

Suffolk University

Digital Collections @ Suffolk

Suffolk Journal

Suffolk University Student Newspapers

1937

Suffolk Journal Vol. 1, No. 5, 1/19/1937

Suffolk Journal

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.suffolk.edu/journal>

Recommended Citation

Suffolk Journal, "Suffolk Journal Vol. 1, No. 5, 1/19/1937" (1937). *Suffolk Journal*. 5.
<https://dc.suffolk.edu/journal/5>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Suffolk University Student Newspapers at Digital Collections @ Suffolk. It has been accepted for inclusion in Suffolk Journal by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Suffolk. For more information, please contact dct@suffolk.edu.

The SUFFOLK JOURNAL



"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.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

January 19, 1937

Vol. 1, No. 5

SUFFOLK PLAYERS SCORE SIGNAL SUCCESS

**Dramatic Club
Presents First
Production**



Standing (left to right): Roslyn Blank and Rose Carrell.
Seated (left to right):
Josephine Cambria, M. Esther Newsome, Director, Dramatic Club, and Theresa Bodwell.

Suffolk's first dramatic production, given on the evening of January 5, 1937, proved an overwhelming success. Despite rain and sleet, the auditorium was well filled and every moment of a long program found the audience attentive and enthusiastic, testifying not only to the ability of Miss Esther Newsome, the Director of "Suffolk Players," but to the remarkable array of dramatic talent that she has discovered in Suffolk's various departments.

First was a one-act play, "Once a King, Always a King." Miss Theresa Bodwell (C. L. A.) as Mrs. Graham, the misunderstanding mother-in-law, was superb in her character portrayal. Roslyn Blank (L. S.) as Alan King, the son-in-law; Miss Josephine Cambria (College Staff) as his wife, Mrs. Graham Carrell (L. S.) as Gregory Graham, all handled their lines with marked ability.

Then came the Amateur Hour in which Thomas J. Driscoll, High School senior, acted as Master of Ceremonies. Major Bowes could learn something from this young Adonis who kept the audience in laughter between acts, and then topped his performance by turning into a dancer of such ability that Faculty members inquired of Dean Archer if Driscoll were a professional dancer. Roy K. Fitch, Law School senior, won first prize for a group of songs and Charles M. Doherty (C. L. A.) was accorded high praise for his singing. Frank Rindone (L. S.), guitar-playing crooner, almost stole the show despite the fact that in his five verses he forgot the words of every song he tried. Peter O'Brien (C. L. A.) won second prize in the amateur contest taking the part of a Jewish comedian. Mary Lou Snow (C. J.) won third prize, putting on a drum major act of astonishing agility. Bradford Fawcett, Lester Dallow, Rose Carrell, Roslyn Blank, all from the Law School, and Robert Jameson (C. L. A.) each won praise for his performance.

The third part of the show was a pantomime entitled "Is the Good Old Nick of Time." Timothy J. Melroy (L. S.) as Reader put over a remarkable performance. The stellar attraction of the pantomime was Norman Robinson (C. L. A.) who took the part of the heroine and since he is six feet two, he made one of the most

**Colleges Ready
For Second
Semester**

Suffolk College of Liberal Arts is the first college in New England to offer a complete college course in the evening hours, having received power to grant academic degrees by special act of the Massachusetts Legislature in February 1935 (Chap. 15, Acts 1935).

The Second Semester of Suffolk College of Liberal Arts opens Monday evening, February 1, 1937. Any applicant who presents fifty units of work from an accredited high school will be admitted as a regular student. Special students and auditors will also be admitted upon proper application. Credit acquired in a college of recognized standing will entitle an applicant to proportionate rating toward an academic degree.

Degree Requirement

One hundred and fifty semester hours is the requirement for a Bachelor's degree. Since twenty-one semester hours is the maximum amount that may be covered in one year, it would require five years to complete the entire course. However, by attending the summer sessions an applicant may shorten the course to four years.

Suffolk College of Journalism was founded in September, 1936 and provides opportunity for newspaper apprentices and others to acquire technical training in the various phases of journalism while working for a living. It is the settled policy of the College to hold sessions in evening hours because it chooses to employ active journalists who cannot ordinarily teach in the day; also because it believes that daily employment in journalism, supplemented by evening instruction under leaders of the profession, is the most efficient type of education for a journalistic career.

Radio Advertising

Suffolk College of Journalism teaches news gathering, news writing and editorial work; also newspaper administration, management of publishing houses, mechanics of the press room and the like. Advertising is an important phase of journalism to which Suffolk devotes special attention. Even radio broadcasting, a new and increasingly important type of advertising, is taught at Suffolk by teachers who are outstanding in their chosen field.

Miss Carrola A. Bryant, College Registrar, Has Had Interesting Business Career

The dignified little lady with prematurely gray hair, who presides over the executive offices of Suffolk's big colleges, has had a remarkably varied career in high executive positions. Her first important position was with a construction company in Portland, Maine, but ambition led her to New York City where, in June, 1926, she became associated with Radio Station WJZ. WJZ, then owned by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, Graham McNamee and Phillips Carter, were the chief promoters of the station and various persons, later famous in radio history, were connected with the staff. On November 1, 1926 the Nation Broadcasting Company was formed with WJZ and WJL as key stations. Miss Bryant was thus in a position to participate in the task of organizing one of the great industries of the country. She began Director of N.B.C. This task required long hours and great responsibility with a battery of telephones connecting the office with works extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

She was the welcome to King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium; Queen Marie of Romania; the Lindbergh flight to Paris; his New York reception; and his Pan-American flight; the flights of Admiral Byrd and of other famous transatlantic flyers; all the events that concerned the English Channel swimmers, besides receptions and banquets to international figures.

Many amusing incidents were connected with the visit to NBC of the King and Queen of Siam and also the Prince and Princess of Japan. The Graf Zeppelin's first stopover for a ship-to-shore broadcast were but everyday incidents. But the most spectacular of all broadcasts was the Navy aerial bombardment of New York City with the NBC building as a target. That had its serious side—thoughts of what might be if an enemy really did attack. Athletic events, theatre and opera broadcasts, even Ramsey MacDonald, Sir Herbert Wilkins, Lincoln Ellsworth and Sir John Simon soon became ordinary figures in the day's routine, along with Presidential

(continued on page 3)

Miss Bryant was personally responsible for making certain that were hectic days. Other important

FIRE ON THE MARY CONNELLY

(As told to Journal reporter by a member of the crew.)

S. C. J., 'H.

We were docked in for the night at Chelsea, just in back of the Quincy Oil Company. The *Mary Connelly* was well loaded. She had fifty thousand gallons of gasoline. We were playing cards until about midnight, when we decided it was time to bunk in.

About half an hour later there was a terrific explosion, and the dose of my cabin burst open. I jumped up, and found the passage-way outside on flames. My cabin would soon become an inferno, and there was no other way for me to get out but through that passage-way.

I grabbed my bedclothes, intending to wrap them around me for protection, but I noticed the flames curved up and around and decided to make a break for it without delay. I dashed under. God only knows what a relief it was to get up on deck, but there was grave danger of the whole boat going down.

I made a wild sprint for the dock, and made it. Funny how you can do things like that in an emergency. Any other time I could never have done it. Most of the other men were all ready on the shore, and also a little group of newspapermen and employees of the Quincy Oil Company. Everybody stood as far back as they could to still be able to see the boat, for they all realized she was going to blow up the second those flames reached the gasoline.

One of the men was missing, the engineer. Suddenly he appeared on the boat-deck. He stood there, a flaming living torch, then dove into the water. Every man of us knew that he couldn't swim a stroke.

The night captain hesitated only a moment, then plunged off the

deck after him. He was fully clothed, even to two overcoats, for he was doing deck duty and the night air was sharp.

"You're crazy," I shouted, "and I'll see you back!"

"You're crazy? You can't do it!" "You'll be blown to pieces! Come back!" The other men yelled.

There was a fierce struggle going on in the water, a struggle that cost lives as death to two men when I had been associated with only months. Two men whom I liked, didn't think of myself then. I wasn't thinking of these two men and that I was the man who had promised to give them.

"Give me a rope, someone! I've got to have a rope!"

"Someone" said no, rared up to the gas-station, and threw me two ropes. One fell into the water, but the other was just made for the purpose. I kept a firm grasp on one, and the other I threw into the water. The night captain saw it, and got a hold on it, and the engine followed out. I pulled only with all the strength that was in me.

The night heavy part hit him but they were safe, and sparer to the dock.

They were there, at last! I waded out my hand for the engine. Good luck! The deck came away into my hands! How the man who held onto the rope I don't know, suffering the agonies he must have suffered. I grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him away into my hands.

Not one in the crowd came forward to help us. They were all afraid to come near the *Mary Connelly*.

The night captain was down, but did not come near the boat. Everyone was waiting for the superintendent to catch up with him.

The appliance department of a factory is a subsidiary of the shipping department. This is the specific object. The work here is a lot different from that in the shipping room. We are supposed to do the "regular" shipping room routine with one exception, that any loss has to be reported to the shipping office for from five minutes to five hours in any department of the building. Jacks of all trades, that's what we are. There are three boys that do this department. As many as seven losses may require our services at the same time. Each of these has the power to fire us. When we get into such situations as generally go over to the boss who has the greatest influence with the factory "copper." But he is like that for us shipping clerks!

Our regular working day is from nine and a quarter hours to ten hours a day, in which we may be faced with a danger of injury at almost any minute. One might think I am writing a testimonial for a cigarette advertisement, but I'm not. For the dangers that factory work entails, what one suffers is a thrill. To me, a thrill is a dangerous stunt performed to accomplish some achievement for a worth while compensation. I say these are worth while because we do not get worth while compensation. Among

the *Mary Connelly* had not yet exploded, and a courageous little fire-boat was alongside, battling the flames.

I was miserably cold, and my bare feet hurt at every step I took, but there were others of the crew as bad off as I. We were there, most of us, for an hour and a half, for several hours. The home was on the boat, so was all our clothing and money. There wasn't a nickel among the whole lot of us!

Well, that first explosion in putting out the fire, and there was no explosion! If there had been, I probably wouldn't be here to tell about it. They're rebuilding the *Mary Connelly*, and in two more weeks I'll be back here again, and will all the rest of the crew, except for the night engineer. He's miraculously alive, but is still in pretty bad condition.

For as long as I see him the other day, and believe me, I'll always be glad that I was able to save that man's life. Everything seemed to be against me that night; but this knowledge, as with me, and the strength and the courage I needed!

But as long as I see him the other day, and believe me, I'll always be glad that I was able to save that man's life. Everything seemed to be against me that night; but this knowledge, as with me, and the strength and the courage I needed!

Life Is Like This For Us Shipping Clerks

—By Saul Parkin.

Victims of insomnia are accused of counting sheep. It is not a laughing matter to be an insomnia clerk.

To state that these victims count sheep is erroneous. Consider the authority on this subject because I have been a shipping clerk for the past three years, and most shipping clerks are victims of sleepless nights.

The shipping clerks that work with me count bathing suits and sweaters. For a time, I was a shipping clerk for shoe repairs. While I was working on that, my employer learned that the boys counted pairs of shoes. From frequent working in other business lines as shipping clerks, I learned that their nightmares are counting many articles their concern only life is like this for us shipping clerks!

Buntine is the keynote of a shipping clerk. He has himself accurately defined, and a good shipping clerk is better than the best Baloo's wack. His routine mounds that perfect timing. He does not pick up where he left off the night before, but it is supposed to have finished that. If he does not finish when the final whistle blows, he must remain until he does. The shipping clerk gets paid by the hour, thus if he has to remain ten minutes overtime after the agent of the laborers have ceased working, his only alternative is to look for another job before he is thrown out. A shipping clerk is allowed to bring as much money as he can, to bring

the superintendent to catch up with him.

The appliance department of a factory is a subsidiary of the shipping department. This is the specific object. The work here is a lot different from that in the shipping room. We are supposed to do the "regular" shipping room routine with one exception, that any loss has to be reported to the shipping office for from five minutes to five hours in any department of the building. Jacks of all trades, that's what we are. There are three boys that do this department. As many as seven losses may require our services at the same time. Each of these has the power to fire us. When we get into such situations as generally go over to the boss who has the greatest influence with the factory "copper." But he is like that for us shipping clerks!

Our regular working day is from nine and a quarter hours to ten hours a day, in which we may be faced with a danger of injury at almost any minute. One might think I am writing a testimonial for a cigarette advertisement, but I'm not. For the dangers that factory work entails, what one suffers is a thrill. To me, a thrill is a dangerous stunt performed to accomplish some achievement for a worth while compensation. I say these are worth while because we do not get worth while compensation. Among

some of the tricks we perform when in a fix could kiss us goodbye here, taking cases filled with bathing suits weighing 50 pounds and upward out of a rack with one foot, ten feet, four feet, on a crew rack. I have seen these cases fall out of their holes so gracefully at times, and at other times I have seen them fall out of the rack as though they were aimed to get you pinned to the floor. This all comes in the course of a day's work for a shipping clerk. I have seen fellows who, in a sudden panic, and paper marked it into a vesper packing case and ripped their fingernails. The first thing we generally say to a new-comer in the shipping department at our place is, "If the six months' trial that seals the case not your finger nail, so be careful with that hammer."

We hate our bosses and they know it. Sometimes I think they want us to work around them just so that they can get revenge on the help. When we are working around a place where there is an unfriendly atmosphere, you become cynical. The people who work with you become unbearable. But I have loved through it for the past year, and I have been able to maintain my disposition, because I live these few lines:

"I do my work
And take my bill,
But it's all over
When they ring the bell!"

Journalism In Our Changing World

Address delivered by Gleason L. Archer, LL.D.,
President of Suffolk College of Journalism, before the

Winter Meeting

of the

Central Massachusetts

Inter-scholastic Press Association,

GARDNER HIGH SCHOOL,

December 10, 1932.

Members of the Press Association, it is a very great pleasure to meet with you this afternoon. I always like to meet with young people, to see them starting out on the affairs of life—perhaps because it renews my own youth and perhaps because there is a brilliant hope in the enthusiasm and idealism of youth.

My interest in journalism and in matters similar to the purposes of this organization, is not merely something that has arisen since my establishment of Suffolk College of Journalism, but extends back over thirty years ago. I became an editor, representing my high school, and paper representative of the high schools of the State of Massachusetts later I became editor-in-chief of that paper; till later I was editor of a country newspaper. All my life I have published more or less in, I might say, literature.

Now we are, living in a changing world and we do not realize all the things ahead of us. If I had attempted, or anybody attempted to predict what has transpired in the world in the past thirty-five years, he would have been considered a visionary dreamer, a teller of fairy stories, because in that time we have had more profound changes in living, in the things that have changed the whole aspect of living. Take the airplane, for instance, take radio, and all those agencies that are bringing man together. You would not have to go back many years to find communities more or less self-sufficient, to find different sections of the United States knowing very little about the other. Now through the wonderful invention of the radio, we are finding out about each other, but we know the invention of the radio.

Before I left Boston to come here, I listened to an address being made in London. The speaker was recounting to the world that starting historic event, the abdication of King Edward VIII. If today had been as it was fifty years ago, we would have known nothing about that until weeks had passed.

And speaking of radio—that is one of the problems we need to consider when we are facing the question of what Journalism is to include in the future, because Journalism, after all, is a means of acquainting people of different nations with what is going on. We are no longer dependent upon the printed page. We have another agency that is invariably more swift; it is invariably capable of greater coverage. Many of the country's periodicals have a coverage which is limited to a few miles, and yet radio reaches around the world. The journalist of the future will have to consider radio as one of the elements of his profession. Lowell Thomas' radio talks—illustrations. Now some of you in the future will probably be getting into that type of Journalism, the Journalism that goes over the air, but I do not believe the time will ever come when we can dispense with the printed page. You may like to hear a talk but there will be some things that are important, and you will need the printed page.

Let us consider for a moment what is happening in the world that you young people have got to face that your forefathers did not face. The trend here has been to more and more consideration of national interest so that the states are no longer as important as they used to be. We do not know just what the future tendency may be, but if we are to preserve the heritage which has come down to us from our fathers, we must watch the trend. We must guard our heritage, and we know that the journalist, the newspaper man, plays a very important part in that.

In speaking of this trend to nationalism, we must consider also the international aspect. And here is something that I was reading which impressed me very much—the difference between the American and foreign papers and the importance they place upon the different phases of life.

Business	America	21%	of the reader's attention is found to be so devoted.
	England	17%	Politics
	France	9%	America
	England	10%	America
	France	6%	America
	England	17%	Foreign News
	France	30%	America
	England	13%	France
	England	11%	France
	France	21%	America

That last row out what we have said for many years in America; that we are inclined to live by ourselves. What will radio do to us in changing that attitude toward the world in general? Because, after all, we must face the world in which we

ive. We must safeguard our own national interest. That means that we must know more of what is going on in other countries in the shaping of public opinion. I think there is a very solemn duty laid upon journalists in this matter of shaping public opinion.

Should a newspaper stick to the mere reporting of events, or should it have an opinion or personality of its own? There are some newspapers which avoid certain topics and others that do not.

Take the *Christian Science Monitor*, for instance. The editors handle only a special type of news. They discard anything offensive to the senses. They avoid talking about death.

Take the *Boston American* and *Record*. They represent the opposite view.

We have to have personality in newspapers as well as in individuals.

What about the newspaper's influence in political campaigns? How much importance does the newspaper play in shaping the opinion of the voter in present times?

I am advancing these questions not that you will answer them now, but that you will raise these thoughts among yourselves.

Now take propaganda! We have sometimes felt that by propaganda papers could accomplish results that were perhaps more beneficial to the Nation. It has its good phases and bad phases.

Newspapers expose frauds and perform a very necessary function. The *Boston Post* exposed the Poini fraud. It rendered a distinct service to the State.

The newspaper as a public servant, while more or less semi-official, performs a great public function toward the government in attempting to keep its officials to hold to their paths of office.

There are laws of libel, laws that regulate the press. When you get into active newspaper work, you will realize there are certain limits beyond which you must not go.

Probably the greatest news story of modern times is that of King Edward VII. The English newspapers did not carry the story until forced into it by the American newspapers.

Now it all comes back to this question of what is the function, the duty of the newspaper with reference to public questions.

Now the question of crime news? To what extent is a newspaper man justified in playing up crime news? What is his duty to the public? Some newspapers men have gone too far in description of crime, but some persons to do the thing which they condemned.

One way in which the "yellow" press caters to the lower motives of man is to make heroes of criminals and villains out of the officers of the law. That is a matter of newspaper ethics. It is one of the things young people should consider.

Some persons feel that the profession of Journalism should be placed on a strictly professional basis; that there should be registration, licenses, that members should be admitted the same way that lawyers are admitted to the bar. The O'Hara law of Illinois has five requirements. A person must be twenty-one years of age; a high school graduate, must have had two years in a college of Journalism, must pass a good mental character, and must pass a State Board examination before being admitted.

That bill did not pass, but it is symptomatic of what might come.

In regard to the future of the colleges of Journalism, I think that one of the distinct trends will be to provide more and more hope for young people to study for this great and important profession. We in Suffolk College of Journalism have set forth the following two-fold program:

First: To provide opportunity for men and women, already engaged in employment allied to Journalism, by evening instruction to qualify for advancement in their chosen fields.

Second: To create a College of Journalism in which persons of literary inclination, or those who may aspire to employment in newspaper, magazine, advertising or public field, may obtain the highest type of technical education under instruction by eminent practitioners in the journalistic field, and who, at the same time may acquire the necessary practical experience to qualify them for positions in the industry.

This has purposely been a rambling talk to bring before you a few of the problems you will have to face in the future as journalists.



Miss Carroll A. Bryant
Creative Secretary

(Continued from page 11)

elections and the Stock Market crash of '29.

The "Laws that Safeguarded Society" broadcast and the "History of Massachusetts Bay" brought Miss Bryant in touch with Dean Archer—those were his programs, you know. He reported to her his and her work.

After several years of working at split-second tension, Miss Bryant never gave way, and she was obliged to sever her connection with the National Broadcasting Company.

She later conducted the radio promotion details for the Legitimate Life Assurance Society when it broadcast the first program for the Federal Arts College of the United States. After that, she handled radio promotion for the American College of Political Science in Maytown, New Jersey, with George Bernard Shaw's first speaking appearance in the United States.

When the Trustees of Suffolk Law School authorized Dean Archer to establish collegiate department, he at once first called upon Miss Bryant, whose administrative ability he well knew from his radio experience in New York, as a person ideally fitted to organize the colleges. For more than a year she has demonstrated not only that she has fully recovered in health but that in the field of academic work she is as efficient as in radio administration.

Not that it makes any difference, Miss Bryant is a descendant of John and Priscilla Alden. In fact she has fourteen ancestral lines running back to passengers of the Mayflower. Needless to say she is a member of the General Society of Mayflower Descendants.

Science Fights The Criminal

By DR. JOSEPH A. DOHERTY, C.I.A.

(Continued from page 11)

Should you be planning to commit murder or robbery on some dark foggy night, hearken while I recount you with some of the modern methods employed in the solution of crime. The Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory of Chicago, born after the famous Valentine's Day Massacre in 1926, already rival Scotland Yard in its quest to detect those who have violated American Laws. Under the direction of Colonel Calvin Goddard in association with Northwestern University, this bureau has been expanded to include many departments, each of which is supervised by an expert. The newest discoveries in chemistry, physics, medicine, and other fundamental sciences are utilized to carry out this fascinating work, which is rising with an important part in solving present day criminal cases.

Always aware that the use of any scientific means can easily be recognized under those searching and penetrating beams! All of us realize the accuracy and value of fingerprints.

Modern forensic expert has a variety of methods offered for identifying the type and caliber of the weapon, and the distance traveled by the missile are important facts which are determined with the greatest exactness and ease.

Did you know that your hair and blood are peculiar to you alone? As no two trees have the same shaped branches, likewise, no two human beings have identical strands of hair. Careful examination of a blood stain may furnish sufficient information to identify the perpetrator by the courts. The effects of poisons upon the body's tissues no longer mystify the pathologist.

The handwriting specialist is the Nemesis of the kidnaper and extortioner; a study of whose notes reveals the nationality, approximate age and traits of character of the writer. Should the criminal be a forger, scientific study of the lettering will result in identification of the make of the machine, the year of manufacture and other valuable information.

If you still believe you can perpetrate the perfect crime, permit me to admonish you to beware of the *lie-detector*—that instrument of amazing precision. When contacted to the individual, who is requested to give a yes or no answer to propounded questions, this delicate machine registers the sudden rise in blood pressure indicating the individual's guilt. Its outstanding record for accuracy has made humble and submissive the most hardened criminals.

Suffolk Players Score Success

willoy blondes ever seen on stage or screen. He was courtship and graceful and decidedly stunning in his white evening gown. Mother of the heroine was Alfred Dwyer (L. S.) and the father was William J. Kelley (L. S.) who played his part with great realism. Frank Rindone (L. S.) was the hero, George Bonney (L. S.) was the villain and such a capital villainage was! The constable was played by James Bethel (L. S.). Hector, the dog, was stuffed with sawdust. The moving men and property men were the generous assistance of Verne Robinson (C. J.) who the electrician assisted by Daniel Cole (L. S.).

A noteworthy feature of this pioneer movement in Suffolk was the generous assistance of William J. Kelley, Law School Junior, and his friend, Lewis Lathrop, who furnished and installed the sound equipment for the auditorium. The two men were present on the evening of the third performance, "The Year's Day" and many nights in this highly technical work. Edward Wolf of the W. L. Roberts Company assisted with the lighting, directing on the evening of the third performance. Thus Suffolk Players, without expense to themselves, were furnished music and amplifying service throughout the show. Joseph P. Collins, the well-known piano dealer, a graduate of Suffolk, deserves the gratitude of all departments of the institution because of his splendid action in donating a valuable piano to the auditorium. This instrument added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

M. R. WADE & CO.
Approved 3880
89 Washington Street
Brookline
Radio Sales and Service
Suffolk Players

J. P. COLLINS CO.
Approved 3880
100 Summer Street—Lib. 9163
All Repairs
Buying—Selling
Exchanges

W. L. ROBERTS CO.
147 Massachusetts Street
Boston
Radio Sets and Electrical Appliances
"The Friend in Radio"

INTERNATIONAL RADIO AND SOUND SERVICE
Low's State Theater Building
Boston, Mass.
Phone 8752—Salem Our Operator
Best installation of all types of Sound Service

Timothy Meltry
Norman Robinson
Alfred Dwyer
William J. Kelley
Frank Rindone
George Bonney
James Bethel
Hector
Sidney Attenberg
Stephen Goujian, Robert Jameson

Jottings

Joe Mitchell's happy row from a printer's life to become internationally known as an author, lecturer, editor, humanitarian and adviser of statesmen. He wrote a book some years ago which has cheered him to over half a million people because of its choice bits of verse and sentiment. He called it "Heart Thrills" and no other title could describe it for every bit of it came from the heart.

Mr. Chapple recently entered a new field—that of teaching Journalism. In his position on the staff of the newly organized Suffolk College of Journalism, he has entered a new field, as yet unexplored by him, to which he can devote his talents.

Announcing . . . The Journal Forum

Rambling along in the midst of an English Comp lecture, a college class found itself furiously debating pro and con the merits and demerits of a high school education.

At first it did not seem such a difficult question to answer. But as arguments advanced by one side were speedily torn to shreds by the opposition, it became apparent that this was a question that could be discussed for hours.

Men—and women of course of Suffolk! What are your ideas on the subject? Do you believe that the liberal arts education you receive in the ordinary high school is of value to you in later life? The best letters will be published if you agree with the theory advanced by many that the high

school, today, is a failure because it fails to provide young men and women with the knowledge necessary to secure employment. Certainly the difficulties young people have in securing jobs would seem to indicate that the latter is true, but is it? We'll have it up to you.

The Suffolk Journal invites your ideas to us. Letters, of not over two hundred words, will be accepted.

Miss Bryant, registrar at C.I.A. building, 59 Hancock St., has kindly consented to receive them. The best letters will be published in subsequent issues of the Suffolk Journal. Let's go, ye scribblers!

The SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Official newspaper published by the students of Suffolk Law School, Suffolk College of Liberal Arts, and College of Journalism.
 Editorial Office at 50 Hancock Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
 Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year. Single Copy, 10 cents.
 Advertising rates on request.

William R. Strath, L. '27
 Editor
 James F. Hurd, J. '21
 News
 Edward B. Barrett, J. '21
 Features
 Thomas I. Harkins, L. '29
 Circulation Manager

Contributing Staff
 Marjorie Marston, J. '21
 Gertrude M. Horgan, J. '21
 Mary Lou Shaw, J. '21
 Verne M. Johnson, J. '21
 M. M. Morley, C. L. A. '27
 James Chapman, J. '21
 Norman Robinson, C. L. A. '20

CITIZENSHIP IN SCHOOL

Dean Archer's Column



Have you ever stopped to think why you come to school? Of course, you come to form a foundation on which to build your lives. Quite true, but have you ever thought of the fact that you're also being a junior citizen? It's really an astonishing fact if one really thinks of it. You obey all laws, rules, and regulations made by your supervisors. You pay your dues regularly, you accept responsibilities, and do willingly your part to make your school a success.

When I came to Boston in 1902 my first impression of the great city was both impressive and optimistic. Impressive because to a lad from the lumber camps of Maine the vast crowds in the city streets were beyond expectation for multitude. I was oppressed by the sluggish tide of humanity that composed the street throngs. All my life I had regarded walking as a means of getting someone, but here were countless multitudes who drifted along like sheep. They had no objective—no reason for traveling faster than a snail's pace. I simply couldn't get used to it and so I walked in the streets if the crowds were dense enough to bar my progress along the sidewalks. After thirty-five years in the city I still stride along at about double the rate of progress of the average city crowd. This aimless ebb and flow of street crowds no longer oppresses me. I accept it as a symbol of the aimless world in which we live for people in general are certainly aimless if we regard purposeful planning for the future and striving for a goal as the test of content.

Suffolk College Oratorical Competition

Suffolk College announces The Wilmot R. Evans Memorial Oratorical Prize. This prize will be awarded to a member of any Suffolk collegiate department for excellence in original orations upon an assigned subject, common to all contestants. Papers are to be submitted to a committee of three. Each oration cannot exceed fifteen minutes in length. The contest is open only to first course students of accredited collegiate standing. Trials will be held in order to limit the final number of contestants.

The award to the winner will be \$25.00 or a medal. Honorable mention will be awarded to second and third place winners. Awards are to be based on delivery and content of oration. The prize contest will be held in April at the Suffolk Auditorium.

Watch the Suffolk Journal for further announcements.

Etiquette Hints

On one side of the coat of arms shall we carry over, we have conservatism, the law group; on the other side liberals, the art and journalism groups. The conservative with up-turned nose disdains the liberal, the liberal disdains the conservative. However, the masters differ, classes seemingly with a dignified and serene attitude toward both the conservative and liberal groups, as history repeats itself. But we are not brothers under the skin.

The law students have their Harvard, the masters their Sam Houston, and the arts and journalists their Loyola. There are not legitimate reasons for getting all snooty up and depositing butts in the corridors. Let us forget our class distinctions and refrain from annoying our neighbors with such noisy classes and in other classes. Speak softly in the corridors. If you must eat in class, do so gracefully and by all means remove the cell-phone before you begin. For the thereby saving the nerves of your instructors and of your classmates. When you are tired and take a nap, we may sympathize with you, if you do not snore. The instructor will not mind if you are in deep concentration if your snoring is audible. You may be a very busy person during the day or perhaps you have a special date after class and must maneuver your fingers into the "V" for "V" all that you can muster and thoughtful, do not use your nail clipper. Our slogan, regardless of class distinction, should be, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for all, especially our neighbors.

Mr. Webster tells us that responsibility are duties and obligations. He may be right here, but let us not look upon our responsibilities merely as duties which must be performed. Perhaps you are your peer, captain of your football team, president of your council. You feel quite proud to think that you hold such an important position and you wish to do all that you can to make your class, paper, team, or council the best it can be.

In the wake of Responsibility comes Leadership. My, how important he looks with his sister Personality! He has a great many relatives but here are a few of the nearest ones. Unselfishness, Respectability, and Adaptability. Mr. Hoover in his "Challenge to Liberty" says: "An individual can be great only when he is great for the individual." It is out of the altruistic good constructive impulses that the standards and the ideals of the nation are molded and sustained.

Why are selected boys called you a president? Because you are the nicest looking? Or because you wear the finest clothes? Or because you have the most money? Decidedly and emphatically no. You are selected because you are the one best fitted to lead and to

The Burroughs News-boys Foundation

Harry E. Burroughs, Suffolk 1915, although still a young man, has made his name as one of the most remarkable foreign-born graduates of Suffolk Law School. A humble newsboy in 1909 in this country from Russia nearly grew enough to master the English language, he won a scarcely popular contest that entitled him to free tuition in Suffolk Law School. He made the utmost of his opportunities in the school and won through admission to the Massachusetts Bar. In his work as a newsboy, he had made many friends among businessmen which probably accounted for the volume of law practice that came to him, and that enabled him to work as a lawyer. Not only did he practice his profession but by fortunate investments he speedily amassed sufficient worldly goods to enable him to launch the Burroughs Foundation, now one of the great philanthropies of Greater Boston since it is shaping the lives of the eager throngs of future leaders—the news-boys of the community.

Foundation members are being employed in various trades on a regular basis. Ages for regular membership range from twelve to twenty or more. A special membership, with special after-noon program, is maintained for boys under twelve.

It is located on Beacon Hill, adjacent to the Boston City Club and the Court House. Buses cover the floors, paintings adorn the walls, the libraries and lounge rooms are furnished befitting a home of the materially successful.

Most of the boys, until joining the Foundation, have been denied an opportunity to meet or associate with people of cultural refinement. Economic isolation, in many cases, has resulted either in a feeling of bitter inferiority or a stolid scorn of things other than of society character in the "get-thems."

To provide these boys with an atmosphere, companionship, and training lacking in their homes, their schools, the streets, the Foundation was established. The founder, Harry E. Burroughs, believed that the boys could be brought from experience gained, to be made to feel at home in the "parlor," instead of the "back yard," they would adjust them selves to the more wholesome environment.

Thus the ideal of the Foundation is to be a school not of compulsion, but of suggestion and example.

A King Abdicates

America's press has its say. *Edward's Message Heard In A Respectful*

"Public Snapping Up Edward's Capitation Surrender"

Scholars and editorial writers debate the possibilities of a King Edward's abdication: human interest writes out themselves in their excavations into the affairs of America chatter, argues, gets angry, thunders, Britain, renounces, denounces or lauds Edward, the world is clearly unfolding into its usual course, its usual average news.

Weeks before England knew of the then King Edward's love for Mrs. Simpson, commentators stopped denouncing or lauding Edward, the world is clearly unfolding into its usual course, its usual average news.

Now that everything is finished and Edward has abdicated, a new King of England resuming the abandoned role in world affairs, the Duke of Windsor, so lately the Duke of Devonshire, of the Park, etc., steps to the microphone and has the last word. An amazingly simple and direct talk, it may live in the annals of literature as one of the really eloquent declarations of all time.

"All long lack," and the new Duke of Windsor, "I can abide by a few words of my own."

A few words of his own, words wrenching out of the heart of a man torn by inward strife, the extended bitterness of which were quite real. Those words will be remembered, for they were the last words of an abdicating King to his people; but more than that, they were eloquent and historic. Writers, play-writers, novelists will try within the next few months to base novels and stories on this most dramatic of events; but they will not succeed in affecting their readers, both that same concern that has taken over the world during the past month.

"Truth is stranger than fiction." And more vital and touching, also.

We have seen history made. We have seen the first voluntary abdication from Britain's throne. We shall need months to digest editorial comments on the immediate event. And when we finally settle into one opinion, it will be based on the words of the now Duke of Windsor.

"You must believe me, I have found it impossible to carry on as king in burden of responsibility without the help and support of the woman I love. The decision I have made has been mine, and mine alone, and I lay down my burden."

"God bless you all! God save the King!"

King Loses

Forefathers' Day

Consort

Observed

Eloquent in Royal Family

Dean Archer Speaks

The latest counterpart of that breed known of King comes to us on Beacon Hill. It concerns the Suffolk Players, a newly formed dramatic club composed of students of Suffolk Law School, Suffolk College of Liberal Arts, and Suffolk College of Journalism. Miss Esther Newsome, the college librarian, was seen rehearsing the coming troupe for some time in preparation for the presentation of a play entitled "Once a King, Always a King." The first pit to be here was when Edward of England recently observed the title of the play. Thus came the second line, "The King" of the play is a Law School Junior and his consort was a charming Freshman Fresh from the College of Journalism. All went well until a few days ago when the girl failed to report at rehearsal. Thus Miss Newsome learned the staggering truth that her young consort had eloped to New Jersey, not with a King of the play but with a commoner, and had just been married. Fortunately, a talented stenographer from the staff of Suffolk College of Liberal Arts, Mrs. Josephine Cambria, was able to drop into the breach and the play was given on schedule, January 18.

A usual contact network of the Columbia System carried the annual observance of Forefathers' Day in Plymouth, with Dean Archer as the narrator. The half-hour program was broadcast locally by WEEI from 2:15 to 2:45 P.M. on Monday, December 21. Dean Archer's talk was in the form of a story concerning the pioneer days of the colony with particular reference to the dramatic part Squanto, the friendly Indian and interpreter, played in the lives of the colonists. The initial portion of the program was given by the Men's Glee Club of Plymouth. Recordings of this program have been made.

HOME TALENT

James Newsome, the Sheriff of Essex, you think he employs two men metaphors?
 Hinks, yes, I think he ought to see Hartford working a change after Hartford's court.

WARNING

Harriet, driving his auto, struck a pedestrian. He claimed he wasn't at fault because the sign on the front of his car read, "Dodge Brothers," (Safe Driver).

July 17th

LAW SCHOOL

ALUMNI NOTES

Dear Sir:
 I went horseback riding again this morning, and had much more fun than ever before because we learned to canter. Cantering is much more fun than trotting, don't you think? Given thanks for the sugar you sent. I'm awfully glad you put it in a tough strap lock, because it surely isn't so noble and able to pass our mold inspection.

Well, I'm learning to dive at last. It certainly is fun—but my form is terrible. . . Guess what, we are having a circus tonight, real circus, side shows, pink lemonade and ale and our dear "Her Director" is to be the harbinger order. He is to ride the old gray work horse—minus the saddle. I've been asked to be the "Fattest Lady in the World" and have found a dress that can be stuffed with all the pillows in camp. . . I know my astrophysics would come in good use at some time or other.

Must close now, time for rest hour.

Yes.

July 24th

Dear Sir:
 With July is almost over, and just two more days at camp for me.

But lucky you will be coming up with a whole month of fun ahead of you! We had a big fun day—such a swimming and water slide. Since exhibit in the morning and an Olympic Field Day in the afternoon. The Juniors won the swimming meet by two points. I came in second in two events. But the Barracks England won the Olympic Day. We had a grand time—each week was a country. To the victory brought the spoils—we were crowned with a laurel wreath and given a lollipop apiece. Long live England!

Tonight is Farewell Banquet, and good-bye. I hate the thoughts of camp being almost over for me. It puts a lump in my throat every time I think of it.

Well, next letter you'll be writing to me from camp, and I'll be home.

So long.

Yes.

July 29th.

Dear Sir:
 Listen to the good news. Mom sent me a note telling me I can stay at camp all during August, too! Hurray! I turned six months and three handings.

See you tomorrow—hope you are in the barracks with us.

So long.

P.S., I bet you had something to do with Mom's letting me stay! You're a brick!

NO OBSTACLE

There's something in what that fellow says that the cleverness of the father often proves a standing hindrance to the son.

"Well, thank goodness our Tom won't have anything to fall over" Windsor Star.

Harry J. Dowley, Suffolk Law '24, has had a remarkable career in the business world. Even while in law school he was in the employ of the Gray Line in a minor capacity. His ability in the field of transportation suggested itself in law training, set his feet delft, lately upon the ladder of success. Not long after he graduated from Suffolk, the Gray Line offered him a position as a Commissioner. He rose steadily and eventually to become General Manager of the company. His latest promotion is to the head of the organization. He is now president of the Gray Line which operates a fleet of luxurious buses from coast to coast and includes not only the United States and Canada but also Alaska, Mexico, Hawaii and European nations.

George B. Sullivan, Suffolk Law '21, was employed as a branch Commissioner for the John Hancock Life Insurance Company during his law school days. As he had made an outstanding success in the Lowell District, his promotion to the important post of New England Manager for the Company was no surprise to his host of friends.

The appointment of Professor John J. Murray as chairman of the Board of Tax Appeals is gratifying to his many friends at Suffolk. Professor Murray was a member of the faculty of Boston University College of Business Administration while studying law at Suffolk Law School. He made an excellent record as a student and passed the Massachusetts Bar Examinations promptly upon graduation in 1925. Professor Murray has been one of the most trusted economic advisers of Governor James M. Curley. He has recently served as Chairman of the Board of Public Utilities.

John H. Barcks, '18, who has served for the past two years as one of the secretaries of Governor Curley, has received a well merited promotion in being named Director of the Securities Division in the Department of Public Utilities.

Harry C. Mamber, the last person to be appointed in the Massachusetts Judiciary, was a former member of the class of 1918 at Suffolk. He passed the Massachusetts Bar but never completed his law course.

ACCIDENT

A lawyer died. He had an accident insurance policy which his widow tried to collect.

The insurance company said: "No, you cannot collect on this insurance policy. Death is not an accident—it is a visitation of God." So the widow took the matter up with a lawyer, who reversed the decision. He contended that any visitation of God which results in an accident, (London Tri-Bit.)

The Bar Association of the State of Maine recently conferred a very great honor upon Dean Archer by inviting him to be the guest speaker at their Winter Meeting on January 13th and also in the evening of their Annual Banquet. But the greatest honor of all was the action of the Legislature of Maine in welcoming Dean Archer as a distinguished son of Maine. He was received by the Senate and the House of Representatives separately, being called upon for a speech in each body.

So "Dick" Grant, Suffolk '30, kept his job as Public Utilities Commissioner after all! There were rumors a plenty weeks ago that the Governor was displeased that his erstwhile radio campaigner did not raise his voice for him in the Senatorial contest which was planned to displace him. Mr. Grant declined to resign and promised a fight if an attempt was made to replace him. Congratulations, Dick!

MISUNDERSTOOD

Three slightly deaf men were motoring from the north to London in an old motor car and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing London one asked, "Is this Wembley?" "No," replied the second, "this is Thursday." So as I put in the third, "Let's stop and have one."—Montreal Star.

WANTED IT DONE RIGHT

The eminent psychiatrist was showing a party of friends through his institution. To one patient he said:

"John, why do you continually insist on scratching yourself?" "Because," replied the patient, "I'm the only person in the whole wide world who knows where I'm itching."—American Legion Monthly.

Letters to Sue

"In the Good Old Summertime"

Brewer Meadows Camp, July 6th, 1936

Must close now. Here is the sign for swim.

Dear Sue:

Here I am at Brewer Meadows—how big a package! You really said it even more than you said it would be. I wish you had decided to come in July, though, instead of August. I'm in at the "Barracks" with the Senior Girls and it is a lot of fun.

I am just going to know what little card means what. Guess what I did yesterday—I thought "mess rail" was swim, and I jumped into my bathing suit, ran to the pool in record time, only to find that the joke was on me, for everyone was in to dinner.

The night of the 4th we had fireworks on the beach, a big bonfire and just several more occasions of "mess rail." Classes have started, too. I am taking handcraft—everyone at Camp is shopping. I am making a letter opener. It is for a mother's gift, but just at present it is only a knot of red cord. I signed up for horseback riding and life saving, too. It is "so fun" I was the victim in life saving, today, and really I loved half the pond. Tomorrow my partner is the victim—

Yes.

July 16th

I'm just back from horseback riding. It sure is fun. I am much better now than I was at first and hope that we can go occasionally in the fall. My horse's name is "Queen," and she certainly is a beauty. . . Guess like you, her feet could manage to smooch a package of lump sugar for her into camp, but doesn't let it out for if you do the occasional visit to the store to buy when I explain, it might sound a trifle foolish.

I passed swimmer's test today and it was a cinch. I can take the boats out now whenever I want! Had a push of a set of swim fins, they swim but went down in cautious defeat. Our unit is planning an overnight hike tomorrow night, cooking supper and breakfast out.

Write, and send some sugar for "Queen" as a box that looks nice.

So long.

Yes.

IT WAS WORTH IT

The haughty senior girl snuffed disdainfully as the busy Freshman utters in. "And just why did you have to cut when I was dancing?" she demanded naively. The Freshman hung his head and with shame: "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a \$5 bill at me."—Chelsea Record.

J. E. PURDY CO., INC.

Photographers and Limers

Can you truthfully say that your last photograph is a good portrait of you — as you are today? Half an hour of your time is all we need for the modern portrait your family will like.

Call us for a lunch-time appointment
160 TREMONT STREET BOSTON

Alumni Directory

FREDERICK F. HANFORD '23
 Attorney at Law
 14 Devonport Road, Boston
 Harvard 6747
 100 Main Street, Boston
 Northam 6101

HOBAN A. HIGAN, '18
 Attorneys at Law
 16 CENTRAL AVENUE, LEWIS
 DEXTER 6475

JONEST J. SWITCHELL, '18
 14 Foreway Street, Boston
 Lafayette 7140

Addison C. Gatchell & Son
 LAW PRINTERS
 74 INDIA STREET
 Telephone BR 1234

Telephone PAR 1234-8

CARL KIPP COMPANY

Printers—Publishers

422 LA GRANGE STREET

WEST ROXBURY MASSACHUSETTS

