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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."

—Congdon

VOL. 2, No. 2

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

October 15, 1927

Suffolk Scribe Views the Sports

WE rolled a sheet of yellow paper into our battered typewriter, and, as a cool September wind chilled the mellowness of the ebbing day, we stared out the window at the vari-colored ground. Add the colors we saw in the sunset sent thoughts racing through our mind of the steady thud of the cleated foot against the pigskin; the swelling of a triumphant roar as a plunging back shoves the end to race unscathed through a broken field for a touchdown; the gas, laughing crowds, their cheeks flushed by the biting wind that sweeps through the stadium, as hands mark down the white-striped tail below. Well, that brought us around to writing our monthly column seminar on sports at the day.

THE green and gold of the day brought thoughts of the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame, a team not quite potent enough for the schedule they are playing his year. Other teams always left for Notre Dame, for honor and glory await the conquerors of the Southlanders. This year, Coach Elmer Layden's "Irish" face Carnegie Tech, Minnesota, Southern California, Northwestern, Illinois, Pittsburgh and Navy, with only the opener, Drake, properly named as a "bye-line." If on paper, Notre Dame were stronger, no hesitation, would be shown in pre-arrangingly presenting a national championship for the lineal descendants of the Four Horsemen and the Seven Mules. But they aren't. But—and it's kind of a big but when you come to think of it—Notre Dame starts fast, they can't miss. If they don't, all honor and glory to the team that is tackling a schedule like this.

THE line is sinking deeper and its red reflection suffices the blue of the darkening sky—and red and blue means the Trojans of Southern California. The upward swing of Howard Jones' legs from the track of three years ago has been slow but sure. And this year, they're about ready. Few years on the Coast can stop them. The team in the East will get a good chance. Notre Dame, traditional foe, may stop the Trojans and that would be a battle, for on its outcome may rest the championship hopes of two great teams. Southern California may be our choice for the Pacific Coast Conference title last fall semester. They didn't win it, but this year's another year. So they'll don the guise of Rosie Rose Bowl, we feel sure, another Turkey time, and start working unceasingly to help them gobble up the old California weather. We hope it doesn't rain. That goes for the weather and Southern California's chances, as well. (P. S. Forget about that Washington defeat.)

BACK a few columns or so, we chorused with glee as we beamed that we picked the winners of the Rose Bowl. We didn't see how Pitt could have missed, and that goes for this year. Outstanding team in the East, last year, the sterling Pitt Panther will be the outstanding team in the Nation this year. Only three regulars are lost from the team that humbled Washington's Huskies last New Year. We picked Bill Daddio as the outstanding player on that team. This year, we extend our plaudits to the whole season. The Pitt team is a bunch of seniors, now, hardened football-wise seniors who need neither line in acquiring new barrels. And we don't think they'll get senile—that disease that makes players think they know it all right. Jack Southland has a mighty machine waiting to meet Notre Dame. On this game depends Pitt's success as a winner of Rosie Rose Bowl, at this moment.

THE sun had already set now, and the gloom of the evening had settled over the outside. So we turned from the window and thought some more about writing this column. On the national scene we are most interested in the fortunes of the transients of Notre Dame, Pitt and So. Cal. Other teams will spring up, may even eclipse these three, but for sheer drama and human interest these teams bear watching.

NEW England can present no such candidate for national honors. Eastern honors may be snatched by the claws of the high flying Eagle of Boston College. Here we interpret a word to the wise and trust it's sufficient. B. C. is a team to be watched as the Fall football panorama unfolds before you. B. C. is a vastly improved team with a vastly improved schedule before it. And here is the key to the Eagle's success or failure. Will that schedule be too tough? One thing is certain. B. C. is well on its way towards becoming one of the football powers of the East. And personally, we favor their chances more in 1928 or 1929. For the answer look at the fresh teams of this year and last. When they get seasoned, watch out for the Eagles. . . . And now for the other teams. Yale, faces the loss of Larry Kelly, with little trepidation because of the team he left behind. Good fortunes should favor Eli this year. Harvard, from across the Charles, has a veteran team, muddled around Harvard's, that is bound to give satisfaction to even the most critical audience. The Crews from Worcester is slightly undermanned and lacks the power of yore. The backfield needs that "16 line to duplicate its successes. Dartmouth, ah, me, to them! They're suffering badly from last June's graduation. The Green will be a team of potentialities. Time must march on further win, place, or show predictions can be made.

Sincerely yours,

Ye Suffolk Scribe.

COMMANDER!



DANIEL J. DOHERTY, JR.

Former Michigan and Minnesota Instructor Begins Lecture Course at S. C. J.

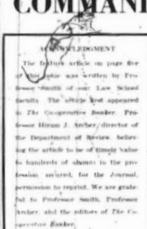
Dr. Robert W. Desmond of Monitor Staff
Will be Known as Practical Teacher

Both students and faculty of the College of Journalism are extending a genuine welcome to the new instructor of the Department of History, Journalism, and Public Relations, Dr. Robert W. Desmond, who has recently been appointed to the teaching staff.

Dr. Desmond is giving the course in History of Journalism, and a glance at his record will reveal at once his admirable fitness for his task.

He received his A.B. from the University of Wisconsin in 1922, having majored in Journalism. During the summer of 1929 he attended the George School of International Studies at Geneva, Switzerland. The University of Minnesota awarded him the degree of A.M. in political science in 1930. Last year he received his Ph.D. in economics from the University of London School of Economics and Political Science.

Dr. Desmond began his career as a newspaperman back in 1922, his first position being on the staff of the Milwaukee Journal. For a time



MENTORSHIP
The feature article on page five of this issue was written by Frederick Smith of the Law School faculty. The article first appeared in The Cooperative Worker. Professor Hiram J. Ashby, director of the Department of History, believes the article to be of singular value to hundreds of students in the profession, and, for the Journal, permission to reprint. We are grateful to Professor Smith, Professor Ashby and the editors of The Cooperative Worker.

LAW SCHOOL MAN COMMANDS LEGION

Woburn Graduate Had Fine Record As Law Student

History has always been kind to fighting little men like Dan Doherty of Woburn. And this man was elected National Commander of the American Legion has had his share of the honors of this world but he has had to fight for them.

That he received his LL.B. degree from Suffolk Law School in 1922 is but an indication of the fighting spirit that has carried him to the heights not only in the Legion but in the legal circles as well.

He is only five feet, three, this man who will lead the veterans of the World War for the next twelve months, but he has that rare quality of leadership that makes men flock around him. When you look at his pictures, even those taken at the time when he graduated from Woburn High School, that fighting jaw of his shows up prominently as a visual indication that here is a fellow who is willing to fight for the things he wants.

When he campaigned for State Department Commander of the Legion in 1932 and failed, he came right back again in 1933. And this time, the men of the Legion, many of them Suffolk Law School graduates, recognized the value of this fighting little Woburnite and unanimously elected him.

Again in 1935 when he failed to be elected National Commander of the Legion in St. Louis, he did not quit. Instead he came right back for more and with his own state, twenty-five thousand strong campaigning for him. Dan Doherty came through in 1937!

He has always been a fighter. Back in his home town of Woburn, they remember him as the boy whose paper route got too big for him. He had built this route up the hard way—house to house soliciting. And when his news dealer wanted to lift some of the burden from his small shoulders, Dan had the answer right away. He divided up the route among his younger brothers.

When he graduated from Woburn High, his goal was already before his eyes. He wanted to be mayor of Woburn. But fate decreed that he should shape his life so that his name should become one of the household names of the nation. When he graduated from law school, he was a class prophet. He had played a prominent part in the shaping of the school magazine. But he needed a career to hold off the years before he would become mayor of Woburn. So off he went to Boston to enter a business school.

ATTENTION— WE FOOTLIGHTERS!

Sitting at the library desk (information quarters) has brought to light, through many inquiries, the tremendous, almost unfeeling interest in the University Dramatic Club. It appears that a great percentage of the student body are as anxious to shine in the now famed "Suffolk Players" club that they can scarcely stand the interim, which they are told must elapse between the present time and the first meeting of the dramatic group.

So to all those, anxious to know, and to the entire student

body, Miss Esther Newberry, the capable director, extends an invitation to attend the first meeting of the "Suffolk Players." Plans for that meeting disclose the presentation of a play, to be given by members of the "M.F.T." group, as well as other delightful entertainment. In all, the meeting promises to be a gala affair, combining the first meeting of new dramatic enthusiasts with the first of the year, and the absence of Holloway's. The all-important time, place, and date: OCTOBER 27, 1937. THE ALUMNAE BUILDING (73 Hancock St.) 7:30

THE EVENING UNIVERSITY-AND OUR AMERICA

An Interview Between Prof. Rogers and President Archer as it was Broadcast on the Minute Men Program over the Yankee Network at 6:15 P. M., October 2nd, 1937

Prof. Rogers: Good evening, Dean Archer, or perhaps I should say President Archer, now that you are President of Suffolk University. It is a pleasure to have you on my program again.

Dean Archer: It is a pleasure to be here, I assure you. When pedagogues get together, even before the microphone, there is always some topic of mutual interest to discuss. I suppose you have some questions to ask.

Prof. Rogers: Yes, indeed. We will talk about good old New England and its educational advantages. How does New England compare with the rest of the country in this respect?

Dean Archer: In the more densely populated section of New England, particularly in Massachusetts, I believe that we clearly lead the nation. In the backwoods sections, however, educational facilities have been very limited. This condition is being corrected by means of motor transportation of school children. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, high school education was virtually out of the question for children who were too far away to walk or to drive by horse and buggy, if the family could afford such luxury. Today, motor buses call at their doors and transport youngsters to grammar schools and high schools. Because of the doing away with the little red schoolhouse and the building of centralized school buildings, country children of today have school advantages greatly superior to those of a generation ago.

Prof. Rogers: Then you think the educational level is distinctly higher than when we were school children?

Dean Archer: Yes, Professor Rogers—this level, or average, is certainly higher, but I am not sure that high school education of today is greatly superior to that of thirty years ago. In these days there was a limited range of subjects. The so-called classical education with the study of Latin and Greek was the accepted standard. Today, there is a more or less bewildering array of subjects open to high-school students. It seems to me that there is a tendency to become slightly acquainted with a variety of topics rather than read mastery of any. In the old days, however, high-school, and grammar school students for that matter, were obliged to devote enough attention to a few subjects to really accomplish lasting results.

Prof. Rogers: Then I take it that you believe that a few subjects well digested mean more in an educational way than a variety of subjects not thoroughly mastered?

Dean Archer: Yes, indeed. Education is a training of the mind rather than a hasty accumulation of knowledge that may fade away or become obsolete with advance in science or in social progress. The chief virtue of a study of the classics in my judgment is that it involves a rigorous mental discipline that makes for thoroughness and painstaking exactitude of thought on the part of the student. The habit of mind thus cultivated may be applied to any of the problems of adult life. A person thus trained is equipped for scholarly research in any field of learning.

Prof. Rogers: Dean Archer, do you advocate a return to the three R's in grammar school and to Latin and Greek in high school?

Dean Archer: Not exactly, but I do believe the three R's should be stressed and that the classics should not entirely be discarded. My point is that thoroughness in a few subjects is superior in its educational effect to a mere smattering of knowledge in many subjects. Whether the subjects be English, or modern languages, mathematics, history, and the like, let it be thorough. Why, I find college graduates who cannot spell common words correctly, and who write English as though they had never studied English grammar. I find high-school graduates who made acceptable grades in ancient history in school, yet a few years later are unable to give any facts concerning Alexander the Great, Hannibal, or Julius Caesar. For example, or even to give the nationalities of these men. That is the fault I find with modern education. Students are exposed to education but with the relaxing of parents' and school discipline, they follow the lines of least resistance and fail to derive the advantage from schools that is possible to the really studious pupil.

Prof. Rogers: Do you think that persons after they leave school realize what they have missed?

Dean Archer: Many of them do. That is why our University Extension Courses are popular and why adult education is becoming more or less of a fad among social workers. But the existence of evening professional schools such as Franklin Union, Wentworth Institute, Y. M. C. A. technical schools, and institutions such as Northeastern and Suffolk Universities prove beyond question that evening education is playing an important part in modern life in New England.

Prof. Rogers: Dean Archer, you have been engaged in the education of evening students for thirty-one years and I think have pretty well established yourself as a leader in the field. Tell me, what is your impression of the future of evening or part-time education in the United States?

Dean Archer: Well, Professor Rogers, I have witnessed a great change in the attitude of the public toward evening professional schools in the past thirty years. In the pioneer days of the movement, we who were engaged in the work of training evening students were more or less frowned upon in academic circles. I will remember back in 1905 or 1913 when one of the intellectuals from across the water told me very bluntly that my work was harmful to the community because I was trying to train cart horses to be horses—an ideal contrary to nature. What the learned gentleman did not realize was that some of the finest intellects in the land are to be found among young men who are obliged by economic necessity to go to work before studying for a profession. They may be college trained or they may never have attended college. For them, evening schools are a necessity.

Prof. Rogers: I can understand that, Dean Archer, but how can a man or a woman who works all day long get an education by evening study. Isn't that the lag end of the day for such a student?

Dean Archer: Yes, indeed, and if he were to continue the same type of energy-consuming task that has occupied the day it would be unduly taxing. Fortunately, for students who work with their hands for example, the change from physical to mental exertion is usually a relaxation—a tapping of a new source of energy that "peps them up" amazingly. Frequently students have exclaimed over the fact of having reached the classroom physically spent only to forget their weariness and actually to become more alert mentally at the end of the lecture than at the beginning.

Prof. Rogers: But doesn't that wear a student down after a time? Don't they lose less able to tap this reserve of strength?

Dean Archer: Not at all. It is a curious fact but the evening student who is a natural scholar seems to thrive on it. After the first two or three weeks of school they get into their stride, so to speak, and function admirably. They are able to concentrate on their work and to accomplish an amazing amount in a given period of time. This is probably due to the fact that a change of work is restful. Have you ever had this experience that you may have become too weary at a given task to continue longer but have turned to some other task, later to find that the change of mental concentration had rested you and made it possible to return to the first task and finish it?

Prof. Rogers: Yes, I have had that experience, Dean Archer. I wonder if it isn't due to the fact that certain cells of the brain are employed at one task, whereas if we turn to a task of a different nature, other cells come into action while the first rest.

Dean Archer: I agree with that explanation. After all, the human brain is a complicated mechanism and we are only beginning to discover its possibilities. One of them is evening education of employed men and women.

Prof. Rogers: Now, Dean Archer, you have made a good case for the chap who works with his hands; but how about the man or woman who does mental work?

Dean Archer: A great deal depends of course upon the individual, but my experience indicates that the person who works with his brain all day is nevertheless a good student in the evening. Following out your suggestion of a moment ago, he no doubt taps a new source of mental energy—new brain cells are turned on so to speak and he is not conscious of undue weariness.

Prof. Rogers: Then I take it, you believe that there are no occupational barriers to evening education. Suppose a man is a teacher—works in the classroom all day—does he make good as a student?

Dean Archer: In our new College of Liberal Arts at Suffolk University we had one group of nineteen or twenty who graduated last June—everyone of them school teachers who had entered with advanced standing. We had worked them very hard for two years, but they performed splendidly. Of course it is a bit hard for pedagogues to get adjusted to the idea of being treated as ordinary students—to be bossed around and "hauled out" if they don't perform their task properly, but it is wholesome discipline. We have had hundreds of teachers and even many college professors as students in our classes during the past thirty years.

NEW INSTRUCTOR



Ralph L. Harlow

Ralph Leroy Harlow, for many years a leader among Boston's business men, is conducting the course in the history of radio advertising now being given in Suffolk College of Journalism.

Professor Harlow has for almost nine years been associated with John Shepard, Inc., in the now internationally famous Yankee Network. He has the knowledge of radio management that comes only through years of actual experience in the exacting detail work of a leading radio corporation, Suffolk University is having Professor Harlow, who is certainly bringing a wealth of material into every lecture.

Before assuming his duties as assistant to the president of the Yankee Network, Inc., Professor Harlow had served as president and treasurer of the Nelson, Dunham, and Harlow Advertising Agency. He had had valuable experience in theatrical production with Cohen and Harris. For fifteen years he was a member of the board of directors of Wm. F. Wm. Sons, Inc. In the field of education, he is known in private-school circles as a successful teacher of music.

C.B.A. Professor To Receive Harvard Doctorate

Professor Austin Grimshaw's lectures in the new College of Business Administration are proving among the most popular of all the attractive offerings of this year's greatly enriched university curriculum. His course is Fundamentals of Business Organization and Management.

Professor Grimshaw is a Harvard man; his bachelor's degree is an S.B. in Civil Engineering from Harvard Engineering School. He received the M.B.A. from the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. He has completed his work for the degree of Doctor of Commercial Science, the doctorate to be conferred in February, 1938, at Harvard University.

In the business world, Professor Grimshaw was formerly associated with Parsons, Klapp, Brinkhoff, and Douglas, consulting engineers. He is the vice-president and director of the Commodity Corporation. In addition, he acts as consultant for various business houses of both local and national prominence.

Alumni Notes

John E. Fenton, '24, chief justice of the Land Court of Massachusetts, took time off recently to visit Dean Archer and he piloted through the maze of stairways and scaffolding to the roof of Suffolk University's new building. The Judge is very fond of his Alma Mater. He was president of his class when he graduated from Suffolk in 1924, and he said that meeting his younger brother Eugene, who completed the law school course with the class of 1935, Eugene Fenton by the way is now back at Suffolk studying for the graduate degree of LL.M.

John V. Mahoney '22, the newly appointed Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, was a very popular student at Suffolk. That he failed to attain the high eminence of class president is accounted for by the fact that he was a classmate of Dan Doherty, National Commander of the American Legion, who has even then an unbeatable vote getter.

Dr. Delbert M. Staley, '20, president of Staley College is a most enthusiastic member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. If the students go to London to visit King George they take the sun-drenched Staley along to give the Londoners an opportunity to hear English enunciated as it is pronounced. Dr. Delbert is one of Suffolk's most enthusiastic alumni and may always be counted upon as a cheer leader at Suffolk functions.

Leo J. Gannon, '28, of Cambridge was recently appointed assistant district attorney as the successor to Jeannette C. Chisholm of Waltham. The very first case assigned by the Attorney General was the Bishop of Middlebury County.

Attorney Gannon, who is born here in Cambridge, is a graduate of Suffolk Law School and has recently been working in the Cambridge City Law Department.

The Graduate School in the Law Department has announced two new courses. The first is "Public Utilities" the second "Trial Technique."

Professor Hurley will teach the new course "Trial Technique."

Judge Frankland W. Miles has been recently assigned to the course "Criminal Law" in the Freshman year.

Professor Mark V. Crockett will lecture in "Agency" in the Freshman year in addition to his class in "Sales."

On September 24th, the Independent of Stoneham, Massachusetts, published an interesting item concerning Frederick F. Hanford, Suffolk Law School, '25.

It seems that Mr. Hanford is very interested in Moving Pictures and has made this his hobby. He is interested in writing short plays, some of which have been produced by his parish church.

In between his activities as a prominent lawyer, his hobby of movies, he has time for tennis, golf and swimming, and when the fall rolls around he is usually found at the more popular football games. Mr. Hanford is also interested in politics, having been a member of the Board of Selectmen of the town of Stoneham in 1935.

* Because Crockett might well be called the Robert Taylor of Suffolk University, published in his success in the

recent Movie Talent Contest. He competed with a number of very talented people, some of them much older and more experienced. He deserves credit, and we sincerely hope that he will prove successful in this profession in the event that he follows it. Mr. Crockett plays the part of a man who has had considerable dramatic club-stage experience.

From the Athol papers we glean the information that Attorney A. William, Perkins, Law School, '26, has been admitted to the Athol School Committee.

Mr. Pliginsk is also Town Solicitor and a Director of the First National Bank. He is also a member of the Athol Exchange Club.

Daniel J. Doherty of Wolcott, the newly elected National Commander of the American Legion, made a distinguished record in Suffolk Law School. He was in the first group of officers elected to the class of 1936. He won his LL.B. degree in June, 1932. Mr. Doherty was very popular, with his classmates, being elected president of his class. He was a class day speaker at Commencement fifteen years ago. He has been a member of the Suffolk Law Alumni Association for many years and enjoys the esteem of thousands of Suffolk graduates.

It is interesting to note that among his classmates were John V. Mahoney, Secretary to Governor Hurley; William D. Collins, Clerk of the Boston Municipal Court; Professor Arthur V. Getchell of the Law School faculty; John W. Newman, President of the Democratic City Committee of Boston; Representative Arthur L. Burgess of Quincy and Representative Fred H. Reinstein of Revere.

Mr. Doherty's brother, Dr. James A. Doherty, a member of the class of 1930, is a graduate of the Liberal Arts. His nephew, Paul Louis Doherty is a freshman in the College of Liberal Arts.

William Arlington Jones, class of 1930-B, who came to Suffolk from Patsburg, Mississippi, has just been notified that he passed the Bar Examination in Mississippi which was taken on July 5, 6, and 7. He has been admitted to practice law and twice passed it.

In view of the fact that Mr. Jones had put in only one and one-half years at Suffolk it reflects great credit both upon himself and the institution in so short a time he could win this coveted distinction. Furthermore, Mr. Jones is only twenty-one years old and is said to be one of the youngest men qualified for the Mississippi Bar Examination in recent years.

Mr. Jones had registered for his Junior year this year in Suffolk University Law School but now that he is entitled to practice law he has resigned and will hang out his shingle in his home city of Patsburg, Mississippi. The good wishes of Suffolk University go with him.

Suffolk's President Is Honored By General Gale

President Gleason E. Archer of Suffolk University was an Honorary Aide to Chief Marshal Cole during the Constitution Day Parade. This further attests to President Archer's prominent place in the affairs, and again gives Suffolk students an outstanding example.

Suffolk Bookstore
Is At Your Service

Dr. Archer Gets a Double-Barreled Surprise On Meeting Up with the Law Driving License Declared Invalid

It was a dark night—one of those nights that the State Police usually select for setting traps for unwary motorists. The President of Suffolk University was at the wheel of his Packard observing every speed law known to man yet he was stopped by an imperious gentleman with a flash light. "State Police—general check-up. License and registration!" Suffolk's executive cheerfully slipped out his pocket book and extracted the demanded documents. The man studied them intently under his flashlight—taking an unusually long time.

Gruffly he declared, "Now I've got you where I want you." Just like that, as though he had caught the dignified I.E.D. in some dreadful dilemma. Conscious virtue responded sharply, but the terrible cop retorted, "To a student in your school, and you haven't signed your license. It can't be valid."

"Here, give that back to me."

The officer did so, and the doctor held his flashlight while the Archer fountain pen validated the instrument. They shook hands and laughed. The doctor drove on, but a while later, he was in a better mood than when he stopped the Packard.

Library Lines

"Night and Day" is the new Library theme song. From 8:30 a. m. to 10:00 p. m. life is just one round of washing books, shelving books, accounting books, putting labels and stamping books. Then, of course, there are little white numbers to be put on the backs of most of them, to say nothing of keeping them dusted with the new Electro-

The Library staff has been enlarged. New Law school assistants are William Kenney, Joseph Yelle, Robert Curran, and Robert McLaughlin. Richard Huggins of the Journalism school, is helping to build the Journalism morgue, and requests that all clippings relating to Suffolk or Suffolk people, no matter what the date, be sent in for the files, or, merge, as the Journalism people say.

Library gifts were received from Houghton-Mifflin, publishers, and the Massachusetts Jurisprudence Company. Houghton-Mifflin presented the following books:

An Orientation Course in Education, by Cullberry and Seeger; Principles and Methods of Statistics, by Introduction to the Study of Education, The History of Education, The Study of Literature, American Poetry and Prose, An Introduction to Macdonald's Analysis, A Mathematical, Comparative Education, The Social Sciences and Their Interrelations, The Psychology of Adjustment, English Prose and Poetry 1660-1800, Types of Prose Writing.

The Massachusetts Jurisprudence Company presented five unbound volumes, supplements to the Law Society Journal.

The University Library will certainly be a joy and pride to every Suffolk man and woman. But what a headache it has been to all concerned during the last six construction! For twelve weeks it was open to the sky because of the lack of steel. When eventually closed in it encompassed steel and brick apartments that had to be shoddily hammered and drilled by shoddy-shrieking mechanical woodpeckers. Every day quantities of wreckage were dislodged, and every night until midnight trucks in Ridgeway Lane, receded slowly, contributing to that cannon-longuever neighbor.

DRESS CLOTHES

Jarvis, Dress Suit, Cutaways To Rent or For Sale

Crofton & Carr Co.
27 Summer St., Boston
Second Floor

Legal Innuendoes

Back again for another year of hard concentrated study . . . we hope. That is, we hope it's concentrated. Rumor has it that the balconies in the law library will have to be raised a few more inches from the floor in order to accommodate the tall lanky figure of Bill Kenney of the law library staff. We notice that Joe Yelle is also working in the law library. . . . Joe started the ball rolling the first day by bringing to various members of the office a huge red apple. Smart work Joe! . . . Almost any evening at five o'clock one might notice John "The Zeet of Youth" Furber walking down Park St. with the beautiful new assistant librarian, Miss Louise Weincent. . . . Many of the students are making friends with the prospect of re-appearing Bankruptcy. . . . You know . . . after spending a delightful summer studying the more intricate sections of the Art. . . . Speaking of Bankruptcy, we notice that Professor Thomas J. Finnegan has no trouble keeping the evening freshman class awake. . . . Did you ever see a man with a long nose like Jack "Rase Home" O'Rourke? . . . The "Grapple" has it, that Rexford "Barrymore" Farewell will no longer participate in any dramatic club plays. This is either unfortunate in that a number of persons really think he was the best actor on our stage. We ourselves are not experts as dramatic critics, but are guilty of holding the same opinion. . . . Was that Jackie O'Rourke we saw at the Coconut Grove bar not so many Wednesday nights ago? . . . If so, he was deeply engrossed in the performance given by the girl with the balloon. . . . Carion Goulding and Joe Connolly are familiarly known as "The Vanishing Americans." . . . We wonder why? . . . Speaking of Goulding, it has been reported that he was the victim of a dizzy spell on Hanover Street Saturday afternoon. . . . The popular Jack Donovan, of the Law School service staff, is running for city council. . . . In order to secure votes, we hear that he is covering his friends into eating Italian platters in the North End. What is it Jack, a vote per customer?

Judge Miles Appointed to Law Faculty

Will Teach Criminal Law Succeeding Professor Fielding

Judge Frankland W. L. Miles of the Roxbury Court has been appointed to teach Criminal Law at Suffolk University Law School to take the place recently vacated by former Assistant Attorney General Henry P. Fielding, who has resigned because of pressure of professional duties.

Judge Miles is a graduate of Suffolk Law School in the Class of 1923 and has long been prominent in the Suffolk Law Alumni Association. He will be associated in the Department of Criminal Law with Professor Roger A. Stinchfield, Deputy Clerk of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals.

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EDITORIAL

MAIL TO THE CHIEF!

The American Legion displayed rare wisdom when it elected Daniel J. Doherty, Suffolk '22, National Commander. Modest, unassuming, sober, and wise, he typifies not only the best in the ranks of the legionnaires but also the best in American citizenship. He neither drinks nor smokes, virtues rare in these days of riotous living. He has never lost the common touch, sympathy with the ideals and the plights of the humble and underprivileged. He has climbed the ladder of success bearing the burdens of life while climbing—a self-made man in the truest sense. He was a night student throughout the decade following his return from the war, for after graduating from Suffolk Law School he studied accountancy.

When Daniel J. Doherty was attending Suffolk Law School, he was by no means the most prominent member of his class. To be sure, he was just back from the World War with the valorous experience of an actual or potential leader, was easily the victor in the rare of class president. It was perhaps the first great victory of his life. We remember that Suffolk was privileged to educate and set on the road of destiny, National Commander Daniel J. Doherty.

It is well known that there has been rivalry for the presidency of a class always develops as men approach the senior year at Suffolk. Yet Dan Doherty, in a class that has since proved to have contained an unusual number of actual or potential leaders, was easily the victor in the rare of class president. It was perhaps the first great victory of his life. We remember that Suffolk was privileged to educate and set on the road of destiny, National Commander Daniel J. Doherty.

We all knew that Professor Getchell, now Doctor Getchell (L.H. D.), was really excellent, but when he went and cracked a good joke without even thinking, that proved it beyond all doubt. He was talking about charitable institutions in a class last year and just happened to mention that "if you are in a hospital and the nurse gives you lachrymose of mercury instead of opium salts, YOU CAN'T REMOVE!"

—S-L-S—

And Dean Archer (now President Archer) had a good one in History of Law, also. Speaking of Tolstoy in Virginia having been a man's business, he remarked that a good look around any downtown restaurant would show that women now had the industry "pretty well in hand!"

—S-L-S—

Of course, no set of Law School graduates could proceed without one of T. J. P.'s. His hope was that those taking the bar examinations this past summer would be lucky enough to meet Dame Fortune, instead of her daughter Miss Fortune.

—S-L-S—

We heard that all the boys were saying "Well, well!" to Larry Doyle (L.S. '39) last spring wonder why?

—S-L-S—

Seven at the Myrtle Lunch. Two of the College beauties going halves on cream pie! Just another one of the gals trying to preserve their sylph-like figure. Or something...

—S-L-S—

Finale comes in June, we know. But that's hardly an excuse for any freemason to call a bridge path a BRIDAL path. Maybe he thought the trips on the bridal path would bring him more new business than those on any bridge path. Or perhaps it was just the spring air that got him?

—S-L-S—

The Suffolk men living in Lowell and vicinity are organizing a "Buf. Club." The club's first meeting was held Thursday evening, October 23, at the Lowell Y. M. C. A., at the corner of Merrimack and Dutton Streets. All Suffolk men are welcome and should get in touch with Ray Kenney, John Hickson or Jack Finner. There's no better way to help your school than by participating in student and alumni activities. Let's go!

—S-L-S—

From way down where the cotton grows comes news that W. Arling Hill, Jr., well known in the class of '36, is now a member of the Bar of the State of Mississippi. If you're ever in the South, don't forget to look him up.

FRESHMEN IMPRESSIONS

by R. D.

As I walk across Virginia, the United States and is the center of the fine paper trade, of the country. The tide just left us high and dry, so we beached on Beacon Hill.

It's a great old place—this Boston town. We decided that when we landed, and we have not changed our minds. The elements treated a cold reception the first day we were here. The "W" East blew in of the water 'til we thought it must be winter.

Finally the wind subsided, but the next day we were wishing "Spring wub wub; we each 'ad a rode in 's 'd."

Our hearts were soon warmed by Bostonians themselves. Their action quickly dispelled any ideas we had about these Yankee being "cold!" Famous Southern hospitality never extended to which we have seen and enjoyed during the past few weeks.

One of our first acts was to climb the topmost pinnacle of Suffolk University and there command a magnificent view of this great and quiet old city. There with the aid of a map we were able to locate M. T. Longfellow Bridge, Bunker Hill Monument, the Custom House, Navy Yard, Airport, Old North Church, and the State House.

It might be interesting to note at this point how Suffolk it was happened to be at Suffolk. It was President Archer's radio broadcast given in 1930 and entitled "Law that Safeguarded Society" that "prompted one first inquiry. Now, seven years later, we found ourselves on top of the building that Faith alone had built.

We descended the stairs, our mounted the Hill, and emerged on the Common to visit the Public Library, one of Greater Boston's two hundred, whose 1,200,000 books have an annual circulation of more than 200,000,000, are life debt. Since the city boasts a population slightly in excess of 2,000,000 that is equivalent to ten books per capita per annum.

An additional proof of the intellectual trend is the 200 university, colleges, normal and technical schools, schools of art and music, private and public schools. These schools help to make Boston a great textbook manufacturing center. It has two of the largest general publishing houses in the

Metropolitan Boston has 5,700 manufacturing plants with an invested capital of over \$1,000,000 which turn out annually \$1,400,000 worth of goods that are sold largely through her 27,300 mail stores.

Little wonder then that Boston is the shipbuilding center of the world, the largest wool market in the United States, the center of the second largest cotton manufacturing area in the Western Hemisphere, and the third largest center of wholesale trade in the United States.

The 30,000 acres of magnificent harbor with 10 miles of berthing space accommodate the largest ships afloat and make this one of the leading cities in the United States in foreign trade and volume to New York in volume of ocean-borne traffic and in the volume of imports.

Boston's 900 churches, which house 150 denominations, tend to show that she has not drifted as far as she might have from her Strength and her Foundation.

The Museum of Fine Arts, the LaSalle Stuart Garden Museum, the Faneuil Hall, and the Harvard University Museum which contains the world famous Black-ka flowers are all places where one might spend many pleasant and profitable hours.

The story of history could visit any of a 1001 places where historic personalities "lived, moved, and had their being"—places like Faneuil Hall, Old South Meeting House, Paul Revere-House, Longfellow's Home, Adams' Houses, Plymouth, Proctorstown, Concord, Lexington, Salem, Gloucester, and Marblehead.

These are the things that we have seen or hope to see, and the city's and angles we have gathered up reading a few of Boston's 128 daily and weekly newspapers, by brushing up on history before we came, and by consulting both finders since our arrival.

But say, fellow, your education will not be complete until you assert a Boston belle to be a black head dinner at the Parker House and walk her home via the Esplanade under a Back Bay Moon!

A LAW FRESHMAN'S NIGHTMARE

Listen to lecture and argue all night!

But you'll never make Finigan think that you're right!

You can even expand what the Dean has to say!

But you'll never make Finigan see that way!

And when the guy asks, "Now what would you do?"

You'll still get to say what he wants you to say.

You'll wonder why being a lawyer or judge

if you have to ask your Finigan class!

If Saint Peter asks why you're in Finigan class!

The devil couldn't tell him—but Finigan could!

His name may be rough and his night think he's tough!

But under it all the guy's soft enough.

And when he says "Now I'll tell you all know it!

That Finigan says he's up on it you!

A WORD FROM DEAN MILLER



Stresses Need For Alertness in Class

NOTES IMPORTANT!
By Donald R. Miller, E.D.D.

Have you developed an interest in each subject you are studying? If you have, you have overcome one of the obstacles along the trail leading to success in college. But interest alone does not guarantee success. However, if we couple with interest the proper method and kind of study, our chances of success are increased greatly.

"Studying" to most people refers to an activity that is carried on almost entirely outside of the classroom. The question generally appertains in a student's mind is, "How many hours per week must I spend outside class in preparing my lessons?" The answer to this question depends in part upon the character of the student's efforts in class.

Contrary to popular opinion among certain groups, the classroom is in reality the place where a great deal of the highest type of study should be done. For, it is in the classroom that one may obtain guidance and supervision in his study of a subject from an instructor who is an expert. Undoubtedly, the amount of outside study required for successful work in a course can be reduced materially if one utilizes to the fullest extent the opportunities for learning and studying in the classroom.

What suggestions can be offered that will likely prove helpful to one interested in utilizing to the fullest possible extent opportunities for learning in the classroom?

1. Secure a seat where you can hear the instructor and see what is written on the blackboard.
2. Be alert! Assume a good sitting posture which you will find will be an aid to mental alertness.
3. Take abundant notes of all lectures and discussions. Invariably, those who rush at the end of the class have kept the best sets of notes. Those who merely listen depend almost entirely upon auditory memory; while those who take notes have memory, when it comes necessary to recall, to three kinds of memory: auditory, visual, and kinesthetic (muscle memory).

4. Ask questions about points in the course which you do not understand. If subjects matter is only partly understood, obviously, a great amount of time will need to be spent in outside study than would be necessary if the work of the classroom were understood fully.

Try these four simple rules. They have helped others and they will help you!

THE LAW AND THE LAWYER

NEW STATE LAW APPLYING TO CONDITIONAL SALES A BIG HELP

By *Alfred R. Smith, LL.M.*
Professor of Law,
Suffolk University Law School

Some of the difficulties mortgages of real estate have been experiencing regarding the operation of the statute relative to conditional sales of personal property will be eliminated as to such sales made after September 1, 1952. Acts of 1952, chapter 245, applying to conditional sales made on or after that date, amend the present statute [G.L. (Ter. Ed.) chapter 184, section 13] by requiring that the notice to be filed in the registry of deeds shall include the date on which the final payment will become due and that no conditional sale of which notice is recorded shall be valid as against any mortgage, purchase or grantee for more than ninety days after the date of final payment unless within that period a statement of the amount due is recorded in the registry of deeds.

History

The course this legislation has taken is as follows:

The first legislation regarding this matter was in 1917, when the Acts of 1917, chapter 271, provided for recording in the city or town clerk's office within ten days after the making of the contract. While one looks for chattel mortgages in the city or town clerk's office, one does not ordinarily look for liens on real estate there, and by General Laws, chapter 184, section 13, this was corrected by providing for recording in the registry not later than ten days after the delivery of the personal property on the real estate and certain formalities regarding form of the notice were prescribed. It is so provided in *Atlantic States Portland Cement Co. v. Rosen*, 250 Mass. 319, that the recording must be within ten days of the first delivery of goods on the property and *Shawmut National Bank v. Gardner Trust Co.*, 288 Mass. 395, it was decided that a notice recorded after the making of the contract but before the delivery of the goods on the property was valid.

In *Babcock Dues Corporation v. Paine*, 250 Mass. 138, it was decided that the words "other articles of personal property" meant others of the same state, the same description, and as iron staircases were not similar to heating apparatus, plumbing goods and ranges, the kinds then specifically enumerated in the statute, the statute did not apply. There have been other decisions with reference to "other articles of personal property." With regard to "other articles of personal property" the following articles are not within the scope of the statute:

Boeing alloys, 211 Mass. 69;
S. Vogel, 245 Mass. 42;

Portable steel garages (announced hereinafter referred to)

Medford Trust Co. v. Priggen Steel Garage Co., 273 Mass. 349.

In *American Soda Fountain Co. v. Parsons*, 32 Fed. 2d, 737, it was decided that a soda fountain containing pipes, frigid-air coils, sink and other articles of a character similar to plumbing goods, was "other articles of personal property" within the meaning of the statute.

By Acts of 1929, chapter 261, "portable or sectional buildings" were added to the kinds specifically enumerated, and by Acts of 1937, chapter 112, "elevator apparatus or machinery" was added.

But the change made by Acts of 1952, chapter 245, which as of September 1, 1952, is going to prove very helpful.

Notices are frequently filed after a mortgage is taken. The conveyancer does not find them until he examines the title for a transfer or release. Office files are quite old. Sometimes the goods have been paid for and no discharge has been given, or a discharge has been given, or a discharge has been lost without being recorded. Sometimes the vendor of the property cannot be found, and the vendor, who may have been a subcontractor, is missing also. In such cases no claim for the goods is likely to be made, but the mortgagee, nevertheless, whether, if he passes the title, the next conveyancer will do so.

Under this amendment many of these notices will be automatically discharged by the lapse of time after the date of final payment. In other words, they will cause as little trouble as do notices of contracts.

Confusion of Decisions

Of course, the mortgagee's troubles with respect to goods sold on conditional sale will not be eliminated. For in *Harvard Co. v. Bank of Boston*, 273 Mass. 172, it was decided that this statute did not apply to the mortgage of an underlying mortgage, that is, if the mortgage is recorded before the goods are recorded, this particular statute has no effect on the rights of the mortgagee and those of the conditional vendor with respect to the right of the latter to remove the goods if they are not paid for. The rights of the parties depend upon the common law of fixtures. Also, it was decided in *Gardner v. Building & Storage Co.*, 288 Mass. 194, where an oil burner was installed in such a manner that it was very slightly attached to anything else, that it was not necessary to file the notice with respect to the subsequent mortgage. The burner remained, mere personal property.

In *Ashbel v. Peacock*, 272 Mass. 56, a defective notice was recorded with respect to gas ranges. It was held that if no notice had been filed, the ranges might have been removed by the conditional vendor, but the court commented that, as the notice admitted they would be "wrought into or attached to the real estate" within the meaning of the statute, the conditional vendor could retain title to them as against a mortgagee only by recording a proper notice.

The conditional vendors have been asked to see the danger involved in recording a notice if there is any chance that the goods may be ruled to be mere personal property. And in many instances they are trying to arrange matters so that the goods may be used without being "wrought into or attached to the real estate" within the meaning of the statute. There are, however, fewer notices being filed presently as the conditional vendors would rather take their chances under the common law if it is not certain that they will rely upon the statute.

Needed Precautions

However, the mortgagee is not wholly helpless. There are certain precautions he can take which will help to keep him out of trouble from this kind of equipment:

(1) Every mortgage should contain a fixture clause carefully drawn up as to avoid making a chattel of mortgage of it. Then, as was intimated in *Worcester Gas-ette*, *Bank v. Howe*, 273 Mass. 477, as between the mortgagee and the mortgagee it is practically certain the Articles enumerated in the fixture clause will become part of the real estate.

(2) In construction loans it should be provided in the application for the loan or otherwise that no goods shall be used in the construction of the building which are not the property of the owner, the contractor or the subcontractor installing them.

(3) Before each construction payment is made the records in the registry should be run to see that no notices have been put on.

(4) It should be ascertained, if possible, that articles such as those enumerated in the statute which are furnished as conditional bill of sale may be difficult, but it will prove worth while. It is surprising to find that many architects do not understand the pitfalls they and their clients may get into over this class of property. If a contract is made for construction, it should provide that no goods be furnished on conditional sale, and could provide that evidence be produced by the contractor that no goods of this character are furnished on conditional sale.

(5) If litigation results, the mortgagee should employ all of the weapons, offensive or defensive, available to him. This article cannot be expanded sufficiently more than to suggest one matter which seems to be often neglected:

One of the tests which determines whether or not an article can be removed is "the nature and adaptability of the fixture." Generally, if the goods are of stock pattern and not made for the particular building, it is assumed that they will be so far as this test is concerned. But it is submitted that, while the goods may be of stock pattern, if they are essential to the building to make it complete for the purposes for which it is designed, this may determine the matter otherwise. At any rate, it was one of the decisive factors in *Commercial Credit Corporation v. Commercial Mortgage & Loan Co., Inc.*, 276 Mass. 335.

running through the walls having delivery thereon of such personal property a notice such as is herein prescribed is recorded in the registry of deeds for the county or district where the real estate lies. The notice shall be signed by the vendor or a person claiming under him and shall contain the names of the contracting parties, the name of the record owner of the real estate at the time of recording the notice, the fact that it is agreed that in such personal property shall remain in the vendor until the purchase price is paid, the terms of payment, including the date on which the final payment will become due, and the amount of such purchase price remaining unpaid, and descriptions, sufficiently accurate for identification, of such real estate and the personal property delivered or to be delivered thereon. If the sale of several articles for a lump sum greater than the value of the personal property delivered or to be delivered on the real estate the notice shall also state such lump sum and such value.

No conditional sale of which notice is recorded under this section shall be valid as against any mortgage, purchase or grantee of such real estate for more than ninety days after the date on which the final payment will become due as set forth in said notice, unless the vendor or some person claiming under him shall, within said ninety day period, cause to be recorded in the registry of deeds for the county or district where the real estate lies a statement signed and sworn to by him or by some person in his behalf, giving a just and true account of the amount due him, with all just credits, the names of the contracting parties, and the name of the record owner of the real estate as given in said notice.

Both the original notice and any subsequent statement of account hereinbefore provided for shall be indexed in the registry of deeds under the name of the record owner of such real estate as appearing in said notice, and a release of title in any such article of personal property may be recorded at any time.

SECTION 2. This act shall apply only in case of conditional sales made on or after September first in the current year.

Approved April 29, 1952.

CHAPTER 245. ACTS OF 1952

SECTION 1. Chapter one hundred and eighty-four of the General Laws is hereby amended by striking out section thirteen as amended by chapter one hundred and twelve of the acts of the current year, and inserting in place thereof the following section 13. No conditional sale of heating apparatus, plumbing goods, ranges, buildings of wood or metal construction of the class commonly known as portable or sectional buildings, elevator apparatus or machinery, or other articles of personal property, which are attached to real estate, whether by fixtures or in common law, shall be valid as against any mortgage, purchase or grantee of such real estate, unless not later than ten days after the

delivery thereon of such personal property a notice such as is herein prescribed is recorded in the registry of deeds for the county or district where the real estate lies.

The notice shall be signed by the vendor or a person claiming under him and shall contain the names of the contracting parties, the name of the record owner of the real estate at the time of recording the notice, the fact that it is agreed that in such personal property shall remain in the vendor until the purchase price is paid, the terms of payment, including the date on which the final payment will become due, and the amount of such purchase price remaining unpaid, and descriptions, sufficiently accurate for identification, of such real estate and the personal property delivered or to be delivered thereon.

If the sale of several articles for a lump sum greater than the value of the personal property delivered or to be delivered on the real estate the notice shall also state such lump sum and such value.

No conditional sale of which notice is recorded under this section shall be valid as against any mortgage, purchase or grantee of such real estate for more than ninety days after the date on which the final payment will become due as set forth in said notice, unless the vendor or some person claiming under him shall, within said ninety day period, cause to be recorded in the registry of deeds for the county or district where the real estate lies a statement signed and sworn to by him or by some person in his behalf, giving a just and true account of the amount due him, with all just credits, the names of the contracting parties, and the name of the record owner of the real estate as given in said notice.

Both the original notice and any subsequent statement of account hereinbefore provided for shall be indexed in the registry of deeds under the name of the record owner of such real estate as appearing in said notice, and a release of title in any such article of personal property may be recorded at any time.

SECTION 2. This act shall apply only in case of conditional sales made on or after September first in the current year.

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COMMANDER

(Continued from Page 1)

His star had begun to rise in his home town. He left work one day and went down to secure nomination papers for city councilor. That he was elected is no wonder for Dan Doberty is accustomed to get things he goes after. That he was only twenty-one years old at the time is, for he was the youngest city councilor at the time.

His service to the city was rewarded by his re-election after the expiration of his one-year term. He was elected the city clerk, legal training so back he went to Boston for more training. This time he climbed the slope of Beacon Hill to Suffolk Law School and entered the freshman class. But, his freshman year was interrupted by the entrance into the World War of the United States. Again Dan Doberty did not shrink from the fight. Eighteen months he served in the Navy, served until February, 1919, when he was given an honorable discharge. His law studies had been interrupted by the war but once back in this country, they were quickly resumed.

He graduated Cum Laude in June 1922. When Dan Doberty stepped upon the platform in 1919, when he was president of the class of 1922. Previously, he had been one of the class day speakers.

In Woburn he was becoming deeply engrossed in Legion affairs. When the Legion post was organized in 1919, he was one of the organizers. Ten years later he was its Commander. Two years later he was elected Middlesex County Commander. The next year he campaigned for State Commander, but was forced to accept the post of Vice-Commander instead.

But at the 1933 convention in Woburn, he was not elected. Dan Doberty was elected Vice-Commander. The next year, his star began to shine over the national scene. He was elected National Vice-Commander.

In spite of his defeat in the contest for national commander in 1935, more honors came his way. He was chosen as chairman of National Rehabilitation Committee.

His legal progress was not dormant either. District Attorney Warren L. Bishop of Middlesex County recognized Dan's ability even though his practice was mainly one of civil law, and appointed him as assistant district attorney of Middlesex County. Prominent among his accomplishments of the next year, for he resigned after only one year of service to resume his own law practice, was his able handling of the Hagan-Hartman case which resulted in the conviction of the DeStasio, father and son.

Then came the peak. The New York convention was in session. Doberty's supporters grew in number as election day approached. The race began. As he approached, it was evident that Doberty was sure of winning. And then Ray Kelley of Detroit, Dan's chief opponent, climbed upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and raised his arm for silence.

"Let's make it unanimous," he called.

And so it was.

Dan Doberty has been fighting all his forty-three years for the things he believes. And Dan Doberty has chosen and will get the things he wants.

For all the world loves a fighter.

KING OF THE CAMPUS

By James F. Rand, Jr., '41

(You'll recall beginning this chatter story in the September Journal.)

Student groups is often multi-colored crowd without realizing it. At least, Larry found on Monday that in the short space of two days he had fallen from reigning hero to social outcast. Fellow who had always been ready with the clap net on the line, the cherry crawling that spoke friendship, were evil. To them Larry's running on Saturday night was unappealing. In fact, Larry himself realized that his actions did look strange.

Larry did not mind the treatment he received from the crowd. After all, the only one he was scared about was Marjory, the lovely blonde daughter of Dean Jackson, and Larry's fiancée. "She'll stand by me," he mused as he walked the crumby gravel path that led to the modest little home of her father. It was late afternoon. Larry, after enduring the snobs of his classmates all day long, he didn't feel like practicing. So his steps had turned naturally towards Marjory.

Pushing the doorbell briskly, he caught her humming briskly the latest popular song. He ran toward to any sound from within, caught the sound of approaching footsteps—knew instinctively that Marjory herself was answering the door.

The door opened and Marjory stood revealed in the golden light that streamed into the cool dusky hallway. Five feet three of blonde loveliness, to see her was to see the electric current. The next year, his star began to shine over the national scene. He was elected National Vice-Commander.

Larry almost lost his tongue for a moment, so stunned was he by Marjory's goodness. Recovering, he responded to Marjory's question, "What's wrong, Margie?"

"What's wrong? How do you think a girl feels when she thinks she loves a man and then wakes up to find that he's a quitter? Don't you think I've heard what they've been saying all around the campus today. You quit in that race, Larry Grayson, and you know it, Margie, please let me explain."

"All right, Larry. I can't say I'll have to be pretty good to convince me." But as Larry remained silent, she went on, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I'm sorry, Margie. I can't say yes. You've got to believe me when I say I didn't quit in that race. I couldn't and still face you. But I can't explain now. Perhaps later."

All right, then. I can't say I won't be engaged to you—quitter—over your race. I'm sorry, Margie. I can't say yes. You've got to believe me when I say I didn't quit in that race. I couldn't and still face you. But I can't explain now. Perhaps later."

All week Larry continued his practice of avoiding everything that would bring her name into play. He was shocked by every. One day Jack (also tried to be friendly, but Larry, his heart sick by the rotten treatment accorded by his friends, and especially by Marjory, was so used to talk to the coach. After a few attempts to

bring this early athlete out of his shell, Jack gave it up as a bad job. So, he gave up talking to his star rider but he did not give up trying to lead him to ruin. From the dread fear that he could not beat Hurley! Wednesday after a long practice session, Jack stepped into his battered old Ford, affectionately called "Bertie," and drove down town in search of Don Robinson.

Stopping for a red light, Jack spied the debonair critic coming out of the Globe building. When Don in response to his bell, he flashed into the front seat beside him, Jack headed toward open country. As they left the town city behind them, Jack swiftly dramatized the events of the week.

"They've ostracized that boy driving that mean car and on top of that his girl has thrown him to the lions. Lord, it's almost criminal, the way they're treating that boy. He won't talk in any town, not even me, and I doubt if anyone will listen to him."

"I know it, Jack. By the way, you know the N.Y.A.A. is holding its annual meet in New York this Saturday and they authorized me to select the Mid-West's outstanding rider. I think if you come to New York, he'll regain his confidence and it would take him away from all this. If he stays here much longer, he'll be a nervous wreck by a week's end. So hurry. At least it won't do any harm."

"That's not a bad idea, Don. You send him entry in tonight. You'll better telegraph it, so they'll be sure to receive it in time."

Don smiled broadly. "No need of that. I took the liberty of sending it already. I felt sure you'd like the idea."

"O.K. Now the job's just starting. I've got to persuade Larry. He's so damn stubborn and so used to the rest of the world that it'll be like pulling teeth getting him to go to New York. It'll be a tough job but I'll do it somehow."

"Yes, it will be a tough job," Jack thought as he mounted the steps to Jack's room. He knocked on the door.

"Just a minute." A second later, the door opened a crack and Larry peered through the narrow crack. "Oh, it's you, Jack. Come in."

"I'm sorry, Larry. I haven't been practicing the last few days. Thought I'd drop in and see how you're getting."

"I'm all right, coach. Just got stale and thought I needed a rest." "Let's talk, Larry. What's the real trouble, Larry? You can trust me."

"Aw for the love pete, leave me alone. I know what I'm doing. When I get ready to train again I will and not before. I'll show what the meep." You know what it is. I'm fussy. I don't want to go out there and face them."

"Who?" interrupted Jack. "These old fellows coming to see me. Friends when I'm on the top of the heap but when I'm down, they sink away, leaving me to lick my own wounds. Gosh, coach, I can't help it if I lost a race. I'm an athlete, I'm supposed to lose some day. It had to come."

Larry glanced appealingly at his coach from where he sat huddled on the bed. Jack drew his lips together and said, "You've got it with that fuel from your own-leather pouch and there's no careful deliberation and there's no eager youth—eager for nothing."

"Yes, well, I had to come. But the way you put that—well, it's like you didn't give a darn. You didn't look as if you were trying. What was wrong with you, boy?"

"Sure, coach. I don't tell you now. Perhaps later. To you people it would sound foolish. Wait until after the Conference championships. If I lose, then I'll tell you."

"But—oh, all right. I'll wait. Putting up his hat, the diminutive coach moved toward the door. The youth on the bed did not move, simply stared into space. As Jack reached for the door knob, he suddenly remembered his errand, and by the way, I almost forgot to tell you I really came up to telling you. Don Robinson tells me he's selected you as the outstanding rider of the Mid-West. He's already sent you your acceptance to N.Y.A.A. mile this Saturday. Go—"

Larry's eyes sparkled with interest for an instant, then grew cold and sullen. "No. What's the use? I'd get kicked. Why waste money sending me to New York?"

"Listen, Larry. Even if you don't win and you will—it's an excellent tuneup for the Conference championships. Please—for my sake—"

For an hour the two argued. When Larry was almost on the verge of accepting, the old fear, rekindled anew by last Saturday's harsh words, came up to break down Jack's arguments. At last Jack won out. Tired and weary of Jack's arguments, Larry gave in.

The coach, as he drove down town, whistled happily to himself. The worst was over. Larry had beaten all of the entrants in that special mile, times without number. He'll win again—get his driving back, Jack mused. His young eye was attracted by the brilliant glare of the Globe's bulletin board. His heart sank for embarrassment across the wall of the building, he read, "JACK HURLEY ACCEPTS SPECIAL BID TO N.Y.A.A. MILE."

CHAPTER THREE

A lonely figure in the nearly bare new dressing room, Larry slowly changed himself from student to athlete. It was the night of the highly heralded "College Star Sprint" race. In less than an hour, Larry was to face six runners—liver, lean-limbed youths, college champions—all the class in the country. He knew he could beat them. He had done it before, hadn't he? This challenge to anyone, and himself in particular, served to bring new courage to him. He felt confident. He was clad in the maroon and navy uniform of Hudson. Larry stepped into the extra pair of shoes tied to the giant indoor amphitheater. As he emerged from the gloom of the tunnel, the glare of the lights of the arena blinded him for an instant. Recovering his sight, he glanced curiously about

him. Before him, he was the huge night lap racer on which he would soon be running—"For victory or defeat!" he wondered. Among the saucer, like crowds that filled Roman amphitheatres long ago, were barked row upon row of howling spectators. On the track now, two college relay teams were fighting it out. The last lap had just started. Larry sat down on a nearby bench, watching the clean-limbed youths sweep around the track. The crowd over, runners, massed about the track, led to their feet eagerly watching this brief opportunity to stretch their muscles and soothe their tired nerves. Larry found himself swept into the crowd. He had no springy and resilient to his pounding feet. As the official's whistle sounded, clearing the track for the next event, Larry spied Jack talking to a group of officials in the center of the field. He saw that the coach since their arrival an hour ago. Stepping off the track, he walked over to where the coach stood.

Jack saw him coming and, excusing himself, walked over to meet Larry. Jack was worried. He had not told his protégé that Jack Hurley was entered in tonight's race. How would Larry act when he saw the coach? Would he lose heart and again acknowledge defeat in the hands of his inferior rival? Or would he, with the renewed courage he had displayed since his arrival in New York, avenge his defeat of the previous week. The race would tell the story.

"Well, Larry, how do you feel?" "Well, coach, I'll knock 'em dead tonight."

"That's the stuff, kid. This is your first appearance in the East. So then what the Mid-West can do?"

While Larry went through his conditioning exercise, Jack stood watching him. Then came the first event, the mile. Larry was to expect that those thousands of track mad fans had come to see—the College All-Stars' Mile.

Larry had been assigned the sixth or outside position. As they started, the runner in the position ahead of Larry stood there looking straight ahead. Years ago, when he had first started running, he had made a practice of never looking at his opponents on the starting line. Answering curious friends, he told them it made him nervous to watch the other runners. Inside, he knew it was his fear of Jack Hurley cropping up again. Jake had been a way of getting at you, and now, when he was in the position with those cold grey eyes that sort of took the fight out of you.

The starter, immaculate in his evening clothes, raised his gun and the runners were off. In the mark and after two brief commands, "On your mark" and "Get set," fired his gun. The runners leaped from the mark, raced furiously down to the first corner, ground the turn, and into the backstretch. The field settled into easy stretching strides giving them the maximum of distance with the least effort. Larry, behind himself third behind Jack, behind him, the West Coast, and a copper-headed southerner. His strides, regular and even, Larry took his time. No sense to get out in front yet. Not this soon. His mind was only on the goal. Keep within striking distance. Don't slip behind. Somebody's footsteps pounding insinuatingly close behind. Better let him pass you, Larry. Remember Jack's words. Let him pass you the last lap. That's what counts.

(Continued on Page 1)

KING OF THE CAMPUS

(Continued from Page 6)

What's that the drummer's saying? Three more laps, OK. Time to move up now. Still dither in a field of six is not too hard. Want a minute. There are six runners in this race, aren't there? But there are three about the three leading. That doesn't make sense. Why the extra runners? A swift cautious glance behind showed the familiar faces of three runners all devoted to him by Jack. Then the fellow must be ahead. Larry drew closer to the first three ahead of him. He recognized two of them but who was the leader. Was it as it couldn't be. But a voice it was *Jake Hark's*. Instantly, Jack's stride slackened a bit.

Over on the outside, Jack cursed as he saw this. The old fat had returned. But after that momentary slackening of pace, Larry's stride apparently returned to normal. He increased his pace and cut down the distance between him and the three leaders. In the back stretch of the eighth lap, Larry caught the second and third men, and cut out, with mad dash showing in his face, to catch that dithering figure twenty yards ahead. Jack again cursed, this time softly under his breath. That fact! At the pace he was running, he shouldn't lead the rest of the race. The two runners, the rest of the field forgotten, except down the stretch, into the seventh lap. Around the oval track, they continued their dizzy pace. Larry drew up behind his enemy. He swung out to pass him, he couldn't reach it. They moved into the last lap. The crowd gasped. New-page men in the press box were also gasping, envisioning their leads from the putting down in words this thrilling struggle. The mad chase that was on. As they moved into the eighth lap, everyone in the huge auditorium standing on his feet and shouting with delirious excitement.

The backstretch! Time for Larry to make his challenge. He sprang out. As his leg began to drive into the springy timber beneath him, his feet gripped, his teeth clenched, Larry seemed to move the fraction of a hair ahead.

"He's ahead!" yelled in the throngs of the crowd.

Then Jake, his face a mask of tortured pain, leaned toward Larry. His lips moved. His legs moved to shut about Larry. The crowd stood rooted to the spot as Larry fell steadily behind. The two, still far ahead of the field to be challenged, came down the backstretch. Jake was in front. Larry behind. Then it was all over. Jake had won again!

(To be continued)

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SHE WHO LOVES IN VAIN

By Harry Sherashov, Jr., "H"

(Have you forgotten this bit of fiction,
Sally Jean? Begin in the
September Number.)

Sitting down in an old cane rocking chair, Agnes yawned and forth. With the creaking of the chair, there was a synchronous creaking of thoughts in Agnes' mind. She knew what the matter was. She loved Sandy. She also knew that Sandy loved her. But he was selfish, and she was getting drier. If she could only write him. If there were any other men, she could make Sandy jealous. But there were no other single men on the island. She felt forlorn. There was no way out, not to one to help her. After a long interval of unbearable contemplation, there came up in her mind a new thought, hardly but welcome. She would turn. Milda onto Sandy. Milda would leave Sandy. Agnes' young up. She brushed away an intolerable with 21 glances. A snarl twitched on her lips. Ditching out of the room, she ran down the stairs and into the yard.

"Oh, back again, eh?" sneered Milda.

"Oh, yeah? Gee, I'm sorry I talked to you the way I did." Agnes was dropping for a head.

"No, why I was so mad."

"No, why I came back an unrepentant sinner."

I'm up with you."

"You did?" Milda's eyes opened wide.

"Yep. I found out he isn't the man for me. I hate him now. I let everyone else on the island hates him too, and I don't blame them."

"Why, I like him," burst in Milda.

"You do?"

"Er, er, oh, just a little bit."

"Why, I thought you hated him the way I did."

"I can't get mottin' against him."

"By the way," Agnes was about to play her trump card. "Sandy told me, last night, that he liked you a lot."

Milda dropped the watering can.

"He likes me?" He said that?"

"Sure, he likes you. Why almost every night he used to say to me, 'Is Milda tonight?'" She was leading Milda gently into the room of her trap.

"Well, why didn't you tell me that? Why didn't you?" Milda displayed a stern tone toward her younger sister.

"I didn't think you cared."

Milda's face was a mask of thundering indignation.

"I do care, Agnes." Now that you're not going with him anymore, and as long as he doesn't want you anymore, I might as well tell you I like him."

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Sandy. But I don't want to see Sandy anymore. So, if you should happen to be up around there to night, take along some onion for him will you?"

"What would I be doing on Bartlett Hill tonight?" asked Milda, portraying astonishment.

"I dunno. I just thought." Agnes turned and walked into the house.

That night, a little before star time, Milda happened to walk in the direction of Bartlett Hill. Adorned in her best dress, which had been cleaned an hour ago, she walked very slowly so as not to disturb the plants. Her straw hat had been buttoned down to her scalp. A heavily powdered nose, a strong scent of cheap perfume, a clean neck, and a broken-belt necklace, all stood as evidence to the work of Agnes. In her right hand Milda carried a bag of onion. Unusually, she opened the bag and selected the best onion. This she ate in quick bites. Finally, at the end of the hour, she walked from the hill to Bartlett Hill, she arrived at the slope that led to Larry's Bench and Sandy.

After a short climb, she arrived breathlessly at the top of the hill. The first object that drew her lowering gaze was Larry's Bench. There, sitting on carved heart-shaped initials, and scratched-on names, was Sandy Tavish. His pipe glowed as a beacon in the darkness. She still dreamed of bold steps, Milda walked towards the bench.

"Oh, er, hello," she said as she neared the bench.

Sandy slowly turned his head and watched the approaching figure. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he answered, "Oh, hello, Milda."

"I didn't think there was anybody up here," he said with a guilty beauty.

"Oh, that's all right. I'm only resting." Sandy set the pipe in his mouth and glanced up to see what Mars was doing.

Milda walked up to the bench and sat down on "M.S. love G.S."

"Is you mind if I sit here?" she asked after she was comfortably seated.

"Oh, uh, no," he answered as his eyes roved the Milky Way.

"It's nice up here, isn't it?"

No answer from S.T.

"Oh!" Milda gazed up to see what the heavens held. All she saw were tiny, quivering, electric bulbs. She attempted to count the number of bulbs but there were too many. She gave the task up as impossible. Skimming over the tops of distant trees, her gaze dropped to earth. She turned her head and watched the man. After a moment's study of his hairy forehead, she said, "Er, Sandy, er, Sandy," there was a snail-trail in her voice.

Sandy awake and turned his gaze toward Milda.

"I heard, I mean, er, Agnes told me." Hoping that she might chance upon a tactful lead, she attempted several longings.

"Agnes?" His pipe sank down on his bottom lip. "What did Agnes say?"

"Er, er, nothing. Do you want some onion?" She gripped under the bag and pushed it under his nose.

"Onions? I don't want onions!" His nose wrinkled up on itself as he detected a compounded odor of onion and cheap perfume.

Milda shook back on the bench. Her heart fluttered in the wind. Sandy, startled her. She watched his face and saw in his beard a nicotine-stained flank of a set of well-defined teeth. The face and the beard glowed from Milda. She shrank away from him.

"Onions?" I don't want onions!" His nose wrinkled up on itself as he detected a compounded odor of onion and cheap perfume.

"Oh," she related as Sandy settled back. "I thought you like onions."

"Sometimes," he answered briefly.

Nervously she reached into the bag and drew out an onion. Putting it in her mouth, she bit it, she loved it, best and all, with five teeth and one swallow. Then she lay back, looked dreamily at the moon, and stifled, with a glassy eye still peering at the constellation, she reached, fumblingly, into the bag and drew out another onion. This second onion was immediately transported to her mouth to be devoured.

"Sandy no longer looked at the sky. He gazed into the smoke clouds around his pipes. From the midst of smoke there came into his vision a strong essence of onion. He sniffed hard and the smoke turned thicker, but from the chaos came that persistent draft of onion odor. He sidestepped at Milda. With his folded hands supporting his head, she lay against the bench. She still dreamed of bold steps, Milda walked towards the bench.

Sandy's head turned to Sandy. "I heard you broke up with Agnes. Is that bad, 's too bad. Maybe you're better off you know, she could eat half as good as I could. That's only one thing wrong with her." She resumed her relaxed position.

Sandy did not answer. As drafts of onion juice rode on the waves of Milda's voice, he gazed at the sky with a high frequency. His smoke rose thick and black over their heads, and hung there like a carpet.

"Er, you smoke a lot," she said with liberal subtlety.

Peering into the gloom of the smoke and the evening darkness, she failed to see his figure.

"I thought you liked me. I brought them for you. You know, Sandy, now that you're not going with Agnes, maybe you'll like to take me walking some night."

Saybrook for a stinger, she glanced up at the moon. "Oh, Sandy? I've got something to tell you." She peered into the tobacco fog.

"I kinda like you, Sandy. I actually liked you. I don't know if I'll like it." No answer.

"You don't have to answer if you don't want to, Sandy. I know you talkin' embarrasses you."

After a moment's silence, Milda squirmed her body along the bench. She hoped to bump into Sandy's armpits. Another squirm but no sound. Several minutes she lay along the bench and into the smoke, but still no answer. Finally, she made one long squirm and landed, off the bench and onto the ground.

She was stunned for several long minutes. As she sat on the grass with her arms supporting her back, and with her legs sprawled over her planted dress, she realized that Sandy had played a trick on her. He had left amidst the camouflage of smoke.

Slowly Milda stood up. Her dress was unplastered, her hair was rumpled, and the onions were strewn on the ground.

As she light-stepped down the hill, she snatched at the door. And the moon snatched back at her.

She quietly closed the door behind her, after she had reached the house, and she crept softly up to her room.

The next morning she awoke late in the day. Walking down into the garden, after a breakfast in the solitude of the pantry, she continued yesterday's digging. As she was busy making holes for prospective plants, she noticed a man bag and saw the road to the house. When he drew nearer, she perceived, with the traditional shock, of course, that the figure was Sandy.

It was a new Sandy, though, with shaven face, combed hair, brushed teeth, Sunday suit with all the fin's including several pairs of polished high boots.

He walked up the path to the house. Though he didn't recognize Milda, he said "Hi!" to her as he walked through the door.

Milda turned, in time to see the door slam. She waited several minutes then turned again to her shovel.

A half hour later the door again opened and out walked Sandy, followed by Agnes in her best finery. As they passed Milda, Agnes softly murmured, "Goodbye Milda!"

Milda turned. There were no emotional symbols on her face.

"Goodbye," she said, and turning back, she stooped and began digging into a ground hole with her fingers. She remained in that stooped position several minutes. When she looked up she saw Sandy and Agnes, arm in arm, and heart in heart, walking towards the top of the hill. Then, leaning on the handle of the shovel, she watched until the two figures disappeared over the hill—in the direction of Parson Pike.

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RADIO BROADCAST

(Continued from Page 2)

Prof. Rogers: What about age of students in evening schools, Dean Archer?

Dean Archer: Ages run anywhere from 17 to 60. The oldest man ever to graduate from our institution was seventy years old at the time of graduation—and he practiced law in Boston for ten years after that. Another lively old boy that I remember was a retired Rear Admiral—64 years old when he came to us. He had been with Dewey at Manila Bay—he had been a teacher at the United States Naval Academy—a real character was Admiral Ransom. He made an excellent record at Suffolk. That has been our experience through the years. Only the other day I registered a man whose name I had known for thirty-five years as that of a member of my college fraternity but a man whom I had never met. He had left college in June, 1902, whereas I had entered the same college in September of that year.

Prof. Rogers: Do you find that age makes a person less able to study—to retain knowledge?

Dean Archer: That depends. So far as eye memory is concerned, yes, but so far as grasping ideas—decidably, no. In the study of languages, for example, where it is necessary to rely upon memory for the meaning of words, the youth, having a more retentive memory, would naturally have the edge on the older person, but in the field of law the grasping of ideas—of legal concepts—rather than of words or combinations of words the older man has an advantage that seems to offset the memory advantage of the younger man. Life experience illustrates so many phases of law that the man of middle age understands from the personal angle what is mere academic theory to the youth.

Prof. Rogers: Dean Archer, what do you think will be the future of this movement for collegiate and professional training in evening colleges and universities?

Dean Archer: I look for a very great development in this field. Professor Rogers. It seems to me inevitable. The whole trend of modern life in America, as I see it, is to level off society—to reduce every family to comparative poverty. We shall soon be divided into two main classes: those definitely dependent upon the public treasury either for salaries, pseudo-employment or outright dole, and a second class who are obliged to pay heavy tribute to the public treasury to support the first class. We are already painfully aware that family fortunes—investments, rentals and other revenue sources—are rapidly vanishing with the former wealth of the nation. This means that a much larger percentage of youth of the land is now finding expensive day colleges and universities out of reach. These young people have to work for a living during the day. They must turn to evening colleges and universities for education if they are to be educated. When you add this new and more intellectual group to the great multitude from homes of poverty who are already seeking education in evening and part-time schools we have what I believe to be one of the major problems of the future.

Prof. Rogers: Why do you call it a major problem? Isn't the evening school movement vigorous and well able to provide for all comers?

Dean Archer: It is vigorous enough but except in the fields of law, accountancy, and the like cannot hope to be self-supporting. An evening college of liberal arts or a graduate school, a technical school, and the like, all of which are essential in the new order, require endowment. That is where the major problem arises. The wealthy people of this nation have been most generous to the old universities but as yet have not glimpsed the need of providing endowment for evening colleges and universities. If this Republic of ours is to endure, we must provide adequate leadership to the masses. Now, leadership of the masses obeys no man-made law. John L. Lewis and others of his kind made their way forward by sheer ambition and natural ability. All the endowment universities in the land would have been powerless to educate John L. Lewis because he has been obliged to work for a living all his days.

Prof. Rogers: You think evening colleges and universities can reach men like that?

Dean Archer: Reach them? Why those men are so ambitious to succeed that if evening schools are within hailing distance they will work half the night—every night—in order to educate themselves. Statistics on the nation prove that. Our experience at Suffolk proves it locally. The great popularity of the evening school—when real education is offered is proof that the evening collegiate and professional schools are destined to play a great part in the future of America.

This an' That

This corner has been asked, in view of our old age and experience, what is wrong with this country. After profound deliberation I have at last found the answer. It is the family life of the harmonious family life.

I remember, not so many years ago, when the family was in perfect harmony. Everything that Dad said, provided Mother approved of it, was right. Dad used to sit in his big easy chair smoking his pipe or a good five-cent cigar, listening to the click of mother's knitting needles. Little sister sat at mother's slipper-clad feet, reading the latest edition of the Bobbie tales. Junior and Johnny were always to be seen doing their home lessons. The family life of our little homestead on Main street was peaceful and quiet.

But now our household is disturbed. I might even go so far as to say that it is teetering on its foundations—for a great peril is reaching its black shadows over us. I do not know to what point the problem which faces us is the result.

It sits in the corner, a tall artfully designed contraption of glass, wood and metal. From it come programs in all shapes and manners. Our family is kind to it, for we're a kind lot. But, to be vulgar, it's doing us dirt.

Our maid used to be the kind you read about in books—you know, the kindly old sort that never complains. But now she has come forward with a complaint that to me looks entirely justified. She actually has to do some work. You know mother told Old Maddy—we call her that—as sort of a silent tribute—because Mrs. Welstone across the street. Just keeping up with the Joneses, I believe father never gave her much work to do. But now it's Maddy's turn. Mother makes Old Maddy earn her pay.

You see, mother's life is entirely run by radio programs. She gets up by Arthur Hugsley's daily dawn program. She eats her breakfast with Chopin and seasons her luncheon with the Voice of Experience. All through the day she lives by the radio.

But except for the noise of the radio, our home is comparatively quiet during the day. It's in the evening that our little home is transferred into a place of dissonance. You see, each of us has his own show on what radio program the family should listen to. And generally each has his own way by the simple process of turning the dial to his own program when the other's backs are turned.

My brother Johnny, bright young lad that he was, was driven into marriage because of this problem. You see, he liked Anna and Anna, while far once, the family united on one program, Myrt and Marge. One night, the poor lad, driven to distraction by the own voice of the radio, turned the dial to the program of mother and daughter, fed from the house. Walking along the street he heard the troubles of Anna and Andy—except get into the morning air. He glanced upward. There on the porch of a nearby house sat a beautiful girl listening with soulful expression to the radio. Johnny

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PORTRAIT OF AN INNOCENT MAN

By Luciana McTether, C. L. A., '42

It is an awful thing that you should ever lose my life; by condemning me you will have your vengeance in full for the wrongs that your countrymen say I have suffered in my hands, and that to my succeeding generations and to yours, my name shall be blazoned to hell by a tribunal that is now sitting in my judgment. You say I am not innocent; I say that I am. If my words appear to be too bold, they are yet not bold enough, for you hold the candle of my life in your grasp with the power of extinguishing it at will; every fibre of my being is pitted against your combined might in a feeble effort to defeat the fatal firebrand that is your will that I must die. It must never reach my panic flame.

A chain of circumstance has been woven around me tighter than bands of steel. To story such and every fact of my accusation would be indeed a folly—my end would come no sooner, but you would have from the lips of an innocent man the admission of acts of such perfidy that even the Devil would find shame to own. Perhaps you think I have sealed my doom through want of arguments, by which I might persuade you from such an awful road and set me a free man. I have made you realize how dear I regard my life, not by an eloquent plea for freedom, not by tears of frustration or cries of injustice, but by standing before you stripped of every armament excepting the gleaming shield of liberty which reflects your own souls and actions from my breast as you look upon me. It may be in a future age as other men look back with an archaic eye to this present scene, that what I have spoken, you have taken and nurtured well in your hearts as a token of my fervent plea of truth; it may never be written, having died unheeded within your bodies, turned dust with your dust, and blown across the trackless wastes of time with the wind morning in a forgotten language.

was a woman hater but there was nothing he could do about it. So he introduced himself, listened to the radio and then departed. But from that day onward his doom was sealed. They were married six months later.

Now the rest of the family seatters about the house and town to listen to their favorite programs. Mother and Dad get along pretty well together except that on Friday night Mother goes to her Saturday Afternoon Bridge Club meeting. "To play bridge," she says. But if the truth were known, she goes there to hear the True

Story Court of Human Relations when Dad still sticks stubbornly to his Hollywood Hotel.

So take my advice and if you would have a happy family, do not allow this vicious menace, the radio, to creep into your home.

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