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1913 Law School commencement and class day programs

Suffolk University

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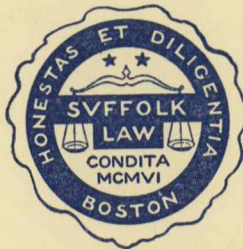
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Class Day
and
Commencement Exercises
of the
Suffolk School of Law



Tremont Temple
Wednesday Evening, May Twenty-eight
Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

Class Day Speakers

RUSSELL CLUCAS, President of Class

JOHN FRANCIS HALEY, Historian

CHARLES SEBASTAIN O'CONNOR, Prophet

JOHN LAWRENCE MURPHY, Orator

Commencement Speakers

HON. JOSEPH F. O'CONNELL Will Preside

Invocation REV. HENRY S. SNYDER

Commencement Address HON. THOMAS J. BOYNTON
President of the School Corporation

"Our School and its Future" GLEASON L. ARCHER
Dean of the School

Presentation of Diplomas GEN. CHARLES W. BARTLETT
Vice-President of the School Corporation

Music By the WELTUVAR QUARTETTE
H. E. Tuttle '12, Director

Officers and Speakers of the Class of 1913

RUSSELL CLUCAS, President

FRANK LESLIE VICCARO, Vice-President

FRANK JOSEPH FLYNN, Secretary

JOHN FRANCIS HALEY, Treasurer

Class Day Speakers

JOHN LAWRENCE MURPHY, Orator

JOHN FRANCIS HALEY, Historian

CHARLES SEBASTAIN O'CONNOR, Prophet

Class Day Committee

THOMAS FRANCIS HOLLAND

THADDEUS ALEXANDER KITCHENER

MYRON PROCTOR PEFFERS

JOHN JOSEPH McSWEENEY

URBAN ALDEN MORRILL

MICHAEL RUANE

TO THE SUFFOLK LAW SCHOOL

No massive walls of labored stone
Are reared in lofty monument,
To glean a passing meed of praise---
For Thee a poor emolument !

But haloed 'round thine honored name
There clings a living atmosphere,
Conceived in truth, by labor nursed,
Repelling sham and doubt and fear.

A noble mission brought Thee forth
And held Thee safe while rivals raged,
And turned aside the poisoned shafts
Of vengeful war ignobly waged.

Thou sendest forth thy well trained sons
To worthy ends prepared to lead,
Like flint-tipped arrows, swift and sure,
That from a true-armed Archer speed.

There are who think or take as proved
Or begging proof and reason, say
That knowledge, like the rainbow's tint,
Can only be acquired by day.

But Thou dost hold a happier creed,
And when the silent conquering Night
Unfurls her soothing robe, dost teach
The golden rules of law and right.

What subtle spell doth sunlight weave?
What talisman doth Evening waive?
If custom sways the listed mind
Such added boon Thou dost not crave.

Nor ask for those nor less nor more
Than Fortune's turn allots to men,
An even chance, who justly strive
To meet the common test, and then

To venture on that winding road,
Unmarked, yet leading everywhere.
That future years may onward lead
To greater glory, is my prayer.

---John Lawrence Murphy, '13.