

1929

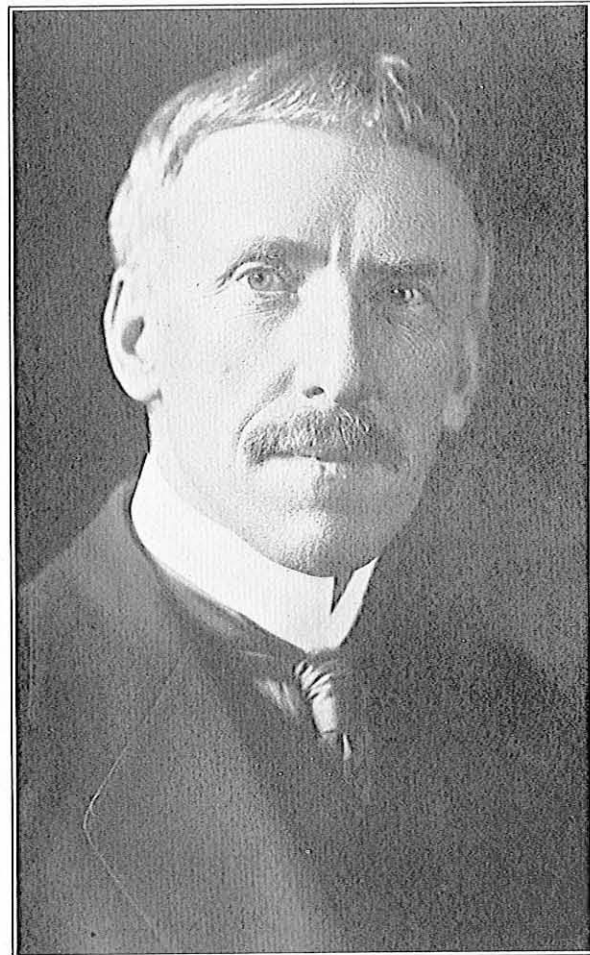
E r y t h r o c y t e

THE YEAR
BOOK OF THE
DETROIT
COLLEGE OF
MEDICINE
AND SURGERY
PUBLISHED BY
THE CLASS OF
1930



1929





Andrew H. Biddle
M.D., F.A.C.P.

Dedication

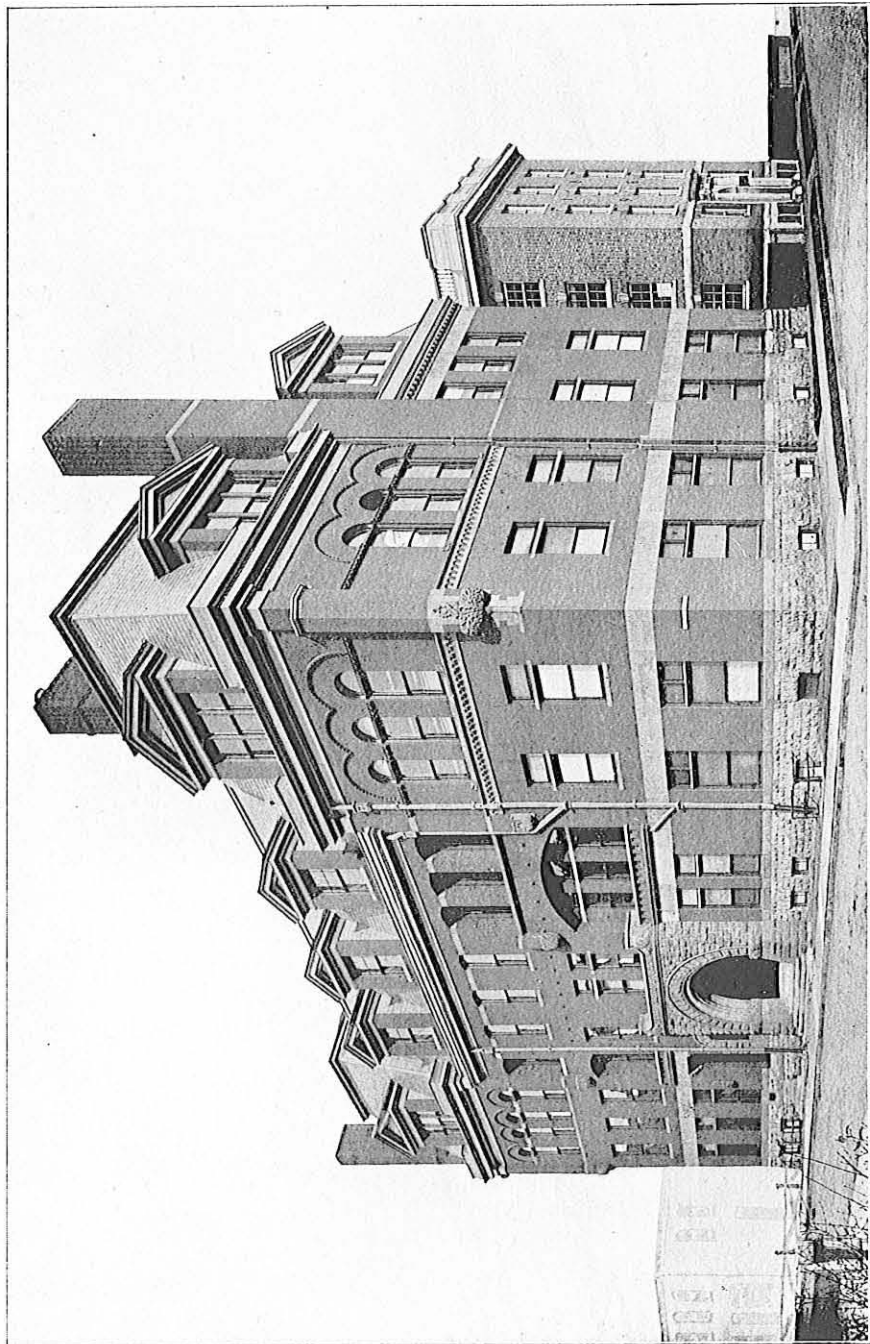
TO

Andrew H. Biddle, M.D., F.A.C.P.

a loyal Alumnus whose name is ever linked with the growth of his Alma Mater, this ERYTHROCYTE of 1929 is respectfully dedicated.

Born in Detroit, February 25, 1862, educated here and in Geneva, Heidelberg and Leipsig, in his time President of the Michigan State Medical Society ('16-'18), American Dermatological Association ('25-'26), Detroit Dermatological Association (first president), Detroit Academy of Medicine ('11-'12), and Board of Education ('18-'19); Fellow of the A. M. A., American College of Physicians, and Detroit Academy of Medicine; Member of the State Board of Health ('13-'19) and Public Library Commission ('25-'31); Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery, Dr. Biddle in his long and useful career has served Medicine and Humanity in brilliant fashion.





The Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery
1925

Foreword

The editors present this ERYTHROCYTE as a record of the happy days we have spent at The Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery. Soon, the four walls of the school must give way to the four corners of the earth where we shall establish outposts to wage war against death and disease.

May this ERYTHROCYTE, in those future days, recall to us in picture, story and verse the scenes and friendships of our college days.

—The Editor.



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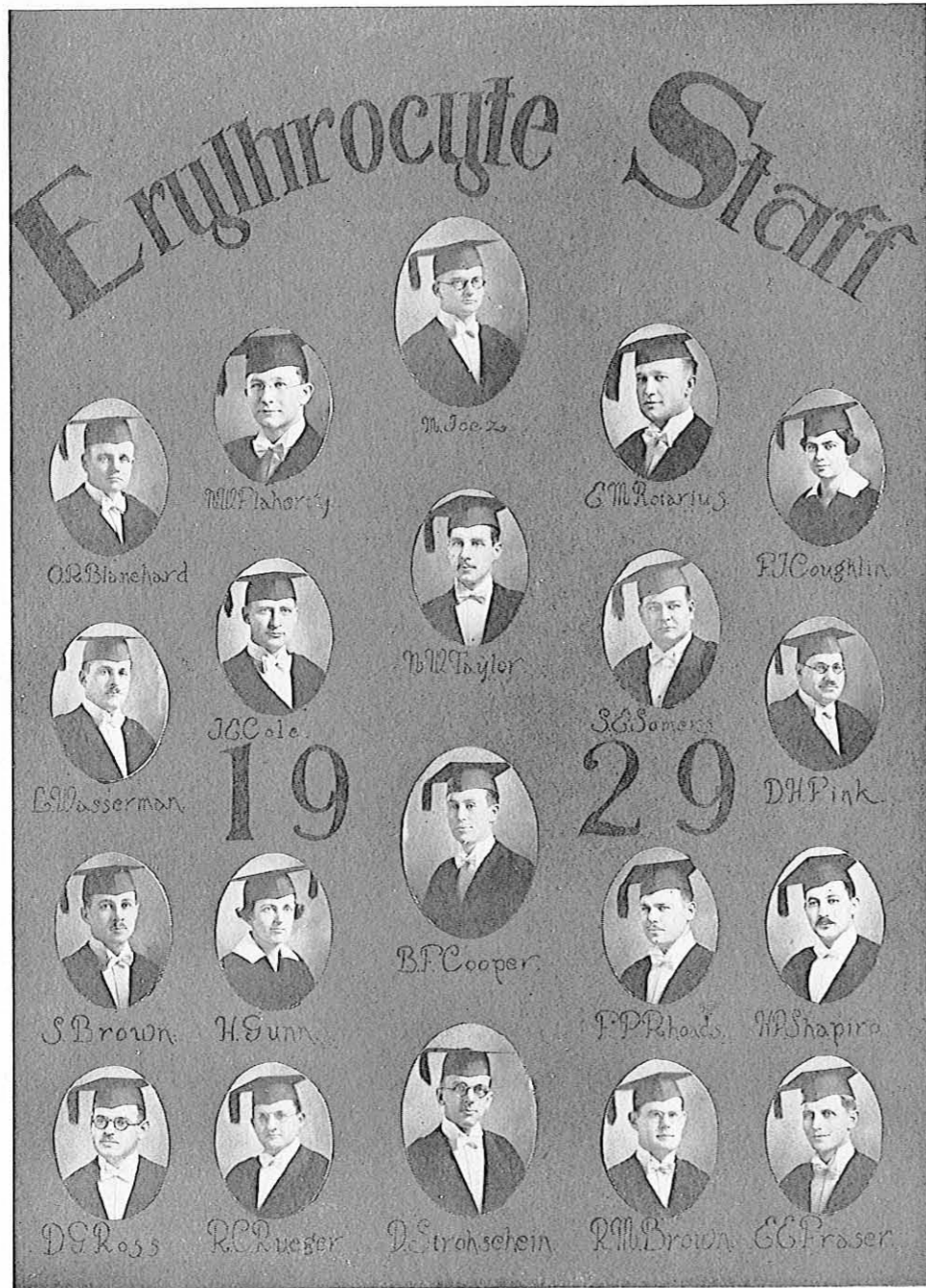
* * *

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An Appreciation

On behalf of all of the students of the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery, we, the senior class, tender grateful appreciation to the Board of Education and to the City of Detroit for making possible our professional education. The college, with its wise administration, its strong and enthusiastic faculty, its well-equipped laboratories, and its unparalleled clinical facilities, has given us a splendid opportunity for the study of the art and science of medicine. Had not this opportunity been provided so generously, most of us would have found it impossible to pursue a medical career. Thus, the City of Detroit has contributed something very real, not only to us but to the cause of democracy in America, by extending the range of opportunity within the reach of all who are able to profit by it. It is our hope and our intention that, as loyal alumni, and as ethical members of a great and noble profession, we shall render such service as to cause the City of Detroit to take even greater pride in the only municipal medical college in the United States.





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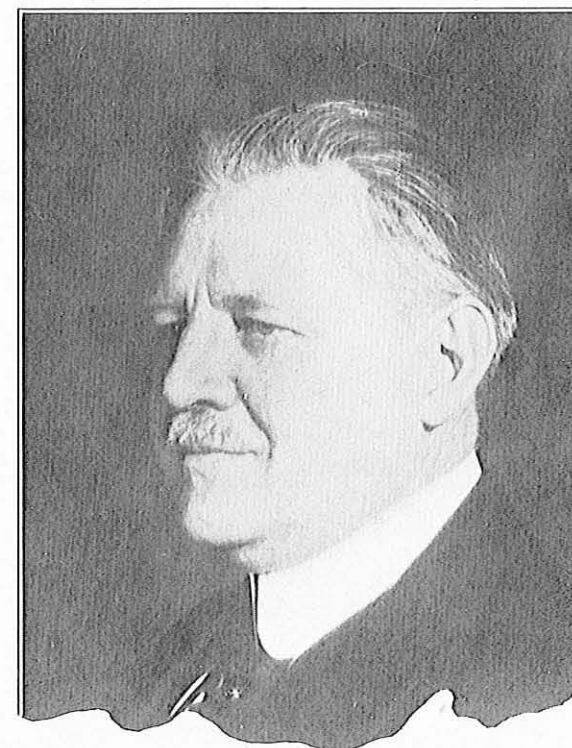
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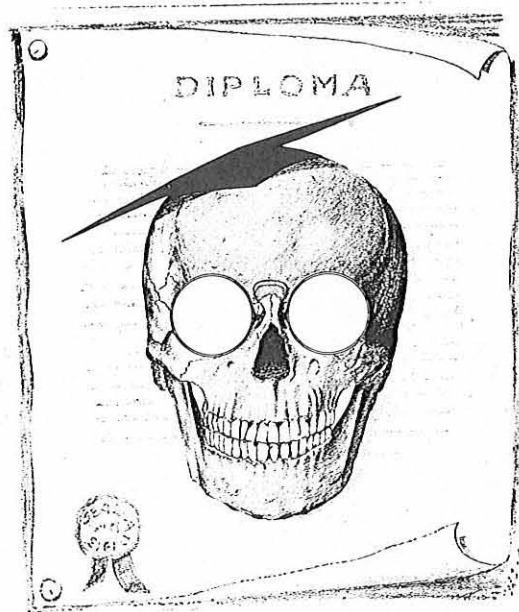


C. P. Bott.



D. R. Clark.

EXEUNT FIDELES



SENIOR

Our Race

Saw our sun, like a golden gondola
 Driven swift o'er soft clouds by its phaeton,
 Blue sky bent to earth in its motion,
 This, our horizon.
 Saw the pale, translucent, waning moon;
 Saw the sea grow green from its ghost-like light,
 While a gull gave vent to the omen of night
 In its hurried flight.
 Through day and night we pledge to search
 For the goal which must never be found;
 Let our service be kindly, judgment sound,
 That thus our race may abound.

PAUL M. FULLER.

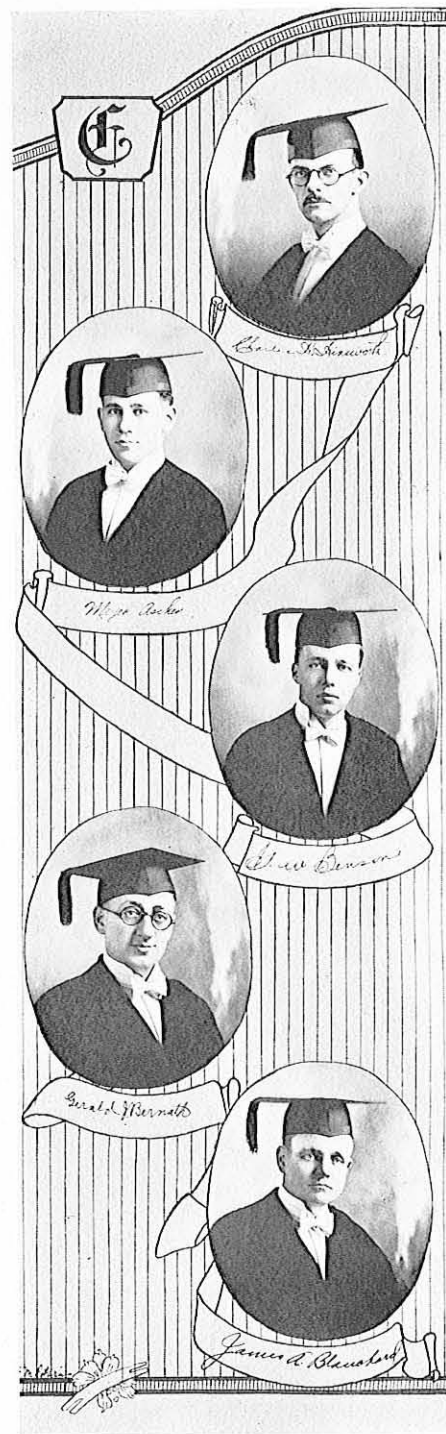
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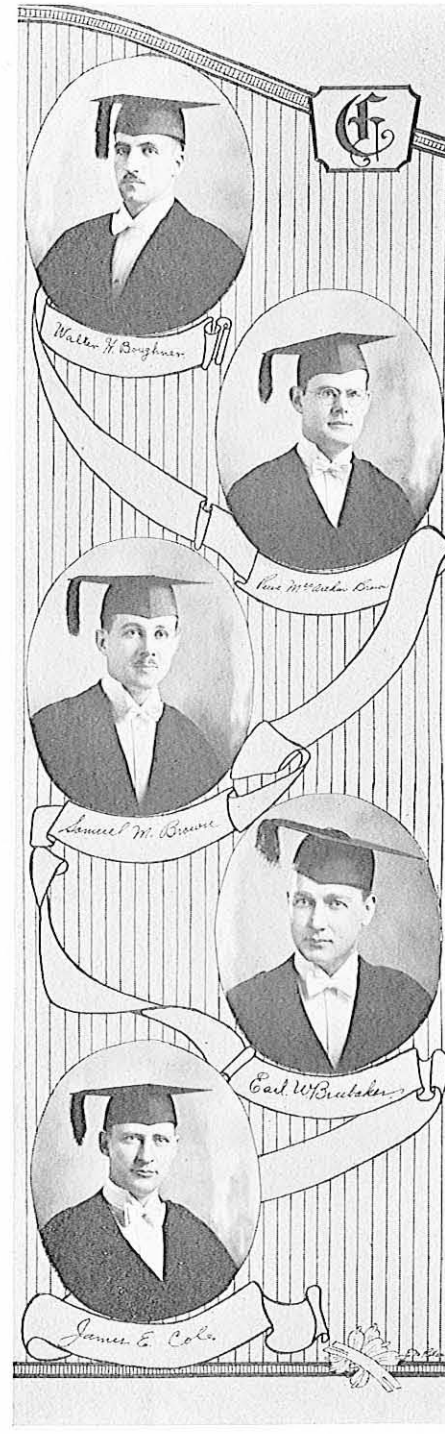
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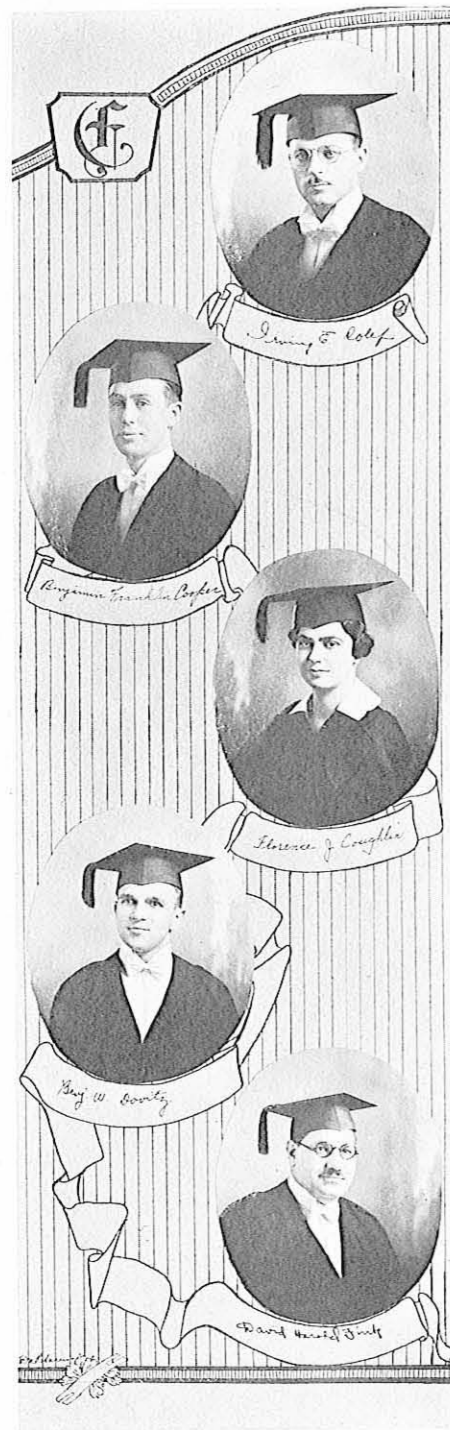
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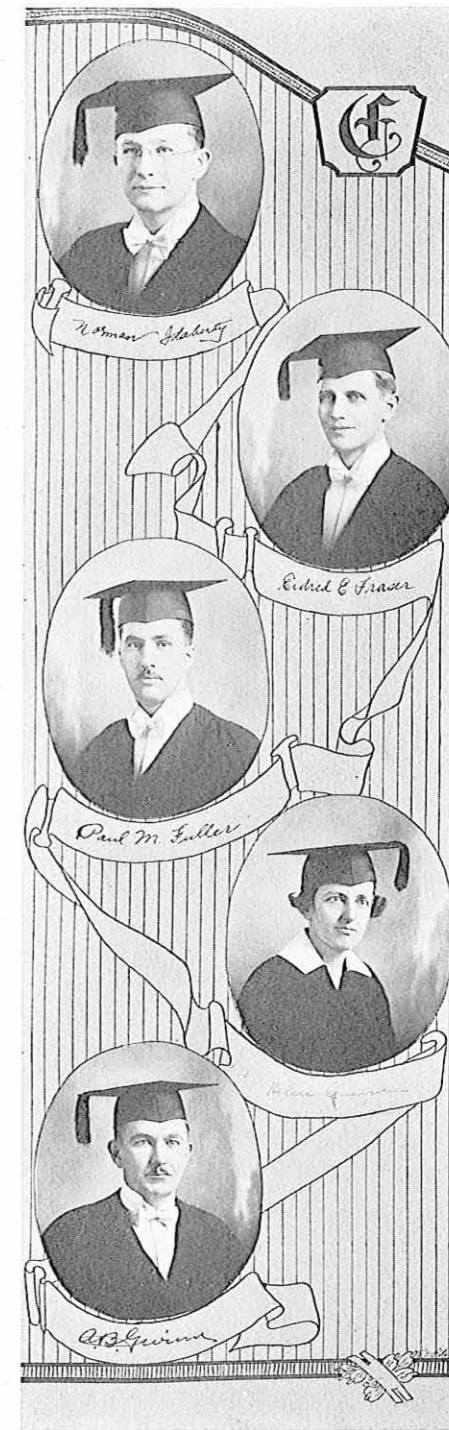
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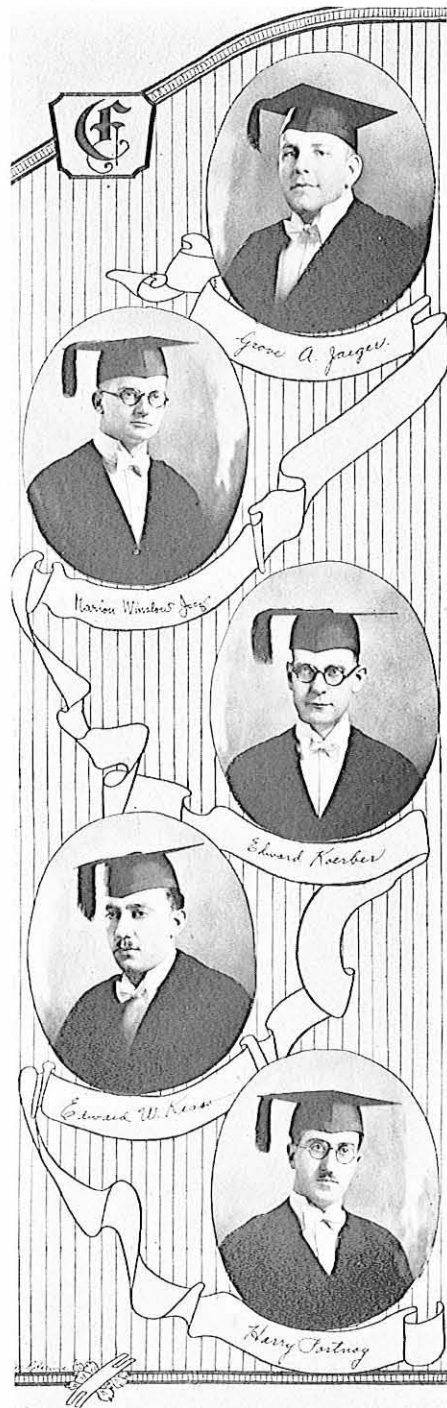
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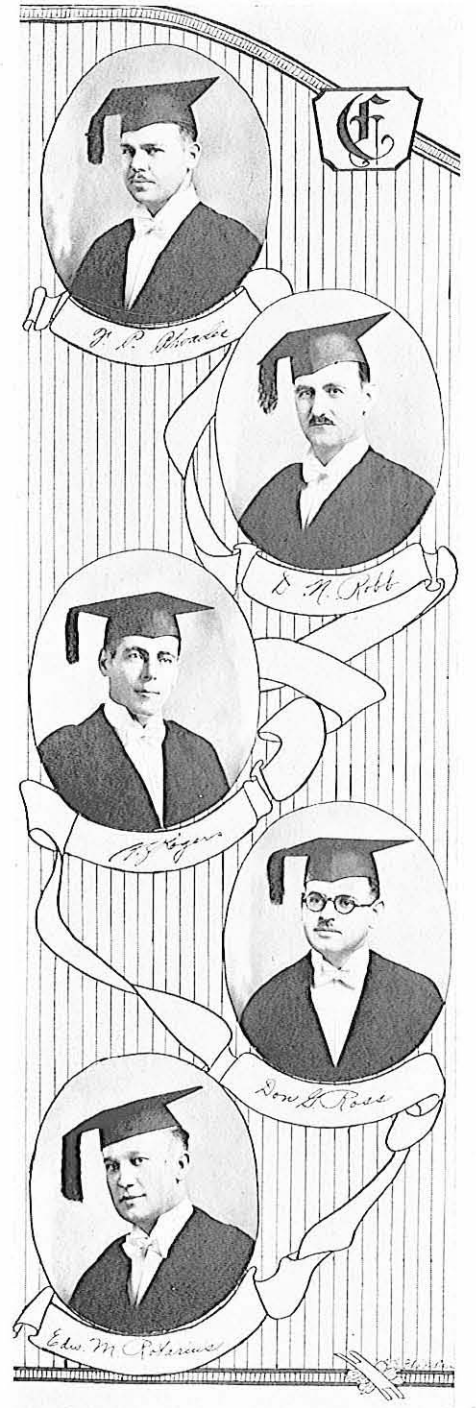
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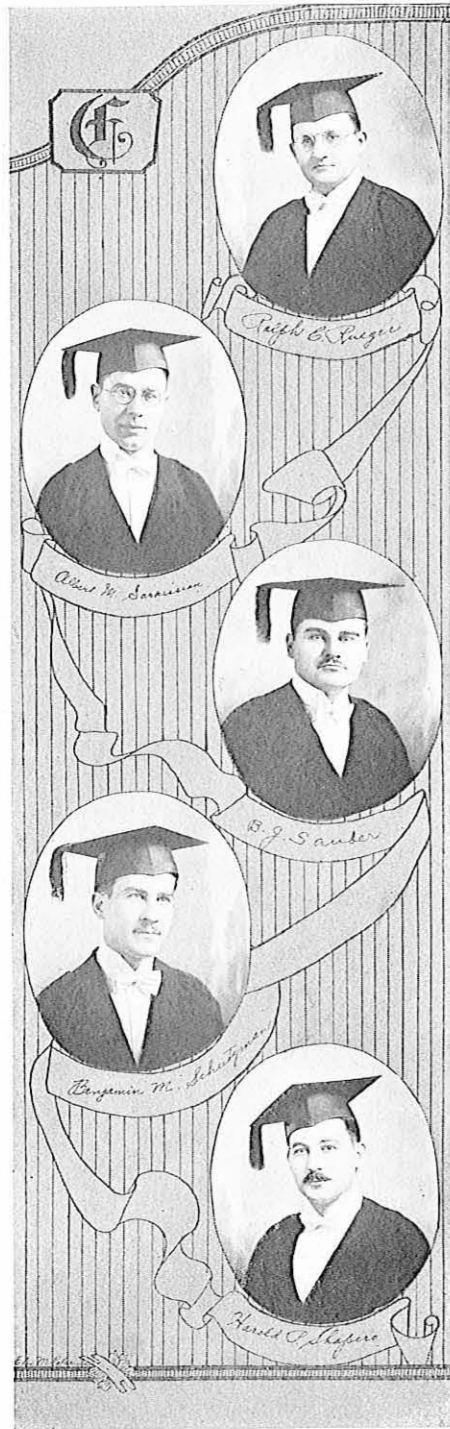
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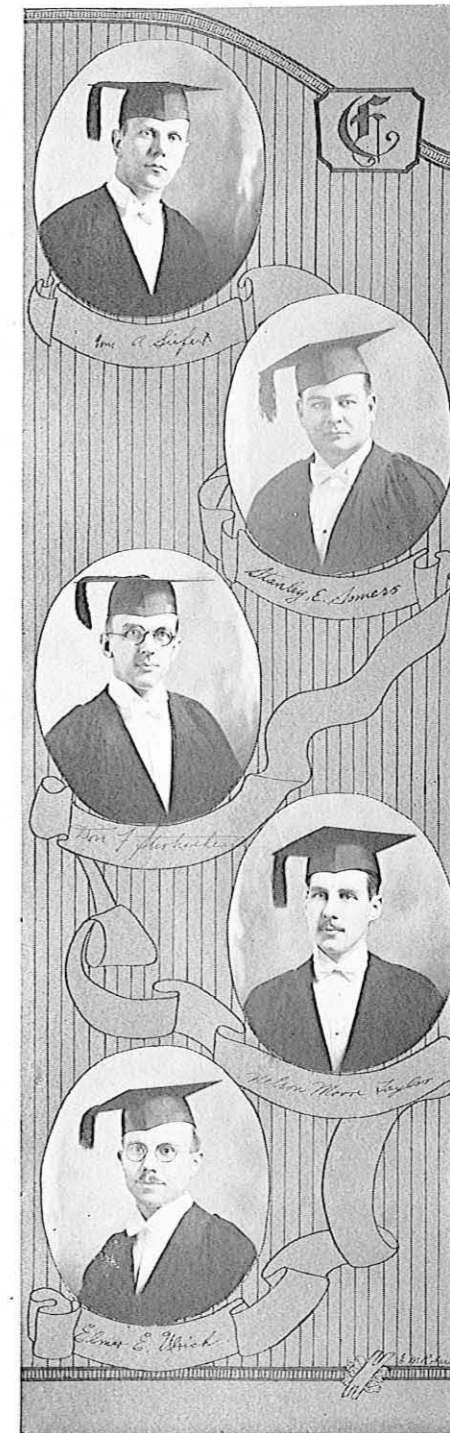
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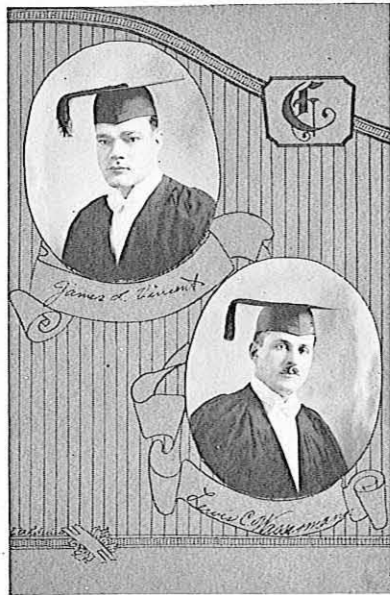
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We Of '30

Written by
 MARION WINSLOW JOCZ, (Class Historian)
 and dedicated to HIS PARENTS

Four years have flown into Eternity overnight, but memory remains to pause for a brief moment that it may draw out of its deep subconscious storehouse the moving pictures of days that have passed and flash them reel by reel upon our mental screen.

REEL I

Now flickering, now brightening, there appears the image of 70 hesitant, diffident medical embryos entering, one fair morning of October, 1925, the fundus of our Alma Mater and shyly sprouting forth placentas to attach to the professional sinuses and to derive therefrom the nourishment necessary for development and birth.

But hardly have they settled down when they are pounced upon by a wild gang of Sophomores, whooping and yelling and waving barrel staves menacingly in the air. The poor, timid little freshmen, clad in "embroidered" anatomy gowns, straw rims, and flowing ties, are caused to wing their way through a long sinuous line of "rickets" (and Lord, how Jaeger did fly) propelled by a vis a tergo (that smoke must have been big "Micky"), and then marshalled into line behind the seraphic form of David Fink mounted on roller skates and swinging a dim red tail-light to guide the line to Grand Circus Park. There, everyone deploys himself on the grass in front of somebody's statute, while one by one the freshmen perform: James Cole accompanying himself on a stringless guitar and quavering to the moon the words of "Under the shade of the old apple tree"; im Vincent deciding which end of the goat is the butt end; Gerald Bernath *rending* the "Refrain from 'Spitting'." Then an impromptu raid staged on the rostrum of the Colonial theatre—impromptu singers, interpretative dancers, the audience convulsed—and the evening thus ended.

Now the court scene. The solemn Kangaroo Court in session. Judge Cole presiding; calvarium on head, femur in hand, a Gray's in front for legal reference. A tough jury, in cahoots with the prosecutor, assembled against the wall and prepared to render fair decisions. On one side of a long table, the soft-hearted prosecutor, Jocz; across from him the attorney for the accused, McCormick. Up comes Phillips. "Accused of desertion from the initiation," says the prosecutor. "I won't even defend him," says McCormick. "What is your decision, gentlemen?" asks the Judge. "Guilty as hell!" answers the Jury. "Twenty whacks," says the Judge—and 40 spectators, including the jurymen, leap for the staves. Up comes Gilbert; up come Mueur, up they all come. All guilty. Jury very popular. Good stuff.

Now there flashes on the screen a close-up of a massive face, a face which still has the power to evoke a quiver out of most of us—a stern, inflexibly honest face framed in a fringe of iron-gray hair and lit by two sulphurous eyes set behind gray-rimmed glasses—a close-up of the beloved Waterloo of the freshmen: the face of the square-shooting (and straight-shooting, Oh Lord!) "Bacty" Clark. The picture recedes into a full-length view. There he is, jerking up his sliding glasses with his nose, swinging a watch cham, worming the "secret" out of Kief. Or spotting some miscreant who forgot to flame his wire. Or acknowledging some good peice of work. The first to visit the sick. "Please!" That word still echoes, and re-echoes and evokes a host of memories: of a silent

lecture-room; of a "lab" overstuffed with students, autoclaves, and microbes; of wrong colonies arising by spontaneous generation ("Bacty" would never accept this alibi); of the final "spot." And Miss Newman, pleasant, smiling, friendly, sympathetic; and Hazely, immersed in some work in some unapproachable corner; and Hanna, corpulent and cheerful, dividing his time between the laboratory and his lodge

FLICKER

Sweating, puffing, loaded down with bone-box, "mike," and bag of books, 70 forms toil up four flights of stairs and present themselves in the Hall of the Cadavers, wherein rules that mighty Potentate of Anatomy, C. F. McClintic. Enconced in front, smiling disarmingly, towering over everyone, flanked, on the one side, by "that jolly, little baldheaded man, Dr. Burr," and, on the other side, by "that big Scotchman, Dr. MacGregor," he booms in a voice that fills every cranny and makes the windows vibrate: "All you need, in order to pass my course," he is saying, "is just a fair memory, and a willingness to put in the necessary effort. You will not need to supplement the knowledge you get here with a study of gross anatomy after school." Whereupon, the frosh, soaking up formaldehyde, skittishly chewing gum, pile at the cadavers. Off comes the skin, button-holed and jagged. One by one, minute nerves are dug out and pretty bows tied to them (what a heart-break it was when your partner spoiled one of your pet nerves), while in the interval, the frosh are loaded up to the point of dangerous exophthalmos with harrowing experiences related by the truthful sophs working at each table. Then the adjournment to a hearty repast.

Flicker.

Against the blackboard, an alert, black-haired, dark-eyed professor is lecturing on tastebuds — an eastern tang in her voice, authority in her speech, continental culture in her manner.

"Mr. Rotarius."

Rotarius gets up. Dr. Whiteside asks him a puzzler. Someone whispers an answer. Absently, Rotarius says "Now!" and gives his informant away. Dr. Whiteside laughs and supplies the answer. Friendly, sympathetic, smiling, Dr. Whiteside has completely won her first class at D. C. M.

Flicker.

At the head of a long, narrow room, on a raised dais, his back to the class, a professor is rapidly writing a mass of formulas on the blackboard. How bewildering they look! Blanchard is sweating over them and is ready to give up the ghost. Cooper has lost contact with reality and is dreaming of Betty. Dr. Mott turns around. "Cooper," he calls. "Name the three kinds of soap." Cooper, suddenly parting from Betty as Reeve Brown kicks him, gets up. "Three kinds of soap? Oh, yes! "Palmolive, Ivory and Lifebuoy."

Flicker.

"Jawn, are the frogs ready?"

"Yes, Doctor, they har."

A terrible silence. The zero hour. The lull before the storm. It is the final spot in Physiology. Forty tense faces and moist palms and fast hearts await the fatal "punchboard" from which to choose their doom. Gallagher is cursing as he polishes his shiny bald head. Florence is livid. Fink is passing into shock. Jaeger, fists thrust deep into his pockets, is fingering some last-minute notes and rapidly losing weight. Rhoades resolves to sacrifice his 10% for technique in favor of speed. Rueger for once forgets his broken English. Ross rolls up his sleeves.

Pleasant and smiling, Dr. Patterson appears with the board. A medic closes his eyes, sees the end of his career, crosses his fingers and draws — the decerebrate-pigeon experiment. He stands there, rooted to the spot, transfixed, comatose, unable to lower his hand. Another draws — the reciprocal-innervation experiment. And another and another. In the wake of the board heads are bent like wheat in the wake of a scythe. John is distributing the amphibians. "Haven't you a bigger one?" Smoked drums begin to revolve. Sparks cackle on set-ups. Myographs snap. The pigeon walks off the table. Casualties increase, and the "mailing list" grows apace.

Flicker. Darkness.

REEL II.

A summer has elapsed.

A mysterious plague has depleted the class and only 54 noses survive to answer roll call.

A genial professor enters, radiating good nature and optimism, undaunted by the staccato rattle of an air hammer. She sits on a table in complete relaxation and proceeds to keep the class wide awake with a barrage of anecdotes, meanwhile unobtrusively imparting a complete knowledge of Materia Medica. Mandy in West Virginia serves to recall the properties of Rhamnus Purshiana; a Pat and Mike story clinches the classification of sleep-bearing plants. Before the class realizes it, Dr. Werness has conferred upon it a working knowledge of Prescription, Latin, dosages, Laennec's classification, and philosophy in general.

Flicker.

A small chamber, an important chamber, the den, the den of the Dean.

Behind a desk is seated the guiding genius of the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery, the scholarly, cultured, soft-spoken dean of one of America's great medical schools, the man upon whose tireless energy, upon whose health, upon whose devotion, upon whose skilled address is builded this great Compendium to Medicine. A man of many parts; gentleman, scholar, physician, teacher, humanist, litterateur; life has for him one great remaining Ideal: Better training for the apprentices to the most ancient, the most honorable of all Arts: the Healing Art. The picture of this man, patiently and methodically devoting himself to the consummation of his ideal will remain forever graven in the memory of the Class of 1930, the class which will always number among its most pleasant contacts the contact established with the dean during the Senior year.

Flicker.

Fifty-three heads are bent over 53 microscopes while 53 eyes squint into 53 barrels at 53 sections of—sections of—they're either heart muscle, or colon, or eyelid,—one of the three certainly—or maybe they're pancreas—anyway, they are sections of something.

"What else did you find at the autopsy, Mr. Brown?" Dr. Davis inquires. Reeve ponders, while lending ear to possible occult inspiration.

"Why, Oh! Yes! There was also an aneurysm."

Dr. Amolsch has Schutzman up. Schutzman solves a problem in cryptochismus: "I wouldn't sacrifice it."

Dr. Owen takes the mat with Robb. Dr. Owen wins all falls.

Two tremendous cystic kidneys appear. A tough, leathery placenta makes the rounds. Then fatty hearts, carcinomatous livers, chicken-fat thrombi, ruptured ectopics, caseous pulmones, burst ventricles:—87 cents worth of chemicals, tokens of the hereafter, embalmed dust,—all, all are served up, and proud medics humble themselves in the presence of this mighty procession of Pathology.

Flicker.

19 ERYTH ROCYTE 29

REEL III.

"What else?"
Rueger enters the tenth minute of dissertation on the rash in Typhoid.
Rueger is on the last lap and breathing hard.

"What else?"
"They fade on pressure."
"What else?"
"They come in successive crops."
"What else? Tell me some more. When d'you read this last?"
Rueger fades on pressure.

Flicker.

A little room at Receiving. O. P. D. A tremendous negro heaves heavy on the table. Two small but pompous juniors make notes of his bossae, punctae, and keloids.

"What is the diagnosis, doctors?" asks the chief.
"Strabismus," answer the doctors.
"Anything else?"
"Chronic subacute recurrent bilateral bronchitis."
"What did you find in the chest?"
"Er, we forgot to examine it."
"Reflexes O.K.?"
"We suppose so."

The patient is referred to G. U. with hypospadias.

Flicker.

Darkness. Pitch black. Complete.

While the dreamy strains of a muted "Diane" linger on the air, the darkness is pierced by a brilliant pencil of red and blue and violet light, and from the shadows into the light flutter happy couples and flutter out again. The varie-colored dresses of beautiful girls flash like the wings of butterflies in startling contrast to the starched shirt fronts of the men. It is the J-Hop! Wings to the feet! On with the dance! Here comes Boughner, stiff in his scented 'Tux,' taking the easier steps to save the razor-edge crease on his trousers; here, near the punch-bowl, trailing a cloud of glory in his arms, jiggles 'Dusty' Rhoades, using his eyes, and his feet, and his shoulders—the hottest shiek of shiek-dom; over there sails the stately Ross, sedate, dignified, immaculate, his spats and gloves and cane checked under D, and G, and R; and he of the poker face, Tall Ben, Big Ben Benson, the man who with the 'If'; and Rueger, rosy glasses on; and Charlie, clearing his throat behind a screen (the moon is fair tonight along the Wabash, Charlie) and beginning: "Inasmuch as I have not been, that is to say, apprised . . ."; and flaming Wasserman, four-plus unconfined; and Vincent melting into smiles; and Siefert—he'd dare the Hellespont, and . . . and . . . Yes, they are playing "Home, Sweet Home."

Memory wishes to acknowledge the distinterested and beautiful work of Mr. Judd Ross, who designed the school button and did all the artistic work of the J-Hop. The class of '30 is under a lasting obligation to Mr. Ross.

Flicker.

REEL IV.

The world is waiting for the sun to rise. Far, far away, against the dark slatey sky, on the top of a mountain, 42 silhouettes have paused to view the new day. Brighter grows the sky, streaked, silver then pink then bloody red; the horizon bends further away, under the new sky a new world is revealed. Life begins to stir

A new day has dawned.

19 ERYTH ROCYTE 29





Class Of 1931

The present Junior Class, the Class of '31, has been very active since entering the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery. This class, while Freshmen, enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being the last to go through the rough initiation at the hands of a Sophomore Class. At least half of our men will long remember being locked in the main building by "Jim" Cole and his Sophomore committee, and subsequently being made to run the gauntlet between a seemingly endless line of paddles. The remainder of the class have no such vivid memories of the occasion, for they escaped through the back door, thereby saving certain portions of their anatomies from the infliction of a good deal of trauma. Our parade up Woodward Avenue, submissive in the hands of the "Sophs," and our sudden and successful rebellion and escape will not be forgotten by all who took part. This class will also remember being dragged through the creek at Belle Isle by the Sophomores who, if we remember correctly, received a little encouragement from a five-ton truck. As usual the officials of the ball game were in favor of letting anybody but the "Frosh" team win. And so we received our introduction to the school where we were going to spend our next four years. During our freshmen year the new building was constructed. We have a claim to the honor of being the last class to take physiology in the old laboratory and the first to take chemistry in the new laboratory.

At the very outset of our Sophomore year we were faced by the problem whether or not to initiate the Freshmen. The class marked a milestone in the history of the school by considering the fundamental principles of the matter and abolishing the "Frosh" initiation. The usual banquet was held, however, and the "Sophs" won the ball game which followed by a close margin. A dance was given in November in the school auditorium and a pleasant time was enjoyed by about one hundred couples. During the rest of the year, the Class of '31 was busy studying—and how it did study!

The present year, our Junior year at D. C. M., has been marked by many interesting events. Our class has acquired the reputation of bursting into song, led by the Kirkers, on the least excuse. We are known, among other names, as "The Singing Juniors." Many of our members have revealed talents for entertainment which serve to fill in the intervals between classes. The impersonations of Tom Sage make him our big vaudeville man. The Junior Class has supported the Senior Class in the production of the Erythrocyte. The most outstanding event of the entire year was the Greater Junior Prom. After numerous meetings and much discussion as to how the affair was to be put on "Bob" Montfort came to the fore and took charge. The Prom was a gigantic success.

The Class of '31 will always remember the many firm friendships made here and the many associations which hang thick about the place. Our class has become united with the object of supporting all projects of benefit to the school, and all undertakings which will bring it honor.

The class officers are:

President	- - - - -	WALTER LARSON
Vice-President	- - - - -	CARL H. WHITE
Secretary	- - - - -	HAROLD R. WEIDNER
Treasurer	- - - - -	EDGAR C. LONG
		H. R. WEIDNER.



Sophomores By Choice

"Two hundred and ten dollars, please!" These words made up the first dolorous event experienced by each member of the present sophomore class upon entering Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery the last week of September, 1927.

But there were many things to follow in the school life of this class of 98 students. The second great event was the breaking of the old tradition of hazing. With the arrival of our class, this revered custom, so unpalatable but so effective, was abandoned. Whether the motive of the sophomore class in discontinuing the aged rite was one of chivalrous benevolence, or fear at the size of our class, is still being investigated. And in place of being hazed, the 1927 freshmen were allowed to give a banquet for the sophomore class, which was accordingly done Saturday, October 8th of 1927 at Belle Isle, where the freshmen wisely allowed the sophomore class to beat them at baseball.

January 8th of 1928 was the night of the freshmen theater party, which was brought about by the kindness of Miss Mary Margaret Frazer, a class member. This party was at the New Detroit Opera House.

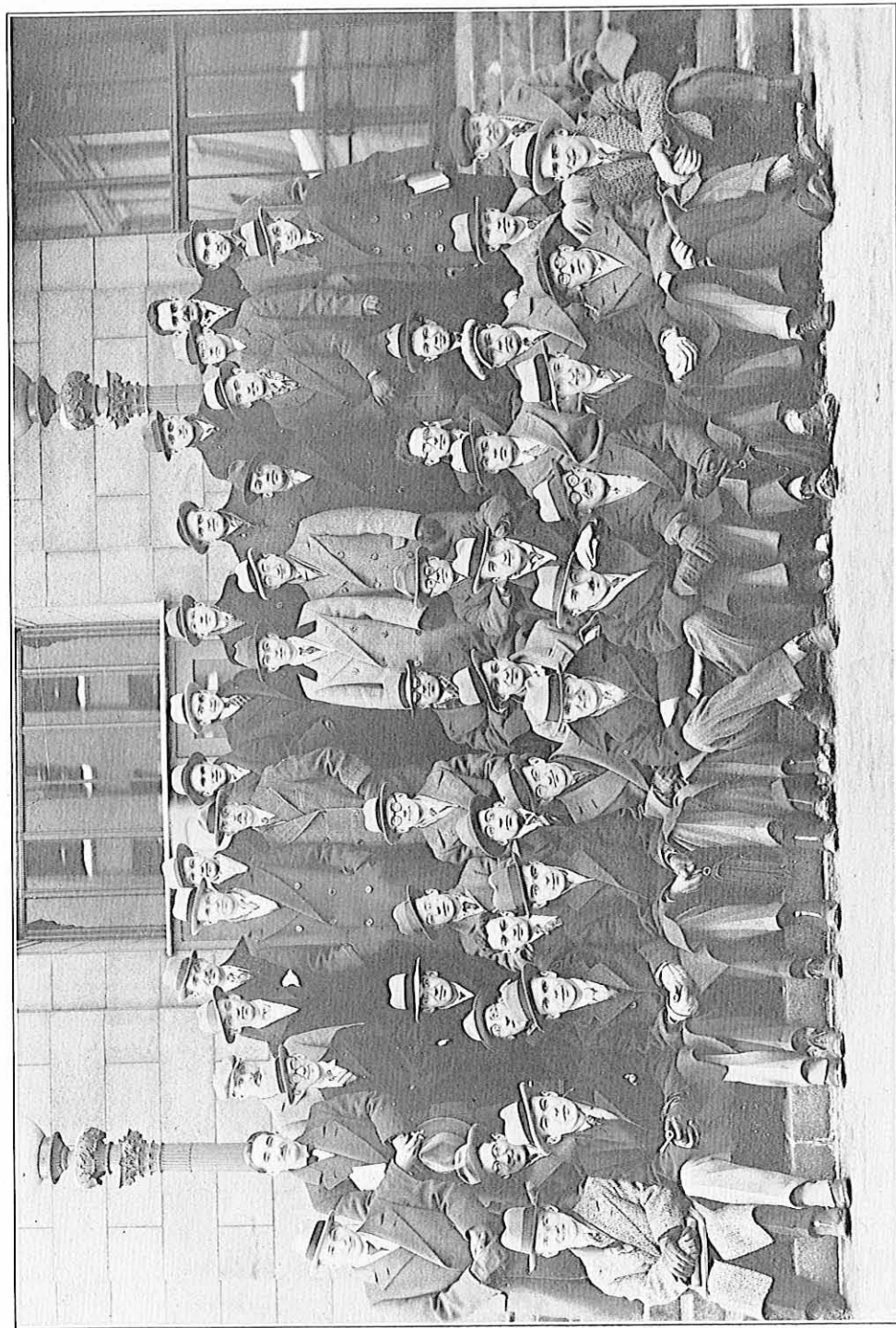
On the night of March 30th of the same year the freshmen class held its smoker for the rest of the school. In contrast to the bitterly cold weather outside, the affair was a warm one in the social annals of the school.

During the year, Foster Fennig, Floyd Yeager and Theodore Hoffman were ill at hospitals for varying times. Likewise, the ensuing period brought our acquaintance with phrases such as "walking bags of water," "four millimeters from the calamus scriptorius," "if you will, please," "yes, yes, yes, yes," and still later with others such as "dissecto-facilitator" and "fifteen minutes recess." It was rumored in a vague fashion during the year that the senior class, if the freshmen persisted, would sue the latter class for alienation of Dr. White-side's affections.

About 80 of the old class came back to become the sophomore class in September of 1928, a strange and lethal malady having carried off many of the remainder. The former freshmen class officers made up of Vincent Russell, president; Harold Rice, vice-president; Charles Ornstein, secretary; Charles Dodenhoff, treasurer, became dissolved in the sophomore election, which named Floyd Yeager, president; Theodore Bergman, vice-president; Miss Mary Frazer, secretary, and George Thosteson, treasurer. No sooner were the activities of the academic year under way than the freshmen on October 6th gave a banquet for all other classes at the Eastern Star Cafe. The sophomore class, appreciative of the freshmen banquet and of the many admirable efforts of the senior class in inaugurating interclass convocations and in giving a smoker, held its Soph "Prom" the night of January 11th at the Wardell Apartment-Hotel, acting as host to members of all the other classes.

And lastly, the history of the sophomore class concludes with a sincere congratulation to the members of the senior class for their truly remarkable and laudable accomplishments in furthering interclass relationship and friendship; a congratulation and salutation which comes from each member of the sophomore class for a work he will unfailingly remember and a class effort he will try to carry on.

—Norman C. Grewe.



We Fresh

College life is never complete without Freshmen. We fill an actual need. We furnish fodder for the professor's cannon, we are the uncomplaining recipients of the archives and the advice of the upper classmen; we lend color to convocations;—we are the universal doormats.

Our class was the first to enter D. C. M. & S. under the three-year premedic requirement, and, in consequence, the medical world is expecting great things from us,—cultured physicians, chesterfieldians,—that is, if we manage to survive all the maladies which will beset us for three years more.

Dr. C. F. McClintic initiated us into the realm of medicine on the occasion of our debut at the Eastern Star Cafe with an exposition of the value of conservatism and close application to our chosen work. We have found Dr. McClintic's advise sound and of benefit to us on numerous occasions.

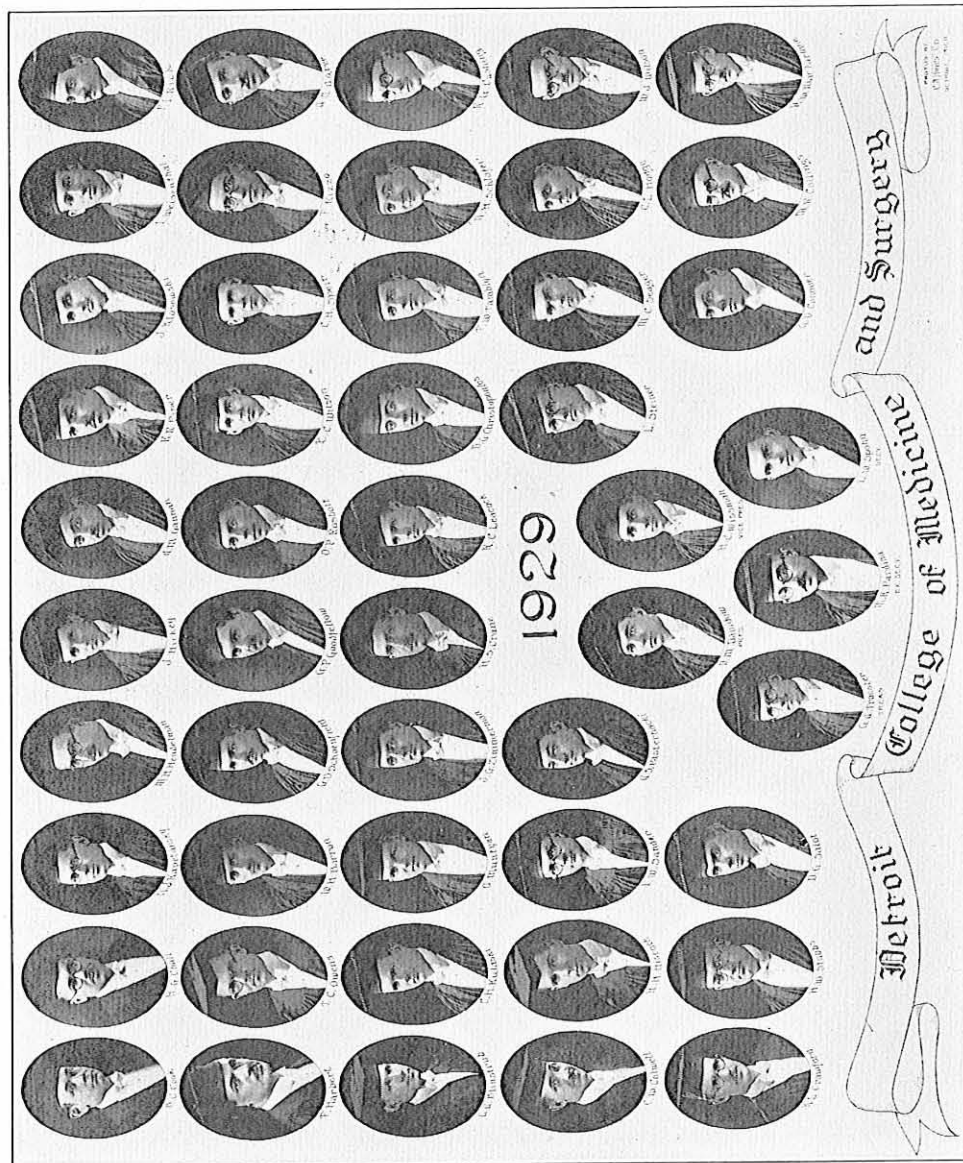
Socially, we have been alive and receptive to everything going on around us. We have attended every gratis function given thus far; the Senior Smoker, the Soph Prom, and the Convocations, and have even managed to show a good (unstained) front at the J-Hop. By attending such functions, we have impressed upon our female companions our importance and high social status.

In order to show the upper classmen that we are on our toes and not afraid to spend a dollar now and then, we donned our bibs and "sprang" the annually heralded traditional Freshman Stag Party—the traditional exposure of ebullient and flaming youth. We had a fine time; we enjoyed everything and enriched our treasury in the bargain.

We have a big task ahead of us: It is our earnest hope and desire to be able to model ourselves after the present Seniors, and although we have no hope of ever accomplishing what the Seniors have managed to accomplish, we will endeavor to leave as nearly as is possible the same good name on our graduation as the men of 1930 are leaving.

LE GRAND C. MORLOCK.

(Ed. Note: It is hoped that each year some Senior shall re-edit and embellish the Freshman class history to make it more palatable as has been done in this case.)



Class of 1929

By FREDERICK HARBERT, A.B., M.B.
Junior Lieutenant, U. S. N.

To write a detailed and accurate history of the class of '29 would be most uninteresting, assuming, of course, that I remembered all the necessary items. The only attempt, therefore, will be to mention a few irrelevant and consequently interesting experiences.

The motley crew which constituted our class in '24 readily recognized the qualities of "Bob" Leacock, and made him our first president, a happy choice as evidenced on numerous subsequent occasions.

A bone box, white nurses' collar, red tie, and remnants of a straw hat were our regalia for one week, during which time shaven faces were conspicuous by their absence. A favorite amusement of the upper classmen was to smoke our cigarettes while we were made to answer that we "are so low that we can crawl under a snake's belly with a high hat on." The week came to a climax when the upper classmen warmed us up with barrel staves of our own choosing. A base ball game was followed by a dip in a canal at Belle Isle during a tug of war between freshmen on one side and Stubbs and Stubbs' little Packard on the other. Incidentally, Stubbs did not escape his baptism.

Another series of "baptisms" occurred when groups of the "faithful" were led under a fire escape to pray Allah for rain. The Muezzin from the "fower" (upper window) did not disappoint his supplicants but answered their prayers a hundredfold.

The first year passed uneventfully with much speculation about who would be the lucky ones to "make the team." When the letters did come out there were many happy expressions—but none of the opposite type. Christopoulos filled us up with harrowing tales of "inside dope" while "Papa" Hodge consoled us.

Piper characteristically prepared for the weekly physiology exam by calling on "Lula," the night before. I know of no one else who had the same audacity, at least, no one else bragged about it.

Frank Rizzo learned a new game during the junior year which "Mac" called "shut-eye." This was practiced at varying times during lectures. That Frank was not entirely oblivious during this game is attested to by his exam grades.

My only remaining impression of the J-Hop is that of a very excellent Black Bottom dancer, and the fact that I had an excellent time. Events like this, together with fraternity affairs varied the routine of study and examinations.

Louis Steiner, who had been prominent scholastically in most of his subjects, was named Valedictorian. He will have the honor of addressing the assembly when we meet for the Commencement Exercises this June.

A Phylogenetic Hingback

Conceived in hope, nurtured by a primiparous staff, born in dystocia, the ERYTHROCYTE makes its obeisance to the Alumni, the Faculty, and the Student Body of the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery.

It is with a great deal of anxiety and trepidation that we present you with this first-born of ours. Mayhap its cry is weak, mayhap it is rickety; be it so; we have done our share in creating it and we hope you will do yours in bringing it up to a vigorous adulthood. We hope you will surround it with the environment it deserves and feed it the vitamins and attic salt which it needs, and, perhaps, someday this brain-child will be a man.

This child is an heir to the ERYTHROCYTE of 1914, and consequently comes of an ancestry without a blemish. It received the tenderest and most expert of prenatal care. We followed its growth with anxiety, and, when quickening occurred, we were in the throes of an almost accomplished parenthood. Time and again Fink looked for albumen in the literature, while Rotarius followed the art sounds and Cooper supported the circulation. Rueger kept all the razz clean and Cole developed severe eyestrain looking for ossification in the humerous bone. Rhoades took all the business conjugates. Ross notified the Alumni of the expected debut. Wasserman studied the serology hopefully but found it negative at all times. In fact, the heir to the greatest potentate on earth received no more tender care than this; we were prepared to sacrifice even ourselves for our offspring if the need should arise. Fraser went out of his way to make friends with several reasonable undertakers. Strohschein paid all the doctor bills.

Then came the dawn. Nervously, we watched, waited, prayed and hoped. In the delivery room, on the second floor of the new building, one eclamptic fit followed another. Flaherty, with an ether can in one hand and a cone in the other, was frantically attempting to anaesthetise everyone in attendance. Taylor scrubbed nervously, scratched his head, scrubbed again, put on the gloves, scrubbed with them on, took them off, put them on, fingered the scissors, walked the floor, locked the forceps, re-diagnosed position, then called for an Osler to look up a maneuver. Miss Gunn re-checked the horoscope and Miss Coughlin read the cards. In one corner, Reeve Brown was praying audibly; in another, Sam Brown was dissolving in a flood of tears. Jaeger, nervous as a cat, was ready to bolt if called on to assist. Blanchard and Shapiro were stilling the whirr of their cerebration. Ulrich was home. Huddled outside the door, with the insignia of their office in their hands, were the orderlies: Sage, Weidner, Swanson, Rice, Hejnowske, and Beam. Miss Bonnie was sorting out the clothes.

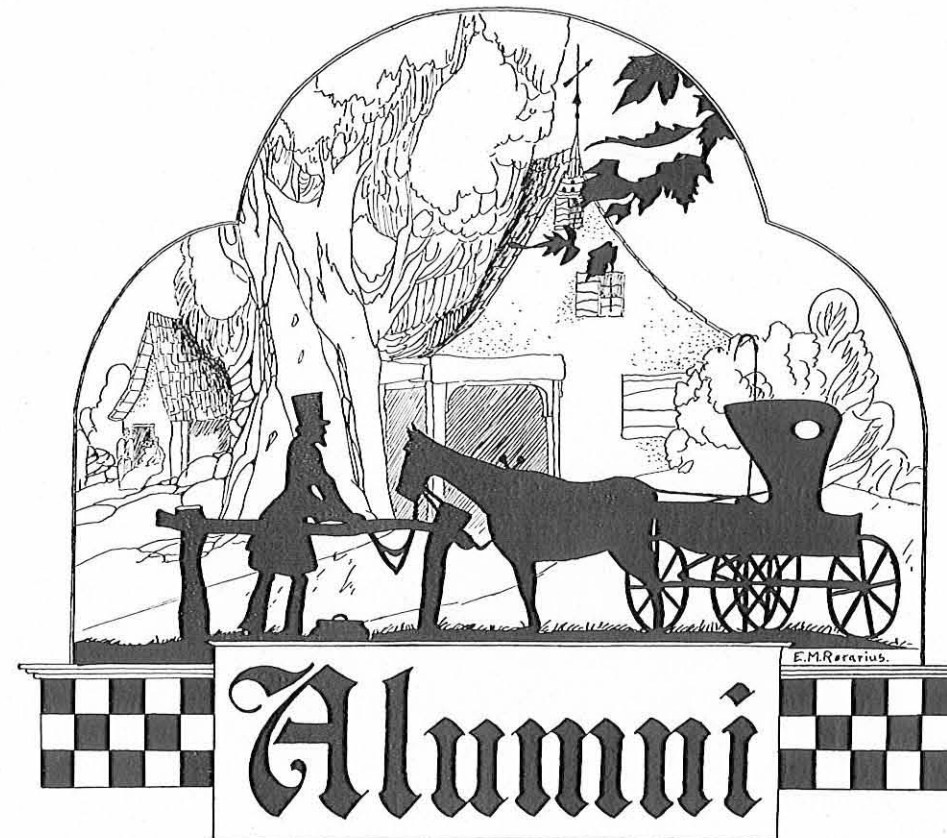
Then, when the excitement was at its height, when all nerves were shattered, adrenals depleted, and patience screwed to the breaking point, just as Flaherty succeeded in anaesthetising himself, the ERYTHROCYTE, with a Herculean effort, was born.

* * * * *

Little babe; weak little, sweet little, pretty little babe, go you forth to your Alumni; model your life after theirs; follow the footsteps they have hewn out of rock; grow, and growing, unfold each year a new flower of your soul.

May you someday inherit the earth!

—M. W. Jocz.



On This Triad We Build

Four walls do not make a school. Neither does physical equipment determine the type of doctor needed by a community. Something more is essential, something over and above mortar and stone, laboratory and lecture hall. That something is an inseparable triad: *Alumnus—Teacher—Student*. No school may be great and be lacking in any one of these three. The school which is greatest is the school which is strongest in all three. It is the strength in these three essentials that explains why the Detroit College of Medicine occupies so prominent a position in the front rank of medical schools in the country.

The following pages will reveal how great is our strength in our Alumni. There is no better way to refresh an "esprit de corps" than to pause awhile to worship at the feet of those who have gone before; at the feet of those luminaries whose names are revered wherever the Healing Art is practiced; at the feet of those who by their efforts and trials and tribulations are making our success easier and better assured.

Let us pause, therefore, and remind ourselves who is who among our Alumni. Let us read the biographies of men of our Alma Mater who have covered themselves with fame and glory through their work in relieving the sufferings of humanity. The number of these heroes is legion, and only a very few of them appear in the following pages because of the limitations of space.

Their example is before us; let us follow it, and model our lives after theirs so that we may some day accomplish what they have accomplished and add more lustre to the name of our common Alma Mater.

DONALD G. ROSS.

Alumni Editor.

As It Was From The Beginning

The Detroit College of Medicine was the result of the amalgamation in 1885 of the Detroit Medical College and the Michigan College of Medicine. The former, organized in 1868, was the logical successor of the Detroit Preparatory School of Medicine which was conducted in 1865 and 1866 in the army hospital located then near the present site of Harper Hospital.

The first session began February 2, 1869, and was held in two of the Harper Hospital buildings that had been remodeled for the purpose. Clinical facilities were afforded by Saint Mary's, Harper and Saint Luke's Hospitals and the free dispensaries connected therewith. In 1882 the College acquired the property of the Young Men's Christian Association on Farmer Street, in the rear of the Detroit Opera House, and occupied it in September of the following year.

In the meantime the Michigan College of Medicine was organized in June, 1879, and on November 17th, the school was opened in the three-story brick building still standing on the southeast corner of Catherine and Saint Antoine Streets.

Clinical advantages depended upon a free dispensary connected with the College, upon hospital accommodations provided the next year on the second floor of the College building, and a free emergency ambulance put in commission in August, 1881.

The two institutions competed for patronage until June, 1885, when, by articles of agreement, they merged into one. The new school was conducted for four years in the Catherine and Saint Antoine Streets building and utilized the clinical facilities of Saint Mary's and Harper Hospitals, which had been much increased by the erection of the new buildings.

In 1889 a new college building was erected on the northeast corner of Saint Antoine and Mullet Streets. The needs of the growing college demanded more room; accordingly in 1892 an addition was made on the north side of the new college building erected three years before.

On the morning of December 17, 1896, the new college building was in ruins. Fire had destroyed the noble structure and left only tottering walls. The burned building was immediately restored and enlarged and made ready for occupation in the following September. So it has remained up to the present day.

Year by year new clinical material was made available to the College and an enviable reputation was built up. In 1913 the College, previously known as the Detroit College of Medicine, was reorganized under a new charter as the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery.

The period of the World War was a very critical one for the College—many of its faculty and students, heeding the call of their country, left for France. On July 1st, 1918, the control of the College passed over to the city, and the administration rests with the Board of Education.

Since that time, under the able direction of Dean MacCraken, the College has risen to an unexcelled position scholastically. In addition the school has acquired the new six-story building on Mullett Street, the first unit of a group of buildings which will make our College second to none in the country.



Surgeon-General M. W. Ireland
M.D., U.L.D., A.M., F.A.C.P., F.A.C.S., F.R.C.S.

Surgeon-General M. W. Ireland

M.D., U.L.D., A.M., F.A.C.P., F.A.C.S., F.R.C.S.

Since 1922, the highest post in the Army Medical Corps has been occupied by an alumnus of our school, Surgeon-General Merritte W. Ireland. Surgeon-General Ireland was born in Columbia City, Ind., May 31, 1867. There he attended high school, coming to the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery in 1887, and graduating with the degree of Doctor of Medicine in 1890. After a year of post-graduate work at the Jefferson Medical College, Dr. Ireland joined the U. S. Army. He was active in the campaign against Santiago and during the Philippine Insurrection in 1899. During the years from 1912 to 1915, he went back to the Philippines as assistant to Surgeon-General R. M. O'Reilly, and, on his return, was placed in command of the Base Hospital at Fort Sam Houston. In 1917 he went to France with General Pershing. His present title of Surgeon-General came to him in 1922. Surgeon-General Ireland has won the plaudits of many lands, and has earned for himself and for his Alma Mater many laudations for his work.



Angus McLean
M.D., F.A.C.S.

Angus McLean
M.D., F.A.C.S.

It would be reckless for us to even try to hint at the things that Dr. McLean has done in his 43 years of medical practice. We will simply touch the high spots and attempt to do honor to a man who has honored medicine.

Dr. McLean was born in St. Clair County and early decided to study medicine. He picked out the Detroit College of Medicine as a good place to get his training and graduated in 1886. With his sheepskin under his arm he went to the office of Dr. H. O. Walker and set to work to learn the practical end of the profession. Later he allied himself with Dr. J. B. Book, father of the three Book brothers who are so well known in Detroit. Both Dr. Walker and Dr. Book were connected with Harper Hospital, so Dr. McLean's service to that institution dates back the full 43 years of his career as a doctor. He began his public career very soon after he began his practice.

He was appointed city physician in 1888 and held the post for two years. In 1893 he became Quarantine Inspector for Detroit. He was made police surgeon in 1895 and served in this capacity for about five years. He was a member of the State Board of Health for six years and its president for four, and later was on the Detroit Board of Health for three years. He was elected a member of the Detroit Board of Education in 1923 and still serves.

When the United States went into the World War in 1917, Dr. McLean organized Base Hospital No. 17 with a nucleus composed of the staff of Harper Hospital. He left Detroit with the rank of Major and returned as Colonel McLean. General Pershing assigned him to the presidential party when President Wilson arrived in Paris in December, 1918. For his military services, Colonel McLean received the Distinguished Service Medal.

We are privileged to honor the Man, the Surgeon, the Soldier: Dr. Angus McLean.



Don M. Campbell
M.D., U.R.C.S., F.A.C.S.

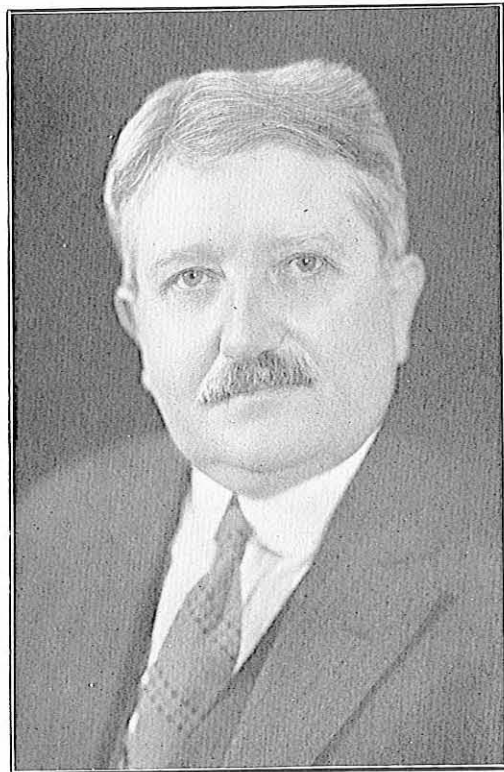
Don M. Campbell

M.D., U.R.C.S., F.A.C.S.

Dr. Don M. Campbell, one of the country's leading Ophthalmologists, was born in Walkerville, Ontario, in 1864. It was there that he received his early education and in 1882 entered the Detroit College of Medicine. He was graduated in 1885 at the early age of twenty-one and began the practice of medicine in Detroit. Later he took post graduate work at Chicago, New York, London, Dublin and Edinborough, from which latter place he received his Licentiate in the Royal College of Surgeons. Dr. Campbell has always been regarded with the greatest esteem wherever his footsteps have carried him.

He has been professor and head of the Department of Ophthalmology in this college since 1902. Always devoted to his Alma Mater, he, with Doctors McLean and Biddle, gave to the college several thousand dollars in order that it might be carried through a very critical part of its existence.

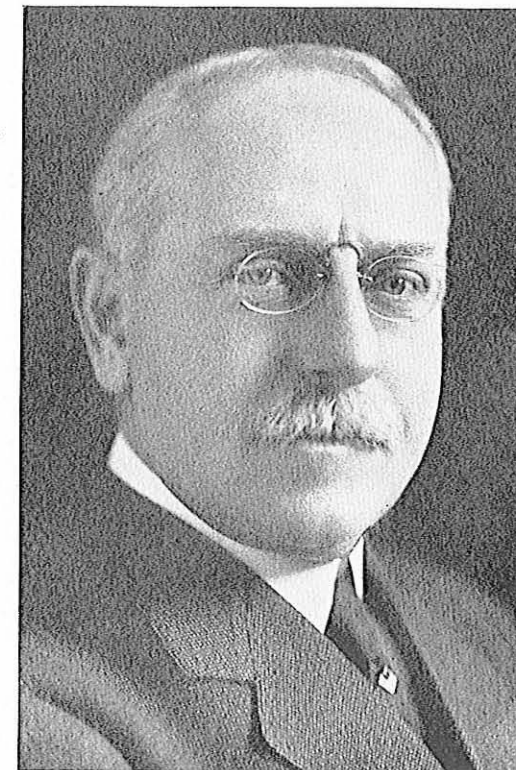
In Dr. Campbell we have another alumnus whose career has been marked by brilliant successes in both medical and civil life.



Burt Russell Shurly

B.S., M.D., F.A.C.S.

We are fortunate to have among our alumni Dr. Burt R. Shurly, a surgeon famous throughout the land and a staunch supporter of the school. Born in Chicago and educated at the Northwestern Military Academy and the University of Wisconsin, he came to Detroit, graduating from our school in 1895. His post-graduate work was done in Vienna. During the years 1913 to 1916, Dr. Shurly held the position of Dean of D. C. M. & S., and has for many years been the director of the department of Rhinology, Laryngology and Otolology. Dr. Shurly has been associated in a medical capacity with both the Navy and the Army. While Medical Director of Base Hospital No. 36 at Vittel, France, Dr. Shurly received a citation from General Pershing. For the past two years, Dr. Shurly has been active on the Board of Education, proving himself a loyal friend to his Alma Mater on numerous occasions. The students unite in wishing Dr. Shurly many more years as full of honors as the past has been.



Charles G. Jennings

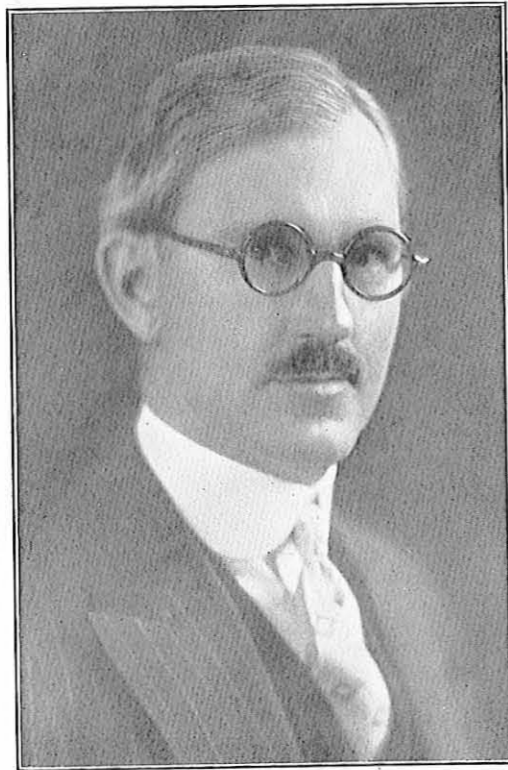
M.D., F.A.C.P.

Dr. Charles G. Jennings, one of the country's outstanding internists, was born in Leroy, N. Y., in 1857. Graduating from the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery in 1879, he engaged in the practice of medicine in this city. He was professor of medicine and head of the department during the years 1897 to 1917.

One of the greatest distinctions that the medical profession can bestow upon its members was bestowed upon Dr. Jennings when he became President of the American College of Physicians.

Dr. Jennings is a member of numerous societies and the author of many papers on medical subjects.

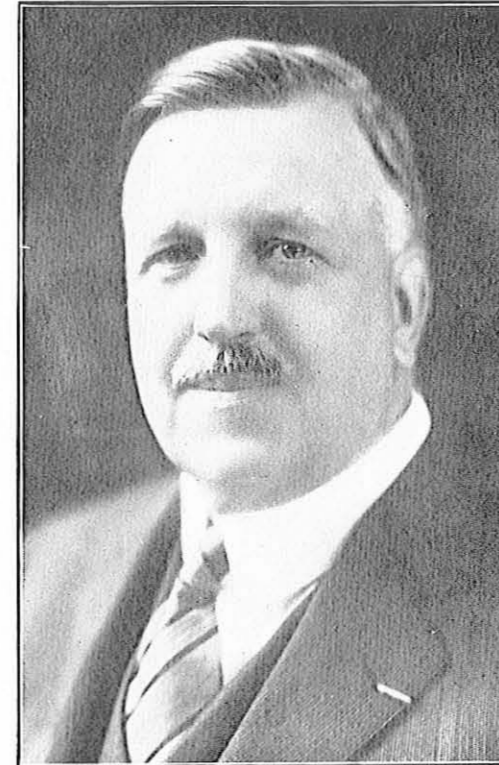
19 ERYTH ROCYTE 29



Alexander W. Blain
M.D., F.A.C.S.

Dr. Alexander W. Blain is perhaps one of the best known of the younger surgeons in the country. Born in Detroit in 1885, Dr. Blain was graduated from the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery in 1906, supplementing the knowledge acquired at school with actual service during his spare hours under the late Doctor H. O. Walker. After a two years' internship at Harper Hospital, Dr. Blain went to Europe for post-graduate study. In 1911, he gained national fame for organizing the Jefferson Clinic, the first attempt at group medicine in the middle west. During the years 1918 to 1924, Dr. Blain was senior attending surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital. As a real friend of the school and the students, Dr. Blain can be depended upon for a whole-hearted and unwavering support of any activity the school may choose to undertake.

19 ERYTH ROCYTE 29



William J. Stapleton, Jr.
Ph.B., L.L.B., M.D., F.A.C.P.

Dr. Stapleton has won the respect and admiration of all who know him,—not only in his classroom but also in his profession. His friendship and sympathy, his readiness to answer any manner of question, his wide knowledge of medicine and law, has endeared him to all of us. We feel that in Dr. Stapleton we have a real friend and a fellow-student, with whom it is a pleasure to pursue knowledge in the Pathology and in the Clinical Microscopy Laboratory and at the autopsy table of the present as well as the past. His discourses on medical history are of absorbing interest while his ability to solve our problems in medical jurisprudence excites our wonder and admiration. As president of the Wayne County Medical Society, and as County Physician, he has faithfully and energetically discharged all trusts reposed in him. He is another of our loyal Alumni who rightfully occupies a place in "Who's Who in American Medicine."