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CENE

Cunningham Breaks Record Again In '38

The Suffolk Scribe Views the Sports

The Mystery Of Freddy The Frog

An amphibia of the subphylum vertebrata of the phylum chordata . . . that was what Mr. DeWilde, Suffolk's brilliant young biology professor called it, but to the enthusiastic students in the University's new biology laboratory it was just the common frog. The animal which delights in frightening ladies leisurely engaged in their daily perambulations, evoking invocations to the Almighty from startled creatures. . . . But all this refers to the every-day garden variety of frog. Our table was blessed with a particular frog. Froddly

Freddy was a philosophical frog. His wholesome attitude toward life, his matter-of-fact acceptance of his surroundings, placed him on a par with Socrates.

Have you ever burned beneath the collar from the merciless stare of a child? Have you experienced the pangs of conscience when some innocent child has looked at you right through your camouflaged exterior and see revealed your innermost thoughts, seemed to grasp with his precocious intellect the numerous deceptions which you commit? Such a faculty had Freddy. You could tell by his searching eyes that nothing escaped him.

But Freshly was too big a frog to assume an attitude of cold disdain or contempt. Rather was he sympathetic toward and understanding of the weaknesses of man.

Thus from his aloof position was Freddy able to give counsel and to aid. Those penetrating orbs, serene as a stabilizing influence, and some unworthy thought came to mind: those eyes flashed the red danger signal.

At one point in the course of the lecture it was necessary to remove the covers from the jars which contained the frogs. Each and every frog, excepting Freddy, made frantic leaps for freedom. But would Freddy? Certainly not! He had learned from repeated frustration that such a course would be futile since the run aways would soon be apprehended and returned to their respective jars. Freddy just squatted, contemplating the follies of his fellow frogs, and surmised enough they were all caught with no little confusion, to be sure. But, nevertheless, *calm!*

Convinced of Freddy's genius and unparalleled wisdom I, as an human being would, endeavored to find the secret behind the matchless control of the beast, to discover what vital force was responsible for his dignified aloofness. Remaining after class, Mr. Kublin and I worked on the matter for some time and were finally rewarded with success.

Yes, Freddy was different from other frogs. Freddy was dead!

Confidentially Speaking

By THOMAS L. HARKINS,
Law, '39

Here's one to try on the professor when you have answered incorrectly: "The mere fact that a conclusion has been stamped at the mind of some court of justice is no conclusive that it is the genuine currency of law"—the authority for the statement is Justice Cardozo. The eminent Justice also says the Force, Logic, History, Custom and Justice are the most important factors in shaping law.

Professor Halloran points to the fact that simply being a member of the bar does not make one a lawyer—the distinction is both subtle and important.

After standing it for awhile the prof. found the temptation too great—and so expressed himself thusly: "At the rate you're going, zero must be rolling over in his grave listening to you orate."

Of course we all know that TJF turns out good ones but here is a combination of genes that no one can rival. When a student gets up and has a muddled condition in his rebellum, or finds it impossible to treat me to the most minute specimen of his irrationem, or tries to think st being generally accept- that none that TJF usually get himself on the ropes or wonder what I really just what his mother's little his is going to do. And if the game becomes diffi-

"I guess the dust wouldn't allow them to eat a whole moon?"

And speaking of the gals—bless 'em (or did you have a fight with yours last nite?) Anyhow, in a recent Law School exam, the question concerned a bridle path some how or other—but one stud must have had something in mind, for he continually wrote of the *bridle path*!

² According to Dean Archer, if you don't think the women have the tobacco industry well in hand, just watch a few of them in a restaurant some night.

We all know that Professor Getchell excels in many ways, but we got our first inkling of his unpremeditation when, in speaking of the liability of charitable corporations, he said, "If you're in the hospital and the nurse gives you bichloride of mercury, instead of epsem salts, YOU CAN'T RECOVER."

PROFESSOR RATCLIFFE

Professor Ratcliffe paid his tribute to the efficiency of Los Angeles journalism. An interview with him was published in the "Los Angeles Examiner" in which he declared that the New England climate was far superior to that of California. But Professor Ratcliffe was not interviewed by anyone, so he thinks that journalism must be coming from England that day.

The trip took ten days, the professor leaving on February 19, and arriving back home in Boston on March 1.

ELECTIONS

(Continued from page 1)

Due to the unusually large number of students in the class who are powerful political figures in State, City and community life outside of school, the Juniors' election campaigns seemed to be tainted with the professional efforts of "big time" public office-seeking contests. There were several drives to install party tickets, but owing to the refusal of the more outstanding class personalities to "join in" on the ticket enterprises, the party line campaigns were clearly shown to be doomed to failure as soon as the primary results were tabulated.

Despite the fact that the campaign waxed so hot and heavy, and the rivalry of the opposing factions was so pronounced, the entire election proceedings were distinguished by the orderly methods of fair-play and clean sportmanship by which each candidate conducted his campaigning.

Out of the smoke and turmoil of the battle, rose the victors, head and shoulders above the crowd, each winner clearly seen as the choice of the majority, the comfortable margin of each winner indicating the confidence of their classmates.

Phillip Sullivan, the newly elected president, is a graduate of the Boston High School of Commerce, and a former student at M. I. T. Besides his scholastic accomplishments, President Phil is an ardent sports fan and athlete. He plays quarterback on Boston's first professional football team.

Vice President Michael John is a graduate of Boston English High School. He also is an athlete and a sports fan. He played center field on the Rorton Park Department's Championship baseball team last season.

Joseph Edward Yelle, of Norton, elected class secretary by what amounted to unanimous acclaim was the only unopposed candidate in his campaign for office. From the outset, Joseph E. Yelle was conceded a positive victory. He is a graduate of the Norton High School and bears the distinction of being the winner of his alma mater's athletic insignia.

Next to the bids for victory in the presidential campaign, the fight for the office of class treasurer, was the most bitterly contested. Thomas Scanlon, the winner, provided the major upset in the entire campaign. Treasurer Tom Scanlon is a graduate of the Boston English High School, and was athletic manager of the State Championship track team of that school in 1934.

The outstanding feature of the results of the election is that all the strong rivalry and competitive spirit has been transformed into an overpowering spirit of class team work. Both the constituency of the class and the former candidates have joined hands with the newly elected officers in an endeavor to make the class of thirty-nine the most distinguished body in the progressive history of Suffolk University.

President Sullivan and his three colleagues have embarked on a series of conferences with the members of the student body. They continually assert with pride that the will of the majority of the class will govern. They announce that they welcome the advice of any and all of their classmates.

To make effective this system of democratic self-government, by voice of the majority, class meetings will be held regularly.

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EDITORIALS

IN MEMORIAM

With the death of Rev. Henry S. Snyder on February 15, 1938, Suffolk University lost one of its earliest friends. Mr. Snyder was assistant treasurer of the Law School from 1914 to 1931, and it was due to him that the institution was enabled to buy its Mt. Vernon Street home in 1911. No other secretary than Dean Archer's life insurance policy and faith in the Dean's ability, he loaned to the school \$200 sufficient to enable it to purchase the building. The fact that he had at the time just retired from thirty years of service as a Congregational Minister and that the loan represented a large share of his savings would have entitled him to recognition in the institution. In twenty years of service his accounts were always accurate to the sixth degree. He became a familiar figure to Suffolk graduates—a kindly man who grew old gracefully, living to the advanced age of 85 years.

One of the most touching evidences of his devotion to the institution was the fact that on February 6, 1938 with the hand of death already upon him, Mr. Snyder sat in the front of the auditorium throughout the lengthy dedication program. At two o'clock that morning his condition became alarming. He was taken to a hospital desperately ill—dying thirteen days after the dedication.

The burial occurred in Williamstown, Massachusetts, where forty years before he had concluded an eight-year pastorate—one of the most brilliant in the annals of the Congregational church of the town. Scores of his old parishioners came to the church for the funeral and accompanied the body of their beloved pastor to the hillside cemetery where he was buried beside his mother and his wife. Mr. Snyder was the father of Elizabeth Holmes (Snyder) Archer, wife of President Archer.

CO-EDUCATION IN LAW SCHOOL

Owing to the fact that since Portia Law School was founded Suffolk has had a continuous agreement with the authorities of Portia not to admit women. Portia, in its turn agreeing, not to admit men. Suffolk has barred women from its classes. The recent action of Portia in applying to the legislature for an amendment to its charter authorizing it to become co-educational is an implied amendment of the long out-moded agreement. Suffolk University is, therefore, free to extend its co-educational plan to the Law School. Beginning next September's entering class, women may enter the law department on equal terms with men.

TUITION CHANGE IN JOURNALISM

The tuition charge in the College of Journalism since its founding has been \$200 a year—the reason being that it is a professional school that cannot hope to have large classes. Effective after this year, however, the tuition in the College of Journalism will be the same as in every other department of the University—\$160 a year. This will apply to upper classes as well as to the incoming class—a \$100.00 reduction in tuition.

REMEMBER THE ENDOWMENT FUND

Every Suffolk student and every alumnus have reason to feel proud of the material and cultural progress of Suffolk. But perhaps at no stage of its long and honorable history has the development of the institution been so marked and so substantial as during this—its first year as a university. The first supervisors in just ahead of us. What could be more appropriate than an anniversary remembrance to some one of the various Suffolk functions or activities, the Library, for instance? Then as we consider the courageous expansion of the University in the face of troublesome times, let us not forget what genuine inspiration each endowment pledge is to those who guide Suffolk onward.

President Archer Honored

The American Historical Society is conferring a fresh honor upon President Archer by beginning the serial publication of a new history to be entitled "The Book Bound Coast." The first installment, with illustrations of considerable artistic merit taken by the author's camera, will appear in the April issue of "Amateur." The book gives a beautiful review of the history of the coast from Boston to Eastport, Maine, during the period from 1600 to 1800, and lays the foundation for the history of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The ill-fated Sagadahoc Colony, 1607-1608, is only one of many stirring chapters of pioneer life that Dr. Archer's pen has traced in the thirty-year period. Ancient records, including diaries and journals kept by explorers and pioneers, have been consulted freely by the author. His greatest thrill in these researches, as President Archer confesses, was when he went in person to the site of the original Poppon or Sagadahoc settlement and with the engineer's sextant in hand traced Oct. 8, 1607, to the spot on the east shore of the bay where the settlement stood. "No person," he writes, "standing on the highest elevation of the ledge where Captain Poppon's house is believed to have stood can look down on the sea and land to its immediate surroundings without a thrill at the flawless accuracy of the ancient map, contrast for contrast, distance from point to point of the ledge portion of the ancient fact, even the promontory with its beach looking toward the sea and its arable land along the river side all are to be found at Poppon Beach today, almost memorials of the first attempt to plant an English colony in North America."

"Here, as may look upon the very beach where the company meeting for a religious service and the first meeting of their nation to the great stretch of imagination we may fancy how Captain George Poppon, middle-aged and corpulent, climbed to the heights of the mainmast to gaze upon the English gulphed by Gilbert and looking out upon the ocean and inland, gazed upon the majestic with its headlands and islands."

THE TOMCAT

At midnight at the place
 A cat came to rest.
 And he came to rest a million cats
 As he lay down to rest.

Melodious, low, melodious,
 Soft and sweet and low,
 His voice was heard from the middle of his
 And his voice was heard from the middle of his

He roared and crouched and crouched
 And he roared and crouched and crouched
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You and Your Pen

It is my belief that everybody has a poetic instinct within himself, albeit the poetic gift may remain buried forever, not because of a lack of talent but because of a failure of endeavor. To write poetry of an appealing type you would think that all you have to do is to wait for an inspiration. "Amateur" you get it from a beautiful face or a jaunt through an arid and desolate section of a city, and scribble your draft. Then, without "detracting" it further, you show it to a friend or to a publisher, and the words of someone else or see expression that is all question marks. Your courage sinks to the lowest possible ebb—no more will you try to breach the ranks of the poet. That is a deflection that is bound to overshadow the beginning. It is the same as a reversal of well-laid plans from which you invariably exclaim, "No more planning for me. I'm done with it!" It is apparent then that something has miscalculated—some foundation was built upon a rotten pile—not instead of brick and mortar. That pile upon which this edifice is an immaturity of expression which few beginners recognize as being within themselves; if you could understand your short-comings, the incentive to push forward would have a prodigious effect. The writing of a diary or of a letter is the greatest aid to facility of expression, and to write many, so many that they seem as prattle and are afterward developed, is not carrying it to absurdity. And so, to write verses and poems of poetry even though as one should understand, the attempt is soon to be dropped. That is the elevation of "this" and "that" to a flowing stream of words, and it is a good thing to be able to write yourself and not to be able to write for others. All the text books in the world, as the language, attempts, are counsel only in the form required; they are no substitute of beauty seen with your own eyes. If you save your material, look it over later and arrange your self with the gradation. It is a natural improvement and not a staggering line built upon over-enthusiasm and recklessness. You see now that your material for beautiful lines has always been in your breast, but your expression had never carried it further than your mind.

One hears people remark that they have no gift for poetry. It is only they have not had the gift to write because they have not tried it and achieved the inspiration. If the desire to write poetry is strong, patience and persistence must be ever stronger.

LAWRENCE SIMMONS,
 Law '38

Hold 'Th' Dog!

The doctor was interviewing the host patient in the surgery when a woman rushed in, crying: "Doctor! Doctor! Come quickly. My husband has swallowed a mouse!"

"Get back to him," said the doctor, and try washing a glass of cheese about in front of his mouth. I'll follow you as soon as possible." Five minutes later the doctor reached the house. A man was lying on a settle with his mouth wide open, while a young woman was waving a fish about close to his face.

"You foolish woman," he cried, "I told you cheese!"
 "I know that," she shrieked, "but I've got to get the cat out first!"



Why Not an Alumni Federation?

The growing army of Suffolk Alumni presents far greater problems of organization than that of the usual college or university. With three divisions in each class in the Law School it is difficult for the students in one division to become acquainted with those in the other divisions. By the Senior Year, however, the class becomes quite thoroughly amalgamated. Then come graduation and the disbanding of the class as an effective unit. For years I have been watching this process with dismay because I realize that in every class we have men of great ability who could be of real assistance to each other in their battle for recognition if they could only have class solidarity to carry on after graduation. Some of our earlier classes already demonstrate that even unaided by their fellows a very large percentage achieve genuine distinction in the world. In other institutions, especially in the distance, classes by virtue of virtual class. In some of them class organizations function for decades after graduation. An elderly friend of mine is secretary of the Class of 1890 of his college. That class has not only kept up its organization for forty-eight years, but it has maintained a class fund for the temporary aid of indigent members and to finance annual class reunions. They follow the slogan, "One for All and All for One." Think what such a spirit could do for Suffolk Alumni groups.

Now that we have seen that ordinary alumni solidarity is impossible because members of different classes are strangers to one another, I believe that we should recognize the different classes as units in a federated body of Alumni. I am suggesting to the alumni of Suffolk University that we reorganize shortly in the following manner:

- (1) Each class to be regarded as a functioning chapter of the Alumni Association—to hold periodic meetings as a unit, the secretary arranging for meeting place at the University or elsewhere and supplying news items concerning class or its members in the "Suffolk Journal."
- (2) That the Senate of the Alumni Association be hereafter composed of the President and Secretary of each class that has been graduated from any department and has an actual organization.
- (3) That the Senate meet at least once a year in the University Building to be presided over by the President of the Association.
- (4) That an annual convention of graduates be held in the University auditorium to pass upon matters submitted by the Senate of the Association.

(5) That the Alumni Association Library men at 23 Haverock Street be moved to the University Library and set up in special stacks; that all graduates be urged to come to the University Library for research work. This general library is always heated and lighted, and has friendly and obliging attendants in charge. Since the general library is the heart of the University and the building itself is a focus of activity, "old grads" should gain an inspiration from visiting at headquarters as well as finding in the general library facilities for research that would be impossible in a mere alumni library.

FORENSICS

By JAMES A. SULLIVAN,
Law '38

Law Freshmen Present Painting To University

K. L. HORNER AND J. R. MASTERSON GENEROUSLY
GIVE VALUABLE WORK BY
CHARLES McVILLIE DEWEY

Legionists of the growing spirit of loyalty and co-operation in the student body is the generous action of Messieurs K. L. Horner and J. R. Mastersson of the Freshman Class in the Law School in presenting to the University the very valuable painting entitled "The Evening Star," depicting a scene in Davenport, England, painted by Charles McVillie Dewey.

Mr. Dewey was an American artist who lived his posthumous fame in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, the American Gallery, Washington, D. C., the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., the Metropolitan Institute of Art, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y., the Pennsylvania Academy, Philadelphia, Pa., the Museum of Art, Worcester, N. J., and the Minneapolis Institute of Art, Minneapolis.

In the "Biographical Sketches of American Artists" by Mary C. Spencer are the following descriptions of one concerning Mr. Dewey's painting: "This picture has a charm for the subdued light of morning and evening, the three masted dark against the sky, the depth and mystery of the twilight foliage and the glow of the twilight sky."

The thanks of the University are due to these generous members of the Freshman Class, Messieurs Horner and Mastersson.

If You Are There, Be There!

The following incident illustrates one of the difficulties an operator has to overcome in answering calls:

An Englishman speaks over the telephone:

"Yes, this is Mr. Arrierson. What you can't say?" This is Mr. Arrierson. Hello, yes, two bars, a bar, a bar, a bar, and a bar. Arrierson.

Telephone "Tongue"

Nothing at All

The police car drove alongside the motorist, ringing loudly.

"Traffic officer, right hand! Do you have the calling card to stop?"

Motorist (calmly): O, was that you? I thought it was only some one I had run over.

Charles Bregel.

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Judge John V. Mahoney Hails Suffolk In Address to Class of 1938

Law School Men Enjoy Grand Get-Together at Bellevue — Professor York Presides as Toastmaster

On Wednesday evening, March 2, in the midst of a prevailing spirit of joviality and good fellowship, the members of the senior class of Suffolk University Law School gathered at the Hotel Bellevue on Beacon Hill to partake of their annual banquet. This being one of the few occasions on which the three divisions of the class were united in one body, the students took advantage of the opportunity to become better acquainted with their fellow classmates and professors. That spontaneous spirit of camaraderie which is apparent when every college man gathers together was in evidence throughout the lobby of the hotel.

After members of the class had finished their repast of deliciously prepared lobster salad, Harvey H. Hays, the class president, greeted the distinguished guests in attendance. Messrs. G. L. Archer, President of Suffolk University and Dean of the Law School; Hon. John V. Mahoney, Justice of the Probate Court of Suffolk County; Hon. William B. Hensley, Justice of the Western District Court; Hon. Jackson Holt, Assistant U. S. District Attorney; Messrs. Kenneth B. Williams and L. Wynson, of the Law School, were also present.

Professor W. Charles York was greeted with an ovation that indicated his popularity with the students and faculty alike.

After his remarks to the cheering throng, Mr. York presided over the opening word of the entertainment, which was a most excellent one. Messrs. Hays, Hensley, Archer, Holt, Williams and Wynson, and the students, all enjoyed the evening.

Mr. Hensley began his main speech for the afternoon by first speaking for the students, and then for the grounds, upon which our law men to stand and then to build the foundation of our good fortune. He went on with three main contributions, and concluded his speech, so that when he finished his speech, he had three cheers built upon the foundation of our house.

Then the first speaker for Emerson built upon the microphone, and built the framework of their case in a similar manner.

When Mr. Sullivan took the mike from the first positioner, Emerson's case was a foregone conclusion. He knew that the Emerson team was plenty of competition, so he restated the case of the defendant, thus giving added strength to the foundation of Suffolk's victory, and then he went on with three more main contributions, one of which nailed a nail on to Suffolk's house and the other two of which furnished the first and second floors with good furniture.

After Mr. Sullivan took his seat, the second speaker for Emerson presided with the construction of their house of logic, and when he had finished with his main speech, Emerson's house was practically a duplicate of Sullivan's.

It was anybody's victory up to this point.

Then came the second gentleman from Emerson, back to the microphone, this time with his rebuttal. He had a hard job on his hands, for he had to furnish the top floor of that house of Emerson's in the next five minutes, or forever hold his

"Gentlemen, are there any questions? If not, we will continue with the advance work."

The senior class was honored by having as its chief speaker for the evening an illustrious alumnus of Suffolk, Judge John V. Mahoney, of the Probate Court of Suffolk County. In the course of his address, Judge Mahoney paid high tribute to his Alma Mater and its founder, and declared that Suffolk gave him the privilege of becoming a lawyer. He discussed the relationship existing between the lawyer and the court and further stated that in serving the ends of justice, the lawyer was equally as important as the court.

His former professor of torts who is now Judge William B. Hensley, of the Western District Court, was warmly greeted as he arose to deliver his remarks to the students. The attainments of other men and classes of Suffolk both at the bar and in public life was the theme of Judge Hensley's discourse.

"Suffolk has proved itself and her students, for it is to our graduates has attended to this fact," he stated. "And for that same reason we should never have any reason to apologize for our University."

He complimented the present senior class as being a typical Suffolk class and pointed upwards in the future for its members. In closing, Judge Mahoney stated that if the students of Suffolk would only have a little more respect for the school, they would be the envy of all other law schools.

The Hon. Jackson Holt, Assistant U. S. District Attorney, and a graduate of Suffolk Law School, was high in his praise of Suffolk and its graduates.

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also. He pointed out the duty that we, as graduates of Suffolk, would owe to our Alma Mater to conduct ourselves in public life in a manner that would reflect only good upon her. In tracing the rise of dictatorships throughout the world he declared that upon our shoulders as law students and lawyers, a group that has ever been the champion of democracy, would be thrust the responsibility of upholding that democracy.

When our esteemed and beloved Dean Glendon L. Archer was introduced, the students of the class rose as a body and greeted him with a wild ovation. It was afterwards learned by your correspondent that Dean Archer made a special trip from New York, where he had gone on University business, in order to be with his senior class on the night of their annual banquet.

The Dean instructed the class on their conduct toward the coming bar examination and wished them success in this endeavor. He also complimented the class of 1938 on the progress made by it both in school activities and scholastic attainments.

Dean Archer urged the class to maintain the bonds of friendship between during its four years at Suffolk Law after graduation from the University. And he also expressed the hope that our class as a class would give new life to the alumni association by continued active interest in fellow graduates and their Alma Mater. He concluded his remarks by saying by the toastmaster, Professor York, every student present felt that this occasion would be one long remembered.

This another victory was recorded for Suffolk University. Its first debating team scored a two to one decision of the judges, over the first capable team of Emerson College.

Suffolk's Messrs. Howell and Sullivan are to be complimented for their fine work. However, the question remains, could they have won without Dean Archer's careful selection of so fine a coach as Professor Ward Browning? The gentlemen of the squad is not think so.

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Cunningham Is Elected By Freshmen

Brooks, Pierce, Margoles Also Win as Freshmen Elect Class Officers

James H. Cunningham of Cambridge has been elected president of the freshmen class of Suffolk Law School, in an election which saw Walter S. Pierce, winning easily for vice-president, pull nearly a 2 to 1 majority of the votes cast for his office.

Charles T. Brooks was unopposed in his quest of the office of secretary while Max Margoles was elected treasurer in the other two contests of the election.

Pierce's victory by a plurality of over two hundred votes was the only runaway contest of the election. The other contests were fairly close.

To the presidency was elected James H. Cunningham, a tall, slender, blond, and able young man who, well liked much of his logical thought to the good of the freshmen class. His margin of victory was over a hundred votes. He is the eldest of three young candidates and is a graduate of Cambridge High School.

Walter S. Pierce, taller of largest vote total, is a tireless worker. His interest in Suffolk University is secondary only to his scholastic efforts. He is one of the two officers who are married and is a graduate of the High School of Cambridge.

To the important post of secretary was elected a graduate of Boston College, High School, Charles T. Brooks. He has already had considerable experience in the field of politics having been active for several years in the Suffolk "Citizens' Association" of which he is now secretary. In the recent Evacuation Day celebration held in South Boston on March 17th, he was chairman of the student program committee.

A victor in the race for treasurer was Max Margoles of Salem. This youth from the Witch City is destined for success. He is a graduate of Salem High School and is considered by his classmates to be alert, thorough, and precise.

These officers were chosen by the freshmen class after they had been previously nominated by the class in the primaries. The eight nominees who appeared at the election were narrowed down from a large field which sought nomination in the primaries.

The freshmen received their first taste of scholastic politics in this election. Campaigns were conducted on a smaller but smaller scale as state and national rampers.

There was a truck driver named "Bum" who was elected. At speaking this boy was a hound. Then a front tire blew. Through the air the guy flew. Now Pound's in a mound in the ground.

It's Some Team, Too
She-Did you know the telephone company has a football team?
You-Yes?
She-My new boy friend told me he was a telephone lineman.
Telephone Topics.

Cruising the Corridors with T. E. J.

ROOMS! ROOMS! ROOMS!

Brooks' head, now a very fidgety, anticipatory lawyer of the pronounced snoutline and heavy head of hair (77), went on a sartorial buying spree recently. He assumed the capacity of the lawyer of one of the snout-fangled respectable top overcoats, "I know, the kind of a garment that is in theory suitable for wet, cold and torrid climates. Well, to the contrary, this capricious, fickle, cold "didn't look us "hot" to the game in the uncertain smoky-blanketed light of the smoking department of the university. And Maxie, to prove his contention that the law is only "a series of fables" of merchandise and workmanship, displayed a string of fancy clothing labels sewed to the lining of the coat that literally knocked the boys' socks off. "Common morning class group had it that Max bought some very fine labels with a coat, thereby attracted.

EXPOSE. Billings Kennedy, owner of the immortal "stuck" declares only that he has discovered that he isn't related to Ben after all. He is only "a series of fables" becomes "governor" of this sovereign commonwealth, he won't feel much like supplanting General Hooker's horse with that of Ben Burdett in front of the State House. Such a no. Even if Ben did ride a horse!

GOSSIP-FASHION'S MOOD. BY E. A. K. V. The well-known editor of the "Suffolk" has been

Gabriel Jack, nevertheless has his eccentricities. When he's in a mood, he'll tell you a quick shawl by just fitting a fresh new blade into the traditional two-piece impromptu and then without the usual process of applying sequins and buttons, he'll tell you a quick shawl the razor over his countenance. And what a thrill we get! Imagine meeting a man who has the courage to take dry shaves! analogies, like dragging a lawnmower into a grass lawn. And the results, oh yes, the results! You must see to fully comprehend and appreciate!

BENEDICT. ASIA COUPLE OF VERY OBVIOUS BANGS! Not so long ago, in a periodic period of pre-war labor and worry, we gathered the gang together and went to the matter of studying. Present were Billy Sokoloff, chairman of the committee, at his own mansion.

Joe Thomas, Stanley Kern, Elliot and Annie, Jimmie, and the Julliet, John Hasey, and of course your terrifically impressive Corridor Crusher... all discussing the principles of law and the weird regularities of the whimsical. "I'm under one roof, bound in the common brotherhood of law-students - and well it is to us! Imagine. There we were, representatives of six specifically different nationalities, all sitting the law of America. All legal friends. What 'striking testimony of the magnificent equality of our nation and the solidarity of mankind that Suffolk University promotes in youth! And we wondered what those European darters would think if they had seen us... whoops! What thunderous crashing of teeth if they had!" INCIDENTALLY... He's Ma, Mrs. Sokoloff, has been more than a hos-

tes to this Suffolk study group. She's been truly a study mother to them. If the courses were dry, they were flavored with the delicious wands only Mrs. Sokoloff can serve so tastily... and well founded rumor has it that she's going to be pleasantly surprised in the near future with a gift of gratitude from her son's friends, whom she terms "her study boys."

Fredly Merrill is a very loyal and deeply... He'll deeply something or other. The other night he telephoned in from a long distance and he became so rapt in the pleasure of sweet converse that before he finally dropped the receiver, he was the somewhat bewildered discoverer of the fact that he'd run a bill of seven and a half pounds for the talk. We note with a surge of despondency that Johnny Hurley is always read on Friday morning lectures. Invariably, the monitor regards the classroom temperature as comfortable until Johnny turns up his coat collar. Then he usually hastens to run on more.

There's a very mild gentleman who sits placidly through the morning lectures. He's a junior, and among the boys is known for his laconic answers and retirement. Namely, except his familiar has become a very time previously acquainted with the brilliance of this gentleman, Mr. Evans. Recently, he was named that he's chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Wakefield and a candidate for re-election. And we've a pretty definite hunch that he's going to win again.

And Mr. A. S. Hill, a cheerful comrade and conscientious good student is a town meeting member of Swampscott. You've seen certain inmates have done "no more" but Mr. A. S. declares "no more" the term of his term on Swampscott says is once removed therefrom.

CLUB POLITICS. We note with peculiar amusement the unusual political condition prevalent in the sophomore class. Last year Noonan was elected prez of the class of '37. This year when some of the boys asked for an elect, he declared that he was going to stay prez of '38... and the lads out and declared that they weren't going to ever consider being for the class in the political arena. And Louisiana... No! They up and shouted that "didn't like Huey's principles. But Davie Noonan finally gave in. An election was ordered strictly by the desire of the prez of '38.

M.D.C. OFFICER PHILLY SULLIVAN. President of '39 is attempting to make his term of office conspicuous for progress. He has really asked the class to get to bat with him. None of the superciliousness of after-election in the Junior Class!... No hates or grates! Everybody's working for the good of the class. Among the things the boys intend to have is a yearbook published and edited by the class... also they plan to have either a Junior Prom or a Junior Banquet... Yowah! He's really going to accomplish things this annum.

With Reservations
Professor... This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows...
—Springfield Republican.

The conjurer was announcing his "I have had letters of appreciation," he said, "from England, Ireland and Wales, and a postcard from Scotland."—Montreal Star.

"And The People Went Hurrying By..."

Even though the snow was softly falling, people just hurried right along the whitened sidewalks hurrying toward the mouth of the subway on Tremont Street.

They didn't seem to notice that the trees in the Common were laden with snow and that a bit of the country was being painted by the snow. And the man pulled the papers did as he sat huddled in the lee of the place that once was a prosperous department store. A faint cynical smile etched his lips, as he sat there, manfully, his papers to the hurrying passersby—hurrying to get out of the crowded city and into the peace of the suburbs.

"Fools," he muttered as he hurried by. That made us stop and ask the reason. He was an old gentleman, clad in a brown coat, much like the ones worn by the boys over in France back in '17 but now more like the boys in the '30's. A week-old dirty cap was pulled down over his ears, his ears red like his nose from the cold, protruded from each side.

But he didn't seem to listen to us for his papers were gone, and before we could stop him, he became part of the hurrying throng. So we hurried along Tremont Street and wondered why he called the snow-bound fools. Down by the handstand, we paused for a moment to snatch a break some of the air of the Tremont Street gale was taking from us. We turned to look back from where we had come. The red lights of the new court house, now crowned with layers of pure white snow, looked by above the quaint old buildings on Park Street. As we looked at the building topped by the Walcott Lion sign, we remembered that we had lunched there once and someone had told us here it was that all of the writers that made Boston the center of culture had met in that coffee shop to gather for rest and relaxation.

And the State House too was being crowned with a coronet of

snow on its dome, golden in the sun, but darkened now by the gloom of the snowy afternoon.

The people just hurried past as we looked...

The wind was cold in his hurried, on down the dark walk of the Common across the Mall into Charles Street and then into the Public Gardens. But as we did we found it hard to realize that this was downtown Boston and not some country village where nobody hurries and everything gets done just the same.

But the people keep hurrying past us...

The Public Gardens were bare now, the trees dark and stark against the dark sky, their limbs heightened by a touch of snow. The plant beds were covered with snow and anyhow not until April will there be any plants there.

We leaned over the bridge and looked down at the dark ice, looked across at the island where the ducks had their landing places in the summer. There weren't any ducks there, just snow covered water and dark trees untouched by green leaves.

Behind us people just kept hurrying past...

The snow drifted down on us, coating us with its whiteness and we might have been snow men if we hadn't roused ourselves from our reverie to hurry back across the Public Gardens back into the city again.

We finally decided that the old man was right for we're all fools for hurrying. Most of the time we don't know why we're hurrying, why hurry?

But just come down to the Common some evening and watch the people hurrying to get away from it all, hurrying to get out to the suburbs, when right close at hand is a patch of the country.

But still the people go hurrying past...

Harrington 1st UNIVERSITY CLUB College Monitor

James Harrington, Suffolk Law School freshman, was recently appointed the first college monitor of Suffolk University. Miss. Charles A. Bryant, Executive Secretary of the University.

Interviewed in the fourth floor corridor where Jimmie is stationed during the evening, he declared that he intended to set a record as college monitor that will never be equaled.

He is a graduate of Rindge Technical High School, Cambridge, who is specialized in menagements. His brother, John Harrington, graduated from Suffolk Law School in 1937 and it was through the influence of his brother that Jimmie entered the Law School last fall. He marks once that he is confident that he is an honest student.

Jimmie excels in athletics, and favors hockey. He is to be found every school night in the fourth floor corridor from his desk at the head of the corridor he is able to supervise the conduct of the students on the floor and guide and assist students, faculty, and visitors at all times.

The organizing of the Old Colony Suffolk University Club recently is a move that should be followed by the organization of other clubs in the various sections of the state.

The Law School has long had its Alumni Association uniting men of Suffolk from all over the state. It is time now that University has been achieved, that this union should be carried into the ranks of the alumni and students of the entire University.

Too often, friendships made in college are allowed to die and be forgotten after Commencement. But the formation of alumni associations has in most cases allowed these friendships to continue for many years as the alumni have come into contact with each other at alumni meetings.

There are innumerable advantages that may result from such an association. But the most important of these is the preservation of the spirit of comradeship that exists in the few short years of college.

Norfolk County has led the way. Who will be next?

Journal Writer Visits State Prison

(Recently a visitor within the dreary gray walls of Charleston State Prison, James J. Cannon, Editor of the *Suffolk Journal*, and member of the Journal staff, recorded some vivid impressions of scenes within the prison and edited on the life of the inmates—Editor.)

It is the home of the unfortunate.

Its purpose is to keep from the outside world those who are not fit to be there, for purposes which it serves very well. It has walls of gray stone rising high into the air as if ashamed to reveal what lies behind them. The walls are made of huge rocks smoothed together so they seem to have no place in this city of culture. Brutal. But, such is true. The building covers such a tremendous expanse of territory that you must travel far to see the institution in one glance. The predominant feature of this huge building is its poverty of color. Even the trees are covered with gray steel bars, not to keep out the light, but to keep in those people closed in, miserable.

As I entered the prison, I felt many eyes in the near distance, with their optical towers pointing skyward. Prisoners to and from a cat walk, high above the yard, were many guards with light rifles which could destroy with lightning quickness the creation for which this world was intended. MAN.

I entered the front yard, and after a short walk I reached the administration office. Here I found directly before me in work on a huge table of a man. As he rose, I met none. I noticed in his cold stare a very discerning look. After perusing my credentials and noting that his gilded eyes upon me many times, he said, very gruffly, "So, down."

My weary eyes fell upon the other people who shared this room with me. Occupying the last hour in the room, was a fellow detainee of foreign extraction. This was indicated by the chestnut brown skin, swollen here and there because of his being decidedly overweight. Upon his stout body there were scars, traces frayed from over wear. His hair was a mass of multiple curls standing high in the air. This was very much in his favor because it tended to divert his looks. He was extremely high heels on shoes which were in dire need of polish. These heels made him appear taller than he really was. He smoked frequently. His sparkling eyes were a look which we usually associate with a person who is extremely worried. He scanned the floor many times as if expecting to find something that would excuse the first time he looked.

The next chap who caught my eye was also of foreign extraction. He had jet-black hair, dark bushy eyebrows and dark, blank expression eyes implying that if ever there had been a thought process contained within his cranium, it had long since gone. His lack of taste in his manner of dress was very noticeable, for on his thin set body was a green suit of an atrocious "cut" which would seem outlandish even to those who care not how they are dressed as long as they have in their clothes cash and every color contained within the spectrum. His hat, which he held in both hands, was a "Kelly Green," shaped and reshaped frequently by his nervous hands. His overcoat

Occupies the Death Chair But Says Keener Thrill Is In Having Freedom

It was noisy and dusty. A pair of small colored spots covered part of his dignified shoes. When not staring at his hat, he would look directly ahead as if afraid someone would recognize him.

In the far corner sat a man hardly perceptible behind the haze of smoke created by smoking a cigarette in chain fashion. Now and then when the smoke would clear, I could see this young man, who, perhaps through his own incapacity, had kept himself unnoticed by those around him. The ring of the smoke showed a youth not long out of his teens. His rosy complexion reflected excellent health. He possessed excellent manner, seemed enhanced by his small build. He could not have been a high school graduate.

His attention was drawn to a sign on the wall setting directly across from him. He was watching the hands which were mounted on the wall, which told him time. Now and then, he would not only lift his head wearily and peep cautiously around the corner, but would try to find something to do in his advancing years. He would change his position, withdrawn from years of sleep, rest, pain, and possibly grief. With him was, presumably, his son, a severely, poorly built victim of malnutrition and his at evidence of other phenomena.

Why were they here? When were they going to go? What relation were they to the inmate in the room across from him? Neither I, nor anyone in the room knew the answers to these questions. There is nothing personal about places as people such as this. These things must be taken for granted. A person can use his imaginative powers to their fullest extent but no question is asked.

After making a short time, I was called over to a huge door, where, after numerous buttons were pressed, opened slowly. I was escorted into the visiting room. This circular room was now merely filled with convicts, who in low, indifferent tones were talking to their friends from the "magnificent" outside world.

Friends, in the previous sentence is not used because it is well known. It is used because, the use of it is THIRTY used to be. These people who go to the other barbed in an institution ARE friends. Consider how fatal it is to think of people to be human, as if with people closed in units to live in this world of the inmate. who have victims are extremely fortunate.

Now, down a small staircase into the tier where the convicts sleep. The first cell which we came to the guard and myself, was the cell in which Jesse Pomeroy spent many

"happy" hours. It is on the very edge of the bottom tier of the cell block which is four tiers high. Pomeroy's cell was a very preferable affair but it was very comfortable looking, not as small as I would have thought it would be. I ramboled along I saw upon the wall a box containing tokens. They are Canadian pennies hammered into the shape of a water kettle (American money could not be utilized in any way). They sell to visitors for the price of twenty-five cents.

After passing a few cells, we came to one of the most interesting things I have ever encountered. Inside one cell I heard "tick, tick, tick." I stepped forward to find the source was a very elaborate clockwork clock. As a rule, the inmate is not allowed to carry or possess timepieces of any description. The man who has the clock in his cell is a very interesting character who accounts for his being in the cell. This was one of the best educated and most brilliant inmates who has ever entered the house of correction. A fugitive from the Georgia Chain Gang, who was also wanted in this state, he was captured here and sent to Charleston to finish his term. Although he has a few small books, some belonging from his friends, it holds, in every available space in the cell is played a book in two. Called a bookworm by his mates, his intelligence is testified by all of them. This convict is also a very good writer who is composing the twenty best books. These can be obtained for a nominal fee from a local publisher.

He also belongs to the Book of the Month Club. All in all, he would seem that he must have a "good time." But he has. I did not find out that he is a definite expert in reading the title of one of the books in his expansive collection. It was, ironically enough, "The Next Hundred Years," by one of our contemporary writers, A. C. Farnham.

In every cell there is a set of ear phones which each convict has the privilege of using. Prisoners are picked by majority rating. The most popular is "Twenty Thousand Years In Sing Sing," written by Warden Lewis E. Lawes.

In the average, inmates make about one dollar every three months, which they may do with as they wish. Some save it to buy clothes when they are free. Others, especially those, use it to satisfy their "hobbies." Still others buy books, art's materials, pictures and other things which they desire.

Next we came to the bakery. On the wall outside was a sign, "Do not take any more bread than you need." The slices of bread are cut very thick. The taste can be compared with that of any popular priced bread, and comparatively is as good. The food is excellent. There has never been a riot caused by the food. They have, at least once a year. A typical meal consists of hamburger, mashed potatoes, squash, grapes, bread and coffee.

We next wandered into the machine shop where the men make about one thousand plates, each weighing one and one-third pounds. The machine shop has an order for one hundred and sixty thousand plates for next year.

In the summer they have movies every other Sunday, in the winter every Sunday.

An inmate may start school in this prison and go as far as the ninth grade. The rest of his education is up to himself. After taking two more courses, one of the inmates in this institution has become a C.P.A. They may take one course given by the University Extension, in your free of charge. These courses are by correspondence only.

Their library contains fifty thousand books and magazines. Papers of every type and description can also be obtained. Published monthly is a magazine called the "Men's Bulletin." All the work is done solely by the inmates. Although the articles are usually very short, none and there may find a true of brilliant in one of the many articles. There is also a great deal of poetry written for this publication.

In the recreation yard are, during the summer, eight hundred and seventy-two. Two hundred may be accommodated within the yard. There have only been two deaths in the last two years. Since 1893 only one man escaped and was never recaptured.

We now left the hall proper to wander over to the Death House. The Death House is a very large building, fifty-three feet long, and is located in the electric chair since 1901. The first being a killer, Sutter, the last being Dismore and his son. All prisoners used in any building upon the grounds is constructed in the prison proper, where there are two large dormitories. On the night of an execution the other generator is used to prevent dimming in the prison proper.

Every precaution is taken by the prison officials so that their guests may have a most pleasant stay. Even a student at Tech, in a trip through the prison, sat in the electric chair (the little known) what the future will bring. There is nothing to sitting in the "Hot seat." It is simply an enlarged chair. When you do get a sensation in leaving the Death House. Your realization of where you are makes you a philosopher for a moment, and a person's imagination makes his process of thought most rapid.

How and why is it that these people die and others do not? True, those who die, have committed some wrong. But why?

Oh well! Out of the Death House, and I am again on my way home to share my thoughts with those with whom I come in contact.

But regardless of what this institution offers in regard to food, education, employment, and solitude, I would not trade them for the privileges I now have, and sometimes

CLIPPINGS

Same Thrill

Visitor—I can't tell you how delighted I am. Mrs. Giff.

Farmer's Wife—I can understand your feelings, m'am. I felt just the same when our pig won a medal at the agricultural show.

Relax

Barstow—Dat's better. I don't like to see 'em all frowned up. But dat's dat smile mean 'em 'fore forgive 'em.

Mandy—Stay away, man. Free just similar to rest my fader.

Opening

Editor (sternly)—What have you there?

Youthful Poet—A sonnet addressed to the "West Wind."

Editor—Well, the wind's addressed to—

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