The Supreme Court Issue

When James I of England, in 1601, 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 some saying "yes-man" was appointed in his place.

This incident was one of many sets of tyranny that Stuarts brought that caused our forefathers to cross the ocean and to establish a new nation to protect the rights 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 over night 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 they had fought for, a long and bitter war. Then too, thirteen sovereign States were endeavoring to form a confederation to agree upon the form of government by which each might with safety submit.

The convention, after months of wangling 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 asssured the most complete set of checks and balances ever devised by man. In the Congress itself, the Senate and House must serve 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 end of the rewilderness of the national government, thus safeguarding against violation of the public interest.
The MAN OF WESSEX

Thomas Hardy's Works Reviewed

by Gertrude M. Hargan, '41

The tides of fate, Thomas Hardy's poetical works sum up the substance of his philosophy: the conflict between the individual's existence and the form of society and nature... The words Wessex and Wiltshire remind one that Hardy repeatedly refers to writing to the single and long-established locality of England: Wiltshire. Toward the close of his life Hardy remarked that "he confined his gaze to the Eden and its rippling country in one corner of the world because he considered that human nature could mould and bend with the weather and climate, and oldest terms, on ground which had been true by many generations old, he held as little importance. In the following selection:

"Fowlard dish (a shape of a path"
"And the train just caught, not missed,
In my carriage the woman whom"
I had promised to chauffeur.
On the very night; but I had been false to the truth.
I had thought to have her standing alone
"Down the dark shadow's chill, wind's"

The world Clearest reminds me that
"if some soulful good word call to me"
"Pron up the sky, and laugh: "Thus"

That thy love's loss is my hate's proofing:

Then would I beat, I clear, myself, and die,
"Steeling the sense of the unworried"

Half-soften'd is that Powerfuller
"Red well'd and meted me the laurel"

But not so. How arrives it joy

And darkness the best hope ever saw

-Cross Casualty obstructs the sun's"

And dying Time for gladness ont a most

These Dornen's Do not have a readily sound
Plaisure about my pilgrimage as a work as a novel was nearly completely different.

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 solemn of religious belief; rather for him the sense of glorying in the woes and misery of mankind in general and of the inhabitants of the Wessex country in particular.

The feeling of the world that when Hardy considered his own private property. He looked with the eyes of the mind that for six hundred years he, when he projected himself into the thoughts of a young English soldier, a brave Chester warrior, to study the case so far as it was not irregular and influence poor, passionate, but not very intelligent men and women. His peculiarities, and of course the important movement of Hardy's plots is often compared with that of the Greek tragedians. Middle-class language, and the plays are the words as cruel as 'in the impression inevitability of Hardy's plots.

The obvious quality of Hardy's tragedy is that it does not begin in pain but in joy. If 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 self-activity, not the tragic concept of human tragedy as tragedy is characteristic of all Hardy's work. The characters are always moving against a back ground of measureless fatal processes. As the Christian has no savior, the consciousness of the reader, and as such is fails to fulfill the conception of God.

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 situations. The occasions within the group vary somewhat, and the characters, moulded by the events of civil and external events, show differing developments.

Set off against Digory Verulam, the steadfast lover, so that personal disappointment is of no account matched with the welfare of the whole, and Digory is able, in the speech of the world, a man of sharp intellect, gentle manners, inflexible faithfulness, self-sacrifice, and a flashy disdain for rusticity. However, Wildeve has the air of being invented to provide the required opposition to Verulam. Eustacia is a woman whom the characters recurring in theirself. They make us rise and strive and hope. Hardy's work was so far from being capable of being turned into malignity on herself. Her nature is tragic, and she must be the centre of her universe. Eustacia has the keenest force of any of Hardy's characters. He is a dangerous desire for self-improvement,

"What then was she doing seated far off from the village."

For an active soldier such as he, brilliantly, the sun blazed forth and high shone upon the sea.

The day was fitting in. We two had loved a man's heart.

Common boudoir held this two for the fine things on the earth.

There was a likeness, but the old singular form. Akim the humorous flash,

The shade of hair the same, their thin, high voices.

Feverly they trashed our hearts. They made us rise and strive and hope.

"I had thought to have her standing alone"
"Down the dark shadow's chill, wind's"

The Return of the Native in the times of Christian Cantle among the memorable scenes are the banns, Eustacia on the heath alone, and among the mummers, the dieing by the roadside, Mrs. Yoobright's death from an adder's sting, Susan's false to the tryst, standing alone,

"And the train just caught, not missed, in my carriage the woman whom"
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Suffolk College
Library Acquires
Timely Times

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 new additions to the Suffolk College Library. Supreme Court or Political Puppets, by David Lawrence, any of the books on Municipal Government, have also been added in the last few weeks.

Another of our faculty authors, Professor Frederick H. Jole, has contributed to the Library a copy of his History of Woodstock, Maine, his latest book. A set of The History of Woodstock, Mass., has also been presented to the College by Clayton Ash of Woodstock.

New histories include Flight's Dictionary of Dates; Burnham's History of the American People; Evolution of the Art of Music; Introduction to Physical Geography; The Coins of the World; Lawrence's History of the World; History of California; Adams' Epic of America.

New reference books include foreign histories, biographical dictionaries, a rhyming dictionary, a dictionary of slang, a dictionary of abbreviations, a dictionary of quotations, a dictionary of popular sayings, a dictionary of slang, a Modern Encyclopedia. Other additions are a history of education, a dictionary of education, a book 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 reminded radio with other forms of expression and discussed experiments in the Billy Sunday revivals to show how radio has great advantage over mere ear-audible. He pointed out that the voice of Coughlin and Harry Long as radio performers, President Roosevelt and the Firemen's Chant, with the use of popular music, discussing the physiological hypotheses for the fact that music in network broadcasts were especially interesting since he revealed that our use of musical forms meant to the audience of such background for a broadcast. He expressed his own distaste for studio audiences but observed that it was possible to keep 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 necessity evil.

The radio aspect of the life of the hearth as the gathering place of American families according to those who dedicate radio for the home and the heart. Radio is clean and moral because it keeps the home and the heart. Radio is clean and moral because it keeps the home and the heart. Radio is clean and moral because it keeps the home and the heart.

Radio and motion pictures are rapidly becoming the ears of children, and their importance is subject to no such limitation. The radio career and success of Joan Crawford were discussed. The psychology of the type of people who miss Miss Crawford on the screen and imagines herself in the scene with Clark Gable, furnished a vivid topic of discussion. That the radio and motion pictures are rapidly becoming the ears of children, and their importance is subject to no such limitation.

And did Rudy blush when he inadvertently referred to the "bald headed man in the front row" of Suffolk? He had been asked whether that Dean Archer was exactly in that position? The audience was in an uproar for some time, and we enjoyed the joke more than Dean himself.

M.I.T. and Suffolk
Do Their Bit For
Yankee Minutemen

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

Suffolk and M. I. T. have been joining hands before the microphone of late. Professor Robert E. Sparrow, Professor of Technology, who won some years ago by advising his students to be broad, to marry the daughter of the boss, etc., has been conducting a radio program for the Yankee Minuteman. On February 28th, Dean Gleason L. Archer was interviewed by Prof. Sparrow on certain questionable beliefs of early Colonial history. The idea of two well-known educators going before the microphones of the listening audience, was evidently made a great hit with the radio audience.

Suffolk's Secretariat is well represented at Rudy's lectures. Miss Carabu, 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 College were out in full force on March 2nd.

Rudy writes with his left hand, a fact that delightfully class with the popular maestro on the blackboard at the beginning of his second lecture. They were especially interesting because of the bit of difficulty in spelling rhythm—"a tricky word even for a master of rhythm.

Radio executives, announcers and the Boston representative of Variety, the supreme court of the theatrical world, were in Rudy's audience on March 19th.

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 may be in the Earle building for 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 involved in the broadcasting of the world. It is a bit of public service in which Mr. Vallee gladly cooperates without thought of financial reward.

Law School Man
Former Harvard
Boxing Champ

Ex-Mayor Michael C. O'Neill of Everett Heads Sport
At University Club

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

SUFFOLK JOURNAL

March 19, 1937

THE SUFFOLK JOURNAL
Where There Is No Vision...

The President of the United States, in his Address of March 4, 1937, placed the Supreme Court quite squarely before the American people. He did not pretend to present the Constitution as one of the closest of the many scholarly expositions appearing on this immensely important subject.

Editorial. We have the "mandate" of the voting majority given the President last November does not include any sanction with regard to the altering of the balance-sheets of the Constitution. The program of the Democratic Administration, with regard to the Court was not placed before the voters at the time of the presidential election. There have been no open expression of public opinion on the issues.

If there was ever a time when the overwhelming spirit of opposition to the Administration's apparent attitude toward the Court, Editors and commentary 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 inalienable. We are well aware of the Constitutional provisions. We have hitherto abided by our Constitution's provisions, and we do not wish to overrule the Courts. We are, however, concerned by the Supreme Court's apparent intention to do something which the Constitution and our country's history forbid.

We need to consider these questions: Is the Court acting in accordance with the Constitution? Is it acting in accordance with the President's mandate? Is it acting in accordance with the will of the people?

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 you who are Journal staff members necessarily lock to other activity groups for much of our live news. Such interdependence will increase as the years pass.

A Modern Narcissus

By Gertrude M. Horgan, Jr.

He strolled outside Arnold Constantine's house, examining, with quick glances at the pretty girls passing by; strolling through the hallways, his shoes moving with but a slight noise. Suddenly he turned to see the plate glass windows. What did he think that there was so interesting? Perhaps he was admiring the display of beauties, the pale pastel colors to tempting array. Oh, how he admired the much admired! He walked away, his ball but a fraction of an inch to the right of his nose. He was the picture of the gay and carefree man abroad.

Satisfied at last by what he had seen, he paused, hesitated, then resumed his inspection of the passing crowd. Now and then he tipped his hat, a gleam in his eyes. He's a man of the world, he was having his moment, his daily moment as a connoisseur of beauty, as a connoisseur of the beautiful. He turned him to face a beautiful girl. Her hair was left, for her beauty, and he was ready to be rap-tor for the chance to emulate feminine pulchritude.

"Mary," his gentle and cultured blood said, "do you have any objection to my going to see you in the quiet of your room. I thought that you would never come. One of my nieces, out of the South, is coming in the spring. She brought a letter. But, Ralph, I've only been looking at dresses for a few minutes. I will if I have time waiting for you.

"Oh, well," now that she had given her consent, he was too much used to instant permission. "What does it matter now that you are here and we are to get engaged?"

Oh, how he liked the sound of those words. One could see his lips broaden into a smile, the smile which is always reserved for the deserving and beloved.

"Ralph, I've been living on the streets for a few minutes. I can't find where I have your waiting for you"

"Well, go to the Savoy-Plays."

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Here and There with The Rambler

A churl's among you, takin' notes, and faith he'll write it.

Barna

Beware, students, of asking Prof. Frickin's question while he is in the lunch room eating. He was heard to say to one enterprising sophomore 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 Lain is back in school after a brief sojourn in politics.

Commack's outlook in classes are growing more infrequent. Who squelched him?

Understand that Broderick, the lawyer, came out with a new explanation for March 7th - an emerald green shirt with an orange tie.

Wonder if it will be "Contestable" Paul Knight.

Nominate Paul Smith as class parliamentarian.

The Gatsby & Alphonse are of G. Lynch and J. A. Lynch. When they said: "A farmer's life is not a happy one,"

Mr. Otis, 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 Back Bay Station, and thence to the Psychopathic Hospital. The girl was dead and dumb, which made it easy for the police to reason with her, and their morning was nerve-wracking. Having a 15-year-old on the brain can make even the most reserved officers feel a peculiar compassion for the girl, but had to do his duty.

When Mr. Otis ran a man leap from a 5th-story window ... hold his breath and waited for the crash, a phone rang on two telephone wires, dangled a moment and fell the remaining ten or twelve feet, an injury was a near thing.

We have news that Merriel Osheritz, former Suffolk Law 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.

One of our Hecht House journalistic students lands a job in a small printing shop. Another joins a photo section of a newspaper and is excited about getting news with pictures about Blue Hill Ave. The Night Editor we now issue weekly instead of monthly. Hechi House has been in the news of late, of have you noticed? Well-equipped game room, recreation hall, and 54 clubs to suit assorted tastes. Choral group, Jamestown, Peabody, baseball, table tennis, and a host of social clubs.

Nice thing for Don to spend an odious dull evening. Mr. Edward L. Sidman, Director of Boys' Work, was interviewed on WCORD the other evening. He spoke on Adult Recreation.

Pleasant afternoon paradise... Steinbeck's by the Colonist; 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.

One had to be much enough selling experience... One ever had the nerve to say: "You don't look 21..." Sometimes we feel old, inside, Ho hum...

The freshmen of Suffolk Law School Debating Society have had the privilege of acting as a judge in a debate between B. U. and M. I. T. The competition was well attended. Congress should have power by two-thirds vote to refuse decisions of the United States Supreme Court. The question was "Resolved that Congress should have power by two-thirds vote to refuse decisions of the United States Supreme Court."

The Senior class siphon, Keams. It's not dumb, just quiet.

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

The Gaston & Alphonse are of G. Lynch and J. A. Lynch. When they said: "A farmer's life is not a happy one,"

Mr. R. W. Lynn gets in his right groove. He's always awake at the car review.

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

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

Mr. Doeherty, C. L. A., doesn't look like the by-line on his Journal material.

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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.

One of our Hecht House journalistic students lands a job in a small printing shop. Another joins a photo section of a newspaper and is excited about getting news with pictures about Blue Hill Ave. The Night Editor we now issue weekly instead of monthly. Hechi House has been in the news of late, of have you noticed? Well-equipped game room, recreation hall, and 54 clubs to suit assorted tastes. Choral group, Jamestown, Peabody, baseball, table tennis, and a host of social clubs.

Nice thing for Don to spend an odious dull evening. Mr. Edward L. Sidman, Director of Boys' Work, was interviewed on WCORD the other evening. He spoke on Adult Recreation.

Pleasant afternoon paradise... Steinbeck's by the Colonist; 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.

One had to be much enough selling experience... One ever had the nerve to say: "You don't look 21..." Sometimes we feel old, inside, Ho hum...

The freshmen of Suffolk Law School Debating Society have had the privilege of acting as a judge in a debate between B. U. and M. I. T. The competition was well attended. Congress should have power by two-thirds vote to refuse decisions of the United States Supreme Court. The question was "Resolved that Congress should have power by two-thirds vote to refuse decisions of the United States Supreme Court."

The Senior class siphon, Keams. It's not dumb, just quiet.

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

The Gaston & Alphonse are of G. Lynch and J. A. Lynch. When they said: "A farmer's life is not a happy one,"

Mr. R. W. Lynn gets in his right groove. He's always awake at the car review.

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

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

Mr. Doeherty, C. L. A., doesn't look like the by-line on his Journal material.

We have news that Merriel Osheritz, former Suffolk Law student, is doing well in her new job at Lynn.
Dave Barton returned to his office on the 6th floor of the Farragut Building, sitting heavily in one of the red velvet armchairs, and stared out at the central mounded hills in his wallet. Dave was 30, tall, rather a little on the round side, with blue, thoughtful eyes, expressive thin fingers, and a straight mouth that turned up at the corners if he changed a person's first unfaltering opinion of him.

Presently he reached for the telephone, and after a markedly long number and sat back, his chair against the wall. He felt that in more than one way this was where he belonged, the vail. The last three months had not been easy for him. He didn't have some good weak accounts, a refused 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 factory. Wages was too much for him to handle alone. Besides, he was lonehearted for the country, and he wanted to get back. He got the phone company on the wire and entrusted 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 thought. It was too expensive. His name there would be pleased to get it. And all there was to do, so he phoned the Memorial, the "Phone on the wire" and was assured that they had it out of there in a half hour.

Dave took his coat, muffler and hat and went out in search of the Janitor. Finding the Janitor difficulty, Dave walked down toward the elevator, and in passing his office looked out over the floor. 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 speeded the day. He was a good basket of work and Dave phoned North Station. Yes, there'd be a train at 2 in the afternoon, so Dave walked down toward the elevator.

"Got a letter yesterday from an old friend who tells me you're hir­ing to-night. I'm not, you know, my new job isn't too bad. If I don't land that, though, I could try. Take a whack at that."

"Sounds rather optimistic to me, Dave. I'd make more certain of it before I said no. Another glass of port? You're going it a little heavy, aren't you?"

"Well," Dave smiled, "this is my last drink of the day. I'm working at least six months, perhaps more."

He neglected to tell her his real reason for wanting to go up-country. 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 was afraid that she would take a good laugh at him. But that, Ruth would laugh. Thinking over it, it was a bit silly, wanting to keep a secret from a girl she had heard from in five months. She might be married, for all he knew, 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 Grainger suppers, and down by the waterfall, below which they went swimming. They'd make a fine couple.

It seemed, hard as he worked that Dave never could get his hands to buy even a ring. But he had it at last, and he was going back this time with the money to buy even a ring. And clothes and a wedding in the bargain. After all, what had he hadn't planned with her. One by one they had left, for one reason or another. And he was left with the factory. Wages was too much for him to handle alone. Besides, he was lonehearted for the country, and he wanted to get back. He got the phone company on the wire and entrusted them to come later in the afternoon and remove the phone.

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The Hecht Neighborhood House

by Edward Brendan Barrett, Jr. '41

...for everything worth while is to be found at the Hecht Neighborhood House. The morose young student of mine often wonders what I mean by that statement. He has not yet learned to recognize the good that Hecht Neighborhood House offers. When I tell him of the house, he, or she, usually inquires, "What is Hecht Neighborhood House?"

Hecht Neighborhood House was established in 1914 as a result of the efforts of a group of young men and women, including Jack Hecht, a young Jewish lawyer, and his ACLU solicitor and life-long companion, Nettie Hecht. Jack Hecht was a young lawyer, but with a consuming desire to do something about the conditions that existed in the Jewish neighborhood of the city. Hecht and Nettie Hecht believed that a settlement house was the only answer to the problems that they saw. They believed that a settlement house could provide a haven for the Jewish youth of the city, and that it could be a place where the young people could learn to live productively and efficiently.

When the Hecht Neighborhood House was established, it was the first of its kind in the city. It was a small, one-room building, but it was a place where the young people could come together and learn about the world around them. The house offered a variety of programs, including classes in subjects such as English, mathematics, and science. It also offered a variety of activities, including art classes, music classes, and sports teams. The house was a place where the young people could learn about themselves, and about the world around them.

The Hecht Neighborhood House was a success from the start. It was quickly recognized as a model for other settlement houses in the city, and it was soon copied by other settlement houses throughout the country. The Hecht Neighborhood House was a true pioneer, and it paved the way for the many settlement houses that followed in its footsteps.

The Hecht Neighborhood House is still in operation today. It has expanded and grown over the years, but it has never lost its original mission. It is still a place where the young people can come together and learn about the world around them. It is still a place where the young people can learn about themselves, and about the world around them.

The Hecht Neighborhood House is a true pioneer, and it is a true model for settlement houses throughout the country. It is a true pioneer, and it is a true model for settlement houses throughout the country.

Alumni Directory

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Cruising the Corridors

With T. E. J.

HOT OFF THE GRIDDLE... The student campaign for School Spirit is progressing with phenomenally little resistance and even less enthusiasm. Since last year, when a small group of Law School students, most of them, I daresay, possessed of a drive, the establishment of school activities has advanced and is now being efficiently sponsored by an ever growing majority of suffocation students... The Suffolk Law School Debating Society has first, extra-curricular activity, then came the Suffolk Folk Players, and now the Thomas A. Deering Debating Club... and in process of development we have the Suffolk College Orchestra and the Glee Club. Needless to say, the advent of the Fancy Sox has been a great stimulus, inasmuch as 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 Common Council referred to the fact that we already had two-thirds of a former championship Fencing Team among ourselves... The idea was struck fire. Incidentally... The Suffolk Law Debating Society has challenged the Harvard Law School, the C. L. A. & C., May the better team win!... The S. L. S. D. in its latest issue, described a Dakota and Northerners in the near future...

It may be that we can look forward to a return to the era in which the desire to publish a Year Book... Lots of thought is being expen... Let's go Suffolk... Forward with School Spirit!

PUT SHOTS... UNSPOTTED... "Red" McLaughlin... lanky and silent, but nevertheless an entertaining conversationalist when he looses up... We note that both he and Ross Blank are distinguish... themselves as super-assemblies in the striped sleepers... Nellie Smith, from the Han-coc... Suffolk, must be digesting a lot of bulk... what with looking at Maps. Report for so many weeks..." said Johnny Furbush, recent "also ran"... one of the most graceful and amusingly seen.... Bill Sounz and Alfano... true patriots of East Boston... John Cochran has the ambition to be a genuine professor... Tommy Harkins gets a big kick out of the remarkably "regular guy" manner of Rudy Valley.

REVERBERATIONS... Jack Donovan, 0 whom this Corri... Donoghue referred to the fact that his potential senator, was hied in his manifestations of modesty... He said, "I don't know what... verbatim by exclus. or per... "Just leave me alone!"... Jerry Dickert... those who are normally slightly perturbed... "I've not only political ambitions... I've also political ideals... my words of repudiation... Bill Benny just loves what we said about his red-robed sob... Eli Y. of course is merely One, how his eyes tell volumes of..."

On the Level... We watch for the authenticity of the following yarns on our thus far unexamined... A blankety-blank novel we've at..."

Stray thought: Shall we really finish writing Chapters 8 of that blackey-blank novel we've at..."

Snowie's Diary

Love

It came—like a thundering hush... It fell in the caption, "The rains that set us free..."

Killing my breath, and arresting my heart; I broke my reverie at last..."

This an' That

Funny how many column turn up. Everybody to be a Brainsaw... seen on Boston Common the other day... a one-legged lad about nine actually roller skating with the other boys... Here's a little bit of a broadside y'know... To a BRIGHT TOMORROW IS THE HIGH ROAD OF A STRENUOUS "TO-DAY!"

The Poet's Corner

When Shadows Fall

The daylight fades, the sun, God's messenger of hope and love, Stinks in the stilly eye and I Stand in the stilly eye 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 turb - e..."

The Law Student's Lament

Law is all that's good, by golly! Though it sometimes seems pure embalming... Perhaps the former nities of lonely pining are over..."

Nor fears arise, if I but know But, most of all, I want you when the evening shadow falls.

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