professional conduct that will confront them when they become lawyers.

Suppose the attorney-general of the State, as in the case of my own school, is an active member of the faculty, teaching regularly in a subject like Constitutional Law. Do not the words of the highest law officer of the state have more intrinsic value in the training of students than the same instruction from one who has never tried a case? Students look up with veneration to the man who has made good in the profession to which they aspire.

For the past twenty-five years, as the Dean

of a law school, I have had the opportunity to observe the reaction of students to both types of teachers. I speak advisedly when I say that between two men of equal teaching ability, the man of practical experience is always preferred by students. The difficulty is, in schools where the doctrinaire has supplanted the jurist or the lawyer as a teacher, the students have no opportunity to express a preference.

The tendency of all theorists is to become farther and farther removed from the practical world of affairs. We, therefore, find this group asserting that the teaching of law should become the exclusive business of men who are entirely divorced from practice and who have never had experience at the bar.

The theorist may teach law as he fancies it ought to be. The lawyer teaches it as it is. He keeps his feet on the ground and he comes to the classroom with the mantle of the law upon his shoulders and the spirit of the law in his heart.

I want to read the resolution I presented last year, which will be presented again at the proper time:

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 teaching staff all practicing lawyers and to substitute therefor mere theorists who have never practiced law, and who cannot completely understand the ethical problems of the active practitioner, nor impart to students

... motion and is 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.

Mr. Wigmore (Illinois): I was interested in the remarks of the gentleman who has just sat down because they seem to rest on one assumption, and that assumption appears as a resolution which he last read, that "Whereas, the present tendency of the law schools heretofore have been approved by this association, is to banish from their teaching staff all practicing lawyers and to substitute

therefor mere theorists who have never practiced law"—that is the substance of it, and in reply I can offer this. That facts are much more satisfactory than assumptions, and without having been advised beforehand that the gentleman was coming here with this proposal, it so happens that I am in possession of the facts which completely disprove the assumption that he has made, and that is my excuse for intruding this moment upon you.

Four years ago the president of my university said to me one day, "Why does your faculty always insist, when there is a new appointment to be made, on selecting only a person of ability who has been practicing law for some period of time, why do not law faculties today do what we do in chemistry, psychology, biology, and other sciences, that is, take one of the most recent graduates of a graduate school of chemistry, psychology or biology, why should not law faculties do the same thing?"

I found it a little difficult to explain off hand the reasons, but I felt I must be right and I thought I would get the facts for him. So I took a directory of American law schools and I tallied off more than three hundred names there, representing what we call full-time professors—not the three hundred more who come in from practice and give individual courses, but the three hundred odd who give their entire time, it being their vocation as professors of law. I tallied them off according to the number of years that had elapsed, which appears in the directory, after graduation in the law school, and their first appointment in any university, and the directory almost invariably tells where they were practicing. I have not that table with me. I have sent it around to several, on request. But from memory I can make this statement. The question is whether the assumption of the gentleman is correct, that it is the policy of the law faculties today to banish from their ranks those who have practiced law. The facts are that between five and ten per cent. of the more than three hundred had practiced law before their appointment as professors of law. I therefore think I have the support of facts when I deny completely the proposition on which the resolution of the gentleman is founded.

Chairman Smith: The motion is the adoption of this report—not some other resolution.

Mr. Edward T. Lee (Illinois): Before any remarks I may make directed to this report, I would like to say that one sentence in your address, Mr. Chairman, gave me great encouragement, and that was when you declared that there was a movement to restrict arbitrarily admission to the bar but that you were not in favor of that as it looked like conspiracy.

I heartily agree with you in that respect; and your statement came to me like a breath from the Atlantic, and I hope it will blow through this Section and through the American Bar Association—for there is a feeling throughout the country that we lawyers are putting things over on the people by fiction and by sophistry.

Dean Wigmore has attacked Dean Archer's statement. Dean Wigmore is a man whose friendship I highly respect, and hope I still enjoy, after an acquaintance of thirty years. I know that his law school has had a large number of practicing lawyers in its faculty. I know it personally because he has taken, in the course of the last twenty-five or thirty years, from the humble school over which I preside, at least nine of his teachers who were practicing lawyers.

Now, to come to a little recapitulation of what happened last year at the Chicago meeting, Dean Archer introduced the resolution that he read to you today, and I did not like the preamble, nor did I like his mathematical requirement of one-half the teaching faculty who have been practicing lawyers. I think a little less seasoning would be sufficient, and therefore I introduced a resolution, which I will read:

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 of experience, 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.

I will state, on an experience now of over thirty years, that the teacher who has been engaged in practice, if he is a teacher who is teaching his specialty, is heard with more respect, and with more satisfaction, and with better results, than one who comes fresh from a law school, or without having practiced very long, and begins to teach from the books that he has studied. Many of our students today still recall the teaching of S. S. Gregory, a veteran lawyer, at one time President of the American Bar Association. Students who come to our school from day school—sometimes because of the high price of tuition, and who have to go to work and get their law in the evenings, have told me that they were profoundly impressed by the difference in the instruction given in the day school and in the evening school—that in the day school it seemed to be largely theory, and in the evening school the aim seemed to be practical results. I think that is an argument in favor of having teachers in our law school who have practiced law.

Dean Wigmore did not indicate how many teachers of two and how many of twenty-five years practice he employed but I know a great

many men have come to me to secure a position as teacher who are fresh out of law school, and sometimes from the Northwestern University; they want a position as teacher, and I have to say that we never take a man who has not been out at least five years in practice, but that they might go around to see Dean Bigelow, or Dean Wigmore, or go to Michigan, and there they might take them on the faculty, because they are looking for young men who are versed in the theory of the law.

Now, I think there is a critical situation before us. I believe that the mediocrity characteristic of the present day, from the highest officials of this country to the humblest, has some cause behind it. I think our lawyers are responsible for some of the mediocrity on the bench and at the bar, and I attribute it in no small measure to the fact that we have taken lawyers out of our law school faculties, and we have introduced in many schools and used exclusively a system of teaching which leads to mediocrity. This system of teaching, and the teachers themselves, are responsible for the fact that you cannot today line up a dozen judges or a dozen lawyers who will stand with the great judges and lawyers of the past.

I have in my office two pictures. One is a picture of the Supreme Court of the United States as constituted in 1864, and the other is a recent picture of the Supreme Court of the United States. I have said to many a teacher, and many a student, "Look on this picture and then on this, and tell me from which group you would prefer to have drawn your ancestors, the men of 1864 or the men of today."

The men of 1864 are rugged men physically, men of great heads, and great chests. In their faces you will find character, you will find independence of thought. In the other group you will find the finest array of sartorial productions among gentlemen of today, but their faces are not the faces of the men of the past, their forms are not the forms of the men of the past, and their intellect is not the intellect of the men of the days of John Marshall and Taney and Chase, and I say there is a psychological reason for the condition today, and it is up to this Section to try to determine what the cause is. But I want to tell my friend Dean Archer that there is one ray of hope in this report of the council, and it is at the tail end: "That additional study be made of this subject by your council and such recommendations as may seem fitting and proper be presented by it in the future to this Section." There is hope there. They may take up your resolution and the substitute I offer and go into this thing impartially and fairly minded and see whether it would not be well to make

one of the requirements of these approved schools a certain percentage, or what not, of real practicing lawyers for the good of the profession and the future of the judiciary. I thank you.

Chairman Smith: The question is whether this report shall be adopted.

Mr. Rosenberg (New Jersey): I would like to ask that if there is any further discussion, the gentlemen arise to speak give their names.

Mr. Lewis (Pennsylvania): My name is Lewis of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chairman, I believe my resolution was part of the report, nothing more. Not committing ourselves on Mr. Archer's ideas, or anybody else's, we have drawn a little away from the real issue before us. I simply want to say one word, or two words, in regard to Mr. Archer's ideas and Mr. Lee's ideas.

I have a good deal of sympathy with the dean of a law school who wishes to get on his faculty, in regard to some of its members, men who are still in the active practice of their profession. I was dean of a law school for sixteen years—although it has been more than sixteen years since I ceased to be connected with the law schools. I always had on the faculty of the school of which I was head, fifty per cent., perhaps more, of men who were then in active practice. The trouble with Mr. Archer's ideas seems to me to be fundamentally this: that this section of the Bar Association, and the Bar Association itself, should be very slow in dictating to law schools; or attempting to dictate—because, of course, it would not necessarily be successful—as to actually what they should do, what they should teach and how they should teach it; that the business of the Bar Associations, whether national or state, is to look to the product of those law schools, and if that product is not what they think it ought to be, then they should go for the causes in that law school which make the product below the average; that we should not set ourselves up and say there should be a separate course in contracts—although I suppose there is a separate course in contracts in every law school; that we should not say that fifty per cent. of the faculty should be this or that or another thing. We did say, and I think with justice and right, that at least three members of the faculty should be those who gave their full time to the school, because we found, after long experience, that a school that did not have someone who was devoting his whole time to the school, was not a school that was producing good results.

Outside of that single limitation, we have not stepped except in regard to legal ethics, and legal ethics is a matter of very great and fundamental importance.

Now, there is one thing I should like to tell

Mr. Archer, out of my experience in the last eight or nine years, and it is this. That I spend more than half of my time presiding at conferences of groups of those working on the restatement of the law, for the Institute, that around the table of eight or ten men are eminent lawyers in active practice, eminent members of the faculties of law schools, and eminent judges, and some of those members of the faculties, and some of the judges, have never really practiced law. But I do not notice any difference. As a matter of fact, those who acquire great influence as teachers are always great men and great lawyers. One of the greatest I think I can mention is the late Dean Ames of the Harvard Law School. Dean Ames never practiced law, but he was one of the great teachers of this country. He ranked along with many of the able men whom Dean Archer has mentioned. After all, it is a question of ability and hard work, and not so much the expression of experience. Now, I say that if I was again the head of a law school, I would see that in that law school there would be men who would not only practice law—because probably nearly all of one's faculty has practiced law—but that he was actually in the practice of law at that time. I do think, however, that it would be a very great mistake for this Association at this time to pass any such resolution as Mr. Archer has in his mind.

The resolution before you is a resolution on an entirely different subject, and I apologize for speaking on any other.

Mr. Archer: Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order. Would it not simplify matters if we had this motion, that the report be accepted as a report of progress, and then, afterwards, I will introduce my resolution?

Chairman Smith: The motion is that the report and its recommendations be adopted.

Cries of "Question!" "Question!" (The question was taken, and the motion was agreed to.)

Mr. Archer: Before introducing this resolution, Mr. Chairman—

Chairman Smith: Mr. Archer, have you any objection to the order of business going on as we have planned? You will have plenty of time to introduce resolutions and discuss them. We have arranged a program which was acceptable to the meeting, and I shall adhere to that unless there is a motion made to depart from the order of business.

The next order of business as announced would be the addresses, commencing with Dean Wigmore.

Mr. Archer: My point of order is this. We debated a constitutional amendment providing that there should be a business meeting of this Section, and it is late, and we have a program that will fill up the whole afternoon, and it seems to me that business

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

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 wailing 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 that 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. Collins the chairman of the R. I. Bar Examiners who was circulating a report that 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 out 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 that 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 20 as against 52% for the corresponding exam of six years before. Thereafter 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 ~~sketched~~ ^{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 furnishing the papers to other lawyers in corrections. But the thing had been done so secretly and tracks covered so skilfully 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 the 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. This he declared he was willing to ~~testify~~ testify to.

A few days later I went to the office of the state Auditor to see George E. Murphy, the 1st Deputy Auditor, to ask his 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 \$19,200 in 1931. Since this had to be raised from fees from applicants it gave me an additional clue to the reason for such wholesale slaughter of candidates.

Then came the great question of whether I could risk the future of the school by

Etiquette the examiners in so soon a spot as this precious secret of theirs. After much deliberation I decided despite the pessimistic wails of Catherine, ~~Perre~~ and others to stake all in the great contest that must needs rock the Bay State from Cape Cod to the Berkshire

Two bills which with the help of Matt Comasney (splendid old war horse 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 liet the bills for a 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 rugie challenge in the following form.

308
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 the people face to face with 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 ^{the} 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 the rich and the 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 has come when I must mention it. The board of bar examiners of Massachusetts for two years have

been flunking evening students at ~~such~~ a ~~me~~ astounding rate, and giving themselves airs & 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 applicants for the bar, have secretly been farming out papers to newly admitted all day law school graduates for correction at 50 cents a sheet."

"Incredible, you may say. No such injustice possible in Massachusetts! I thought so, until with my own eyes I saw in the comptroller's office at the State House a few days ago the pay vouchers filed by ~~the~~ ^{these} men, giving names and addresses and a charge for correcting the Jan 1931 and the 1931 bar examinations. To my amazement I learned that ^{one of} these striplings had been admitted to the bar only three months before he assumed the heavy ~~and~~ responsibility of passing in the examinations of earnest and deserving young men and women who had been studying law in evening schools for a year before he ~~was~~ entered Harvard Law School. Is it any wonder that the bar exam success of our evening law schools has dropped from an average

by year of 54% to about 16%. So it may 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 there will be a hearing before the committee on Judiciary on this matter next Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Quite naturally I am ableged 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 numbers 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."

Jan 28, 1932

Well, the great battle has been fought and the state is still agog with the 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 closed 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, ^{and pledged} 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 I was the one who had discovered 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

Names: Secret Five

From vouchers in the State Comptroller's office, and from records of the office of the clerk of the Supreme Court, five find them to be as follows:

Henty M. Butler, 84 State street, Boston, Harvard Law School, class of 1930; admitted to the bar Oct. 22, 1930. He corrected 484 book sections, January, 1931, examination, at 50 cents each, giving 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 corrected 707 book sections of the July, 1931, examinations, also at 50 cents each; total \$353.50.

Charles B. Cooley, Third National Bank building, Springfield; Harvard Law School, three years, no degree; admitted to the bar Oct. 27, 1926. He corrected 750 papers of the January, 1931, examinations, and 707 of the July, 1931, examinations, all at 50 cents apiece.

Joseph A. Donahue, 23 Central avenue, 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, Worcester; Harvard Law School, class of 1927; admitted to the bar Nov. 16, 1927; corrected 750 January, 1931, and 707 July, 1931, examination papers, all at 50 cents apiece.

Charles W. Mulcahy, 839 Park Square building, Boston, Boston University Law School, class of 1915, the single "veteran" of the "secret five," to whom bar examination papers are farmed out for correction by the Board of Bar Examiners. He was admitted to the bar Feb. 26, 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 personnel of the bar examiners, themselves. They are as follows:

Chairman, William Harold Hitchcock of Boston and Dedham, Harvard Law School, '01; Charles H. Beckwith of Springfield, Harvard Law School, '05; Walter Powers of Boston, Harvard Law School, '09, 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. Irwin 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 1935 the grand total of expense of the board, including salaries of the chairman, secretary and members, was \$9411.64. In the year 1931 it was approximately \$18,500, or nearly double that of six years before.

Dean Archer also maintains that the oral examination of applicants after

the written examination includes such matters as the financial standing of the applicant, and he would have this oral test limited in scope to legal knowledge and moral character of the applicant.

of the table at which I stand when delivering my "Phylippic" against his board and he certainly looked worried and wilted.

When it came 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 be

Boston Post

THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1932 **

BAR EXAMS CORRECTED BY YOUTHS

Work Farmed Out by
Board, Archer
Declares

'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 8—Third Col.



DEAN GLEASON L. ARCHER
Who charges bar exam work farmed
out for correction.

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" at 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 piece 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 court.

The occasion for Dean Archer's appearance before the judiciary committee this morning is a hearing on two bills by which the bar examiners would be specifically compelled by statute personally to correct the papers on their examinations, with the farming-out 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, nor 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 zealous 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 in October, 1931. As late as October, 1929, 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 should indicate that the examiners themselves, realized to the fullest extent the illegality of their conduct, but relied upon secrecy to keep that knowledge from the victims and from the public.

Secrecy Proof of Charges

"Law is not an exact science. 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.

equal time on the air free of charge.
After his weak showing at the hearing, I felt quite certain that he would not dare 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 on Sunday Jan 31st in place of my "Heroic Days of Plymouth Colony."

Sunday noon when I was busily engaged ^{in the preparation of} my Tuesday 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 Malcolm E. Nichols who had called to congratulate me on the splendid showing I had made in the fight not to tell me of a ^{young} man who had been previously 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 me declared it my greatest ^{success} ~~effort~~ as a broadcaster.

The ~~late~~ radio program "Bar Exam Abuses in Massachusetts" ran on the following dates: Sunday Jan 31 - 6:15 PM, Tuesday

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY
BOSTON
ARCHIVES

COPY

February 2 - 7:45 PM

Thursday February 4, 1:30 PM

Friday " 5 5 PM

Sunday " 7 6:15 PM

Tuesday " 9 7:45 PM

Thursday " 11 1:30 PM

Friday " 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 (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 on 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 associations and

quite evidently lost.

On November 21, 1931 I called at the office of the "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 written 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 about my book "Mayflower Heroes" then just off the press, he became very enthusiastic and I ~~gave~~^{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 all 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 as his wife were guests of mine at NBC 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 ~~subsequent~~^{subsequent} month. Of course

399

assistance in the legislative fight over has manifested my 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 had 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 at 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 W. 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

board that drastic retrenchments were in order and ~~that~~ they requested 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 had never been approved since my row with O'Connell.

He insisted two years ago ~~but~~ on having an auditing 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 the well known public accountant Fride.

It was a great nuisance to 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 criticised the method as "crude". He recommended a system.

Now in the midst of this 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

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 defendants 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 a 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 M Swift apparently got together on a scheme to require fees for services as trustees and finally engineered matters that each member of a so called "executive committee" should receive \$2000 a year and Pres Brynton \$2500. I have resented this for the past two years as an unjustifiable raid on the treasury because none of them are doing more than attend two or three meetings a year and it costs the school \$12,500.

Well last fall when I found that we were facing a deficit for the year I informed the

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 monopol 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 the 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 faction in our board of trustees led by Joseph F. O'Connell. He and I quarrelled 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. He had a way of declaring that he had lost cases or fees while absent at court 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 res-

those behind the drive for 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 Republican votes. So I have since 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 ~~show~~ 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 very grave danger. Of course it was facing ruin anyway as things were going, for the examiners were flinching about 85 percent of our candidates and the 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 we have to close the doors of the school I replied "I would sooner do that than play the coward." That sentiment

932

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I was very 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 14th) be reprinted each month. When I reached Boston, I sat down and wrote to Mr Brown outlining the offer and sending him ^{copies} 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 out to his home in Torrytown early in January. Then he and his eldest daughter, a college girl, visited the studio and attended the theatre with me afterward.

When Allan's birthday came along I had him come to New York to celebrate. Mrs Brown and her father spent the afternoon with us, took in my broadcast (Jan 23rd) and then Mrs Brown and her oldest son joined us for a theatre party. We saw "Hay Fever" an amusing comedy. A very pleasant friendship has thus been established - Thus I end this volume eleven years and two months in the making.

S. M. Brown 4-1769

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