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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. 1, No. 7

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

March 19, 1937

## Dean Archer's Column



### The Supreme Court Issue

When James I of England, in 1616, demanded of Chief Justice Coke that the laws of the land be interpreted in accordance with the royal will, the high-minded jurist defied his King. Of course Justice Coke was removed from office and a fawning "yes-man" was appointed in his place.

This incident was one of many acts of tyranny of the Stuart kings that caused our forefathers to cross the ocean and to establish homes in the wilderness of America. For more than a century prior to the Revolution the colonists had battled for their rights in a contest with tyrannical kings and a parliament that could change fundamental laws overnight and sometimes did, at the command of the monarch.

The delegates who gathered in Philadelphia in 1787 realized that without a written constitution neither the States nor the people could hope for security in the liberties for which they had fought a long and bitter war. Then too, thirteen sovereign States were endeavoring by mutual concessions to agree upon the form of super-government to which each might with safety submit.

The convention, after months of wrangling and debate, framed the Constitution of the United States in which were embodied the guarantees of the rights of the States and of the individual citizens deemed by the founders to be vital to the future of the nation.

In this frame of government, they assembled the most complete set of checks and balances ever devised by man. In the Congress itself, the Senate and House must agree before legislation could go to the President for his signature. The President was given the veto power over legislation upon which both houses of Congress may have agreed, but his veto was not to be final if two-thirds of the Congress should insist upon the law. Even this was not enough of a safeguard to satisfy the framers of the Constitution. In the document they set forth the terms of the compact of government—the extent of the powers granted to the national government, thus safeguarding against violation of

(Continued on Page 4)

## Vendome Scene Of Annual Alumni Ball

Seniors and Grads Join  
In Effort To Make  
Affair Success

The Annual Alumni Ball, sponsored this year by the Suffolk Alumni Association and the Class of '37 of Suffolk Law School, on April 15 will be history-making. It will be the first, time in the history of Suffolk that the Alumni Association and the student body of Suffolk have worked together for the purpose of sponsoring a Suffolk social event.

The scene of the gala festival will be the glamorously appointed main ballroom of the Hotel Vendome. Lou Tobin, himself a graduate of Suffolk, will preside over the music-making department, and those of us who have previously danced to his charming melodies will realize fully the significance of his presence.

It is expected that a thousand will be present on the dance floor. Never before have such carefully laid plans of sponsorship been initiated; not only are the members of the Alumni Association engaged in the sale of tickets, but the students of Suffolk have created a student committee in each class. There is one representative of the committee in each class for both the day and evening divisions.

Professor Thomas J. Finnegan, member of the Law School Faculty, and treasurer of the Alumni Association is in charge of arrangements.

Present indications point out definitely that this year's affair will be the greatest ever.

The student committee for publicity consists of the following, Wm. B. Ladd, Nathan Lavidor, and Robert McLaughlin.

## Holworthy-Hall Drama Classic In Rehearsal

Players Preparing  
Presentation Of  
"The Valiant"

If you have noticed busy, bustling, starry-eyed students dashing through the corridors at the Law School Building, you can chalk it down as a fact that they are members of the Suffolk Players working overtime in preparation to entertain you on the evening of April 22nd.

Gentlefolk, take note! The young lady you have been craning your necks to see in the Law School office will appear for you that evening. Yes, Miss Holland will characterize humble and sweet Josephine Paris, the leading and in fact the sole femme of that much and justly publicized play, *The Valiant*.

Rexford Farewell (Law, '39) has the part of Dyke; you will find that he has mastered it, which is nothing exceptional for Rex. And surely Fred Roome, as Father Daly, may be ordained any day because of his perfection as the priest. Joffre Mercier (Law, '40), as Warden Holt, will never get the gong, either.

Miss Bodwell's (Theresa M., College, '40) prize play, *Storm Signal*, has many a stormy scene between Wendy (Miss Mary-Lou Snow, Journalism, '41), and her ardent but fiery suitor, Steve Duval ('Legs' Bonney, Law, '38), and you'll have to find out for yourself whether he is any good or not.

Then Laurence Doherty (Law, '40), as "Big Shot" Randolph, a publisher, will chuckle you out of your seats. Oh yes, last but not least, comes Janet, Steve's sister, portrayed by irrepressible Nellie Anne Smith (Journalism, '41). She is supposed to be madly in love with Randolph.

## Law School Juniors Elect F. Harvey Howalt President

### Radio Ad Course Starts At College Of Journalism

Lectures of Prof. Vallee  
Attended By Many  
Students

That Prof. H. P. Vallee is a scholar of penetrating insight into the problems of his profession was evident from the moment when Dean Archer introduced him to the class in Radio Advertising on the evening of February 23rd. His lectures are proving to be not only of absorbing interest but also of great practical value.

The popular maestro is revealing a mastery of psychology that is surprising even to his friends. His modesty of manner, his clarity of utterance, and his uncanny ability to hold the attention of his audience while discussing the most technical of topics render him an ideal lecturer. He sits at his desk after the manner of pedagogues. He employs a conversational, heart-to-heart method all his own. He began his first lecture by explaining that any opinions that he might voice during the series were to be received as humble personal ideas to be disregarded by his listeners if they should not feel convinced of their soundness. He cautioned the class against a belief that the present problems of radio are static declaring that when television finally arrives, as it must shortly, it will change everything in much the same manner as the talkies revolutionized motion pictures. His discussion of the elements of success in musical and entertainment fields proved especially interesting because he used human illustrations. Clark Gable, James Cagney, Jack Dempsey, Bing Crosby, Jack Benny, Fred Allen and many other famous entertainers were brought forward and discussed with penetrating insight into their characteristics. His comments on the problems of the stage and radio performer were illuminating.

The chief topics under discussion during the latter part of the second lecture were the requisites of success as a musician, including the inherited gifts of Pitch, Rhythm, Time, Consonance, Memory, Timbre, Creative Fantasy, and Imitative Capacity, with illustrations of each from the lives of well-known musicians. "Vox Pop" programs, amateur hours, and sports broadcasts came in for attention. His final discussion of the evening related to the vexed problem of using phonographic recordings over the air.

(Continued on Page 3)

### Class of 1938 Preparing For Banner Year

Close Balloting Climaxes  
Months of Enthusiastic  
Campaigning

Following one of the most interesting campaigns in the recent history of Suffolk Law School, the members of the Junior Class have chosen these men to lead the boys into the rarified atmosphere of Seniorism: F. Harvey Howalt, president; Nathan R. Lavidor, vice-president; J. L. Doyle, secretary; and Arthur V. Kelleher, treasurer.

The success of the newly elected president was entirely due to his unusual ability as a leader. This quality in him has always been manifest to the men of the '38 Class, and his strategy throughout the campaign was of such high order as to leave no doubts in the minds of a plurality of the electorate.

Mr. Howalt has the benefit of having had considerable executive experience. This will serve him well in his effort to make good on his platform pledges. In accepting the high honor, the new leader reiterated his determination to make the Class of '38 one of the finest in all the long history of Suffolk Law School. He will strive to perfect a permanent organization, which will survive the test of graduation next year and carry over into the alumni body, with '38 being always an active and integral part.

The battle for the presidency was hard fought throughout. With his large group of diligent workers, John B. Furbush turned out to be a formidable rival. He put up a splendid fight, losing no friends even in defeat. Mr. Furbush was the very first to congratulate the victor and to offer his support to the new administration.

The contest for the vice-presidency provided more speculation than did any of the other contests. Both "Nick" Lavidor and "Joe" Fox are exceptionally popular fellows. Without doubt, they are equally capable of filling the job. Lavidor's success can be attributed to the great amount of time which he spent on his campaign and to the large staff that he had working for him.

The secretaryship was enthusiastically contested. Three efficient and well-liked lads battled for the honor of being minutesman. J. "Larry" Doyle was elected. In all fairness to "Gene" Durgin and

(Continued on Page 2)

## ... Announcement ...

**The Wilmot R. Evans Memorial Oratorical Contest, as announced on December 16th, 1936, is open to all regular students of Suffolk College of Liberal Arts and Suffolk College of Journalism. This prize will be awarded annually to the contestant who delivers the best original oration, not to exceed fifteen minutes in length, on a subject assigned by the Faculty.**

**The subject chosen for the first contest is: "Did the recent Financial Depression demonstrate a need for abandonment of the American Form of Government as practical prior to 1932?"**

**All papers to be submitted to the committee must be filed at the College Office not later than April 1st, 1937. Trials will be held on April 22nd, at an hour and place to be announced hereafter.**

**The Finals will be held in the Suffolk Auditorium, at 8 P. M., on April 29th. The prize award of \$25 will be made to the winner of the contest. Honorable mention will be accorded to the second and third contestants.**

## Junior Class Elects Howalt

(Continued from Page 1)

"Nick" Barbadora, it can be said that "Larry's" success also was due to his unceasing work in the campaign. Every one figured that the Class will need a hard-working secretary. It is always a difficult job with few compliments attached to it. "Larry" is just such a conscientious worker. Hence, his choice was just the completion of the syllogism.

Although Mrs. Kelleher's son, Arthur V., had no competition whatever, he was as active prior to the recent election as was any of the other candidates. The returns certainly indicate the confidence which his classmates have in Mr. Kelleher's ability. He received practically a unanimous endorsement with 100% of the boys voting for him.

Arthur is one of the most conscientious men in the Law School. If there had been a dozen candidates for the office, Arthur would probably have been elected anyway. The Class of '38 would gladly trust their new treasurer with a million dollars or so, though the likelihood is that the gold bullion of '38 will not quite touch that figure for some time at least.

## Importance of Printing Press

### Plays Tremendous Part In Social Order

Up the years from the early hieroglyphics of the Egyptians and the hand-written, voluminous volumes of the monks, through the time of Gutenberg's invention of printing by movable type, up to our present-day highly perfected web presses which are capable of turning out 500,000 sixteen-page newspapers every hour, man has constantly been trying to satisfy his desire to record the changing cycle of the years.

In the days of *The Boston News-Letter*, America's first successful newspaper, the wooden hand-press and wooden type were adequate for the small circulation of the paper. Transportation and communication systems were then in their infancy, as were the methods of news gathering. The principal news content of the paper consisted of letters received from friends and relatives abroad. However, with the growth in perfection of transportation and communication, which ultimately resulted in increased circulation, metal type and a larger, steel press, capable of an ever increasing production, were an absolute necessity.

Throughout the pages of history, the growth of newspapers has gone hand in hand with the perfection and growth of the printing-press. The newspaper records the news of today, the history of tomorrow. Its files are constantly referred to by historians compiling a treatise on some period in the history of the country. It is, in itself, a history of the nation, adding to the events of the past the news of the present to make the history of the future.

Such is the universality of the newspaper, that people throughout the civilized world may pick up a copy and learn the news of the world. The newspaper reaches out and touches both rich and poor. Poverty and riches come together on a common meeting ground, the newspaper. As long as civilization exists in this world as we know it today, the newspaper and the printing-press will continue to hold the esteemed place in the world which they rightly deserve.

## THE MAN OF WESSEX Thomas Hardy's Works Reviewed

by Gertrude M. Horgan, J., '41

The titles of four of Thomas Hardy's poetical works sum up the substance of his philosophy: the titles are *Wessex*, *Past*, *Circumstance* and *Vision*. The words *Wessex* and *Past* remind one that Hardy restricted the greater part of his writing to the single and long-inhabited locality of the West-of-England country called Wessex. Toward the close of his life Hardy remarked that he confined his gaze to objects and people in one part of the world because he considered that human nature could most profitably be studied in the simplest and oldest terms, on ground which had been trod by many generations of men and women in only slightly different ways.

The word *Circumstance* reminds one of the whole structure of Hardy's philosophy, which is often called pessimistic in the sense that he long considered the fact that man is to some extent a misfit in the universe, but it never occurred to him to ponder on the realization that man is a misfit because he is destined for a higher end, or to paraphrase the words of Saint Augustine, man is made for God and his heart will find no peace until it rests in God. Hardy believed in predestination as exemplified in the following poem:

"If but some vengeful god would call to me  
From up the sky, and laugh: 'Thou suffering thing,  
Know that thy sorrow is my ecstasy,  
That thy love's loss is my hate's profiting.'

Then would I bear it, clench myself, and die,  
Stealed by the sense of ire unmerited;  
Half-eased in that a Powerfuller than I  
Had willed and meted me the tears I shed.

But not so. How arrives it joy lies slain,  
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?  
—Crass Casualty obstructs the sun and rain,  
And dicing Time for gladness casts a moan . . .  
These purblind Doomsters had as readily sown  
Blisses about my pilgrimage as pain."

In many narrative poems Hardy shows human beings in the grip of relentless fortune, tricked and betrayed by an indifferent Nature. Not for Thomas Hardy the solace of religious belief; rather for him the sense of glorying in the woe and misery of mankind in general and of the inhabitants of the Wessex country in particular.

The word *Vision* is a word which Hardy considered his own private property. He looked with the eyes of the mind, as in *Drummer Hodge*, when he projected himself into the thoughts of a young English soldier killed in the Boer War. It is this singular power of vision which endows Hardy's works with atmosphere and enriches his lines with understanding. His vocabulary is pregnant with old and mysterious words coned from the language of the Wessex country, and again his power of vision makes the right characters say just the right words at the right time.

Thomas Hardy, although his work as a novelist was nearly completed by 1890, and had been confined to the native tradition of Wes-

sex, was generally regarded as the greatest novelist of his age, chiefly for the unity of place, tone, and ideas which characterized his work.

E. V. Knox has captured the substance of the melancholy which pervades Hardy's work in the following selection:

"A forward dash by a shape of gloom,  
And the train just caught, not missed,  
And there in my carriage the woman whom  
I had promised to clasp by a yew-spread tomb  
On that very night; but I had been false to the trust.

I had thought to leave her standing alone  
In the spectred shadow's chill,  
To listen there to the wind's sharp moan  
While I journeyed to meet with a different one  
Whom I loved in the city streets far off from the vill.

What then was she doing seated here,  
Not glimmering under the trees  
Where many a night we'd had much cheer  
In Summer's cyme or in Winter's drear  
Reading the headstones' carved epitomes? . . .

Then she said with a laugh: 'You are overlate  
For the lych-gate steps this eve.'  
And I: 'Yet you will not have to wait,  
For there overbeetles us both a fate  
Beyond our power of escapement, I believe.'

It will be noted that the words *shape of gloom*, *yew-spread tomb*, *false to the trust*, *standing alone*, *the spectred shadow's chill*, *wind's sharp moan*, *Summer's cyme or Winter's drear*, *headstones' carved epitomes*, *lych-gate steps*, and particularly *there overbeetles us both a fate beyond our power of escapement*, suggest the gloomy foreboding of *The Return of the Native*.

Hardy's attitude toward life is almost one of despair. At times he does see and present the humorous side of his Wessex people as in *The Return of the Native* in the persons of Christian Cantle and old Grandfather Cantle, but his prevailing mood is one of melancholy, inspired by the uselessness of any effort to steer the lives of his characters against the currents, the eddies and whirlpools of circumstances which they do not understand and which inevitably overpower them. Nature, which he describes sometimes with charm and sometimes with terrifying impressiveness as in the description of Egdon Heath in *The Return of the Native*, is the spectator of human tragedy, and not infrequently conspires with the unseen forces that guide the universe to lead and influence poor, passionate, but not very intelligent men and women to suffering and disaster. The movement of Hardy's plots is often compared with that of the Greek tragedies, but not even in Sophocles' plays are the gods as cruel as in the impressive inevitability of Hardy's plots.

The obvious quality of Hardy's tragedy is that it does not begin in the persons who are most concerned in it; it is an invasion into human consciousness of the general tragedy

of existence which expresses itself in living symbols. The tragic fate of his novels is a condition of activity, not activity in itself. The conception of human tragedy as tragedy is characteristic of all Hardy's work. The characters are always moving against a background of measureless fatal processes. As long as the coincidence of tragedy is credible in Hardy's works, there is no objection to it, but at times it obtrudes itself upon the consciousness of the reader, and as such it fails to fulfill the conception of art in fiction.

The central group of characters in *The Return of the Native* is composed of two men and two women presented with similar contrasts and similar resemblances. The tensions within the group vary somewhat, and the characters, moulded by differing processes of external events, show differing developments. Set off against Digory Venn, the steadfast lover, so faithful that personal disappointment is of no account matched with the welfare of the beloved, is Wildeve, a man of sharp intellect, genteel manners, inflammable faithless passion, shallow good-nature, and a flashy disdain for rusticity. However, Wildeve has the air of being invented to provide the required opposition to Venn. Eustacia is contrasted with Thomasin Yeobright; a capricious, passionate, self-conscious nature, interested chiefly in her own vanity, is set against a character of patience, simplicity, and humility.

The whole story, with its complexity of character and emotion, its main plot and many sub-plots, its comedy and tragedy, its groundwork of the Egdon Heath as the vital earth, must be understood in order to realize the extent of Hardy's work. Eustacia is an impressive but far from charming character; she conquers and commands throughout the tale. There is a gloomy readiness in her to take the least adverse turn in her fortune as an evidence of the immensity of the malicious fate arrayed against her. To her the world is a deliberate conspiracy, conspicuously inventing devices for her ruin; this is what her pride forces her to believe, for her nature is tragic, and she must be the centre of her universe. Eustacia has the deepest force of any of Hardy's characters. Hers is a dangerous desire for self-importance, which finds a heady satisfaction in standing unconquerable against the enmity of the world. The story in which she moves has an atmosphere altogether suited to her.

The lighter passages in this book scarcely interrupt the stream of tragedy. Egdon Heath presides over the story, a vast, careless oppression. In no book of Hardy's is the ceaseless drifting power of material fate so impressively typified—neither malignant nor benevolent, but simply indifferent. Eustacia, mistakenly interpreting its indifference for malignity, actually turns it into malignity on herself and others. Among the memorable scenes are the bonfire, Eustacia on the heath alone, or disguised among the mummings, the dicing by the roadside, Mrs. Yeobright's death from an adder's sting, Susan's magic image. One may summarize the essence of Hardy's novels by saying that whatever tragedy affects the creatures of his imagination, it is their fate, not their fault.

## In Memoriam

The death of Patrick T. Campbell, superintendent of the Boston public schools, came as a distinct shock to the many thousands of people in all walks of life to whom the great educator had been a counselor and a friend. It was as such that we of Suffolk came to know him and to esteem him. He was a man who gave of himself and his time gladly and without stint, serving Suffolk invaluable in his capacity as chairman of the advisory council for the College of Liberal Arts. As we mourn his loss, we pray that the consolation which only the Eternal can vouchsafe will comfort the hearts of those whom passing has bereft.

## COMPARISON

### PATRICK T. CAMPBELL February 12, 1937

He did not waken  
At the rising of the sun today.  
Quietly, as he had lived,  
His noble spirit moved away.  
The day was fitting  
For an active soldier such as he.  
Brilliantly, the sun blazed forth  
And whitecaps tossed upon the sea.  
The day was fitting  
In that it checked a loved martyr's birth.  
Close communion held these two  
For all the fine things on the earth!  
There was a likeness  
In their tall and angular forms.  
Akin the humorous flash,  
The shade of hair the same.  
Their thin, high voices  
Had a way of breaking as they spoke.  
Fervently they touched our hearts.  
They made us rise and strive and hope!  
He did not waken  
With the rising of the sun today.  
Quietly, as he had lived,  
His noble spirit moved away.  
—Miss Mary F. MacGoldrick.

## Unusual Opportunities Open To All THE CASE

The *Journal* needs five live reporters and five live feature writers in every class at the Suffolk Law School.

The *Journal* needs advertising.

The *Journal* needs twice its present circulation.

The following positions on the *Journal* staff for 1937-1938 are open—and are going to remain open until Suffolk men and women have, by actual work on the paper, proved themselves competent to compete for them:

Editor-in-chief  
Managing Editor  
Business Manager  
Circulation Manager  
Advertising Manager  
Associate Editors  
Reportorial Staff

As for those ads. Bring the copy to us and we'll give you the finest ad we can for the amount you want to spend. That's fair, isn't it? Otherwise, the rate will be \$1.50 an inch.

Remember, all you Suffolkians, that destructive criticism will never get you or the *Journal* anywhere. You can make the *Journal* the best paper of its type—by real constructive action.

THOS. G. ECCLES  
Faculty Adviser

## Case Study Method To Be Abandoned By U. of Chicago

Hutchins Brands Present  
Legal Education As  
"Impractical"

The University of Chicago has turned its back on the case system as an exclusive means of law teaching. President Robert M. Hutchins in a recent address before the Bar Association of New York State declared, "Legal education today is an impractical educational program masquerading as a practical one." This is what Suffolk Law School has been preaching for thirty years.

The law department of the University of Chicago will break away from the Harvard system in order to give its students the benefit of modern developments in jurisprudence.

In announcing the change, Dean Harry A. Bigelow of the law school made a very significant statement: "The sit-down strike, the State and National legislation that has been produced and proposed in the last few years obviously involve problems to which a merely legalistic approach is not adequate."

President Hutchins added the following comment: "We hope to remove legal education from its remoteness from reality."

The logic of events is justifying Suffolk Law School's pioneer spirit and is certifying day by day that Dean Gleason L. Archer is somewhat of a prophet in his relation to legal education.

## Suffolk College Library Acquires Timely Tomes

Lawrence's Latest On  
Supreme Court Is  
Procured

*Common Sense of the Constitution*, presented by Professor A. T. Southworth, the author, is one of the timely additions to the Suffolk College Library. *Supreme Court or Political Puppets*, by David Lawrence, and various books on Municipal Government, have also been added in the last few weeks.

Another of our faculty authors, Professor Frederick H. Dole, has contributed to the Library a copy of *The History of Wendham, Maine*, his latest book. A set of *The History of Weymouth, Mass.*, has also been presented to the College by Clayton Ash of Weymouth. Other new histories include Ploetz' *Dictionary of Dates*; Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People*; *Evolution of the Art of Music*; *Introduction to Historical Geology*; the *Coinages of the World*; *Larned's History of the World*; *History of California*; *Adams' Epic of America*.

New reference books include foreign language dictionaries, word-finders, biographical dictionaries, a rhyming dictionary, a dictionary of similes, a *Readers' Digest of Books*, dictionary of musical terms, and a Modern Encyclopedia. Other additions are psychology and education books, a number on English and literature, several biographies, source books for sociology, and a new lot of journalism books.

## Radio Advertising

(Continued from Page 1)

In Mr. Vallee's second lecture he compared radio with other fields of expression and discussed experiments in the Billy Sunday revivals to show that eye-appeal has great advantage over mere ear-appeal. He discussed Father Coughlin and Huey Long as radio performers. President Roosevelt and his Fireside Chats came in for comment in discussing radio technique. The nature of a radio audience was analyzed and compared with the ordinary gathering in a lecture room. Radio advertising was compared with advertising in periodicals. Mr. Vallee pointed out that at present eighty to ninety percent of all radio programs are composed of music, discussing the psychological reasons for the fact. His comments on studio audiences in network broadcasts were especially interesting since he revealed that orchestra leaders were by no means agreed upon the wisdom of such background for a broadcast. He expressed his own distaste for studio audiences but declared that troupers from the legitimate stage needed this type of reaction when participating in a broadcast. His conclusion was that studio audiences have come to stay and must be accepted as a necessary evil.

The radio has taken the place of the hearth as the gathering place of American families according to Mr. Vallee, who declares radio is intended for the home and the hearth. Radio is clean and moral because it comes into the home and must be fit for the ears of small children, whereas the screen is subject to no such limitation. The career and success of Joan Crawford were discussed. The psychology of the shop girl who sees Miss Crawford on the screen and imagines herself in the love scene with Clark Gable, furnished a vivid topic of discussion. That the radio and motion pictures are rapidly standardizing American life was one of the lecturer's conclusions.

Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, and other stage stars who had achieved success in radio were treated in masterly manner by Mr. Vallee. Mae West likewise received attention. The lecture closed with a question period.

## M. I. T. And Suffolk Do Their Bit For Yankee Minutemen

Dr. Archer and Prof. Rogers  
Discuss Early Days  
Of Yankeeeland

Suffolk and M. I. T. have been joining hands before the microphone of late. Professor Robert E. Rogers of Technology who won fame some years ago by advising his students to be snobs, to marry the daughter of the boss, etc., has been conducting a radio program for the Yankee Minutemen. On February 20th, Dean Gleason L. Archer was interviewed by Professor Rogers on certain questions of early Colonial history. The idea of two well-known educators gossiping before the microphone concerning the Colonial forefathers evidently made a great hit with the radio audience. Dean Archer was called back for an encore on February 27th and has been asked to speak again on Saturday afternoon, March 27th.

## "To the Youth --- To the Life"



Dr. Archer Welcomes Professor Vallee to Suffolk

"Dean, there's something of the spirit of sturdy old Maine here at Suffolk."

"Yes, Rudy, and I feel that your coming here is another infusion of that spirit. It is a dedication of yourself, as it were, to the kind of youth that our Nation sorely needs; to the fire of love of country glowing within these splendid young people; and to the life that is moving and calling us all. Suffolk is grateful to you, Rudy, and we want you to know it!"

### ECHOES OF RUDY'S LECTURES

Rudy Vallee's appearance in the executive offices or corridors at Suffolk always attracts attention. The best-known radio performer in the country certainly looks the part. He is surprisingly youthful in appearance. His contagious smile and his modest manner mark him as an unusual celebrity. The way the Law School students mobbed him for his autograph after his lecture on March 2nd was very amusing. It was almost a football scrimmage with notebooks, textbooks, problem answers and anything that could be written on being handed to Rudy who signed and signed again. Dean Archer finally rescued the maestro and took him into the office.

And did Rudy blush when he inadvertently referred to the "bald-headed man in the front row" of an audience and suddenly noted that Dean Archer was exactly in that position! The audience was in an uproar for some time, and no one enjoyed the joke more than the Dean himself.

Suffolk's Secretariat is well represented at Rudy's lectures. Miss Caraher, secretary of the Law School; Miss Bryant, secretary of the Colleges of Liberal Arts and Journalism; Miss Newsome, director of dramatics; and the stenographic staff of the Colleges were out in full force on March 2nd.

Rudy writes with his left hand, a fact that delighted the class when the popular maestro wrote on the blackboard at the beginning of his second lecture. They were especially delighted when he had a wee bit of difficulty in spelling rhythm—a tricky word even for a master of rhythm.

Radio executives, announcers and even the Boston representative of

*Variety*, the supreme court of the theatrical world, were in Rudy's audience on March 2nd.

Harry Paul, who was for years Rudy's secretary, but is now in the employ of Irving Berlin, never misses a performance when his former employer is at Suffolk.

Rudy Vallee's enthusiasm for the future of Suffolk College of Journalism is attested by the fact that he comes from New York City every Tuesday afternoon that he is in the East in order to deliver his 7:30 lecture at Suffolk—a very great sacrifice for so busy a man.

This is not due to his long-standing friendship with Dean Archer but rather because of a deep interest in young people who are obliged to make their own way in the world. It is a bit of public service in which Mr. Vallee gladly co-operates without thought of financial reward.

### William J. Kelley, '38 Elected Director of Radio Association

Mr. William J. Kelly of Brighton, a student at Suffolk Law School, class of 1938, has been elected to the acting Board of Directors of "The Professional Radio Men's Association" of Massachusetts.

This organization is a new one having held its first meeting about six weeks ago.

### NOT NEEDED

Judge (to prisoner about to give evidence on his own behalf is sworn)—Have you a lawyer to represent you?

Prisoner—No, sir, your honor, I am going to speak the truth.—Windsor Star.

## Law School Man Former Harvard Boxing Champ

Ex-Mayor M. C. O'Neill  
Of Everett Heads Sport  
At University Club

Ex-Mayor Michael C. O'Neill of Everett has been appointed chairman of the boxing committee at the University Club of Boston. Mr. O'Neill, a prominent member of the Class of 1938 at Suffolk Law School, was a boxing champion in his weight while a student at Harvard.

—S-L-S—

Attorney M. Martin Gouldey, '28, of Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, is an applicant for appointment as special justice of Dukes County District Court. The vacancy has been occasioned by the recent resignation of Judge John B. Nunes of New Bedford.

—S-L-S—

On Friday evening, February 24, at Haverhill, a reception was tendered Rev. Kenneth E. Bath, a former student at Suffolk Law School. Rev. Mr. Bath is now stationed at Haverhill where he is permanent pastor of the Church of Christ. His many friends in the Suffolk alumni ranks extend to him every good wish.

—S-L-S—

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Taylor of 229 Arlington Street, West Medford, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Beatrice G. Taylor, to Mr. Harold Karp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Karp, 135 Yeomans Avenue, Medford.

Miss Taylor, who has been employed in the office of City Clerk Charles A. Winslow for the past ten years, was graduated from Medford High School in 1927 and from Northeastern University in 1932 obtaining an LL.B. degree. Mr. Karp was also graduated from Medford High School in 1927. He attended Suffolk Law School being graduated with the Class of 1932. The wedding will take place in June.

## TRIVIA

*E PLURIBUS UNUM*, boys. Now that we have chosen those men whom we desire as representatives of our Class, we have more important things to do. Fellow "Thirty Eighters," it is very important that we receive the fine education that Suffolk is affording us, but it is equally important that we develop a permanent organization for our mutual benefit. We have only another short year to spend at Suffolk and then we will go forth, we hope, into the legal profession. When we do, it is important that we shall be so organized that we can call upon each other for assistance when necessary. No doubt every man in the Class possesses knowledge on some particular subject which another member will need to know. It certainly would be a pity if we could not locate each other at such a time. We "Thirty Eighters" must never forsake one another. The Class of 1938 can be Suffolk's finest, so do your part to make this record possible. Our officers are the spearhead, on the road to success. We are the forces of co-operation to speed them on the way. Together we can succeed and will succeed.

# The SUFFOLK JOURNAL

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## EDITORIALS

### "Where There Is No Vision--"

The President of the United States, in his address of March 4, 1937, placed the Supreme Court issue squarely before the American people. To our eminent Dean, we of Suffolk are indebted for one of the clearest of the many scholarly expositions appearing on this tremendously important subject.

Editorially, we hold that the "mandate" of the voting majority given the President last November does not include any sanction with regard to the altering of the balance-wheel of the Constitution. The program of the second Roosevelt Administration with respect to the Court was not placed before the voters at the time of the presidential elections. There has been no expression of popular opinion on the issue.

There is however, among our journalists, an overwhelming spirit of opposition to the Administration's apparent attitude toward the Court. Editors and news commentators have for several years been viewing with keen and appreciative interest the concern of the United States Supreme Court for the rights which we Americans regard as inviolable. Freedom of education was safeguarded in the Oregon case. The rights of a group of lowly Negroes were upheld in the Alabama case. A memorable Huey Long law was expunged from the statutes, too. Had that law not been declared unconstitutional, a free press in the sovereign State of Louisiana would have bowed before legalized suppression under a local dictatorship.

We are not moved by arguments that denial of our fundamental liberties could never happen in these United States. This is an age in which apparent incompatibilities can occur. We have no dictatorships here, but they have come to Europe within our own generation. We have had no abrogation of our Ten Amendments, and we still enjoy as inalienable certain rights rather beyond the reach of those who must live and die beneath the yoke of twentieth-century despotism.

And so, the editorial voices throughout our land today are permitted by fundamental law to counsel the Republic to pause, to reflect, and to join issue with those who seem to have forgotten the words from the *Book of Ages*:

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."

—Proverbs xxix, 18

### A Word to Our Spokesmen

In this, the thirtieth, year of Suffolk's history, we have witnessed an unparalleled enrichment of extra-curricular activities. Perhaps the establishment of the *Journal* has played some part in the development of these activities. The *Journal* has, in turn, benefited from this development. Those of us who are the *Journal* staff must necessarily look to other activity groups for much of our live news. Such interdependence will increase as the years pass.

It is to the journalists and to the debaters that we expressly direct these lines. The time is at hand when the *Journal* must take its place in the intercollegiate newspaper world. Our probationary period is nearly ended. There are hundreds of excellent journals in that bigger world. Most of them are well planned and well edited. The cultural standards of each university are reflected in the publications of that university. We too have our cultural standards, and we are morally obligated to our university to maintain them. Let us reflect the true Suffolk culture in every line of every column.

Intercollegiate debating is an activity calling for genuine oratorical talent, the power of logical thinking, courtesy in combat, and a thorough knowledge of the facts pertinent to the point at issue. As we listen to arguments delivered with facility, poise, and fluency by an experienced college debater, we might assume that the forensic art must indeed be an easy one to master. No assumption could be further from the truth. The intercollegiate team skirts the wide ranges of law, economics, history, and sociology during the preparatory period. The debate itself is at the same time both a dialectical and a psychological enterprise. The team deficient in scholarship or lacking in preparation is but a travesty on the intercollegiate platform.

All who would aspire to the honor of representing this university should recognize first that they are morally obligated to elevate them-

## A Modern Narcissus

By Gertrude M. Horgan, J., '41

He stood outside Arnold Constable's department store darting quick glances at the pretty girls passing by, stenographers on parade. His thin and nervous hands fondled the bright handkerchief tucked in his breast pocket. Suddenly he wheeled to face the plate glass windows. What did he find there that was so interesting? Perhaps he was admiring the display of negligees, the pale pastel colors so temptingly arrayed? Oh, no, it was something far more important than that. He was admiring his image reflected in the glass, the trim cut of his pencil-striped suit, the debonair snap to the brim of his soft hat, the perfection of his athletic figure. There, he tipped his hat a fraction of an inch to the right—so, now he was the picture of the gay and carefree man about town.

Satisfied at last with what he saw in the window, he turned to resume his inspection of the passing crowd. Now and then he tipped his hat as a rare specimen of feminine charm glanced his way. What if his attempt to act the gallant met with a haughty stare? He was having his moment, his daily moment as a connoisseur of beauty.

A touch of a soft hand on his arm turned him to face a beautiful girl. There, his hat was off, he was bowing low, giving his obeisance to feminine pulchritude.

"Mary," his gentle and cultured tones telling of hours of practise in the quiet of his room, "I thought that you would never come. One gets so tired of standing here and being stared at," but the self-conscious shrug of his shoulders and his half-smile belied his words.

"But, Ralph, I've only been looking at dresses for a few minutes. I'm sorry if I kept you waiting too long."

"Oh, well." Now that she had given her apology he was magnanimous. "What does it matter now that you are here and we are together again?"

Oh, how he liked the sound of those words. One could see his lips moving as he repeated the words silently to his own satisfaction. Of course he had heard Leslie Howard say the same words in some play or other, but Mary wouldn't remember that, she never did.

"We'll go to the Savoy-Plaza." No thought of where she would like to go, of course. He always made the plans, and who would dispute his judgment?

To the Savoy-Plaza, then, with its atmosphere of deference and good-breeding. The hat-check girl murmured a greeting as she took their hats and coats. Mr. Morton always tipped well if one greeted him with pleasure and remembered his name.

Ralph beamed at Mary, then took a hasty but comprehensive glance in a mirror, smoothed his carefully waved blond hair, and he was ready for the evening.

Charles, the head waiter, was deferential as he escorted the couple to the usual well-placed table,—beside a mirror. Ralph of course, told Mary gently, but in a tone which brooked no dissension, that squab would make a wonderful dinner. He listened with half an ear to his companion's rippling murmur of conversation, the while he coned the good looks of the women dining with other men. When he

supplying a perfect sauce for a delectable dinner. There was no need for Mary to speak; Ralph always attended to that by keeping the conversation strictly confined to topics which interested him.

Ralph admitted, with becoming modesty, to all concerned, that he was an excellent dancer, and as he piloted Mary to the waxed circle he decided that he would try a new step which he had seen Fred Astaire do with becoming grace. Whenever he stepped on Mary's shoes, he allowed her to say that she was sorry that she was so clumsy, but really, she couldn't keep up with all the steps he did so well. Between dances, quick glances in the mirror reassured him that he was sartorially perfect. His blond good looks always showed up so well at the Savoy-Plaza; that blue lighting brought out his best.

Ralph's tips were liberal that evening. Poor beggars, he thought, as the waiter and hat-check girl gushed their thanks, it wasn't often that a man tipped them as well as all that. He helped Mary with her coat, then adjusted his hat with the aid of a mirror, of course. The doorman beckoned for a taxi and once again Ralph slipped a coin in a waiting palm with a gliding motion of his carefully cared-for hand.

... Ralph left Mary in the lobby of her apartment hotel as he always did. With fine Continental grace, he bent over her hand and kissed it as he murmured, "Until we meet on Friday, my sweet, I must say au-revoir."

He was replete with a sense of having been at his best this evening as he thought what a perfect pair he and Mary made together; her brunette beauty set off his handsome blond looks so well. Some day when he had had his fling, had escorted beautiful women to first-rate night clubs, he would marry Mary and settle down. In the meanwhile, she would enjoy his company and be quite satisfied to wait for him to slip an engagement ring on her finger. He liked the thought of how well he would look bending over her tiny hand and murmuring his devotion. That was something to look forward to. With a last, lingering look of self-admiration in the reflecting window of the taxi, he relaxed for the long drive to his uptown apartment. His long, silky eyelashes closed gently over sea-blue eyes, as though reluctant to abandon admiration of this perfect man, a twentieth century Narcissus.

## Supreme Court

(Continued from Page 1)

the compact by future Congresses and Presidents. But a mere written document, however carefully drafted, could not be expected to accomplish this purpose without an independent judiciary to construe it. The Constitution, therefore, specifically provided for a Supreme Court charged with the duty, under due process of law, of deciding all cases arising under the Constitution. Power to declare laws inconsistent with the Constitution null and void was inherent in the Supreme Court else the Constitution itself would have become a mere scrap of paper.

It is a mistake to suppose that in declaring a law unconstitutional the Supreme Court is vetoing legislation or imposing its own views of government on the Congress or the Executive. The court has no power to speak until months and perhaps years after the enactment of an unconstitutional law. An appeal from a Federal or State court may then render it incumbent upon the Supreme Court to examine the law in question and to declare whether it be in conflict with the Constitution. If to the majority of the court the law seems to be in conflict as aforesaid, it is the duty of the court so to declare it, but in doing so the court is merely interpreting the supreme law of the land. It is the Constitution that vetoes the law, not the Court.

As Lord Bryce so aptly put it in *The American Commonwealth*:

"The so-called 'power of annulling an unconstitutional statute' is a duty rather than a power." (P. 246) . . . "The will that prevails is the will of the people, expressed in the Constitution which they have enacted. All that the judges have to do is to discover from the enactments before them what the will of the people is, and apply that will to the facts of the given case." . . . "The judges have no concern with the motives or the result of an enactment, otherwise than as these may throw light on the sense in which the enacting authority intended it." (P. 247).

Where does this leave those who criticize the Supreme Court for declaring well-intentioned laws unconstitutional if such laws are actually in conflict with the Constitution?

—Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.

## Viewing the News

"Dionne Fortune Now is Half-Million; Busy Guardian Asks Leave to Retire"—headline. Was it because he was busy or dizzy? Guess we'd be both if we had even a fifth of that fortune.

"Good-bye Kiss' Puts Woman in Hospital"—headline. M-M-M! A "good-bye kiss" that said "Good-Bye."

"Murderer Executed After Five Reprieves"—headline. Ah, JUSTICE! Only to prove that "crime doesn't pay" and "time marches on."

"Sap is Running—Spring is Here"—headline. If that's the

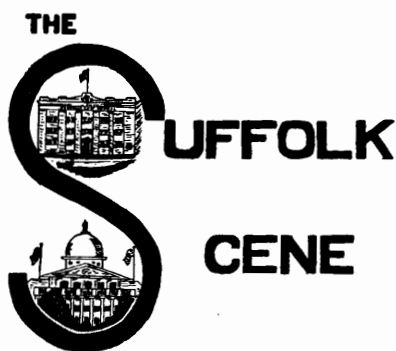
"Pain Imaginary, Dentist Avers"—headline. Yes, with only the dentist lacking imagination.

"Students to 'Run' Vermont for Day"—headline. That is, if Vermont chooses to be run!

"Newton is Seeking Harmonica Teacher"—headline. Too bad cities didn't start that years ago.

In reference to that mail man who threw mail away because his feet hurt,—it would be just too bad if our "Stenog" cut her finger.

"First Lady Worried By Split Infinitives"—headline. She's lucky



E. B. Barrett

(We apologize for last month's session at the wailing wall. We realize now that it wasn't quite cricket, spilling one's woes on fellow students whose problems and troubles outside college are heavy enough. 'Scusa.)

**HIGH SPOTS** — Mr. Bennison's newspaper yarns . . . great stuff! Violent argument the other night. . . . Gene Powers, news student, vs. Jim Rand, about the Newspaper Guild. Gene and yours truly made Mr. Rand see the light of truth, much to his disappointment. Gene, a Milton fellow, was riding instructor in the Blue Hills for two years.

Pleasant letters from a former classmate, Ruth Dole Scholz, now Mrs. Earl Bowman of N. J. They've moved into their own home now, and are doing well. Ruth still thinks about Suffolk, and misses it, too, although her domestic duties absorb most of her time.

Had a funny time one afternoon, typing a Creative Writing assignment on an old Oliver in the kitchen of the Derne Lunch, the obliging proprietress acting as mechanical assistant. Had a chat there one springlike afternoon recently with the skipper of a fishing boat. . . . And was introduced to Mr. Edward C. R. Bagley, Deputy Commissioner of the Department of Correction . . . a great fellow. . . . He has lunch in the Derne Lunch kitchen, 'cause he's an old friend of the Morgans who manage it. . . . A very democratic gentleman, and everyone likes him.

The widow of my late editor Harry H. Graves, visits the Hairdressers' Convention at the Statler. We reminisce over our days with the *Sentinel*. An old school pal, now chief room clerk there, tells about an unusual salesman who, some months ago, offered to sell a roll of greenbacks to him! The C. R. C. thought they seemed too crisp and home-made!

Good reading — *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, by Dr. Victor Heiser. . . . Thirty years of world travel, from Johnstown, Pa., to Ceylon and Ethiopia, Sululand and India. . . . "His life dedicated to a single idea — the application of knowledge to the prevention of disease." 535 pages packed with glorious description, amusing anecdotes, pathos, heartbreak, glamour and achievement.

The Wood-Snow palship coming along fine! Here's one on us. . . . We've caught ourself pacing the floor and muttering to ourself! Could it be Spring Fever? Or coming exams? Mostly, we think, it's this conglomerate mess o' columnage.

Our favorites: O. O. McIntyre; especially when he writes about the "gold old days" and the glamour of 'em . . . leaves you with a glowing feeling.

One of our Hecht House journalism students lands a job in a small printing shop. Another joins a photo association and is excited about getting news with pictures about Blue Hill Ave. *The Night Editor* we now issue weekly instead of monthly. Hecht House has been in the news of late, or have you noticed? Well-equipped game room, recreation hall, and 54 clubs to suit assorted tastes. Choral group, ping-pong, pool, knitting, stamp club, and a host of social clubs. Nice place to spend an otherwise dull evening. Mr. Edward Sidman, Director of Boys' Work, was interviewed by Mrs. Tehan on WCOP the other morning. He spoke on Adult Recreation.

Pleasant afternoon paradise . . . Steuben's by the Colonial; a rest between visits to employment agencies. Down there one never hears: "Nothing today . . ." or "You're not the type", or "Now, if you had a car . . ." . . . "Not enough selling experience . . ." One even had the nerve to say: "You don't look 21!" . . . Sometimes we feel 61, inside . . . Ho hum. . . .

City Auditor Charles J. Fox, Professor of Municipal Finance at our Law School, and also professor of Taxation and Public Finance in the College of Liberal Arts, has been appointed acting budget commissioner by Mayor Mansfield. He succeeds Francis J. Murray, who died over three weeks ago. This is a temporary appointment, it has been indicated, since the position demands the full time of one commissioner.

Mr. Fox is "best qualified to carry on the work for the next few weeks," since discussion by the City Council on fiscal expenditures is under way.

Gilbert and Sullivan were right when they said: "A policeman's life is not a happy one." A friend of ours, a patrolman, on his first time on the street in 6 years, ran into trouble at 11 A. M. Wednesday, March 3, when a 15-year-old girl went violently insane in the Back Bay. With a brother officer the patrolman took the girl to the Haymarket Relief Station, and thence to the Psychopathic Hospital. The girl was deaf and dumb, which made it impossible for the police to reason with her, and their morning was nerve-racking. Having a 15-year-old daughter of his own, our friend felt great compassion for the girl, but had to do his duty.

The same officer once saw a man leap from a 5th-story window . . . held his breath and waited for the crash. But the man landed on two telephone wires, dangled a moment and fell the remaining ten or twelve feet. His only injury was a cut thumb!

## Here and There with The Rambler

*"A chiel's among you takin' notes,  
And faith he'll print it."*  
— Burns

Beware, students, of asking Prof. Finnegan any question of law while he is in the lunch room eating. He was heard to say to one enterprising senior who had the audacity to do so, "I'll be dashed if I'll discuss law while I'm eating."

The well-known and valuable Jimmie Laing is back in school after a brief sojourn in politics.

Commacho's outbreaks in class are growing more infrequent. Who squelched him?

Understand that Broderick, the stylist, came out with a new combination for March 17, — an emerald green shirt with an orange tie.

Wonder if it will be "Constable" Paul Knight.

Nominate Paul Smith as class parliamentarian.

Freshman L. Walter Welch, while attempting to display his erudition along mathematical lines, was tied up on the definition of a trapezoid.

The Senior class sphinx, Kearns. He's not dumb, just quiet.

We note that Bill Strath is a philosopher as well as a poet. It probably wouldn't be printed if he wasn't Editor.

The Gaston & Alphonse act of G. Lynch and J. A. Lynch. When a question is asked, each attempts to outwit the other.

Ferrick's side-lights on Middlesex court are good. For what?

Notice Thornton can't sleep in crowds. He's always awake at the bar review.

By the way, Prof. Finnegan's jokes in Domestic Relations are classic. What a man! ! !

Mr. Wyman gets more and more exasperated at the Seniors each class.

Dr. Doherty, C. L. A., doesn't like the by-line on his Journal material! !

We have news that Muriel Oskervitz, former S. C. J. student, is doing well in her new job at Lynn.

## Forensics

The freshmen of Suffolk Law School added one more feather to their cap when David W. Noonan was chosen to be captain of the debating team.

Other members of the team include William A. Jones, Saul H. Waldman, and Frank Anselm, alternate.

To achieve a place on the team the men were first obliged to distinguish themselves before a group of impartial judges in an effort to prove their worthiness for the position. The Debating Society was fortunate in securing as judges for the competition, Professors Joseph A. Parks, Roger A. Stinchfield, and Kenneth A. Williams.

Many thanks to Professors Parks, Stinchfield, and especially to Williams who has consented to become Faculty Adviser to the Debating Society.

David W. Noonan, who holds the office of vice-president of the Debating Society, has just won the coveted post of President of the Class of 1940.

On Wednesday evening, February 24, at 6 p. m., Room 46, 688 Boylston Street, I had the privilege of acting as a judge in a debate between B. U. and M. I. T.

The question was "Resolved: That Congress should have power by two-thirds vote to refuse decisions of the Supreme Court in declaring acts unconstitutional."

Because of sickness one speaker of M. I. T. was unable to attend. But B. U. had its three speakers who were well prepared and ready.

Although Werby and Toni of M. I. T. carried on valiantly, Henderson and Carrol of B. U. showed their skill by presenting a well-balanced team which kept the judges constantly on the alert.

While the position of a judge is rather a precarious one, nevertheless if one side shows an analysis of the proposition; if the speakers present pertinent information and evidence; if fallacies are avoided and detected; if the debaters are able to extemporize and effectively adapt themselves to their opponents arguments; if the rebuttal speech is clear cut in its attack on significant details; and if the refutation is interspersed throughout, then that side should be given the decision. With these thoughts in mind it was the unanimous opinion of the judges that the olive branch should go to B. U.

The Thomas J. Boynton Debating Society of Suffolk College will meet B. U. at a later date.

So prepare, you members of the Thomas J. Boynton Society, to carry on the high standard set by other Suffolk men.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS J. O'CONNOR

## The Law and The Lawyer

### Manufacturers' Liability in Tort

By W. R. STRATH, L. '37

The ultimate purchaser of goods sold by a retailer, or other person not the agent or servant of the manufacturer, perhaps, may maintain an action in tort against the manufacturer for negligence in the making of the goods, although there is an inability to hold the manufacturer in contract because of the absence of privity.

In some instances, the action of tort for deceit may be brought, if the five elements of that action can successfully be proved. For example:

**D**, the manufacturer of Malt Nutrine, advertised it as healthful and beneficial. **P** purchased a bottle of the product from a druggist in reliance upon the advertising of **D**. Ptomaine poisoning ensued. Although **D** cannot be held in contract because there is no privity of contract between **D** and **P**, **P** may maintain an action against **D** in tort for deceit.

**Roberts v. Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assn.**, 211 Mass. 449.

However, as a general rule, no action in tort for negligence in the manufacture of goods may be maintained against the manufacturer where there is no privity of contract between the manufacturer and the party bringing the action, there being no breach of a legal duty to the plaintiff. **Pitman v. Lynn Gas & Electric Co.**, 241 Mass. 322. To this rule, there are exceptions. The action may be maintained where the goods are food for human consumption; or where the products are inherently or commonly recognized as dangerous to life or health. **Tompkins v. Quaker Oats Co.**, 239 Mass. 147.

A retail dealer sold to **P** a car manufactured by the **D** company. Because of a defective wheel purchased by the **D** company from **X** company, the car collapsed. Reasonable examination by **D** would have disclosed the defect, although **D** had no actual knowledge of it. **P** sued **D** in tort for negligence. **D** is liable because the product is of such a nature that it is reasonably certain to imperil life when negligently made, and to be used by others, other than the purchaser, without further tests on their part. **McPherson v. Buick Motor Car Co.**, 217 N.Y. 382.

In the cases under the exceptions to the rule as to liability for negligence of the manufacturer, there is in fact, a holding out to the whole world that the goods are reasonably safe, and negligence on the part of the manufacturer to have them so, constitutes a breach of a legal duty to the plaintiff which creates the very basis of the tort liability which would otherwise be lacking.

After thorough consideration of the proposal of President Roosevelt to increase the number of judges in the Supreme Court, the Suffolk Law School Debating Society has gone on record as opposed to any change.

Before taking a vote on the question, the members listened to a debate on the proposed change between James E. Blaney, who opposed the President's plan, and James Fitzgerald, who approved it. This was followed by an open-forum discussion on the merits of the respective cases.

## Suffolk's Silly Song Similes

"A South Boy Wants To Go Home." . . . The natural desire of our fellow students from under the M.&D. Line.

"Does Your Heart Beat For Me?" . . . Dedicated to the Marking Professors.

"Follow Your Heart" . . . Trying to decide a Question of fact on an Exam.

"How'm I Doin' With You?" . . . Dedicated to Future Estates.

"I'm Just Beginning To Care" . . . If one flunked the first Semester Exam.

"Love Is a Dancer" . . . Here's a hint to attend the Alumni Ball.

"Organ Grinder's Swing" . . . The thing to learn upon flunking the Bar four times.

"On A Coconut Island" . . . A good place to hide if you've done the *supra*.

"Ridin' High" . . . The nice little girls and boys who have made the Dean's List for the first Semester.

"Sweetheart, Let's Grow Old Together" . . . Me and Bills and Notes.

"Tell Me With Your Kisses" . . . That's what the Profs mean by those Xs.

"Until The Real Thing Comes Along" . . . Bar Exam.

"We'll Rest At The End Of The Trail" . . . If we pass the above mentioned.

"Through The Courtesy of Love" . . . (C. P.) Conditional Pass.

"There's No Substitute For You" . . . Alma Mater!

Edward Jacobson.

Dave Barton returned to his office on the 6th floor of the Farragut Building, sat heavily in the one remaining chair and counted several crumpled bills in his wallet. Dave was 20, tall, rather a little on the thinnish side, with blue, thoughtful eyes, expressive thin fingers, and a straight mouth that turned up a bit at the edges and changed a person's first unflattering opinion of him.

Presently he reached for the telephone, nervously dialed a number and sat back, his chair against the wall. He felt that in more than one way his back was toward the wall. The last three months had not been pleasant. A small business, some good weekly accounts, a refined and reliable clientele. But his partners had not stuck with him. One by one they had left, for one reason or another. And he was left with the business, and it was too much for him to handle alone. Besides, he was lonesome for the country, and he wanted to get back. He got the phone company on the wire and instructed them to come later in the afternoon and remove the phone.

Leaving his desk, Dave looked at it ruefully. Couldn't do much with it, he knew. It had been scratched up pretty much. He decided to give it to the Morgan Memorial. He knew his good friend "Pop" down there would be pleased to get it. That was all there was to do, so he phoned the Memorial, got "Pop" on the wire and was assured that they'd have it out of there in a half hour.

Dave took his coat, muffler and hat and went in search of the janitor. After giving him the keys, Dave walked down toward the elevator, and in passing his office looked at the painted sign on the door. Thought he'd take a razor blade and scrape it off, but for sentimental reasons decided against it.

Dave hand-shaked with the elevator man, an old friend, and walked out across Massachusetts Ave. to his favorite cafe. A good meal topped off with a glass of port wine and Dave phoned North Station. Yes, there'd be a train at 3:15. An hour to sit there, talking with Ruth, his friend and favorite waitress.

"But have you any prospects up-country?" she wanted to know, her forehead wrinkled a little.

"Got a letter yesterday from an old friend who tells me they're hiring help at the toy factory. Wages aren't bad. If I don't land that, there's always a newspaper in town I could try. Take a whack at ad-layout, perhaps."

"Sounds rather optimistic to me, Dave. I'd make more certain of it before I went, if I were you. Another glass of port? You're going it a little heavy, aren't you?"

"Well," Dave smiled, "this is my last day in Boston, maybe, for at least six months, perhaps more."

He neglected to tell her his real reason for wanting to go up-country. There wasn't much he didn't confide to his friends, but this was one thing he'd keep to himself, of that he was sure. Dave didn't like being laughed at, and for some reason he thought, old friend that she was, that Ruth would laugh. Thinking it over, it was a bit silly, wanting to be back in the country, just to see a girl he hadn't heard from in five months. She might be married by this time, he thought. But he smiled at that. Jeanne married! The thought amused him. They'd talked it over so many nights together that last summer,

at barn dances, at Grange suppers, and down by the waterfall, below which they went swimming. They'd make a go of it somehow.

It seemed, hard as he worked, that Dave never could get his hands on enough money to buy even a ring. But he had kept at it, and he was going back this time with enough for a ring and the first month's rent; and clothes and a good wedding in the bargain. After that, of course, he hadn't planned. But a feller had to take a chance once in a while. Anyway, she'd be waiting for him, and she wouldn't hesitate. Their luck would break. And presently Dave felt happier. But perhaps the wine had had much to do with it.

Lord! How that train crawled! Stopped at everyone's backyard, it seemed. Dave tried to read, and couldn't stick at it. The rolling hills, the glinting sun, and the recurrent thought that Jeanne might not be in town when he arrived . . . all contributed to make Dave distressingly nervous. He walked back to the smoker and consumed just enough cigarettes to dull that nervousness. And then he resumed his seat, and the thought that he had been trying to keep out of his mind burst on him like a train coming out of a dark tunnel. Why hadn't Jeanne written in five months? Perhaps she was sick, or visiting her Connecticut relatives, or tap-dancing with the old troupe she had traveled with. Or . . . No, he wouldn't admit any other possibility.

The baggageman at Four Corners Junction recognized Dave and waved to him. He called something out to him by way of greeting, but the whistling of the engine drowned it out. And Dave walked out of the depot and across South Street to the old diner. A cup of coffee and a chat with old friends there, and he headed down toward Main Street. It was six miles to Royalsville; quite a jaunt, unless he met a friend with a car. And suddenly he remembered the Postmaster from Royalsville bought his grain at Pino's by the depot. Hurrying now, he was just in time to see old man French cranking his old Ford, and Dave made a dash, just making the running board as the fivver wheezed complainingly out of the yards.

Old man French hadn't seen Dave since the year before, but as was his usual quaint custom seemed to take up the conversation where they had left off last summer.

"Have a pleasant winter?" he began with.

"Not too bad, Mr. French," Dave said.

"Going to see the old town, eh?"

"Well, yes," Dave said, feeling rather uncomfortable, for French's daughter, the village gossip, supplied news to the local paper, was paid for it by the inch, and would love to splurge about Dave's visit, paragraph after paragraph.

French subsided into a long-faced silence, puffing his dirty stubby cigar just when it was on the point of dying a natural death. Finally he sucked noisily on a cavity in his lower jaw, one of his more disgusting peculiarities, and, his face wreathed in a beatific innocence, said, "Guess you'll find lots of things changed, Dave."

Dave knew from the tone of his voice that there was something more important behind the remark than the mere suggestion that a few of the town fathers had died, the Smith's had had a new baby, and that old man Martin's turkeys had been sold at a handsome profit and that the old town church had had a new coat of paint. But he didn't reply immediately. Uncomfortable as French made him, the scenery whizzing past them was enough to make up for it. And Dave remembered the long walks Jeanne and he had taken from play rehearsals at town hall, the midnight swims at the Falls. And the thought set him to smiling. There would be more of such pleasant times, he felt, and the thought was a balm over his agitation.

Old man French stopped the old red truck at the Swift River road, tossed a knowing glance at Dave, said so long, and proceeded along the narrowing road. Dave stood for a minute there at the side of the road and wondered why French had had to look so darned much like the cat that ate the canary. Dave hadn't said anything that the gossips could twist and turn into a juicy scandal. He gave up thinking about it and turned down toward the Swift River road and Jeanne's little red farmhouse.

Old Ted, her sheep dog, heard his approach from the pasture and came bounding down the dirt road toward him. And the dog's tail did gymnastics and its bark echoed through the still country. Dave bent, chuckled the dog's ear and felt like a prisoner released. Nobody on the porch. That was a sort of disappointment. It would have been natural for Jeanne to be standing there, waiting for him. But then, she didn't know he was coming. Much better to surprise her. More fun, too. She looked much more beautiful when she was either surprised or angry.

Dave went around the back way, and saw the family car in the barn, the turkeys and calves in their enclosures. It felt great to be back, back here where he belonged.

As he went up the stoop, he heard someone singing. That would be Phyllis, Jeanne's younger sister. She was going places with a voice like that! Dave had told her so many a time, and each time she had seemed as pleased as if it were the first.

She saw him as he opened the screen door. At first she looked incredulous, then glad; and, Dave noticed she seemed just a wee bit guilty, though why she should was more than he could fathom.

But she ran into his arms, as was her delightful custom. Jeanne didn't mind, for, as she had so often said, Phyllis was "so young, you know." She was nineteen, and Dave didn't consider that too young, certainly not young enough to be talked down to, as Jeanne sometimes did.

"Dave, how in the world did you happen to come up at this time of year?" Phyllis wanted to know as she pushed a chair forward for him.

"You're not really puzzled by it, are you?" he asked.

"I suppose I know, Dave," she said. "But, before father breaks the news un-gently, I want to make it easy for you by telling you myself. Before I tell you, I want you to know that I'm sorry, really deeply sorry."

Dave waited, and something inside him seemed to tell him almost as she was saying it, "Jeanne's married." But it wasn't quite that.

"Jeanne's been engaged since December, Dave."

There was no need for sham between Phyllis and Dave. She knew how he had felt about her sister.

"That's why she hasn't written, eh?" And he suddenly felt strangely relieved, relieved of the worry of it. But relieved for another reason, too, a reason he couldn't quite understand.

Dave wasn't too impressionable, and although not quite the hardened man of the world one might expect him to be, he took the news easily.

Phyllis' mother joined them for supper, and the whole thing seemed very much like old times. He had known these people almost ten years now, and they were comfortable people; refined but not straight-laced or formal; friendly but not too intimate. Just great people, people of the soil at that, and Dave liked them. They seemed a part of him, somehow, like the old church bell that made his sleep pleasant, like the rolling pasture land, and like Mount Monadnock towering there on the horizon; steady, friendly, unchanging. At least, only Jeanne had changed. And what else should matter to him? He was happy, quite happy, sitting there at the supper table with Phyllis and her mother. No, he wouldn't run back to the city like a hurt animal that runs to its den. Besides, and Dave smiled, the thought was too damned melodramatic. "Take it in your stride, old man," he told himself.

Dave landed a job on the Four Corners Daily News and worked perhaps a bit too hard. But he loved the business, had been promoted twice, and with a raise in pay at that.

He had been taking Phyllis about to dances and an occasional movie. And that rather disappointing afternoon seemed years gone by.

He had found Phyllis much more comfortable and amicable than ever Jeanne had been. They had been keeping company now for almost a year. And Jeanne had married and moved to Otter River.

Floods, disasters, births, deaths, marriages and politics had been keeping Dave on the hop during that year. But he had always found time to take Phyllis skating, dancing, or swimming when she wanted to go. People were talking at his boarding house, as small-town people will, and more than once his landlady asked him, pleasantly enough, when he was going to marry Phyllis. At first the idea amused him. As a matter of fact, he had been much too busy to give the matter much thought. He knew there was something besides work that he needed and wanted. But for some obscure reason he had never thought of marriage.

But idea begets idea, and one night he sounded out Phyllis on the point. And she had been amazingly pleasant about it, and not a little pleased. Dave noticed that she blushed just a trifle. And when he was alone he gave way to a hearty laugh. Who would have believed it! Well, there was something to think about: a woman in this day and age who could actually blush!

Some time later Dave, in a rather serious mood, was shaving in the boarding-house kitchen. He gave a look at his reflection in the mirror. And suddenly he said to himself aloud: "You damned fool, why not ask her tonight? You know you're crazy about her!"

"At last the lad's getting some sense into that head of his!" This from Sophie, the landlady as she dropped her mop-pail on the floor.

Dave felt the blood rushing to his face, crimsoning his ears, making the back of his neck tingle.

Sophie laughed at him and her fat self looked like an amused dish of jello. Dave's embarrassment gone, he joined in. Why, the damned thing was funny as a crutch! And Dave finished shaving in a hurry. He had business to attend to.

Manipulating his best necktie, he argued with himself. He'd never have the nerve to ask her to her face. She might accept; and he knew he'd blush like a blooming rose. But suddenly he had the idea of a lifetime!

It was eleven o'clock by the booming village clock, and Phyllis and Dave were aglow with the enthusiasm a Carnival always brings. They were high in the air, holding tight to each other in a little seat on the ferris wheel, and Dave took a deep breath, and above the din of laughing children and shouting barkers managed to make her hear him. He didn't blush, much to his surprise. And Phyllis amid the laughter and the noise of the barkers and the glare of the colored lights and the odors of pop-corn and hot-dogs also managed to make Dave hear her. And Phyllis didn't blush.

Neither of them did, until that lilac-scented afternoon when they stood before the Reverend Holden and promised several things, for life.

## Short Story

# Fourth Estate To Seventh Heaven

by Edward Brendan Barrett, Journalism, '41

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## The Jester's Scythe

Observations, Reflections, Aspirations, et cetera. . . . After looking over the last group of Suffolk grads to be called to the bar, our motto now is "Success comes to those who strive." There are, of course, exceptions to every rule. We refer to those embryonic lawyers who think that they know all the law that was ever written, plus the common law, and that no one else is qualified to express an opinion. Let's hope for their sake they don't have to live on their merits. . . . The Tolbert McLaughlin "Steve" Gougian team proved its power in the freshman election. This election, in itself, created a precedent. Good work, my lads, and carry on. The other members elected to office were D. Noonan and W. J. Fitzgerald. . . . W. F. Callahan, Jr., thinks his taste in young ladies is the result of a "much certain something." (Innuendo: It's the flashy buggy he dashes about with hither and thence.) . . . But compare "Joe" Moran's '39 Norma, oh, so nice! And Bob McLaughlin's '38 acquaintance at Simmons. . . . Query: Has any one ever seen "Dot" McNamara (S. L. S. office staff) when she wasn't smiling; or at least ready to smile? And the dimples! . . . We also like to hear Ruth Holland's giggle. Another cute gal with a dimpled disposition. . . . There are seven Kelleys to one Cohen in the Law School (five Smiths). . . . Euphonic symphonettes: "Nellie Ann" Smith (Journ), "Mary Lou" Snow (Journ). Both of whom will appear in "Terry" Bodwell's prize-winning play *Storm Signal*, now in rehearsal. . . . Symphonies: "Ernie" Proteau '38, H. Slosberg '39, "Tim" McInerney '40—but why waste space on these? You know the others. . . . "Jake" Jasevic has been rubbed so much in past columns that all we can say is: *He can take it.* . . . H. Greene is a super-salesman—he said so. . . . February nineteen—F. Harvey Howalt (what grave secret does that isolated initial F. conceal?), Lavidor, Doyle and Kelleher—Organization? Cooperation? Well, we're from Missouri. . . . Howalt's campaign manager, James Sullivan '37, styled himself a "second Jim Farley"—good publicity. . . . By next month we should have a sizzling flash about Robert F. Buckley '40. . . . "Nick" Lavidor, "Fred" Lopresti, "Ross" Blank, and "Fran" White in a cabaret enjoying the humor of Dorothea Arnold who sang as a visiting guest star under the name of Virginia Parker. . . . This, despite the fact that George Holland acclaimed her in half a column of type for her success with Jan Garber's orchestra in Florida (where she will be when you read this): The meanies refused, after much ado, to drive her home. And she lives between the Lavidor residence and that of Helen Carroll (Kaplan) in Roxbury. Helen is the Penthouse dancer who lost her leg in a smashup and is now slated for R. Vallee's radio hour. . . . Can any one listen to J. A. Bethel's '39 laugh and constrain noises of similar import? . . . John (the People's Choice) Furbush is very anxious to annex himself a female for the Alumni Ball. We have been informed that John will be taken care of by the ticket committee. . . . Will you folks who are selling those raffle tickets stop annoying the student body; pester

# The Hecht Neighborhood House

by Edward Brendan Barrett, J. '41

Thoughts while teaching at Hecht Neighborhood House. . . . What do these young students of mine think of me and my method of teaching? (But isn't there something more important to me than this question?) Rather, *what sort of impression are these young students making on me?* That gives a different color to the picture.

Now, my thought when first appointed was: What will this mean to me in future years? Naturally, the answer was: A year's teaching experience will be an invaluable reference when I'm looking for work. But that, too, seemed to me somewhat selfish. Then I took this attitude: *What can I do for these students?* Will they be any better off for having come to my classes all year? If I do my best to give them a balanced diet of work on the *Night Editor*, House paper, and lectures on advertising, reporting, etc., they will strike a balance, a happy medium between mental stimulation and simple manual work, stenciling, mimeographing, etc.

After six months, the Journalism Club has a staff, actually working, of twelve young people, fellows and girls, ranging in ages from 16 to 22. This did not seem surprisingly significant to me at first, but since that time I have been told that in a settlement house such as Hecht House, where classes and club activities are not compulsory, such an attendance record is an enviable one. Besides the working staff of the mimeographed paper, there are certain students who visit the House merely to sit in with us while there are lectures on proof-reading, history of journalism, and ethics of the press.

The Journalism Club, after proving itself worthy of the confidence of the House Staff, has been given a permanent classroom, and in addition has been allowed the privilege of another room, conveniently located on the first floor, where their mimeograph, stencils, exchange magazines, and other equipment are kept. They alone have the keys to the room. This is the first big step toward making the students feel that they are "on their own" in more than one way. The House paper is theirs to make or break. They have the responsibility of issuing it on time, selling it, arranging for varied cover designs, and a host of other considerations.

Despite the fact that most of these young men and women attend high school during the daytime, they sacrifice three nights each week in order to attend the Journalism Club.

Directors of Hecht House hold meetings Sunday afternoons during which leaders of the 54 clubs in the House discuss their individual and collective problems, problems of directorship, child psychology, attitudes of students to various teaching methods, club dues, social affairs, and problems that the individual director would be unable, alone, to solve.

The Hecht Neighborhood House, predominantly a Jewish settlement house, began its social service work in the West End over thirty-five years ago. Its purpose at that time was to prepare Russian-Jewish immigrants for naturalization; and its secondary purpose was to teach these people trades, so that they would be able soon to adjust themselves pleasantly and profitably to their new environment.

When those duties of aiding immigrants became unnecessary, the Hecht Neighborhood House moved to 160 American Legion Highway in Dorchester, where it recently celebrated its first birthday in the new locality.

One of the most outstanding members of the House in the West End was Mary Antin, author of *The Promised Land*, *They Who Knock At Our Gates*, and many outstanding essays, among which was "Dover Street," which is contained in *Challenging Essays in Modern Thought*, a textbook of the Journalism College. What was done for Mary Antin, who at that time was poor, and lived in the Dover Street district of Boston, can, I believe, be done for others who have come after her. For that reason, and because social service work appeals to me more strongly than any other, except, perhaps, the newspaper game, I hope to remain at Hecht Neighborhood House as instructor in journalism for at least a few more years.

When the Jewish race becomes definitely centralized, with a contemporary literature and home of its own, the part played in this process of Jewish development by Hecht Neighborhood House will be fully appreciated. Hecht House is a pioneer organization still, despite the fact that it is over 36 years old. The aim it has devoted itself to is big, and will require at least a few more years to reach its fruition. I'm glad to have a part, however small, in this interesting work.

your folks at home. Please, give us a little peace. . . . Best technical film ever: *God's Country and the Woman*. . . . Jack (assistant janitor) Donovan is still puzzled about how a certain minister's "kitchen-canary" discovered his real name to send that very flattering picture she had taken. "Wally" Garber '37 introduced them. . . . Because of a tiff with Jack D., Harry Fazio '37 is putting in his "time" in the library. The taskmasters in the library (and herein we perceive the humor of this tid-bit) require an exacting minute-to-minute account of all work done. Harry is regretting his indiscretion. . . . Out-of-townners: After a quiet luncheon in the candle-lit atmosphere of the Normandie there is nothing like an afternoon in the outer lobby of the Tremont Theatre watching the miniature animated cartoons. (Gratis, of course). . . . Bud McCarthy '39 has become valetudinary from

giving special courses daily on worrying; in the smoking room. Such technique, such thoroughness and such reasonable fees. But what is it, Bud, your studies? . . . The same goes for S. Masi '39, who, we might add, can out-drum any local with his catchy rhythm. . . . We have a school orchestra. Why not organize some school socials? . . . Irksome: Richard Bentley's '40 boisterously orange cravat. . . . Emil Samaha's '40 painstaking search for technical points of law to argue about. . . . George Adams' '40 detachment from the *hoi polloi* student body. . . . The law of Agency. . . . And the sleepless nights from wondering "What did the Doodle-bug say?" . . . And now, the Jester must leave you cadaveric cerebrates while his scythe is sent out to be sharpened for next month. *Post Script*: We're still laughing AT you, and you, and you.

Don't you feel the wanderlust about this time of year? What a job trying to subdue it, considering the fact that school's running 'till June 2nd.

### ERROR

I thought I had burnt Love  
On the Altar  
Of Merciful Forgetfulness;  
Lo  
From its Ashes  
Rises Love Imperishable.  
Edward Jacobson.

### MADNESS OF THE MOONLIGHT

I drank a draught of Moonlight,  
With Foam of Stardust capp'd,  
My Flagon was the Lily,  
My Board, the Velvet Night.  
The Drink my head made whirl  
about,  
My feet to twist and move,  
Discouragement was strange to me,  
I'd ne'er of Sadness heard. . . .

\* \* \* \*

I could not keep from thinking;  
"What strange effect on Mortal  
Has a Prof's mad marking whim!"  
Edward Jacobson.

## Secret of Vallee's Success

### Corresponding Secretary Pays High Tribute To Rudy

Anyone who plans to be a success in his chosen vocation must possess some favorable characteristics which will enable him to reach his goal. Those qualities are natural talents, exceptional good health, and the ability to create opportunities or be able to recognize and use them as they appear. So said Miss Marjorie Diven, Rudy's secretary, when she spoke in his place at the third lecture of his series on *Radio Advertising*, given in Journalism Lecture Hall I on Tuesday evening, March 9.

Describing in full his obstacles of parental opposition, poverty, and the continuous discouragement by those people who could have helped him the most but did not, Miss Diven presented a picture of Rudy unknown to most Valleeites in America. People think that he just "popped up" following a series of "lucky breaks." This idea is false, for, as it was brought out, Vallee is *only* one out of 500,000,000; but his ability to defeat every hindrance in his pathway to fame and to overcome difficulties and opposition which could ruin any man alive, failed to stop Rudy, for he is *one* in 500,000,000, according to the world's pre-eminent psychologists.

A little musical ability, hunger for more and more knowledge, the asking of questions, questions, questions on subjects from reeds to law and from orthography to phrenology, using every spare moment to advantage by reading (especially *Variety*), grasping every opportunity and even "chasing it with a club," being modest, possessing faith in himself, unlimited courage, and a perfect sense of pitch and rhythm,—all have made Rudy today the greatest showman in America—one in 500,000,000.

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## Cruising the Corridors

With T. E. J.

**HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE . . .** The student campaign for School Spirit is progressing with phenomenal vigor, energy and success. Since last year, when a small group of Law School students, most of them Freshman, commenced a drive, the establishment of school activities has advanced and is now being effectively sponsored by an ever growing majority of Suffolk students. . . . The Suffolk Law School Debating Society was the first extra-curricular activity, then came the Suffolk Players, and recently the Thomas J. Boynton Debating Club . . . and in process of formation we have the Suffolk Orchestra and the Glee Club. . . . Needless to say, the advent of the Suffolk JOURNAL has been a great stimulus, since it is so fine a medium for the expression of the Voice of the student body. . . .

Last issue this department hinted that a sports program would not be impossible. . . . More directly the insinuation was made that we already had two-thirds of a former championship Fencing Team among our schoolmates. . . . The idea has struck fire.

Incidentally . . . The Suffolk Law Debating Society has challenged the Thomas J. Boynton Club of the C. L. A. & C. J. . . . May the better team win! . . . The S. L. S. D. S. intends to challenge Portia and Northeastern in the very near future. . . .

It may be that we can look forward to an early realization of the desire to publish a Year Book. . . . Lots of thought is being expended on the idea. . . .

Let's go Suffolk. . . . Forward with School Spirit! . . .

**PUT SHOTS . . . UNSPOTTED** . . . "Bob" McLaughlin . . . lanky and silent, but nevertheless an entertaining conversationalist when he loosens up. . . . We note that both he and Ross Blank are distinguishing themselves as super-salesmen of Alumni Ball Tickets. . . . Nellie Smith, from the Hancock St. side of Suffolk, must be digesting a lot of law . . . what with looking at Mass. Reports for so many hours each week. . . . Johnny Furbush, recent "also ran" . . . one of the most graceful and amiable losers you've ever seen. . . . Bill Souza and Alfano . . . true patriots of East Boston. . . . Manny McKinney's secret ambition is to be a genuine professor. . . . Tommy Harkins gets a big kick out of the remarkably "regular guy" manner of Rudy Vallee.

**REVERBERATIONS . . .** Jack Donovan, to whom this Corridor Commentator referred as a potential senator, was loud in his manifestations of modesty. . . . His sole statement reproduced herein verbatim by exclusive scoop, was, "Just leave me alone!" . . . Jerry Doherty was also among those slightly perturbed . . . "I've not only got political ambitions—I've got chances!" . . . were his modest words of repudiation. . . . Bill Kenny just loves what we said about him. . . . Larry Simcock was showing us some of his poetry the other morning . . . it far transcended anything he had ever before shown. . . . "Beautiful," we declared. . . . Larry grinned a bit . . . and his complexion took on the color of his flamboyant hair . . . in a low voice, he said . . . "I'm in love!" . . . May Cupid's darts be tipped with gold, Larry.

**ON THE LEVEL . . .** We vouch for the authenticity of the following yarns on our thus far untainted escutcheon of hypothetical honor. . . .

Last issue we mentioned a certain party who was a certain very unexceptional grad in '36 . . . who distinguished himself recently by passing in his written Bar Exam papers without signing his name to them. . . . The aforesaid subject of gentle and ludicrous reprimand is having the last laugh. . . . **HE WAS CALLED. . . .**

Joe Sala, '36½, is wearing his pulchritudinous physiognomy well wreathed with the typical victory emanations of joy that distinguish him . . . what a charming Victory Smile! . . . He passed his written Bar Exams . . . and has been called . . . and we're betting that he gets by. . . .

Bill Hannon has recently achieved a strange appreciation for the species of bird known as the "crow". . . . John Cochran had the alternative of either studying law or embalming. . . . Perhaps the former will be livelier. . . .

Eli Y. Krovitsky was also called. . . . Eli Y. of course is merely an abbreviation of Eli Yale . . . and he's magnificently red about the cranium carpet. . . . When the Oral Examiners heard that his first name referred to a certain New Haven institution of education, one of them remarked . . . "With hair of that color, your name should have been John Harvard!" . . . Eli's blush at this date is giving every promise of remaining permanent. . . . And from what we understand, that remark was passed by the gentleman whose name is always spelled with "cap" letters throughout . . . and spoken of in hushed awe-stricken tones by law students. . . .

And here we say, as the deah old Henglishman would say, "Ta-Ta . . . Toodle-oo! . . . with a little bit of a broadside y'know. . . . **THE ROUTE TO A BRIGHT TOMORROW IS THE HIGHROAD OF A STRENUOUS "TODAY"!** . . .

## This an' That

Funny how many columns turn up. Everybody to be a Brisbane? . . . Seen on Boston Common the other day, a one-legged lad about nine actually roller skating with the other boys. . . . Here's a true one—Teacher: What is the difference between a civil suit and a criminal suit? Student: A civil suit is one we wear every day and a criminal suit is one prisoners wear. . . . This column will start lessons on horseback riding next issue. . . . March 6, was the 101st anniversary of the Alamo. I wonder how many know what the Alamo was. . . . I often wonder why a traffic cop after winning such a swell race is so mad about it? . . . Was reading some facts on the Talmudic writers who were known for their ancient wisdom . . . The wisest Talmudic words are these: Jerusalem was destroyed because the schools were neglected. . . . Who was it that said: "We're all islands shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding." . . . How true. . . . That's all.

Stray thought: Shall we really finish writing Chapter 8 of that blankety-blank novel we've attempted? . . . Well, three have gone with the heavy flannels and a few inhibitions. . . . By golly, we will finish this one. . . . Of course, selling it seems rather improbable. But—some day!

## Snowie's Diary

### Love

*It came—like a thundering herd!  
It came—like a soft spoken word!  
Killing my breath, and arresting my heart;—  
Thrilling me through, with "till death do us part".—  
It came—like a gay colored bird!  
It came—like a prayer over-heard!*

March 19, 1937.

Dear Diary:

At last I have found him!

After a perpetually tear-filled month of searching, hoping, praying I have rediscovered my love of yesterday. The dragging weeks, the lagging days, the prolonged hours, and the interminable minutes which had stretched into eternities of lonely pining are over.

And now!—Spring is here—Spring and my love.

Did I ever tell you, dear Mute One, how his eyes tell volumes of experiences,—sad and gay ones intermittently? His dear soulful eyes! No one, no one in the whole world, has ever had such glowing brown eyes as Jerry, and for one whole month he was away.

One month with no brisk walks in the country!—with no lingering rides through traffic!—with no companionable evenings by the fire! Just disheartening searching, discouraging, hoping, disturbing waiting!

One month in which tender dreams of past intimacies with Jerry flashed through my tortured mind! Romping along the sands and swimming in the billows! Strolling through woods in search of fiery leaves! Tobogganing down icy whiteness! Slushing through the Spring thaws!

One long month! And I grew depressed and wrote:

*"The sun was new gold  
In a sky of deep blue;  
The sky was not old,  
Nor the sunshine, nor you.  
And then loomed a shadow,—  
Black clouds came to hide  
The Youth in the sun's glow,  
The day that you died."*

But today Jerry is back! Quietly, the way he disappeared. Tears rolled down my cheeks and Jerry kissed me and all is well!

The way he looked, standing in the doorway, the sun shining on his red hair! My insane desire to smooth his unruly locks into silken waves! Jerry's eyes twinkling with gaiety of his mouth; my own blinking with the miracle of the present!

Jerry asking me to slush in the spring rains with him! Everything just the same! No, not the same—

Please forgive my ravings, Diary, but you never had a dog like Jerry.

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Exchanges

## The Poet's Corner

### When Shadows Fall

The daylight fades, the sun,  
God's messenger of hope and love,  
Sinks in the West, and you and I  
Stand in the stilly eve and watch  
The stars break forth above.

Your hand in mine, I'll wait  
The darkness without dread or fear;  
What other days may bring disturbs me not,  
Nor fears arise, if I but know  
That you are near.

So hold my hand, dear heart, as shadows fall;  
I want you — want you in the morn's soft light,  
At noon's bright hour, and in the ebon night;

But, most of all,  
I want you when the evening shadows fall.

The years will pass, and dusk  
Will someday dim my weary way;  
The course may soon be run  
And sunset will but come to me  
To end my earthly day.

Your hand in mine, sweetheart, I'll wait  
God's day that is to be,  
Nor fear the mysteries to come,  
But learn more perfectly to love  
When you're again with me.

So hold my hand, dear heart, as shadows fall;  
I want you — want you in the morn's soft light,  
At noon's bright hour, and in the ebon night;

But, most of all,  
I want you when the evening shadows fall.

Professor Arthur V. Getchell  
Law School

### The Law Student's Lament

Law is all that's good, by golly!  
Though it sometimes seems pure folly,

For it looks as though 'twill bust us  
Before we learn to serve Dame Justice.

Go! they say, and get some learning,  
Though it takes the little you're earning;

For clients will chase you by the score,

If only you'll absorb some lore.  
We spend long hours over books  
Learning what becomes of crooks;  
Midnight oil we're often burning,  
While the lengthy leaves we're turning.

When we are looking up citations,  
It calls for an unlimited patience;  
But carry on we must and will,  
Why shouldn't we, we pay the bill?

Shelley's case is learned verbatim  
And by his name, we turn to hate him;

Cases through and through we read,

Just to find some law we need.

It would appear that none are honest,

For Torts and Crimes they thrust upon us

Wrongs against their fellow-men  
Recorded by "His Honor's" pen.

All decisions as they're rendered  
Give us work that's never ended;

We faithfully the law pursue,  
But it seems, we're never through.

Volumes and volumes each day are written—

With all of these are students smitten;

Their efforts must maintain a par,  
'Else they'll be stranded at the bar.

Henry A. Kutz,  
Law School '37.

### Autumn Reverie

A dusty road, staid hemlock trees,  
A brook, a pond, an Autumn breeze,  
Bright colored leaves that rustled down  
To join prone fellows turning brown.

There on a rustic bridge I stood  
And gazed o'er a parapet of wood,  
My soul now solemnly imbued  
With Nature's pensive Autumn mood.

The virgin stream played unaware  
That profane eyes observed it there,  
To watch it frolic with the rocks  
Or flirt with bearded old hemlocks.

Its modest pleasure undefiled  
With studied coquetry or guile  
Old friends caressed and all embraced  
With body warm and pure and chaste.

Fond au revoir to root or ridge  
Then lazy flow beneath the bridge,  
Where ferns that dip a lacey frond  
Make deep obeisance to the pond.

A brief respite to bask and sun  
Resumes its journey scarce begun,  
A vagabond still young and free  
Upon a pilgrimage to the sea.

I broke my reverie at last  
To ask myself if in the past  
When ferns stood where the hemlocks stand  
If dinosaurs gamboled on the sand.

Perhaps a million years ago  
This little stream had acted so  
Or yet a million years from now  
Will my stream do the same, or how?

Clarence S. Borggard,  
Law School, '37

### Many-Colored Lacquers

(Adapted from the poet Kikujiro Satake, 1771)

#### Seasonal

After many warriors had  
Marched through the gate,  
Ants repaired jagged peaks of their  
Mountains again.

#### Proportion

I thought —  
The rains  
Beating upon my roof strike heavier  
Than those that fall upon a plum-tree leaf  
Under which a butterfly rests.

#### Along the Path

Because the path is circular  
My head whirls when I walk  
Upon it with you, my Beloved.

#### Faalty of a Vassal

Even with the flapping  
Of the wings of a bird  
I get down before you, Master.

#### Relativity

Because stars in the sky only  
Twinkle at the moon,  
Moths flutter close to the lantern  
On my gate and vanish.

### A Lady To Her Departed Lover

I had your likeness cut in  
A piece of jade  
That in your absence  
I might kneel before it.

#### Anniversary

The wind filled the sails of your  
long idle  
Ship and have blown it beyond the  
Setting of the sun, Lover.

Lawrence Francis Simcock,  
Law School, '39.