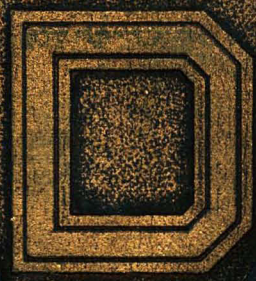


THE
ANNUAL
College Of The City Of Detroit



1925

1925

**THE
ANNUAL
1925**

DETROIT
CITY COLLEGE

COPYRIGHT
BY
WALTER NORTHCOTT
EDITOR
LEONARD HARDING
BUSINESS MANAGER

The staff of the Annual of 1925 respectfully dedicates this book to those students who have the unique honor of comprising the first graduating class from the College of the City of Detroit.

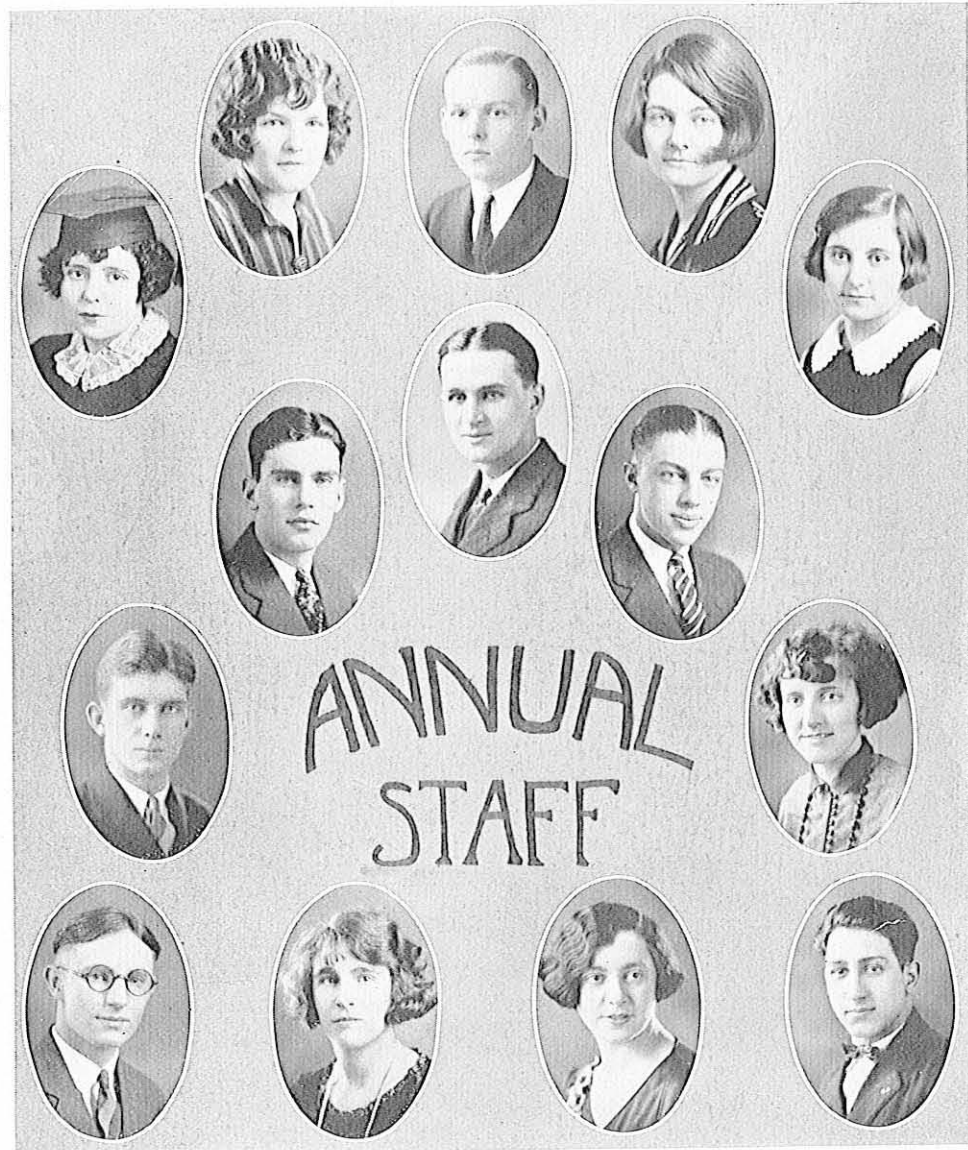
Contents

Foreword.....	5
Annual Staff.....	6, 7
Scenes.....	8-12
Classes.....	13-29
Faculty.....	30, 31
Pharmacy.....	32
Literary.....	33-48
Organizations.....	49-99
Social.....	101-114
Sports.....	115-138
Humor.....	139-148

Foreword

Following tradition, the Annual makes its yearly bow to the students sponsored by the Junior Class. The staff feels confident that this book is better than any of its predecessors and we hope that future staffs will endeavor to keep up the good work. It has taken much time and effort to put out this Annual, but if it has your approval, the staff will feel fully compensated.

—Editor.



ANNUAL STAFF

M. Pillsbury	H. Parker	W. Carey	D. Selleck	H. Deutsch
	R. Perring	W. Northcott	L. Harding	
O. Linck			T. Siebert	
D. Weiterson	V. Sweitzer	C. Sosensky	P. Gentile	

Annual Staff

Editor-in-chief.....Walter Northcott
 Business Manager.....Leonard Harding
 Managing Editor.....Ray Perring
 News Editor.....Helen Parker
 News Editor.....David Wieterson
 Snap Editor.....Vesta Sweitzer
 Literary Editor.....Helen Deutsch
 Sport Editor.....Thelma Siebert
 Sport Editor.....Orville Linck
 Art Editor.....Dorris Selleck
 Personal Editor.....Celia Sosensky
 Humor Editor.....Walter Carey
 Business Assistant.....Philip Gentile

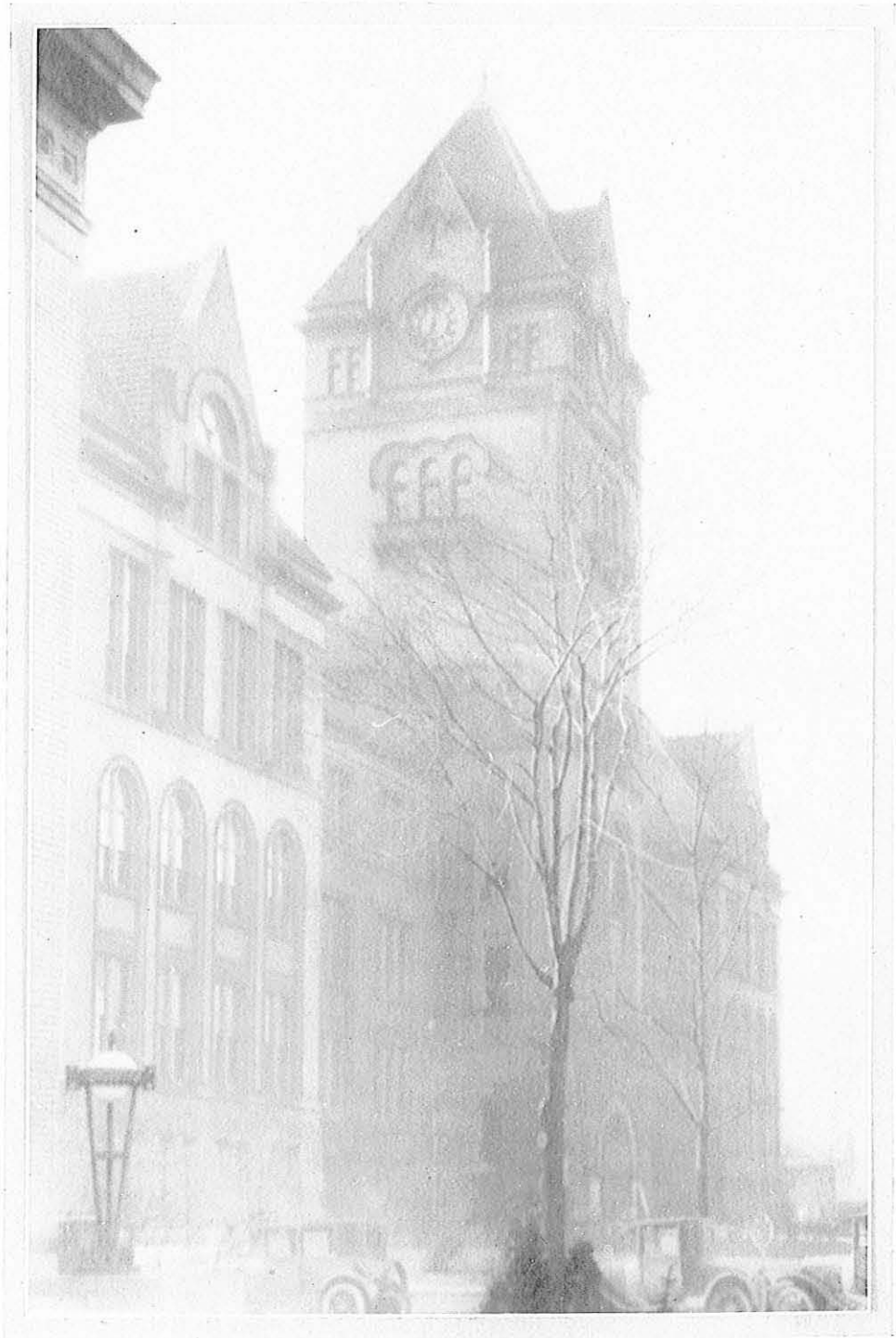
Faculty Advisors

Editorial.....Mr. M. McLaren
 Business.....Mr. R. Cunliffe

Junior Class Advisory Board

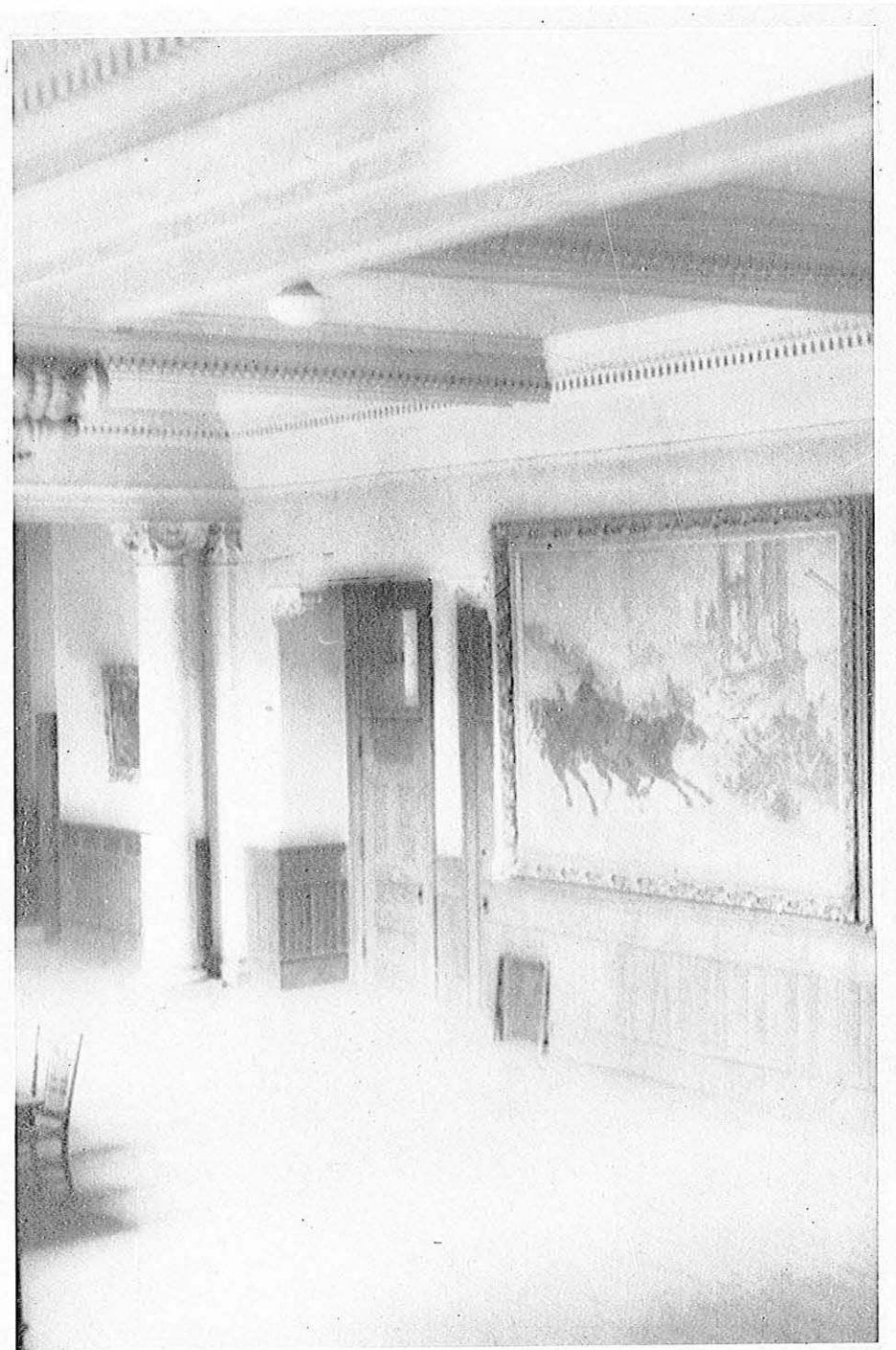
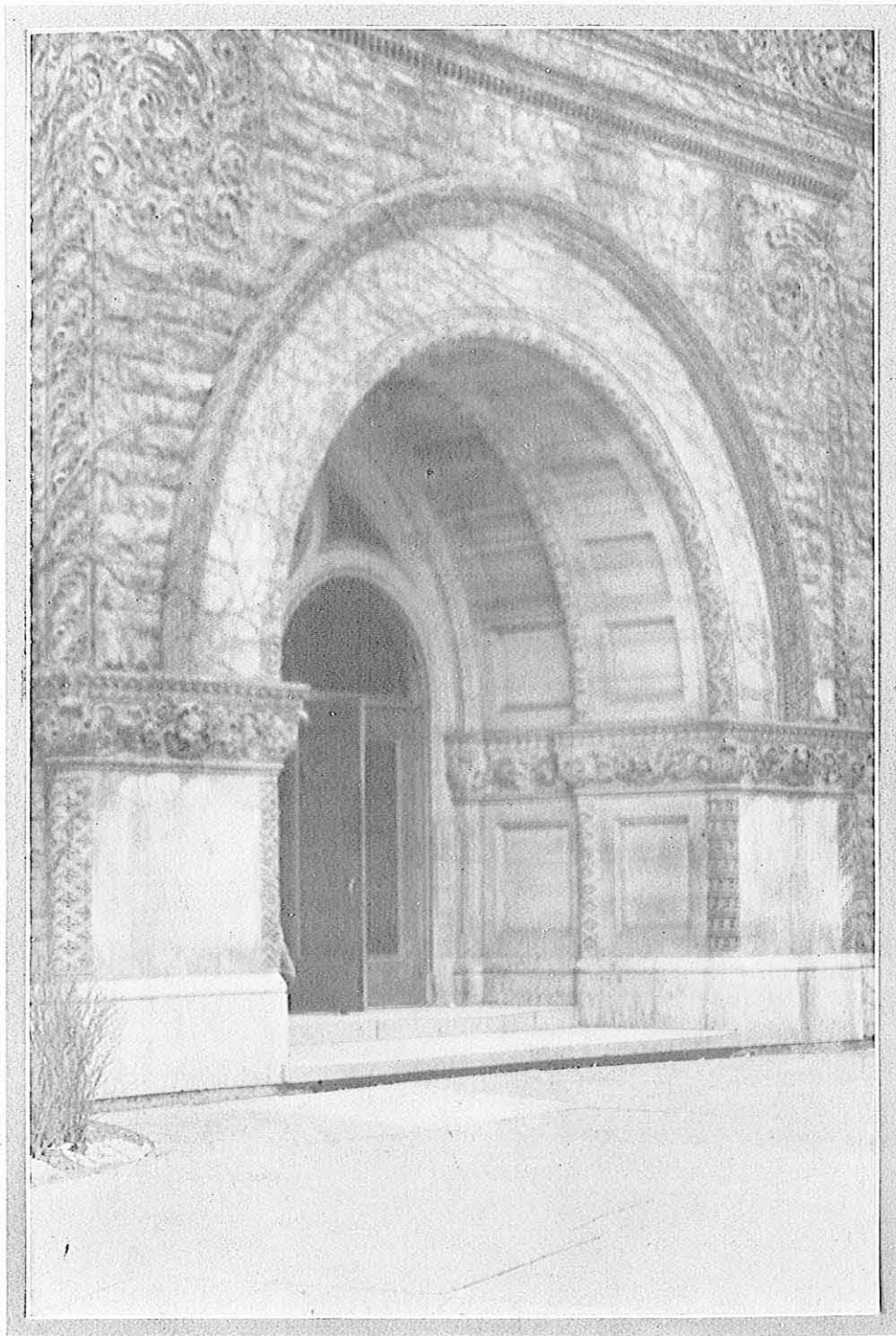
Ted English; Helen Deutsch; Orville Linck; Jack Milligan;
 Walter O'Neil; Ray Perring; Leonard Harding

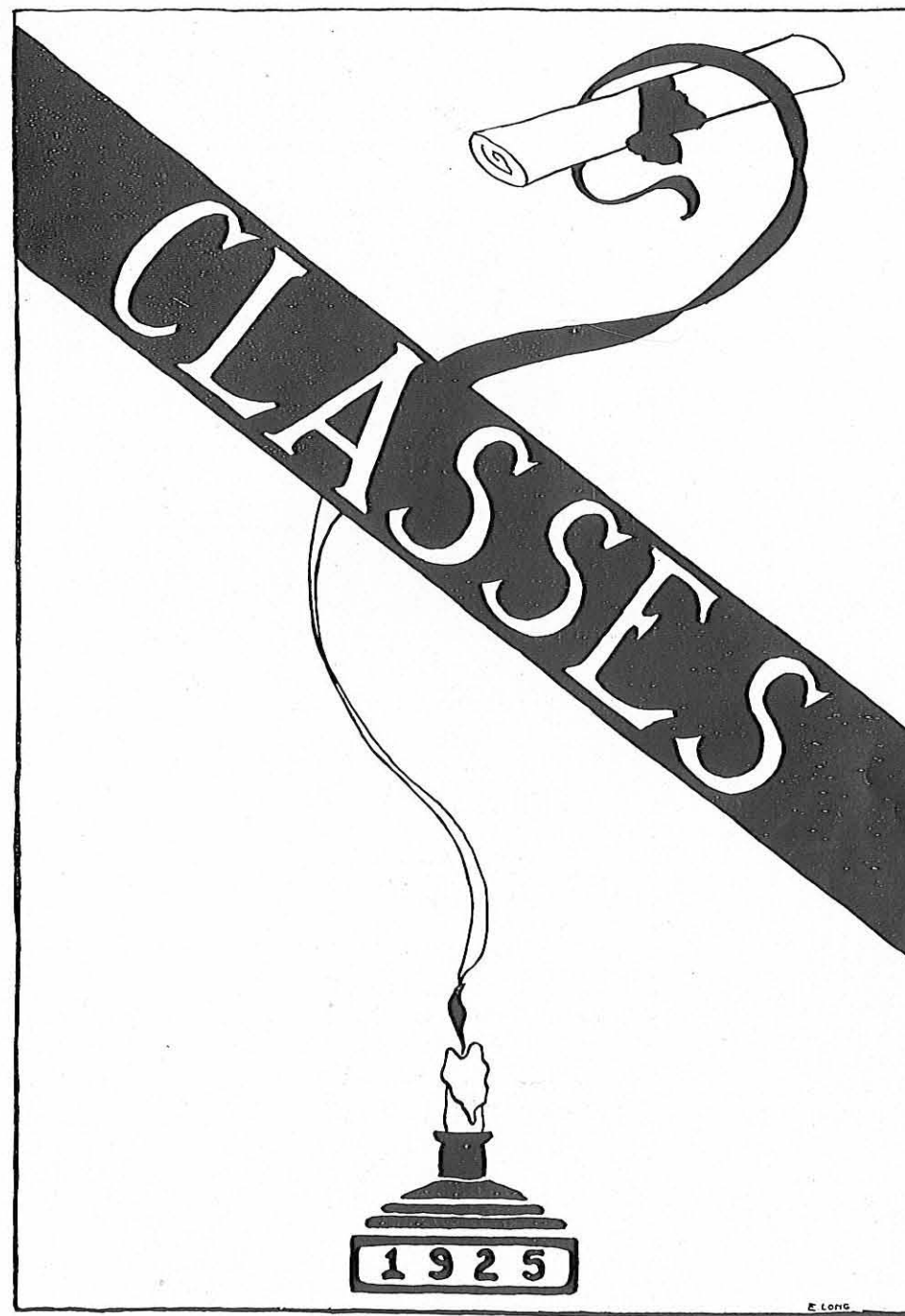
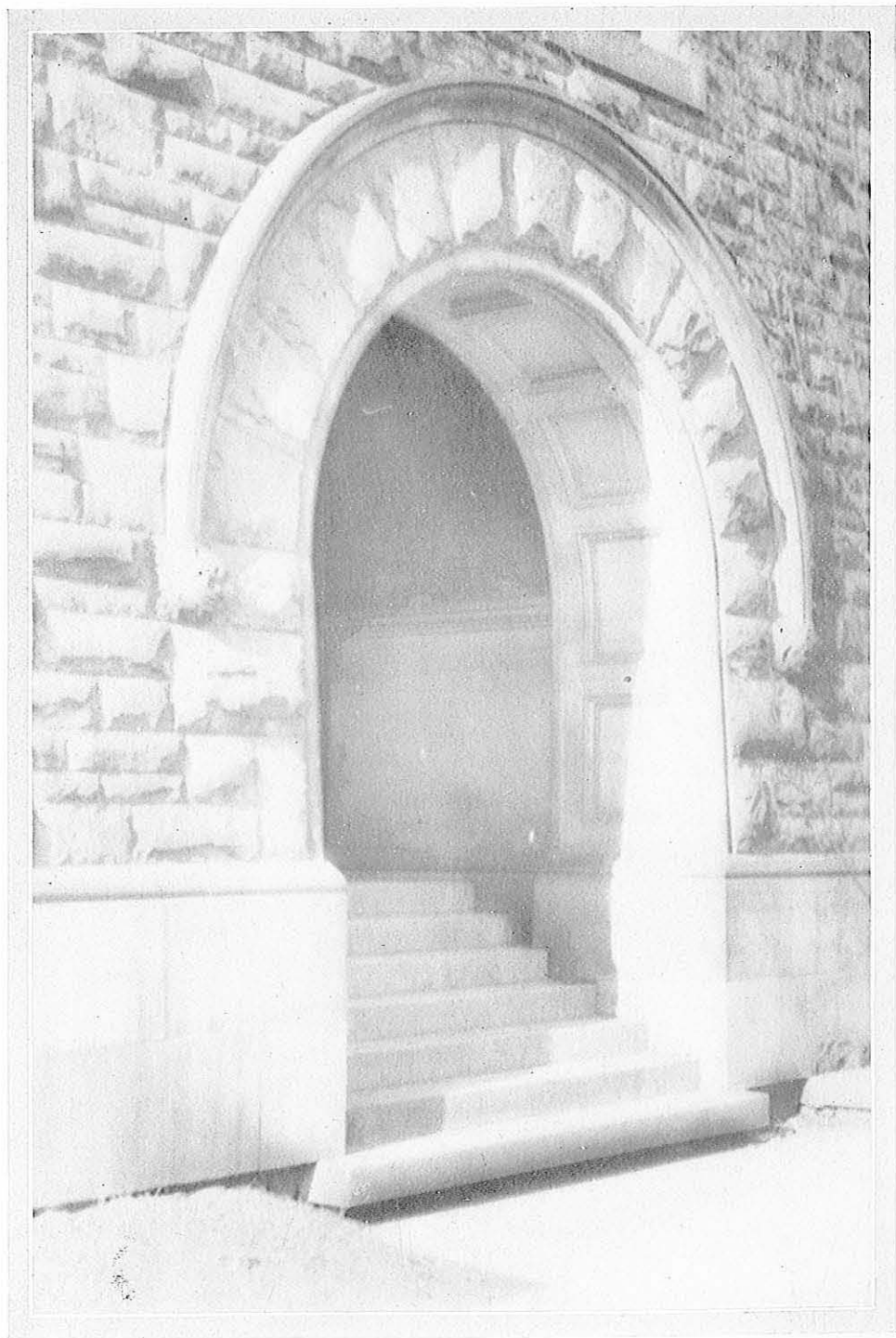
1925



1925







Senior Class Committees

ANNUAL

Marion Pillsbury, Chairman
Ray Pillsbury

BANQUET

Newman Ertell, Chairman
Virginia Fair
Venit Fair

CAPS AND GOWNS

Meyer Blatt, Chairman
Maurice Ayers
Elizabeth Long

CLASS MEMORIAL

Jack Duncan, Chairman
Hazen Dever

FINANCE

Russell Lightbody, Chairman
Lucille Lang
Ray Pillsbury
Helen Lee

GENERAL COMMENCEMENT

Leonard Grinnell, Chairman
Committee Chairmen as members

PICTURE

Walter Gleason, Chairman
Vent Fair

PIN

Lucille Lang, Chairman
Evelyn McElveen
Robert Ross

PUBLICITY

Virginia Fair, Chairman
Eugene Magnell

SKIP-DAY

Robert Ross, Chairman
Florence Wilson

SOCIAL

Francis Rhoades, Chairman
Evelyn McElveen
Robert Ross
Virginia Gordon

SWINGOUT

Hazen Dever, Chairman
Lucille Lang
Robert Ross
Florence Wilson

INVITATION

Florence Wilson, Chairman
Elizabeth Long

Senior Class History

A history and review of the activities of the Senior Class is extremely difficult to express inasmuch as this year's class is the first graduating class of the college. The members of the class have been attending this institution since the Junior College days and to relate all of the activities of the class, it would be necessary to review, more or less, the history of the college itself.

We are the pioneer graduating class of the College of the City of Detroit. Most of us, along with a lot of others, entered the college four years ago as naive Freshmen, when our alma mater was known as Junior College and only a two year course was offered. We came, we saw, we stuck, and we conquered, that is those who now make up the Senior Class surely did, and the college authorities decided to sign our Bachelor of Arts diplomas as a mark of achievement. We had the distinction of being the upperclass of the college during our sophomore, junior, and senior years, for when the majority of us became juniors the college course was extended to include third year students, and when we became seniors the college was ready to give us fourth year instruction and a degree.

Our class is honored to include students whose efforts while undergraduates aided in making a four year college a reality, and the class has honored them.

Among our present fifty odd members are some who had completed the two-year course before the scope of the college was extended, who then waited or went to other institutions, but who returned to have the distinction of receiving degrees at the initial commencement of the College of the City of Detroit.

Many of those who were with us in 1922 and 1923 left for other institutions and professional schools, and consequently the Senior Class is not large. To some of us who graduate, the city-owned college has been a godsend. We have some plucky and industrious students and leaders among us, and they, and we hope all of us, realize that Commencement Day is only commencement day, as Dean Mackenzie is wont to emphasize.

Among our number, as the modest records of attainments alongside the photographs declare, are men and women who have achieved college fame as orators, actors, literary lights, and as mighty men of sport.

The Class of 1925 has not neglected social affairs or the opportunity of establishing precedents. A number of noteworthy functions were held during the final semester. On April 18, an informal dinner dance was held at the Detroit Yacht Club. On May 26, Swingout Day, we Seniors appeared dignifiedly in the caps and gowns of Bachelors of Art for the first time for the edification of the college. May 28, to show that we could, we bolted school and went on a picnic. June 14 to 18 inclusive marked Commencement Week. The Senior Class Banquet was held on the last day of Commencement Week. These occasions served to add to the store of blessed college memories for the future.

All things must have a beginning, and all beginnings are difficult. But a short time has elapsed since the inception of the college that will soon become full-fledged. We have struggled and may have felt restricted at times by necessary limitations. But within us we carry a love for the Green and the Gold, and a vision of the splendid and broadened college of the future, in whose interests, we, as her first alumni, hope to be active.



Donald S. Leonard

President Senior Class, 4; President Freshman Class, 1; President Sophomore Class, 2; President Junior Class, 3; Member Student Council, 1, 2, 3, 4; President Student Council, 2, 3, 4; Captain Debate Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager, 1, 2, 3, 4; Member Student Club Cabinet, 1; Sport Editor Collegian, 1, 2, 3; Chief Escrito, G. H. G., 1, 2, 3; Chairman Vigilance Committee, 4; College Opera, 2; President Pi Kappa Delta National Honor Society, 4; Winner Davidow Award for Debate and Oratory, 3; General Chairman J Hop, 3; Chairman Advisory Board Annual, 3; Member College Social Committee, 1, 2, 3, 4; General Chairman Soph Prom, 2; Annual Staff, 2; Chairman Four Year College Committee, 1, 2, 3; Sphinx Club.

Florence Wilson

Senior Class Vice-President; Soph Prom Committee 2; Frosh Frolic Committee, 3, 4; Student Council, 3, 4; Secretary 3; College Social Committee 3, 4; J Hop Committee, 3; An-Tik-Lik, Secretary, 3; Vice-President, 4; Annual Advisory Board, 3; Vice-President Junior Class; General Chairman Matinee Dances; Chairman Senior Invitation Comm., Commencement Committee.

Marion Pillsbury

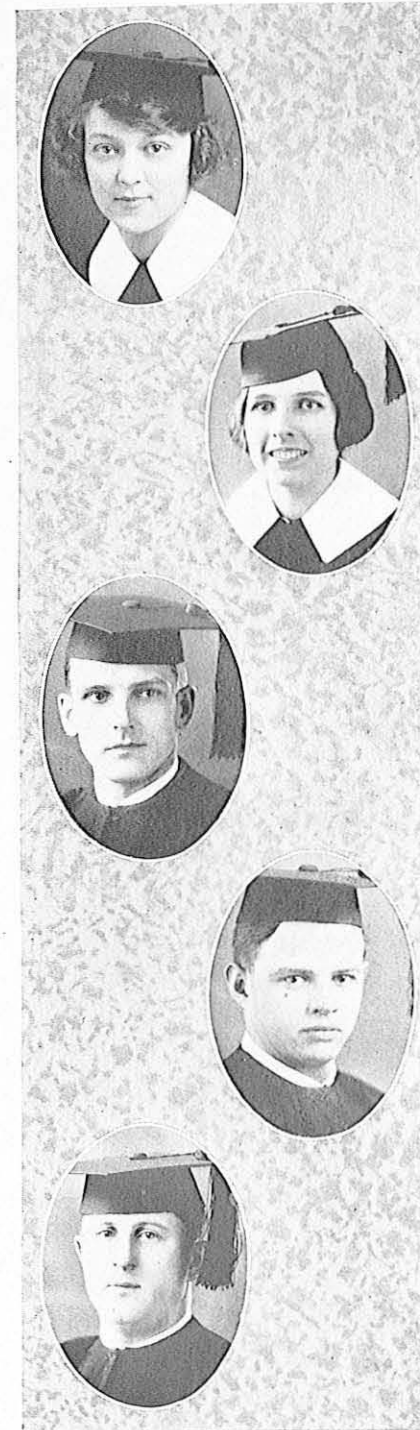
Senior Class Secretary; Dramatic Arts Society, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary Cabinet, 2; Basketball, 1, 2; Frosh Frolic Committee, 1; French Club; Soph Prom Committee, 2; College Social Committee, 2; Student Council, 3; Assistant Editor Collegian, 1, 2; Snap Editor Annual, 3; An-Tik-Lik, 4; W. S. G. A. Cabinet, 4; Chairman Style Show, 3; Senior Class Annual Editor, 4; University of Michigan, 3.

Russel Lightbody

Treasurer Senior Class; King G. H. G., 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 2, 3, 4; "D" Club; Sphinx Club; Treasurer Soph Class, 2; Senior Finance Committee.

J. Digby Duncan

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2; Gas House Gang; Sphinx; President "D" Club; Spanish Club; Senior Member Student Council; Senior Memorial Committee.



Virginia Fair

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Vice President 2; Student Council, 4.

Lucille Lang

French Club, 2; An-Tik-Lik, 3, 4; Senior Pin Committee; Senior Member Student Council; Secretary, 4.

Raymond Pillsbury

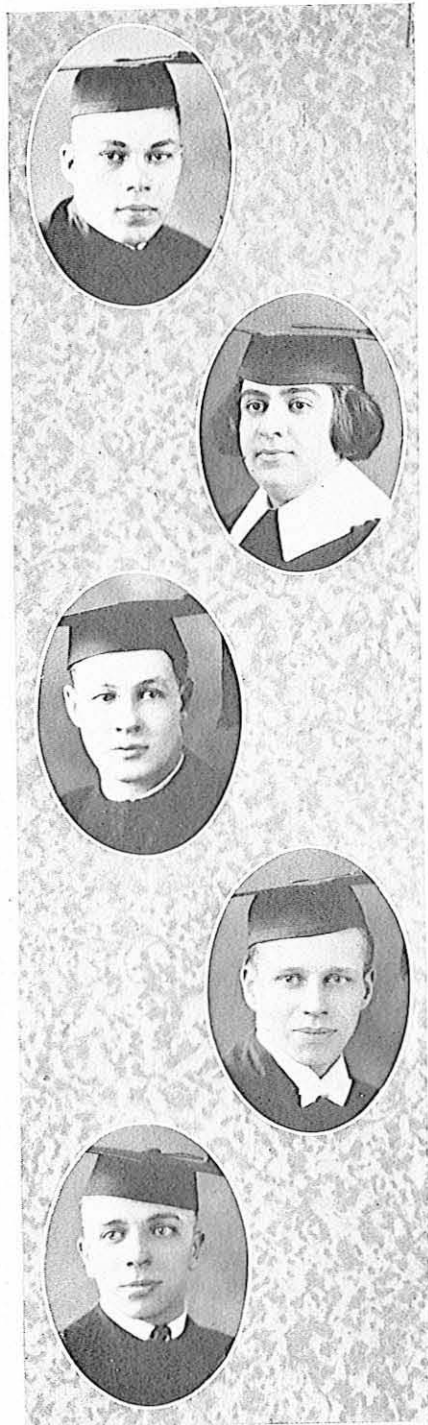
House of Representatives, 1, 2; Track, 1, 2, 3, Captain, 3; Dramatic Arts Society, 1, 2, 3, 4, President, 2, 4; Junior Class Treasurer; College Opera, 2; Student Council, 4; G. H. G.; "D" Club; French Club; Collegian Staff, 2; Senior Finance Committee.

Maurice Ayers

Student Club Secretary; D. A. S., 3, 4; Spanish Club; Chess and Checker Club.

Meyer Blatt

Captain Basketball team, 1, 2; Football, 1; Student Council, 1, 2, 3; Cosmopolitan Club; Senior Cap and Gown Committee Chairman; "D" Club.



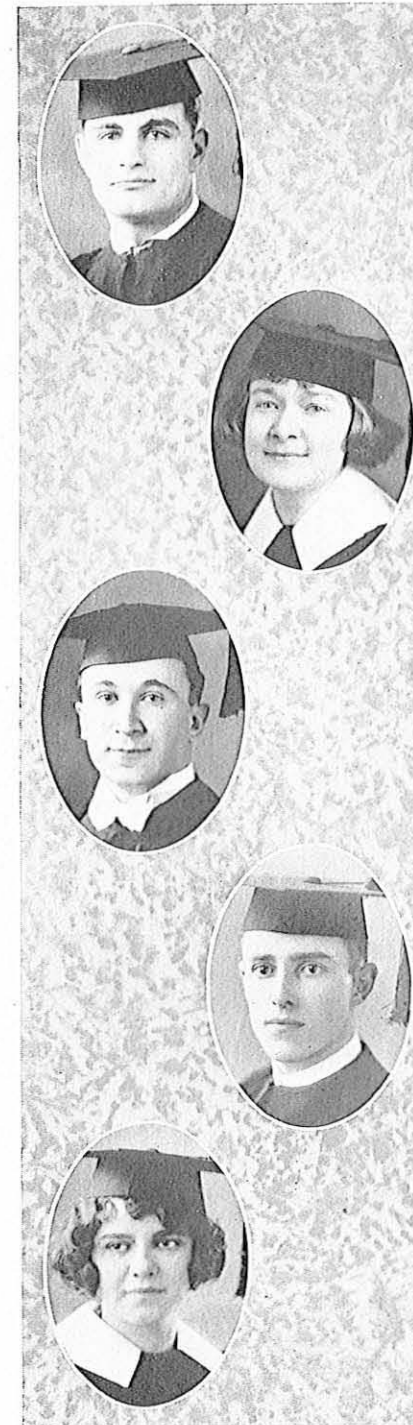
Wm. Boyd
Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; "D" Club.

Rose Coral

Hazen Dever
Football, 1, 2; Captain, 2; Treasurer G. H. G.,
1, 2, 3, 4; "D" Club; Sphinx Club.

Albert Donner

Thadeus Domzalski
Student Club; Spanish Club.



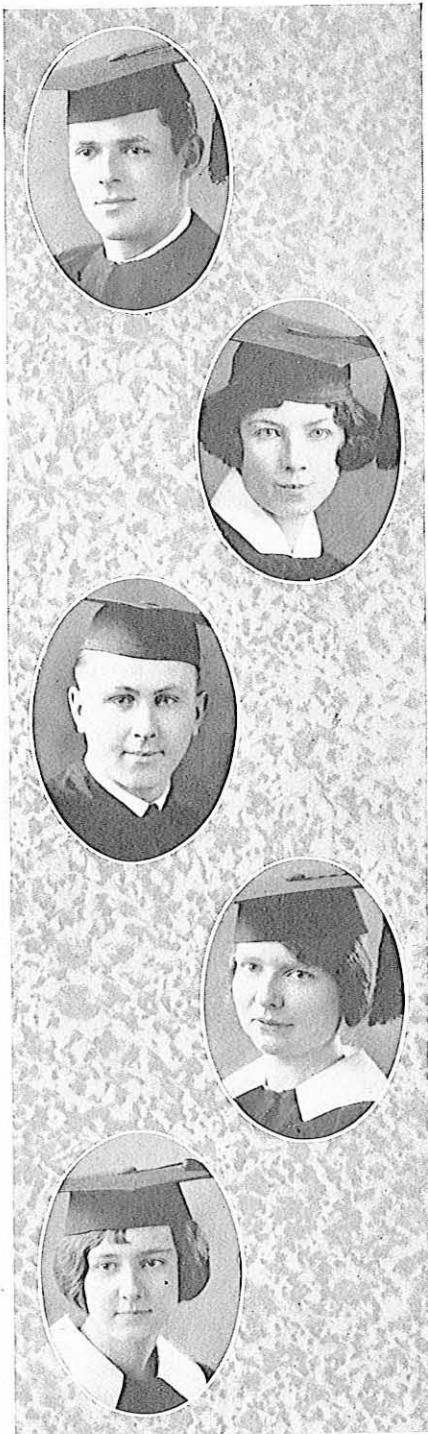
Newman Ertell
Premier G. H. G., 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4;
Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; "D" Club;
Sphinx Club.

Venit Fair
Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Annual Advisory Committee, 3;
Secretary Junior Class.

Albert Frumin

Walter Gleason
Sigma Gamma Phi, 4; Thesmothetes 4.

Alice Virginia Gordon



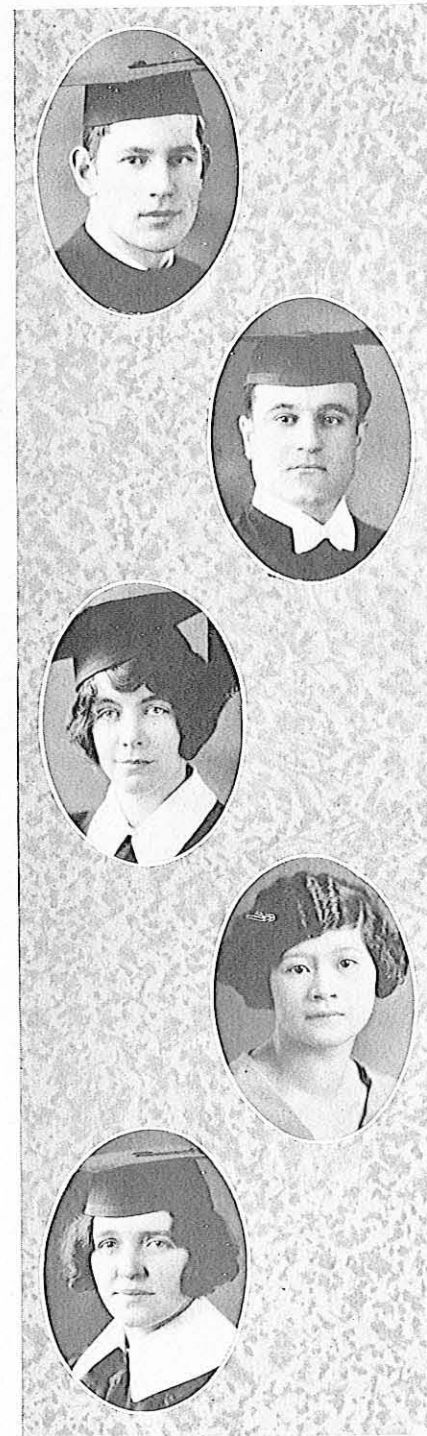
Leonard Grinnell
Royal Bouncer G. H. G., 1, 2; Chief Escribo, 3, 4;
Swimming Team, 2; Basketball Manager, 2;
Senior Finance Committee; Sphinx Club.

Claire Holzberger

Henry Keough
G. H. G., 2, 3, 4; Student Club, 3; Spanish Club, 2.

Helen Lee

Elizabeth Long
W. S. G. A. Treasurer, 4; Art Editor Annual, 3.



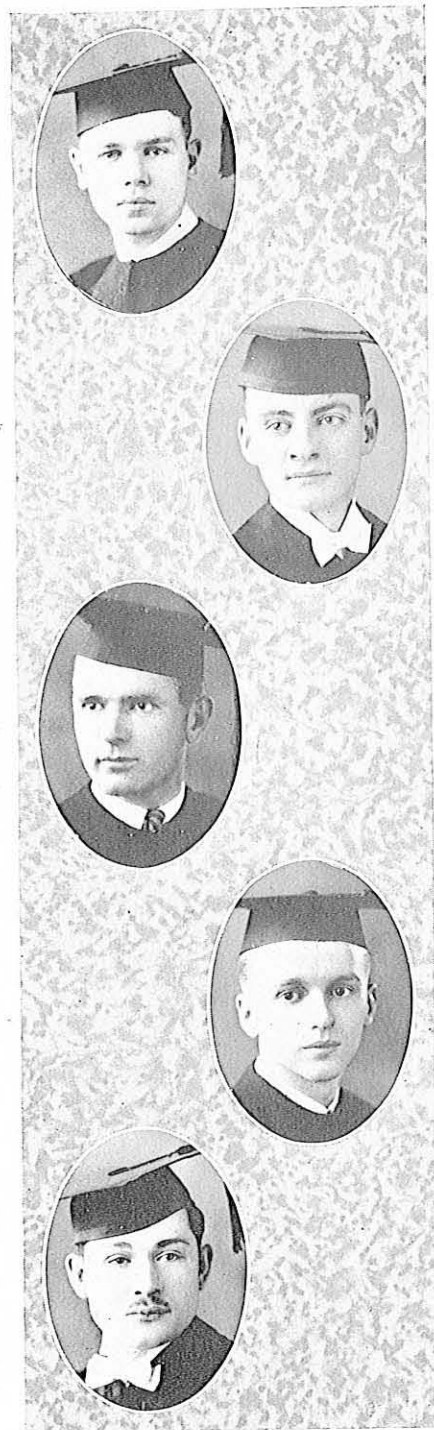
Eugene Magnell

L. Mardigian

Evelyn McElveen

Katie Moy

Ruth Olds



Frances Rhoades

D. A. S.; House of Representatives, Clerk, 2;
Business Manager Annual, 3; G. H. G.; Chairman
Senior Social Committee.

C. Reiker

Robert Ross

Sphinx Club; G. H. G.; Soph Prom Committee, 2;
Student Council, 3, 4; Commencement Week
Chairman.

John Rumball

E. Yentis

The following students will also receive their degrees, the majority of whom are attending professional schools elsewhere but are returning to receive their Bachelor Degrees offered by the College of the City of Detroit in connection with the combined curriculum.

Jacob Agins

Watson Beach

Gordon T. Brown

Louis B. Carrick

Catherine Corbeille

Willard L. Crain

Cornelius E. Dunn

Maurice Dombey

Irving Edgar

Samuel Eisenberg

Louis Eisenberg

V. George Felcyn

Herman Fraser

Maurice Frocht

Bernard L. Lieberman

Arthur Lopshire

Don McLean

Moe Nissenbaum

John L. Rosenfeld

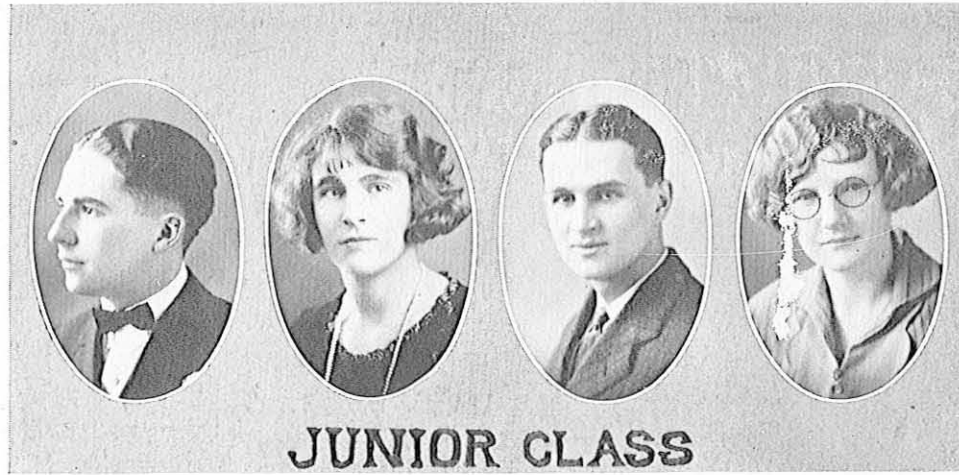
Aron Rosenzweig

Donald C. Somers

John H. Van Campen

Patty Woodford

Allen M. Wood



T. English V. Sweitzer W. Northcott T. Rosenbusch

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Committees

ATHLETIC

Mac Weldon
Philip Gentile
Vesta Sweitzer

J HOP

Chairman: Helen Thompson
Invitation: Vesta Sweitzer
Publicity: Celia Sosensky
Favor: Wendell Chick
Receiving: Ted English
Programs: Leonard Harding

SMOKER

Waldo Gutowsky
Albert Litzenberger
Mat Dinan

JUNIOR GIRLS PLAY

Dorris Selleck
Tecla Rosenbusch
Betty Mc Phail
Celia Sosensky
Helen Gillette
Helen Parker

ANNUAL

Walter Northcott



Junior Class

The class of June '26 had an eventful year with a most fortunate choice of officers at its head. Ted English was at the helm as President and his co-officers were Vesta Sweitzer, Vice-President; Tecla Rosenbusch, Secretary; and Walter Northcott, Treasurer.

The class activities for the year covered a wide scope, including athletics, dramatics, literary as well as the usual social events. Mac Weldon acted as Captain and Manager for the Junior Football and Basketball teams both, and Philip Gentile was manager for the Track Team. The Junior girls also took an active interest in athletics, the chief event being the Frosh-Junior, Soph-Senior basketball game, won by the former. The girls representing the Junior Class in this game were Marian Gowans, Margaret Maurer, and Vesta Sweitzer.

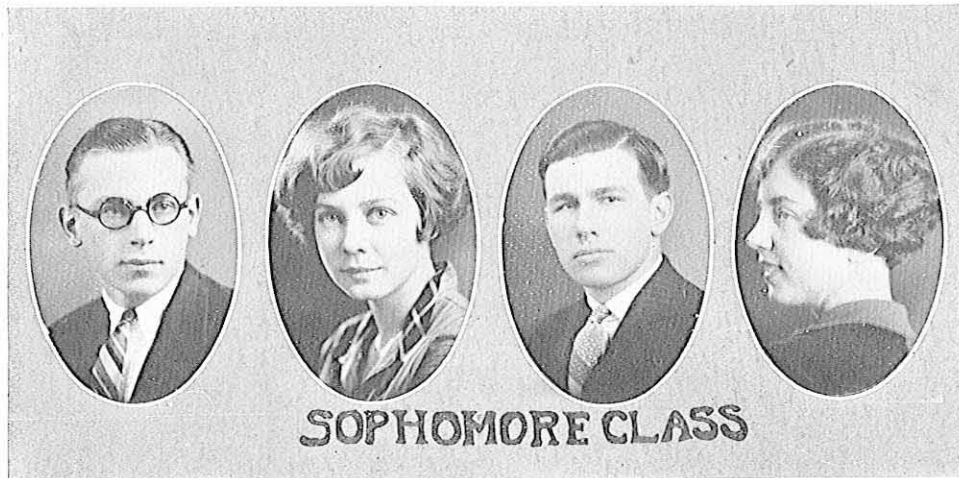
The J-Smoker, the other Big Social Affair, at least, as far as the men were concerned, was held May 8, at the Board of Commerce. Waldo Gutowsky was chairman for the affair, and his committees were, Al Litzenberger, smokes, and Mat Dinan, speakers.

The Junior Girls Play marked the establishing of a tradition, or at least an attempt to start a precedent. Plans were begun too late to get an entirely original play, so Messer Marco Polo, a delightful story by Don Byrne was dramatized by the play committee, of which Dorris Selleck was chairman. The play was held at the school auditorium May 29. The seniors and faculty were guests of the Junior class. The other committee heads were as follows:

Business, Tecla Rosenbusch; Place, Betty McPhail; Publicity, Celia Sosensky; Stage Settings, Helen Gillett; Property, Helen Parker.

The publication of the College Annual was also essentially a Junior Class activity, and the chief literary event of the year. The Advisory Board, which started the preliminary work for the Annual Staff consisted of, Ted English, chairman, and Orville Linck, Jack Milligan, Walter O'Neil, Ray Perring, Leonard Harding and Helen Deutsch. Mr. Cunliffe and Mr. McClaren were the faculty representatives on the Advisory Board.

It can with truth be said that the class of '26 has had a successful and a promising year. Successful in all its ambitious undertakings, and genuine school interest, and promising for the future of its eager and capable members.



H. Krave

M. Christiansen

J. Scott

H. Marshall

Committees for Sophomore Class

Manager of Football, Ned Piggins

Manager of Basketball, Harold Dempster

Chairman of Flag Rush, Reeve Brown

Chairman of Flag Rush Ways and Means Committee, Aaron Priebe

Chairman of Vigilance Committee, William Young



SOPHS

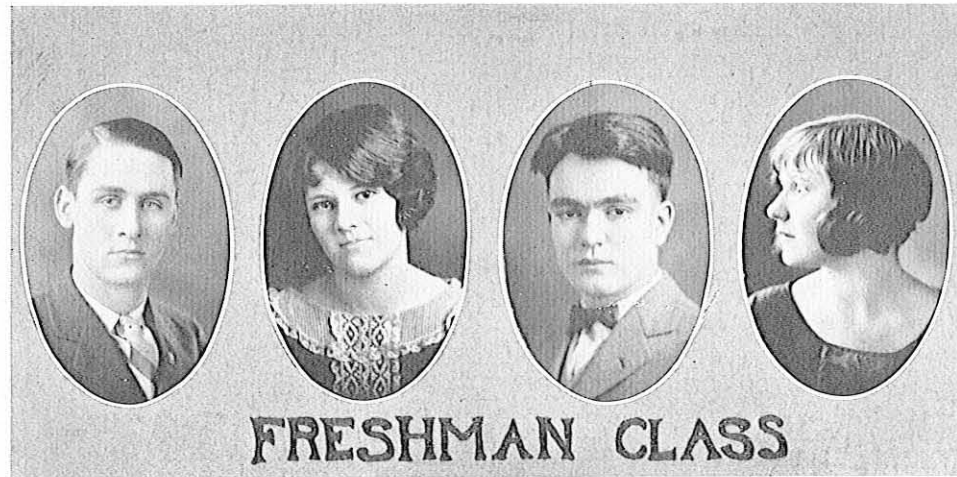
Sophomore Class

The Class of '27 has ably carried on the standards and traditions which it established in its freshman days, and has led in a large share of the major activities of the year. The spirit which has predominated in all its members was in good evidence at the first class meeting, when, after an exciting struggle, the following officers emerged victorious: Hugo Krave, president; Maybelle Christiansen, vice-president; Helen Marshall, secretary; and Jerry Scott, treasurer. Hugo Krave, and Viola Chubb were chosen to represent the class on the Student Council.

The Sophs started the year off right when they won Field Day honors by their victories over the Frosh in the Flag Rush and Tug of War. The Pushball contest was lost to the yearlings. They were defeated in the annual interclass football contest by one point and likewise lost in basketball with a 24-21 score. Both games were hotly contested. In the interclass track meet, they lost to the frosh, by five points.

The biggest event of the year was the Soph Prom, which was the first college social affair ever held at Webster Hall, and one of the most brilliant successes of the season. It was attended by 200 couples, and among the guests of honor were the Hon. Alex J. Groesbeck and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cody.

The Sophomore class was well represented in all the leading activities of the school, many of its members taking part in the annual opera, Collegian work, and all of the major club activities. It has set a record of which it may well be proud.



J. Sheppard J. De Vries E. Moyer M. Knight

The committees for the Freshman class as appointed by the president are as follows:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>ATHLETIC
Philip Wooliver
Don Webber</p> | <p>BOOK
Ruth Ale</p> |
| <p>RUSH
Floyd Smith</p> | |
| <p>DANCE
Carl Gussin
Ross Scrimgeour
Margaret Clune
Bessie Weinburger</p> | <p>Robert Morris
Carl Baldwin
Jean De Vries
Paul Silver</p> |
| <p>WAYS AND MEANS
Elliott Moyer</p> | |
| <p>PUBLICATION
Brownlee Kerr Hyman Nichamin George Cole</p> | |
| <p>POSTER
Louis Seaton George Cole</p> | |
| <p>THE CABINET
Lillian Adams
Ruth Ale
Jean De Vries
Marion Knight
Mildred McDanel
Virginia Sharon</p> | <p>Brownlee Kerr
Carl Baldwin
Robert Ruggles
Lee Hardy
Carl Gussin
Robert Cork</p> |
| <p>Philip Wooliver</p> | |
| <p>AUDITING
Hazen S. Funke</p> | |



SOME ACTIVE FROSH

Frosh Class

The class of 1928 began its activities at a meeting held on Friday, November 7, when the following were elected to lead the class: James Sheppard, President; Jean DeVries, Vice-President; Marion Knight, Secretary; and Elliott Moyer, Treasurer. Since then these officers have proved worthy of the confidence placed in them. Under the guidance of these leaders, the class has successfully entered its first port.

The Freshmen entered enthusiastically into the life of the college. In athletics they proved invincible. The football team under Phil Wooliver started things right by defeating the Sophs 7-6.

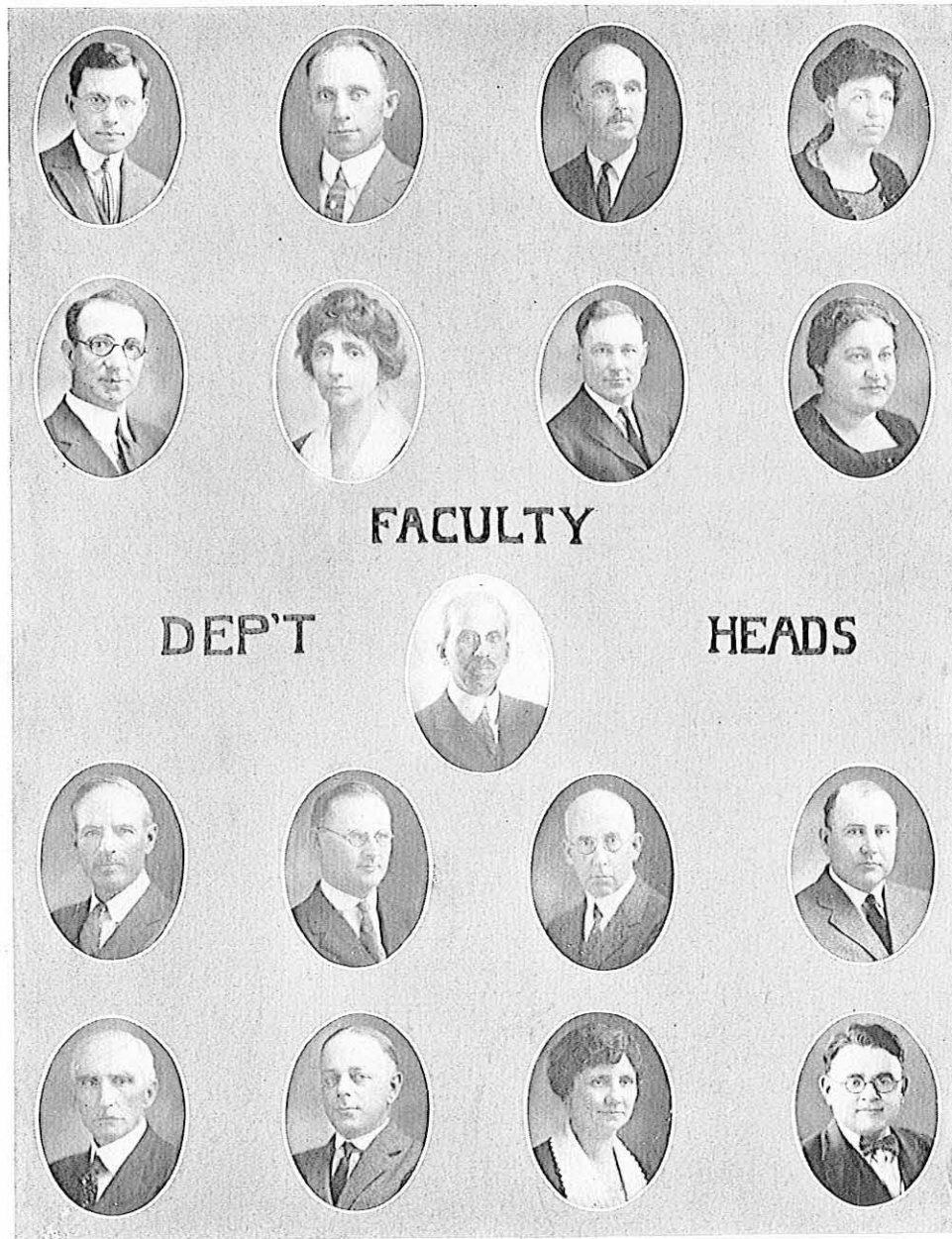
Coach Blatt's Quintet clinched the interclass basketball championship when, by its second consecutive victory, it trounced the Juniors by a score of 49-7.

The Interclass meet was captured by the Freshmen when they took six of twelve first places and rated a total score of fifty-eight points, the Sophomores following with 53 points.

The social triumph of the year was the Freshman Dance held on Saturday Eve, February 28, in the college gym. In this respect the class of '28 has set a standard which future classes will find difficult to surpass.

The contribution for which the class of '28 will doubtless be remembered longest was the voluntary adoption of the practice of wearing Pots. The yearlings endeavored to not only uphold the traditions already established but to make some permanent contribution to the college.

Another successful inauguration of the class was the Cabinet, a picked group of representative Freshmen whose purpose was to sit with an advise the president on important matters of class policy. These students were Jean DeVries, Marion Knight, Elliott Moyer, Virginia Sharon, Lillian Adams, Ruth Ale, Mildred McDanel, Carl Gussin, Robert Cork, Phil Wooliver, Carl Baldwin, Lee Hardy, and Robert Ruggles.



FACULTY

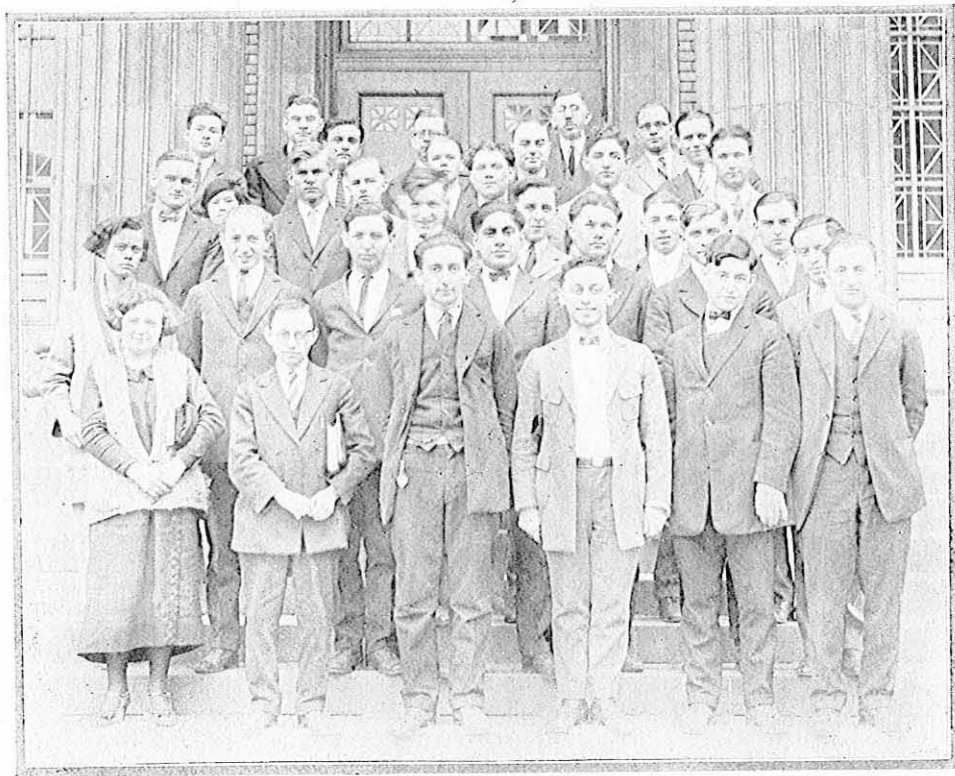
DEPT

HEADS

S. Levin	D. L. Holmes	F. G. Tompkins	L. Conklin
J. deGomar	G. Hill	A. G. Papworth	E. W. Chase
	D. Mackenzie		
F. Irwin	J. W. Baldwin	A. Darnell	B. Hudgins
E. Albrecht	G. Carter	E. Gardner	R. Cunliffe

Faculty 1924-25

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Ackley, Alma B. | Kemmer, Frank L. |
| Albrecht, Emil | Kuhn, Chester F. |
| Allen, Maude E. | Kingsbury, Rose |
| Dailey, Anne | Lakey, Roland T. |
| Balcer, F. A. | Lang, Henrietta D. |
| Baldwin, John W. (Registrar) | Langworthy, Floyd M. |
| Bammel, Grace | Lennon, Mary E. |
| Bascom, Edward R. | Levin, Samuel M. |
| Bates, Frederick O. | McLaren, Myron |
| Bird, Edward J. | Mackenzie, Charles L. |
| Bishop, Helen L. | Mackenzie, David (Dean) |
| Bowerman, Charles B. | MacLachlan, Donald C. |
| Bradt, F. T. | Madison, Orin E. |
| Burr, Alexander C. | de Marivetz, Simone B. |
| Cahow, Paul D. | Metcalf, Jessie L. |
| Cammett, Stuart A. | Miller, Donald S. |
| Carr, Arthur R. | Miller, Helen D. |
| Carter, George W. | Miller, Raymond C. |
| Chamberlain, Katherine M. | Miller, Rene |
| Chase, Ethel W. | Papworth, Alfred G. |
| Clemens, George | Phelps, Everett R. |
| Conklin, Louise W. | Phelps, Virgil V. |
| Conover, Kate | Phillips, Georgia D. |
| Crandall, Ernest R. | Platt, Elizabeth A. |
| Creaser, Charles W. | Potter, Doreen |
| Cunliffe, Rex B. | Rankin, Helen M. |
| Darnell, Albertus (Assistant Dean) | Reighard, Catherine |
| Dickinson, Lester E. | Rosenthal, Philip |
| Donnolly, Howard | Russell, James H. |
| Drake, Ernest B. | Sanderson, Frances G. |
| Dreyer, Adele A. | Sargent, William A. |
| Ford, Jay T. | Schoonover, R. H. |
| Fowle, Theodore W. | Selden, Joseph P. |
| Gardner, Emelyn E. | Seltzer, Lawrence H. |
| Gee, Edward F. | Skaggs, Ernest B. |
| Gibb, Harley L. | Smith, Frances E. |
| Gibb, James A. | Sprague, R. E. |
| de Gomar, Juan | Tatlock, Orrett |
| Gomez, Georges | Thomas, Jerome |
| Goodell, Blanche | Thompkins, Frank G. |
| Hill, Grace A. | Trapp, William M. |
| Hill, Landrey E. | Van Horne, Edward |
| Holmes, David L. | Vaughan, Henry R. |
| Hopkins, Florence | Walbridge, Frances S. |
| Hudgins, Bert | Watt, Isabella |
| Huet, Eugene | Wheatley, Marshall A. |
| Irwin, Frederick C. | Whitham, Jessie I. |
| James, Thelma G. | Wilcox, John |
| Judkins, Roy L. | Wiles, Lawson A. |
| Jones, James Paul | Wood, Susan M. |
| Keal, Josephine N. | |

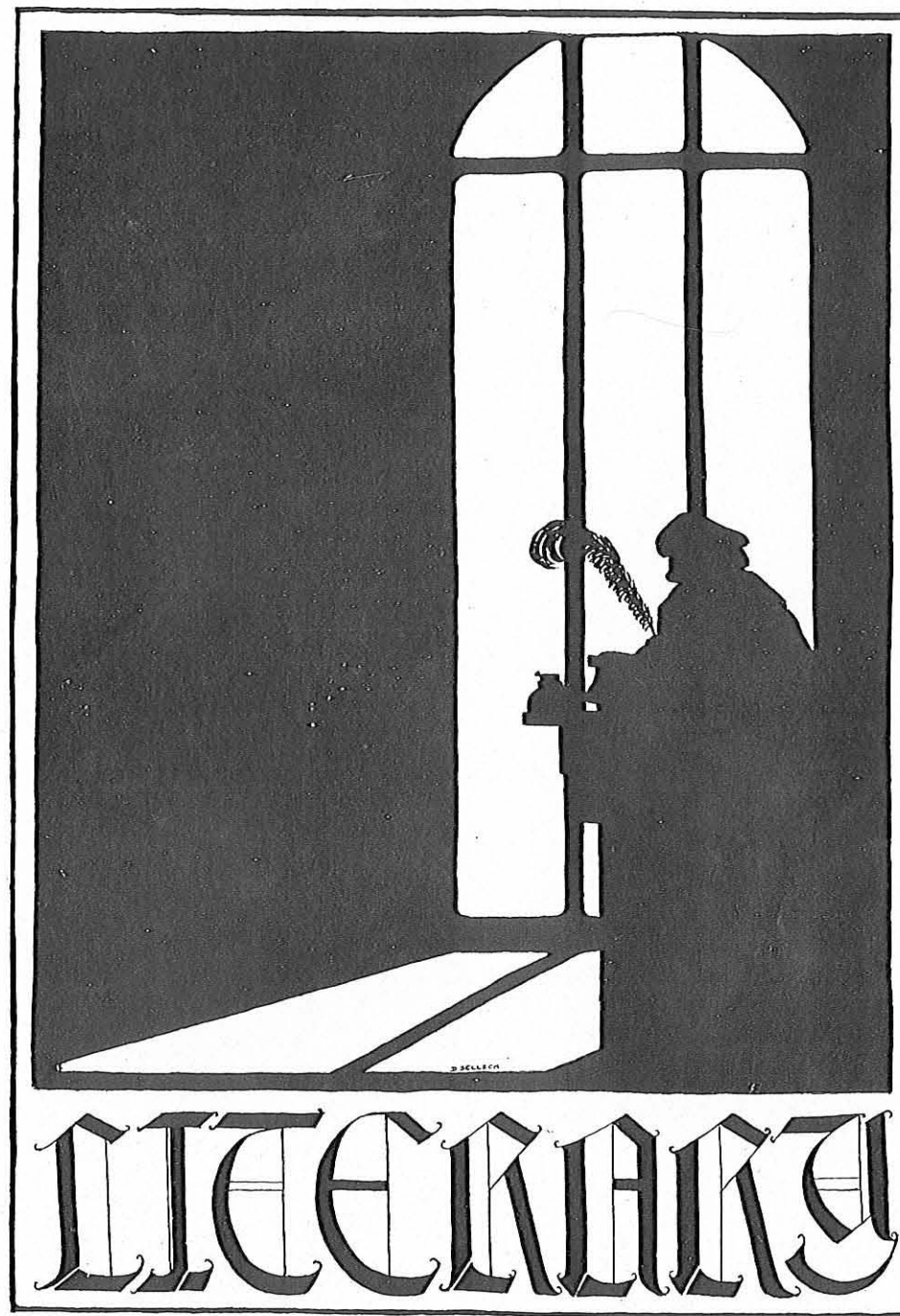


School of Pharmacy

The infant of our collegiate system is the School of Pharmacy. The Board of Education now controls two professional schools, those of medicine and pharmacy. Dean Mackenzie of our college has been appointed acting Dean of the new school and R. T. Lakey has been appointed Director of the Pharmaceutical Curriculum. The college offers for suitable high school graduates two degree courses, a three year and a four year program, the satisfactory completion of which gives the Ph. C. (Pharmaceutical Chemist) and B. S. in Pharm. (Bachelor of Science in Pharmacy) respectively. The Manufacturing Pharmacy, Pharmacognosy, Prescription and Pharmaceutical Chemistry Laboratories have been installed and are in operation.

This is the first college of pharmacy to become a part of a Municipal educational system.

Detroit is the world's greatest pharmaceutical center. The largest manufacturing plants are located in Detroit and are internationally known. Many pharmaceutical scientists are residents of Detroit. The School of Pharmacy of the College of the City of Detroit should develop rapidly into one of the country's foremost.



Board of Judges

Frances Comfort
Elizabeth Long
Edith Caniff

Dorris Selleck
Freeland Judson
Havilan Reeves

Hazen Dever

Poems

By ALTA G. JONES

I

Memory

I had once passed there
I dream it now,
The orchard in its white-dew rain,
The smell of apples on the ground;
The dance of sun
Far on the hills,
And there a hollow with a bird
Where I had lain
Asleep to dream.

II

Age

These have been frosty years.
I did not come
Till sun and rain
Slipped off the roof
Of the blackberry house,
And I ran barefooted
Through thick dust
On the road.
For days I had sung.
I was everything a faery made me,
A milk white moth,
A soft brown bird.
I never thought of witches
And old age.
But, oh, these last . . .
These have been frosty years.

III

A Walk Before Night

Late winter afternoon,
With trees strange phantoms
In the snow.
The end of our long road
Is stretched across
With evening sun.
For miles and miles I walk,
But never reach the round red sun,
And when I seem to be
Way at the end,
The sun has gone beyond the road
And hid behind old forest trees.

IV

SANDMAN FAERY

(To Lou)

I know my sandman faery
Who has talked for ages
Of his magic . . .
Stars and moon are trees
In your small garden.
Of the rosy bramble
Shadowed deep in leaves,
The pool where night's
Strange eyes are hid.
And under firefly lanterns
In the grass,
Dusty men steal high
Into the trees
And shut the moon
To make a faery sleep.

V

AUTUMN

I once more felt Autumn's way,
Her leaflike hush,
Her brown, wet earth.
I did not touch one single spray
Of tree, for fear
The leaf would fall . . .
I have seen the cold
And frost of yesterday.

VI

TO BARTIE

I remember swinging in a yard
With old sweet pear trees,
And my feet cool and wet from the grass.
The sun came under my hair,
And all day I seemed to be swinging
Above the pears and grass.
Let me swing for a whole day more
Under the tree of my past
And wait till the dusk
To hear the last pears fall.
Oh, long ago I sat in a swing,
Swinging under the sun.

VII

LATE AUTUMN

When I am old
 There shall be hung
 My age upon an old bent tree.
 Lost are the leaves,
 But I am young.
 Again I sing my childhood through.
 But, oh when I grow old . . .
 Up by the road
 An old hag drinks her tea
 With shawl and hood wrapped round her,
 She is cold.
 I shall be a withered leaf
 Blown from a tree
 When I am old.

VIII

PHANTASY

Each star
 Had one time been
 A bird
 Of some lone tree,
 Hiding like a startled thing
 In folded leaves.
 But after dusk
 The wind stopped
 Like an elf with wings,
 And in a nest
 Hid from the dust and rain,
 A star sat birdlike,
 As if it had
 The voice to sing.

IX

THE NEW MOON

(To F. W.)

The silver-haired princess
 Was slender and still,
 And, oh, a dwarf loved her
 Who lived on the hill.

The silver-haired princess
 Wore grey in her hair,
 But, oh she was young,
 She was white and fair.

The silver-haired princess
 Had magic rite
 And played all evening
 By candlelight.

But whisk! A witch told me
 She died before day.
 The stars wept sadly,
 They hid her away.

Oh, she was lovely,
 So slender and still,
 And, oh, a dwarf loved her
 Who lived on the hill.

X

To M. B.

God has made the winter long.
 I have wished for a redwing's song
 And a gate that is rustily hung
 In a garden.
 All the days of my life
 I have spent the winter.
 Spring must come.

XI

To LOU

I was a child in these woods.
Young and gay
I was an elf child yesterday.
But the days have swung
With the earth and sun,
I have but memory of one—

O, little child,
With the moon
In your hair,
With braids down your back,
The day has gone
Beneath the sun.

Dearest, come, let down my hair,
Tell me of the other children.
Tell me I am young,
Tell me I am fair,
Oh, sing to me of the children!

O, little child,
With the moon
In your hair,
The day has gone
Beneath the sun.

Come, let the dusk in my eyes.
I can but dream,
I only wait to die.
I shall be young
When I sleep.

XII

AN OLD LADY

Autumn was an ancient
When I was a child,
But young she is to me
That I am old now.
Autumn will die,
But, oh to die again.
I am old, so old,
I cannot live for spring,
So let me walk in winter
By the sea where I was born.

Dr. Arrowsmith

Arrowsmith—Sinclair Lewis—Harcourt Brace \$2.00

Review by DAVID HAROLD FENCK

Mr. Lewis is a propagandist and a business man. He makes moral earnestness pay cash dividends. In "Main Street," in "Babbitt," and now in "Arrowsmith," he has mounted the pulpit, wrapped about himself the mantle of Jeremiah, and soundly scolded the American people for its standardized mind, its appreciation only of gaudy and shoddy stuff. And he has found this a profitable business, with what he makes from his royalties, his lecture fees, and the sale of his stories to the moving picture companies. The American people love to be panned, and apparently are willing to pay for it. And so Lewis wields the birch. The United States, according to him, is a dismal miasma for the true artist or scientist. We are so pathologically deficient of intense thought and feeling, so indifferent to high aspiration and noble achievement as to discourage forever any genius who is unfortunate enough to be born in this desolate land. We are interested only in cheap automobiles, plumbing fixtures, and in breaking the Prohibition law. Our conversation is banal, our ideas few, and our ideals are nine-tenths hypocrisy. Only the tenth rate man who is insensitive to these things, only the "go-getter" can succeed among us. These are the ideas that he puts in his books, which are sold in such quantity as to give even Harold Bell Wright cause for jealousy. They are sold by the thousands in bookstores, in railroad stations, and even in drug stores, along with cheap candy, imitation jewelry, strong cosmetics and other such trash. Surely this should refute Mr. Lewis' contention that Americans cannot appreciate good literature. Or would Mr. Lewis stick by his guns and admit that in writing his books, he has taken in Mr. George F. Babbitt as a silent partner?

In "Arrowsmith," Mr. Lewis takes as his theme what Mr. Mencken calls "the burden which lies upon any man in our highly materialistic society, who gives over his life to the pursuit of truth—not only the indifference and contempt which he must face, but also the positive opposition which he must face." Lewis cannot be speaking from personal experience; the bookstores report that "Arrowsmith" is "going across big;" and judging from the slipshod work in its paper, printing, and binding, it should net him a handsome profit. This is hardly contempt, indifference, and opposition. But perhaps Lewis would not claim that he has given over his life to the pursuit of truth. Be this as it may, I do not care to argue the question of the amount of truth in Lewis' contention. In societies less "highly materialistic" than ours, scientists in the past have found plenty of hard sledding. Here and now at least, they are given a chance. Personally, I am under the impression that nowhere, except possibly in Holland, at any time in the history of the world, has good work, scientific or artistic, been so richly rewarded as in these United States. At the same time, I should agree with Mr. Lewis that the conditions affecting the life of the pure scientist or artist are none too good, at best. But the point, as I have said, is not the degree of truth in Mr. Lewis' theme; what I am interested in is the quality of his novel.

"Arrowsmith" is the story of a doctor who wanted to be a scientist. After graduating from medical school, he started out as a general practitioner in a western village. He did good work for a couple of years, but his inability to get along with his neighbors led to so much friction that he decided to move on. Without any trouble, he found a good job as assistant to Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh, the public health officer in a little city. When this Pickerbaugh was elected to Congress, Arrowsmith pulled some political wires, and was appointed chief health officer. Again his personal traits made enemies, and again he decided to move on. And so he found another job as laboratory technician, a job that paid well, incidentally; so he resigned his position as health officer. He held this position as laboratory technician until he was able to get an appointment as research worker in a medical foundation in New York. In this new position, he was paid five thousand dollars a year; he was free to do as he pleased; and before long he was world famous as a scientist. Thereafter money was never a problem with him. Eventually, he was able to give up all connections with the foundation, and do his research as a free lance, and to make as good a living as he desired by working about two hours a day. I should hardly call this a life ruined by "contempt, indifference and positive opposition." I can't work up much sympathy for Arrowsmith. I think he was wholly fortunate in everything except his disposition and personality. In England, scientists are not so lucky. Herbert Spencer paid \$20,000 of his own money, to have his work printed.

The book is a clever piece of journalistic writing. Facts and circumstances are almost brilliantly interwoven with character studies to make a good "story," in the newspaper sense of the word. Here and there, Lewis transcends himself; he shows flashes of genius. But as a whole, the book is only an expose of those conditions in American life that hinder the freedom of those who do battle in the cause of disinterested truth. As such the book deserves whatever commendation its theme deserves, for it is a smart piece of propaganda writing that hangs together well, and that shows inconsistencies only to those who know more about the subject than the author. For instance, I know that it is not "disinterested" science that meets opposition in official circles. It is in the attempt to apply his science that the authorities begin to take notice. For every enemy that Darwin made, Huxley made a thousand. But this truth is not dramatic enough for Mr. Lewis—he has to manufacture an unreal situation for his novel.

If the book is good journalism, it is certainly a weak novel. A good novel is as much a piece of disinterested research as any study in a bacteriological laboratory. In a good novel, the author shows a reverential attitude towards facts, a sense of proportion in sensing a social *milieu*; and he lets the facts point whatever moral can be drawn from them. He does not force his facts, nor distort them wittingly. Whatever distortion appears is the result of the facts passing under the reflected color of the author's personality, and if the author's personality is great, significant, or charming, this distortion only helps the book by giving it a human touch, a personal sort of distortion. So we find that many morals are pointed by the tales that Conrad or Dreiser tell; but we draw them ourselves, just as we extract general principles from our own experiences. At no time do we feel that an attempt is made to manipulate our minds by the fingers of a subtle propagandist.

It is as a novel, a work of disinterested love of facts, that "Arrowsmith" is a failure. One cannot put his finger on this statement or upon that, and say "Here is a lie." The book itself is a lie. It distorts the truth by the emphasis that makes whatever is said a series of half-truths. I do not say that the man who would be a scientist has an easy row to hoe. For that matter, no one else has a bed of roses laid for him, if he would accomplish real tasks in this world.

The fact that there is something to overcome is what makes his work real. All I say is that Martin Arrowsmith is not a real human being, moving in a world of human actuality. He is rather an exponent of Lewis' idea of what will "get across" as a scientist, and he moves not in the world that scientists know, but in a *milieu* that resembles it only in the most obvious particulars. As I have said, the book is good journalism, by which I imply that it presents a distorted picture, that elements in the story are played up or glossed over, in accordance with the sensation that the author wishes to make.

I wonder how conscious Lewis is of his failure to live up to the novelist's ideals. He must realize the difference between himself and Theodore Dreiser, whose books fairly exude sincerity. I wonder sometimes whether there is not a conscious duplicity about Lewis' writings—whether he is not serving two masters at the same time. I have the unpleasant impression that he is a kind of Pickerbaugh, who is serving truth and his own self-interest at the same time, and who does not hesitate to suppress the former when it conflicts with the latter. At any rate, he is a first-class business man. He has learned how to make moral earnestness pay cash dividends. Mr. Babbitt might do worse than take lessons from him.

AUTUMN ON ANTIOCH

The Autumn's come on Antioch.
The grass is dry, the flowers gone
But O, the glory that is here
With sunset and with crimson dawn.

The little houses down the hill
Send up a tiny thread of gray
And happiness is everywhere
For I have heard the willows say—

"The silver road that in the spring
Led all our village lads to roam
Has turned again to Antioch
And all our lads are coming home."

The Mysterious Paint

Like Edgar Allen Poe, for this strange narrative I neither expect nor solicit belief. When the wierd events I am about to relate took place—events of so extraordinary a character as to occupy my mind ever since— I was temporary caretaker of my uncle's property in the absence of the regular tenants, who had gone to the city for a visit of several days.

On the third day, having exhausted all the available reading material, and at a loss for some amusement, I decided to explore the attic. I found it to consist of one large room, dark and dusty enough to promise considerable interest. Indeed, it appeared to have been free from mortal intrusion for many years. There were three pieces of furniture in it: a massive, much-carved oak table, on which lay an assortment of dust-covered tubes, retorts, bottles partly full of chemicals and several ring-stands; an ancient cupboard burdened with laboratory equipment, among which I recognized a set of balances; and, lying on its side, a heavy, strongly built chair.

I whiled away an hour there without finding anything of particular interest except a small can of white paint, which I came upon only after breaking open, with great difficulty, a drawer in the cupboard. The paint, having been kept air-tight, was still soft, and I amused myself by puddling in it with a little glass rod that had been left there. I wondered what it had been used for and cast my eye about to find what object, under its layers of ancient dust, might one time have been white. The chair, I decided, though now dull blue-gray, might have been white in the beginning. Amazing that time could so alter its color!—provided of course, that I was right. I set the paint in the cupboard drawer that was still standing open, and turned the chair up on its legs. Having wiped the dust and cobwebs from what had been the under side, I concluded that it had, indeed, at one time been white. Turning to pick up the paint, I discovered what I had overlooked before, a brush at the back of the drawer. It would be amusing, I decided, to restore the chair to its original color; and I spent a most agreeable half-hour painting the old thing. When I was done I viewed with satisfaction its virgin whiteness in contrast to the dinginess of its dust-laden surroundings, and went downstairs.

I passed the evening re-reading several stories, and then prepared for bed. I was just about to extinguish the light in my bedroom, when a tremendous crash, as of strained timbers giving way before a gigantic force, shook the house to its very foundations. I must have been stunned by the force, whatever it was, for I found myself, a few moments later, lying prone on the floor, weak and shaken. The house was all silent. I lay there for several minutes, unable to move; then, recovering a little, I got uncertainly to my feet, took up my flashlight and proceeded slowly to the door, which stood slightly ajar. I was just about to place my hand on the knob, when I suddenly recoiled, for some force was slowly pushing the door from the other side.

Instinctively I drew back, my heart beating so as almost to suffocate me, and, fascinated, I watched the aperture widen inch by inch. Within the narrow circle of my flashlight rays appeared slowly a heavy, shapeless, white bulk. Hysterical with fear, I leaped to the light and snapped it on. When I turned back to the door, it was fully open and the terrible white bulk filled the doorway. It resembled a huge, white caterpillar, nearly four feet in diameter, its length stretching down the hall as far as I could see—a caterpillar it would seem, that had recently had thorough drenching for it had a gummy, sticky, ruffled appearance, like a young chick just emerged from the shell (if you could liken a chick to this monster!). It is impossible to describe the feelings of horror and disgust

with which I viewed the loathsome thing, with its great, bulbous vacant eyes (they were like two brown china door-knobs for size); its thousand squirming legs; the constant writhing undulations of its gross body; and especially, the groping oscillations of its raised head. I turned deathly sick at my stomach, all strength left me, and I sank limply on to a chair. My eyes, however, never left the hideous thing, as, inch by inch, it continued to advance into the room.

Suddenly, it vanished before my very eyes! I gasped. I kept my eyes riveted on the spot, but there was no reappearance of the terrible phantom (and phantom it surely must have been, I reflected). When I had begun to breathe easier, I got up and gingerly approached the door, quickly slammed it shut and waited to see what would happen. Nothing did happen, however, and exhausted with the night's horrors, I dropped onto the bed and fell asleep.

My senses, I decided next morning, had surely been playing tricks with me. There are natures that cannot endure solitude, and perhaps mine was one of them. Just possibly, too, I had inhaled some chemical in the afternoon that had had an unwholesomely stimulating effect on the nerves. And the shock of that tremendous crash—hum, I had quite forgotten the crash. Could nerves explain that too? I hardly thought so. I started a tour of the house to see if anything was amiss.

Pausing to look out of the library window (it was raining a little) I saw, or thought I saw, something far down the slope of the lawn, a hundred yards or more from the house, something white—something very like a white chair! Impossible, I thought; yet the longer I looked the more certain I was that it was indeed the chair I had painted yesterday.

I dashed up the two flights of stairs to the attic, and arriving at the top, I saw what so astonished me that I literally had difficulty to keep from falling backward down them again. My chair was indeed gone, and so was most of the roof! Broken timbers, splinters of wood, and wreckage were strewn everywhere. It was as though some super-giant, imprisoned there, had suddenly heaved up his arms and gained liberty through that great gap, a rod or more across.

I went downstairs to think. Had my activities in the attic yesterday some bearing on these extraordinary occurrences? It would seem that they had; but, in Heaven's name, what? I reviewed in my mind every move I had made in those two hours, considering it from every possible angle. I wrestled with the problem until my head ached, and arrived at nothing. Besides, there were practical matters to be thought of: repairs must be arranged for at once. I thought of wiring my uncle, even of telephoning the police. But I decided that it would be childish to do either, and determined to see about having the house repaired the next day.

In connection with this plan, I conceived another, which, as it happened, was an extremely fortunate one. It was very clear that the clue to the mystery (if there was a clue) lay somewhere among the debris in the attic at that moment, and that I must begin my detective work at once, before the carpenters began to clear things away. Accordingly I took several photographs of the room, and removed every piece of chemical equipment to a safe depository. When the carpenters came the table and cupboard themselves were taken out and placed with the rest. I did not see the can of paint anywhere about, and concluding it was buried under the wreckage, I thought no more about it. And when I looked for the chair on the lawn it was not there, and for a long time I believed that the old gardener came around occasionally had taken it away.

That was five years ago, and I have spent these five years in unflagging labor to unravel the mystery of that night's wierd occurrences. And I believe that at last I have found an explanation.

Among the multitudinous small articles with which the old cupboard was crowded, was an ancient notebook belonging, my uncle has assured me, to a former owner of the house, a man who was a considerable chemist in his day and who had retired to that out-of-the-way place to complete his work. Of this notebook, about one-half is written in unintelligible symbols (a key, I believe; which I one day hope to decipher), most of the rest consists of obscure chemical formulae and records of experiments, and the balance, of discussion of scientific theories. Buried in this latter (the writing is almost illegible) I found the following note:

"All matter is subject to constant change. Geology and anthropology proves that the earth itself has undergone occasional radical changes, as have the other planets." (Here follows an account of the recorded mutations of Saturn, Neptune, Luna, and many other planets)—"It is, then, conceivable that the universe itself undergoes changes from time to time, though the extent, frequency, or permanence of these changes cannot be determined because of their being relative throughout. If an object before my eyes were to become suddenly twice its size, I should immediately be conscious of the change, but if myself and every other object in the universe were similarly altered, the change would pass unnoticed. Could science contrive some means to keep a single object constant in size and form, not in relation to other things but in relation to itself, amazing things might be brought to light concerning universal change and the relative as opposed to the absolute."

It is my theory that the paint which I found in the attic cupboard that day was an invention of the old chemist's possessing the quality of keeping an object at its absolute size. My painting the chair with it must have been followed in a few hours by a shrinking of the universe to about one-one hundredth of its former size. That would account for the chair bursting out of the attic roof with such terrific violence, the space having suddenly become much too small to hold it. And the caterpillar, which may have blown in from the trees when I opened the window must have received a dash of paint dropped from my brush. Perhaps I left the door open when I came down stairs, or perhaps the caterpillar crawled out under it, and so down to the lower floor, where I saw it in such formidable proportions.

But the shrinking must have followed very shortly by an expansion of the universe to former size, and it was in this state that I saw the chair out in the garden. The caterpillar became a mere caterpillar, like a couple of inches of white cord on my threshold. Sometime, however, between that night and the morning of the third day after, when I went to look for the chair, a third change, much greater than the others, had so expanded the universe as to leave the chair, the caterpillar and the paint-pail, mere specks of dust. If these flecks of dust have not blown far away, then there has been no great universal change in these five years, for I have watched constantly for the reappearance of these objects in something like their original proportions. I look forward to their reappearance with great eagerness, as affording me an opportunity to experiment with the mysterious paint, and, if possible, to discover the secret of its composition. But it is with unspeakable dread that I contemplate the possibility of another experience such as I suffered on that horrible night. But it gives me great satisfaction to reflect that a caterpillar cannot live for five years. That ghost—the most terrible, I believe, that eye ever beheld—is laid.

—VIRGIL SANGER

The Ghetto

(As told by a Journalist)

SAUL K. PADOVER

Older than any existing European social institution is the ghetto. About two and a half thousand years ago a Jewish colony was thriving in Babylonia under a Hebrew prince, the "Rosh Hagoluth," appointed by the Babylonian monarch. In a broad sense, this was the first of an unending line of ghettos through the ages, which have continued to the present day.

It was in the beginning of the twentieth century that I was sent by a sociological weekly to investigate the conditions of the Jews in Eastern Europe. The town B. in Poland, I found was typical of all such Jewish communities in that part of the country; and there I have come in contact with a community as old in its beliefs, customs, and ideals as the Bible itself—and similar to it.

Wretched hovels surrounding a swampy market-place, with narrow side streets steeped in an ocean of mud; that's the town B. as I saw it on Friday morning when I went to visit Mr. Asher, to whom my letter of recommendation referred me. Asher, an intelligent, though loquacious, young man, was perfectly willing to act as my guide and mentor. And the memory of my cramped, dirty and airless inn of the night before made me accept his offer of hospitality eagerly.

The tall, square and large wooden synagogue was lighted with many candles and candelabra. Jews, bearded, with long ear-locks, dressed in satin caftans; hips tied with silk cords, looked at me uneasily when I entered. A "goy" (gentile), they whispered, and eyed me curiously. The rabbi, a tall, stooping figure with a patriarchal face, entered, and prayer began. The synagogue, or "Beth Hamidrash," was packed with men. (Women worship in separate precincts.) Soon all these worshippers were swaying gently and murmuring, following the Public Prayer, "Chazan." When the "Chazan" sang nearly the whole assembly acted as a choir. And oh, how melodious and mournful, and often gay these songs are. They moved me in spite of myself. After this Friday evening service, neighbors wished each other "Good Shabbath," and departed for the feast, (i. e. supper) not, however, without trying to take home some poor stranger, thereby gaining a "Mitzvah," or good deed.

After the supper, which is eaten with covered heads, and liberally sprinkled with songs and prayers, I accompanied my host to the Rabbi's table, where we sat till late into the night. While we were wading our way through the mud, my host was giving me a lecture on the lives of his brethren, especially those of the "Ravs" or Rabbis.

Animatedly Asher talked: "The Rabbis are, and always have been, the chief authorities and leaders; religious, social, and sometimes political among the Jew in "Goluth," diaspora. With almost no exceptions, they are men of the highest erudition, and generally lead idealistic lives. By this I mean that they don't take part in worldly affairs; but study the scriptures and Talmud day and night; and sometimes they judge between litigants. In religious and social affairs the word of the rabbi is law among the orthodox Jews. In medieval times rabbis frequently interceded with oppressing lords and princes in behalf of their brethren.

"The rabbi's house and his table are almost always open to poor strangers. In fact, famous rabbis maintain regular courts, with thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world streaming in, especially for holidays; and leaving behind great sums of money. These courts are regular breeding places for parasites.

Pious Jews, too lazy to work, live on the rabbi's bounty; beg from wealthy strangers; perform here and there some pious service; dance and sing and carouse during holidays; and being as proud as Zangwill's King of Schnorrers, they in every way resemble ancient courtiers.

The comparison fits perfectly, I chuckled.

"By the way, we are nearing the court; and I want you to know that our rabbi is a famous one, and has many disciples, "hassidan," at his table," Asher added hastily, while we entered, through a gloomy court-yard, the only large brick building in town. We traversed some large, unpainted rooms, and entered the large dining hall, well lighted by the many candelabra. An unusually long table extended from end to end; no other furniture, except chairs, was visible. Every seat was packed. Many Jews, standing on tiptoe, were craning their necks over their neighbor's shoulders in order not to lose any syllable from the Talmudic discourse which the rabbi was expounding. Urchins were lying under the table, or crawling between everybody's legs; or hanging on the shoulders of their elders, humming silently the rabbi's tune. Apparently it was after the meal; a spectacle which I was very sorry to have missed.

The whole Saturday forenoon, I noticed, is spent in interminable prayer and services. Then, Jews, still robed in their praying-shawls, walk leisurely home in groups, discussing the "Chazan's" merits. The afternoon is spent in rest or gossip; while in nice weather the young men promenade on their boulevard (relatively speaking), and flirt with the pretty, but shy, belles; flirtations which consist simply of stealthy eye-work.

Next day my kind host and mentor took me to visit a "Cheder," or Hebrew-school. A wretched room, filled with crippled tables and rickety benches; open books strewn all over; this is a "cheder." But the students! More bright-eyed, precocious and sallow-cheeked youngsters I have never seen assembled in one room. A whole day they spend in this school, under the supervision of the stern "melammed," or tutor, with his frequently applied birch or whip. They play only on holidays—sometimes—and on summer evenings. And the studies! Nine or ten-year-old boys study the Talmud with all its intricacies; a subject that would stagger many a European or American college senior. Asher told me that, "the Talmud is the greatest source of learning ever compiled by human labor. It is composed of profound technical, legal quibbles; philosophy mathematics, law, and what not! And the young Jewish students master it; and, what's more, find pleasure in it," Asher added with pardonable pride.

The standard of living among the Jews here, I learned, is very low. They live in poverty. Most of them are craftsmen and petty traders, subsisting on the trade of the peasants. Their gentile neighbors despise them, and are despised in turn. No gentile youngster would let Jew or Jewess pass, without railing at him; and no Jewish boy can pass gentile urchins without having stones thrown at him. Thus the Jewish child grows up with the firm conviction that he is proscribed and hated by the outside world, in fact, that it is his lot to suffer. This conviction throws him back upon his people, his Judaism, the traditions of his race; and into rigorous religious observance, as a means of survival. So originated the idea of the "chosen race."

"Chosen to be proscribed, oppressed, and to worship the Lord," as Asher sardonically put it.

Politics? Asher would not talk. That was a dangerous subject under the Tzar. And, I did not press him to do so, knowing full well the conditions of the people under the Tzar; especially that of the Jews.

When I was going to leave the town, Asher accompanied me. Suddenly I saw some Cossacks, riding leisurely on their small horses, belaboring an old Jewess, as they passed along, merely for sport. The ghetto dwellers were used to that spectacle and took it with humble resignation. But to me it was highly revolting; and I angrily wished to interfere. Fortunately for me Asher quickly restrained me.

"You are not in America now, you are in Russia!" the peculiar emphasis upon the last word was so bitter and so sardonic that it immediately brought me to my senses. And when the train swiftly carried me towards the German boundary, I felt freed of a heavy burden; for the oppressive and pestilential atmosphere of Tzarism had taken all the joy out of my living there.

Today, a quarter of a century later, the opening of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, brought back to my mind my visit there in Poland; and set me athinking upon the riddle which we call "Jew." Who can fathom it? Only those who have seen those precocious faces in the "cheder" as they pored over the Talmud, can understand how a nation of less than fourteen million people can give to the world a Spinoza and a Bergson, Mendelssohn and Georg Brandes, Disraeli and Trotzky, Einstein and Michelson, Schnitzler and Wasserman; and scores upon scores of others.

Truly a remarkable race—!

THE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S

BY IDA MAC LEOD

Red thunder split the sky, and from the seat of heaven
Lashed down upon the great rebellious steeds,
Keeping them to their niche, when fain they would
Break, in a wild triumphant flash,
Away through stars and planets.

Beneath their feet the sonnets
Are born as poets feel the lash
Of that stupendous flower of stone and wood;
The aspirations of the beasts might seem to leaven
The massiveness of all to less than reeds.

MEMORIES

BY MARY BELLE SONG

To F.

When frost first came
Those were the mornings that we climbed our fence
To eat the melons lying lonely
In your father's field.
Our taste was very dainty
For the season was most over.
Just the rosy hearts cooled by the frost would do.
O, but we were good friends in those days . . .
Your father always had a lovely melon patch.

To F.

"I'm chasing a rabbit" he said
"A little white rabbit with pink ears.
It ran this way."
You elders laughed.
I did not think it funny
That he stopped
To play with me.

To A. G.

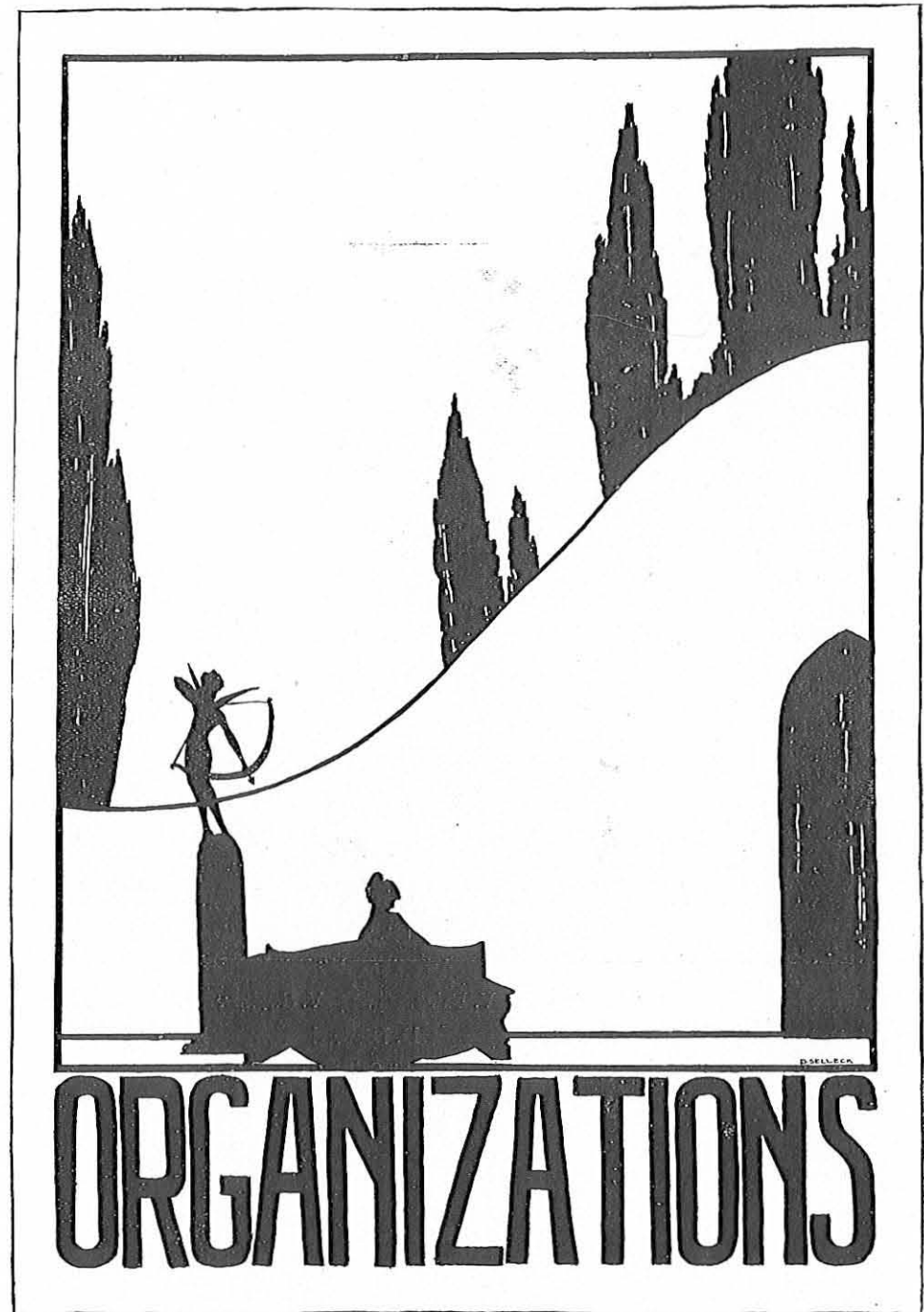
Poor little girl, now I know
Just what it is that bothers you so.
I asked my grandma to please tell me
What she thought the trouble might be.
She put on her specs and said "Spring Lurk,
Two minds for play, one for work."

To N. M.

The tombstone still is there
Under the rose bush in the yard.
O, how I did cry the morning that he died
For I had fed that duck
Everything a duck could wish.
Don't you remember?
We cut alfalfa from the field
And caught great flies on our screen doors.
Well, we gave him a splendid funeral
With a pasteboard casket, roses,
And a tombstone with no carving.
I wouldn't want a better one myself.

To E.

Do you remember that day?
We were making mud-pies
Under the big maple on the hill.
They carried him up the lane
On a cot borrowed from a neighbor.
My breathing smothered me
And the rich pies turned back to mud.
He wasn't badly hurt, you know,
But when mud-pies just turn to mud
It's time to run toward home
For consolation.





H. Krave	J. Duncan	V. Fair	V. Sweitzer	A. Litzenberger
R. Pillsbury	L. Lang	D. Leonard	F. Wilson	
J. Sheppard	V. Chubb	T. Seibert	T. English	

Student Council

The Student Council is the official student governing body of the College of the City of Detroit and as such supervises all extra-curriculum activities and maintains, interprets and administers undergraduate regulations.

The first official acts of the Council were concerned with the class elections. The social program was then mapped out with the College Social Committee, and extensive plans made for the year. The Flag Rush proved a great success this year and was entirely under the supervision of the Council. The Council was presented with the Pushball by the An-Tik-Lik Club and incorporated a Pushball contest in the Flag Rush and Fall Games.

Matinee dances were given once a month and proved to be a success in every way. The college "D" pins were put on sale by the Council, and the football team was banqueted in fine style. Gold football charms were presented by the Council to Bill Bates and Al Litzenberger, respective captains of the 1924 and 1923 football teams.

The sale of Frosh "Pots" was also under the supervision of the Council, and marked an innovation in the traditional life of the College. The annual Field Day was held at Bob-Lo on June 5th and was a pleasant surprise for both the old and new students.

However, the best piece of work the Council performed was in the reorganization of student activities, and the establishment of a "point" system regarding these activities. It was the desire of the Council to leave a basis and groundwork for future Councils, and to create a more harmonious organization of the student life. The Council also codified the various traditions and affairs of the College so that in the future there will be definite plans and work for the different student organizations to perform.

The Student Council also supervised student conduct, settled disputes between students, classes, and organizations, and managed the various affairs pertaining to the student body.

This year's Council was composed of the following: Donald S. Leonard, President; Lucille Lang, Vice-President; Jack D. Duncan, Florence M. Wilson, Ray Pillsbury, Virginia Fair, Ted English, Vesta Sweitzer, Albert Litzenberger, Thelma Seibert, Hugo Krave, Viola Chubb, and James Sheppard. The graduating members of the Council are Donald S. Leonard, who has been a member of the Student Council for the past four years, and its president for the past three years; Florence Wilson, '23-'24 Secretary; Lucille Lang, Secretary; Ray Pillsbury, Jack Duncan and Virginia Fair.



F. Christiansen	M. Pillsbury	H. Marshall	H. Thompson	N. Roemer
B. McPhail	M. Huston	H. Gillette	E. Long	
V. Sharon	J. De Vries	L. Mason	F. Vinz	Q. Berkovitz

W. S. G. A.

The sixth year of the Women's Self Government Association of City College has proved one of the most active and worth while since its organization. Under the direction of Marian Huston, '26, president, Helen Gillette, '26, vice-president, Betty McPhail, '26, secretary, and Elizabeth Long, '25, treasurer, it has engaged in a series of activities which have endeavored to carry out the aims and purposes of the society.

The W. S. G. A. is the all-women's organization of the college, including in its membership, and admitting to its privileges, every woman who enrolls in the college. Its active membership is limited to those who pay the term assessment. It aims,

- (1) To promote and maintain the highest standards of college life, and to support the college in all its activities.
- (2) To bring together in a social way all the women of the college and to promote friendship and spirit among them.
- (3) To help each girl to develop and to bring out her greatest gifts, and to provide her a field wherein she may carry out her ideas and ideals.

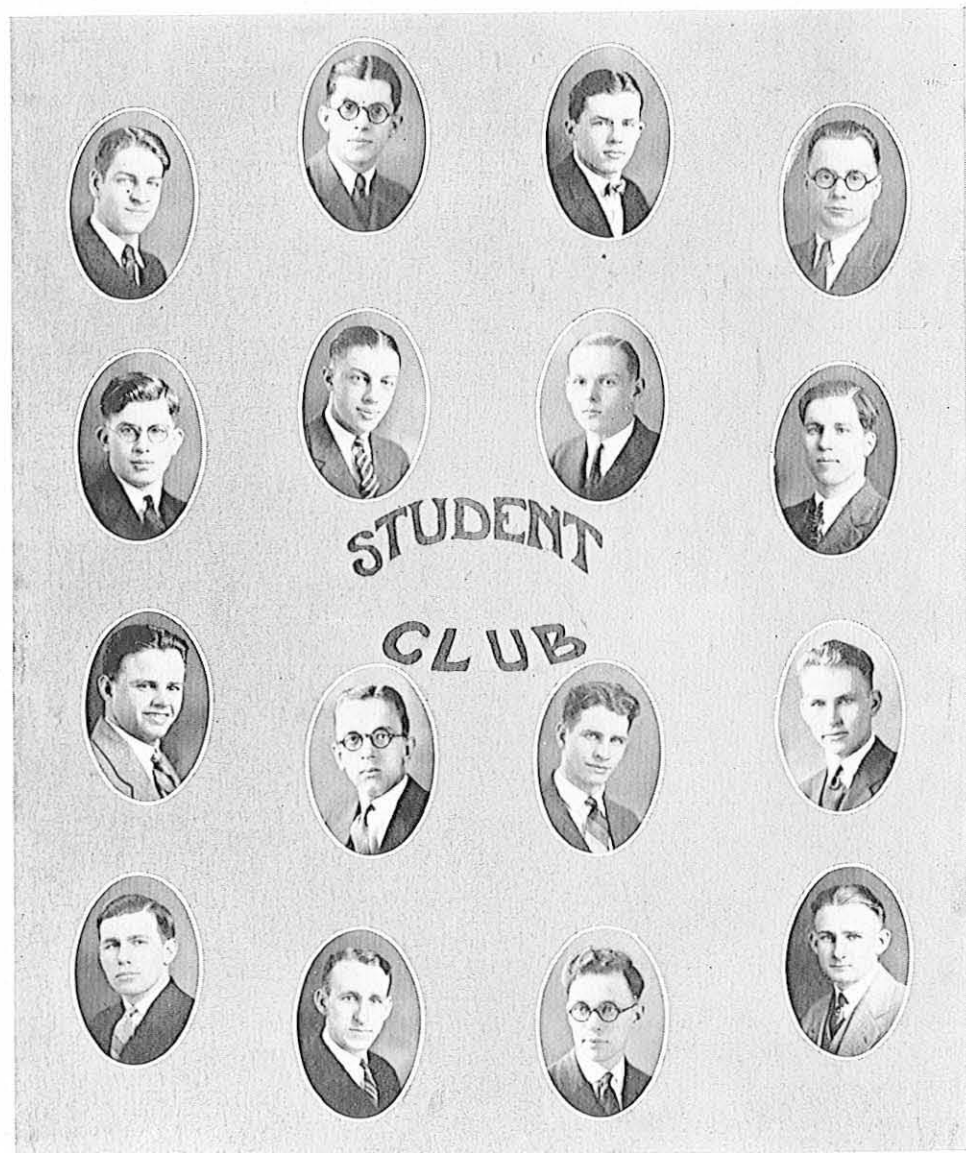
The most important event of the 1924-25 season was the adoption of the League as a junior member by the Detroit Federation of Women's Clubs. This action, which will result in inestimable benefit to the women of City College, was brought about largely through the efforts of Mrs. Herbert Prescott, president of the Federation, and Miss Ethel W. B. Chase, advisor to women at City College. The officers and cabinet were formally initiated into the Federation on February 5.

A second important accomplishment was the organization, on November 26, of a Freshman Commission, consisting of fifteen freshmen women, elected at a class meeting, with the vice-president of the class automatically becoming chairman. Its purpose is to enable college freshmen to take a more active part in the work of the Women's League during their first year, and to train them for holding offices and cabinet positions when they become senior college students.

The League engaged in its usual term activities, consisting of the spring and fall house parties, which were held this year at Holiday House, Pine Lake, two Women's Mixers, two Big Sister Teas, a welcome tea for freshman women, a Christmas party for poor children, a style show, a Mother's Tea, a Faculty Baby party, an annual dance, and the operating of a secondhand bookstore at the beginning of the fall and spring semesters.

Besides these usual activities, the League operated a booth and took charge of the program at the annual exhibit of the American Association of University Women, organized a Charm School under the direction of Mrs. Frances B. Sanderson, of the faculty, and had personal stationery printed, which they sold to members of the college body.

One of the most important events of the year was the presentation of a Dance Pageant at Cass Technical High School on December 5. The recital was given under the direction of Miss Jessie I. Whitham, instructor of gymnasium, for the benefit of the W. S. G. A. scholarship fund, which was originated in 1922-23 as a loan fund for women students.



W. Murphy	R. Fredericks	L. Eiserman	K. Pierce
A. Campbell	L. Harding	W. Carey	A. Whitley
M. Ayers	D. Strohschein	G. Hill	W. Townsend
G. Scott	F. Huntington	R. Scrimgeour	A. Schroeder

Student Club

The Student Club, the largest men's organization on the campus, has for its ideals the molding of Christian character in its members, and a program of service to the college and community. It is affiliated in its work with the State Council of Student Associations, composed of similar organizations on twenty-one state college campuses.

The Club in accordance with its ideals of service, sponsored two "Men's Mixers," the 10th and 11th such affairs to be sponsored by the Club. The first held early in the fall semester, in the College Cafeteria did much to foster school and class spirit. It was followed by a never-to-be-forgotten snake dance. The second "Mixer," held February 27th, was a departure from tradition in that it was held at the Board of Commerce. Following the "Mixer," the participants adjourned to the C. C. D.-St. Mary's game.

In order to create a better understanding of world problems a series of bi-weekly luncheon forums were held. Renhold Nubuhr delivered a series of lectures on "War," James Schermerhorn, Sr., spoke on "The League of Nations," Geo. Collins, of New York, addressed the forum on "World Peace." Denis Batt, editor of the Detroit Labor News, spoke on "Labor Problems in Detroit," Chester Culver, Secretary of the Detroit Employers' Association, spoke on "The Employer's Attitude Towards Labor," Dr. Daniels spoke on "Race Problems" and Dr. Pickens of New York spoke on the "National Negro Movement." All these forums drew large attendance from the students and faculty.

March 16, 17, and 18th, Dr. George Sherwood Eddy was the guest of the Student Club. He delivered a series of addresses to the students and faculty of City College on vital questions which confront the student of today. Through the courtesy of the Student Club, Dr. Eddy also spoke at Highland Park Junior College, Ford Training School, Central M. E. Church, and to the Rotary and Exchange clubs of the city.

Fifteen members of the club gave much time and effort to Boy's Work at Ford Republic and similar places. It is estimated that 450 boys were reached in this field.

A small group of men conducted investigations and interviewed leaders in both labor and employer groups of industry, in order to understand better what the problems of labor were, so that a definite program can be offered next year. A similar group investigated race problems.

Delegates were sent to conferences at Grand Rapids and Lake Geneva, Wis. On April 3, 4 and 5 the State Student Council, composed of the Presidents of the 21 state associations, held a conference in Detroit and were entertained by the Club.

Following a tradition of six years standing the Club is engaged in preparing the "Handbook" which will be distributed in the fall.

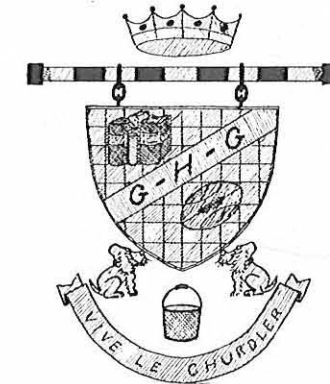
The Student Club basketball team again did well in the inter-club basketball series.

Club rooms were maintained at the corner of Cass and Warren Aves. A piano, phonograph, magazines, typewriter and games are always available to all men students who wish to use them.

Officers for the past year were: Donald Strohschein, President; George Daniels, Vice-President; Maurice Ayers, Secretary and Gordon Hill, Treasurer; Mr. Floyd Huntington is Student Advisor.



GAS HOUSE GANG



Gas House Gang

The first graduating class of the College of the City of Detroit takes with it the founders of the famous Gas House Gang, namely Russ Lightbody, King of the Gang, and Neumie Ertell, the Premier. The ability of these two organizers has never been underestimated, for each year since the first meeting in October, 1920, these two men have been acclaimed unanimous by the gang as its leaders. This first class also takes from the gang, Leonard Grinnell, the Chief Escribo, a man who performed his duties with an unstinted zeal. He was tireless in his efforts to make the Gas House Gang a great organization. Tom Sage, the Royal Bouncer, will also be missing when the roll is called next September. To him goes the credit for preserving such admirable order in the meetings. Chick Dever, the most watched Treasurer, Don Leonard, the Chief of the Vigilance Committee, and Albert Litzenburger, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, will also leave in June. They also have performed their duties in a very creditable manner.

The history of this famous Gas House Gang is indeed a story of conquest, of aggressiveness, and accomplishments. In the year 1920 a disheartening reaction set in from a cruel and brutal war. In the place of the manly walk of a gentleman and scholar one saw the swaying glide of the male flapper. The long hair of a valentino took the place of the army pompadour. Spats became numerous, and the clothes of men were replaced by glorified matador's costumes with silken shirts and braided trousers.

But thanks to a few farsighted gentlemen, these conditions were soon brought to a close and the Gas House Gang was organized. Corduroy trousers and flannel shirts appeared in direct contrast to the dress of the "sheik." Short pompadours became the fad. The long haired Valentino faded as quickly as it