

# SUFFOLK JOURNAL

VOL. 15 NO. 6

BOSTON, MASS.

APRIL 1, 1958

## LONG SOUGHT SCHOLAR WILL TEACH HERE

By MARTY ROHMANN

A noted Prussian scholar, Dr. Hans Achtung, has been named head of the Humanities department.

In an effort to add a touch of universality to the department, humanity professor Dr. Peterick said that the new addition to the department would certainly illustrate our drive toward liberalism.

Dr. Achtung, a short dark fiftyish man who wears a conspicuous little black mustache, was introduced at his little tank-like Haven 'Cuba'.

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## FOREIGN JOBS LOOK FETCHING

Looking for summer employment? The S.I. placement office has announced the opening of

several positions as summer camp counselors for further information write: "Castro's Mountain Camp."

## I WAS A RED FOR RUSSIA

DEAR EDITOR: I am a communist I always have been. My father and mother were communists. My children are communists. I went to communist school. I was born a communist and I shall die a communist. I do not believe in capitalism or private property, and nobody can make me.

SIRITA KIRSHENHEV (a communist)



POPULAR GERMAN PROPHEDED HERE.

## RESTLESS VETS TO MARCH ON NASSER'S DITCH

The Veterans Club expressed its dissatisfaction over the way the situation yesterday and have agreed to take action. Club President Phil Fisher's held yesterday that some of the boys are getting restless in their peacetime roles. What they need is a good setup. Besides, someone has to put Nasser in his place.

The Club will form its ranks in the cafeteria today and will adopt its new battle name, "Suffolk's Expeditionary Force in Egypt." From here they will take a subway to docks and march aboard their boats. Cheerleaders will lead the march while singing "It's a Long Way From Suday to the Nile but Our Boys are There."

The 40th century received much sympathy and encouragement. Mr. Boardman's study of operations and planning said they got a socio-economic sys-

tem over there that's a real disaster. Nasser has got to be controlled the way we do to open roads on Arabica. Fish industry. Besides, their prison system is in deplorable condition. I think my brigade will fix matters with out too much opposition.

Ivan Frederick McKeon, of the legal department, explained that the scheme had no legal precedent and added that it's obviously a cracked idea. After all, Nasser isn't under our jurisdiction. However, it's nice to have Suffolk represented by the Mid-Sea East.

Compliments Of  
**Beacon Chambers Cafeteria**  
27 Myrtle Street

## SUPER-WINSTON PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS The WRECK of OL' FIVE-ELEVEN

GIVE 'ER MORE COAL, JOE, WE'RE LATE NOW!

MEANWHILE A FEW MILES AWAY!!

STOP!

PUFF PUFF RELAX HAVE A WINSTON!

SAY WINSTON TASTES GOOD! LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!

THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE I WAS ABOUT TO MENTION.

I KNOW THERE WAS SOMETHING.

HE PROBABLY MEANT TO MENTION THAT WINSTON IS AMERICA'S BEST-SELLING, BEST-TASTING FILTER CIGARETTE!

HE SHOULD'VE MENTIONED THE NEW CRUSH-PROOF BOX, TOO! ➔

Winston CIGARETTES

Winston CIGARETTES

© 1958 BY PHILIP MORRIS INC. WILMINGTON, DEL.

### Unemployment Rate Still The Same

Official sources have confirmed the rumor that tuition at Suffolk will be doubled for the 1958-59 school year. This will bring the cost of a year's education up to \$110.

In his spontaneous thirty-five-minute speech, Mr. Mince flatly told reporters the increase was a "necessary step" toward combating the recent recession that has damaged the American business scene.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "we must consume phosphate the rate until there isn't a chance to graze on the phosphate."

"Ignoring cries of 'What?' and 'Eh?'," Mr. Mince continued, "Those rumors of my ordering a swimming pool for my estate and a complete change of household servants are completely groundless. There is no need for panic because of a simple little increase in tuition. I am merely following the advice of that great educator, Irving Glick, who said, 'Hit 'em where it hurts' in the pocket-book."

### FINALS WILL BE HELD THIS YEAR

### Conda's Acclaimed For Its Food

Conda's Restaurant, Suffolk's favorite eating place, was today awarded the Duneson Hines "Certificate of Food Excellence" for the variety and unusual quality of their food.

Officiating at the awarding ceremony was the famous Mr. Hines himself. The "internationally known gourmet" was quoted as saying: "I have never tasted food like the stuff you had at Conda's."

Describing the restaurant's fare as "unique and different," Hines presented the coveted prize to the beaming owner of the establishment, who wept with joy. He then went back behind the counter to shout out such cries of happiness as "Cheeseburger!" and "Salmon salad sanghwa!"

This was the second award received by the popular restaurant this year. Only last month it received a meritorious plaque from the Mass. General Hospital describing it as "the establishment that has done the most to keep us in business."

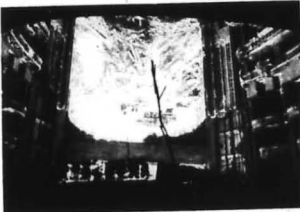
### CONDA'S RESTAURANT

30 DERNE ST., BOSTON

FIRST CLASS FOOD — SELF-SERVICE RESTAURANT

SODA FOUNTAIN SERVICE

SANDWICHES — HOT DISHES



**HANGING BALCONIES OF NEWTON**, shown above, is the site of the 1958 Senior Prom. Last year, students complained that they were nearly stifled from the lack of air at the dance. This year's prom committee decided to remedy that situation by hiring an excessively air conditioned ballroom. Of course, for this little convenience, price of the tickets has been upped from \$5.00 to \$8.00.

### Notorious Lecturer Asked To Lecture Here

By JAMES HOFFA

Well known labor leader Dave Beck Sr. has agreed to speak at Suffolk's annual Recognition Day ceremony next month. The judge-lecturer, who could be mistaken for a jailbird if one didn't know better, has selected "Keep Your Fingers Out of the Till" for his subject.

Beck, who will be manacled to the rustum throughout his speech, has invited a huge throng of inmates to hear him speak. Among the notables are the Governor of Oregon, who takes a keen interest in the speaker, the guards of the Oregon colony, and the school's warden. The guards will be armed to the teeth and are under orders to blast any anarchist seekers.

Professor John Mahoney of the business department commented on the situation saying, "Beck knows how things are on the

inside and outside. With this experience he should be able to deliver an impartial address."

Art Molloy, an athlete, said he remembers this fellow when he pitched for the Cincinnati Redlegs. As I recall he did have trouble with his fingers. All ways, wringing them and putting them on the ball. The softball is an illegal pitch. I guess he realizes that now.



**FBI Officers are looking for this man. For \$50,000 you name him!** photo by Taggart

### Send Suffolk Sports South

School authorities have approved this year. Only last month it received a meritorious plaque from the Mass. General Hospital describing it as "the establishment that has done the most to keep us in business."

The student body is now in the act of taking up a collection to keep them there.

### Debaters Will Debate

The Suffolk Debating Club announces the scheduling of its first debate of the year. The topic will be "Why Didn't We Debate This Year?"

Leon Semman offers anyone three textbooks if they will drag his '28 Buick off Bevan Hill.

### Campus Politicos Shot; Little Sentiment Shown

By FRANKO

Four prominent campus politicos were shot dead by the faculty firing squad today. The quartet, convicted in February for multiple voting on its final exams, fell face down in the rubble courtyard which separates Conda's from the building.

The rifle-bearing dispatchers, Mayor Edward Hartman, Lt. Stanley Vogel, Pfc. Donald Foye, and Pfc. Sgt. Norman Floyd carried out their gruesome task without ado or sentiment. Some appeared to enjoy it. As a matter of fact, Lt. Vogel fired a couple of rounds into one of the students. Under questioning, he informed the Journal that the cat had it coming. He not only flunked my course, but he didn't even buy a book!

Adjutant Goodrich, who gave the order to fire, offered the culprits a final taste of worldly things. All asked for cigarettes and coffee. The coffee was denied when the Adjutant said "None of that cafeteria stuff but let us make this clear, we are not open to libel, for this is April Fool's Edition."



**BOARD OF TRUSTEES** — Arno Hines Bonvivo, recently appointed member of the Board of Trustees, of his appointment Mr. Bonvivo said, "Th... uh... uh..."

Let us make this clear, we are not open to libel, for this is April Fool's Edition.

### BOSTON DAYLIGHT ALLEYS

8 ALLEYS OPERATED BY AUTOMATIC PIN SETS  
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### COME DOWN TO MOLLIE'S SNACK BAR

Donuts	Sandwiches
Coffee	Chips
Tea	Nuts
Ice Cream	Cake
Milk	
Located In Basement Recreation Hall	
Good food at reasonable prices Without leaving the building	

In North Scituate It's Seaverns' Country Store FOR FINE FOODS

THE EARLE COFFEE SHOP  
Corner BOWDOEN & DERNE STREETS

# Man To Moon Missile Looking For Its Orbit

## Government Swings Into Action

The Student Government, long considered a "do-nothing" organization by the student body, today took its first action of the year when its members resigned in a body.

Pres. James Kelley was quoted as saying, "Now let them accuse us of inactivity. We've done something constructive at last."

An opinion poll of twenty students to determine student reaction to the step revealed the following:

One student said, "They can't resign! They must! How can the school go on operating without them?"

The other nineteen had no knowledge of the existence of the Student Government.

The dissolution of the group leaves a serious and important gap to be filled. Sophomore Joe O'Hara's generous offer to step in as acting Student Government was respectfully turned down.

## YEARBOOK MONEY FOUND IN MEXICO

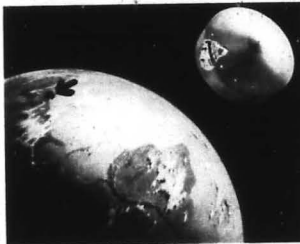
Fiscal experts of the Yearbook staff reported only four days ago that they had \$2000 in their treasury. Today they are as dry as a well. The lost is gone. However, they did produce several posters which were an inkling of the money's about.

One rare postmarked Alcapulco, bore the title "The Chief." It read: "I'll be honest about it, I and Bob Chever, absconded with the money. However, we're not wanting it. We are really enjoying every minute of it."

"Bob and I," the note continued, "bought some technical bathing trunks the other day to lounge on the beach with. All day long, he pants and I study math. Don't despair, we'll be back as soon as the money is dissipated. No need to get a replacement for my job on the Yearbook because there won't be one anyhow."

Beverly Carlson, treasurer of the Yearbook, paused for a moment after finishing the note then said, rather dryly, "You know, the chief has been acting peculiar lately. One day he would complain about the weather; the next he'd be looking for someone to buy him coffee. Perhaps, the rest will do him good. It better."

Out of the millions who fought in the Seven Years War not one is alive today.



THE PICTURE ABOVE is anybody's guess. We like to think of it as the first trip to the moon. As you see it now it is in its final stage. All the boosters have dropped on that circle foreground. The cheese-like rectangle, upper right, harbors the crew of this weird thing. The people you see in the outlying area are the pilot and his assistant, Dianne Taggart. As a matter of fact, Dianne took this picture. How she took it is up for speculation since she didn't have any film when she left school. Arrows indicate N.E.

## NIHILISM RAMPANT AT PLACEMENT OFFICE

By FRANK SHAFIT WILSON

Students planning to go to work in June can forget all about it, according to a recent speech by Mr. Don Woodrow, placement director.

"Men of Suffolk," Woodrow started, "not one of you will find work in June. Really, your chances are as slim as a chorus girl's on Alcatraz. Let me add, jobs are not scarce. There is plenty of work, but I doubt if any of you are capable of holding down a position at the Waldorf."

**Kiev Paddles Dry**

"Maybe it's the situation in Europe," he said, "but I don't know but in duty is set up with Suffolk you have done absolutely nothing. And he who does nothing gets nothing for out of nothing nothing comes. Did you ever have nothing well if you haven't you have it none, nothing. You wonder can all this pass into nothingness? I say it has. Some of you add up to one big zero nothing," he concluded.

Woodrow cooled the heated student with an adroit piece of ex-planatory material. "It seems the rare crop hasn't sold too well this year, and this has affected business ten fold. Of course, things are bound to pick up, but all the millions can't last forever."

A marketing man who had held his tongue until now jumped up and started yelling at the top of his voice. "His workers complain about the weather; the next he'd be looking for someone to buy him coffee. Perhaps, the rest will do him good. It better."

The speaker, untroubled by the speaker's untroubled by the speaker, spoke directly to the speaker.

Continued on Page 29

## SUFFOLK MAKES HISTORY AS DIANA I SHOT INTO SPACE

America's most heavily guarded secret since the Pickwick papers, a man-to-moon rocket called Diana I, blasted off its launching platform on the school's roof today leaving in its wake a sea of mixed feelings.

Government officials delegated Dr. Neilson Hammy, noted for his detailed research work on the letters of William Cowper, to light the fuse which thrust the giant tank of tin high over Derne street.

**Jazz Fan At Helm**

John Fitzpatrick, who has spent years as a devout and dedicated jazz enthusiast, found his experience rewarded by being forced to pilot the vessel. "See you out."

The slender spareman ambled with obvious reluctance into the waiting rocket. He promised reporters that he would return and would they "please see to it that his table was kept clean at the studies."

Dr. Hammy's brilliant exposition upon which so much depended of the initial step which set the project in motion deserves special attention.

At 5:32 a.m. the sun shined home. Keat's Nightingale hummed its favorite tune. Bayard's Waterford plucked grapes from the orchard. Woodrow's eyes were sagged noticeably from the weight of morning dew. It was an inauspicious world. Fitz had not walked into.

**Secrecy Revealed**

Ten minutes after Hammy's home, he boarded a train and headed for Boston. At 6:10 a.m. he checked his watch. Then he checked around the variant car and reached into his durable brief case. He removed a copy of English Harbors and Scotch River and turned to page one.

There was, resting in a circular square, the weapon.

The clatter of the shiny rectangular piece he carefully fastened the steel ring which inserted a stick of red fire. The Zippo was ready to go.

At 7:00 hours he met His whose first name is omitted for security reasons, at Suffolk. The pair hurried into the library where the fuse was concealed among a series of books by H. G. Wells. His indicated to a second to begin the count-down. The relaxed doctor studied Milton's Paradise Regained. Three, two, one.

The lighter flashed an ominous green light. The greatest scientific achievement ever known to man sailed into the blue.

Individual reaction was at first, indifferent because of the abundance of smoke flames, car-

ban, and in general, chaos which followed the blast off. But later the stories of heroism became known.

John V. Colburn broke out in a burst of spontaneous feelings with a chorus of the Star Spangled Banner.

Another teacher, Dr. Buckley, who had been assigned to track the missile from the State House roof, hailed the event as a "remarkably stable project of a remarkably well-adjusted society. I wish Old Ned was here to see this."

Student Government proxy Jim Kelly was peeved over the whole affair. "I tabled a motion to set that thing off last month, but they went right over my head. I'm surrounded by insistent subordinates."

Charlie Law, athletic director, stood speechless as the rocket popped off the roof then, its freened ascent, exclaimed, "Good grief, if I only had a rebounder who could get that high off his feet I got undefeated."

## Above And Beyond

Lon Bell, newshawk of the Journal, was seriously shaken up today by the backblast of the moon rocket as it blasted off its pad. The reporter, who wears vestigial ties as business manager, and whose nose for news carries him into some weird predicaments, has standing directly in front of the rocket as it took off. Although his familiar scarf, rubbers and hat were blown clear to Malden, Lon survived.

When asked why he stood right in front of the rocket, Lon replied quite dogmatically, "Look, in this newspaper game you got to be on your toes. True, I almost got blown off mine, however, I had to be sure the rocket took off at exactly when the count down hit me. I tell you, accuracy must be gathered at all costs."

**S. U. INSIDE OUT**

The mark problem has been solved in the future they will be sent on before exams. This morning delays.



Number 439 has been picked to be the world's first spaceman.

## HERE IS YOUR STAFF IN THE ORDER OF CASTING

Editor-in-Chief  
J. Fred Muggs

In Research  
Little Richard  
Head Writer  
How Long Time

Circulation  
Hema Gibbons  
Photographer  
Dianne Taggart

REPORTERS: Names may be found on the April Deportation List for Devil's Island.

## This Is An Editorial?

Perhaps the most distasteful job on a newspaper, with the possible exception of selling them, is writing the editorials. And that is why ours' are so bad. Not only do they say nothing but usually, and it is a good reason, the person sentenced to write them usually know nothing. We have never met an editorial writer who owned more wisdom than pride. Say, we have never known one to possess more wit an extra pair of socks on a trip. Of course, most of them are never allowed out in the open anyway. But, really, the best part of history is the part that hasn't been written yet. But the editorial writer is different. Just as each blade of grass is different from the other. Didn't grass make Whitman famous. Don't knock the grass. Never exclude the power of the grass and its affect at the Battle of Waterloo. After all, didn't Cromwell chew it to relax his nerves during Wellington's charge at Little Big Horn. No, don't ever leave grass out of history. It's right up there with Greenleaf, Whittier, Moby Dick, Gulliver, and Truman. Where would we be without grass? Right up to our toes in dirt, that's where. Did you ever see a Hawaiian without grass? Your darn right you haven't. They'd be in jail without it.

We suppose you are wondering why we haven't broken this gem with a paragraph. We just don't feel like using paragraphs. Really, has any one read a good editorial lately? All you see is what every one already knows. Sin is evil. War is even worse. And what terrible men the Russians are. And how much every body steals in politics. And whose running it beokie joint. And how Nasser hates the Brits. And what apity it is that nature gives us snow in March.

Everybody knows all that stuff. (oops a paragraph) Think of the time you waste reading editorials. You could double your attention to the comics with all that spare time. Actually, on the whole, well in reality, be honest, think of the time you squandered reading this editorial.

### BOOK CLEARING HOUSE 423 Boylston St., Boston

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Opley 7-1600

- NEW AND USED TEXT BOOKS
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- OUTLINES — STUDY AIDS
- LONG PLAY RECORDS AT DISCOUNT PRICES

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MISS SUFFOLK RUNNERUP

## Janitor Strike Perils Suffolk

The school's annual staff strike with renewed vehemence today for a contract calling for more money and less work. President Mitter was against over the proposal asking "What do they do now?" Phony "the head sweater" replied, avowing a boom in a men's wearing fashion. The whole mess stemmed from a lecture the staff heard in the Amherst gym by Frank Costello, chief of New York's Juvenile Department. The famous cynic began gave a speech entitled "There's More Ways Than One To Clean Up" and asked that "he know all of them." "Look guys," the speaker started. "I can tell just by looking at you that you're under paid. I know you've tried to show your feelings by not washing the sink, but it ain't enough. Ya gotta strike for ya rights." After hearing this inspiring message, the staff marched to the president's office singing the "Marseilles."

## Mao Asks Recorders For Better Music

By DIZ CALLESTRE

Miss Pierce's attractive deans' receptionist, has announced the launching of her career as a jazz singer. The genial studentem phore will make her professional debut this Friday night at Braxeville.

Nancy has never studied music, she has played an instrument. "However," she states, "I slipped in an elevator with Mr. Forme."

Miss Pierce's fellow workers expressed their unanimous disapproval of the news. Reverend Card Haines said: "What? Her? Sing?" And placement director "Dad" O'Connell stated flatly: "This will set jazz back twenty years." Nancy has also announced the release of her new album, recorded for Donahue Records, called "Missie to Get Marks and By." She describes her style as "a cross between Sarah Vaughn and James Michael Curley."

## This Story Fails To Merit A Head

By EUSA MAXWELL

A life-size, dimpled-checked, dove face darling, age-four, staid the show of the Miss Suffolk coronation in what must be considered the most ridiculous affair ever staged.

The seven finalists lined up in front of the bandstand Jim Kelley and Joe O'Hara, impresarios of the show, smiled with charming effervescence, obviously satisfied with their production. Alan Barry, a guest, faced with the mantle of hope which he obtained the winner's name. Tragically, he withdrew the card and announced "The Winner is still, er, the matter is Miss Daisy Goodrich."

### Flour He Smaid

The seven finalists fell face quickly and he to run this show. Elaine snipped "I want my crown."

She took impressions. Kelly argued, "You won't get it. It's not for you because it will never fit on your small head."

O'Hara cleared his voice and screamed "Stay out of our school. Who is she? How did her name get in the envelope?"

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### EEC Abolished

Really, the only happy soul was the queen herself. Responding to the deafening applause from the crowd, which had gathered about, they were hoisting.



MISS SUFFOLK

## LIBRARY ABOUNDS IN GREAT BOOKS

Mr. Richard Sullivan, newly appointed librarian, accepted 20 unique volumes from the "Hard and Fast" publishing company today, on receiving the gift. The new bookmaster, commended "These should create quite a stir. There's nothing like starting things off with a bang."

The new literary additions are: "I Made a Snow of My Life by Abigail Shocklecruber. Love of Derek by Joseph Stalin. New Trends in Television by Dr. E. Murphy. The Tropic of Capricorn by Henry Miller. I Was Louis XIV's Valet or What Happened at Versailles by Dr. Vabe Soradain. The Effect of Transcendentalism on the Man Man by Dr. Stanley Vogel. I Defused Suffolk by Michael An. How to Eliminate Crashed Classrooms by Dr. Edward Hartmann. The Written My Last Line by Dick Bender.

"I'm sure," Mr. Sullivan stated, "that as soon as other schools learn of our action they'll see follow suit."

## AHAB, We Found The White Whale

Because of circumstances beyond its control, the Innate Club is forced to announce the indefinite postponement of their Spring production of Melville's classic, "Moby Dick," scheduled for the end of May.

Anyone interested in purchasing two and a half tons of blubber contact the club through the Journal. **BOOKS.**

## duette Photographers

40 Joy St. Boston  
LAfayette 3-2885