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"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."

Longfellow

VOL. 2, NO. 8

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

APRIL 18, 1938

Concert In Auditorium May First

Endowment to Benefit By Event—Open House Novel Feature

On Sunday evening, May 1, a Concert will be held in the Auditorium on Temple Street at 8:15 P.M. and from present indications this will be the outstanding social event of the University year. The artists, who have most willingly donated their services, will be One Kublitz, mezzo alto, Helena Marik, soprano and Armande Avakian, accompanist and conductor. The program will include operatic selections, popular ballads and dramatic monologues, offering a wide range of appeal to all tastes and interests. All are well known in Boston for their outstanding concert performances and a thoroughly enjoyable musical evening is in store for all who attend.

The proceeds of this concert will be devoted to credits, earmarked for the new Physics and Chemistry Laboratories that "these" courses may be offered in the College of Liberal Arts curriculum for the coming year.

Among those who have already signified their willingness to serve as sponsors for the concert are: Mrs. Joseph E. Warner, Dr. Alan E. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin, Mrs. Edith LeVelle Wolford, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Archer, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Evelyn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Shuman, Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. MacDonald, Miss Esther Nesbome, Mrs. J. L. Passerelli, Mrs. Anthony I. Kapachy, Miss Catherine C. Farahar, Mrs. Carolella A. Bryant, Dr. Donald W. Miller, Professor Thomas J. Finnegan, and Dr. Albert L. Delella.

A novel feature planned to precede the concert will be "Open House" of the entire University Building from 6:30 P.M. An invitation has been extended to prospective students, who have already

(Continued on page 2)

Alumni Dance On April 28 At Vendome

Prof. Finnegan Asks Support of Students, Alumni For Annual Dance

ALUMNI BALL

Time: Thursday, April 28, 8:00-10:00 P.M. Dancing 9:00 to 1:00

Place: Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue

Girl—Your wife, your sweet heart, or just the girl friend.

Dr. Prof. Finnegan FINNEGAN This year marks the tenth annual ball of the Suffolk University Law Alumni Association. This event seems to find a welcome spot in the hearts of Suffolk men and women who have in the past enjoyed such a social gathering. This year's ball is no exception in the professional and social ball but far in excess of these.

In choosing a ball it is necessary to make it a double success. The one a social success and in addition it must rebound to the credit of Alma Mater. The first is already assured. The good old Suffolk spirit seems to come to the fore on these occasions. Already seventy-two loyal Alumni (Continued on page 2)

Players Give 3-Act Thriller On May 11

Final Production of 1938 Season

For the past month, the Suffolk Players have been rehearsing for the final production of the year.

"MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED," by Emlyn Williams. A gripping ghost story in three acts, the play is full of shivers and chills, just the thing for a warm spring evening such as is to be expected on May 11.

Mr. Charles Jasper, authority on the world, played by James Martin, Law 111 is to give a dinner on the stage of the St. James Theatre, in London, on otherwise a 3-act thriller. At Suffolk, it is a 3-act thriller. Last night, Agnes, the actress, is not so much thoughtful about the party as her husband, and the others. Mr. Charles Jasper (James Martin) is the only one who is not. Mr. Charles Jasper's mother (played by Margaret Fickett) is a rich woman, and Mrs. Winger, the wife (Anne Freeman) is a rich woman. The play is a 3-act thriller. The good old Suffolk spirit seems to come to the fore on these occasions. Already seventy-two loyal Alumni (Continued on page 2)

University Debaters Defeat Clark Team

Unanimous Decision Over Worcester Comes After West Virginia Loss

Debaters of Suffolk University met two intercollegiate opponents during the past month and broke even, defeating Clark University and losing to West Virginia.

The latest forensic encounter of the Suffolk University debating team saw Suffolk given the unanimous decision of the judges on April when the team met Clark University of Worcester in the Suffolk University Auditorium. Debating for the first time this season and upholding the negative of the question, "Resolved: That the several states of the United States should adopt the unicameral system of legislature," were Thomas Kelley of Newton, president of the Law School sophomore class, and Thomas L. Harkins of Winchester, Law School junior.

The team suffered its first defeat of the season on March 19th when West Virginia University was given a two-one decision by the judges, taking the negative of the question. Winning team for West Virginia was Alvin Volker and William K. Lounsbury while upholding the affirmative for Suffolk were Harvey Howatt, senior class president, and James Sullivan, the two men who defeated Emerson College in February in a radio debate on the same question.

The first debate was the third of the season and the third on the unicameral legislative topic. It was the first four however that Suffolk has upheld the negative. Having Suffolk, the unanimous decision, were the three judges of the debate: Jackson J. Holtz, assistant United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia and B. E. Blaisdell.

The West Virginia debate drew a large attendance including dis-

tinguished members of the faculty and trustees of Suffolk University. Professor Ward Browning of the College of Liberal Arts and Suffolk debating coach was chairman. Judges were Miss Marjorie Thomas, B. H. Stearns, Nicholas Kokinos, lawyer and radio announcer, and Miss Mary Conely and Miss B. E. Blaisdell.

Harvey Howatt, speaking in direct speech for the affirmative, opened the debate. In presenting his case for the adoption of the unicameral or single house system, Howatt declared that it would be responsible for legislation in the individual members instead of allowing their work to be clouded by the work of other houses and special committees. It would abolish the conference committee and thus prevent legislation from being enacted by the single body of men.

Alvin Volker, first speaker for West Virginia, contended that, a need for reform but would not concede that the solution was the adoption of the single house system. The bicameral form does possess huge advantages, he pointed out, and the two houses balk the governor from gaining control by dispensing patronage. In a single house this would result.

The second debate was a check against hasty and unwise legislation is essential to the preservation of democracy. That the second of the Law School with members of the faculty of the various schools and colleges of the University serving as members of the (Continued on page 2)

University Anniversary, April 29

University Progress Is Three-fold With New University Building CBA, Endowment, Leaders

Friday, April 29th is the first anniversary of the signing of the charter authorizing the establishment of Suffolk University by Governor Charles F. Hurler.

Since that day, great physical strides have been taken, as the work of developing a greater university progresses. Outstanding in the list of achievements are:

A \$500,000 University Building, which houses in steel and concrete, large, well-lighted classrooms, a spacious library, modern offices for the executive and secretarial forces and a steel framed roof, which under present plans, will be developed into the first "skyway campus" in America.

A College of Business Administration, authorized by the charter and organized under the same plan as the two-year old College of Journalism giving practical training, opened its doors last September.

men and women in the University Auditorium on February state gave prominent educators led by Professor Arthur Warren Hanson of the Harvard Business School dedicate the new building to the cause of evening education for the youth of New England.

These three events have headlined a year that has seen radical changes in Suffolk University.

The most recent and the most radical of these changes came last September when President Eliason I. Archer announced that in September, the Law School would become co-educational. This is a decided departure from the old established tradition that the thirty-year-old institution should admit only men to its classes.

Although the headlined battle for recognition as a university ended with the signing of the charter on April 29th, 1927, from the signing of these stories to the University building during the summer months, had an element of conflict.

Prof. Nicholas Demerath Discusses Ideologies of Modern Europe

The Midway High School Athletic Alumni Association held its regular meeting, Wednesday, April 6 at 8:30 P.M. in Veterans' Hall, Melway.

Professor Nicholas J. Demerath of the Department of Sociology of Suffolk University, College of Liberal Arts was the speaker. The subject of his address was "Europe: A Conflict of Theory."

A gathering of one thousand

The SUFFOLK JOURNAL

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Faculty Advisor: THOMAS G. EYLES

EDITORIALS

First Anniversary Thoughts

A quill pen and a piece of paper are in a glass frame in the office of Miss Gertrude Bryant, University executive secretary.

These two objects are symbolic of a solemn ceremony which took place only a brief twelve months ago. For they are the charter of Suffolk University and the pen by which Geoffrey Charles F. Hurley signed the charter on April 29, 1937.

The year has gone quickly and it does not seem as if the first anniversary of that great day is only a brief week away.

But yet in that brief period of time, great things have been accomplished and the foundation has been laid for a future that promises to be of even greater significance.

A year ago, at this time, the University was only a dream in the hearts of men of Suffolk, at the face of a man's vision and now it continues to live that it might see the light of New England.

The struggles for recognition are over and now we are in the midst of a struggle for existence. That is the purpose of the current Endeavour Fund. The foundations have been laid and now the building of a greater University proceeds.

To serve the youth of New England has been the torch that has been before the eyes of those who have guided the fortunes of the University for the past thirty years.

As Suffolk University celebrates its first year that torch is still held high glowing as on to the future that lies ahead, giving the promise of educational opportunities to the youth of New England.

Spring Cometh

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

So we sing of the season. Somehow we think there's something magical about the coming of spring. One day we shiver in our overcoats, while the next the sunshine warms us to the very core, the clouds go scudding by in a deep blue sky, and all the earth and the people thereof seem to be singing of the fact that spring has come of age again.

The Common is bare one day, but on the next leaves are striding hand in hand or sitting close together on the park, but the moment, no need to huddle for it's warm enough, but then you know how it is.

The green seems in a day or so to have turned to a brilliant green and the trees expectantly wait for the sun which they will burst into verdant beauty.

In our classrooms here at Suffolk the students and professors seem to have felt the touch of spring. Everyone comes in all smiles and somehow that long climb up Beacon Hill doesn't seem to be so hard as green parades when the Common's a green expanse.

And it's nice eating your lunch in the high wooden seats around the bandstand and then perhaps tossing a ball around or just sitting there and letting the sun soak in.

And of course spring's just a reminder that summer and June and Commencement are all just ready to burst upon us. But somehow we just would rather have spring, for the weather's just right and everybody seems to say and happy.

The nights are so warm and it's little wonder that romance is born in the spring.

Still we don't have to tell you, for you all know that once again spring's come of age.

Immortals Both

Toccamini achieved the pinnacle of his greatness on his last radio broadcast in March of this year in an all-Walton concert. On this occasion the whole world on the same moment, not only additional alone, heard and loved it was Wagner's strength, beauty, and voice interpreted by Toccamini's masterfulness of expression.

That a Truett can sing and speak as though living through a

EARLY-MORNING GLORY

Fair purple Mountain of Illyrian lying:
Along the eastern sky at morn'g hour
What spell of shape and color ha't thou when
Where no such lofty heights can truly tower?

A long plateau of cold cloud, extending
From east to west beyond the valley low
With purple peaks and solitary crags
Seem lying, both of gold on winter snow.

A thousand range of purple peak, of long
Could hold thee fast on your horizon line
Thou still wouldst tower till the day were dying
High back drop for the cedar and the pine.

Fair Mountain of Illyrian, light and shade
Now play, at dawn, thy solitary beauty
As if from states beyond our northern border
Came phantom guest of lofty Sycamore.

At last, with golden glances, proud and disdainful,
The Orb of Day has dimmed thy colors fair
But still behind the curtains of my eyelids
The Mountain of Illyrian towers there.

E. G. A.

"The Sun Came Up On Easter Morning . . ."

The sun had not yet come up
And the wind swept across the Common.

Across the Common, too, came young voices raised in hymns of praise of Him who was risen today.

We sat there on Easter Morning in the cold and sang with other young people. It was a gay crowd of us, everyone was laughing at his new Easter dress.

Across the Common were hurrying other young people for the service had just begun.

The trees were begun with buds and some new life would soon be forth. Their branches would be covered with leaves.

But the time had not yet come to the wind whistled through the branches and the crowd sat there in the cold.

But although it was cold and it was early in the morning, we felt glad we had come to worship in the open air on the anniversary of the resurrection of Him, who gave us everlasting life.

It seemed appropriate to me that the service should be in here on the Common. It was as if the world itself was getting new life.

The speaker of the morning—early morning—brought us a message that was very beautiful but somehow we couldn't help but think that the message was not being heard by everyone. It was something of his new Easter dress.

The sun rose and tinted the earth with a warm light like that of a baby after its bath when its skin is clean and rosy. And this was symbolic for on this day the earth was reborn.

The speaker finished, we sang the last song and then hurried across the Common with the wind still biting our legs, into a restaurant for some ham and eggs and hot coffee.

But we thought that although it was cold and the hour was early, perhaps it would have done every-thing good if he could go to a Sunrise Service on Easter Morning.

"I Wonder..."

I wonder why the boys all congregate at the windows and stare at the new Court House addition that is fast becoming the high marker in Boston's limited skyline? (Is it in the Commonwealth Hotel on the next street, that holds their interest?)

I wonder if racial tendencies are isolated? One night Professor Benjamin was lecturing his Journalism class on news writing, and directed in a gruesome story about a New Hampshire farmer who committed suicide by placing a shot gun in his mouth and shooting his limited brains over the overboard. The punch was that the farmer had killed himself and his children, so as to pull the trigger with his toes. I won't finish this lively true story, an end to his story of the class raised his hand and requested the farmer's name. When told, he answered, "I thought so, that was my grandfather."

Oh, well, you can pick your own relatives, but you can not pick your relatives. I wonder what the prerequisites are to be in that desirable elevator? I have seen some of our newspaperfully (and students) look at it, disinterested with the same rack reverent that one must look at the New Year.



Secret Fraternities

It is well known that Suffolk Law School has always banned secret fraternities. Now that we have attained University status the question of fraternities (and secret societies) has come to the fore in real earnest. Every little while we receive requests from scouts for this and that fraternity for information concerning the possible establishment of chapters of their fraternity at Suffolk. Recently we have had such requests from an old Jewish fraternity, from an "all Gentile" fraternity, from an "all Jewish" sorority. A statement of my viewpoint on secret fraternities will be in order.

The ideal that I have striven for since Suffolk Law School was founded in 1906 is an institution where neither race, creed, nor color could ever create a barrier to entrance into factions. A comradeship based upon intellectual endeavors and ordinary school associations has always seemed to me more desirable in a school for the employed student than the more intimate social fellowship based upon rituals, passwords, and secret symbols.

As a candidate for secretary, college fraternity led me to see the danger of factions inherent even in the best of them. The men of my fraternity considered those in the rival fraternity as inferior. These in the rival fraternity had an equally ardent contempt for us. Class distinctions, dramatic and literary club distinctions, were fought out on fraternity lines. My experience in a law school fraternity was somewhat similar.

Suffolk has always been noted for its fine spirit of brotherhood. More than twenty different races are represented in our student body, yet we have never experienced racial antagonism, or any notions of extensive class distinctions. One memorable occasion the only Chinese student in a very large class won a hotly contested election as a candidate for secretary.

Inasmuch as other Universities have recently awakened to the breeding dangers of secret fraternities, we believe it is no time for Suffolk to alter its traditional policy in this respect.

gates of heaven with, when St. Peter is balancing our accounts. When the warm Spring evenings really set in, I would not be surprised to see some committee of men explain this person, in order to avoid that symbolic climb for knowledge to the fourth floor. I have seen a young man who heard the story about the man who, just before Xmas, was taking an examination, and after reading the questions, decided he did not know any of the answers, he wrote on his paper, "God knows, I don't. Merry Xmas." Upon returning to classes after Christmas, he got his paper back, and found this written under his answer and greeting: "God—100%—you're, Xmas, Happy New Year."



Corridors of UFFOLK School Filled With All Types CENE Of Students

By FRANK J. HARRIS

Daily through Suffolk's portals trends a stream of personality, whose heterogeneity vies with the crowds on downtown Boston street the Saturday before Christmas in their representative of a cross section of life. In the corridors of this institution one may encounter an occupational range embracing the doctor and lawyer well established in their chosen fields, and the ambitious young track driver who has just parked his vehicle that he might "struggle up into the night." We might well modify Barnum's oft-quoted maxim and say that "it takes all kinds to make a University."

Where do you fit into Suffolk's complex pattern?

The typical collegian is not so facile here as in most universities for obvious reasons, yet, that distinct species is to be seen which has a flair for white-cuffed, checked trousers and a close-cropped, headed haircut, which, no dapper or full-blown case is complete.

Then, of course, the unmistakable flaunt of the law student predominates. He is invariably and eventually the one who engages us enthusiastically and often with a difference in discussions ranging from the tax on milk to the relative merits of jinx. Words such as "Equity" and "Contract" brand the user as a model, especially if such words are tossed about a dinner table.

The solemn, serious student, the blustering boisterous chap, the "A" scholar and the "C" student, the benefactor and the unimpaired; those with a fairly substantial income and those who manage to eke out a bare subsistence—all these come within our purview.

And now to the ladies! Despite Suffolk's relative scarcity of female students, all types are well represented. Occupationally speaking, we see the girl who hangs away at a typewriter, the matronly schoolteacher, the jingly home girl, the social worker, and the girl who dabbles about in chemical formulae.

More interesting, if a more dangerous point of approach, is the person. The sophisticated, the

hard-boiled, the idealist, the one who just put a bit more into the street going thing who is off in the corner studying has more artificial smiles. The traits of the progressive student seem to assume a position at the other end of the occupational ladder, the non-professional one who is to be seen more glibly, searched for her opportunity, the girl whose yearning for a position is constantly challenged by the subtle yet potent tones of a subtle but.

Among the faculty are found men of every class, each with the same stamp which characterizes their profession. The bookish enthusiasm of the young instructor is matched only by his ability. The seasoned veteran by his interest fans the flame of the passion for learning in the breast of every student.

The daytime instructor comes to Suffolk to be in contact with the night work for the benefit of both teacher and pupil.

But whatever differences may be seen in the members of the faculty, all are united in one common, fundamental worthy purpose: the desire for knowledge and achievement. Suffolk has not a single her stage but many heretages blended into an amiable whole. We carry our many-sided body with paradoxical pride because we realize that from this one raw leaders, not in one restricted field but in the many and varied walks of life.

around the building. Less visible are the spiritual attainments of the university. These are evidenced on the editorial page of this Journal.

To the casual visitor to the university, the most progress has been seen in the university building which during the past year has been transformed into a modern educational plant unexcelled in Greater Boston.

The classrooms are large, well lit and boast the most modern air conditioning units. They are modern in every respect.

On the fourth floor is the new part in organizing the program of the every day. Five honorary degrees were awarded, speakers lauded the work of the University and predicted that it would fully fulfill its task of providing university training for those who were unable to secure it in a day institution, pointed and hooded delegates from forty New England schools and colleges attended and officially this great University was dedicated to a task that Suffolk Law School had already dedicated itself to thirty years ago.

The physical results of the past year are easily found by glances around the building. Less visible are the spiritual attainments of the university. These are evidenced on the editorial page of this Journal.

Ladies Under Umbrellas

There are many weapons which have been used for centuries by women to torment men: rolling pins, assorted crockery, chamber pots, bequiling smiles, flirting with other men. But one of the most dangerous and most annoying of these weapons is the common everyday garden species of the umbrella. The umbrella is the most nefarious, the most detestable, the most irritating gadget ever perpetrated upon mankind (emphasis on mankind). On rainy days, the umbrella hounds the walking hours of every sensitive male of the Genesee. It becomes an object to be dreaded, to be feared, to be cursed.

My experiences with the female hound, umbrella go back to my infancy. I have been driven to the stage where I would rather dodge automobiles in the center of the street, than dodge umbrellas in the center of the sidewalk. This condition has so aggravated me that I am compelled to put down on paper for some happy umbrella law of the future, the truth is, the only way to escape the umbrella is to avoid it.

One rainy Saturday, a few weeks ago, I foolishly ventured forth to do time related shopping. A few drops of rain were falling, but hardly enough to warrant the use of an umbrella. I thought. For a few hours the full force of the rain storm held back, and I mentally set traps, lures, and bait. But the all was not perfect, for soon the rain began to fall in earnest. I was thwarted. Determined to get to Boston Common where there was enough room to dodge successfully, I greeted my teeth and set out.

Being rather late I usually review the rain record of an umbrella after the fact. It was a very, very, very bad day. My first encounter was with a woman of somewhat large proportions. She held her umbrella firmly in her massive hands as if given in quarter to any passerby. I hurriedly bent very low trying to escape under the umbrella, but to no avail. Accidentally or purposely she lowered her umbrella just enough to sweep my hat from my head. I retrieved my hat from the public into which it had fallen and hurried along.

Stopped by a traffic light, I waited patiently at the corner. When I felt water, very cold water, trickling down my neck, I thought my hat was leaking and took it off to shake loose the clinging drops, but the water wasn't from my hat. A woman, who was standing on the sidewalk, was absorbed in talking to her friend that she didn't notice that her umbrella was dripping water down my neck.

Fortunately for my temper, the light changed and again I hurried away. Umbrellas clanked at my heels, one of them was stepped on, I was nearly killed, but I reached Boston Common. Let me recommend Boston Common as a sanctuary from pursuing umbrellas. There I breathed a sigh of relief and slowly, in spite of the rain, made my way homeward.

Let us try to analyze what moves prompt women to carry the umbrella. Of course their first motive is to protect them from rain. I can find no fault with this, although I believe a good raincoat is still better. The second motive is to protect them from the sun. To all attain to the sublimity. To a woman, an umbrella provides a good medium to make men squirm. Without realizing it, the female umbrella carrier fortifies her ego.

(Continued on page 2)

Derelict Redeemed

Through Charity Of Nurse In Local Hospital

"How far that little candle throws its beams;
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

By JAMES F. RAND

Somewhere there is a man who has proved that no matter what the worst exterior of a human being there underneath it all is a spark of goodness that survives all.

The little student nurse often wonders where he is and if he is well. You won't have to tell her that he is reformed for she knows that. You see, he tells her, for every week an envelope arrives containing a crisp ten-dollar bill.

It is sent anonymously but the student nurse knows whom it is from. But she does often wonder where he is.

The story began last year when he was brought into the hospital where the student nurse is completing his studies. He was brought in and placed in a bed, a drunken old man, a victim of pneumonia.

He was nearly gone then and did not seem as though there was any hope for him. Like many men he didn't want to live. So with vital spark lacking and his strength broken down by constant addition to the bottle, he lay on his back and died.

He dipped away into unconsciousness one night and on awakening became delirious. From his lips came feebly the cry, "Mother! Mother! Kiss me." The student nurse was on duty by the ward.

She stepped over to his bed and said, "Mother, here."

He lay there, his eyes closed as that孺ian face, wasted away by the ravages of disease and drink. Slowly his lips moved again. "Kiss me, mother."

The student nurse stood there a moment. She looked down at the man. Then stiff and crisp he lay there, his face ashen, his lips moved again. She tried to make his mother's.

Throughout his crisis she stayed with him and watched over him in his fight. Her kiss the kiss he believed was his mother's came to give him the will to live that he had lacked before.

As he grew better and came out of the delirious spell, he learned of what she had done. He didn't comment on it much but just seemed to find contentment in her presence.

While he was getting back his strength, he heard of his life. He felt they had taken him out of his cold room and brought him there in the ambulance.

He had come over from Ireland the year the United States entered the War. He had worked hard for a couple of years and at last had enough to bring his folks over.

Before it was over, he and his mother had watched the cemetery attendants cover with dirt the graves of his father, brother, and sister. They found themselves alone together in the world.

But fate was not yet done with him. A few months later he lost his job. Tramping the streets looking for work didn't do any good. In that era of plenty he couldn't find a job.

His two had to eat and his mother got a job as a housekeeper for a family in suburban Boston. But he just drifted.

He took a drink, another and song they brought in rapid succession. He lost his faith in humanity, high sounding words for discouragement, and sunk lower and lower and lower. The bottle was his constant companion.

The depression didn't make any difference to him for he couldn't get a steady job anyway. Depression was his only friend.

Odd jobs kept him alive until finally one cold day, the landlady found him in his room slumped over his bed. His face flushed with frost. She called the ambulance.

The pretty little student nurse talked with him restoring his confidence in himself. By the time he was ready to leave the hospital, she had done a complete job on him physically and mentally.

She wondered as she watched him swinging through the door of the hospital the day he was released if he would keep a word and reform. But then she said "work to do and for the next couple of months, she kept busy."

But one day she got a letter. When she opened it, a ten-dollar bill fluttered to the floor. To her it seemed a godsend for a student nurse's pay is not much. Nothing on the envelope gave evidence of where it had come from. But somehow she knew he was keeping his word. Every week a letter came. And then last Christmas a letter came with a crisp ten-dollar bill in it.

We would like to tell her where he is, but we promised him that he wouldn't. For he doesn't think he is good enough for her. He is keeping his word, making good money and has become a sober man. He will never want for anything. And while he is able to, we know that she won't.

But still the little student nurse would like to know where he is.

Harkins Appointed

George Adams, former night telephone operator, in the college office, is seen no more at his post, for he has been appointed a clerk in the Navy Yard. His successor is Bob Harkins, a former student of the University, assistant to the Registrar. Adams is a law sophomore while Harkins is a law freshman.

ANNIVERSARY—

(Continued from page 1)

organizing committee for the drive. At last reports, excellent progress has been made.

While students and alumni were seeking contributions to the capital drive, another intensive work was going on quietly as preparations were being made for the great Dedication Day on February 6th. Much credit should go to Miss Carolyn Bryant, executive secretary and registrar of the University and Dean Donald W. Miller of the College of Liberal Arts for their part in organizing the program of the every day. Five honorary degrees were awarded, speakers lauded the work of the University and predicted that it would fully fulfill its task of providing university training for those who were unable to secure it in a day institution, pointed and hooded delegates from forty New England schools and colleges attended and officially this great University was dedicated to a task that Suffolk Law School had already dedicated itself to thirty years ago.

The physical results of the past year are easily found by glances

Evolution Includes Intelligence

By PROFESSOR R. F. KUBIUS

The science of biology is greatly misunderstood by many people. The average man thinks that biology undermines his religious beliefs. Perhaps this misunderstanding would be justified if we would accept the mechanical concept of evolution that the universe is a great machine operating in accordance with immutable laws. Now let us review briefly some evolutionary theories which have descended to us from the Greek philosophers. In 455 B.C. Empedocles advanced the theory that life developed from air, earth, and water, and to this hypothesis he added that the development of life was a gradual process from chaos.

A century or so later Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) wrote "Historia Animalium," in which book he developed many theories concerning the origin of the various evolutionary groups. He felt that life came from the mud by spontaneous generation. He recognized not only an ascending scale, but a genetic series from one cell to another. He said that life, once it is conceived, will rise by degrees from lower to higher types, and added: "Nature produces those things which become continuous moved by a certain principle are contained in themselves." It seems that he thought that the origin of life is a chemical combination, and that there is nothing new about it.

From the time of the Greek philosophers to the time of Lavoisier, Lamarck, and Darwin, the theory of evolution was a complex matter of speculation. No one was able to explain logically how the higher life forms came from the lower.

Now we get the bulk of the theory as by many naturalists who are only dreamers, and no one of them knew how life shaped itself out of chaos. Charles Darwin (1809-1882) saw this confusion of the theory of evolution, and he began the systematic study of the plant and the animal kingdom. He spent over fifty years of his life collecting data on the life origins; and as a result of his persistent experimentation he formed the law of the natural selection and the origin of species. His works which he published in 1859 have strongly influenced all fields of human thought. From this time onward the theory of evolution was studied more and more. Many students of biology became strong supporters of Darwin's concepts of evolution. Some of them went too far in advocating the Darwinian theories of evolution that man had evolved mechanically from the lower organisms.

The mechanistic interpreters of evolution held that man's descent from the lower organisms or homo sapiens did not include the Divine Intelligence as a creative process. They always interpreted the soul as the sole cause and effect of everything existing in the organic and inorganic world. They speak of nature as a bio-physical and bio-chemical combination under law, which combination under a proper environment creates a living cell, and this cell acting under the bio-chemical energy reproduces itself into complex forms of living organisms. Thus we get the understanding that life originates itself from the brute force of the chemical synthesis. They also held that once life is started it will move forward blindly, that is, by process of trial and error which produces all kinds of species, and the species struggling for the existence

survive and become animals and men. In other words, man descended mechanically as a result of the natural variation and selection. If the mechanistic philosophy of man's descent onto the earth is no longer the concept of the many present-day biologists and philosophers, the new concept of evolution is the work of scientific researches of Pavlov, Pasteur, Tyndall, Driesch, Haeckel, Bergson, Thompson and Osborn, is that the universe is not a machine, but a creative source of life. This means that life did not originate itself mechanically without some influencing force.

Since every organism consists of life because of its existence and reproduction we must understand what is the meaning of the word "life." To define life is difficult. To define life is the sum of all phenomena common to all living things; in other words, to say that "life is life." Professor Moore assumes that life consists of biotic energy. Few, if any, biologists accept this definition. Herbert Spencer defines life as "the continuous and ascending internal to external relations." But this definition is vague and meaningless. Professor Haeckel comes nearer to a working definition that "life is a system, maintained by a continuous interchange of energy between the system and its environment," and is capable of preserving its identity and reacting of responding to it. But even this is not a satisfactory definition of life. The word "life" is a term which is used in many different ways without any logical explanation.

Without going beyond the scope of Darwin, however, evolution of life and life always comes from previous conditions which define it as a system. It is not the business of the present-day biologist to say that life is a link between matter and mind, for the animal kingdom is capable of creating matter and life. Therefore life depends on matter and mind.

Now we are ready to discuss the theories of evolution from the modern point of view. Evolution might be understood as the assumption that all animals are blood relatives and that they have anatomical similarities, that is, the structure of the bone structure. Though animals differ among themselves, they are the part and parcel of continuous and progressive change in the evolution of the natural laws, through natural selection. According to Dr. Neal: "If, therefore, God has anything to do with the origin of species, He must be immanent in the evolution of the universe, terming with mind, first within and stamped without with intelligence, is the attestation of the living God."

Having this new concept of evolution, we are ready to accept the theory that man evolved from a unicellular organism into a multi-cellular organism by means of the natural development. To apply the mechanical laws of the natural selection of animals to man is to miss the divine design which works in the natural selection. To extend the struggle of survival of the fittest to the animals to the human variety is to forsake the highest ideals of humanity which we have inherited from the noble men of the past. To accept the mechanical view of evolution that man descended without the intelligent prime mover is to abolish the doctrine that the most fit is the

most physiologically capable to survive. But let us not be confused by this doctrine which is no longer the teaching of the best scientists. Older scientists interpreted this theory of evolution in the course of their investigations of natural phenomena to mean that man is a brute, but they were wrong. To measure intellectual or social fitness by standards of physical fitness is hopelessly to mixing apples with oranges. Human dependency does not depend alone on a brute biological development. Man's intelligence is the inheritance of the Divine Intelligence, which has been transmitted through millions of years, gave us man.

Man as we know him historically, was a savage man, yet his savage state was not the result of man being very long. He began to advance himself rapidly. He organized the governments and founded educational institutions. Man cannot be compared with an animal. So animal raises the question "wherefore" and answers it by a "therefore." The behavior of man is unique in many respects. Man is the only creature characterized by a synthetic, moral, and religious behavior. Man alone appreciates aesthetic values. "He alone enjoys a sunset," says a thinking philosopher. He alone can produce a creative spirit expressing itself in poetry, art, and music. Man alone dwells in a world of "values" such as truth, beauty, justice, goodness, and love. Professor Neal "We see no evidence that an animal can moralize. No animal says 'I'll do this' or 'I'll do that,' but man does. He not only says it, he also believes it. 'Man creates for himself moral standards which he spends his life to attain.' Man alone is self-conscious, and he alone is conscious of his own mind can be used in terms of matter."

Now we are able to conclude that the evolution of man is not a physical man, but an ethical man whose sense of duty, responsibility, and love is in him. This is the freedom to accept the good and reject the bad. He is "The crown of the earth."

(The author's copyright of March 26, 1938.)

Harrington Is Law Graduate Nominated By Class Elects Gov. Hurley Gene Fenton

Charles F. J. Harrington, Law School junior, was nominated by Governor Charles F. Hurley as a justice commissioner on April 6th at the Executive Council meeting. Harrington is a Boston insurance man who is at present manager of the casualty department of O'Brien, Russell and Company, a Boston insurance general agency.

He has been active in the Democratic party for many years. A member of the Democratic State Committee, he has been active in the pre-primaries conventions of his party and in 1936 served as Presidential elector.

LAWRENCE ATTORNEY ALSO PRESIDENT LAW SCHOOL CLASS OF 1935

President of two Suffolk Law School classes is Eugene Fenton, of Lawrence, who was elected president of the class of 1938 of the Suffolk Graduate School of Law. Attorney Fenton received his LL.B. degree from Suffolk Law School in 1935, and is president of that class also. He is a brother of Judge John E. Fenton, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Court of Appeals.

Other officers of the Graduate School's class are: Vice President, Wilbur Brodierick of Lynn, Suffolk '37; Secretary, John E. Harrington of Cambridge, Suffolk '37; and Treasurer, William H. Carey of Dorchester, Suffolk '35.

On March 18, Judge John E. Fenton, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Land Court, presided over a session of the Land Court at the Essex Court house, Lawrence.

In doing this he established somewhat of a record as it was the first sitting of the Land Court to be held at Lawrence in twenty-five years.

Judge Fenton received his LL.B. from Suffolk Law School in 1934.

DEADLINE

In spite of an urge to go and frolic on the green expanses of the Common, your editors have been so busy that they are buckling down to work harder than ever. (That is if you can imagine an editor working.) So it is with pardonable pride that we announce that matter and such for our brain child of the month of May, the JOURNAL, will be due on the 25th of April, one week earlier than sweet custom.

So take your pen to work harder and typewriters out in the back yard and there in the midst of the works of old Mother Nature, compose something for the JOURNAL.

Perhaps a poem, short story, essay—anything, but just observe two formalities. First, it must be typewritten, double-spaced, and secondly, have it in the hands of the editor, James I. Rand, college office, by the 25th of April. His address is: College of Journalism, Section, Deposit your masterpiece there gently by the 25th of April.

LADIES

(Continued from page 6.)

Whenever she causes some male to sidestep. Therefore, before she knows what she is doing, she has pocket some suffering male's hat and she has dripped cold water down his neck.

Perhaps the menace of the umbrella is also due to the famed thoughtlessness of women in shopping, which causes them to walk one way while looking another way. But whatever the reasons are, I believe the time has come to take definite stand against them. Perhaps I am selfish in trying to preserve my eyes from the prongs of umbrellas, but that is because

I have only two eyes and I treasure them.

Therefore, I urge all males to unite under the banner of safe and sane rainy days. I urge them to use the newly invented Society for Suppression of Indecorous Umbrella Carriers which demands the government conduct umbrella-carrying tests and to issue licenses to those who successfully pass the examinations. I urge every male to vote for the Zilch-Zilch bill which requires all umbrellas to be in state to be registered, and further that

"all umbrellas must carry insurance!"

If all this does not succeed, then the men of America will have to leave their homes and go on the pocket line against the "umbrella menace." Then and only then can men have safety and comfort on rainy days.

Timothy Jachrome

(J) "42"

New Catalogues

Are Published

An attractive booklet, "You and Suffolk University," issued early this month, was the first of a series of catalogues which are being published during the month of April.

By the end of the month, the catalogues of the five schools and colleges of Suffolk University will be available for study by those who desire to enter Suffolk University next year.

April Fool!

Prof. Harold Benson felt for an April Fool again in the News Writing Class, April 1st. It seems somebody had slipped in a pretty much jumbled rewrite story. Prof. Benson, as was his custom, and the first few sentences about mechanically, and as he did his eyes and mind became more and more O-shaped. Then the good Prof. Benson, out with typical humor, and he turned the paper over savagely to find out the name of the dumb bunny who had written the thing, and was confronted with a large APRIL 1 and Prof. Benson laughed and laughed and

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EXTRA!" "HUNTED BY COMES HUNTER!" Fredly from Bladder is still sitting a little at ease as a result of our recent remarks tending to show that razor blade manufacturers do not use any of the wealth of the Commonwealth. But Fredly's an excellent sport.

The other morning, while casting his bland gaze (ardon the horridly pure) about the Lecture Hall, his eyes were fixed for a moment on the smooth cheeks of Aime Dendres. "Post!" declares our hero in a sibilant whisper, "here's another guy you can't shoot. He looks like a fellow who's about, I bet, like he doesn't 'shave much'."

And you should have seen the gleam of victory in his eyes, as he remarked after class to one near by a matter in only a minute at last I am to have company!" It's too, too bad though Fredly. Aime does shave!

But Fredly has achieved fame and immortality. Why? The other day, a personage no less than a professor offered Fred the loan of his electric shaver to prove that he can't shave. Of course, no means Fred.

IT'S LIKE THIS: To the day, Professor Duffy owns a tough old shaver of an '09. You can't lead this question sailing right across the plate. We all hold our breath, and then the name is called "Maxie Jed!" You can see with half an eye that our quitters has clipped him vulnerably.

He staggers mentally for a moment, and we're all expecting him to fall back to the old where that dagger may reap the facts. But Maxie's smart. He pulls out an enormous hanky, and uses it with great sentimental affect. He says, "as old cold," and Maxie says, "And this pin got him off?"

WHATAMN? "WELL, It must be the spring or something. We're personally immune to think that it's something. Because just a few minutes later, Larry Quinn gets himself called on, and he for the first time, precludes the fact that he had been a last-minute thought. And Larry arose, "somebody" aroused.

"Spery, sir," says he, "But I missed the facts," and he goes on to add, "I quite agree with Quin's answer!" and then he sat, "ahh!" Spring!

WHO's the red-headed Freshman that occasionally arrives in class in the uniform of a National Guardsman? J. D. Burke is all day in an atmosphere of statistics. He's a court officer at the Massachusetts General Court, Senate side. Of all companionable guys, Steve Grogan is about the most. Two word description, "wellington fella."

HERE'S A MONITOR'S EYE VIEW... of the Freshman Class of five thirty or thereabouts. Approximately two and a half foot high, straight, all possessed of magnificent minds, and each mind possessed of an individually magnificent idea about how the lecture hall ventilation should be adjusted.

ABOUT A FENCING TEAM

We submit ever try to take a school being educationally minded in this department... but on this occasion, we feel that we must unburden our heart of a weight of our own. WHY HAVEN'T WE GOT A FENCING TEAM?

Alfred De Marco, Freshie, is a full fledged fencer of the Christian Union Team. Nick Terzaghi, or the EL ES is a former member of the City Fencing Championship team of 1934, and your only write is at least a venerable pug of steel weapons... plus four or five other young men we know of. EL ES who are acquainted with the degree or other in the intricacies of the romantic sport... and we repeat WHY HAVEN'T WE A TEAM?

We get ourselves a hook of a big kick out of the number of boys from the Boston English High school, who we find are our fellow students at Suffolk? There's a few new ones in the Frosh division. Johnny Manning, Spears, and Frankie S. Adams, the way and the school's football letter, and there are a lot of Latin School boys over here too. If you want to and out how much. Just try talking about what a "small team" English has, and how bad Latin's pug skin paddlers are... were... and will be.

BY THE WAY... Syd Attenberg is probably the youngest Junior in the Frosh division. He has a record that includes only nineteen and 5-10 years. Fredly Drex presently declines to the effect that we haven't a depression and that's something for a youngster. Beyond, can't let him to see. He insists that we're lost in a condition of planned economy.

ROBERT "BOB" McLaughlin's disparity is very much in accordance... witness, those magnificent brown rimmed glasses. He's right to raise Van Dyke... "Who knows?" Who knows? Bob Black is at the present time engaged in creating connections designed to place palates with their taste and confidence to wit, He's punching holes for the dele done at Schraff's... "Noooo!" We never give free advertising!

We hear that Hy Scholoff is making a deal with the fens... who knows? But Scholoff admits that he should drink more milk... we wonder why?... Gene Nolan, smart, associated with the Boston Post team, is truly one of the most entertaining conversationalists we've ever run into. He has a tremendous volume of general knowledge about the practical side of law...

A small entourage group of the class of 1941 gathered at the Hotel Lenox Thursday evening, March 31, to join in the first social function held by a freshman class at Suffolk for a number of years. The program consisted of guest speakers, a collation and a half hour of delightful and thoroughly infectious entertainment presented by that stellar master of ceremonies for the past decade, Charles P. "Cur" McGuire, member of the class from South Boston.

J. Lawrence Lombard, chairman of the Smoker presented Mr. McGuire as the toastmaster of the evening and from that point on the good hour high as far as every body was concerned. Messages of congratulations were received from Judge William Hensley and Dean George Archer. Mr. McGuire presented the address, Professors Hearn Archer, and Thomas Finnegan, who was the recipient of an ovation. John Patrick Connolly, Vice President of the Superior Junior of Suffolk County was the guest speaker. Mr. Connolly in reply to several facetious remarks on the political standing of the faculty took the occasion to remark that back in Maine the Archers were the only Democrats in their native town.

The formidable Cur McGuire did his usually fine job as the host of the evening. Among the entertainers that appeared on the program were the Lenox Trio, Doug MacRae, Harry Connolly, Michael Hearty, Tom Figue, a perfect dream of a piano player by the name of Lane, and his himself.

What the audience lacked in numbers it certainly overcame with the spontaneous enthusiasm with which the program was greeted and commented upon.

FRESHMEN PLEASE-PLEASE NOTICE THIS... there is no such animal as the "cuppa court" or "old supra court." We're told that some of the boys coming in the Library are slowly but surely getting bad trying to convince Freshies that they can't study the "supra court," or "The Supra Court Republic." Because there aren't any PLEASE OBSERVE.

There just "supra name" CHIEF! CHIEF! CHIEF! There are only eleven more lectures left before the end of School... and REMEMBER... The importance of apparently insignificant acts can only be known by their ultimate results.

And here's real news... Jacob Foster... class of '37... graduated before his twenty-first birthday... and earned the title of "Class Baby" but, underbilled by his class of a diploma, he took his 21st birthday... he took the 21st... and asked it "Bluff" on the now... first shot! (THANKS to Mrs. Marion MacDonald for the Tid-bit!)

Tummon Elected President
At March 27 Meeting
In Taunton

Speaking before the members of the Old Colony Suffolk University Club, at a meeting held at 46 Taunton Green, Taunton, on March 27, at which officers for the ensuing year were elected, William L. Archer, President of Suffolk University and dean of the Law School, traced the history of the legal profession in Massachusetts, and spoke of the changes that have taken place in the past 31 years since he was admitted to practice in their courts.

Francis J. Tummon, president of the club, was chosen Taunton of the club; Joseph E. Yelle, Norton, junior in the Law School, was selected as vice-president; Gelfin Reapers of Massfield was elected secretary; and Marcellus D. LeMaire, Taunton attorney was named as treasurer. A committee on by-laws named 1. Baldwin, Myrfield attorney, chairman; Joseph W. Pullard, Taunton attorney; and Louis Rubin, Norton student. The office of public relations director was given John T. Conway.

"I would like to see our laws made by the men we elect and sent to Washington rather than blueprints handed out of institutions," Dean Archer said in the course of his address, and he decried what he termed the breaking down of three centuries of tradition, custom, and legislative executive, and judicial.

which the program was greeted and commented upon.

Officers of the glass expressed themselves as well pleased with the turnout and confident that from the meeting of less than a hundred, the spirit in '41 would overflow throughout the class and permeate the entire thing.

It reminded this reporter of his college days and when it wound up at 12:30 A.M. the general consensus among those that were in a position to offer an opinion was that, everybody had caught the spirit of Suffolk. Watch '41 blaze the trail...

Someone in this school wants a tryout for murder. He doesn't say whether he wants a murder done or for the applicant to be the victim.

But he that as my, a tryout is offered, for a murder has been arranged. This offer was placed in the corridors of the school early this month.

We were not under the impression that there were any students in this honored institution who were contemplating a career in the gentle-oh-so gentle-art of homicide. At the same time neither did we know that any of you wanted to be cold in death on a damp, clammy slab in the morgue, the victim of a murder.

But then again, even your best friends would tell you—sometimes, if we or any of your friends turn up missing come beautiful Spring night and later a grisly crime is discovered, you will know that the advertisement has been answered. Of course, if you look up and find yourself missing, that's your problem.

But nevertheless a murder has been arranged and there are tryouts by appointment.

(Editorial note: After we subbed out crime editor, we discovered that he got that way when he read the advertisement of the Suffolk Journal to wit:

"A MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED"
Tryouts By Appointment
(adv.)

Answers

1. The attraction of sun and moon acting unusually causes the waters to "pile up."
2. It represents the bandage with which ancient barbers wrapped patients after practicing surgery (blood-letting).
3. Particles of dust in the upper atmosphere reflect only the blue waves of light.
4. No. Quills surely come out easily when touched.
5. No.
6. The Goldenrod.
7. After the Revolution, in 1762.
8. No. Your skin may be poisoned.
9. The Book of Esther.
10. The Mule.

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