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The SUFFOLK JOURNAL



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

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

VOL. 1, No. 3

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NOVEMBER 19, 1936

Eight Suffolk Men Win at the Polls

Thomas Boynton Alumni Celebrate 30 Years Old in December 30th Anniversary

Two men of Suffolk were swept into high public office by the contest hands down. Another State Senator who was re-elected was Thomas M. Burke. They paved a course of seven men re-elected. This veteran campaigner can do the people of their districts in different offices.

The election of Francis E. Kelly to the office of Lieutenant Governor and the re-election of Thomas M. Burke as State Auditor and law record has been one in the political arena of Suffolk graduates.

Mr. Buckley is the most recent graduate, having received his degree in June, 1935, while Mr. Burke received his in 1928. Both are experienced and able graduates from the school in campaigns, having been in the 1920's center of things political for many years.

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Senator Edward C. Carroll, '29, was elected an acting pluralist by Carroll, one of the most popular legislators ever to have served in the Suffolk District in Roxbury, pulled over twenty thousand votes while his opponent could garner only a scant six thousand. This plurality of ten thousand is one of the largest ever polled in a State Senatorial election. Carroll was first elected to the State Senate in 1933.

John Patrick Connolly's election to Clerk of Suffolk Superior Court means something to him. He fought a field of seven in eight Democratic candidates to win the Democratic Lodge a three to one majority. This contest was the most hot each in a hospital. During the major part of his campaign, he was seriously ill. Then he went on to

Thomas Jefferson Boynton has won the admiration and affection of every graduate of Suffolk Law School. For twenty-eight years he has served the community at every Suffolk celebration or Commencement day program. On December 30th of this year he will celebrate

When the World War came upon us and Woodrow Wilson needed an able and clear-headed United States Attorney for Massachusetts, he appointed Thomas J. Boynton. From 1917 to 1920, Mr. Boynton served the nation in this capacity with great credit to himself, han-

Men of Suffolk—those men who have lived and still are living the glorious history of the thirty years which have elapsed since Dean Gleason L. Archer founded Suffolk Law School—will hold a celebration banquet at the Hotel Kenmore this evening.

In one sense it will be more than a celebration of the thirtieth birthday of Suffolk Law School. For old friends, who perhaps have not met around a common table since the days of their school years, will meet to partake of a fine banquet and talk over old times and new times.

The banquet, officially though, celebrates the school's anniversary. The committee which has been working unceasingly for the past several months, itself represents those thirty years. Alumni who include members of graduating classes from 1912 to the present date have all united in a common cause.

The committee under the splendid leadership of Chairman Joseph J. Tutwiler, '18, has made untiring efforts to secure the presence of several notable speakers for this evening. Members of the Judiciary and prominent members of the alumni will be on the program if all plans have materialized.

While the identity of the speakers has not been announced, the purveyor of the music at this banquet is himself an alumnus of Suffolk. Law Tobin, whose orchestra will play throughout the banquet, has attained widespread recognition in the field of music as well as merited attention in the legal profession.

One of the several disappointing items that have been met with during the months of preparation is the inability of United States Senator David I. Walsh to be present. His act as Governor of Massachusetts in signing the bill authorizing the granting of the degree of LL.B. by Suffolk Law School will never be forgotten by men of Suffolk. However, urgent business in Washington as the opening of Congress draws nigh, has made it impossible for him to accept.

Representing the class of 1912, the first class to graduate from the newly organized evening law school, is Percy D. Jordan. He is one of the hard-working alumni committee which includes such prominent members as Hon. Frank J. Donovan, Justice of the Superior Court; Hon. Joseph A. Parks, Chairman of the Industrial Accident Board; Walter B. McCarthy, Bernard J. Killian, Major John J. McDonough, Thomas F. Duffy, Thomas J. Finnegan, Fred Gillespie, and Archie A. Gillis.



his thirtieth birthday. Yet with unflagging zeal he continues to perform his duties as President of the Board of Trustees of Suffolk.

Mr. Boynton has lived to his middle name with singular fidelity. As a Vermont Democrat he was first appointed to important public service under President Cleveland. The Post Office Department needed able lawyers to guard it against abuses from within and without, and in Mr. Boynton it found a vigilant guardian of its integrity as an agency of government.

Retiring from the postal service, Thomas J. Boynton decided to transfer his law office to Boston and his residence to the city of Everett. He became city solicitor in 1909 and served for three years as mayor, 1904-1907.

He was elected President of the Board of Trustees of Suffolk Law School at the formation of the board in 1911 and has been its only president. In 1923, Mr. Boynton was elected Attorney General of Massachusetts, defeating James M. Swift, his Republican opponent, who is now Vice-President of the Board of Trustees of Suffolk.

ding many important and difficult cases including those concerning German belligerency and alien propagandists.

Prizes Offered For Plays

Twenty dollars on tuition, and production of the winning play, is the first prize for the One-Act Play contest sponsored by the new Drama Club, with \$100.00 toward tuition, the second prize. The contest is open to all Suffolk students. The Drama Club will produce the prize play, in the Suffolk Theater, some time next spring. Because of the wide-spread growth of dramatic clubs and experimental theaters the one-act play has gained new prominence. It is a distinct literary form, differing with the full-length play as the short story compares with the novel. The one-act play gives but one main incident, creates one impression or mood, usually has but one scene. Plot, characters, and setting must all contribute to the main idea. The one-act play is

Suffolk Students Predict Election

Eight hundred students of Suffolk clearly predicted the trend of the November 4th election on October 25th.

These eight hundred students voted in the first annual Suffolk election straw vote which allowed them to pick their choices in the three vital contests of the 1936 campaign: president, senator, governor.

The United States Senator contest between Governor James M. Curley and State Representative Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., although not as close as the actual result, was a great surprise. The Law School, which is traditionally Democratic, split its vote, giving Lodge a three to one majority. This contest was the most hot each in a hospital. During the major part of his campaign, he was seriously ill. Then he went on to

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Alumni Notes

Celebrations To New Attorneys

In the October issue of the Journal, the success of several recent graduates in the July, 1936, Bar Examinations was chronicled, particularly that of Walter T. Lundgren, Edgar W. Stiles, Edward E. Burke, Gordon Fairbairn and Alphonse Anderson. The following sketches are a continuation of the list:

THOMAS T. BECKER, '36, of Dedham, made an outstanding record during his undergraduate days. He finished second in the Class of 1936 in his Freshman year, winning the Gleason Jr. Archer scholarship with an average of 89.718. Again in the junior year he finished second with an average of 90.514. He was very popular with his classmates and was elected president of the Class of 1936. His successful success of the commencement last June was due to his ability. Mr. Becker passed the bar examinations in July, 1936, and is now enrolled in the Graduate School studying for the LL.M. Since graduating he has accepted a position with the Maryland Casualty Insurance Company as a claim adjuster. He prepared at the Brookline High School for two years and completed his high school work in the Worcester Preparatory School. Mr. Becker's success in the bar examinations was a foregone conclusion.

ABRAHAM A. ANKLES, '36, of Falmouth, another of Suffolk's new attorneys, is 74 years old, having prepared for Suffolk at Falmouth High School, graduating in the Class of 1870. Mr. Ankles made a very high record at Suffolk, standing second in the Class of '36. He was the salutatorian of his class.

EDWARD J. ARVIN, '36, of Middleboro, was enrolled in the "Eng." after his name, is 25 years old. He was graduated from the Middleboro High School in 1927 and graduated from Suffolk in 1932. He has been employed as a clerk in the First District Court of Eastern Middlesex. He entered Suffolk in September, 1932, and maintained an excellent school average throughout his career.

ALEXANDER A. AVILA, '36, of East Boston, is 22 years old and a graduate of the East Boston High School in 1931. His average on his college work was listed as musician. He has now qualified for the legal profession.

LAMBERT H. BROWN, '31, of Marlboro, passed the July, 1936, examinations. After graduating from the Suffolk Law School, he delayed a year and a half before taking the Bar Examinations.

JOSEPH W. HENNESSY, '32, had tried the Bar Examination only once before the July, 1936, exam and he succeeds after a lapse of time is desirably to his credit.

GORDON FAIRBURN, '36, of Quincy, was graduated from Quincy High School in the Class of 1932. He worked in a law office a portion of his law school career. His success in the July, 1936, examination qualifies him for promotion. His law firm should take notice.

EDMUND P. FLEMING, '31, '35, was graduated from Boston College High School in 1927. He has been employed by the American Radiator Company since his graduation from high school. Success in the July, 1936, Bar Examination means that the Fleming firm has lost out, while the legal profession has gained an able recruit.

BENJAMIN A. FRIEDMAN, '36, of Taunton, is a graduate of the Taunton High School in the class of 1931. He is now 21 years old. While attending the Law School, he occupied a clerical position. The excellence of his work at Suffolk entitled him to success in the July exam.

LEO F. GARTY, '31, is a graduate of the Dexter High School (N. H.), in the Class of '28 and also of the University of New Hampshire with a degree of S.B. in 1929. Since 1933 he has been working as a claim adjuster for the Merchants Commercial Casualty Company. He is well equipped for the practice of law.

JOHN A. GIFFORD, '36, is 23 years old. He is a graduate of Merchants Arts High School in the Class of 1931. His success in the recent Bar Examination was the logical reward for his studious years at Suffolk Law School.

MICHAEL J. HARRY, '36, was educated in the public schools of Ireland but completed his high school work at Suffolk Preparatory School. He is 28 years old. He has been employed by Mr. F. Hoad & Sons. Mr. Harry's success in the Bar Examination is a tribute to his pluck and downright ability.

FRANCIS X. LANG, '36, was one of the most unusual ranks in the successful list of Suffolk men in the July examinations. Mr. Lang had never before taken the Bar Examination. Despite a lapse of six years after graduation from Suffolk, he nevertheless succeeded on his first trial! He was graduated from high school in 1927 and from Bentley School of Accounting in 1925. He has been employed at the National Shawmut Bank.

EDWARD T. MARTIN, '36, of West Newton, was graduated from Newton High School in 1927. He took a course in the American Institute of Banking prior to enrolling in Suffolk. He is 25 years old and is assistant manager of the New Bedford Trust Company. Mr. Martin graduated with first honors in the Class of 1936 and was awarded the honor of giving the valedictory address.

CHARLES S. McLAUGHLIN, '36, of Cambridge, was graduated from the Cambridge Latin School in the Class of '28. He is 25 years old. An unusual feature of Mr. McLaughlin's case is that he is the third brother in the family to have graduated from Suffolk and to become a member of the Bar. His brothers are George A. and Walter McLaughlin.

PAUL H. SNOW, '36, was educated at Merchants Arts High School and Fisher Business College. He was graduated from Suffolk in the Class of 1932. He has been practicing law some time in this State. He recently returned to Massachusetts, being on the successful list in the July Bar Examination.

BART E. MCGARRY, '36, of West Roxbury, won third place in the Honor List of the Class of 1936. He was a graduate of Boston College High School in 1922 and from Pace Institute of Accounting in 1931. He is 32 years of age and is connected with the Massachusetts Bonding and Insurance Company. His success was naturally to be expected.

SHIRLEY D. NADLER, '36, who was on the successful list, is a graduate of the Dorchester High School in the Class of 1927. He is 27 years old. During his Law School career he has been a traveling salesman.

EDWARD A. O'DONNELL, '31, attended Practical Arts High School, but completed his preparatory work at Suffolk. He is 40 years old. His success in the Bar Examination, after a long absence from school, is gratifying.

ROBERT H. PARKER, '36, of Wrentham, was on the honor roll at Suffolk. He delivered a valedictory address at commencement. He is 35 years old and has been employed as a publicity director with a financial concern. Mr. Parker is well equipped for the legal profession.

KENNETH F. QUIGLEY, '36, of Ashland was also on the honor roll at commencement time. He was graduated from Ashland High School in 1921 and from the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance in 1925. He is 32 years of age. In these years he has been employed by the Warren Telephone Company, but now that he has the right to hang out his shingle, he may be expected to make an excellent record at the law.

THOMAS J. RILEY, '31, attended Saint John's Preparatory School and Suffolk Preparatory School. Previous credits have been given in his general education and has now earned for him the right to enter upon a legal career.

JOHN J. SMITH, '35, was graduated from Dedham High School in the Class of '36. During his law school career he was employed by the Old Colony Trust Company, graduated from the recent Bar Examinations is gratifying to his friends.

HENRY L. MORLEY, '36, was enrolled in the July Bar Examination. He was graduated from Watertown High School in the Class of 1928. He is 28 years old. For the past 12 years he has been identified by the First National Stores.

EDGAR W. STILES, '36, was graduated from the Middleboro High School in the Class of 1910, another of the successful Suffolk men in the July Bar Examinations.

JAMES J. SULLIVAN, '36, is a graduate of the Lawrence Evening School. He has been a member of the law office of his father during his Law School career. Now that he has qualified for the legal profession, he is in a position to join the Sullivan firm.

FRANK F. WALTERS, '32, was graduated from Canton High School and Burdett Business College. He is 33 years of age. He was employed as secretary of the Ford Motor Company from 1929 to 1934, and is now a partner in a law firm exporting from the Atlantic Trading Company. The right to practice law will come in handy those days when business men need legal advice every minute of the day.

ROBERT W. WALSH, '36, is a graduate of the Dorchester High School in the Class of '29. He is 25 years old. During school days at Suffolk Law, he acted as clerk in the office of the superintendent of the Museum of Fine Arts. He passed the July, 1936, Bar Examinations.

JOHN J. WARD, '36, is 32 years of age. He completed his high school education in Suffolk Preparatory School. He was an insurance adjuster during a portion of his Law School career. He has demonstrated the truth of the old adage that perseverance wins.

Walter W. McCarthy

Commissioner of Public Welfare
Walter W. McCarthy is one of Suffolk's most loyal alumni. Not only is he a graduate in the class of 1919, but he enjoys distinction in his record with his Alma Mater not shared by any other Suffolk man. He was for years secretary of the Alumni Association of Suffolk and the president of the class which was organized in 1927. When Suffolk College of Liberal Arts opened in September, 1934, Commissioner McCarthy promptly enrolled in the faculty. As the president of this class he appeared before the Legislative Committee in February, 1935, and spoke in favor of the granting of the College Charter. When the new Graduate School was opened in September, 1935, Commissioner McCarthy accepted his position as the first member of the Graduate School from which he received a degree of LL.M. in June, 1936.

Dishonest Advertiser Licks Himself—Mr. Louis Glaeser

In his talk a while ago before the student body of Suffolk College of Journalism, Mr. Louis Glaeser, of the Illinois Advertising Co., Inc., brought out in a unique manner the fate of the dishonest advertiser.

Like a hummer, dishonest advertising will wing past and leave a nightmare for this shabby advertiser, we were told.

Abolishing trademarks and competition in Russian advertising circles proved quite a humorous situation, especially when radios excluded when turned on, tractors refused to start, shovels broke when thrust into the ground for the first time, etc. Mr. Glaeser explained this situation when he said that pride in craftsmanship was also abolished along with the trademarks.

Even in Russia, where the Soviets were struggling with the state of affairs in their army and agricultural equipment refusing to function, it took them a long time to get new paint on tractors didn't mean a thing, they discovered, for there was no trademark on those bits of equipment, and naturally they were of inferior quality.

Mr. Glaeser generously answered many questions at the end of his talk and S.C.J. men and women certainly profited much from his professional, brief, enlightening lecture.

Here and There With The Rambler

Is Suffolk going co-ed and admitting more men? No, says the Rambler. Jack Jacarino, inseparable? No. Can Martin Cosentino be muzzled? How about a five-minute recess between hours? No. How many boys plating on his hair? No. Sheppie Aroff has been seen on the campus with somebody from Charlestown on his arm. The seniors are looking for equals on the window sill presently. Editor-in-chief Strath is very poetic, they say. Wonder if he is romantic, too. We wish Master Devos would sleep so much. Leo Levitt, the carnation kid, has been seen impressing the freshmen. We love to see Thurston Benson, senior, who stands up. What's real property all about? We don't mind Charles O'Connor or George Woods sleeping in class, but it's a fact that O'Connor does. And How! Is Prof. Finnegan scaring the freshmen badly? D. T.

Seniors Plan Great Year

The Class of 1937 returned to the hall as mightily as ever in man-power and in brain-power. While many of the boys are busily engaged in hitting the old books as they have never hit them before, and while many of the book-buffers have been harping the Massachusetts chorale at every opportunity, yet the class as a whole is feeling its full responsibility as Suffolk's senior outfit and is planning to give its part in the celebration of the Law School's thirtieth year.

Heading the Class roster as governor is President Thomas W. Chappell, Jr., who is from Medford hills. The Vice-President, George E. Wood. The Plain of Jamaica contributes the Class Treasurer, Norman J. May, who is getting the necessary requisites to a Treasury berth among the federals. The Secretary is Paul T. Smith, of Dorchester, highest ranked in '37 at the close of School last June.

Behind the Scenes

Behind the scenes at Suffolk are two staff workers whose fidelity and efficiency have done much to help the school in its institution running smoothly. Mrs. Margaret Gillespie will soon complete eleven years of service with Suffolk Law School. In November, 1925 to June, 1931, she was employed as Assistant Recorder but for the past five years has been in full charge of the Recording Department. Mrs. Gillespie acts at times as chief engineer of the electric micrograph and to her skill in this important field, we owe some of the excellence of Suffolk Law School lecture notes and problem and examination papers.

Mrs. Gillespie's teammate, Miss Dorothy McNamara, has been a member of the staff since November, 1927. Her ability at stenography has long been well known. During the nine years of her employment, Miss McNamara has very seldom been absent because of ill health. On rare occasions the young lady emerges from the stenographic department long enough to distribute papers in the student files in the course.

The Law and The Lawyer

The Social Security Act

The Act has eleven titles. Title I concerns "Grants to States for Old-Age Assistance," and is perhaps the most important in the Act. Title III relates to unemployment insurance. Title IV provides for dependent children. Title V to child and maternal welfare; and Title X to aid for the blind.

The remaining titles of the Act, excepting Title VI, which provides for greater co-operation between the U. S. Public Health Service and the States and local units of government, creates the means by which the necessary funds will be raised to carry out the purposes of the Act; establishes the rules by which States shall be entitled to certain grants; and creates the Social Security Board which will act as the administrative body for the Act.

Employees are affected by this Act only in regard to the Old-Age retirement scheme. This does not preclude employees from being taxed by the individual States for unemployment insurance, for which no assessment is made by the national Act.

The employee, under this phase of the Act, is subject to an income tax measured on the basis of wages first exceeding \$200 in any calendar year received by him after December 31, 1936. The collection on this tax is made by the employer by deducting the amount due under the Act, from the employee's wages at the time they are paid.

The rate of tax is 1% in 1937, 1938, 1939; 1 1/2% in 1940, 1941, 1942; 2% in 1943, 1944, 1945; 2 1/2% in 1946, 1947, 1948; and 3% in 1949 and thereafter.

The employer also is subject to a tax at the same rate, based upon the total payroll, with certain exceptions, paid after December 31, 1936 for services performed within the United States, Alaska, and Hawaii. Employer, in this connection, signifies a person who employs one or more persons.

To be eligible for the retirement benefits, which are to commence in January, 1942, the following are the requisite qualifications: Applicant must be at least 65 years old. 2. Applicant must have received not less than \$2000 total wages after December 31, 1913, and before January 31, 1936. 3. Wages must have been paid him on some day in each of five years after December 31, 1936, and before becoming 65.

If any person entitled to receive old-age benefits, based upon the rate of tax at \$2000, the benefit paid to him shall be at a monthly rate of 1/2 of 1 per cent of such total wages; but if the wages exceed \$4000, the benefit shall be at a monthly rate based on the sum of 1/2 of 1% of \$2000, plus 1/2 of 1% of the amount in excess of \$2000 and \$4000, plus 1/2 of 1% of the amount above \$4500.

The minimum benefit is \$10 an end of this phase of the Act, and the maximum \$85.

Provision is further made in event of death by the estate of the deceased beneficiary entitled to certain sums.

SHORT STORY-- "Jane's Folly"

L. M. G. '37

Jane's Folly

Jane Flanders hurried about her kitchen, washing the last of the dinner dishes and generally putting things in order. She was flushed and rather tired, but there was a look of great satisfaction on her face as she took three streaming strawberry pies from the oven and placed them on the sill of the open window to cool. Already she would have the exclamations of delight and praise which would be sure to follow the serving of the pies at the church supper that evening, for she was the champion pie maker in the village, and justly proud of her skill.

Jane was forty-five, but she looked ten years older. The signs of added years were not so much in her count, good-natured face, as in the settled lines of her plump, motherly figure, the tight little knot of hair on top of her head, and an air of resignation and weariness in her eyes of hard work unrelieved by pleasure and romance. After the death of her father, her girlhood had been a constant round of household and farm duties, with the added burden of caring for an invalid mother. Following her mother's death, Hiram Flanders, ten years her senior, had made her a proposal of marriage, and though not in love, she had accepted him in the matter of fact way characteristic of a homecoming woman. Her father was very easy-going, and his neighbors called him lazy, and said that he married Jane because she had a valuable farm. Jane, however, had married him because she was a kind husband, making up in good nature what he lacked in ambition.

A church sale in Danville was an event which the whole community took part, and as Jane domineered her best dress, she wondered if her new neighbor would be there. The residence across the way had been empty for years, but last week as Jane sat sewing by her sitting room window, she had been surprised to see a new couple enter and a man and woman alight from a large car and enter the house. Later, Henry brought the news that a rich couple from New York had rented the home for the summer.

The whole town buzzed with stories about the newcomers; women who had gone there to clean, told excitedly of four staterooms, and silk and satin, and embroidered and plain, afternoon and evening dresses such as Danville had never before seen, and all the latest fashions.

Henry had donated an elaborate satin pillow for the fancy work booth. All the good mothers of the village dressed together the church supper table, and then first introduced to the newcomers, gave a last-minute press, for each secretly wished to make a favorable impression. The new couple's extensive wardrobe had caused such a stir. News spread that the minister's wife had called to extend her personal greetings. Mrs. Hyde had donated an elaborate satin pillow for the fancy work booth.

Jane maintained a dignified silence when first introduced to Mrs. Hyde. She told herself that she would not join those foolish eyes who were catering to a new man simply because she had pretty clothes. She had to admit, however, that the newcomers were not

attractive; her tall willow figure and marcelled blond hair stood out in sharp contrast to the husky country woman near whom she sat in the church vestry, but there was a hard steely glint in her eyes and her face had a certain set expression. Before she went home, she said, "No so-called, my dear neighbor, Mrs. Flanders. That was the most delicious strawberry pie I have ever eaten. Will you help me to make some?"

Jane, flushed with pride, forgot her aloofness, and promised to help make the pies. It was good to have one's cooking appreciated, but lately Hiram had seemed to take no interest.

During the weeks that followed Jane and her new neighbor became good friends. It was evident that Mrs. Hyde was lonely for the city although she never talked about her former home, in fact, she seemed to resent the questions about it which were constantly put to her by the villagers. Her husband spent most of his time at his brokerage office in New York, coming home only once a week and then only for a few days.

Hiram was mildly surprised the first time Jane explained a late and rather scanty meal, by saying, "I was so excited, I just clean forgot that you would be staying for supper." Mrs. Hyde invited me to go to Burlington this afternoon, and her chauffeur whizzed us along in that big car so that these sixty miles seemed like ten. I called on Aunt Matie Porter while Mrs. Hyde was doing her shopping, and she declared she thought some of my cooking. I called on Mrs. Hiram Flanders. Six dresses! That's more than I've had in all the ten years since we've been married."

Jane replied to all this outburst was only a laconic, "Humph, she can't wear all of 'em at one time." But though he was so highly unimpressed, he was really very much troubled by the change which was taking place in Jane. She no longer took pride in her cooking—"baker's bread was good enough, and even the can opener which she had always scorned, was now pressed into service when she hunted home from an afternoon of bridge or a trip to the movie with Mrs. Hyde. If Hiram had known a little more knowledge of feminine psychology, he would have realized that these few contacts with pleasure—such as the new dresses, the new car, all her pent-up longing for the good time which had been denied in her girlhood. But not having this knowledge, he suffered for the want of her folly. A thousand times he started to renege with her, and each time he was silenced either by lack of courage, or the memory of the times when she had not voiced her disapproval of his foolishness. There was that town meeting day on Wednesday, and two much and swapped her good from more for a worn-out frock. Jane had but mildly reproached him, and when, after a few weeks, she had said, "I had a new dress, she had no way of referring to the reason for her loss.

The hardest thing for Hiram to bear was the piles of the men's clothes, and the fact that he was the butt of their jokes when Jane bobbed her hair, put on (3) any, and wore clothes that he had looked on with disdain.

(To be continued on Page 6)

Letters From Home

Suffolk, Mass.
October 28, 1936

Your letter asking for news of the theatres and dine-and-dance places located in Boston came at an opportune moment, for I have been busy attending opening of new shows, instead of devoting my spare time to the study of Advertising. Publicity agents for the Boston theatres claim that this will be the most successful season since 1929, and one is tempted to believe that for once the advance billing is conservative, rather than exaggerated. Cole Porter's grand new musical show, "Red, Hot, and Blue," starring Ethel Merman and Jimmy "Shoemaker" Durante, played to capacity crowds before leaving for New York's enthusiastic acclaim. "It's De-lovely," rendered with vim and vitality by Ethel Merman, was easily the hit of the show, and the customers were for more. Another Cole Porter hit, "The Theatre Guild selected Dodie Smith's comedy, "Call It a Day," to start its season here in Boston. Not only is the play delightfully good, but Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale abandon their usual dramatic roles and portray the events of a day (but what a day!) in the lives of a happily married, middle-aged couple. If there is a train running from Elmville between now and Saturday, be sure to come down to see this play. Lawrence, you will be going to New York to see it, for it moves out of the theater on Saturday.

The "Hub of the Universe" is all stage over the performances of the "New Yorker" and the handsome, talented British playwright and actor, and Gertrude Lawrence, lately the darling of Doug Fairbanks Jr. (he was just a publicity man in a series of nine one-act plays, three of which will be staged nightly for the next two weeks. I attended the opening night at the Colonial to watch these two English masters of the British art of restrained acting bring to the thirty plays staged that evening a richness of expression and a charm of manner which our own actors might well strive to imitate. "Hands Across the Sea," the opening one-act play, was light, even frothy, and Miss Lawrence had an opportunity to act all over the stage as Lady Maureen Gilpin, scatterbrained, popular, sophisticated to the nth degree. Sir Conrad, as Lady Maureen's husband, is suave, melancholic, the typical English gentleman, in short, "the unimportance of being Ernest."

I found to mention that "Boy Meets Girl," the Hollywood farce, is in its fourth week at the Plymouth, and continues to do a good business. It is a far cry from that to the production of the news that the incomparable John McCormack will appear at Symphony Hall on Thursday, November 12th, to make the release ring with his silver tones.

I did tell you that I had a letter from Elmer? He wants to take me to the Northeastern-Ten Angel's game next Saturday, but that is the game "feebly" saying that when more than one fellow plays, it must be feet, not foot. Well, you know that Aunt Henry always said, "I don't care if you are the best at the world, I guess that she was right, because he signs his name with a cross now.

Yours for mirth and more life.

Myrtle

DRESS CLOTHES

Tuxedos, Dress Suits,
Coutures
To Rent and For Sale
Croston & Carr Co.
72 Summer St., Boston
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Suffolk Students

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Romantic History Sells Mansion

by Edward Brendan Barrett, S. G. J., '31

Small town journalists are fortunate men indeed in many respects. They are not required to use purely technical methods of writing the news or putting over advertising stories. A humorous example of this odd truth is contained in a small town weekly, the *Abol Sentinel* of April 8, 1906.

It seems that a certain home, the Sawyer Mansion, built 75 years ago by the late Addison M. Sawyer, was for sale in apothecary Athol. One of the heirs came to the newspaper office and asked our advertising rates. We quoted them to him, and he presented us with the rough draft of an ad which he had composed.

"Now On The Market
The Sawyer Mansion Property
Consists of dwellings and about 6 acres of valuable land to be sold immediately in its entirety."

As the house was a white elephant to the heirs, one of them had unearthed a story connected with the Sawyer family which he had brought with him.

After consultation with the editor, here's what happened. A small ad was inserted in the *Sentinel* giving all details of the property, and on the front page of the same issue there appeared, headlined, this lot of news:

"The Interesting Story
of An Athol Mansion for Sale
Attractive Estate For Sale
Sawyers Among First Settlers."

"Probably one of the most interesting stories relating to any part of our town has been unearthed by the editor of the *Sawyer Mansion*. The family history of the owners dates back to 1606, at which time two brothers came to Medway. Later a father and son followed in the same line at the time of the Indian massacres. They built, owned and operated a saw mill, in which there was not a particle of iron or steel except the blades of the axes. It is a curious fact that every generation of Sawyers down to the present generation has owned and operated a saw mill. The Indians coveted the mill, and in a mad rage they killed two men, took the steel blades, burned the mill, and with other prisoners took them to Canada where they promised they would be brought back alive when they would build a similar mill for the Indians. One of the men was adopted by the tribe and married an Indian princess. The other had re-

turned according to promise, and again became a link in the family chain."

The story ran into a whole column. It was news! In the editorial office we had quite a laugh over it. Several of the staff who had done city paper work argued that it, some saying that strictly speaking, the stunt was not ethical, others that it was.

One of them was especially disturbed. He said:

"Stealing an ad into what looks like a news item strikes me as being a stupid trick. Why, it's insulting to the intelligence of our readers!"

The re-writer came, a native of the little town, defended the action quietly.

"Haven't heard any complaints yet."

But day after day the subject was brought up. One afternoon when things were dull, except for the incessant phone call from the Athol Ad Society or Chamber of Commerce, the photographer, looking over the much discussed article, thought it best to talk about it. He picked up the paper and all the rules of journalism, even to putting ads on the editorial page, he grumbled:

"This Sawyer affair is, indeed, compared to some of the old stunts."

The Society Editor chimed in:

"I think Mr. Graves knows what he's doing. I'll bet his article had more to do with acquaintance problems with the shark than any advertisement."

Just then the outer office door swung open, and editor Harry Graves bowed in.

"The Society's going on among you amateur philosophers this afternoon," he asked, seating himself and lighting his pipe.

"We were discussing the Sawyer story, we can't see days ago," our photographer said.

"Oh, the yarn about the Indian princess?" Graves chuckled. "Quite a story, and every word of it true. Yes, sir, quite a yarn." He flicked a bit of tobacco ash from his vest. "By the way," he added, "the old place was sold this morning. There was an embarrassed silence. The Society Editor put on an 'I told you so' look.

"That's swell," the photographer volunteered weakly, looking very much as though he wanted to be somewhere else."

The Suffolk Scene

PET HUNCH—Lecture note-books are easier to study in preparing for exams than our text books. If we've taken complete notes. We've noticed several S.G.J. men and women depending largely on their prodigious memories, seldom jotting down facts, dates, names. I think I tell you good. Well, exams I'll tell.

WE'VE HEARD glorious voices singing "Silent Night," in another part of the bldg. We guess, as early as this! And leaves, like little brown corn flakes still deep in Boston Common! Strange how beautiful and not too up of place those carols were. A

UNANTICIPATED SMOKE-WOW in Mr. O'Connor's Eng. class, on Education? What a flood of comment! Mr. O'Connor suddenly found himself in the role of peace-maker between 2 factions. 1st, those who said "Education's the other," "Education's great!" Both sides took a "walk." Mr. O'Connor's suggestion. Your scribble's conscience (itches like a foetus), a heated collision, or argument, inadvertently started the squabble.

TRADE MARK NAMES for What's Wrong With High School Education? What a flood of comment! Mr. O'Connor suddenly found himself in the role of peace-maker between 2 factions. 1st, those who said "Education's the other," "Education's great!" Both sides took a "walk." Mr. O'Connor's suggestion. Your scribble's conscience (itches like a foetus), a heated collision, or argument, inadvertently started the squabble.

A COLOPUS BLOSSOM to "Letters From Home" in last issue. Its didn't you hit it? The critical conscience left us stunned! We might add, her premature bitter-sweet appraisal of S.G.J.'s past student body wasn't exactly (for the fellows) hard on our own expense.

MIXED VIEWS on the Trans-Atlantic editorial policy, Mr. W. B. Hearn's solution, in Mr. Slade's Hist. of Jour. class some questions asked. One debater quite excited, too. A clever critic she (acted) to be, defused by any means. The teacher thought spot in the evening routine! (The dynamic dancel's located rear right in 2 Hall 1, so you'll spot her next Hist. session).

Al Athol way they're knitting sweaters' mittens already, & pinning wood hound in capacious cellars. Most farmers predict a severe winter. They're hoping there won't be devastating floods to hurt their barns from their backyards. Plenty! Homesteaders (up there) have all too vivid memories of floods, livestock, farmers, etc. floating away! Down Millers River that roared almost humanly as it wrought everywhere destruction and heart break early (Oh, poor Spring! The calendar was what was for our newspaper in town, but we were almost too busy rearing folks from their second-story porches to do much writing on the flood! A

On The Descent Of The Garter As A Male Institution

There was a time not long past—and it seems ages ago now—when that regal supporter, that elegant accoutrement of dignified male dress, that occasionally irascible, yet very satisfactory, piece of cloth—of which we take complete note in public interest and attention; aye, even controversy. How cognizance of its beauty could have slipped from public consciousness is a puzzle to me.

The Garter during the 1920's was as much a badge of the gentleman as the bustle was a sign of "class" until early in the present century. The man whose sock slipped at his ankles found himself a bit beyond the pale of polite society. He was an oddity. People turned as he passed, shook their heads and made a mental notation, like an eraser, that forever brushed his name from their telephone lists and invitation memos.

But somehow, those socks, strangely enough, pretty rare. Before starting out for town of an evening now, I carefully, and with some regret, remove my red and yellow garters, place them in a bureau drawer. I'm prepared to meet the world, unblinking. I've confessed! I'm like the rest of "fashionable" society—a vicarious consolation. But somehow, there's always a bit of fragmentary regret in my mind after performing this unhappy ceremony. Gene is my accustomed sense of sarcasm, of the "depression" in my mind's of the conspicuous absence of those socks, the yellow supporters.

You've no idea how irritating this sort of thing is. So, I've decided to be a retired sock manufacturer, by the way! (I thought of thoughtful consideration, while I plinked out a bar of two "Medley" compositions, in my mind's eye of stimulating his cerebral processes that lack of proper dress, rather fashion-devotes to the contrary) or he might, as a result, be a bit of a "sublimation" in a chap's coming from such a creditable source, you can imagine what profound effect it had on my way of thinking.

Instantly it hit me in a dither. I gazed the first, I smoked dog's of Uncle's cigarettes, until the dither began to wear on his dervish. I was a bit of a "sublimation" in a chap's coming from such a creditable source, you can imagine what profound effect it had on my way of thinking.

"Quite all right," I replied, continuing my perambulation. That was what I liked about Uncle. He never said what he was going to do this time, as you can imagine, we were both pretty much in a stew. But suddenly, like a bow in your bouquet, the solution had come.

"I'm," I said, spurring my shoulders, facing him with determination in every feature, "I'm going to result!"

I glanced him for a few seconds. "Oh, afraid he didn't get me at first. 'Yes, sir.' I elucidated, still further sure of my purpose. "From now on, I'm going to wear what I like, when I like, and I like—here I grew reckless—'fiddlesticks to conventionality!'"

"Spoken like a true Southerner," I said, beginning all over the place. I don't mind telling you that from that moment on I felt a strong bond between Uncle and myself. We Southerners always stick together when big issues are at stake.

Smile Awhile

WORTH WATCHING

Visitor—Why are you watching me so closely, Robert?

Bobbie—It was just waiting to see you tackle your glass of water. Really says you drink like a fish. (Louisville Courier-Journal.)

NO JOKE

My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in a snarl, but he laughed with me. I told the waiter to give him the check. (Awwww.)

LOGIC

A recent civil service examination question for a man to fire a marine boiler was this: "If it takes 20 men to mow a field in eight hours, how long will it take 15 men to mow the same field?"

One candidate was too smart for the inquirers. He wrote: "As the field has already been mowed by the 20 men, 15 could not mow it in any case." (Windsor Star.)

A SMILE

The blacksmith was constructing a novice in the way to treat a horsehoof.

"I'll bring your shoe from the fire and red it up for the anvil. When I nod my head you hit it with this hammer."

The apprentice did exactly as he was told, but he'll never hit a blacksmith again!—Boulder City Star.

GETS THE LAST WORD

The conversation had turned on the ways of wives.

"I don't know," when my wife and I have an argument I always have the last word.

Smith—O, you do?
Brown (trudging)—Yes, I apologize—Charles Record.

AGITATION

Attorney spending first day in new office. "Elated," says his wife. Attorney asks to be excused, walks to the telephone, and, removing receiver, says: "Tell Mr. Appleby I shall be delayed, but will be at the meeting as soon as possible." Hanging up, he turns smilingly to the stranger, saying: "Now, sir, what can I do for you?" "Nothing," replies the man, "I'm here to connect the phone."—Telephone Topics.

REBUTAL

Heroin (frantically)—"Is there no silver?"

Voice from audience—"Sure! I paid two bits to see this show"—Columbia Jester.

THAT OATH AGAIN

Until she took lessons from a quick-tempered golf instructor, Danbury Dams had not realized the oath was "teachers' oath."—Danbury News Times.

EASILY READ

Young Man—What does your father think of me? He says he can read character.

Young Lady—He read you and classed you as light fiction. (Royal Arcanum Bulletin.)

PALE OF ALE

Customer—"Ginger ale." Water—"Pale." Customer—"Good gracious, not just a glass." (Atlanta Constitution.)

FLATLET

"Hello, Higs. Furnished your new flat yet?"

"No, old man, not quite. By the way, I don't happen to know where I can buy a folding toothbrush." (Exchange.)

... Nothing Ever Happens ...

Edward Brendan Barrett '31, S. G. J.

A batch of odd-size letters—let's see, one from the Cape—let's see, one from here—A. A. Egan's newspaper battle on here at Hyannis. An editor from a small town is fighting six established occasional sellers and one daily town's crowded with newspaper advertisements. It's good for the restaurant business—a great fight."

Another item that girl whose mother ran the old boarding house I lived in while New Manager of the "Sentinel"—"Tired of working at the Comb Shop"—long hours, small pay—From my high school pal, now in London, England—"Our papers don't mention the possibility of King Edward marrying Mrs. Simpson. I'll bet your papers mention it with rapture." A little black-headed letter, a card inside—"My mother had

the other day, please come to see me." Only that, nothing more. It was so sweet to me, always she made me stay a week at her home—"It was great, being with them, while at home all was anxiety." Then, oh, hundreds of letters she did "things" for me all here at home—"I'll visit Jim this afternoon. What heart-break there must be in that home this morning."

A nutty letter from Pico in time to recover from that nervous breakdown.

Hill Games is sick of "army life and routing."—in Hawaii. He's one long year to stay in camp. A long, long time. "I'll run down and have breakfast." Funny and nothing ever happens, to me just routine—"school, work, sleep, eat. Oh, well."

KELLY'S LIFE THAT OF STORY HERO

By James F. Rand

Horatio Alger would have been delighted to have had Francis E. Kelly for a hero.

For this man whom the people of Massachusetts sent to the Lieutenant Governor's office has led a life that has been one struggle after another. He had to fight to receive his education, to support his family, and in every case when he has run for office it has been without the support of the political machine. He's a Suffolk Law School graduate—class of '28. From the classroom he jumped right into the embroilment of politics.

But let's go back a few years and retrace the life of this man Kelly.

He grew up in the Meeting House Hill section of Dorchester, where he was born 23 years ago, and he still lives there at 29 Top-liff street. The usual happy-go-lucky and carefree life of a boy was his. When he was a sophomore at English High School, fate struck him a blow. His father died. Francis at 15 had become the sole support of his mother and nine brothers and sisters. The oldest in the family, he had a task on his hands. With aid of his brothers, Joseph and John, he started a paper route. It was successful so it became the largest in Dorchester.

Two years passed and Francis graduated from high school. He had already set his eye on his goal. He dreamed of becoming a lawyer and pleading his cases in crowded courts—perhaps winning fame. A day law school was out of the question for a night school seemed visionary.

But five dollars turned the tide. Francis went into business and earned his tuition and the family's support. The five dollars? Oh yes, that went as a down payment on a sixty dollar laundry truck. Not a very pretentious affair this truck, but it served the purpose.

Building up this laundry business was an uphill struggle just as has been the rest of this Dor-



chester boy's life. Long weary hours of work were followed by a hard dash into the Suffolk Law School on Beacon Hill. It was here that he studied and labored for his degree. How he ever found time to study is still a mystery to his friends. His law schooling is something that Francis really worked for. Many of us fondly remember, with somewhat of a humorous glint in their eyes, the times, and they were numerous, when Francis would dash breathless into class, clad in the overalls that were his trademark.

He graduated from Suffolk in 1928 and really owed himself the privilege of settling down and taking life easy for awhile. But not Francis E. Kelly. He opened his law offices and then plunged immediately into the strenuous political life. The older, experienced

political ring leaders didn't take to Kelly. Perhaps it was his exuberance and ambition.

But whatever the reason, when Francis announced his candidacy for the Boston City Council from Ward 15, he found opposition not only from his opponents but from the Democratic Party, the party he had joined. This didn't deter him one bit. He went ahead with his campaign and in spite of this dual opposition, he was elected to the City Council. This was in 1929. Kelly was then 26 years old, the youngest counselor in the city. He was an able man in spite of his youth. His constituents liked him. They liked him so well that in 1931, they sent him back for another year and term.

Came 1932 and with it another election. Francis held his eye on another goal—the office of Lieut-

enant Governor. Not nominated by his party, he fought it out in the primaries and lost.

The next chance Kelly had to gain his goal was in 1934. But he was defeated in the primaries. Other day, twice refused would have given up the fight. Francis' fighting spirit never gave in.

In 1936 the first, second and third ward vote of the nomination. But the powers that were of the Democratic Party still could not get Kelly. They nominated Philip Philbin and felt quite sure that their nomination would be secured by the people.

But it was not to be. Perhaps the people were attracted by the gallant fight against seemingly impossible odds that Kelly was making, or perhaps—But why go on? You know the answer. In the Sep-

tember primaries, Kelly was swept onto the ticket by a huge majority.

The election for a time appeared to be a different story. When, after a night of exciting vigil, we saw the headlined results of the election, it was Salfonstall's name heralded as that of the victor. Kelly still did not give up hope. All during that fateful morning he waited while the tally re-sawered up and down. First Salfonstall, then Kelly led the race.

Then the final answer. Kelly was elected. It had been a hard battle but he had won. Francis E. Kelly was the first Suffolk Law School graduate to attain the high office of Lieutenant Governor.

When he came here to Suffolk, twelve years ago, he came, as many have come and will continue to come, fired with ambition and hopes. He went through four years of hardship and struggle fitting himself for life. That he has been a success in both politics and in law is a tribute to the character of the man.

We of Suffolk, whether we be of the Law School, the College of Liberal Arts or the College of Journalism, join with Dean Archer and the members of the faculty in extending our heartiest congratulations to Francis E. Kelly, a Suffolk man and Lieutenant Governor of this grand old Commonwealth.

As he answered the questions of reporters, he stood with his arm around his mother, "the lioness," as he calls her affectionately. She has inspired him throughout that life of hardship and struggle that has led to his present place in the sun.

A few days later, the cares and labors of the election over, Kelly announced that he and Miss Marion G. Macdonald of East Boston were to be married by the first of the year.

With all his success in his comparatively short career, he has lost just any of his exuberance nor has he lost any of that youthful spirit that has driven him through a life that seemed hopelessly drab at first.

POLE

(Continued from Page 1)

neck and neck throughout the race. Lodge emerged the victor by some 22 votes but most of this margin was piled up in the two college sections. In the Law School, which won true to form in the other 16th counties, Lodge polled 256 votes to Curley's 247, a three vote margin. The colleges made victory sure by chalking up 24 for Lodge and 14 for Curley. Thomas O'Brien, the Union candidate, finished third with 94.

Presidential candidates habitually poll the largest vote of the party and Franklin D. Roosevelt was no exception. His total was the largest of any candidate. He led by two-to-one in the Law School but the two colleges again showed Republican tendencies. Roosevelt carried the College of Journalism by only one vote and Governor Landon won by seven votes in the College of Liberal Arts. Landon's loss did not figure in the result and was much less than that of his vice-presidential partner, Thomas O'Brien, in the senatorial race.

Another Democratic sweep in the gubernatorial race was foretold as Charles F. Hurley defeated John W. Hagen with the aid of

his large majority in the Law School and only slightly more than seven hundred casting their ballots.

School. The colleges went completely Republican in this contest. Hagen cutting down Hurley's plurality by 12 votes.

The independent candidates, while they did not cut any wide swath into the voteage of any of the candidates, still were strong in the Middlesex, the Father Coughlin candidate for governor, was the

only 54 votes. Although every student was eligible to vote, only about sixty per cent took part. The Law School, with its eleven hundred students,

The Suffolk Journal chose the fights between candidates for the offices of President, Governor, and U. S. Senator because of the intense interest manifested by the people of Boston and the students of the school, in their outcome.

CONTEXT

(Continued from Page 1)

considered very valuable training for the writing of longer plays by many famous playwrights. Any type of play may be entered: melodrama, comedy, tragedy, farce, fantasy, even musical comedy. A student may submit several entries; he may work alone or in collaboration with others. The author and the title of the winning play will be announced in the February issue of this paper, and the opinion of the judges will be final.

Rules of the contest: One-act play: Time, 30 minutes minimum and one hour maximum. Only one stage set but lapse of time may be indicated by drawing the curtain. Plays must be practical from

the standpoint of stagecraft—something that can be produced effectively on the Suffolk stage.

State direction should be adequate. Since the Suffolk Drama Club will produce the winning play or plays, setting and costumes should not be too difficult or expensive.

Several plays may be entered. They may be written in collaboration with other students.

If a play with music is entered, the words and music of the songs must be original.

The Suffolk Drama Club reserves the right to produce any play submitted, all other rights to be left to the author.

Title of play and author's name will be published in the February issue of *The Suffolk Journal*.

The contest closes at 9:30 p.m., January 15, 1937. No extension of time will be allowed.

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