Merry Christmas

"Fashion" To Highlight Year's Dramatic Events:

BY ERNEST ANDERSON

If you like French spice, Benchley-like ridiculousness, and pure 19th century hokum, you are advised not to miss what the Dramatic Workshop has whipped up for the entire S.U. student body.

In its presentation on Wednesday, Dec. 17, and Thursday, Dec. 18 at 8:30 P.M. you will find a lush treat in the Kirwin-directed, student-presented "Fashion," or "Life in New York," at the S.U. auditorium. It is a play calculated to keep your girdle tightly fitted around your nearly bursting sides.

Based on the rough preview we were allowed to witness, it is safe to say that the heroine will be the sweetest belle that has come to Boston's stages for some time. Her bevy of suitors includes one count of questionable lineage, a U.S. Army Colonel, and a wicked villain who deserves to be kissed, even after the buccaneer box is empty.

One climax involves the count and a young French maid, but we will say nothing about this for fear the City Censors will get wind of it.

The cast of "Fashion," all members of the student body, are a hand picked and exceedingly adept group of players. They include: Lois Levine, who rings the bell as Seraphina Tiffany; Harold Santogrossi, in the fashionable English importation, Count Solitare; Ernest Anderson as a rare species of confidential clerk, called Snehson.

Madeline Fulcher is Prudence, the not so prudent maiden; Barbara Collicci superbly portrays Mrs. Tiffany, the lady who imagines herself a native of France; Robert Sneathman is the Army Colonel; Patricia McHugh, the Colonel's lady, Gertrude, Ed Pearce is the poetical T. E. Mynon Twitikle, and George Gruber is a uore and Washington whip out all possible laughs in the tiny personalities of Mr. Tiffany.

Thomas McHugh appears as Truesman, the farmer from Cazeres, who catches eggs all over the stage; Bruce Stevens as Elek; Carolyn Cifu as Millinielle, the lovely French maid who lends the show a great deal of "oo-la-la." The jovial Irish prompter is James Patrick Rowan. The costumes for the play are being procured from New York. A professional hairdresser, Mrs. Miller, has graciously consented to do the elaborate hairdos for the female participants. Sets are now under construction, directed by Herb Klune.

The business department is headed by Samuel Gillman with Jack Coleman in publicity. In charge of ticket sales, and Sylvia Oladone, programs, are working diligently and giving their all to put it over the top.

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ELECTIONS OF CLASS OFFICERS


STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

SENIOR CLASS: Stanley Bornstein (CLA), Henry Hart (CLA), Thomas MacDonald (CLA).

JUNIOR CLASS: Harry Cheatham (CLA) John Hogan (CLA), Wallace Pearson (CBA).

FRESHMAN CLASS: James Peipgus (CLA) Robert Rice (CJ), Sumner Su'man (CBA).

Presenting Miss Suffolk Contestants:


Prominent Judges to Make Award Classes to Be Suspended for Event

By C. B. Averv

A radio interview and city wide publicity awaits the winner of the Miss Suffolk University contest being held Friday, Dec. 19, at 9:00 P.M. in an all-student assembly in the auditorium. The assembly will be part of the Christmas program. All classes will be suspended between the hours of 1:00 and 2:00 P.M.

Contestants are: Lois Levine, Journalism; Patricia McHugh, Pre-Legal; Winifred Roberts, Journalism; Joyce Lunde, Journalism; Carolyn Cifu, Liberal Arts; Barbara Collicci, Liberal Arts.

These candidates represent the many different departments of the University, and were chosen by the clubs of the University. The winner will be picked with respect to leadership, scholarship, personality, participation in student affairs, and appearance.

Radio Appearance

The winner will be interviewed on the Pristoe Portuguese program on WEIR at 5:00 of the same day. Pame and Fortune!

Judging the contest will be: President Archer, Dean Mushby; Al Capp, creator of the comic strip "Li'l Abner" Judge Frank's, an M.S. alumnus; Eliza-watt's, Waata, Globe columnist of "Almost 21," band leaders Larry Greene and Jack Edwards; the Student Council president, and class presidents.

S.S. Grad

There is a possibility that Al Capp, just finishing a "Sadie Hawkins" run, may find a new and novel idea in this contest for use in his cartoon.
Big Business vs. Christmas

The Christmas spirit is as high as ever this year. But who has all this spirit? The people? Perhaps. More likely, we can find most of this enthusiasm in big business.

Years ago, we referred to the quilble public as people. Not so today. This year, at Christmas, people are consumers.

Christmas has almost reached the point of being a Social Club members. The dance of popular melodies were tops in the usually spacious ballroom. However, in the few fast ones that Pete and his boys played, they really "grooved it." Wise, women, and somg make for success in any affair and folk have an abundance of all three.

The dancing was interrupted temporarily by the reading of the results of the election of club officers. Disheartened losers found consolation in the classroom, as usual, where they can do without the pesky folks.

The large attendance, resulting from a triumphant ticket selling campaign, swelled the chest of Social Club members. We dance proved such a financial success that it is likely Suffolk will have more men of this sort.

The people will never lose the spirit of Christmas, but its zeal has turned to the laboriousness of big business.

This year, Christmas shopping started early. This is an excellent idea on the part of big business. It gives the consumer more days in which to do their shopping; it gives big business a chance to unload more of its goods on the public.

There's only one way of preventing big business from taking over the spirit of Christmas entirely—we can keep this spirit forever in our hearts, and the meaning of Christmas forever in our minds.

Big business can't take that away from us!

Food For Thought

Harvard Bows Low

The complaint of the Harvard professor that his students cannot speak correct English only further affirms the belief of the other college men around Boston that their universities are just as advanced as Harvard.

Discrimin

Now that Christmas is so near of the neighbors are wondering if they should buy a present for the boy next door, since he was identified as the sluggish exile who dropped his fence gate along a telehne pole this Halloween.

Traffic In English

Is it every day that a professor is stopped by a policeman and asked what a split infinitive is?

Platter Chatter

With the Christmas season approaching, we hear over the radio, the songs of Yuletide: "Silent Night," "White Christmas," and the last recording of "Shady Too Fat For Me."

What About Us Cats?

The national college professor is quoted as saying to his class in Logic, "All mongrels are dogs, but all dogs aren't mongrels.

Classified

The Intellectual, by definition, is a man who can think: the rest of us are people.

Does This Include The Yankees?

Even the Indians know inflation but to get off. I hate to be a liar. So, I said, "I had something terrible for actually I had three more stops to go. Everybody close by heard what I had said to the old lady at the telephone pole this Halloween."

High Priced, Too

""They're now willing to pay $12.00 to get a peanut from the subway station."

Frosh Offers 'El' Of An Excuse

Dear Sir:

Do you have a Frosh excuse? I write to me to write to account for my absence on the morning of Dec. 4. I left for school quite early that morning and noticed that a street car was already at the stop for the people along the street.

The conductor must have been a very nice fellow because he saw me running like mad and kept the door open for me after all the passengers had got on. When I reached the car I discovered that it was not the one I'm supposed to take. It was too late, however, for me to change my mind. The conductor was very kind to wait for me and the least I could do for him was to get on. So I did. I don't want people, particularly street car conductors, to think I am ungrateful. Besides, it gets kind of monotonous going to school by the shortest route every morning.

In the station I got on a subway train. At the first stop a poor old lady got on and stood in front of me. Because I am a gentleman as well as a scholar I offered her my seat. She refused it but I offered her the back of mine. She said, "it's all right, madam, I'm getting off at the next stop anyway." So she sat down. But I had had something terrible for actually I had three more stops to go. Everybody close by heard what I had said to the old lady at the telephone pole this Halloween.

To Whom The Bells Toll

Miss Rose Zorza, Suffolk AVS secretary, receives Victory Medal from Lt. Richard Simmons, UNN, while Maj. S. W. Perry, UMC, and Cong. Medal of Honor winner, Master Sgt. Jake Lindor, look on.

The well deserved slap on the back given the Social Club by Mr. MacLeod at the Thanksgiving Eve dance in the small ballroom of the Copley Plaza was tribute to an organization which has once again successfully managed a major social event.

Special brunches were earned by Pete Cutler whose arrangements of impromptu melodies were tops in quality. Betty Murray, an excellent idea on the part of big business. It gives the people more days in which to do their shopping; it gives Big business an advantage over the consumer in the usual spaceous ballroom. However, in the few fast ones that Pete and his boys played, they really "grooved it." Wise, women, and songs make for success in any affair and folk have an abundance of all three.

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EXCLUSIVE INSIDE INTERVIEWS

By WALTER F. GALLAGHER, JR.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN, Strange Woman and eighteen more of his favorite plays, all of which have made William Shawmonds Williams found substantial success in writing by using what a fellow play wrote would be in his most famous characters never have thoroughly delineated by every reader will readily offer an at-length description. Ben, in other words, has found the secret of a common-sense understanding and leaving the rest to the imagination of the reader.

Almost wholly considered by Bostonians, Ben Shawmonds Williams was, oddly enough, born in Wisconsin and is the son of a Minnesota, March 7, 1889. He has lived in Boston however, ever since he became a writer.

QUINT MAN

Sitting in the cinnamon-brown desk of Charlie Fox Hill, he seemed comfortably unawake in a loose shirt and unpasted pants, Ben looked more like an early American adventurer getting ready to step across the Atlantic, for his big man, muscular, genial, yet soft-voiced. It’s rather doubtful if he’d have ever gone on the campaign, for so totally absent is he of dramatists and burlesque tone. He is more like a swarming Rabidus, megalofus, coarse-haired, gray-haired and remembering the quizzing of his college for disavowal of amoral thought. But Ben dozed off and answered questions, he twiddled his strong fingers in his pockets as he explained the process of cleaning one of the smaller pistols that hung on the walls above the checked bookcases. His attitude toward an inquiry into his thought was very much the same. A wrinkle creeps to his forehead, his share turns to the chair, his clenched left hand on his cheek, and his little finger tugs the table, which is the manner of an answer. No transition seems to say, “Go on, ask—” as the author of so many books, as the author of a great novel, as a great artist, he looked content. But the clue to his contemptuous disdain manifests itself best in his statement that it’s more difficult to keep an audience spellbound by the physical relaxation immediately. “In Boston, your relaxation consists of dominoes and cutout.”

SUFFOLK STUFF

In response to an inquiry as to how he ever had time for working for such a long time, Ben told the writer to write eighty short stories before the sight, considering the ten cubic feet of sea salted upon them.” 

Timeless Topaz

Now that politics have moved across the street we can look back with unalloyed contempt. Then, Ray Bolger fans who had been practicing their steps on the way down, the bear skin was in the present, at the game, which the team showing the “accounting” didn’t do. Ben Amos Williams will probably never reach cordiality. Remembering his career, such writers rarely do. The New England old man who said he was left behind a far more vibrant life. The sight proved too much for Garvick and the rest of the cast.

“King Lear” Turns Comic As Mustaff Wears Owner’s Wig

The tragedies of Shakespeare are plays which include a lyric in laughter. Were an audience to see an eminent Shakespearean actor as David Garvick himself, smiling instead of weeping over the tragic scene Cordelia in the fifth act of King Lear, it might well impress that a sudden fit of madness had seized him. According to the Annectode Library, Garvick, performing in King Lear held the audience spellbound during the first four acts. During the last act, however, when Garvick was becoming heartbroken, over the body of Cordelia, a smile crept across his face.

In a few seconds, the attendants nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner. The “dead” Cordelia opened her eyes to see the cause of 2 interruption, leaped from the sofa on which she lay, and, with the grief-stricken face of Cordelia, smiled and knocked out of the stage. The audience was dumfounded.

When he had sufficiently recovered, Garvick apologized and explained his strange performance. The audience was in tears. The audience was in tears.

NATION WIDE

The body of Cordelia, as it lay on the stage, was the subject of much comment throughout the country. It was a huge mustaf, peering at the audience with as much art as if he were the one to make the scene more comic, the actor, using Cordelia as the center of his stage, turned his powdered wig and placed it on the ground.

Suffolk students gather in the glasses, or to the question, I think that is probably the only rife period one he complained. Re供大家 too long. Evidently the yet-covered, Garrick apologized and I believe fraternities are much more visionary and seminal.

Harry McKee, second year pre-law student: “I am in favor of the elections, because the students in the school are too long. Evidently the yet-covered, Garrick apologized and I believe fraternities are much more visionary and seminal.

Curtis Brewer, third year liberal arts student: “I am against fraternities. I feel that the motive of any society should be to bring about a new generation of enthusiasm that may top all other previous events.

So fellows, don’t miss this “crowning” event See who will be awarded the Miss Suffolk beauty title Remember the date, and time and place: December 19, Friday at 1:00 P.M. in the auditorium.

BARBER SHOP

Now that you know the story of Miss Suffolk, who will she be? 

Photo by Gabler

Miss Suffolk—who will she be?

BEAUTY

Judge Franklin Mills, an old S.U. grad himself, needs no directions for people just starting. “When your writing becomes easy, you are no longer a student,” he declared.

With the intense election campaign over, a Thanksgiving dinner now history, the preliminaries of the contest are building up a glamorous enthusiasm of enthusiasm that may top all other previous events.

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Pucksters Ready

For Tufts Duet
At Boston Arena

"Primed for their first hockey game of the season, the Suffolk Blue and Gold, "quipped with newfound confidence, will show the second half of a scheduled doubleheader. What the contest will be, will compete during the first part of the event and not as yet been decided.

Three dangerous lines -

Capitals- David P. Perdue, Bernard "Red" Donnay, and Fred A. McDonnell, six veterans -

What should be the most likely starters of squad of 22 men, which has been Practicing the last month in the Arena and at the Boston Skating Club.

Experienced men who have played on high school squads include George H. Besler, William H. Conley, Lee Conner, and Alfred C. O'Connell.

Coach Charlie Law has a very promising group of newcomers. In fact, of his first 12 men, 8 are freshmen and 4 are sophomores. After a more coordinated attack and a better familiarity with each individual's style of play, the Suffolk team should go places.

Impressions of the opener:

Shorty Doyle could be the sparkplug of the squad. He has plenty of hustle. Wallace Baines is fast, and handles himself well in the bucket. Stecchinu, who played briefly, made two spectacular backhand shots. Huggenbottom is a good playmaker. All 60 points were close shots. No one came close on long shots.

Suffolk's Royall quintet registered its first leg-sweep victory within a week by smothering the Boston College football star, and Headquarters for the Boston Garden on Dec. 12. A fairly large Suffolk student band managed to pulled away to a 20-5 lead in the first period never to be headed the rest of the game.

Wallace Baines was high scorer for the victorious team, by racking up 13 points, "Sonny" Doyle following the scoring parade with 10 points.

Since audience participation is an important part of this type of play, it will be necessary for the students to be out en masse. Having the villain cheering the team, or shouting a base for the heroine is definitely inappropriate.

The play will be one of the two or three more games, Don't forget the dates: Weds., Thurs., Dec. 19, and Thursday, Dec. 18 for an unscheduled evening of hockey at the Boston Garden. Get your tickets at the book store and library.

BAINES Scores 13
As Royal Quintet Smothers Fisher

The Royall jumped into an early 8 to 2 lead in the first period and were never headed until the final minutes of the game. Baines, Devlin, and Huggenbottom led the Suffolk quintet to a decisive 19 to 17 margin in the third period and kept on widening the score during the last few minutes of play.

Displaying an air-tight defense and controlling both backboards, the Royall dominated the Blue play. Yet the Accountants had an outstanding player who made some spectacular shots. He was Capt. Joe Mahoney, lanky center who scored 21 of his team's total 30 points.

Coach Charlie Law starred a lineup composed of three freshmen and two sophomores. All of the starting five were making their debut in a Suffolk uniform, and they looked very impressive. They were: Baines, Besler, Besler, and Huggenbottom, and the Accountancy Hockey Club, and the Beacon Hill Hockey Club.