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Suffolk Journal

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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.



# SUFFOLK MEN RECENTLY APPOINTED JUSTICES



WILLIAM H. HENCHEY

✱  
 ✱✱✱  
*Honestas*  
 ✱✱✱  
 ✱



JOHN V. MAHONEY

✱  
 ✱✱✱  
*Diligentia*  
 ✱✱✱  
 ✱



SAMUEL EISENSTADT

## Pollard Leads Lowell Club

A group of Lowell undergraduates has organized a club of Lowell students attending Suffolk University Law School for the purpose of bringing together the boys of our School and at the same time helping each member by giving him valuable friendships and contacts and the scholastic aids to be had through frequent discussions of law problems. The Club has petitioned the Board of Trustees of Suffolk University for permission to use the name of the school and to receive the official sanction of Dean Gleason L. Archer. The Club will establish headquarters in Lowell and will build up a Law Library which will benefit all Lowell students.

Many Suffolk alumni have enthusiastically endorsed the plan of the Lowell students and have offered their unstinted support. Samuel S. Pollard has been unanimously elected president pro-tem. He has appointed many sub-committees to help him in organizing the club and establishing permanent quarters. The following Lowell students are working diligently with President Pollard: Louis A. Biron, John C. Burns, James P. Kirk, John Fraser, John J. Tansey, Raymond A. Webb, Louis A. Desmarais, Paul A. Turcotte, Joseph F. Donahue, John J. Casey, George W. Dolan, C. William Connor, Joseph J. Boisvert, John O'Connor, Alexander Kekinakas, Thomas L. Crowley, Thomas Harrington, James F. Hennessey, James T. Keefe, Henry P. Kelley, Raymond Kenney, W. Sumner Kenney, Maurice Maguire, James B. Monahan, Alfred N. Shamas, Nicholas Speronis, Robert E. Turcotte, and Raymond R. Vigneault.

## Law Alumni Elected To Public Office

The elections held in various Massachusetts cities on November 2 brought smiles of victory to many Suffolk men. It is especially heartening to note the growing recognition that is being accorded to Suffolk trained men in various sections of the Commonwealth.

Maurice J. Tobin, ex-'30 was overwhelmingly elected mayor of the City of Boston. Mayor Tobin made an excellent record in his freshman year at Suffolk, but because of promotion to an important department in the Telephone Company and election to public office, he was obliged to suspend his law study. Since that time he has been continually in public life.

J. Fred Manning, Suffolk '19 was elected fifth time as mayor of Lynn. John W. Lyons, Suffolk '23, was apparently elected mayor of Cambridge. John C. Carr, Suffolk ex-'30, was elected mayor of Medford. Mayor Carr completed practically all of the work for the degree at Suffolk. Dewey G. Archambault, Suffolk '30, was re-elected mayor of Lowell.

### DEBATERS MEET

The first annual meeting of the Suffolk University Law School Debating Society (Morning Division) for the season 1937-38 was held on Tuesday, October 19.

At this meeting the following were elected to serve as officers: David W. Noonan, president; Francis X. Morse, vice-president; James H. Quirk, treasurer; William Reinhold, secretary.

## Auld Lang Syne

To the Editor of  
 The Suffolk Journal:

The elevation of my friend and classmate, John V. Mahoney, to the Probate Bench recalls to mind the sometime firm of Mahoney & Getchell, or Getchell & Mahoney, that commenced the practice of the law on a memorable September 22, 1922. (How well I remember the Clerk's clarion cry of "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts" upon our admission to the bar that day!) The reason for doubt as to the proper order of the firm name was our inability to agree on who came first. But the doubt in any individual case was easily resolved, for if Jack drew up a pleading, it was accredited to Mahoney & Getchell, whereas if I started the proceedings, the pleadings bore the name of Getchell & Mahoney. Our law offices in those days were under our individual hats, and the firm name soon fell into desuetude, for Jack's wife shortly thereafter was admitted to the bar and offices were opened under the name of Mahoney & Mahoney, a firm which has ever since honorably and successfully engaged in the practice of the law. In his new exalted position, for which he is so eminently fitted, Judge Mahoney will undoubtedly become one of our Commonwealth's great jurists.

Arthur V. Getchell

### Correction

Credit for the article "Portrait of An Innocent Man," published in the last issue, was erroneously given to Miss Lucasta McTether, the well-known baritone soloist of Back Bay and Tenean Beach. The article was written by Mr. Laurence F. Simcock, Law '39, and a member of the Journal staff.

## Governor Honors University In Judiciary Selections

The appointment of John V. Mahoney, Suffolk '22, to be judge of Probate of Suffolk County is deeply gratifying to every Suffolk man. An outstanding student during his four undergraduate years he carried on in the same manner in the legal profession, every case that he undertook being a fresh occasion for deep delving into the law. For several years Judge Mahoney was on the correcting staff of Suffolk Law School but an increasing law practice caused a termination of the relation.

Judge Mahoney was a classmate of Daniel J. Doherty the newly elected National Commander of the American Legion and of a notable group who have won high honors during the fifteen years that have elapsed since graduation from Suffolk.

John Mahoney's success in public life has long been a by-word among his friends. In the Massachusetts House of Representatives he became an outstanding leader. His service as trustee of the Boston Elevated Railway was followed by appointment as chief secretary to Governor Hurley. It was an open secret for weeks that Mahoney was slated for high judicial appointment, but his selection as successor to Judge Arthur W. Dolan of the Probate Court who had gone to the Supreme Court bench dispelled all doubt. We believe that John V. Mahoney is of Supreme Court stature, and we hope that he may follow his distinguished predecessor to the same tribunal.

The friends of Suffolk were certainly thrilled when they read in the newspapers that Governor Hurley had made two judicial appointments on the same day and that both of the new judges were graduates of Suffolk Law School—Henchey '21 and Eisenstadt '27. Sam Eisenstadt is remembered at Suffolk as a keen-eyed young man who studied diligently, and who always had a smile for his classmates. It was no surprise to those who knew him in Law School that Sam Eisenstadt should have gone into politics and won high honors in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Judge Eisenstadt is sure to become a capable and humane justice in the important court to which he has been appointed.

Governor Hurley made a very wise selection when he named William H. Henchey, Suffolk '21, to succeed Judge Morton in the Woburn District Court. When a very young man, Judge Henchey was elected mayor of Woburn, and his public record since that date has been outstanding. He entered Suffolk Law School in September 1917 while in the employ of a local bank. He was later appointed to the Internal Revenue department. His progress in Law School and his increasing usefulness in the department led to his appointment as head of the legal staff of the local department of Internal Revenue even before he had been graduated or had taken bar examinations. The excellence of his Law School record made him a logical choice when in September 1921, Dean Archer needed an assistant in

(Continued on Page 3)

## Suffolk Players Will Conduct Play Contest

### EVERY STUDENT IN UNIVERSITY IS URGED, TO ENTER

Dust off your typewriter! The Suffolk Players announce another *One-Act Play Contest!* Open to all Suffolk students!

Production of the winning play and twenty dollars to be applied toward tuition is the first prize in Suffolk's second *One-Act Play Contest*. A prize of ten dollars in tuition will be awarded for the play second in merit. The Suffolk Players will produce the winning play sometime during the spring of 1938.

*Storm Signal*, by Theresa M. Bodwell, C.I.A., '40, last year's winner, was produced by the Suffolk Players on April 22, 1937. It was the first play ever attempted by Miss Bodwell, a fact which should encourage others to try their luck. Various books on play writing will be found in the University Library reserved book section. Please call at the main desk for these books.

#### TYPE OF PLAY

Any type of One-Act Play may be entered: melodrama, comedy, tragedy, farce, phantasy, or musical. If a play with music is entered, both words and music must be original.

#### NUMBER OF PLAYS SUBMITTED

A student may submit several entries, but only one prize will be awarded any contestant. He may work alone or in collaboration with others. If a winning play has more than one author, the prize will be equally divided between authors.

#### STAGE SETTING

Plays must be practical from the standpoint of stagecraft — something that can be produced effectively and inexpensively on the stage of Suffolk Auditorium.

#### LENGTH

The play must require for production not less than twenty minutes nor more than one hour. Only one stage set—but lapse of time may be indicated by lowering the curtain.

#### COSTUMES

Must not be expensive. Consideration should be given to their being made by the Costume Committee of The Suffolk Players rather than rented from theatrical supply houses.

#### CAST

Should not exceed twenty-five.

#### MANUSCRIPTS

All manuscripts must be neatly typed on white paper. Copy must be double-spaced. Left-hand margin must be two inches wide. The first page must be the title-page, and must also carry the author's name; the fact that the play is submitted in the Suffolk University One-Act Play Contest; and the date, January 17, 1938. For your guidance, a sample title-page will be posted later on one of the bulletin boards in the second floor corridor of the University Building. The second sheet must have written in the top left hand corner the title and author of the play.

Any description or explanation of the setting or characters that may be needed, also a list of the characters must follow directly below the title. Beginning with second page, page numbers should be in top right-hand corner. No manuscripts will be returned, so be sure to keep a carbon copy.

#### RIGHTS RESERVED

The Suffolk Players reserve the right to produce any play submitted, either on the stage or over the air, and to include the play in any collection of original plays by Suffolk students, should such a book ever be published by Suffolk. All other rights, and the play itself, belong to the author.

#### DEADLINE

The contest closes at 9:30 P.M., Monday evening, January 17, 1938. *No extension of time will be allowed.*

All decisions are final.

The author and the title of the winning plays will be announced in the February issue of *Suffolk Journal*.

The winning play will be produced sometime in the spring of 1938.

## GRAD SCHOOL BRIEFS

Thirty-one years ago President Archer, in a small room in Roxbury, began an educational experiment that has meant much to young men who must work for a living while trying to obtain an education. For thirty years that idea has been nurtured and made to grow, primarily by President Archer and the small band of loyal helpers who saw the same vision that he had seen. As a result we now have Suffolk University which holds a high place in this community. We now have five departments which allow one to follow his own bent, to become proficient in Liberal Arts, Business, Journalism, or Law. President Archer has been primarily responsible for the growth of the Law School which now numbers approximately three thousand alumni. There have never been any demands nor requests made upon the Student Body to do anything but their required class work. The time has now come, however, when every man who has benefited by his association with the School should go to work for the School. We have a large new plant which will accommodate many students. We have an efficient faculty keenly aware of the problems that face the young man who must earn while he learns.

We as a group should not sit back and ask President Archer to do all the work while we receive the benefits. What can we do? Well, I think we might all try to sell the University to our employers and friends. *We need endowments and students.* Our friends and employers can help us to get both. There is a need for Suffolk University. It should be our job to at least let the public know that we have that which is necessary to fill this need. New students may begin their work at the mid-year term. Why not set this as our goal that every student or alumnus to get a new student for one of the four colleges between now and February 1, 1938! This is a very practical way to help President Archer, Suffolk University and ourselves.

This is a sure way to get students. Next month we will suggest a plan which will work to get our Endowment Fund.

## Happy Returns!

The atmosphere of the stenographic room was heavy with suspense as President Archer and Frances Cambria slowly approached the door. When they reached it, they stopped short in astonishment, for instead of buzzing with activity as usual, the room was silent and dark. This unusual state of affairs lasted but for a second longer, for then the silence was broken by shouts of "Surprise! Surprise!"

Yes, it was a birthday party for them both and such a party! The lights flashed on revealing the group which had gathered there to greet them. The College and Law School office staffs in full force, the Library staff, the MacDonalds, Gleason, Jr., and even Joe Lemay had turned out to wish them a joyous cruise from the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of the West Indies aboard the *S. S. Suffolk*.

A glance to the right and the scene changed as though by magic, for here instead of the usual cream-colored walls lined with shelves, a new sight met their eyes. A cunningly contrived bird's eye view of their cruise was set forth on a table. A mirror surrounded by small rocks clearly indicated that here was the rocky coast of Maine, while further inland white tissue paper snow and bits of pine gave more evidence that this was the Pine Tree State. At the other end lay the sunny green isles of the West Indies, brightened by bits of green tissue and reflected in similar glassy waters.

After all had admired this creation, a huge box laden with gifts each appropriately inscribed became the center of attraction. These were opened amid considerable merriment since there were a number of jokes. The most popular gift was a toy hula-hula dancer who was obliged to display her talents for almost everyone present. Last but far from least, the refreshments consisting of a beautifully decorated cake, tonic, cookies, candy, and nuts were served.

Although the hour had changed, the sound of the clock striking five was the signal which brought the festivities to a close even as the magical twelve of fairytale fame. Soon, everyone had gone and only the cruise setting remained as a memory.

#### LINCOLN LEADS

Monday evening, November 1, twelve students gathered in Hall 8 for the initial meeting of the 5:30 debating club. The meeting was supervised by Dean Archer and Miss Newsome. Temporary officers were elected—President John Lincoln, Vice-President William Kenney, Secretary Thomas Kelley, Treasurer Frederick Drew. Edward Jackson was appointed chairman of the constitution committee and H. Edwin Kantor, social relations correspondent.

Dine At . . .

**DERNE LUNCH**  
Next Door to School  
30 DERNE STREET  
R. H. Morgan, Prop.

## Library Lines

### RECENT GIFTS

Shepard's *Massachusetts Citations* by Professor Kenneth Williams! This book is one of the lawyer's most important tools. A lawyer without Shepard's would be like a doctor without a stethoscope, or a minister without the Bible. Since many of the students have not had an opportunity to examine and use *Shepard's Citations*, a few words of explanation as to their use may be in order.

The purpose of *Shepard's Citations* is to enable one to determine the present-day value of any authority upon which he plans to rely in support of his argument.

The first part of the book is devoted to citations in point with some other known Massachusetts case. For example: One knows that his point is supported by 100 Mass. 204. Turning to this case in *Shepard's* we find there listed numerous other cases on the same point. Also by abbreviations, which are explained in the book, one can tell if the case in point has been overturned, cited, interpreted, distinguished, modified, or otherwise affected by more recent cases.

The second main division deals with the United States Constitution and codes. Here can be found a list of Massachusetts cases referring to particular sections of United States Constitution and to the United States Laws.

The next section deals with the Massachusetts constitution, where in every case dealing with the constitution is cited.

Another section deals with cases in the General Laws, Tercentenary Edition. By reference to this section, every case on a particular statute in the General Laws, Tercentenary Edition can be found.

Still another section deals with acts and resolves not included in the G. L. or G. L., Ter. Ed.

The Citations also deals with the situation where the user knows the North Eastern citation of a Massachusetts Case, listing the cases under the appropriate N. E. citation. The service is kept up to date by regular supplements, also the gift of Professor Williams.

Since this is the 150th anniversary of the Constitution, President Gleason L. Archer has presented a "Shrine of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence" to the Library. The documents are facsimiles of the originals and are framed in removable metal cases which fit into a floor standard. On top of the standard is a reproduction of the American Eagle in the Library of Congress.

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## Legal Innuendoes

Our baptism of fire was none too sweet; it appears that there are libel laws in this Commonwealth . . . Oh well, it's been a lot of fun . . . Notes of interest: Frances Cambria of the college staff and Rocco Curelli of the Law School are this month's best bet for hearts and flowers. It appears that the Law School Robert Taylor is living up to his name. And while we're on the subject, is that, or is that not, a moustache silently appearing on the upper lip of Mr. Curelli? . . . The author of "Cruising the Corridors" is daily giving lectures in the smoking room on the art of writing a gossip column to interested and non-interested freshmen. Why don't you read his column upon completing this one? . . . Correction . . . Jack Donovan, the embryonic City Councilman, has now decided to be an embryonic Congressman . . . Headlines of a local newspaper . . . "500 ARRESTED IN VOTE FRAUD" . . . We wonder why . . . Ten minutes before the Friday morning lecture: 1st law student: "Let's cut class this morning." 2nd law student: "I can't, I need the sleep too much." This was definitely not a sales lecture . . . Seen in our favorite 5 & 10 . . . Tom Harkins apparently very much absorbed in the waitresses . . . and he wasn't on his lunch hour . . . W. Sumner Kenney, thinking of issuing a petition to invalidate the first Constitutional Law exam. Strange as it may seem, he anticipates no difficulty in obtaining signatures . . . Why don't you read the newspapers, Bill? . . . The beginning of an alienation of affections suit . . . John Furbush walking down Park Street, not with Louise Weiscopef, but with our congenial telephone operator, Mary "Beatrice Fairfax" Young . . . What's the secret of your success, John? . . . The impossible . . . Bill Callahan trying to convince his classmates that he actually stays in nights in a bona fide attempt to study . . . Do you remember the definition of a sale, Bill? . . . What member of the library staff (fem.) was seen at the Southland not so many Saturday nights ago, dancing to the sweet and hot strains of Blanche Calloway and her orchestra? . . . Are you guessing? . . . Rex Farewell thinking of running for President of the Junior Class on a ticket, is very anxious to have Joe Yelle on that same ticket as a secretary . . . we wonder why . . . Speaking of elections . . . we note that the Senior Class is holding a special election to vote for vice-president . . . This is evidently a desirable office, as everyone and his brother are running for same . . . Deadline flash . . . Jack Donovan (see above) has definitely dropped out of the fight for office . . . Bob McLaughlin and Nellie Ann feuding . . . All members of the McLaughlin clan heed this call . . . Query . . . What keeps that worried look on Cop Sullivan's face, his wife or T. J.?

# Anniversary Dinner to Pastor Tendered By His Parishioners

Reverend Benjamin F. Kubilius Has Served South Boston Community For Thirteen Years

On the evening of October 17, more than one hundred members of the Parish of St. John's Lithuanian Methodist Episcopal Church in South Boston joined with other prominent citizens and friends of their popular pastor, Rev. Benjamin F. Kubilius, in tendering him a testimonial banquet in recognition of his thirteen years of service in the community. Suffolk University students and faculty know Mr. Kubilius best as a member of the teaching staff in the Department of Biology of the College of Liberal Arts and as a student in the Law School.

In the beautifully decorated assembly room of St. John's Church a very delicious banquet of Lithuanian and American foods was served. Among those seated at the head table, many of whom later took part in the program, were Dr. Anthony Kapachy, toastmaster; Attorney Susanne Shallna; Attorney William G. Roberts, manager of the Malcolm E. Nichols campaign for Mayor of Boston; Mrs. Roberts; William A. Amisie; President Gleason L. Archer of Suffolk University; Miss Carrolla A. Bryant, executive secretary of Suffolk University; Dr. Donald W. Miller, dean of Suffolk University College of Liberal Arts; Miss Emma M. LeShane; and the guest of honor, Rev. Benjamin F. Kubilius.

Dr. Donald W. Miller, dean of Suffolk University College of Liberal Arts brought out in the course of his remarks that in spite of the many financial and other obstacles that Mr. Kubilius had to face in order to secure his college education, Mr. Kubilius had secured from college certain things that many graduates fail to obtain. Dean Miller stressed the point that a college education had left Mr. Kubilius with a keen interest in many subjects and a desire for more knowledge and education which educators believe to be a criterion for judging the truly educated man. In concluding, Dean Miller congratulated the members of St. John's parish and his Lithuanian friends on having as their leader a truly educated man in Mr. Kubilius.

Diversity was given the program by the addition of musical selections. Madam Ona R. Kubilius, mezzo-contralto, sang one of her own compositions entitled "Onute." Miss Marshall's rendition of "Armani," by Verdi, was followed by a very amusing pianologue, "Usual

Way," rendered by Miss Avakian. Another number which pleased the audience was the duet by Madam Kubilius and Miss Marshall, "Stali," by Blumenthal. These talented musicians are members of the Boston Sunshine Serenaders whose performances under the management of Mr. L. S. Fielder are well known for their quality throughout New England as well as in other parts of the United States.

The address of President Gleason L. Archer, coming as it did toward the end of the program, proved to be a fitting climax. The chief executive of Suffolk University eloquently stressed the real need of the United States for the contribution of its newer citizens and especially those of Lithuanian descent. President Archer brought out very clearly the fact that descendants of the founders of our nation welcomed, as well as needed, the cooperation of the newer Americans in the task of perpetuating the ideals of democracy as formulated by the founders. The enthusiastic reception accorded Dr. Archer's remarks by his auditors left no doubt in the mind of the observer that the leaders of the Lithuanian-Americans were heartily in accord with his views.

Testimony to the fine work done by Mr. Kubilius was given in both the English and Lithuanian languages. Others who spoke were: Dr. Joseph Pasakernis; Dr. John West, superintendent of the Baptist Hospital; Dr. John Repshis; Attorney J. F. Bogocius; Stanley Micholson, Editor of *Keleivis*, the well-known Lithuanian newspaper; Walter Balchas; Mr. and Mrs. Stephen J. Minkus; Miss Rose Morris; Anthony Navis; and Dr. Frank Puskunigis of Worcester. Mr. William A. Amisie, on behalf of the parish, presented Mr. Kubilius with a gift.

## President Archer's Column



There is food for thought as well as for rejoicing in the recent appointment of four Suffolk graduates to important judicial posts in Massachusetts and the election of a fifth Suffolk man as National Commander of the American Legion. It indicates in an impressive manner that the public, for many years uncertain about the value of evening or part-time education, has now concluded that evening trained lawyers are worthy of complete recognition in public service. *We at Suffolk have reason to know that these graduates recently honored will shed fresh lustre upon Suffolk University.* Daniel J. Doherty '22, touring Europe with his legionnaires and receiving the highest honors from France and England, being entertained by world famous men, should demonstrate that the poor boy who has ability, integrity, and a willingness to sacrifice his hours of leisure to prepare for service to his fellow men will eventually make his mark in the world. Judge John E. Fenton '24, Chief Justice of the Land Court; Judge John V. Mahoney '22, Suffolk Probate Court; Judge William H. Henchey '21, and Judge Samuel Eisenstadt '27 were each undergraduates at Suffolk with Dan Doherty.

It is easy in retrospect to recognize a notable group of men in any given class of Suffolk's earlier years. It is, of course, impossible to forecast what men now in our classes will win high honors hereafter, but we know that walking our corridors today are men and women students in the various departments of Suffolk University who will become famous in days to come. The world awaits you, students of Suffolk, and you have assurance that there are no barriers to your success. *Recognition in public service or any field of life depends upon yourself.*

The newly elected Boston City Council has four Suffolk men in its membership: Clement A. Norton, '18, Sidney Rosenberg, '25, George A. Murray, '30, and Perlie Dyar Chase, ex-'30.

## Suffolk Scribe Views the Sports

With six weeks of football behind and two thrill-packed weeks ahead, your Suffolk Scribe was all of a dither as we sat pecking at our battered typewriter and glaring at the multi-colored sunset that did us wrong back when we waxed mellow on the approaching football season for the October "Journal."

But the sunset glared right back at us and told us that in so many words it was no use continuing trying to predict football games by looking at the sunset. What next? The most obvious thing to do was to use ye olde scribbled head. So with a considerable grinding of gears there emitted a paragraph or two of commentary on the things the college boys are doing this semester.

To satisfy our customers who must know just who is going to win what where, here with trembling index-fingered typing we offer you these hallucinations.

Boston College, whose flashes of brilliance and flickerings of downright ineptness at this game called football have puzzled their critics all season except those who read this scribe's prediction back in October will meet a week hence the Cross from Worcester. Behind a vastly improved sophomore line Holy Cross has displayed the varied talents of one Bill Osmanski with great success this semester. But we look for Boston College to thrust back the assaults of Holy Cross as the Crusaders attempt to scale the Heights. Psychology we call it, if you know what we mean.

The Committee on Investigating Anti-isms reports that Yale is about to do a job on the Harlowisms of Harvard. We suggest that the Yale team should write an article for the "Satevepost" to wit: "Someone there saw Yale." For Larry Kelley (remember him?) has a worthy successor in Johnny Miller who grabs those passes from Clint Frank to cash in for Yale. One vote of Yale, for Harvard will have to be better than Harvard to stop Miller to Frank.

Navy meets the Army and thousands of grads crowd around radios by sea and by land. Two teams battle until death on November 27, so that the glory of the dear old service may come forth in new color. One thing is certain: President Roosevelt is sure of a winning team. Army and Navy this year have been good teams. The same is not complimentary to either, for generally they have better than ordinary teams. However we like the Army to beat Navy but don't say we told you.

A grand old series is renewed in South Bend on the 27th. There two teams will salvage something from the fall season, which has not been any too good for them. Notre Dame, it may be recalled, was characterized in these columns as a team that had a whale of a tough schedule and not much of a team to meet it. While we secretly hoped for better, we were not surprised when they were beaten by Carnegie Tech. And did that Navy game finish remind us of the days of two or three years ago when Notre Dame on two successive week-ends came up with a whirlwind finish to whip both Army and Ohio State. Southern California was our prediction for the Rosie Bowl festivities, this year, only it appears that we should have left off the Southern. But when they meet in South Bend, it should be a whale of a game, championship or no championship. Notre Dame's our football Alma Mater, so here's a vote for Notre Dame, a great team.

The season closes next Saturday. Only one other game shall we mention, and that is the Pittsburg-Duke clash. Watch out for fireworks from this meeting.

LOCAL LINES. Victory has not been around Boston during the past few weeks. Off we went to a whirlwind start, only to land with a thud as different teams lost their balance! But even though our boys didn't do all they could have done in bringing home the bacon, they did bring home some good football. When in one season publicized elevens such as Army, Yale, Georgia, Dartmouth, North Carolina State, Temple, Detroit to mention only a few grace the stadia of our city, who can kick about the football menu? Boston is on its way to big-time football now, to stay!

Stars shine in heaven around Boston and also on the gridiron. Lou Blaszyński, aged B. U. star, strikes this critical eye as being worthy of at least All-Eastern if not All-American. Mr. B — — — is the odd case of a senior finally hitting the pace he struck back in the freshman year.

The name of Johnny Miller flickered past a paragraph ago. And his name will do more than flicker when the All-American pickers go to work. To say that his brilliance approaches that of Larry Kelley is to say enough, for Larry has had no peer among pass snatchers. And on general all-round end play, Miller is easily the superior of Laughing Larry. We'd gladly stuff the ballot box for Johnny Miller.

The rambling speedster from Holy Cross, Bill Osmanski, has made Holy Cross what it is today. And if B. C. is not careful, Gil Dobie will shed even more copious tears than he has previously this season. Osmanski functions behind a line that opens up those holes for him. But even without holes, Osmanski smashes his way through. A great man on a team that has proved that it could dwell more on deeds of the present than on the past!

Harvard presented for the grid wars this season a team that had the experience, if not the starring ability, to win its games. But there broke into the Harvard lineup in mid season, a lad by the name of "Torby" MacDonald, who fresh and eager in his sophomore manner, proceeded to change Dick Harlow's well-known opinion of sophomores re football. MacDonald breathes, lives, and eats football, for he has so many relatives who do the same thing that it would take another page to relate their deeds. So, enough to say that Harvard has a swell kicker in MacDonald who has two more years to boot for "deah old Haavud." Watch him in '38 and '39.

## BENCH

(Continued from page 1)

his course in Torts. For sixteen years Professor Henchey has been one of the pillars of the school. His personality and his clarity of thought and expression in the lecture room have endeared him to successive freshman classes since 1921. To them it will be a pleasing experience to see "Bill" Henchey presiding over a court room, for it will recall the days at Suffolk when Professor Henchey directed their efforts in mastering the problem of what is meant by a reasonably prudent man.

### '22 Scores Again!

William J. Gormley, '22, classmate of Judge John V. Mahoney, has been appointed assistant secretary to the Governor—another honor for the class of 1922.

### A Grand Fight!

Manuel V. McKenney, law student, class of 1940, lost the nomination for Common Council from Ward 2 in Everett, by only sixty-five votes. This was his first year voting. Primary day was October 13.

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# The SUFFOLK JOURNAL

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## EDITORIALS

### IMPRESSIVE SIMPLICITY

As one comes into Suffolk University and walks along its corridors and notices the halls and lecture rooms, a single word will flash across his mind and describe all that he has seen. It is the word *impressive*. Not the impressiveness of arrogance, selfish power or cold, impersonal hardness; but rather the impressiveness of simplicity, of selfless interests, and of benefaction.

Suffolk University is the material manifestation of what President Archer is spiritually. It is the reflection of the Archer spirit, that a person can see even in the very wall itself.

The spirit of correct thought, invincible moral courage, spiritual fervor, and powers of light, right, and justice led by truth made Suffolk University possible; and these ingredients in the foundation and superstructure shall lead to a greater and still greater Suffolk University, because *that spirit once having begun its work can never die*.

With magnificence and impressive simplicity Suffolk University radiates the spirit of Archer. And that spirit, as gentle as a zephyr, influences the life of every student, for all can feel its beneficent effects. It is the spirit of Archer translated into Suffolk University, translated into the student and alumni bodies, and translated into the world of their contacts.

### THE HEART OF NATURE

The autumnal season is here — colored leaves, squash, nuts, cool weather and sweet cider. But the real truth about this time of the year is that good old Mother Nature is available to our needs now more than at any other time. Her heart is open for us to enter in and her voice is ready to whisper to our inner lives her secrets, her knowledge and her truths.

So — how to meet her? If you live in the country go into the woods; if you live in the city go into the nearest woodland.

The day? It must be sunny, warm and early morning.

Preparation? None, go just as you are.

Process? Lose your body in the wilds and then look for your soul.

It is very simple: when you're sufficiently lost, look up to the sky, then look around at the trees, meditate for a moment or two, and closing your eyes tightly cry out sharply, "I am lost, I am lost, I am lost!" (crescendo). After a minute repeat several poems such as *Thanatopsis* or *Ode to the West Wind*. Following this speak as if Nature were present, asking her to come and have a chat with you. After a short pause sit down, preferably on a fallen tree, and wait. Think of nothing.

Nature now enters the scene.

Words cannot describe what takes place, for Nature in voiceless speech shall fill your soul with unspeakable ecstatic wonders, delights and pleasures — glimpses of sublimity, flashes of resplendent joy, rapturous waves of swooning bliss shall sweep over your soul, delirious charms of exquisite enchantment shall be your reward. Then you shall answer Nature and say, with a faraway look in your eyes, "Aw nuts."

### ON THE RECORD

There still remain a number of folk who refuse to believe that despite a judge's years he may yet possess a mind of crystal clearness. Lest it be too easily said that man's accomplishments and abilities are of lesser value as he accumulates years, it should be noted that:

Between the ages of seventy and eighty-three, Commodore Vanderbilt added about a hundred million to his fortune.

Kant at seventy-four wrote his *Anthropology, Metaphysics of Ethics and Strife of Faculties*.

Tintorello at seventy-four painted the vast *Paradise*, a canvas seventy-four feet by thirty.

Verdi at seventy-four produced his masterpiece, *Othello*; at eighty, *Falstaff* and at eighty-five, the famous *Ave Maria*.

Lamarck at seventy-eight completed his great zoological work, *The Natural History of the Invertebrates*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes at seventy-eight wrote *Over the Teacups*.

Cato at eighty began the study of Greek.

Goethe at eighty completed *Faust*.

Tennyson at eighty-three wrote *Crossing the Bar*.

Titian at ninety-eight painted his historic picture of *The Battle of Lepanto*.

## THE OTHER FELLOW

By Prof. Thomas J. Finnegan

Within the past few days one of our most prominent leaders has taken occasion to call the attention of educated men to the duty that is theirs toward their fellow-men and the community. He phrased the question that arises in the public mind as to what the educated man is doing to justify his education. What use does he make of it? What is he doing to help his fellow-man? What interest does he take in the civic side of his community's life? In what way has his education been of benefit to society? Did he acquire any high ideals in life during his school career? What is he doing to put these high ideals into practice?

Now the public has a right to ask these questions and a further right to demand an answer. Too many educated men come out of college with only book-learning to their credit. It should be our job as students and educators to inquire into the cause of this and the remedy for it. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that for most of us collegiate days are or have been days of intense struggle. The effort to obtain money for books and tuition, the attempts to help out at home, while striving for our own advancement in life, are all so constantly before our minds that we are apt to become self-centered and likely to forget that there are others in the world besides ourselves. This is a natural failing of mankind, and let him who is without sin in the matter cast the first stone.

The remedy for this situation is to acquire in college days an interest in the well-being and advancement of the other fellow. We are enjoying the benefits of Suffolk University because of the kindness and interest of other men who made the University possible. Those men were not thinking of self. They had attained their degrees and were out in the world. But while attaining their degrees they had also scaled the heights of true education in that they had come to know their fellow-man; know his faults and failings; his vices, his virtues; and his needs. There can be no true education if only the mind is developed. There must also be a development of the heart.

The present Endowment Campaign offers all of us at Suffolk an opportunity to develop along these lines. Try doing something for the other fellow, and see how well you'll feel. The joys of life are not monetary rewards, but in the consciousness of doing one's share according to one's ability. You are getting the benefit of Suffolk! Make it possible by your work and contribution to this Endowment Drive for other men and women also to enjoy the fruits of education. Develop an interest in the other fellow! Develop an interest in your University and its activities! Many years hence you will be thankful that you were a part of this great work at Suffolk University.

## SUFFOLK BARRISTERS

Suffolk University extends congratulations and best wishes to its latest members of the Massachusetts Bar who were sworn in on November 3, 1937. The list is as follows:

William M. Benjamin, Arlington  
Clarence S. Borggaard, Somerville  
Thomas A. Brett, Mattapan  
Wilbur W. Broyderick, Lynn  
Martin T. Camacho, Somerville  
John C. Conley, Boston  
Charles R. Flood, Lowell  
Wolcott H. Fraser, Boston  
Americo J. Fusco, Lawrence  
Frank Glazer, Dorchester  
James B. Greason, Jr., Chestnut Hill  
J. Russell Harper, Quincy  
John D. Hodgdon, Westwood  
George F. Howarth, Watertown  
Norman B. Hoyt, Dorchester  
Robert J. Larkin, Jamaica Plain  
Fritz R. Larson, Saugus  
Thomas H. Lavin, Leominster  
Edward Libertine, Braintree  
John J. Mahoney, Jr., Dorchester  
Thomas L. McCormack, W. Roxbury  
John K. McNutt, West Roxbury  
Edward T. Nedder, Readville  
Roy K. Patch, Beverly  
Francis G. Patrick, Taunton  
Abraham I. Portnoy, Mattapan  
Thomas W. Quigley, Dorchester  
Robert J. Reardon, Cambridge  
Herbert J. Redman, Quincy  
Frank L. Reinherz, Brookline  
Frank A. Roche, Medford  
Frank H. Samson, Jr., Lynn  
Paul T. Smith, Dorchester  
Michael T. Stella, Lawrence  
Burton M. Stevens, Boston  
Christopher Tate, Malden  
George Thom, Jr., Lawrence  
Millard H. Tibbetts, Cambridge  
Oscar J. Toye, Roxbury  
Richard J. White, Jr., Lynn  
Albert C. Yoksas, Marlboro

## A WORD FROM DEAN MILLER

In the two preceding issues of this column we have stressed the importance, from the standpoint of success in college studies, of developing an interest in each subject you are studying and of utilizing to the fullest extent opportunities for learning in the classroom. Now for a few suggestions as to how to utilize most effectively opportunities for learning outside of the class period.

Repetition, or what some psychologists call practice, does not necessarily insure that learning will take place. The function of repetition according to some of the modern studies of learning is to offer additional opportunities for learning. Obviously there is quite a difference between "learning" and "offering opportunities for learning." Let us assume that a new topic is presented in class, by means of lecture or class discussion. The student gives his undivided attention and takes abundant notes on the new topic. This is the first "exposure" but not enough to insure anything approaching mastery or thorough learning. Probably many other "exposures" or repetitions or reviews will be required. When should these additional "exposures" or reviews come if we wish to make our learning easier? What should be their nature? Let us devote the remainder of our discussion to an attempt to answer the first question.

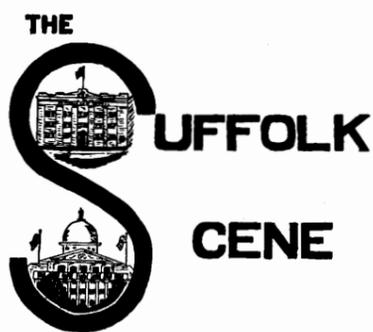
Reviews or additional "exposures" should come as soon after the first contact with the new material as is possible. According to a study made a few years ago by Dr. Harold E. Jones, college students remember about 24% of the points in a lecture after 8 weeks have passed under the ordinary review before the examination plan of study. However, the Jones study indicated that a review coming immediately after the lecture made it possible for students to remember twice as much, or 48%. Try reviewing immediately after the lecture or class discussion and demonstrate to yourself how much easier it makes learning!

## Endowment Drive

The Trustees of Suffolk University announce an important appointment with reference to the Endowment Campaign. Dr. Donald W. Miller, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, has been made General Chairman of the Endowment Campaign. Dr. Miller is organizing various sub-committees. It is expected that Alden M. Cleveland will continue to act as Alumni Chairman and Professor Thomas J. Finnegan, Chairman of Undergraduate Work.

A new development in the campaign is the organization of a committee for the State of Maine, headed by Philip H. Woodworth, Superintendent of Schools of the Houlton district and widely known in the Pine Tree State. Mr. Woodworth is deeply interested in the welfare of Suffolk University to which so many Maine men have come for legal training.

The facts that President Archer and his brother, Professor Hiram J. Archer, were born and reared in Maine, and that so many Maine people are connected with the organization, give a special point to the effort to interest Maine people in Suffolk's material well-being.



BY THE SUFFOLK SCRIBE

The returns were still pouring into Newspaper Row on election night, as we sat in a window above the turbulent Row watching the surging crowds below. A young man, hatless, pushed his way out of the door of the "Boston Globe" and walked down the street with a few friends. It was a victory walk for this long-striding young man, for he was Maurice J. Tobin, Boston's new Mayor!

— S - C - J —

He went down Washington Street towards the "Boston Post." The crowds swallowed him up and we saw him no more.

— S - C - J —

But we still retain in our mind a vivid impression of this former student of Suffolk Law School. We like him for his smile—the smile that comes willingly and honestly even until it hurts, as Maurice said it did late last election night. We like the way he conducted his campaign and his victory march—simply, a bit breezy, yet not without dignity.

— S - C - J —

Maurice Tobin was elected by the people of Boston. And that night he came right down to earth and met the Man of the Street right on his own ground. A real democratic Mayor, Maurice Tobin will be during the next four years.

— S - C - J —

Maurice Tobin hasn't forgotten that only a few short years ago he was a youngster who sold papers around Roxbury Crossing to supplement a family income that was not too large. He hasn't forgotten the lessons he learned on the long road up to the top.

— S - C - J —

And when on January 3rd, he begins four years as Mayor of Boston, he'll go into that job as he has all others he has tackled—full of youthful vim, vigor and vitality.

— S - C - J —

We only saw him for a brief fleeting moment that night, but that moment was enough to tell us just why so many like him.

— S - C - J —

He's got a twinkle in his eye that comes straight from Ireland. And with it comes a happy-go-lucky personality that often belies his seriousness of purpose.

— S - C - J —

His parents came right from the "Ould Sod," and settled in Roxbury, where Maurice was born 36 years ago. They're still living there. James Tobin, his father, is a journeyman carpenter, a trade he has pursued for years. His mother, well, her trade is like that of every mother. Just looking after the home and those who are near and dear to her in it.

— S - C - J —

Maurice's saga could easily be written in the Horatio Alger formula. For he has had all the troubles and struggles that old Horatio loved to use in guilding his characters.

His school career cut short while he was still in high school, he left to go to work to bring in a little added revenue to his family. But Maurice went right ahead, always seeking his education. He had his eye on a law career, so he went to several evening secondary schools to complete the necessary pre-legal education to properly equip himself for entrance to Suffolk Law School.

— S - C - J —

His first entrance into politics came in 1926, when young Maurice went to the House of Representatives representing his own section of Roxbury. He had served two terms there before he suffered his first and, incidentally, his only defeat in the political arena.

Opposing George Holden Tinkham, venerable Republican Congressman from the 11th district, Tobin lost. What was significant about this defeat was that he came nearer to beating Tinkham than any other candidate who has opposed Tinkham before or since. It is said that "Tink" at the time called Maurice a mere "beardless boy," or something to that effect.

— S - C - J —

He was out of politics for the next two years and busy at his job in the telephone company where he was rising steadily. In 1934, he was appointed division traffic supervisor.

— S - C - J —

But he couldn't keep out of politics so in 1931, he campaigned for School Committee, an unpaid position which is considered valuable in gauging the political sentiment of the city. He was elected and four years later, in 1935, when he was reelected, he was accorded one of the greatest majorities ever given a candidate for that office.

— S - C - J —

Much of Tobin's early political Schooling was under the guidance of his opponent in the last election, James M. Curley. When he finally broke away from that political machine, he was accused of being a traitor to the cause. But Maurice did not feel that way. He simply felt that the people of Boston deserved a new deal; that the younger element in politics should take over the leadership. The Old Guard had been in power long enough, declared Tobin.

— S - C - J —

His campaign is current history; his election, but the headlines of yesterday. When Maurice Tobin emerged victor against a field of five in the Mayoralty race, it was as the third youngest Mayor in the history of the city.

— S - C - J —

All during the long and tedious campaign, two people were always especially loyal and always wholeheartedly believed in him, even during the darkest hours when it didn't seem that Maurice Tobin could possibly defeat those veterans who opposed him. His mother, Mrs. James Tobin, was one; his wife, was the other. The Tobins live in Brighton with their two children, Helen Louise, four; and Carol, three.

— S - C - J —

That night as we watched him stride down the street, he strode with that quality of self-assurance that comes with youth and is typical of old age. Maurice Tobin faces the next four years with that quality as one of his greatest assets. We salute the next Mayor of Boston, Maurice J. Tobin, and wish him the most successful administration ever achieved in the annals of Boston's Mayoralty!

LAW FILM CLASSICS

By Edmund Lawrence Dorfman, President, Film Foundation of America

Full length talking-picture lectures by outstanding professors of law are the latest development in the Law School field. When the writer was wrestling with the idea last spring, it occurred to him that President Gleason L. Archer of Suffolk University, long known by reputation, would be just the man to consult. Fortunately, I found Dr. Archer in his office. Busy as he was, he listened to my story and then gave me just the suggestion I needed. He advised me to produce them as lectures rather than to follow my original idea of a case-system presentation. Although I had been reared under the case system at Harvard Law School, I was convinced of the soundness of Dr. Archer's advice.

The enthusiastic response from the entire nation has more than justified my highest anticipations. From a germ of a thought, first appreciated by the President of Suffolk University, *Law Film Classics* have achieved national significance and acclaim. By utilizing modern scientific development, through the medium of talking pictures, those who have made enduring contributions to the law will be seen and heard by leading law schools and bar associations in every state and city of this country.

*Law Film Classics* were one of the outstanding features of the recent American Bar Association convention in Kansas City, presented under the auspices of the Section on Legal Education. Prior to that, they were shown before

the Harvard Law School Faculty, the National Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, the Illinois Bar Association, and the Supreme Court of that state. I have recently returned from Washington, where I conferred with Mr. Justice Stone of the Supreme Court, an enthusiastic advocate of this new development.

Suffolk Law School is leading the way to America in being one of the first institutions to adopt *Law Film Classics*. They will be presented next month at Suffolk. Plans are being arranged for presentations before the student bodies of such law schools as Harvard, Columbia, New York University, Ohio State University, Chicago, and others from the South and far West.

The early part of December, the first of the series will be given at Suffolk University. Professor Samuel Williston, of Harvard Law School, with a six-minute introduction of Felix Frankfurter, will be presented on the subject of *Consideration* in the law of contracts. More detailed literature on these talking pictures lectures may be had in the University library. Other lectures will follow. To see and hear Williston, Wigmore, Beale, and Frankfurter will be a stimulating experience, provocative of thought, and evoking a keen legal interest. To be in close proximity with those who have played such great roles in moulding and shaping the law, and teaching of law, for present and future generations, will be a memorable occasion.

THE ALMA MATER SONG

The half had just come to an end; and, as the two sturdy football eleven dashed for the locker rooms a strutting drum-major led the flashy Holy Cross Band down the field. Cheer after cheer reverberated from one end of the stadium to the other. Spirited cheers for the victors of the moment. Equally spirited were the cheers for the team, on the trailing end of the score, to fight on.

That wild enthusiasm that is always present at a big college game was being manifested by the college students and alumni fans with equal vim and spirit. Then the band drew up in formation before the Holy Cross cheering section, which at a signal from the cheerleaders, arose as a body and began to sing. At that moment the words they were singing could not be heard due to the noise and confusion of the crowd. But, as the strains of the song reached out across the stadium, the huge gathering grew respectfully silent.

Then it came to us, high up there on the bleachers. Voice after voice had caught up the song until its tender passion rose up to us like an anthem, rich and strong. Singly and in groups from various sections of the stadium the "old grads" could be seen springing to their feet, blending their voices with those of the student body singing the Alma Mater song of their college, "O Holy Cross."

At that moment there was a spirit of communion between the under-graduate body and that loyal band of the alumni. The song and its significance was a stirring sight. It sent a thrill to our hearts as we watched the scene before us.

\* \* \*

Why is it that the Alma Mater song of a college or university always has such an effect on her sons and daughters? To the under-graduate body it is significant of good-fellowship among the students. It instills in them the spirit of loyalty and devotion. To the members of the alumni it recalls many happy and cherished memories of their college days.

Would it not be thrilling for us, too, to have an Alma Mater song? A song of good fellowship to be sung, today, at school, and again in days after we've left our university, at our alumni gatherings?

Surely, in so large and diversified a student body as we have here at Suffolk University, there is someone capable of filling this very obvious need.

Whoever you are, if you can give us such a song, you will have earned for yourself the undying gratitude of the vast number of men who have gone on from Suffolk in the years past, and those too, who are yet to come.

Faculty Speakers' Bureau

Dr. Donald W. Miller, dean of Suffolk University College of Liberal Arts was guest speaker for the Men's Class of the Trinity Baptist Church in North Cambridge on Sunday morning, October 17. Dean Miller chose as his topic: "The Relation of Character and Personality." A Suffolk Alumnus was instrumental in securing Dean Miller for this speaking engagement.

Alumni and other friends of Suffolk University will be pleased to learn that several members of the College and Law School faculties are available for addresses before clubs and civic organizations, as well as for high-school commencements. Further information may be secured from the Office of the Executive Secretary.

THE SUFFOLK QUIZ (ANSWERS IN DECEMBER ISSUE)

- The Most Famous Autobiography? .....
- The Most Famous Biography? .....
- The Most Famous History? .....
- The Most Famous Lyricist? .....
- The Most Famous Love Poem? .....
- The Most Famous Utopias? .....
- The Most Famous Satire? .....
- The Most Famous Diary? .....
- The Most Famous Religious poetry? .....
- The Most Famous Allegory? .....
- The Most Famous Epic poems? .....
- The Most Famous Play? .....
- The Most Famous Comedy? .....
- The Most Famous Painting? .....
- The Most Famous Sculpture? .....
- The Most Famous Invention? .....
- The Most Famous Symphony? .....
- The Most Famous Mass? .....
- The Most Famous Valse? .....
- The Most Famous Philosophic theory? .....
- The Most Famous Song? .....
- The Most Famous Opera? .....
- The Most Famous Modern discovery? .....

c. c. c.

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY

BOOKSTORE

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Pens
Note Books

## OPENING NIGHT

It was only about four-thirty in the afternoon yet already a certain tenseness was discernible even in members of the office staff who, after hurried cups of coffee, had hastened to take their places at desks and tables arranged in strategic positions in order to insure smoothness in the last-minute details of registrations.

Through partitions of polished glass the new Executive Offices resplendent with creamy walls and drawn venetian blinds blending in perfect harmony, first met the eyes of the students. Light walnut desks and efficient-looking green file cabinets made complete this dignified, yet beautiful, setting.

Slowly at first, and then with increasing rapidity, students filed into the main office and grouped themselves three-deep about the desk of the Executive Secretary, each patiently, impatiently or apprehensively, according to the individual, awaiting his turn. One by one they presented their problems, had them quickly and efficiently ironed out and were sent on their way to the Bursar's Office.

Here new difficulties and an even greater throng confronted them. However, the ordeal of successfully filling out tuition slips and making payments to the Bursar at last overcome, only a trip to the Bookstore remained before reaching the classrooms. In the Bookstore were found all the necessary books for their courses and the refreshment in the form of gaily wrapped ???? so ardently desired after the long journey about the building.

Now at last the students were headed toward the lecture halls and not a moment too soon for already it was nearly six o'clock. A trifle worried about reaching there on time the students hurried on, but to their great relief discovered that hall monitors were stationed along the way to guide and direct them. Thus at last they safely reached the haven of the classroom and there we left them expectantly awaiting the arrival of the professor.

Once again silence reigned throughout the building. Thus opening night faded into history.

In the early part of October, President Archer was elected to membership in the Old Colony Historical Society, Taunton, Massachusetts. Frank Luscombe Tinkham is President and Frank W. Hutt is Representing Secretary. The Taunton Historical Society is very active and is doing a great work in having historical points of interest in Massachusetts preserved for posterity.

On October 23rd at St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Jamaica Plain, Professor John Griffin, a member of the College of Liberal Arts faculty, was married to Miss Virginia Manning, daughter of J. P. Manning. Many members of Suffolk University staff and faculties attended both the wedding and the reception.

From the office of the *Herald Evening Express*, Portland, Maine, an announcement was issued that Carroll A. Lake, chief of the Copy Desk of the *Christian Science Monitor* and a member of the faculty of the Suffolk College of Journalism was the speaker before the 6th semi-annual meeting of the New England Daily Newspaper Composing Room Executives' Association, which was held in that city during October.

# KING OF THE CAMPUS

By James F. Rand, J., '41

(You'll recall beginning this thrilling story in the September Journal.)

## CHAPTER FOUR

"Well?"

"Well, what, Don? I don't know what to do now. He was beating him hands down. Then Jake said something to him. What I don't know. Larry shut up like a clam after the race. I couldn't get a word out of him. Darned if I know what we're going to do now," Jock said, his face lined with worry and despair, as he sat in Don's office at the *Globe*.

"Is he coming to practice this afternoon?"

"Don't know. The only thing to do is to go down to the field and see. Get your hat Don and let's get going. Almost time for practice."

The two sped across the city in Jock's car, out of the busy downtown into the pleasant almost rural campus of Hudson College.

An hour later, Don was standing on the side of the outdoor board track where twenty or thirty youths clad in brief, scanty track suits scurried about. Jock wandered about giving this one and that directions casting, now and then, an anxious eye towards the field house door where he hoped Larry would emerge.

But as the sun sank lower and lower in the west, sending deeper and deeper purple fingers across the field, Larry did not come.

The two men walked across the campus into the campus restaurant, the "Golden Grill." Seated in one of the booths, Don and Jock ate a melancholy supper. After the meal, both lighted up — Don his cigarette which he smoked in short nervous puffs — Jock, his battered old briar.

The meal had been silent — the silence continued as each man became absorbed in his thoughts. Finally Jock broke the silence.

"We've got to get him out of this somehow. He's breaking up the team. You don't know those fellows like I do, Don. They've been moping around for days — ever since Larry got like this. I've told you, haven't I, how much the winning of this meet Saturday means to me? It means my job if I don't win."

"Can't you win without Larry?"

"I thought so at first. But now he's breaking down the morale of the whole team. They've got the idea they can't win without him. He's already deserted the sinking ship, they think."

"I've got an idea, Jock. The last one wasn't so hot but maybe this one will do the trick. Come over to Larry's. He isn't home now — just saw him going by — and we can work it now. I'll tell you about it on the way over."

Larry, as he ascended the narrow stairs to his dorm room, wasn't in very good humor. Margie still refused to see him. Last night, he had seen her out with Jack Leonard, the baseball captain. Everyone avoided him.

It didn't help his frame of mind to open the door and find himself faced by the grimly accusing eyes of Jock and Don.

"Well. Spill it," he cried out. "What have I done now?"

"Easy, son," admonished Jock. "All I want to know is what this letter is all about. Don and I found it on your bureau when we came in."

"What letter? I don't know anything about any letter."

In answer, Jock merely handed him the letter he had been holding in his hand.

The puzzled youth took it and read:

"Dear Larry:

Everything's all set. Throw the race Saturday and we'll give you the cash — \$1,000 — one thousand berries.

Go to general delivery Monday and you'll find the money in a box registered under the name of Horace Coffin.

Don't fail us, kid, or it'll be too bad for you.

Yours to success,

TOMMY."

"Jock, you don't believe I'd do a thing like that?"

"What else can I believe? I find that letter in your room. How do I know you didn't throw those races?"

"But Jock — Jock —"

The coach stopped him curtly with a wave of his hand, "No excuses, Larry. I know now what's been wrong with you before. I can't forget that. I'll let you run Saturday but just for old time's sake. I'm not counting on you for points. I don't count on quitters and fellows that throw races. But it's the last race of your college career as far as I'm concerned."

Jock and Don walked out of the room slamming the door behind them. Larry stood there with the letter in his hand, like a man in a dream. His eyes stared unseeing at the door. And then suddenly he flung himself across the bed. Great sobs shook his husky frame. His hands knotted and unclenched as he buried his face into the bed sobbing out his grief.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Larry sat in the Hudson College dressing room. He was alone. The rest of the team had dressed and gone out on the track to warm up. Larry had come down to the dressing room when he knew they would be gone. He couldn't stand their curious contemptuous looks any longer. The big night was here — his last race. That was what Jock had said. His last race. How often he had visioned his last race. But not like this. He hadn't seen himself ostracized and branded as a quitter by his friends and Margie. And now Jock believed it too. Worst of all Jock thought he was going to throw tonight's race. Fine coach he is — doesn't have any faith in a guy. Hits a guy when he's down. Well, time to go out on the track now. Larry picked up his sweat shirt and pulled it on over his head. Then he headed for the arena floor. Up the long dimly lit corridor past the State dressing room. Wait a minute what's this? A piece of paper outside the door. Something made him pick it up. His eyes grew hard and steely as he read the note.

"Jake, old pal —"

Everything's O. K. We fixed your little pal for you. Planted a note in his dorm room and now his coach thinks he's going to throw the race tonight. The kid's so darn sour at the whole world he won't be able to run at all tonight. Good Luck.

JOHNNY."

The handwriting was the same as the note Jock had found in his room. Larry stood there for a moment. So Jake Hurley was behind this. But why should Hurley try to fix him so he couldn't win the race. Jake could beat him anyway. He had never beaten Jake before. Suddenly a great light dawned on Larry. If Jake went to such measures it must be because he was scared of Larry.

Larry bounded down the corridor, the note in his hand. He'd show it to Jock and everything would be all right. Out into the arena he sprinted. The track was filled with colorfully dressed runners warming up between events. There was Jock across the track. Larry ran over to him. "Jock — Jock —" he sputtered trying to get his breath. Jock looked queerly at him and then walked away. Larry's spirits sank at this. Then he squared his shoulders. Nobody believed in him. But he'd show them. He'd win the race tonight and then laugh in their faces.

\* \* \*

The runners in the conference mile were in their places. It was the last event of the program. State and Hudson were tied at 37 points. On the outcome of the mile depended the outcome of the championship race. Larry was the only Hudson miler in the race while State had two, Jake and Harry Hurliburt both certain of placing. Larry was full of confidence. Jake was scared of him. He'd beat him tonight. He ran up and down limbering up his legs. Then the starter ordered the men to their places. Six men were entered in the race. True there were more milers in the conference but only those who were outstanding were allowed to compete to keep the race fast and not hamper the favorites.

The starter raised his gun. The runners tensed themselves for the start. Bang went the gun and down the track and around the first bank the runners sprinted. A red cheeked Swede from Minnesota took command. The first three or four laps found the runners gradually stringing out. Each runner adapted himself to the pace. Larry kept behind Jake. Stride for stride he matched the pace of the State College man. Let him set the pace. When the time comes I'll run the legs off him. The two were so intense in their personal battle that they forgot the rest of the field. So absorbed were they that Larry and Jake didn't know that they were drawing away from the field. Neither heard the shrieking of the fans as they watched the two runners set a killing pace. Jock on the sidelines smiled happily at Don. "If he'll only keep it up, Don, he'll run Jake into the ground. Jake never ran that fast before."

Larry ran grim lipped, — ran for only one thing — to beat the man in front of him. He forgot

all sense of time and place. His ears heard nothing except the plodding feet of the runner in front of him. He studied Jake's back in front of him. Not a new thing for Larry but tonight he sensed something different, something that he never had seen before. Jake's shoulders had lost their old confident swing. They seemed weary and tired. Larry's steely eyes went down the figure of the man in front of him trying to analyze his every movement. Jake's legs seemed to lack that old confidence they always had. Then Larry sensed, rather than heard, the gun announcing the eighth and final lap. He began to put on the pressure. He swung wide to pass Jake. Then swung in again as the two runners reached the bank. Around the bank they sped. Jake running like a scared rabbit knowing that he had to hold off Larry.

Larry then put on the steam. He went past Jake and began to open up a lead. Jake drew near again and leaned forward. His tortured lips moved. Larry's stride faltered for a minute then once more he began to draw away. The two runners, only feet apart, sped around the curve and into the stretch. Then with the crowds cheering him on, Larry opened up and headed for that finish line. Would he never reach it? It seemed tantalizingly far away. Nearer and nearer he came. Where was Jake? Why didn't he pass him. Well, Larry had done the best he could. He'd keep on. He strained his body forward. Forward to meet the tape. And then as he hurled himself across the finish line, everything went pitch black to him.

## CHAPTER SIX

Larry lay on the rubbing table. Jock was rubbing smelling salts under his nose. Slowly he began to rouse himself. Larry opened his eyes to look into the smiling face of Jock. "I did my best, coach," he murmured sleepily.

"Sure you did, Larry. I'm proud of you."

"But — but —"

"Listen you fool. Don't you know you beat Jake Hurley by twenty yards? You ran him off his feet."

"You mean it, coach?"

"Sure; now listen, young fellow; you get dressed and get out of here. There's somebody outside waiting for you."

"But those letters, Jock."

"Listen, Mug, Don and I wrote those letters so you'd come out of your day dream and you can beat Jake Hurley. All you needed was a little inspiration. Now get dressed, for the lovva Pete, while I go out and get congratulated on winning the conference title. Lord knows I need congratulations after putting up with you for the last month."

Jock slammed the door leaving Larry to himself. Swiftly, he disrobed, took a shower, and then dressing himself rushed out of the room to — Marjory.

She stood there, breath-taking in her loveliness.

"Larry, if you'll forgive me, honey, I'm sorry —"

Larry crushed her to him and murmured, "Honey, of course you're forgiven."

But their moment of idyllic happiness was shattered as a yelling, shouting crowd of students came down the corridor and grabbed Larry. Up on their shoulders he went. And Margie too. Larry was again king of the campus. And as somebody said, Margie was his queen.

— The End —

## Rendezvous With The Sun

It is nice lying here on the green grass, warm from the caressing of the October sun. Nothing to do but lie there and watch the people who move along the weather-beaten concrete sidewalks that cross the far-stretching greensward.

— : — : —

People move along the sidewalks, not briskly but with the casual and delightful air of eventually getting there but not caring too much when they do. Over across the grass, a group of boys spring into life, silhouetted against the blue of the sky, and then merge into a tangled mass as they practice the play that is going to knock the football team from the next block off their feet when they meet to decide the neighborhood championship.

— : — : —

Down the grassy slope, your gaze wanders to that muddy little stream that has so many bends in it that you wonder if it knows where it is going. A duck lazily swims across its placid surface and then disappears in a flip-flop that leaves only the webbed feet above the turbid surface. Cute, isn't he?

— : — : —

And then along the path comes a nursemaid with a child, quite nicely dressed, tagging on behind. Just like the kid next door, 'cept for a few additional frills and ruffles. It's quite late now—the sun is beginning to curve nearer and nearer toward that backdrop of modern apartment buildings which somehow don't seem to disturb the ruralness of your rendezvous with the sun.

— : — : —

You came down here to toast yourself in the rays of an Indian-summer sun. The place pleases you just as it always has, even though you have been here many times before. You remember when you first saw it. Nineteen thirty-two's quite a few years ago, isn't it? Funny—five years can seem so ancient in this modern world of ours.

— : — : —

The wind is becoming a little cooler. Over there the art museum is emptying itself of sweethearts, art students, and just people. Closing time. Even the custodians of its silent corridors and tomb-like rooms have to eat, you remember.

### To the Editor:

The writer offers this apology for his failure to turn in an article on chairs, requested of him for last month's *Journal*. In defense, however, he pleads monomania as to the subject. During the past month he has personally played nursemaid individually and collectively to 1500 chairs, faithfully watching herd over them and protecting them from the evil designs of painters, plasterers, plumbers, pranksters and perambulating laborers.

In carrying on this all important mission the writer has by aid of brawny arms and tireless legs, stomped indoors, dashed outdoors, staggered upstairs, reeled downstairs, swayed in rooms, and weaved out again with these dastardly quadrate chattels. Add to this the pleasure of chasing a dust cloth over their surface and applying a bit of polish now and again and again and—**The Defense Rests.**

## EVEN SATAN HESITATES

MARS—Hello Devil.

SATAN—Speak up, what do you want? Very busy day today.

MARS—I've got an idea that will bring in more customers.

SATAN—I could use a few more lost souls. Some of my fiends are loafing, damn them!

MARS—Listen to what I have to say, and you'll have more business than you can handle.

SATAN—Tell me what you know.

MARS—How about you giving me more power on earth so that I can have some real fun with human beings?

SATAN—What do you mean?

MARS—I'm getting old, you know, and I have seen all there is to see about wars, but I hear that the human fools on the earth have invented new kinds of war machinery and I would like to see how they work.

SATAN—Don't the battles in Spain and China satisfy you?

MARS—No—they're just a few killings, a mere trickle of blood, and a small number of splattered bodies—not even a luncheonette for me. I want something BIG, grand, colossal, world-shaking!

SATAN—You always want to be busy, eh?

MARS—Yes, I hate idleness; it ruins the glamour of my trappings.

SATAN—No, there's no need for it; small battles are better than big ones for me.

MARS—But, Satan, think of ME, haven't I got feelings?—Why do you frustrate MY desires?

SATAN—Listen, Mars, what I say goes—no more world wars, do you understand?

MARS—Satan, you weren't like this before; what's the matter?

SATAN—I'm merely thinking about my future business, that's what.

MARS—Don't I guarantee that I'll make this old stand so busy that you'll have a booming business for a long, long time to come? Think of the millions of people who'll crowd in here! Why you won't have room to handle them all!

SATAN—That's exactly where you are wrong, Mars—millions of people will be killed in a world war, but those millions will not come here!

MARS—Shat do you mean? They've always come here, haven't they?

SATAN—They used to, but not today. My agents tell me that the children and women and some men killed in Spain and China have all flown to Heaven. And what have I got? Just a few soldiers—I tell you, Mars, business isn't what it used to be on the battlefields for me.

MARS—How about the last war?

SATAN—I got a few souls, but most of the dead went to Heaven—that's the prevailing situation today.

MARS—What's that?

SATAN—This: BEFORE, when battles were fought with swords, those who were killed were sinners and they had lived long enough to be eligible for hell. TODAY, however, it is the opposite: babes and innocent men and women are killed by gas and bombs before they have a chance to realize the joys of sin and the possibilities of hell. What is the net result? Whereas, before, the dead dropped down to me, now, the dead are carried up to Heaven. In other words: more wars,—less people come to hell and more people go to Heaven—the competition is too great; I can't stand it.

MARS—Have you got any statistics on that statement?

SATAN—Yes, and what's more, since you're spoiling my business, I'm going to put you on relief.

MARS—And I'm not going to do anything?

SATAN—Well, you can have a few skirmishes now and then—but nothing big—remember I've got a fairly good business here, and I don't want any depressions!

MARS—You're the boss, Satan! (Exit).

A gnawing feeling tells you that you too must eat. Just a habit, you muse, but who wants to break that habit? For that matter, breathing's just a habit. Perhaps a walk intown will make your appetite even keener.

— : — : —

So along the graveled pathway you stride. You find shortcuts are impossible, for this muddy little stream, with its pond lilies and grassy banks shielding its ducky tenants, will take an odd notion to curve in the most unexpected places and block your labor saving ideas.

— : — : —

The sun is almost down now. The apartment buildings etched against a roseate sky, are lighting

up now, as father and husband come home to supper from the hurley-burley of the business world. It seems far away from you, but now and then the honking of the horn of an impatient driver breaks into your reveries. Discordant horns on these cars of today!

— : — : —

You go over the little bridge where the footpath joins with the roadway of the autoist and now you've reached the city again. The bright lights of a restaurant greet you, and the smells of food within make you discard thoughts of the pleasant afternoon which you have spent on the Fenway. But late tonight you'll wake up and, perhaps, you'll think again that the Fenway is a pleasing note in elderly-modern Boston.

## Eminent Scientist To Organize Science Curricula

DR. DELISLE OF HARVARD IS CHOSEN TO HEAD COLLEGE SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

One of the many notable appointments in recent years to the faculties of the various Suffolk schools is that of Dr. Albert L. Delisle, who has been named to the important post of head of the science department of the Suffolk College of Liberal Arts.

Professor Delisle is a graduate of Rosary High School, Holyoke, Mass., and of the Massachusetts State College, from which he received his B.S. in 1932. Harvard gave him the A.M. in 1933 and the Ph.D. in 1937. He has served as an instructor in general and advanced biology and botany at Harvard and at Radcliffe for the past five years.

An extremely active and capable man in his field, Dr. Delisle has been honored with membership in Phi Kappa Phi and Sigma Xi, honorary societies. He is also affiliated with the Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, the Harvard Botany Club, the New England Botanical Club, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Harvard Faculty Club, and the *American Journal of Botany*.

Dr. Delisle will have as his assistant here at Suffolk, Mr. Benjamin F. Kulilius. Mr. Kulilius has attended the Wyoming Seminary, the University of Chicago, Boston University, Tufts College, and the Harvard University Summer School.

The instructors and students alike are anxiously awaiting the completion of the wonderful new laboratories that will be the heart of the splendidly organized science program soon to be put into operation.

### CONTEST PLANNED

Wednesday, November 3rd, marked the first meeting of the Suffolk Dramatic Club for the current season. The meeting was called to order by President Bonney, and after a short business session the evening was given to entertainment. The beginning of the One Act Play Contest was announced, details of which may be found elsewhere in this paper.

The first and featured entertainer was Miss Priscilla Fortesque of the Yankee Network. In a very interesting and charming manner she revealed the intricacies of sound effect obtained in the broadcasting studio. Later Miss Fortesque presented three most amusing skits which kept her audience roaring with laughter.

A "Fireside Farce" by "Delano" Robinson was given over the "mike," and from then on the entertainment took the form of a broadcast. There were "Questions and Answers from the Audience," conducted by Curelli, and followed by music. Miss Josephine Cambria rendered several soprano solos, which were very much enjoyed. She was accompanied by Povich at the piano. Later the whole house joined in an old-fashioned community sing.

"Shays' Rebellion," a one-act radio sketch, reminiscent of the Revolution, was produced by members present. After that with chairs pushed back, the Playmakers turned to dancing.

Miss Esther Newsome, director of extra-curricula activities, was well pleased with the enthusiasm shown at the first meeting.

## Alumni Notes

### Frank M. Deering Appointed Judge

On October 17, 1937, Frank M. Deering, ex'30, was added to Suffolk's growing list of judges in Maine. Judge Deering with his brother, Gardiner Deering, came to Suffolk Law School from Bath, Maine, in September 1925. They lived on Beacon Hill during their student days and were familiar figures in our corridors and library. Both the Deering boys passed the bar in Maine before graduation from Suffolk and have since been actively engaged in practice in their home state.

### STEPHEN L. STACEY, '22

The sudden death of Stephen L. Stacey, Suffolk '22 on October 29, 1937, deprived the Massachusetts bar of an able practitioner. Mr. Stacey died of heart disease while returning from a business trip to Washington, D. C. He was valedictorian of his class at Suffolk, the class of which National Commander of the American Legion, Daniel J. Doherty, was president. Mr. Stacey was employed in the Bureau of Internal Revenue while attending Law School. He specialized in tax cases during his fifteen years of practice, winning conspicuous success in this field.

— S - L - S —

Representative Hubert L. McLaughlin spoke before a newly formed Suffolk University Club of Lowell, which held its October meeting on the 28th in the Lowell Y.M.C.A. At the meeting a committee was appointed to consider location for headquarters for the Lowell Suffolk University Club. Members of the committee were John O'Connor, Joseph Tansey, Thomas Arlington, and Alexander Kokinokos.

— S - L - S —

Theodore E. Stevenson, professor of real property in the Law School, takes great pleasure in announcing that if the Legislature of Massachusetts in its wisdom had not abolished common law courtesy except as it existed prior to January 1, 1902, he would have been entitled thereto as of October 8, 1937—Phillips House 7 lbs. 11 oz. girl.—Congratulations, Ted!

— S - L - S —

On October 26th, President Archer was invited to be a guest of the Mystic Circuit Epworth League at an Institute held during that week at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Otis Street, Medford, Massachusetts. The theme of the Institute was "Exploring the Way of Christ." President Archer spoke on "Law as a Profession."

— S - L - S —

On October 14th, Hon. Guido Segra, Italian consul of Massachusetts, representing the Italian Government, tendered a formal banquet to Americo Fusco and Michael F. Stella, Law School, '37. They successfully passed the Massachusetts Bar Examination this summer and were sworn into practice before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts on November 3rd.

## Cruising the Corridors

With T. E. J.

FLASHETTY — FLASH — FLASH . . . BIG DOINGS with the Law School Junior Class . . . Evidence that amounts to a great deal more than mere rumor, has it that the Junior Class intends to make their passage to Seniorsdom . . . an epoch-making . . . and METEORIC journey . . . Certain individuals are putting forward a movement for a Junior SOCIAL FUNCTION . . . It'll take on the form of either a Dinner . . . A Dance . . . or even maybe (*who knows?*) . . . A Grand, Magnificent, and GIGANTIC Smoker . . .

FLASHETTY . . . FLASH !! The Sophs intend to do something along similar lines . . . IF . . . and it appears to be a rather BIG "IF" . . . they ever wind up strong enough to really get around to it.

INCIDENTALLY . . . It might be a very, very good idea for certain of our classmates to do either one of two things . . . GET A HAIRCUT OR BUY A FIDDLE . . . Jack "John the Eminent" Donovan . . . was not a candidate for the City Council of Boston . . . that particular Civil Office doesn't charm him a single tiny whit . . . It's *very minute* compared to the "game" he's hunting . . . And the close associate of the Hon. Jack . . . to wit, Mr. Milton, "Mike" Beverage . . . laughs heartily over the date he fixed up for Jack . . . A short aeon or so ago . . . once more TO WIT; he sent Jack out on what was promised to be a truly *magniferous* date . . . and when Jack arrived at the given address, he discovered that it was a large . . . roomy, and vacant lot . . . the nearest building . . . a fine garage in *slight disuse* . . .

ALSO . . . Elliott Lipson is a very excellent guy to study with. There's always plenty of candy over at his house . . . and he knows a very great deal about lumber camps . . . and his friend, the especially estimable Armin Siegfried . . . likes to study at the Brookline Law Library . . . with his FRIENDS . . . Hy Sokoloff, No. 3 of the MOUSQUETIERES DES ETUDES . . . has a very hospitable family . . . The vitamins flow readily at the least and slightest provocations . . . and can some people provoke!

IT'S HEART-WARMING . . . to see the very aggressive and energetic activities of Miss Esther Newsome, Directress of Extra-Curricular Activities for the University . . . Student requests have been pouring into the Law School Offices for an evening Debating Society . . . The other night accordingly witnessed the establishment of the evening department of the Suffolk University Law School DEBATING SOCIETY . . . The presence of President Archer made it a truly outstanding occasion . . .

THE BENT EAR had to be bent a long way in order to flatten out on this juicy morsel of gossip steak . . . Who is the certain professor of a certain senior class who was asked by a certain senior student to hold a certain class after the bell so that the certain student might harangue the class with the reasons why he should be elected vice-president of the class of '38 . . . ? ? ? Who knows? . . . Do you? . . .

JOHN FURBUSH CAN always tell you, without even looking, just the exact number of cigarettes he has in his pack . . . Shirley "RED" Povich, from "way up East" . . . likes . . . (Taunton PLEASE note) . . . TAUNTON GIRLS . . . Don't those sweet, young and pretty fairer sexed fellow students add a great deal more of . . . er . . . "colour" to the School? . . . Why, we could just Cruise and Cruise the Corridors for hours upon hours at a time . . . But those very deliquacious young ladies haven't thus far even given this Corridor Cruiser a single chance to depress an ear . . . Sam Millman . . . very nice boy . . . who likes to see his name in print we are sure . . . Here 'tis, Sammy, m'boy! . . . Bob McLaughlin is his old quasi-taciturn self these days . . .

WILLIAM HENRY CUFFLIN, Jr. . . . Has a magnificent obsession . . . he admits . . . yea . . . he boasts that his one great Ambition is a certain Ellen . . . Sparkety . . . SPARK . . . A certain beautiful creature . . . her name is Esther is causing terrible heart throbs and titillations along the spinal cord of a certain Law Student a great many of us know well . . . George Kanofsky . . . please do not copy or reprimand . . .

PRIZE DODO PROBLEM CONTEST . . . CAN A MAN, LEGALLY, WITHIN THIS COMMONWEALTH, MARRY HIS WIDOW'S SISTER? . . . IS ANCESTRAL STERILITY VALID GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE IN THIS COMMONWEALTH? . . . A prize is offered for the correct solution of these two DODO PROBLEMS . . . to wit . . . eleven-teen grapenuts and a bag of rubber pop corn . . . and . . . if you don't collect . . . SUE US !!! . . .

Dominic Alfano, of Ward No. 1, Boston . . . truly a very distinct East Bostonian . . . Joseph Edward Yelle popped in one sweet morning not so long ago with a scintillating silicious container full of Yelle-grown cider . . . very scrumptious . . . right out of the press, and challenging the virtues of the mythologically famous nectar of the gods . . . Fred D. Morrill must get a great kick out of arriving to class at 9:30 A.M.'s, and parking on the cold steps outside the Lecture Hall for a snatch of study . . . Joe Murray, truck pilot all summer . . . Gabe Iash, restaurateur . . . and the prize for thrilling jobs goes to Ralph O. Sanford . . . Test Engineer for the B & M . . . He tells us that nothing is quite as hair raising (baldies please note ! ! ) . . . as running a locomotive down a mountainside, the loco with a cracked frame . . . Joe Vinciguerra's name, literally translated means, "WIND WAR" . . . Is it true that the Constable from Milford finds Friday A.M. Classes very delectable? . . . eh wot? . . . Bill "Mr. Tutt" Kenney, has moved to Hancock street from out of the wild wilds of Tyngsboro . . . His exclusive state-

ment to this very incapacitated member of the Press is: "Life begins at forty! By Hecky! . . . Mike John played on the Championship Baseball team that took the Boston Park Department Competitions . . . and he's not such a bad law student either . . . PLEASE . . . Class Monitors have a tough enough job . . . DON'T make it tougher ! ! . . . Joe Boisvert bought one pack of cigarettes the day he enrolled as a Freshman . . . He never bought another . . . but he smokes as often and as well as regular purchasers . . . His favorite brand is "YENNEM'S" . . . John L. Lincoln's running for president of '39 . . . He's a good boy . . . Bill Kenney's a good boy too . . . also running is . . . Rexford Farewell . . . What for, we don't know . . . YET . . . He might make a good prezz . . . If Kenney decides not to run . . . he'll endorse Johnny Lincoln . . . If they split the ticket and run respectively for Prezz and Vice, it'll take a lot of licking to even try to beat their ticket . . . Shop Early . . . it's only a century or so to GRADUATION!

## Jottings

Noticed in the corridors . . . Johnny, Suffolk's favorite boot-black, displaying the Dramatic Club's colors by parading the school with a sandwich placard announcing a meeting of the Suffolk Players . . . Johnny has indeed reached a new height of importance and is hereby proclaimed the official mascot of the Suffolk Players . . . May their success be great and lasting.

Charles M. Doherty, Liberal Arts, '37, was unopposed candidate for re-election to the Medford school committee. Doherty polled the highest vote of any candidate on the ballot. Congratulations, Charlie!

The two dignified doctors, President Archer of Suffolk and President Staley of the Staley College, certainly met a surprising reception on the day the columns in the library were poured. Dr. Staley back from his European jaunt with the Ancients was being piloted around by his former teacher. Just as they paused beside the form of one of the pillars and were gazing at the impressive outlines of the future library, a ton or two of

fresh concrete was sluiced into the pillar from a concealed opening in the floor above. Unsuspected pores in the wooden casing suddenly sprayed the onlookers. When they entered the library one represented the Blue and the other the Gray, but when they hastily beat a retreat both were in gray—and we are not referring to hair.

The care with which Joe Lemay guards his men is proverbial. When the original building was constructed in 1920-21 it was accomplished without a major accident. The same was true of the building of the Annex in 1923-24, and again a project in which as many as 120 men have worked at one time is completing its sixth month without a serious injury to a workman. There was one narrow escape, however, when a workman carelessly poked his head into the elevator shaft to see if the freight lift was coming up. It was coming down — and double quick. The man would have been decapitated had not two brawny fellow workmen, who realized the danger, yanked him from destruction. A broken nose and weeks in the hospital were the net results of the incident.

A real surprise party was accorded to President Archer by the men on the job October 6th. Somehow the news had got around that this was the 31st wedding anniversary of President and Mrs. Archer. Joe Lemay and Architect Jackson managed to delay Suffolk's chief executive on one pretext or another until the workmen could gather in the library-to-be and stage what appeared to be a sit-down strike—120 strong. When the Archer party arrived in the Library to investigate, they were met by a roar of applause. The surprise was complete when the executive secretary appeared and behind her Tom Harkins with a great box of flowers. Miss Bryant had been drafted by the men to present in their behalf flowers for Mrs. Archer and a desk set for the new presidential office.

The new library floor will show no evidence of the prodigious amount of toil that it cost. The old roof slab was supposed to be like a layer of cake but seventeen years of seasoning had bonded it like iron. It had to be chiseled down to a uniform surface and this meant about two weeks of noise.

The flag pole on the roof is the same that has crowned Suffolk's brow for seventeen years, but repainted and reset, it looks like new.

The new clock that adorns the front of Suffolk University Building operates by electricity and automatically keeps correct time. It is bound to be a boon to persons on their way to the North Station—or to class at Suffolk University.

When ex-Governor Curley visited the school, work was going on in the three upper floors, so the genial ex-Governor climbed the stairs and greeted the delighted gangs of workers—carpenters, masons, plasterers, electricians, steamfitters, plumbers, and laborers. Through narrow passages amid scaffolding reeking with plaster, he and President Archer wended their way even to the roof. It was a new glimpse of Boston for the mayoralty candidate, and he at once proclaimed it an ideal location for a recreation ground. Mr. Curley visited the 10:00 A.M. divisions of the Law School classes being enthusiastically received by the students.

It is good to have the stagings down at last so that the true beauty of the building may be apparent to all. The cleaning of the old brick has added new impressiveness to the architectural excellence of Suffolk University's home.

In assigning credit for the up-to-the-minute interior of the building we must not overlook the feminine contingent of Suffolk's official family. Architects and engineers may draft plans but after all they must look to those who are to use the building when the work is finished for ideas of layout. To Miss Bryant, the executive secretary, is due the striking feature of the plate glass panels of the executive offices looking upon the corridors of the second floor. She, with President Archer and Joe Lemay, laid out the executive offices. Miss Newsome assisted greatly in formulating plans for interior arrangement and the lighting of the library as well as the auditorium. In fact the young lady took a course at Harvard Summer School in mechanics of theatricals and so interested her professor in Suffolk's auditorium that he devoted a good deal of time collaborating with Mr. Jackson, the architect, in laying out the new stage of the auditorium. Miss Caraher, Mrs. MacDonald, and Miss Weiscopef each made valuable suggestions that are now incorporated in the building.

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