

THE

Griffin

1936

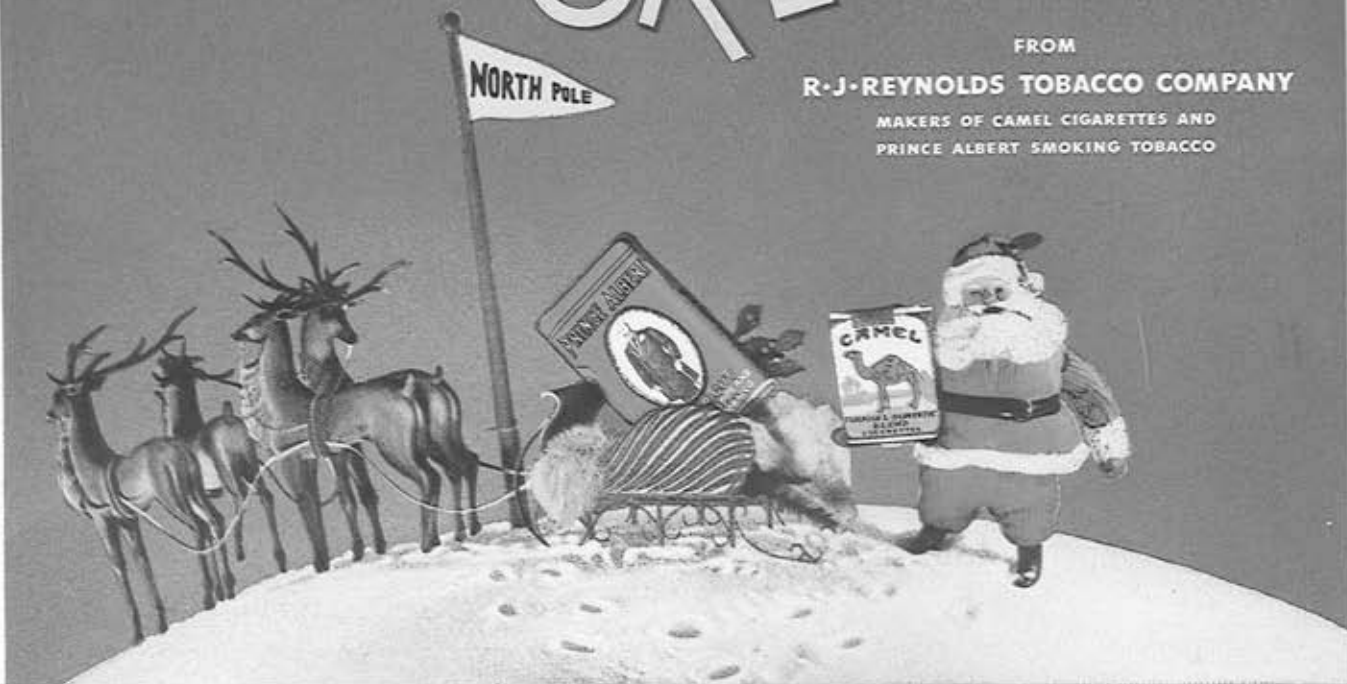


The Griffin

FOOTBALL NUMBER
DECEMBER · · · 1935

SEASON'S GREETINGS

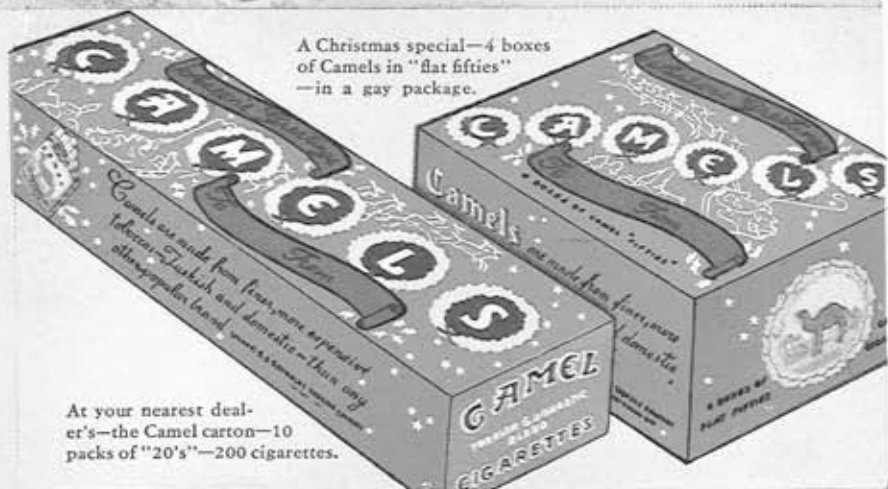
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The Griffin

A Campus Quarterly

Official Student Publication of Wayne University
Detroit, Michigan

IN presenting this first issue of the new Griffin, it would be needless for us to say what we are attempting to do—look for yourself! Yes, we agree that this is a rather unusual way of covering the school year, but we are convinced that it is a much more live and effective plan; and unless you're careful, you'll find yourself agreeing with us.

The second number will follow about February 1, with its theme social activities. Issues three and four should appear in April and June, respectively, featuring extra-curricular activities and seniors.

●
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●
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DECEMBER -- 1935

We Present . . .

From ANTHONY ("TONY") SLOWICK comes the first lead article of the new Griffin. How Tony does it is more than we can tell, but in the short year and a quarter that he has been at Wayne he has become the angel of any editor or publicity shark who has wanted good copy on athletics when he wanted it. He's one of those writers who realizes that when a job is to be done there's only one thing to do, and that is to get busy and write. You can see for yourself that it is good reading too. Just how much of Wayne's athletic news in the metropolitan papers is due to his enormous energy is hard to estimate; but from remarks he has dropped we'd gather that Tony knows right down to the inch, and that he has a clipping of every line in his voluminous archives. In other words, he's a good journalist hard at work. Read what our local Grant Rice has to say about recent football-istics.

• • •

FREDDIE BUSCH lept suddenly to fame this fall with what we think will soon become Wayne's most popular school song, herewith published for the first time. In addition to the gratitude the school feels for his enterprise, the local football laddies owe him their thanks for a free show. They went *en masse*, knees a little shaky but thrilled with it all, to the Michigan for a stage appearance when "Win for Wayne" had its first hearing. Freddie plays a mean piano; this is, we believe, his first venture as a composer.

• • •

DORIS McCORMICK, known among the publications activities as the blond goddess, whose article "The Thirteenth Was No Jinx" appears on page 12, came to the *Collegian* last year with a burning ambition to become a journalist and thereby to write. Her success was early evident. This year she is Women's Editor of that paper and is doing feature writing for the Griffin on the side. Doris is able to get a story when she sets out to find one. Her interview with Mrs. Fox brings out of a yet rather untouched storehouse of local history many interesting facts about this institution's early days. Her article is the sort of thing that opens the way to other historical studies, and she is already hard at work on material for another story to follow, we hope.

It may occur to you that some man should have done the article about the Union; but that is only because you don't realize that a journalist like Doris McCormick can adapt herself to almost any writing task within reason. She has assumed an objective attitude toward the Mackenzie Union which has permitted her to produce a very readable interpretative survey of the activities of this society.

• • •

When DOROTHA CAMPBELL said she wanted to cover the class games we had no idea what she had in mind;

but when her article came in we were left with no doubts. Let you daffodils bear no grudge against Dorothea; one's constitutional guarantees are little protection against mob violence, but if what she says is true (and we've received supporting rumors from many a source) the worst she'll meet up with will be an ever so gentle, "Oh, say . . . stop." This might be a cue for you to rub some repulitory tonic on that sunken chest of yours.

• • •

DAN TEWKSBERRY? Say, who is this Tewksberry? Sounds like someone or something Masefield might make into a sonnet. But many a local column has been enlivened this fall by his sprightly copy. We know his real name, but we wouldn't tell for the world, because there are so many in the institution who'd like to meet him and ask a violent "How Come?" We couldn't go to press without a word or two from Dan, or "Tewkie," as the girls call him. But to all Miss Campbell's daffodils we'd like to issue a warning: Tewkie carries a lot of weight.

• • •

It's about time to pause to make a few jottings about our photographers. To list ARTHUR SIEGEL'S contributions would be largely to repeat our table of contents, for most of the pictures in our first issue have been recorded on the plates of his camera. How he gets all his work done is more than we can tell. When he isn't taking pictures or attending classes he's assisting in the Sociology department, writing movie criticism for the *Collegian*, discussing art with some faculty member who seems to be enjoying the conversation, or—taking pictures. And incidentally, his pictures have been attracting wide attention. He staged a one-man photography show this fall, at one of the local camera shops; and is now distinguished as the youngest contributor to the current National Exhibit. You may have noticed his shots in the south display case on the first floor. We particularly prize the work he has done for the Griffin because, besides being what we consider attractive pictures, the human story values in them are striking.

• • •

From ROLAND MAIER comes the skillfully executed photomontage used on our cover. Maier's pictures have made history for the Griffin in the past, and it is by sheer luck that his work is again available to us. He has contributed as well the illustrations for Gordon Ewing's article on the theater. And you have him to thank for the study of a room in the new A. W. S. building, included on page 31.

• • •

And R. CARL HICKS, JR. has taken time off from his work as *Collegian* staff photographer to contribute some of the shots of the class games. If you want to

know which ones are his, we refer you to the gentleman himself, who will, we are sure, acknowledge them.

• • •

There are few names among Wayne students better known throughout the school than that of ANTEO J. TARINI, copy-editor of the *Collegian*, columnist, orator, actor and poet. We feel like bragging about our luck in adding his name to our list of contributors. Last year, besides being one of the editors of *Prelude*, a magazine for young Detroit writers, and besides his work listed above, he distinguished himself as contributor of poetry to a nationally-circulated magazine. His article on the Cambridge debate is of particular interest because it includes an interview with the young Englishmen. This is how it happened. Anteo went with a group of other *Collegian* persons to that little Russian restaurant and . . . well, let him tell you about it himself.

• • •

RICHARD DAVIDSON, who presents the story of the current convocation programs in this issue, has been working around in publications for some time now, although this is his first appearance in the *Griffin* office. Quiet and reserved by nature, Davidson is working hard to carve a place for himself in local journalistic circles. Just how hard is shown by the fact that in addition to the above mentioned article he has collaborated on the story of the Medical School and has done much to bring into the round the life of that very vital unit of the University.

• • •

Though you'd have no other way of knowing it, because we didn't want to confuse our pages 24 and 25 with too many names set in bold face, the charming little sketches of the local Who's Who are the work of DOROTHY MIDDLEBURY, whose delightful side-glances at local dramatics and other things have generated many a chuckle this autumn among the followers of University publications. Dorothy is one of those clever girls who can do many things in addition to brightening up otherwise dark corners. For instance those ink drawings that have decorated the *Collegian's* drama and movie columns are her handiwork; and many of the seasons best wise-cracks can be traced quickly to the lady. But she says, with a shrug, "I don't think they're so offleth gude."

• • •

EUGENE ZELLER (we bet you didn't know his name was Eugene) dances in and out of the story on the Frosh Frolic with all the skill built up during years of dashing gleefully about. You never know what Zeller is going to do. He'd bring his teacher an apple if he thought his teacher needed an apple, and if there wasn't a worm in it, he'd take care of that too.

All this makes him the sort of person you can't get mad at, which may account for the fact that he seems to be one of the happiest lads in these parts. Journalistically his career began on the *Collegian*. This year his attentions have been shifted to free-lance work for the *Griffin* where you will meet him from time to time.

• • •

ELIZABETH SMITH, whose pen name "Bette" allows her the necessary cover for her society column in the *Collegian*, (she's assistant women's editor, a sophomore socialite who recently chairman-ed the Soph Prom) comes into our first issue with a printed introduction to the new A. W. S. building. Bette, who found her stride in her freshman year on publications, has done much to bring charm and color into Wayne's social activities. We know she's good, just by matching her up with those who like her stuff and those who don't. She's probably the most widely read contributor to the *Collegian*.

• • •

JACK TREBILCOCK collaborated with Richard Davidson in the story of the Medical School, thereby keeping his hand in with an organization which he served with distinction as an undergraduate at Wayne. Jack took his A. B. last June and returned this fall for graduate work preliminary to a career in journalism. But the career didn't wait for Jack to become a Master, and, although he had become business manager of the new *Griffin* this fall, he was allowed to resign to accept a position with a local publishing company. But Jack did come back evenings to see how things were going, and his article is the product of one of his visits. Jack last year was managing editor of the *Collegian*. He is continuing his graduate work on a part-time basis.

• • •

JOHN MULLEN, pardon us, John Campbell Mullen, writes with equal ease, and with equal humor about gold fish or the post-war realists, and in "The Greeks Have Forgotten The Word For It" adds his bit to what he calls "this here now fraternity sorority situation." Personally, we hope some enterprising house takes his suggestions seriously—well, not too seriously. Johnny is also one of those *Griffin* business managers who found resignation a necessity (in Johnny's case it was threatened illness) but who still, thank god, keeps his hand in. Come to think about it, keeping a hand in, in this and that, is one of the important things about Mr. Mullen, who writes voluminous hilarity for the *Collegian*, besides contributing an occasional serious editorial to that paper; he is currently president of the Mackenzie Union board of governors, vice-president of the Interfraternity Council, member of the Student Council, president of Alpha Tau Beta, honorary journalistic fraternity, and a fraternity man. All this probably accounts (Continued on Page 45)

Our Contributors

As the Gun Sounded — Ending the Season . . .

By ANTHONY SLOWICK

AFTER having held the sports spotlight for more than two months, football prepares to make a hasty exit in favor of the winter sports. About this time chroniclers of inter-collegiate sports events are engrossed in penning post mortems of the season. Conforming with this time hallowed practice, it is our endeavor to present a consideration of the Tartar's 1935 gridiron campaign.

If we merely note the record alone turned in this past season and compare it with that of last year we might conclude that the Wayne eleven has done little worthy of being emblazoned upon the University escutcheon. But not so! Getting right down to it, the Tartar eleven won five games, one by the scant margin of a point after touchdown, tied one, which everyone, most of all the Green and Gold gridders themselves, looked forward to as a snap on the schedule, and lost two. On the road Coach Joe Gembis' machine did creditably. It whipped St. Mary's 33 to 0, Central State 13 to 6, and Buffalo University 14 to 0 before being held to a scoreless tie by Albion College in the season's finale. At Kelsey Field Wayne barely managed to break even. It was humbled by Michigan Normal, 16 to 6, and by Hillsdale, 9 to 6, before emerging with victories in battles with Kalamazoo, 13 to 12, and Hope, 16 to 0.

Comparing this record with that of last year when Wayne romped through seven out of eight teams on the schedule, it is obvious that the squad, expected by Tartar fandom to eclipse the feat of the 1934 Green and Gold eleven, failed to measure up to its well-wishers' expectations.

A comparison of records, however, fails to net an honest appraisal in the case of the 1935 Wayne football team. Even under ordinary circumstances, such a practice is at its best casual and superficial. Though there is no justification for its use, the fan in the stands depends wholly upon it.

When a thorough survey is made, when records are weighed in the balance with the experience and availability of material, the caliber of the opposition, and various other factors, a more reasonable evaluation is gained.

Consider the 1935 Tartar team.

The majority of the positions on the varsity were

filled by inexperienced sophomores who made a brave attempt to fill the shoes of Jim Demaree, the greatest quarterback Wayne ever had, Marvin Schwartz, a stand-out in the center of the line, and Alex Yankovsky, Carleton Phillips, Walter Seip, and several others. True, the roster this year was studded with men like Stan Newsted, Peter Denys, Connie Eizak, and Nate Levitt, prep all-city players who, together with several of the other sophomores on the squad, constituted just about the cream of the metropolitan high schools' gridders two years ago. Frank Stafinski was an all-state selection. But you can't get away from the fact that the material that greeted Coach Joe Gembis in September was the greenest in the history of the grid pastime here.

Too much was expected of the inexperienced team; a miracle in the form of a season unsullied by defeat was envisioned by over zealous students. This threatened greatly the breaking down of the squad's morale, so much so that the team dropped its first two games played on the Kelsey Field gridiron largely from stage fright.

Like measles, injuries were almost inevitable. The rub, however, is not that they hit the Wayne team but what a thorough job they did of it. Even before the season began, Captain Fred Bens broke a bone in his ankle and was not available for the first two games. Following the Michigan Normal tilt, the second on the schedule, a veritable epidemic of casualties found Henry Chudy, regular center, with a broken collar bone, William Warren, utility center, with a wrenched back, Stan Newsted, Peter Denys, and Paul Rehn, halfbacks, and Frank Stafinski and Connie Eizak, fullbacks, suffering with injuries that refused to respond to treatment. Before the season closed, Marion Sapala, veteran quarterback, John Igrisan and Richard Reis, tackles, and Joe Matz, fullback, were viewing Tartar football games from the sidelines because of injuries.

A schedule more formidable than last year was encountered. Two foes, Assumption and Alma, easily beaten in 1934, were dropped and Michigan Normal and Buffalo University, more powerful teams, substituted.

Wayne's fine record the year before and the wide

Griffin's Post Mortem Finds a Bravo for Captain Freddie Bens and the Gembis Boys



Plunging through in the game with Hope College.

publicity that came with it failed to make the going easier for the team this year. Every opponent on the schedule was "gunning" for Wayne because of it.

Considering the circumstances that surrounded the past season, can anyone say otherwise than, to put it briefly, "the 1935 Wayne football team hung up a noteworthy record." The players and coaching staff certainly merit all the praise that may come their way.

That the team did as well as was expected by the coaching staff can be gleaned from a statement made by Coach Gembis at the first practice: "While we probably won't equal the record set last year, we will have a team of which Wayne can be proud. This year we will have to depend to a large extent upon sophomores, but with a year's experience, look out for us next year."

Fifty-three gridders, presenting the best material in the history of the gridiron sport here, were invited by Coach Joe Gembis to the Tartars' first drill. Hard hit by the loss of most of last year's regulars, including the entire first string backfield, the Tartar mentor indicated that he would depend on his many sophomores with an eye toward the future.

"If we can win half of our games, we'll be doing O. K.," Gembis declared. "You can't lose an entire backfield and expect to beat everybody."

What worried Gembis most was the lack of a good kicker and a quarterback to steady the sophomore backfield. Captain Fred Bens, who was being counted upon to call the signals, was not available for two games due to an ankle injury suffered in a baseball game during the summer. A wide open scramble for

positions in the backfield was a feature of the first week of practice.

By the time the season's opener with St. Mary's at Orchard Lake was at hand, Coach Gembis had decided on a combination that he believed would be most effective. Woody Dolphin and Ralph Porter would play the ends, Adam Widlak and John Igrisan, the tackles, Tony Sinkus and Emil Dalak, the guards, Henry Chudy, center, Afton Sauer, quarterback, Stan Newsted and Peter Denys, the halfbacks, and Frank Stafinski, fullback.

Combining a rushing attack with good blocking, the Tartars breezed through the Eagles, piling up the biggest score of the season, 33 to 0. Frank Stafinski earned for himself the distinction of scoring the season's first touchdown, plunging through the line after four minutes of the opening period and Stan Newsted added two more scores before the quarter ended. Coach Gembis sent in a whole new squad the second period. Joe Mohr, replacing Stafinski, annexed another tally in the dying minutes of the first half. The second half found St. Mary's a tougher team, the Tartars being held scoreless in the third period. Paul Rehn, substitute halfback, brought another score just before the game ended as the result of an end run. Nearly every player on the Wayne roster saw action in the game.

Renewal of relations with Michigan Normal after a five-year lapse found Ypsi the underdog before the tilt at Kelsey Field the next week. Led by Chuck Hanneman, star left end, the Hurons upset the dope bucket with an unexpected 16 to 6 victory. Halfback William Lyons penetrated the Wayne forward wall

for the first score of the game in the second period. On the first play after the kickoff, Peter Denys threw a long pass to Woody Dolphin who made the Tartar's only score of the game.

Normal tallied again in the third period on a field goal by Hanneman and in the last quarter on an end run by Lyons. The contest was a costly one for Wayne, several regulars suffering injuries that would keep them out of the lineup at least for the next game.

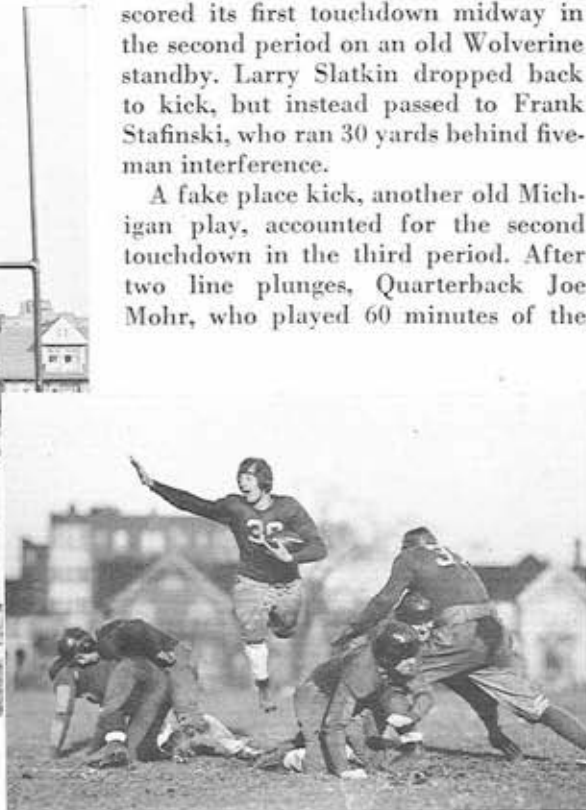
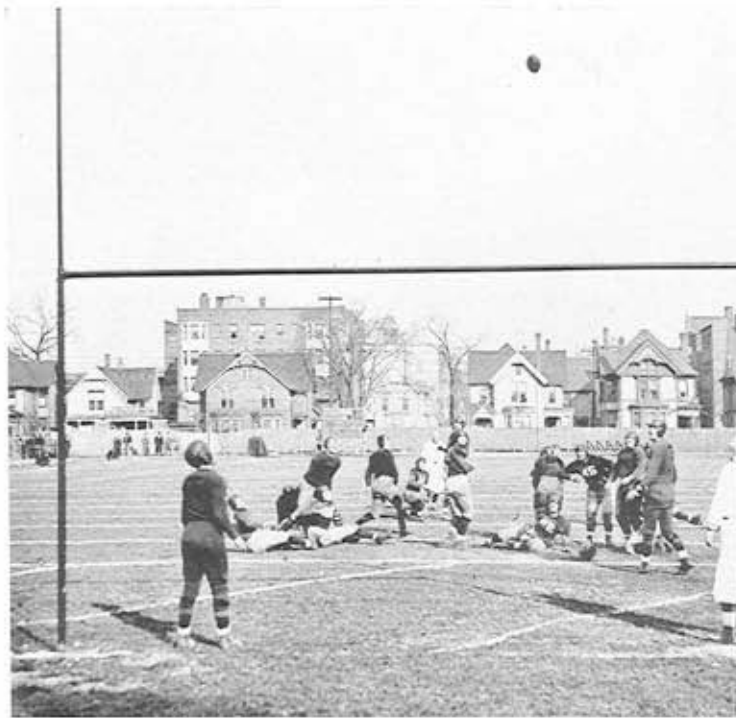
The "Old Oaken Bucket" was the prize at stake when the Green and Gold eleven invaded Mt. Pleasant for the Central State game. The Tartars were out to avenge their only defeat last year. Quarterback Marion Sapala, who donned a Wayne uniform once more, was largely responsible for the 13 to 6 triumph. Al Fortino plunged over the line to give his squad the edge early in the second quarter. Later in the same period, Emil Dalak, playing center in Chudy's place, blocked a punt, recovered and carried it 20 yards for a score. Although hampered by a broken finger, Frank Stafinski registered another score before the contest was over. Athletic Director David L. Holmes went in quest of the "Bucket" after the game but it could not be found. Coach Holmes finally left without it only after he received reasonable assurance that it would be sent through the mail when its custodian, the janitor, was found.

Homecoming Day brought 4,000 fans, the largest attendance of the season, to Kelsey Field for the Hillsdale game. Outweighed, the Tartars succumbed to

the Dalers powerful attack, 9 to 6. The big loss, however, was that of Marion Sapala, who suffered a broken collarbone while returning the opening kickoff. Hillsdale began the scoring two plays after the opening of the second quarter when quarterback Joe Harrison passed to Ralph Bearden for a score. A pass in the last period from Peter Denys to Joe Mohr paved the way for Wayne's only score. On the next play Frank Stafinski plunged for a touchdown. When Newsted attempted to punt from behind the Tartar goal later in the quarter, his kick was blocked by Al Stanich who fell on the ball for a safety.

Coach Gembis revamped his lineup somewhat for the game with Buffalo University. Five new faces were in the starting lineup. Joe Mohr was calling signals, Larry Slatkin shared the halfback burden with Peter Denys, Richard Reis filled left guard, and Robert Reis, right tackle. The contest marked the first time that the Wayne squad had played in the East. The Green and Gold gridders were too strong for the Bulldogs, winning 14 to 0. In his account of the game, Cy Kritzer, sports writer on the Buffalo Evening News, said: "The ancient punt, pass and prayer system which Fielding Yost brought out many years ago sparkled in all its pristine glory and cast bleak shadows over University of Buffalo's annual Homecoming Day football game. Using the punt as a driving wedge, a prayer for two breaks that turned the tide, and a pass for a constant threat, Wayne University of Detroit defeated the Bulldogs, 14 to 0, in a battle of thrilling dashes." Wayne scored its first touchdown midway in the second period on an old Wolverine standby. Larry Slatkin dropped back to kick, but instead passed to Frank Stafinski, who ran 30 yards behind five-man interference.

A fake place kick, another old Michigan play, accounted for the second touchdown in the third period. After two line plunges, Quarterback Joe Mohr, who played 60 minutes of the



Above, Stan Newsted's kick that won the Kalamazoo game, 13-12.
Right, Peter Denys doing "The Spring Song."



● Men, Housetops, Shining Helmets, and Action ●



game despite his 135 pounds, stepped back to the Buffalo 23-yard line to try a field goal, with Peter Denys holding the ball. Instead of kicking, Joe faked and Denys slipped the ball under his arm and ran for a touchdown.

Taking to the air, the Tartars passed their way to a 13 to 12 win over Kalamazoo for the first victory on the home gridiron. A pair of long passes by Peter Denys to Capt. Fred Bens brought Wayne its touchdowns in the second and last quarters. Stan Newsted, who toed the ball for the point after the first touchdown, sent it squarely through the uprights for the margin that brought Wayne the triumph. Fullback George Finlay made two successful thrusts at the line for the Hornets' two scores in the third and last periods. After a somewhat delayed debut, Wayne's newly organized band, sporting green uniforms with gold stripes, was on hand to add more color to the game. Wayne's new fight song, "Win for Wayne," echoed through Kelsey Field for the first time.

Defensive and offensive tactics, similar to those employed by the Tartars were encountered when Hope was met at Kelsey Field. A better drilled Wayne squad walked off with its fifth triumph of the season, 16 to 0. Wayne scored its first touchdown in the closing minutes of the first quarter when Frank Stafinski intercepted a pass and lateraled to Stan Newsted after being tackled on the 30-yard line, Newsted carrying the ball for a score. Intercepting another pass, Afton Sauer kicked a field goal from placement on the 25-yard line in the second period. Opening the second half, Capt. Fred Bens blocked and recovered an attempted punt and ran twenty yards for a score.

A rain-soaked Albion gridiron and a steady drizzle found the Tartars unable to make much headway against the Methodists in the closing game of the season. For the first time in eighteen games Wayne was held scoreless, the teams battling through four scoreless quarters. Over-confident, the Tartars received somewhat of a shock when they discovered that Albion was much tougher than they had expected.

Three scoring opportunities were lost for Wayne when the backs slipped on the wet turf at crucial moments, or the sleek pigskin was fumbled.

Wayne's best opportunity came early in the second period when Igrisan broke through the Albion line to block Santini's punt, and Afton Sauer recovered the ball for Wayne on the Albion 26 yard line. Pete Denys tossed a short pass to Frank Stafinski who ran to the 10 yard line for first down. Stafinski hit the line for five yards, but on the next play Denys fumbled a low pass from center and Jim Tooker recovered for Albion on their own ten.

Emil Dalak, Tony Sinkus, Stan Newsted and Frank Stafinski were outstanding for Wayne. Incidentally, the game marked the breaking of a 17-year-old rivalry with M. I. A. A. teams.

The contest was the last for Captain Fred Bens, Richard Kulka, and Woody Dolphin. In the three years they have played football here, they have seen a vast improvement in the Wayne gridiron records. In their first year they played for an eleven which was elated to score a touchdown against mediocre competition. The last two years they have been an integral part in a football machine that lost only three games in that period of time.

Coach Joe Gembis is very sorry to lose them, not only because of their playing ability, but also because of the fine morale and discipline they have helped bring the team.

With the completion of the 1935 campaign, thirteen sophomore footballers received their first service stripes. Awards were also made to seven juniors and three seniors.

The trio of seniors honored was Captain Fred Bens, Richard Kulka, and Woody Dolphin. The junior letterwinners were: Wally Perkins, Marion Sapala, Afton Sauer, Tony Sinkus, Larry Slatkin, Paul Rehn, and Adam Widlak. Sophomores named for letters by Athletic Director David L. Holmes were: Roy Bedell, Henry Chudy, Emil Dalak, Pete Denys, John Igrison, Nate Levitt, Joe Matz, Joe Mohr, Stan Newsted, Dick Ries, Robert Ries, Frank Stafinski, and William Warren. Reinhold Kitzmann and John Woolfenden received managers awards.

That the name Emil Dalak be inserted beneath the legend 'most valuable player' on the Sphinx fraternity cup together with that of Jim Demaree, who was honored last year, was the unanimous opinion of Dr. William V. Sessions, Athletic Director David L. Holmes, Head Coach Joe Gembis, and Dr. William Flora, the board making the selection.

Starting the season at guard, Dalak, a sophomore from Eastern High School, was soon shifted to the hub of the line when Henry Chudy, regular center, snapped a collar bone in the Michigan Normal fracas. William (Red) Warren took the center post after the Central State game and Dalak returned to his old guard position.

In both of these positions Dalak played a spectacular brand of football. Impressed, Coach Gembis used him in games many more minutes than any other Tartar and the title of 'most durable player' also belongs to Dalak. Coach Gembis liked the wide awake brand of football that Dalak displayed from the start. It was this alertness that enabled him to lead his team in intercepting forward passes, recovering fumbles, and blocking punts.

The speedy 165-pounder turned in his outstanding performances this season in the Central State and Buffalo University games. Blocking a kick in the second quarter of the Bearcat game, Dalak caught the pigskin before it fell to the gridiron, ran twenty yards for a touchdown which started the Tartar scoring, and brought the Green and Gold squad a victory over their traditional rivals.

Dalak blocked another punt in the Buffalo game and recovered it on the Bisons' one-yard line in the dying minutes of the second quarter. But the time-keeper's horn sounded half-time a moment later and the Tartars narrowly missed another tally.

What about the Tartar football team next year? What kind of material will Coach Gembis have? What about the schedule now that Wayne no longer plays M. I. A. A. teams?

The outlook for the 1936 football season is the brightest in the history of the gridiron sport here. Coach Gembis will have an abundance of experienced material to work with. A number of talented gridders from Coach Jim Demaree's team will also be available.

For once the Tartar mentor will have a plethora of backfield material. He will have Wally Perkins, Afton Sauer, Joe Mohr, and Joe Wilkis to choose from for the quarterback position. For the halfback posts he will have Stan Newsted, Pete Denys, Joe Wilkis, Paul Rehn, Bill Allan, and Larry Slatkin. The fullback berth will be vied for by Frank Stafinski, Connie Eizak, and Joe Matz.

Competition for these positions will be made stiffer by members of this season's yearling squad who will be seeking places. Otto Hinzman is a heady pilot. He can kick, pass, and run. While at Western High School he demonstrated his ability and was chosen all-city quarterback. He is lacking in weight and size, however. Bert Peckham of Northwestern High School also played quarter on the yearling eleven. A speedy runner, he was the best pass receiver on the Tartar frosh team.

Coach Demaree is also sending up several top-notch halfbacks. Coach Joe Gembis' brother, George, a 6-foot-2-inch 170-pounder from Vicksburg High School, was the outstanding kicker on the squad. It is said that he can outkick any punter on the varsity. He is also the best defensive back and a fast runner and excellent passer. 'Tex' Whisonant, a 160-pound six-footer from Royal Oak can likewise be termed a triple-threat man. Another promising back is Stan Setera, a strong man

on defense. He is a good kicker and passer but his forte is blocking. Fred Mallon, 170-pound halfback from Northwestern High School, has also made a fine showing with the frosh.

There are men for every position in the forward wall. Henry Chudy, William Warren, and Edward Kary will be on hand for the center of the line, Emil Dalak, Tony Sinkus, Richard Ries, Michael Davinich, and Murray Robertson may be used to fill in at guard while the tackles include Adam Widlak, John Igrison, Nate Levitt, Walter Peregou, Robert Ries, and Leonard Gaydos. At the flanks Coach Gembis will have Roy Bedell, Ralph Porter, Paul Miller, Norman Wheeler, and Herman Canner to pick from.

From the freshman ranks, Abe Katz, who won frosh numeral at Michigan State, will be available for center. He is a former all-city center from Northern High School. Also available will be Phil Begun, a tackle from Northern, Warren Messer of Southeastern and Bud Hamel of Cooley, guards.

Severing relations with the M. I. A. A., Wayne will be obliged to schedule several elevens from out of the state. Four teams that are certain to appear on next season's schedule are Michigan Normal, Central State, Buffalo University, and St. Mary's. The athletic department has been dickering for games with Boston University, Cincinnati, Case, Akron University, Toledo University, Rutgers, and Michigan State. However, none of these teams have been carded yet. A game with Michigan State College in 1936 appears very unlikely at this time.



Captain Fred Bens

WIN FOR WAYNE

Words by BENNY DAVIS

Music by FREDDY BUSCH '36
and FREDDY BERGIN

Win for Wayne Rise and sing our Vic - t'ry Song. Win for Wayne.



Win for Wayne Show the foe that we are strong. Strong for Wayne.



Strength un - told. Ties that nev - er sev - er. Green and Gold, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.



Win for Wayne, In our hearts here's one re - frain, Win for Wayne



Adding Color to Football

"One of the best things that's happened to Wayne in years."

I looked at Joe Gembis. "Yeah?" I queried. "Which do you mean, the band or the song?"

"Both," he replied.

I agreed with him, as I watched the strutting drum major, Vincent Ayres, lead Wayne's first uniformed band down the field to the tune of "Win for Wayne."

Green and gold uniforms, a marching band, a new song. Color sweeps down upon Kelsey Field.—*Excerpt from an unpublished journal.*



The Thirteenth Was No Jinx

An Interview With Mrs. Emma A. Fox Digs Into Local History

By DORIS McCORMICK

NATIONALLY noted as a parliamentarian and clubwoman, Mrs. Emma A. Fox is likewise important to us at Wayne University because she served on the committee of 1894-95 that had charge of plans for the erection of the present University building. She is the only living member of that committee whose names appear on the marble slab just inside the front entrance of the school, and she is one of the three women who have served on the Detroit Board of Education.

After answering three phone calls in rapid succession Mrs. Fox sat down one afternoon to chat with me in her home on Second Boulevard.

"Don't look at my hair," she said. "We women wear hats all day to keep in the crimps so we can go without hats in the evening!"

Mrs. Fox, who is eighty-nine years old, is brisk and active—and one of the busiest women in the city. She was going to teach a class in parliamentary law at the Statler that evening. She had just returned from a meeting of the D. A. R. and had spent the day before teaching classes at the Detroit Parliamentary Law Club, of which she is one of the original members and still president and director thirty-six years after its founding.

The conditions which gave rise to the need for a high school building in Detroit more than forty years ago were briefly reviewed for me by Mrs. Fox who has an excellent memory for dates and names.

The building in which Wayne University is now housed was the first high school building in Detroit. Previous to its erection classes had been held in various buildings downtown. The very first session of a high school class in Detroit was held August 30,

1858 in the second story of a frame building on Miami Avenue (now Broadway), where the Board of Education offices are located at present. During the first term fifty-four boys were enrolled and two of them graduated in the first class of 1860. Two years later girls were admitted for the first time. In the fall of the year 1863 the school was moved to the second floor of the old Capitol Building on Griswold Avenue. The building was destroyed by fire in January, 1893, and the site, known to us as Capitol Park, was dedicated "as a breathing spot in the heart of the business center."

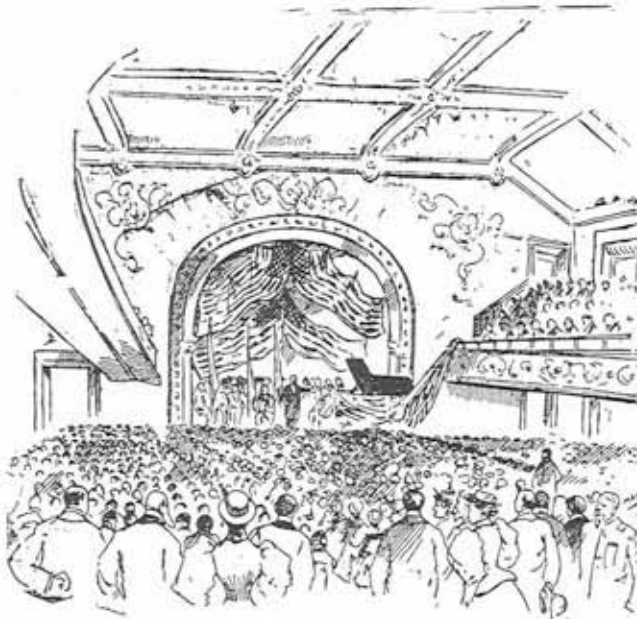
Heralding the erection of a high school building, an alumnus of the old Detroit High School wrote that year: "The school long since outgrew its house and all who are interested in its future rejoice that there is prospect of a new building suited to the needs of a large and progressive school."

Asked when the members of the Board of Education first seriously considered erecting a high school building, Mrs. Fox replied that they had been thinking of it for some time before they finally decided on action. A lot on Brush Street at the rear of Grace

Hospital had been bought for fifty-five thousand dollars a year or two before, contracts had been let and plans drawn for the erection of a high school there. So many citizens protested against having a school near the hospital that the lot was abandoned and contracts cancelled, probably at a considerable loss to the city.

Finding the Biddle House, an old hotel on Jefferson Avenue in which classes were held after the burning of the Capitol, ill-suited to the needs of a high school, the Board of Education began to look for a good site for a new building. Mrs. Fox laughed

Scene in the auditorium at the formal dedication of the building, January 13, 1897.



as she recalled that when the block bounded by Cass, Warren, Second, and Hancock Avenues was being considered she had raised an objection, fearing it was too far from the downtown section. The neighborhood was very sparsely settled at that time although this block was the only one entirely vacant. Mrs. Fox favored a location near the Cass School, now Cass Tech. However, because of the delay that would be occasioned by the condemning of property and clearing of the site downtown, the majority of the board voted to build farther out, and the present block was purchased.

"Several members of the board were superstitious," recalled Mrs. Fox, "so the rest of us tried to get the important events connected with the building to fall on Fridays or on the thirteenth. And we succeeded, too."

The first sod was turned and the cornerstone of the building laid Monday morning, May 13, 1895, at ten thirty o'clock. Addresses were given by Dr. John E. Clark, president of the Board of Education, and by Mayor Hazen S. Pingree. Patriotic songs were sung by the pupils. A silver-plated spade donated by John R. Trix, member of the building board, was used to turn the sod. This spade was kept in the building until Jan., 1926, when Central High School was removed to its present location on Tuxedo Avenue. It is now kept in the office there. Each graduating class throughout the years has tied ribbons of its colors onto the handle.

The informal opening of Central High School and the flag raising ceremony accompanying it took place on the thirteenth of September, 1896. Seven thousand people came by street car, bicycles, and afoot to witness the ceremony that marked the opening of the new building. The bicycles, two or three hundred of them, were stored in the basement. The flag was to be unfurled at exactly noon, but it failed to unfold and had to be lowered and readjusted, finally floating out from the staff two hundred and thirty feet above Cass Avenue just five minutes after schedule.

Great interest was manifested in the auditorium, the first to be included in a Detroit school building. The Detroit News of September 14, 1896, said:



Flag raising ceremony at the informal opening of the building, September 13, 1896.

"The flag raising was preceded by interesting exercises of a patriotic nature held in the school auditorium . . . This is a handsome hall and has a seating capacity of nearly two thousand."

In answer to the criticism that the corridors were too broad, someone figured that "they are the means of saving about twenty minutes a day for each student in the building, for 1,500 students and 180 days in the school year, an aggregate saving of 5,400,000 minutes or 90,000 hours." In the original plan the work of the ninth grade was on the third floor, of the tenth grade on the second floor, and of the eleventh and twelfth grades mostly on the first floor.

Formal dedication of the building was held at eight o'clock Wednesday evening, January 13, 1897, not quite two years after the laying of the cornerstone. Souvenirs from the ceremonies that marked the laying of the cornerstone and the dedication of the building have been kept by a friend of Mrs. Fox, the widow of a member of the first building committee, Mrs. John Trix of Hancock Avenue. Satin badges worn by members of the board, strips of pale blue and white bunting, copies of the programs, booklets containing the songs that were sung, clippings and pictures from the newspapers—all these are laid neatly away in the bottom drawer of her chiffoniere. It was here that I found the two drawings reproduced on this page. Mrs. Trix who graduated from the old Capitol Building sixty-nine years ago, was delighted that the material she has saved so carefully can be used "after all these years."

On the program the evening of the dedication were songs by the glee club, including "Stars of the Summer Night," "The Mermaid," "The Rose," and "Angel of Peace,"; addresses by the president of the Board of Education, Caleb S. Pitkin, the principal of the school, Frederick L. Bliss, and a member of the class of 1861, the Honorable Jared W. Finney; and finally, Sousa's stirring "El Capitan March" by the high school orchestra.

"In causing the laying of the cornerstone, the raising of the flag, and the dedication of the building to fall on the thirteenth," said (Continued on Page 50)

Men Into Daffodils

A Co-ed Sees the Frosh-Soph Games

By DOROTHA CAMPBELL

EVERYBODY was there—freshmen rubbing elbows with sophomores and a sprinkling of jolly juniors and dignified seniors pacing about—a crowd eager for action. And I was there, too. Me, a sophomore co-ed. What for? Hmm, oh yes! I was interested in clothes—masculine material, of course. But as I stood behind the lines and tried to peer between the cauliflower ears in front of me, what kind of material did I see? Did I find those important plaid, fascinating tweeds, and the very smooth suede shoes? Indeed not. An assortment of gym shoes, old trousers, faded shirts, rubber bands (garters, you know), and that sweater that had seen its day seasons past seemed to be extremely in vogue.

And there was Johnny, my latest heart-beat, right in the midst of the tussling, garbed in hideous rags, after my thinking how beautifully a blue tie could bring out the blue of his eyes! Could this creature be the object of my affections? To see him wrestling around like that made me wonder what he would do at the next dance. All that jostling and pushing around business might bring out the primitive in him. Perhaps the Johnny of the shredded shirt is masculinity in its real form. But maybe it just had been that certain press of his suit that got me. After all, suede shoes, tweeds, and stuff do give a thrill, and it is rather disillusioning to see your crush robed in any tattered outfit. And the frosh made it still worse by smearing yellow paint on their faces and yellow numerals on their pants. Gosh, such decorations!

Sure, as a co-ed, I'm also interested in excitement. And I did see some in the push-ball contest. Mobs of guys were straining in layers with all their might. And if any of you artists were looking for extreme facial expressions, "you should have been there!"

As I stood there, I was wondering if some girl in the crowd were wishing she could get into the games. Now that is an idea! Why couldn't we femmes doll up in intriguing costumes and push a ball around? I think the balloon thing would look much more picturesque if it were wafted on feminine fingers. But we would stage the affair quite differently. In the first place we would change the C. C. D. letters on the ball to a huge W. At least co-eds are up to date. Not yet

completely satisfied, we would really decorate the ball. Why let a beautiful sphere like that go to waste? Not us, we'd paint it over in startling stripes and plaster it with polka dots. There's nothing like color for a co-ed. And as to the working of the thing, we would have that all figured out in advance. In fact, we would have Miss Murray, the creative dancing teacher, show us just how to twirl it gracefully. In other words, we'd have rhythm. And when we'd swing it, we'd swing it! Anyway, it's something to think about, even if you do object.

But we didn't even have a chance to help those struggling men, because every time we would step over the line, there would be an official (distinguished by gauze arm-bands and a whistle) to keep us back. So we had to let our excess energy go to waste, and try to enjoy the tumblings of the opposite sex. Of course, we couldn't say anything, as they knew it all!

When the flag-rush started, I got all rosy with excitement. "Ah," sez I, "here is the place where I see a real he-man show." So I dashed to get a place in the front row around the rope. When a co-ed expects to see anything, she expects to see it!

There in the center stood the slimy pole, topped with the sophomore flag, a piece of tattle-tale-gray shirt. It offered a swell opportunity for some frosh to show just how it is done. But the sophs, piled around the pole with a come-hither-if-you-dare look in their eyes, seemed to scare those yearlings. Was I disappointed! Here I thought those fresh things would come in a horde and plunge through the soph barrier and really give us a thrill. But no, not one of them got completely on the pole. The '39 class seemed obviously to lack a Tarzan. If that is the way men are underneath all that put-on stuff, me for spinsterhood.

We seemed to be more absorbed in watching the packs of men squirming on the ground than at the frosh-less pole. As far as I could see, the only thing that did get on the pole was that green shirt with which someone tried to remove part of the grease. Now if the co-eds had been doing it, things would have been different. No drab rag for our soph flag, as we would have had one of green and yellow. You can't beat the co-eds for loyalty! And anyway, the colors would be so much more inspiring than that washed-out gray.

Oh, of course, the inevitable photographers were on hand, striving to snap the turmoil on the ground in amusing poses. Those fellows seemed to be twisted into every conceivable position. I finally gave up hope in trying to distinguish whose leg it was that was

around whose neck. It was a spectacle that showed the way of all flesh—plenty of epidermis being on display. But in case people did get too vicious, the doctor with his yellow bag was there to patch things up.—No, I don't mean the clothes! At least he lent intensity to the scene.

And speaking of thrills and excitement, what the co-eds couldn't do in a tug-of-war. We wouldn't be a bit slow in finding our places at the rope, and would know exactly how to handle it. Besides, we wouldn't have allowed the contest to become one-sided so quickly. First we'd pull the sophs down to the water, and then the frosh would be tugged close to the brim. We'd give the crowd some actual suspense before we were through. And to end things, the victorious side would drag their opponents through the canal with real force, because co-eds have real strength. We eat our broccoli.

Before the frustrated frosh enjoyed their soaking in the mud-colored water, they provided some good entertainment. Each gentleman was thoroughly occupied in giving his apparel a last tug and in thrusting his heels into the ground for a good grip. And with all the warning about "not slacking this time," I really thought that they were going to do something. But again I was disappointed.

Such is the life of a co-ed! When we do expect great things of them, men turn out to be such daffodils. Anyhow, we've not given up hope, as there will be other frosh-soph battles in which to search for hennen. But thank heavens they are over for 1935, as we got tired of searching.



Playful Skull Bashing

By DAN TEWKSBERRY

The volcanic explosions that rocked Pompeii and Mauna Loa several centuries ago, now considered the most awe-compelling fireworks in all world history, were mere pikers in comparison to an epic that occurred on Belle Isle one day last November. The occasion for this latest rendition of lava and brimstone was the celebrated Class Games.

Already the pundits are calling the traditional Wayne contest a major cataclysm, but though its occurrence is more subtle than either an earthquake or a magmatic upheaval, its effects are about the same.

The orgy this year took place on the athletic field of the island and was attended by the largest crowd ever to witness such a fray. There were upwards of a thousand on-lookers, who with the rabbits and squirrels and river birds, weathered the blasts of a cold, raw, Autumn day and stayed long enough to

watch the sophomores clamber off the field with their first victory since 1933. The upperclassmen vanquished the frosh in exactly one hour and forty minutes of playful skull bashing. The humbled plebes retreated on the anaemic end of a two-one score.

The games were fought in the usual three installments, each more vicious and crude than the other. First event was the pushball. It was fairly decent and provided a touch of entertainment, but required little imagination on the part of the spectator to probe the mental caliber of those "big boys" out on the field as they capered about and pushed the big sphere willy nilly in its mad journey from goal post to goal post. The frosh came from behind to win this contest. But time proved this to be their first and only victory.

Crowning glory of the afternoon was the flag rush. It was followed by the tug of war, which proved to be the turning point for the sophomores and netted them the entire contest with comparative ease. Both the tug of war and the rush were powerful arguments in defense of Darwin. The flag rush was not only an argument, it was a brief and a portfolio and could easily have passed as a whole case for evolution.

The rush, you will recall if you were there, was centered around the remnant of a tattered shirt. It was nailed to the top of a stocky pole in the center of a roped-off arena. The shirt served as the soph colors and was admirably chosen. The freshmen were supposed to climb the pole and take the colors. It was all very simple. At a signal from one of the coaches the frosh surged into the arena and attempted to destroy the sophs. Their object, naturally, was to haul down the shirt. But the sophomores banked around the pole to protect their colors. Also, they resented being destroyed. The scene that ensued was very picturesque.

Mere words could do it nothing but poetic injustice. Needless to say, none of three hundred-odd was seriously injured. A few ribs were smashed and a perfectly good ear was found in the dust on the gory field, but outside of such trivia the rush was a powerful success. Standing there and contemplating the antics of those so-called college students, the writer was moved by an impulse to throw bananas. The scene smacked so much of Rome and the days when the Christians were thrown to the lions in the amphitheater. The brevity of custom, the dashing styles in men's wear, the presence of togas and grease paint, the snarls and grunts that rent the general atmosphere of the place were all powerfully suggestive of the golden days of Augustus.

The frosh did not attain their end and when the smoke of battle had cleared the white shirt was still waving over the scene. There were a few lions in one corner and a mess of sorry looking Christians and Jews in another. But the banner still fluttered in the breeze. Truly, it was powerful, heroic stuff.

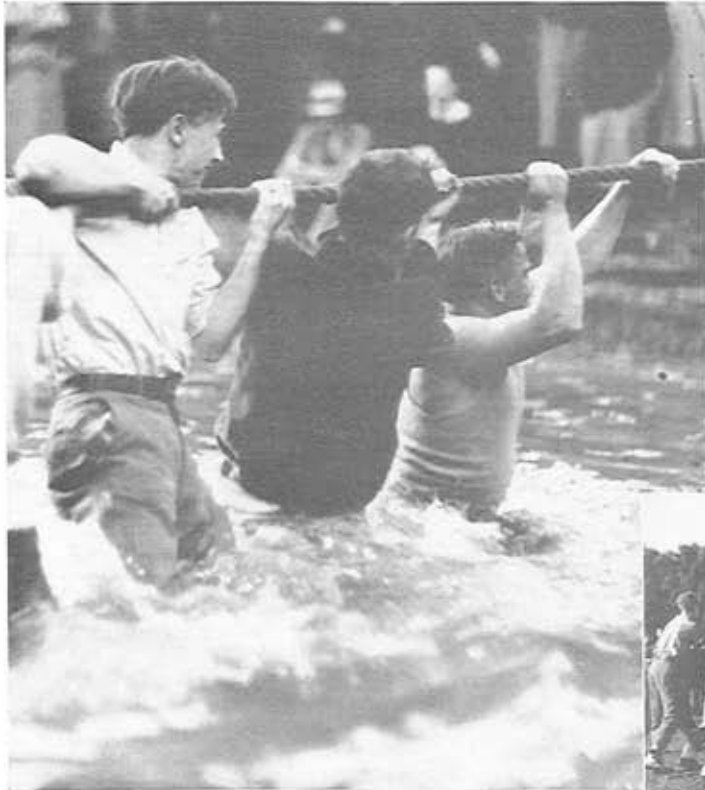
But perhaps we are being too severe with these boys. Taken by and large the games (Continued on Page 54)





BRAWN HAS ITS DAY

Glimpses of the Annual Classic at Belle Isle



The British Draw the Crowds

The Local Yankees Throng to Listen When Cambridge Comes to Debate

By ANTEO J. TARINI

AMERICAN debaters are accustomed to speaking before appallingly small audiences. Even contests between well-known universities fail to draw enough people to fill an ordinary drawing room. It is a rarity when debaters can get any practice in public speaking, in the literal sense of the term.

So David Goldman and Edgar Willis must have been at least mildly surprised when they stepped into the auditorium of Cass Technical High School the evening of November 4. Fully 2500 people were seated in the auditorium. And this in spite of the fact that a cold pouring rain outside made one want to stay home with his slippers on and listen to the radio.

But perhaps the audience was struck by a sense of fitness when they saw the city enveloped in a murky darkness—typical London weather, if one is to believe travelers' reports. For the night of November 4 was the occasion of the international debate between Wayne University and Cambridge University of England.

The British debate has become a tradition in Detroit. The international contests began only three years ago when Cambridge University sent two men to Detroit. In 1934 it was Oxford's turn to engage in these amiable discussions between university students of two nations.

From the beginning these debates were distinct hits. The one thousand people who attended the first one thoroughly enjoyed it. There is something different about British debating. The men from England do not take debating with that grimness that Americans do. There is no haggling for points, no meaningless statistics, no determination to win the debate even though it be on a technicality. Debating, with the English, is more akin to the drama in that it aims to please. Emphasis is placed on persuading the audience, not the judges. The best way to do this is to make the audience laugh with you. This trick the English debaters have down to perfection.

The first two debates were replete with humor. Every speech was punctuated with a series of witticisms and anecdotes. The audience liked it, and told their friends about it. The fame of the international

debate spread. The charm of the visitors induced council members, government officials, high school students, society personages, university students, school teachers, and members from all walks of life to come to Wayne's third international debate.

We had the pleasure of an informal interview with C. J. M. Alport and John Royle, the two Cambridge representatives, after the debate. We went to one of these restaurants where an European air pervades. Evidently the Hon. L. C. Hughes-Hallet, Britain's consul here who acted as host to the debaters while they were in Detroit, wished to give his guests a touch of European atmosphere lest they long too much to return to their home. Fortunately for us he chose the same restaurant we were in. Exercising a newspaperman's prerogative we hesitatingly asked for an interview with the two debaters. In a most affable manner they consented.

Because England's position in the Italo-Ethiopian affair was a dominating one, we asked them if the people of England were behind their government's policy of wishing to apply sanctions to the Italian aggressor. "Whole-heartedly behind the government," Alport responded. "The recent nation-wide poll showed that more than 90 per cent of the people are in favor of the League of Nations. If the other countries of the League act in unison, the English people will support their government."

"How about military sanctions?" we questioned.

"Yes, England will apply even military sanctions if she has the support of the rest of the League," blond-haired Alport answered.

The debate, on the topic, "Resolved, that a written constitution is a hindrance rather than a safeguard to social progress," had developed some interesting differences of opinion between the Britishers and the Americans. We suspected that the two visitors had formed some opinions about Americans which they had not uttered on the platform.

"Do you consider Americans more conservative than Englishmen?"

"I would call Americans ultra-conservative," Royle said with a smile that immediately wins you over to his way of thinking. "Although we have been in your



Edgar E. Willis

country only two weeks, I would say that your Democratic party corresponds to our Conservatives," he added further.

We then chatted about the differences between American and English universities, campus magazines and newspapers, debating societies, Fascist tendencies in England, and English humor. Although no decision was given in the debate, Royle insisted in a most gentlemanly manner

that the Wayne team would undoubtedly have carried off the honors of the evening had a vote been taken.

The two previous international debates had been full of humor and anecdotes, in which Wayne's teams had shown a remarkable adaptation to the British style. So well did they succeed that in this year's debate they actually surpassed the Englishmen in this department, or at least they had more jokes to pull, even if some of them were far-fetched.

In a nervous and yet not unpleasing style little Royle opened the debate. Supporting his country's type of government he gave some of the good points which distinguish the English constitution. England has no constitution as such. Its principles of government are distinct although they are not written down. "The English constitution grew, and was not made," Royle emphasized. Because it is not crystallized in written form the English constitution is flexible and easily changed. A simple act of Parliament can amend it.

Royle criticized the American Constitution on the grounds that a group of old men, the Supreme Court, were the sole judges of the constitutionality of an act. Furthermore the Constitution was written by a group of property-holders for a small nation that was predominantly agricultural. The vast changes that have overtaken American life since the time the Constitution was written have outmoded that document.

Because a small group of men have the final say on whether a measure is constitutional or not, the government tends to become farther apart from the people and their desires. The prohibition of child labor, a progressive act, was called unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, Royle pointed out.

In his speech which opened the American arguments, Willis defended the Constitution on the grounds that the Congress of the United States would be incapable of determining the people's will and that also the Constitution preserved the relationship between the central Federal government and the governments of the individual states.

Answering Royle's criticisms of the Supreme Court, Willis pointed out that these men, whose duty it was to interpret the will of the people, had actually safeguarded their rights many times by declaring acts of Congress, which would have harmed the progress of the nation, unconstitutional.

To the charge that the Constitution was inflexible the Wayne speaker showed that it had been amended 11 times already and that if the people wish to change it, that can readily be effected. This point was taken up by Alport in his speech when he declared that 11 times was not enough in 150 years and that more changes would have come about had not the Constitution been a written document.

Goldman reiterated Willis' point that Congress was not the type of body that could be entrusted to changing the Constitution, that many times that body had been shown corrupt, and that it could not be given such an important responsibility. Goldman also attacked the English for their too frequent changes which, for instance, had resulted in the dole system in that country.

Alport did not let this argument slip by. "The English have progressed enough socially," he stated, "so that they recognize as fundamental the rights of man and not the rights of property."

"Because the Constitution conserves the right of property, it is therefore a drag on social progress," Alport declared, adding, in reference to Goldman's remarks about Congress, "your political immorality is a sad thing and should be changed."

After the debate both Alport and Royle gave a short talk on the Cambridge Debating Society, stating that there are no instructors in forensics at their university.

Chairman of the debate was the Hon. L. C. Hughes-Hallet, British Consul at Detroit.



Dr. Rupert L. Cortright, debate coach at Wayne



David Goldman

Actress or Admiral— They're All Good

By RICHARD DAVIDSON

Current Convos Are Giving the Students What They Asked For

VARIETY, color, novelty, and charm. All of these attributes are dominating factors in the great success of the Tuesday morning convocation programs which have featured widely known speakers and entertainers.

Myrtyl Ross, petite American actress, opened the series of programs on October 8 with her characterization of Catherine the Great. It was unusually well done and one felt that the real Catherine was before his eyes.

Catherine was shown at the age of 65, "still growling although her teeth were falling out," and still searching for a consummation of her love for Russia. "I have kept house for Russia but those are only the ministrations of love. Surely one who loves so sincerely as I cannot be denied."

A lecture-recital by John Tasker Howard, noted critic, on "Three Hundred Years of American Music," was the second presentation. Mr. Howard, first of all, classified music as being classical, romantic, or modern. The latter is, according to Mr. Howard, an expression of the restlessness and disillusionment of the present day, containing an occasional note of idealism."

He then traced the historical development of American music.

"Outside of a few psalm tunes, little music was composed up to 1731," said Mr. Howard. The first concert series was begun in Boston in 1731, in which was played "A Lesson" by John Palmer. This same piece was played by Mr. Howard. The contributions of Francis Hopkinson and Alexander Rheinager, in the eighteenth century, were also mentioned.

Stephen Foster was considered by Mr. Howard as

being the chief exponent of American music in the nineteenth century. "In his field," says Mr. Howard, "Foster's contribution is greater than that of any other American composer whose songs have lived."

Mr. Howard is the author of an important biography of Stephen Foster. Where Mr. Howard ever finds the time for writing biography is certainly a mystery, for his musical activities provide a program sufficient to give anyone a full-time job. Since 1932 he has been broadcasting a weekly program over a national hook-up. He is the author of a number of compositions for piano, organ, orchestra and chorus; he has written many comparative studies of American composers; an exhaustive work on the three hundred years of "Our American Music"; and is engaged at present in compiling a book on general music designed as a guide for the concert-goer, radio-listener, and phonograph-owner. In addition to all this, and the many magazine articles he contributes, he is an excellent lecturer and greatly in demand for his entertaining programs of combined lectures and recitals.

I asked him to tell me something about his methods as a biographer and historian and his answer was so indicative of the reasons for the success of his work that I quote it entire:

"The first job, of course, is getting all the facts you can find. Nothing is too unimportant to know, even though it is too trivial to use. The biographer must have an insatiable curiosity; he must accept nothing as true unless he sees it for himself. He must get to the bottom of legends and traditions, and find letters, diaries or newspapers of the time to support anything he states as a fact. He must be willing to waste hours and days before being rewarded by the thrill of making even some small discovery. He must project himself into the personality of the subject—feel, for instance, as he goes over old letters, that he himself wrote or received them.

"Then, when all this has been accomplished (and it may take from one to ten years to gather the material), he must change from a fussy old scholar to a journalist, and determine what is interesting to the reader and what is needless detail. And if he is honest, he will allow the reader to judge the credibility of all statements for himself, by distinguishing between proven facts and hearsay. Legend is admissible but it must be properly labeled as such."

A very talented group of colored singers, the James

Dean Selden,
chairman of the
convocation committee



A. Mundy Jubilee Chorus, put on a grand show before a record convocation audience on Tuesday, October 29.

This group of singers gave new interpretations to old familiar songs and spirituals. All of these interpretations were marvelous—from the standpoint of realism and spiritual exaltation.

A plantation atmosphere was created in the auditorium. Tones of praise, love, and suffering invaded the air and stimulated the ears of many listeners. The cries of "hallelujah" stirred up the emotions of a great part of the audience—and many were resurrected, as it were, to a new life.

Most outstanding among members of the group were James A. Mundy, director and piano accompanist, and a lyric soprano, Miss Mabel Martin. The latter possesses a beautiful voice of high range and it is most pleasing when she sings hymns.

Mr. Mundy is a little man, with sharp, clear-cut facial makeup. He appears to be philosophical and very serious. When I told him that I enjoyed the program, he remarked, "I'm glad you did. I haven't come across an audience yet which was not spiritually stimulated by our arrangements."

The highlight of the series of convocations was the timely lecture by Admiral William Sowden Sims, former commander of the United States Navy, on "How Public Opinion is Stirred by Propaganda."

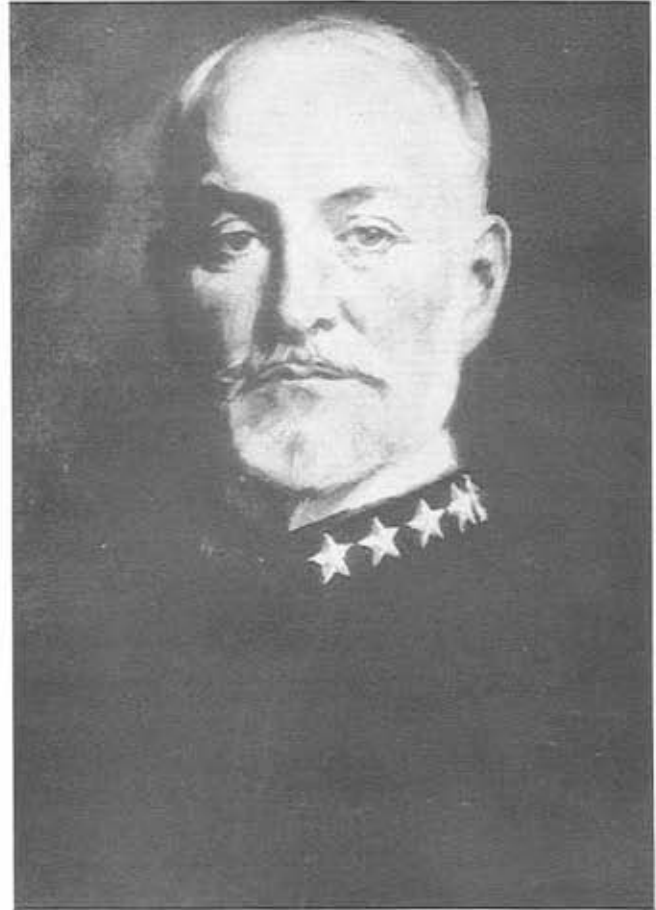
Admiral Sims did not, however, stick to his subject throughout the lecture, and discussed to some length the present international situation. It was quite amazing to hear a former military man like Admiral Sims open his talk with the declaration, "I am for peace!"

He urged that the American people take a greater interest in world affairs, emphasizing the fact that ignorance of these conditions leads to acceptance of dangerous propaganda.

"No means are too vile or too low to be used in putting propaganda across," said Admiral Sims. He then suggested that an understanding of propaganda be a requirement for graduation from any school or university because propaganda was so successful in the last war that a supposedly unbiased committee, headed by Lord Brice of Great Britain, substantiated the unfounded charges of many German atrocities in Belgium and elsewhere.

Admiral Sims strongly advocates the restriction of America's age-old "freedom of the seas" policy as the only way to insure this country's neutrality in another war. He also believes that we have a moral obligation to support the League of Nations in enforcing an economic boycott against Italy.

The United States' embargo on munitions to belligerents, said the Admiral, was the result of a misunderstood idea that when munitions shipments are stopped effective war is crippled. To be effective, an embargo on all foodstuffs and raw materials should



Admiral William Sowden Sims

be enacted because actual powder in itself is a very small part of the wartime needs of a country.

During the past war, the United States shipped to anyone who would pay the price, neutral and belligerent alike, until we actually declared war in 1917 to protect the larger investments we had made with the Allies. American shipments to Scandinavian countries were one thousand per cent larger than during peace times. These shipments were obviously finding their way to the Central Powers but the Allies could do nothing to stop the flow.

He concluded his talk by saying, "It is up to us to act now, if we want to avoid being embroiled in another world imbroglio."

Admiral Sims speaks in a rather soft, low tone of voice, and appears to be very calm. One could expect to see such splendid qualities in a man who has always been a keen and tolerant student of world affairs.

Admiral Sims is probably best known to the general public as the commander of the United States naval forces operating in European waters during the Great War. One year after Admiral Sims reached England with his unit of destroyers and patrols, thousands of weather beaten jackies could be heard through seaport towns, singing and playing "Admiral



John Tasker Howard

ordered him placed in charge of target practice and supported him in his attacks on our defects in the design of ships and ordnance until they were corrected. His tours of duty in the Far East, his service as naval attache in Paris and St. Petersburg from 1897 to 1900, and his association during the war with the naval leaders of the Allied countries qualify him to interpret naval matters in their bearing on international affairs.

Since reaching the age of retirement in 1922, he has continued to take an active interest in naval and foreign affairs. He has written many articles and has spoken in all parts of the country. In his lectures he has the faculty of making technical subjects both clear and interesting to the average civilian, and with all with a whimsical sense of humor.

Something sparkling and different was the keynote in the concluding program of the series. Jim Wilson, a dashing young adventurer and fascinating lecturer, took the platform—became thoroughly acquainted with his audience inside of a few minutes—and then, through a whisk of magic, he carried them away to the heart of Africa.

Upon landing in the warm jungle country, he decided to show his frightened guests a few tribes of "black fellows" who were alleged to be savage and hostile. To the utter astonishment of the trembling guests, Jim ran wildly into the midst of a tom-tom ceremony—and what was even more astonishing, the natives, upon seeing "peeled man," seemed frightened stiff and ran off into all directions.

The next day, most of the fears were eliminated both on the part of the natives and strangers. The "peeled men" embraced the shoulders of the natives. They were, in turn, greeted by a smile of friendship. Jim, to demonstrate his delight in finding that Africans were really people, joined in a native dance, adding to it unmistakable steps of the tango and jazz.

Wilson, with a companion, Francis Flood, traveled

Sims' Flotilla is the Terror of the Sea." But before that time he was already well known to those on both sides of the Atlantic who were informed on naval affairs.

Outstanding reforms in the American Navy had been the result of his numerous criticisms. From a tour of duty on the China station in 1901 and 1902, he brought back Admiral Sir Percy Scott's new system of gunnery training. President Roosevelt

3800 miles on motorcycle, camel, and in canoe, for the express purpose of finding out if the "black fellows" were as savage and hostile as they are alleged to be. Mr. Wilson was determined, in his travel, to act friendly to all the human beings he encountered and to see if they would act the same way toward him. He stuck to his purpose and despite many discouraging obstacles found that most of the jungle folk of central Africa are simple, friendly people who lead a comparatively quiet life. They take care of their health, promote cleanliness, utilize natural resources, and practice a religion in which music plays an important part. They also have marriage ceremonies wherein the bride is given to the groom only after the latter hands over five years' savings to his future father-in-law as a sort of dowry.

"I have never seen a group of people, in all my extensive travels throughout the world who are as clean and fastidious in their habits as the African negro," he said.

"The African drummer is the world's best," said Mr. Wilson, in handing the Africans another bouquet. "And as for dancing," he continued, "it is mainly part of their religious ceremony. To see if the native dancers would welcome new steps, I demonstrated a bit of the tango to them—and they went wild about it."

According to Jim Wilson, words can be misconstrued—but no one can misconstrue the universal language of good-will. He concludes that "when one thoroughly understands how a queer person got that way, he isn't queer any longer; he's usually a pretty good scout."

Mr. Wilson is a first-rate entertainer, and when he entertains, he also instructs.

Taken all in all, the convocation series presented this year has been of a decidedly improved nature, both from the standpoints of interest to the student body and of the caliber of the presentations. We remember but three or four celebrities that have appeared during the long, lean years at convocations—figures like Senator Gerald P. Nye, of munitions fame; Father Coughlin; Nellie Tayloe Ross, at that time governor of Wyoming, and now director of the United States Mint; Frank Murphy, Governor General, or, I should say, High Commissioner, of the Philippine Islands—and these spread over a period of several years. But now, in the space of two months, we have heard five notables, each one being as distinguished as those mentioned above. And this is not the end. There are more to come.

On January 7, Slim Williams is to lecture on "Alaska, Our Lost Frontier," and on January 21 William LaCarre will present an illustrated lecture entitled "Gold, Diamonds and Orchids."

Chief Eagle Plume will present Indian dances, songs, and stories, with costume, during his lecture "Making Medecine" on February 18.

Brayton Eddy will introduce a new aspect of insect

life at the convo on March 3 with his lecture "Personality of Insects."

"Latest News of the Stars" will be related on April 7 by George Blakeslee of the Yerkes Observatory, University of Chicago.

The machinery behind all this upward streak of convocations is the new convocations committee, headed by Dean Selden, and including Lois Place, Rupert L. Cortright, and Milo S. Ryan, of the faculty, and Jack Kline, Ben Stanczyk, Abe Davis, and Margaret Yahne, of the student body. Through their efforts, convocations have been given a new impetus. Attendance at the Tuesday morning presentations has taken a sharp upturn and will continue in that direction as long as programs of interest and of quality are continued. To Dean Selden and his new committee we say "Thank You" and we believe we have many assenters among the students when we say so.

* * *

Augmenting the convocations program, the Y. W. C. A. is presenting a series of lectures on religion, entitled "Why I Believe." The talks are given each Wednesday at noon, and those presented to date have been well attended by appreciative audiences.

Dr. William M. Trap, professor of philosophy, opened the series discussing "What is Religion." He was followed by Dr. Augustus Reccord, of the Church of Our Father, and by Father Joseph A. Luther, dean of men at the University of Detroit. The fourth lecture was delivered by Dr. Solomon Grossman, of the department of psychology, who defined the term "religion" from the psychologist's viewpoint. On November 6th, Dr. Frederick B. Fisher, of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, introduced the second phase of the series, speaking on "What is God." The third phase of the topic, "What I Believe," was given by Dr. Hugh Chamberlain Burr, of the First Baptist Church, when he spoke on November 20.

The series is scheduled to continue throughout the semester and will present, among others, the Reverend W. Hamilton Aulenbach, of Christ Church Cranbrook; and J. Edgar Williams, of the Church of Friends.

* * *

Inaugurating the second annual Lyceum series, the University Theatre presented "Everyman" on Sunday, December 1.

These programs are presented each Sunday afternoon or evening during the school year and are open to the public, free of charge.

The complete schedule for this year follows.

Dec. 8, 3:30—Concert. University Symphony Orchestra.

Dec. 15, 3:30—Christmas Oratorio by J. S. Bach. University Chorus.

Jan. 12, 7:30—Lecture, "Enrichment of Life Through Art." Dr. Wm. Trap, Prof. of Philosophy, Wayne University.

Jan. 19, 7:30—Recital of Dance Compositions. Wayne University Dance Group.

Jan. 26, 7:30—Open Forum Debate: "Should Congress Reverse Supreme Court Decisions?" University Division of Speech.

Feb. 16, 7:30—Symposium on County Government. Leader, Dr. Lent D. Upson, Director of School of Public Affairs and Prof. of Political Science, Wayne University.

Feb. 23, 7:30—Recital. University Verse Speaking Choir.

Mar. 1, 7:30—Dialogue, "The Role of Government in Economic Life." Dr. George Husband, Assoc. Prof. of Accounting, and Dr. Harrison B. Fagan, Asst. Prof. of Economics, Wayne University.

Mar. 15, 3:30—Concert. University Band.

Mar. 22, 7:30—Lecture, "Eugene O'Neill." Frank B. Tompkins, Prof. of English, Wayne University.

April 5, 3:30—Concert. Wayne University Symphony Orchestra.

May 24, 3:30—Brahms' "German Requiem." University Chorus.

THE UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM

4841 Cass Avenue

Detroit



The grand old man of the campus, "Pop" Russell, "telling" the editor of the Collegian, Dale Mericle



Jane Betsy Welling

AMONG OUR WHO'S

Robert M. Magee, Jr.



ROBERT M. MAGEE, JR., who is assistant dean of the College of Education is a Missourian of the first water. He went to the Warrensburg State Teachers College in his home state for his original teachers certificate, then to the University of Missouri at Columbia, Missouri, for the B. S., later going to Columbia University for his Master's and to summer school at various colleges.

He is completing work on his Ph. D. at Michigan, majoring in school administration and teacher training.

This our blond Mr. Magee is married and has two children, Charles Brian, the elder, a manly little fellow with yellow hair and a pretty little girl, equally golden, aged fifteen months and called Mary Catherine.

Even in winter his favorite food is ice cream and he plaintively says he never seems sated. When he was less busy Magee pere used to play tennis, leaping breathlessly about like any frenzied amateur, but now he has a fondness for bowling and golf! Too, he works furiously in his garden, and this last summer he got keen pleasure from raising ten bushels of potatoes all by himself and feels faintly cheated because the price hasn't gone up. He admits calmly that he'd probably be quite good as a farmer.

A prodigious reader, he likes everything and if there is anything that irks him it's people who insist on reading what they feel they ought to, horribly intellectual people who look guilty if you peer over their shoulders and they're reading "The Saturday Evening Post." In his opinion, it's a matter of mood and moment and if Froude soothes (Continued on Page 52)

Lent D. Upson



WHO WE NAME —

JANE BETSY WELLING, arbiter of art education and life in the biggest art room, could probably do anything she liked if she wanted to—from directing color laboratories in Kansas to teaching art to the children of the Rajah of Peshawar.

Possessing a vocabulary which can only be described as powerful, she electrifies timid teachers and embryo art eds with volcanic remarks, punctuated with fond epithets like “—little peanut.” No one else would ever call a long and lean maker of ceramics a “cute little rat”—endearingly.

A member of a round dozen national art committees, she has published reams of articles in all sorts of magazines and has been known to talk for hours at loads of places all over the breathless country, to enthralled audiences. She is always so terribly interested in things that her tongue buttons itself up and she talks in torrents.

After winning several scholarships and having been to Columbia (she first took her B. S., majoring in two subjects, an unusual achievement) she got her M. A. and put in a good deal of work towards her doctorate. This ought to be finished shortly, providing not too many art eds run amuck and she isn't seized with an insatiable desire to see the Swiss Alps.

Jane Betsey has studied art at innumerable schools under as many teachers, including John Carroll and Zorach, and the tremendous amount of work she continually turns out would induce nervous prostration in anyone else. In the offing are a one-man show of her paintings (by invitation) at the Bonnington College galleries, a book on art for *(Continued on Page 52)*

LENT D. UPSON, who teaches political science and directs the new School of Public Affairs, seems to have done a great many other things, too.

He took his B. A. from the University of Wisconsin, his M. A. a year later. And as though that were not enough to entitle him to a long vacation, he promptly went to the University of Illinois and emerged with his doctorate.

Between times, en passant as it were, he won a fellowship to the New York Training School for Public Service . . . then began to use his prodigious preparatory work.

In 1912, after taking charge of Cincinnati's Municipal Exhibit, he directed Dayton's Bureau of Municipal Research and later became secretary to the president of the National Cash Register Co.

Arriving at Detroit in 1916, he has directed the Bureau of Governmental Research ever since, and for those 19 busy years has lectured on Government at the University of Michigan. Eventually he came to Wayne, too, to lecture and hold classes on the same and allied subjects . . . finally being appointed Professor of Political Science this fall.

He directs the School of Public Affairs, and is associated with numerous research centers in the various states.

This volcanic Dr. Upson, who must have more vitality than a mountain goat, has blondish hair and was interviewed amid funnels of cigarette smoke . . . among his desk accoutrements are telephones and a ponderous black dictaphone . . . and his secretary is driven frantic with the *(Continued on Page 54)*



At The Frosh Frolic

By EUGENE ZELLER

HEY ZELLER, c'mere." I c'mered. "Tell me Zeller, my sweet friend, could you tell me where I might find a double socket?" "A double socket?" I queried. "Yes, you nut, a double socket." "Well, I'll tell you, Gar," (This was Gar Sanders I was speaking to, by the way) "I'm a little short on double sockets just now, but——." But as I uttered these innocent words he rushed off crying, "I want a double socket."

"Say, Niepoth," (this to my partner of the evening) "what do you think good ol' Gar could want with a d. s.?"

"Well it seems," she replied, "that without this d. s., Jimmie Higgins Orchestra's Public Address system lies deader than the well known door knob."

"Ah," I responded. Looking back, I can't see why I should have said "Ah." It sounds a trifle insipid, and not at all like my usual devastating replies.

Well, to make a long and dull story short and fruity, Gar found the d. s., the orchestra and the p. a. functioned, and the dancing began.

There seemed to be plenty of original costumes, although a surprising number of couples came in the regulation dance duds. Anyone who came for the mere pleasure of dancing must have been disappointed, for the floor left one in mind of that substance for which the non-skid rubber tire people are looking so hard.

Madness seemed to be the order of the evening, and I shuddered everytime a new calamity entered, because it was usually a friend dressed like an idiot and acting the part. Early in the evening the Penobscot building walked in with a Colonial Dame on his arm. Panic was averted when it was seen that Bob Sayre was the lone occupant of the edifice.

Buck Rogers with his guns and diverse mysterious

rays put in his very effective appearance shortly afterwards.

There were so many swellish costumes that an adequate description of them all would take ages. To point out a few of the most impressive: Lee Hastings, ugliest little girl in the world; B. J. (Kiss my doll!) Hardman; Princess Spies; Annie Lukes and Ray Traynor, Aerialists; Bette Smith and Jack Sweet, the good turn kids (Jack's frying pan looked big enough to cook a cow a la whole), and so many more.

While the crowd was still controllable, the Grand March began, the judges selecting the winning costumes from among the marchers. The prize for the best dressed couple went to Maureen Sheahan and Stuymer Durocher. Stuymer looked very much the Roman Soldier, while Maureen, in flaming red and white, was quite the cats.

A lovely old fashioned costume won a prize for Frances Brenner. Marshall Lepine as the famous man o. t. f. t. also received an award.

Then there were Margaret Rosseland and Edgar Van Dyke, representing two of the less awful characters from "Tobacco Road."

(I think Niepoth and I would have won a prize, but we walked around the gym so long that I got dizzy and we were eliminated because the judges thought I was trying to intimidate them.)



Shortly after the intermission the sight of Chairman Sanders' decorations floating placidly overhead proved too much for the crowd, which proceeded to tear them down with an undampenable ardor. No obstacle was too great for the frenzied mob. Much jumping and grabbing finally resulted in the desired havoc.

I noticed that some of the more excitable individuals almost hung themselves on the orange and black streamers. Slightly the worse for wear, the dancers continued with bits of crepe flying wildly about the larger portion of their anatomies.

The appointed hour arriving, tender good byes said and over, the curtain rang down on one more Frolic.

With my flair for the morbid, I couldn't help but wonder how many people were scared silly by wandering frolickers after the dance.



As Seen by Bette Smith

Breaking all former records for tearing down carefully prepared decorations, this year's frosh frolickers celebrated the holy evening with a most unholy vengeance. The men's gym, scene of all the uncontrolled gaiety, had been amazingly transformed into the usual ghastly setting of orange and black by Chairman Sanders and his committee, but just after intermission, when hilarity was at its peak, the frolickers annihilated all traces of decorations.

But there were those who were innocent at the frolic, too. For example, take the silly sextette, composed as it was, of Dan Miller and Eleanor Urquart, Lee Hastings and Betty June Hardman, John Mullen and the middle White girl.

Now take any one of that sextette alone and you

will find plenty of nonsense, but put them all together, dress them up in little girl and boy clothes, and what do you have? You have the six of them getting people into the best game of ring around the rosie imaginable; you have the six of them running down the hall shouting "Now we're going home" in unison (only we happen to know that they didn't go home until later) and you have in general a gayer frosh frolic because of their presence.

The sophisticates, who chose to look pretty and won prizes for doing so, were Maureen Sheahan and Stainard Durocher and Frances Brenner. Maureen and Stainey, awarded a box of candy for the best dressed couple costumes, were a couple of Romans, we'd say, just off hand. There was Stainey's tin helmet with a red feather stuck in it and there were his quite unique leather sandals. Then Maureen in her shako of brilliant red and her very small white satin toga was really quite fetching.

Frances Brenner, who wore one of the more lovely of the many old-fashioned costumes, received a box of stationery for her efforts.

Marshal Lepine, an enterprising young freshman, was the most muscular man on the flying trapeze we have ever known. He must have ruined his mother's best pan dying his father's best long underwear red for the occasion and his curling mustach was nothing short of—well, it was nothing short at all, but very long indeed.

Margaret Rosseland and Edgar Van Dyke, the judges decided, were deserving of a box of Sander's goodies because of their very funny portrayal of a couple of characters from "Tobacco Road." It's hard to visualize the willowy Margaret smoking a corn cob pipe, but, nevertheless, that's what she did, and the bent over position which she somehow managed to assume did not detract from her grotesque appearance.



The Pace Was Too Fast

Track Team Is Defeated After Nearly Four Unbroken Years of Victory

By ANTHONY SLOWICK

ALTHOUGH it failed to maintain the winning streak that had already extended over three and a half years, the Tartar cross country team nevertheless turned in an impressive record this year. Lacking decidedly on the side of experience, Coach David L. Holmes' harriers won four meets and dropped two. They beat Adrian twice, 15 to 45 and 16 to 43, Detroit Tech, 17 to 43, and Toledo University, 23 to 33, and lost to Toledo, 29 to 27 and to Wooster, 30 to 25.

When the season opened, Coach Holmes was confronted with the task of moulding a squad out of some of the greenest material that ever reported for the hill-and-dale squad. Ted Brooks and Ray Traynor, unbeaten in three years of running, Charles Rabinowitz, and Ted Jamkowski were lost through graduation. Capt. Nat Leach, third man on the squad last year, was the only seasoned runner on hand. Dwight Brooks and Stan Mullin, both sophomores, showed

much promise in pre-season practice, as did Ben Schenck, a junior who had never run cross country before, James Votta, Ross Wellwood, and Peter Perla.

After weeks of priming, the Green and Gold runners encountered Adrian at River Rouge. The way they performed against the outstate team surprised even Coach Holmes. They outclassed their rivals, winning by a perfect score, 15 to 45, to add the twenty-third consecutive triumph. Every Wayne man finished the four-mile distance ahead of the Adrian number one man. Dwight Brooks and Mullin paced the runners, finishing in a tie for first place, very much like Ted Brooks and Ray Traynor used to. Ben Schenck and Jim Votta were good enough to take third in a dead heat and Capt. Leach and Perla followed close behind.

But Adrian was no test at all for the Tartars. The Toledo team, to be met a week later, would be more formidable.

Journeying to Toledo the Wayne squad saw its string of triumphs finally broken when the Ohioans won by the slim margin of 27 to 29. The setback came as a surprise to all the followers of the team. It was the breaks that decided the meet. Too, illness and injury found the team far from the top form reached several weeks later.

It was unfortunate that Wooster, champion of Ohio, was run the following week. The squad was still far from the form displayed a week later. Running against Wooster, the team was handed its second defeat of the season, 30 to 25. It was the All-University Run that brought out the best in the team. Paced by Dwight Brooks and Stan Mullin, the latter seeming to have regained the form which he lost in the last meet, all of the first six runners finished under 25 seconds. Following this intramural competition, the Tartars won their next three meets.

Adrian was again en-



Coach David L. Holmes commands the warm regard and affection of his harriers and the photographer has caught here that spirit.

The track team in action, showing, left to right, Peter Perla, Nat Leach, Ben Schenck, Dwight Brooks, Stan Mullin, James Votta



countered in the second of the home-and-home series at Adrian and again trounced soundly, 16 to 44. Detroit Tech received similar treatment the next week, losing 17 to 43.

The season was climaxed in fitting fashion two weeks ago. Toledo University, the team that snapped the Green and Gold streak of consecutive triumphs, was whipped 23 to 33 at River Rouge.

Capt. Leach, running in his last intercollegiate meet, took third place in the best time of his career.

Mullin, who runs the quarter mile on the Tartar track team, was elected captain of the 1936 cross country team by teammates at the annual harrier banquet held at Coach David F. Holmes' house two weeks ago. The speedy sophomore, who had never run cross country or track before enrolling at Wayne from Northwestern High School, was a member of the relay team which brought the Tartars another triumph at the Penn Relays last Spring.

Six hill-and-dalers received varsity insignia. They are: Capt. Nat Leach, Dwight Brooks, Stan Mullin, Ben Schenck, Ross Wellwood, and Jim Votta.



Basketball Season Begins

They're off! The 1935-36 basketball season is on. With several veterans and a number of last year's freshmen cagers to choose from, Coach Newman H. Ertell will have the Tartars well represented in the race.

Fred Bens, Hyman Pavsner, Marion Sapala, Pete Kazenko, Max Chicero, and Jack Mathys, seasoned players, will encounter stiff competition for berths from Capt. Henry (Honey) Berris, Chester Kwasiborski, Carl Bayer, Leonard Tigay, Bob Brownell, Henry Chudy, Connie Eizak, Glen Burgin, and Joe Cook, all sophomores.

At present it appears that second year men will compose the lineup for the game with Assumption. Berris, Bayer, and Tigay, all former Northern High School cagers, are likely to fill the forward posts, Chester

Kwasiborski, Glen Burgin, and Hyman Pavsner will be vying for the guards, and Bob Brownell, Fred Bens, Pete Kazenko, and Jack Mathys for the center position.

However, the same problem that confronted Coach Ertell last season is present again this year. The Tartar quintet is decidedly lacking in height.

1935 - 1936 Basketball Schedule

Home Games		Games Away	
Alumni	Dec. 3	Assumption	Dec. 6
Kalamazoo	Dec. 13	Western State	
Olivet	Dec. 17	Teachers	Jan. 31
Ypsilanti	Jan. 4	Kalamazoo	Feb. 1
Mt. Pleasant	Jan. 18	Ypsilanti	Feb. 19
Assumption	Jan. 25	Mt. Pleasant	Feb. 21
Northern State	Feb. 7	St. Mary's	Mar. 3
St. Mary's	Feb. 25	Olivet	Mar. 6
Western State			
Teachers	Feb. 29		



Hockey Schedule Improved

With Michigan School of Mines, of Houghton, and McMaster of Hamilton, Ont., already booked for games, the Tartar hockey squad is certain to encounter a more formidable season than it did last year as a member of the Detroit-Ontario Intercollegiate hockey league. Despite this, the Coach Jack Tompkins expects to improve on the record made in the last campaign.

Twenty-four candidates for berths reported in response to the first call for hockey material. In this group were Stan Newsted, Vernon Cassin, Wallace Ehrlich, Stayner Durocher, (Continued on Page 51)

Maple, Green China, and A.W.S.

NOT SO very many years ago Dean David Mackenzie and his family made their home in a rambling red brick house situated on Cass avenue within a block of Wayne University. Dean Mackenzie left that home, however, and for a long time little was heard of it. Then, last spring, through the kindness of Mrs. Mackenzie, the building was made available to the University and, just before the beginning of the fall term, the A. W. S. up and turned its back on the old Hancock Avenue building, collected a large assortment of new and used furnishings, and set up housekeeping in what are to be permanent headquarters of the organization.

The used furniture gathered up was that which had been recently purchased by the A. W. S.—maple, early American, and with just the right degree of comfort. You see the furniture wasn't really very used at all. There were also large quantities of green china transported from one building to another with great care—in bushel baskets. New furniture, including a maple dining suite of which the A. W. S. is justly proud, was purchased under the direction of Charlotte Hagen. There were also the problems of hooked rugs, carpeting, and Venetian blinds to be solved by Miss Hagen.

Then there was Mrs. Kay Meagher, until recently, Kay Allen, who was appointed manager of the house. Mrs. Meagher now sits behind a desk in her own office, and sees that all goes smoothly in and about the building. In addition to executive duties she takes

Women Convert Mackenzie Home Into Charming New Clubhouse

By BETTE SMITH

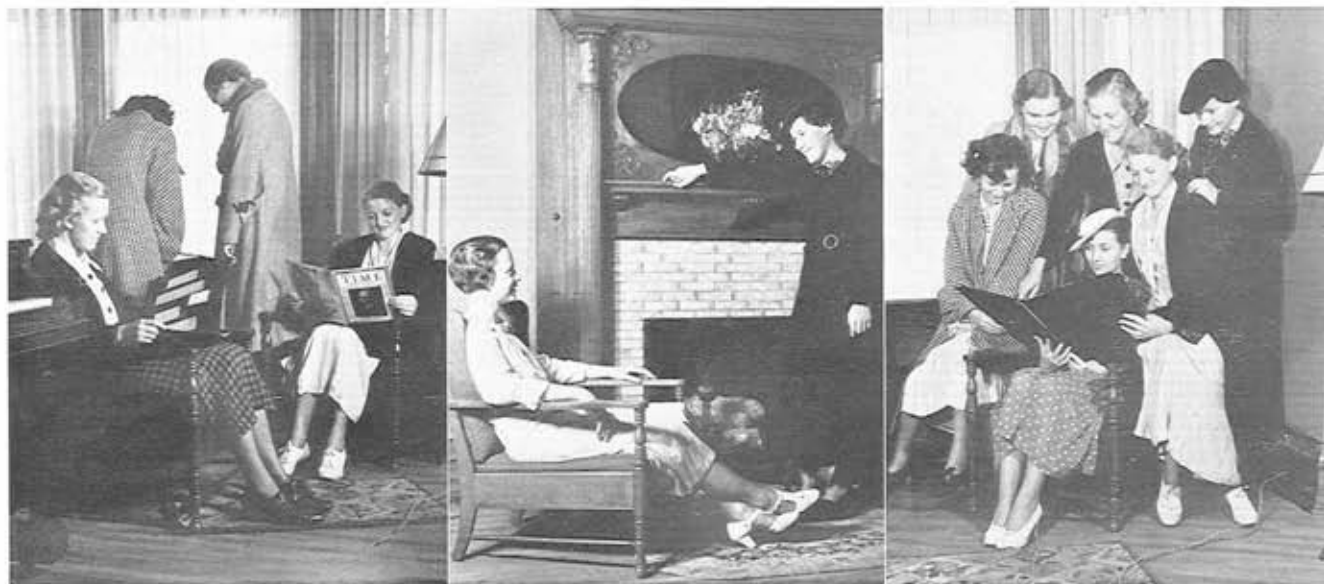


care of her own private apartment which is located on the second floor of the building.

Another feature of the building is the basement which is large enough to comfortably hold several ping pong tables. In the basement, also, are the smoking quarters in which we find blue wicker furniture designed for comfort.

Enlarged quarters have made it possible for the A. W. S. to increase its number of social activities. The initial function held in the building was a tea given for freshman women registration day. In conjunction with this tea the Big Sister Drive, headed by Esther Marshall, was launched. Esther had a team of twenty colleagues, mostly sophomore women, who spent the afternoon milling through the crowds of freshmen in order to make themselves known to their respective little sisters. The drive went on throughout the first weeks of the semester, carrying out its purpose—which was to help the freshman women through the trying processes of registration and adjustment.

Perhaps one of the reasons for the marked increase



of freshman interest in extra-curricular activities can be attributed to the organization meeting which was held during the first week of the semester under the direction of Betty June Hardman. The freshmen convened in the various rooms of the Women's Building where they listened to brief informal discussions about campus organizations open to women. The advice offered by representatives of the organizations was, in general, "get interested in things." Freshmen quite definitely took the advice to heart and have developed into a body of what might almost be termed chronic joiners.

At the annual A. W. S. house party held at Holiday House, Pine Lake, people were sleeping five in a room and three in a bed, so enthusiastic were Wayne women about attending the affair. Peggy Jungbaecker, who assumed the duties of chairman with a nonchalant air, managed to keep the freshmen under control by permitting fudge-making in the kitchen during the zero hours. Beginning on the afternoon of Saturday, October 12, activities of the house party fast gained momentum until Saturday night when a weird costume party climaxed the two days of fun. The anti-climax came Sunday morning when the larger portion of some seventy week-enders chose to remain dormant even to the extent of sacrificing breakfast. The closing event was a typical Nellie Bunting dinner for which A. W. S. house parties have long been noted.

A close follow-up of the house party was the A. W. S. Mixer, an event of October 17, evening. Providing ample opportunity for making new acquaintances, the Mixer began with a dinner at the Women's Building. Following a welcoming program for freshmen and an address by Mrs. Elizabeth Youngjohn, the main speaker, on "Why Go to College and Why Wayne University," the mixers progressed to MacKenzie Union for dancing and entertainment. Among the entertainers were Gretchen Niepoth, who tap danced; Annie Lukes, who gave a recitation; and Eleanor and Mildred Thompson, freshman twins who sang. Virginia Webster was chairman.

During the football season the A. W. S. was twice hostess to Wayne football fans at open houses immediately after home games. Committee for the first open house was headed by Millicent Emerson, who



reports that cake, doughnuts, coffee, and apples were served to approximately one hundred and twenty-five people. There was dancing that afternoon at the Women's Building to the music of Jake Rosevear, who played the piano just as a special courtesy to the A. W. S. The date was October 19, after the Hillsdale game.

The second open house, sponsored by the sophomore cabinet, was inspired by the first and proved to be just as successful and just as crowded. This time the chairman was Betty Juergens and the pianist was Ed Osborne. The get together followed the last home game of the season which was played on November 9 with Hope.

One phase of A. W. S. activities which has recently been created includes those activities which continue over a period of time. Among these activities are the furniture fund and the book drive. The furniture fund is maintained by the organization in order to keep a supply of money on hand which may be used for any necessary equipment for the building. Money made from all A. W. S. activities goes to swell this fund.

Members of the senior board have begun a concentrated book drive in an attempt to establish a circulating library in the Women's Building.

Work of the A. W. S. is carried on chiefly by its four auxiliary bodies working as a unit with officers of the organization. Each auxiliary body, members of which are elected by women students of the University, is composed of twenty members from each of the four classes. Every woman student, upon entering the University, automatically becomes a member of the Association of Women Students.

No Ivy, But Lots of Ideas

STILL in its infancy, the Mackenzie Union on Second Avenue is as yet unhampered by the dictates of precedence and tradition. It can exercise great freedom in determining the scope of its activities, and so far this semester an exceptionally aggressive group of board members, headed by President John Mullen, seems to have seized the opportunity to sponsor a wide and varied program that has emphasized the potential importance of the Union's place on the campus.

When we get a squint at other campuses, with student life all entangled in layer after layer of ivy, we can really be thankful that the spirit of Wayne is based upon something other than common ancestry among the grads of umpty-eight. Mackenzie Union is fast becoming the epitome of the refreshing Wayne spirit—a reaching for the new and better, a fight against settling into a groove. If the Union continues to increase its function as a social center and a social instigator for the rest of the campus, other groups at Wayne will have to snap out of their lethargy and do something on their own—if they want to be in the swing around here.

Dancing has occupied a prominent place in the union's activities this year, what with the sponsorship of three types of dances: the matinees, the free Sat-

Mackenzie Union Seems to Do Things Without the Dictates of Tradition

By DORIS McCORMICK

†

urday night dances, and the Mackenzie Union Dance.

Two of the Wednesday matinee affairs have been held to date, one on November 6 and one on November 20, both in the Sky Room at Webster Hall with Bill Boell orchestrating. And both have been successful from the standpoints of large attendance and a good time by all. Tom Evans, member of the Union social committee, is the recipient of orchids in this case, for his enthusiasm over the dances just wouldn't take flop for an answer.

The Saturday night free dance idea, suggested by Dean Joseph P. Selden, is what we call a generous gesture—for who isn't truly grateful these days when something for nothing is thrown into one's lap! And this is a gift horse whose face we may really look upon,

for it seems to be absolutely on the up and up—with no strings attached. In consideration of possible gray hairs in the heads of financial committees of other university dances, the leaders of the free dance movement have agreed to present their proteges only when no other scheduled dance appears on the university calendar for the week.

We know that any free affair is likely to be mobbed, and the admirable way in which this dance was handled to prevent overcrowding and to limit attendance to those who really wanted to spend the



evening there is a credit to Earl Templeton who was in charge. During the week preceding the dance, tickets were obtainable at the well known second floor table until the two hundred limit was reached, whereupon the box office was closed, and the lucky two hundred danced the evening away on a not-too-crowded floor.

Back on the evening of November 1 the trek was to the Graystone where three hundred Wayne couples tripped to the tunes of Wally Stoeffler of Memphis, whose orchestra plays over a CBS coast-to-coast broadcast every Tuesday night—and incidentally, they're really good on the novelty numbers.

This was the Mackenzie Union Dance, an annual affair of which red-headed Roger Hardenberg was chairman and had as his guest the blonde Miss Mae Livingstone.

Open houses after home football games have been popular this year. After the Kalamazoo game the fans tramped in hordes to the Union for doughnuts and cider and dancing to top off the afternoon.

Very recently the Union has taken upon itself a series of discussion to fill a great void in the intellectual life of Wayne—I mean the lack of opportunity for open forum discussions of current matters of concern to the student with a leader who is an authority in his field and qualified to inform and advise.

Potsy Clark, that Lion coach, was to have been the first speaker, but it seems that Potsy failed to show up on the appointed day. However, Mr. Mullen assures us that the series idea has not been abandoned because of a little hitch like that. The show will go on, he says—and more power to this worthwhile project, say we!

We really feel that a gratifying response will be given by the university men when the series gets under way. Editorially, the Collegian said:

"Wayne University has established a reputation for its informal student-instructor relationships. Other colleges and universities have not provided their students with the valuable opportunities for personal contact which have been so instrumental in the scholastic and cultural advance of the university.

"Thus it is with a great deal of interest that we greet the inauguration of a series of informal discussions sponsored by the Mackenzie Union which should prove a further link in the closer relationship of the student and the practical phases of his studies.

"These bull-sessions are to be highly informal and are designed to give everybody a chance to express his own views and problems. Addresses are all very nice, but when the speaker has no idea what the audience would like to know and the audience has no way of expressing itself, the whole thing is apt to miss the point . . ."

And we must not forget that everything the Union does is not highly publicized—a few important activities stand out, perhaps, but every day the Union, under

the management of Gerald Fitzgerald, is serving as a center of activities for individuals and for university groups.

Men students can spend their leisure hours in the reading rooms, at the ping pong tables, in the lounges, or in the card rooms. A service added to the Union's program this year is the receiving and handling of mail for individuals and for campus organizations. And the Newman Club, the Campus Club, sororities, fraternities, and other groups use it for parties and meetings. All this seemingly commonplace and unexciting service, mind you, just sort of thrown in extra!

Not resting upon its laurels for a moment, the Union is planning bigger and better events for the coming months. Among these are such intriguing ideas as a Mackenzie Union week and informal talks by men prominent in their various occupations to which will be invited the male half of the orientation classes or as many as may be especially interested in the subject to be discussed. And the free dances after basket ball games sound like lots of fun for lots of Waynites! Oh, the Union is coming right along—it's given us a lot already, and there's plenty more on the way.



Typography

The test of the smartness of any type is its readability. Because we believe the material in this issue of *The Griffin* to be worthwhile reading, we have selected two typefaces designed to intrigue the eye by their easy flow and graceful form.

For the text we have used ten point *Bodoni*, set in twenty pica columns.

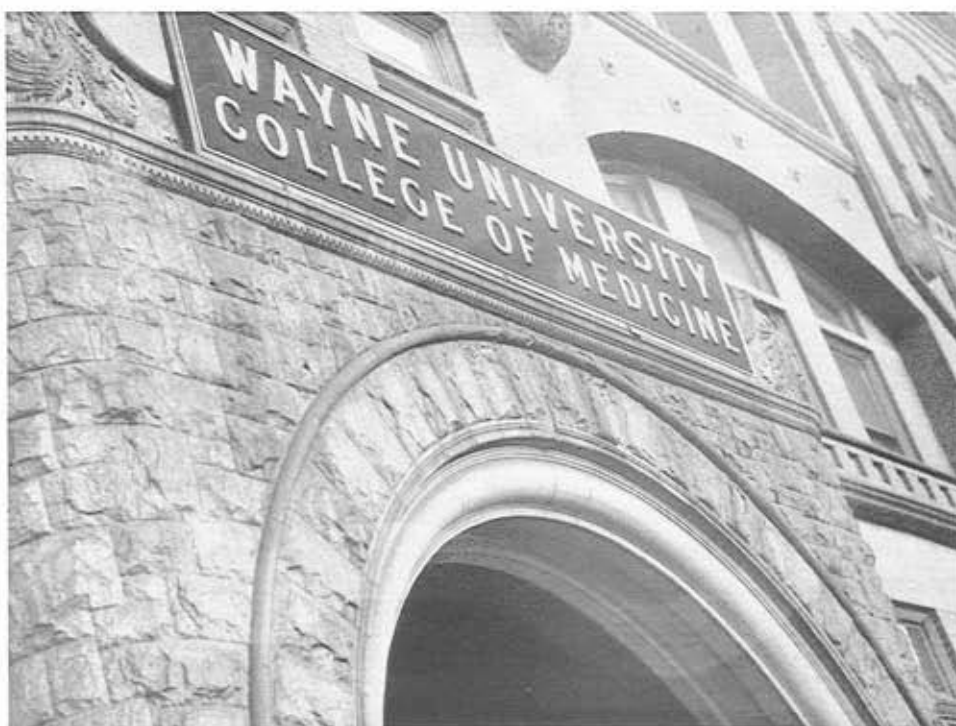
For the headlines we were fortunate in securing a brand new type given the name *Corvinus*. Imre Reiner, the designer of this new letter, is a native of Hungary and it is for this reason that he has named it after Matthias Corvin, King of Hungary, one of the ingenious figures of the Renaissance and prominent patron of the graphic arts.

We believe you will agree with us that these two type designs make for easy reading.



Thank You

We acknowledge with thanks the generosity of the *Detroit News* and the *Detroit Times* in loaning many pictures of sports events, from which we have selected and used several in illustrating Mr. Slowick's article on the current football season.



They Work While We Play

HERE is no Green and Gold, no Cass-Warren Drug Store, no Mackenzie Union, no Women's Building surrounding the red brick structure on the northeast corner of St. Antoine and Mullett Streets—the Wayne University College of Medicine. Instead we find two great hospitals, the city police headquarters, the county jail, and the morgue!

"How can students get along without a Blakeney's or a 'Chet' Kuhn?" you might ask.

"Well, they have to," I would answer, "they have classes every day from eight in the morning until five in the afternoon—plus a Saturday session besides."

But even if they do have classes all day, students must eat; and wherever students eat, it is traditional that picturesque eating places grow up.

And that's just as true at the med college as it is in Hollywood.

There's "Joe's Gastritis Parlor" for instance. No one knows the real name of it, but that's unimportant anyway. It is only two doors from school, and is ostensibly a grocery store.

But hidden in the back lurks a soda fountain—and an ice-cream soda is welcome in the ten minutes between lectures on histology and bacteriology.

Out in the front of the store are two penny ma-

But Inquiries Reveal That Even Medics Find Time for a Rendezvous

By JACK TREBILCOCK and
RICHARD DAVIDSON



chines—"games of skill"—on which students have been known to while away a few moments—even (shhh) to bet a penny or so on the outcome.

A block away, across from St. Mary's hospital, is Koenig's. Principally a hangout for people (not the patients!) from the hospitals, the med students frequently find it convenient to grab a hurried snack there. Koenig's, too, is apparently a grocery store.

But in the back is Detroit's unique eating place—one you might fittingly recommend to your Bohemian friends. Food is dispensed over a bar, just like in "the good old days," and you stand and eat with one foot on the brass rail, and everything.

Over on St. Antoine stands Bill Cooper's combined medical book store and barber shop just as it has for nearly 40 years.

That may cause a snicker among you lit students,



Mike

Speaking of meeting alumni, the man who meets them all is Mike Glandy, custodian of the med college buildings. No alumnus ever comes near the old school without dropping in to say "Hello" to Mike, who has been on the job for more than 30 years.

And Mike is proud of those visits, too. Under the glass top of his desk is the card of almost every prominent medical man in Detroit who is a graduate of the college. Around the walls of his den are hung pictures of many classes and fraternity groups.

Mike's duties are quite extensive. There are three buildings in the medical college group, of which one has been taken over this semester by the College of Pharmacy. The oldest building, the one which the pharmics now occupy, was built at about the same time as the building on the Cass-Warren campus. The newest was erected in 1926. Various laboratories are contained in these buildings, as well as an auditorium seating 700, which is especially equipped for scientific demonstrations, and the Medical Library of the City of Detroit, comprising about 30,000 volumes. Extensive facilities are also provided for student research, including a pathological museum of 2,700 specimens.

Although it is under separate direction, Receiving Hospital serves as the University hospital. The patients are available for study at all times, and the resources of the hospital are at the disposal of the students.

Many of the professors at the college are heads of departments at the hospital; consequently excellent coordination is provided between the lectures and the practical work at the hospital.

As for student government and extra-curricular activities, don't think that class schedules are too rigid to permit them.

A student council system has been proposed this year, and a committee consisting of the four class presidents has been appointed to draft plans. They are: John

but let it be known that one gets a swell haircut at Bill's; and there are no book store lines stretching from here to there at the beginning of every semester, and no four-week wait for books. Maybe that's one of those things that comes only with age.

Then, too, if you're interning at Receiving or St. Mary's, it's a good place to meet your old friends—students, alumni, and faculty.

Speaking of meeting

Sisson, senior; Reginald Humphreys, junior; W. G. Belanger, sophomore; and William S. Baker, freshman. Acting Dean William J. Stapleton, Jr., is directing the proceedings.

Six national medical fraternities and one national sorority are represented on the campus.

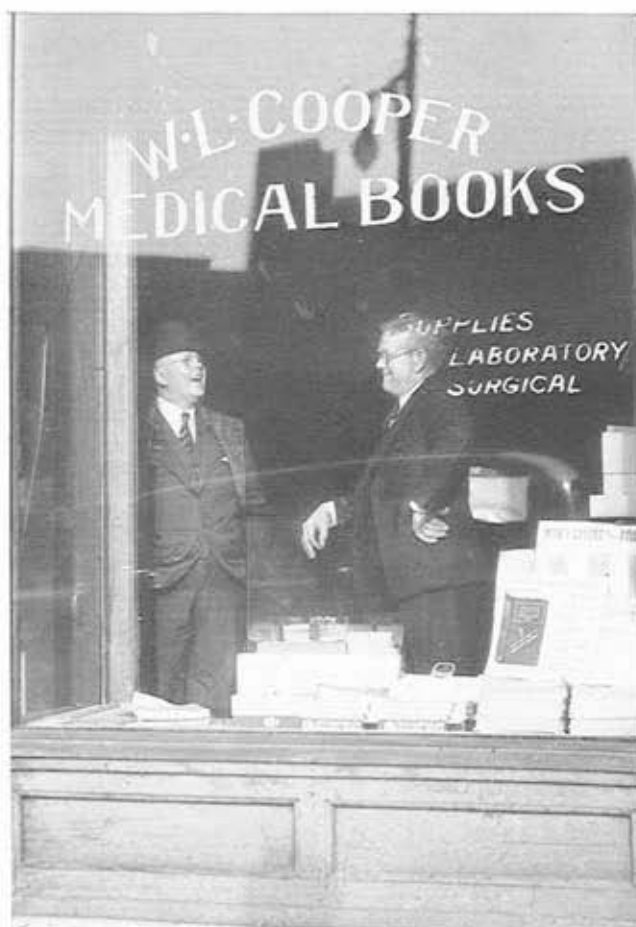
Three dances comprise the major social season at the college. They are a dance given by the freshmen for the sophomores, which, as you collegiates know, all classes attend; the Senior Ball, given in May; and the J-Hop, a dinner-dance held in March.

As for traditions, one would think that an institution founded in 1868 would be over-run with them. But the only traditions seem to be those of that age itself.

Even those are somewhat marred by changes in administration. Until 1913, the college was run as a private school. In that year it was reorganized under a new charter and a new board of trustees.

In 1918, the Detroit College of Medicine and Surgery was taken over as a division of the Detroit Board of Education. When Wayne University was organized in 1934, it was included as the College of Medicine.

Today it enjoys the distinction of being the only medical school in the country to be operated by a local board of education.



"And have you heard the one about—"

The Greeks Have Forgotten

FOR THE past three months or so I have been watching, always discreetly, of course, this process of fraternity rushing and pledging which goes on about us each semester with pretty much the same regularity. It is this sameness and regularity that is upsetting me at the moment. It seems to me that rushing and pledging as it is done here today adds up to just about the same thing as the amount of rest you get sleeping for one night on a straw mattress (or tick as they are called among the proletariat) which is not much I assure you. If you have ever spent the night in a lower dresser drawer and along about three a. m. have someone come along and push it shut, you have some idea of the comforts a straw mattress affords. And so, as the result of this considerable mental unrest I have turned out one or two little ideas on the subject which should do much to increase the spirit and atmosphere of good clean fun of the thing. In fact, if you enter into my plan even half-heartedly it will probably result in doing away with fraternities altogether, or maybe with the abolishment of the administration. (As for myself I am giving odds on the administration.) To be quite frank about the whole thing (and what have any of us against old Frank) it appears that you fraternity chaps have been sliding downhill and muffing a lot of chances to make rushing and pledging something really worthwhile, until the administration steps in at any rate.

First of all, about these invitations to rushing functions which are sent out to prospective pledges each fall. I think that right there you are missing a good chance for a good boost if you men want to take advantage of it. My point is that the invitations are too brusque, too simple; they tell a fellow little, if anything; they don't give a chap any basis for his choice as to what party to attend, at all. If he is unfortunate enough to get two or three invites, then it would be extremely inefficient (to say the least) were he to use the old eenie-meenie-minie-mo system of selection. No, it appears that there is a better way. If there are hostesses, which there should be of course, then a brief summary of their weight (not mental), height, color (of hair) and previous attachments would be in order. You would be surprised at the heightened interest in fraternities that a move of this sort would arouse. Then, what I regard as positively fundamental, and what constitutes one of my chief grievances against fraternities, is their absolute negligence where this matter of food is concerned. It would certainly increase the prestige of any organiza-

tion in my eyes if they would attach a simple menu card to the invitation. Nothing elaborate, understand fellows, but just give us a little basis for selection, that's all. You'll find it will give an added zest to your invitations. Q. E. D.

About the party itself. I have my own ideas about parties but since I was never one to throw down the chance of a free meal I will keep them to myself. However, after the feed is over the prospective pledge (I never could understand why it is that the new man is the one to be looked over as a prospect) finds that he can't decently break away and still look his mother in the face the next morning. It seems only decent in a case like this for the fraternity to provide a little entertainment that is at least some variation from the bridge game, small talk, and checkers which are at present inflicted. My whole idea is to keep this thing as informal as possible and so I would suggest at this point that a few dancing girls, a good loud band and a few specialty numbers would fill the bill nicely. Nothing bawdy necessarily, but just a little something that will give the evening that light touch and give rise to visions of new furniture and swollen treasuries in the minds of the more mercenary members. I am laying no odds on the outcome but a program such as I have outlined above should undoubtedly either make or break you.

And now we come to the invitations to pledge the fraternity. This phase has been so grossly neglected on the part of you Greeks that I shudder to think what would have happened if I had not stepped in at this point and led the way. You were definitely on the skids in this matter. I see no reason why these bids to pledge should not contain certain invaluable information about the organization and its members which will aid the prospect no end in selecting the right group. Briefly, the following items should, I think, be included:

1. Size of B. M. O. C. in your organization as compared with those in others.
2. Extent of files of mid-semester and final examinations questions.
3. Do members have reputation for drinking like fish or do they do it in the privacy of the home.
4. Some definite idea as to the number of sorority contacts to be made should the prospect decide to accept pledgeship.

This should give you a very rough idea of what I want to accomplish here. Certainly a prospect gets little or no opportunity to know you at all well from one or two little gatherings (Continued on Page 51)

You Are," the famous short plays of O'Neill, the dramas of Ibsen, Shaw, Tchekov, Benavente and others. But where in Detroit, except in the University Theatre, can you get a notion of what these things are like on the stage?

It should be noted, in speaking of the type of play presented, that the Theatre, so far as I know, is not bent on teaching anybody the history of drama through practical examples. The list of productions in past seasons reveals simply that the plays have been chosen because they are interesting in themselves and were also representative of various types of drama. The same thing is indicated by the plays so far given this season. Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" is, I think, witty, well constructed, and indicative of a post-war temper. Bjornson's "Love and Geography" is representative of the kind of play popular toward the end of the last century, but it also proved to be fairly entertaining to the university audience. In doing "East Lynne," the Theatre invited you to see a kind of play now liked for other reasons than those that drew audiences sixty or seventy years ago; but here again, there was an appeal properly a part of the theatre and not of the classroom. Finally, the Workshop Theatre's presentation of Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya" offered those interested a complete change of scene and background, and a type of play which, I am sure, can be really appreciated only in a theatre.

Mention of "Uncle Vanya" suggests another point worth considering. The University Theatre makes every effort to do its plays sincerely. There is no distortion for the sake of a "star" player or for "audience appeal." In "Uncle Vanya" you have the sort of play which may be termed "unexciting" in the usual sense of that word, but which manages to be highly dramatic and even moving. Such a play manifestly could be done so that only its surface values would be em-

phasized, and both players and audience would have, so to speak, an easy road to the drama of Tchekov. The method chosen by the Theatre was, rather, that of attempting to bring out Tchekov's peculiar tone, his ironic humor and social comment, while preserving the familiar features of his characters and the plausibility of his slight plot.

This attempt required not only a great deal of work on the part of the cast and the production staff, but it demanded also some contribution from the audience. It demanded particularly a genuine interest in the play, a willingness to look for something pleasurable in it. At the very least, a high degree of attentiveness was essential. Since this article was written before the production of "Uncle Vanya," I cannot tell whether or not the members of the Theatre and of the audience in this instance succeeded or failed. The point is that an audience can fail as well as a theatre group, that the audience cannot be wholly a passive factor in the process of bringing a play to life.

With all these solemn things said, I should add that the Theatre is a working organization with no pretensions to what is called "artiness." Within the Theatre, great emphasis is placed upon the necessity of every member's being willing to do all sorts of work, whether acting, building flats, hunting up an 1890 sofa, or taking the wave out of crepe hair. Anyone who has never been involved in the business can have only a very inadequate notion of the amount of time and hard work that must go into the production of a play; and there is also, in some degree, the element of unpredictability as to the effect upon the spectators of a carefully worked out movement, the reading of a line, a detail in the set, in costuming, or in make-up. And then, after thirty or forty people have spent all their "spare" time for perhaps a month



From "East Lynne," Ernest Stewart, Virginia Winkler, and George Habib present a scene. On the right hand page are two views of Gordon Ewing in "Love and Geography." With Ewing are Frances Welden and Harry Goldstein.



upon a production, the thing "goes on" for a couple of hours on two Friday evenings—and you start work all over again.

The odd part of all this is that you usually feel it was worth doing. There is, I think, a unique pleasure in seeing a hundred pages of print slowly turn into some sort of reality, and the pleasure is increased by your having a hand in the transformation. Perhaps this is the one factor which in itself would justify the existence of a theatre in a university, if any justification were needed other than the obvious one that there are always people who like to "put on" and to see plays. It is this that tends to make a theatre one of the university activities in which people with almost any sort of interest and ability can try to create something tangible. The imperfection of the result is merely a condition of the thing you are attempting, and does not alter its validity or your own enjoyment.

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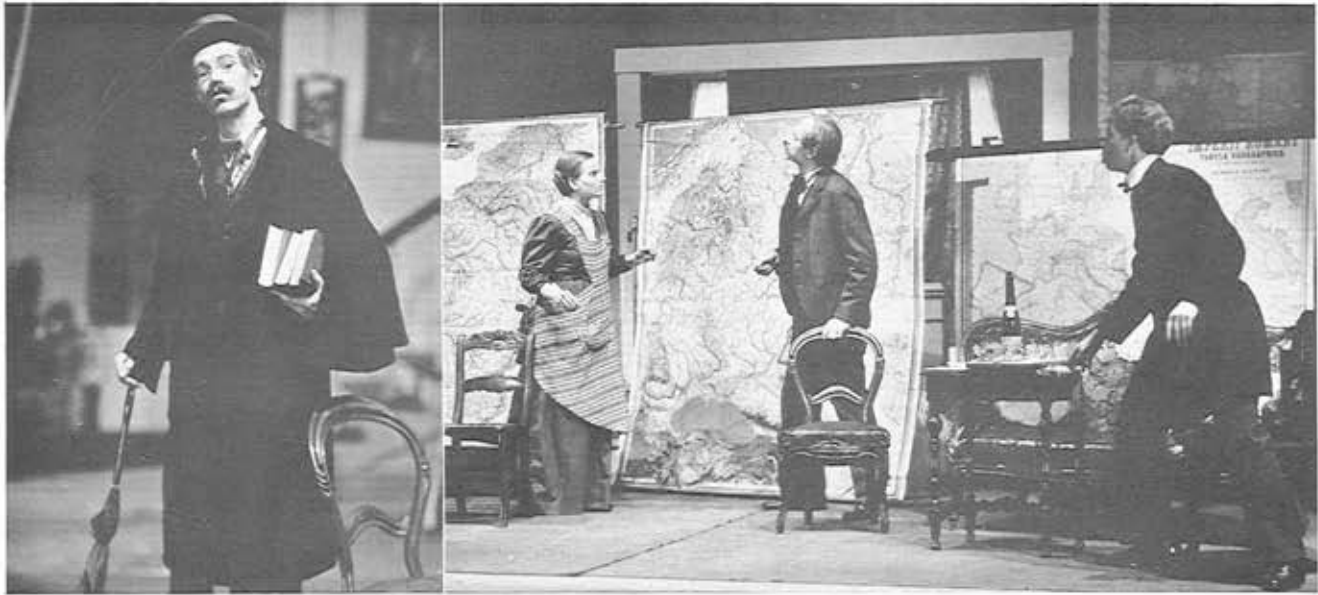
I couldn't conclude these random remarks without some comment upon the spirit of great goodfellowship that goes with producing plays. There is nothing like a play rehearsal for bringing out everybody's talent in the direction of camaraderie. And when you have fifteen or twenty rehearsals with the same little group of people, you begin to hum a line from one of Beatrice Lillie's songs that goes, "I'm tired of their — — — faces." (The dashes are the Griffin's genteel way of printing "silly old.")

During the first week, of course, everything is as friendly as can be. Nobody is very familiar yet with his job, so you excuse each other's mistakes, only stopping to note that your own blunders are certainly a little more natural than some you can think of. Everybody moves around the stage with a nice

clean script to read from, so all the cues come in and nobody cuts your favorite line. Then, too, the members of the stage force are all upstairs happily sawing pieces of lumber into unusable sizes and building collapsible benches, while the mistresses of the wardrobe are off in another little corner lightheartedly making dresses that won't fit. The business manager is already wondering whether he ought to reserve the balcony too, and there is an air of activity about the whole thing that makes everybody feel busy and virtuous. The only real disturbance at this time will probably result from somebody's saying brightly to the director, "My part only goes through the first two acts. What happens in Act Three, Mr. Dunham?"

In the second week, you discard the scripts and things grow a bit tenser. The playwright's careful dialogue is strewn with impromptu variations and interspersed with such remarks as, "For the love of Tchekov, will you give me the cue for that cross?" Or, "Listen, silly, how am I going to take your hand if you have it in your pocket?" The director begins asking whether you don't feel that you could be satisfied with just learning the lines as they are, without going to all the trouble of revising them.

When these little difficulties are ironed out, new ones take their places, and when dress rehearsals begin you have a big happy family. The stage manager says he hasn't seen any of his assistants for several days. The business manager wants to know why the cast hasn't sold more tickets. The fellow assigned to do the lights demands that people quit using his lighting chart for a prop, and the people on props are loudly indignant over the implication that any makeshifts are needed. The costume department suggests with heavy sarcasm that dresses aren't made of cast iron, and that you can't expect them to look like anything



if you don't hang them up after rehearsal. But the people at whom these shots are directed aren't bothered, because they are hunting for a stick of cinema yellow or a chance to sneak away somebody else's mirror.

This sort of thing reaches its climax about an hour before curtain time on the night of production, after which time the only important question is what the house will be like. And the answer to that is up to you.

This Season's Theatre Production to Date:

- "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward
- "Love and Geography," by Bjornstjerne Bjornson
- "East Lynne," by Mrs. Henry Wood
- "Uncle Vanya," by Anton Tchekov

"HAY FEVER"
by NOEL COWARD

Characters

Sorel Bliss	Eloise Hulbert
Simon Bliss	Robert Paselk
Clara	Lisbeth Gore
Judith Bliss	Joyce Davis
David Bliss	Jack Gore
Sandy Tyrell	Frank Telford
Myra Arundel	Barbara Foltz
Richard Greatham	Leonard Leone
Jackie Coryton	Jane Colten

The scene is the hall of the Bliss's house at Cookham.

- ACT I. A Saturday afternoon in June.
- ACT II. The same evening, after dinner.
- ACT III. The next morning.

"LOVE AND GEOGRAPHY"
by BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON

Characters

Karen Tygesen	Esma Dalton
Birgit Romer	Bette Polutnik
Professor Tygesen	Gordon Ewing
Malla Rambek	Lillian Schwerak
Henning	Robert Chapin
Ane	Frances Welden
Professor Turman	Harry Goldstein
Helga Tygesen	Virginia Winkler

The action of the play takes place in the living room of the Tygesen home. The time is about 1890.

"EAST LYNNE"
by MRS. HENRY WOOD

Characters

Sir Francis Levison	George Habib
Archibald Carlyle	Frank Telford
Lord Mount Severn	Ernest Stewart
Justice Hare	Leonard Leone
Mr. Dill	Anteo Tarini
Richard Hare	Charles Dietrich
Lady Isabel	Virginia Winkler
Barbara Hare	Maxine Niles
Miss Cornelia	Irma Fox
Joyce	Virginia Dawson
Wilson	Dorothy Magidsohn
Little Willie	June Coykendall
Officer	Fred Ocvirk

Understudies: Eleanor Allen, Lawrence Northwood

Act I.

Scene 1. The Bride returns—"Welcome to East Lynne."
(Continued on Page 45)



From Tungchow to Wayne

A Freshman Reflects Upon Prep School Days in China

By TOM BUCKINGHAM



The photograph above shows part of the ancient wall that once surrounded the city of Tungchow. This section of the wall is part of the campus of the American school at Tungchow. The illustrations accompanying this article are part of the large collection of photographs and colored slides brought from China by Mr. Buckingham

THEY like to say that a freshman's life is hard, and, what with themes for college English, advanced mathematics, college history and the other "first year" bugaboos, I am inclined to agree. But then, most of the freshmen in my class have been pretty thoroughly trained in the routine of American school life; and I sometimes envy them. For I came to Wayne from several years in an educational system entirely different from that in which I now find myself.

The North China American School, Tungchow, or N. C. A. S., is an American missionary school located about thirteen miles to the east of ancient Peking. It stands upon the site of what was once an age-old Chinese temple, destroyed years ago. Nothing is left of that structure, but trees that are centuries old still

flourish, and under their gnarled branches a small group of American boys seek to carry on the tradition of scholarship they like to imagine is part of the very ground where they live. It was at N. C. A. S. that I took most of my college prep work.

It is hard to picture a lovelier place than the campus of Tungchow, one of the beauty spots in North China. That campus is one of the very few places in China with grass lawns. And behind stands a large section of the massive wall that surrounds the city.

Perhaps my mention of a "campus" may cause some to wonder. Our school building was not the only structure on the site. There were two other schools on the same grounds, Lu Ho (Jefferson Academy) for Chinese boys, and Fu Yi, for Chinese girls. N. C. A. S., the American school, was built between the two Oriental institutions.

When I think of the large schools here in Detroit I realize that Tungchow was very small indeed. Its enrollment numbered only fifty-seven; and these ranged from the seventh grade through the senior year of high. But I found the size a distinct advantage, for it was easy for me to become intimately acquainted with the students and the teachers during the school year. It was not unlike one large family, because everyone knew what was going on about him.

I first entered Tungchow in 1931. For the first time in my life I was living away from home, and I remember now that I was not too happy at first. But as time passed and I learned to know the other students I became more contented. I know that my three years work there were greatly enjoyed.

It amuses me when I hear students trained in American public high schools complaining of what they call paternalism on the part of their teachers and their schools; because they do not know what that term really means. Because Tungchow was so small and because it is a boarding school our lives were almost entirely regulated by the faculty.

And how different was an ordinary week day there compared with what I found in schools on this side of the world!

The rising gong rang at 6:45. This left us comparatively free until 7:10, when the "fiver" rang for breakfast, followed at 7:15 by the "laster." Breakfast usually lasted twenty or thirty minutes, depending largely upon what was served the fifty-seven starved scholars. In general we were assigned each week to a different table (there were eleven in all).

Breakfast over, there was a wild race back to the dorms, because the last person to have his bed made

had to line up all the beds. I might say here that we were all expert bed makers. The next thing on docket was the inspection of our lockers and rooms, followed by a ten minute quiet period for reading the Bible. Between "quiet hour" and the beginning of classes at 8:30 we were free—for about ten minutes, seldom more. Our recitations occupied our time until 10:30 recess, when everyone, whether he subscribed to the doctrine of passive resistance or not, had to drink a glass of goat's milk.

Back to classes at 10:45, and out at 12:15, with the noon meal served at 12:30. Afternoon sessions began at 1:15 and were over at four. From then until six was our period for recreation, usually given over to practice with the school teams. Then with the gong at six we had to get dressed for Chapel and supper. The former starting at 6:30 lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. Supper was over at 7:30, and we went to evening study hall. At 8:30 the graders were sent to bed. Those in high school were excused from study at nine, but had to be in bed a half hour later.

Compared with this routine our Saturdays and Sundays were free. On Saturday we had no inspection and were able to do more or less as we pleased. Our games were played in the afternoon. Sometimes we organized sight-seeing trips to various points of interest in Peking. At night we frequently had some kind of a social meeting, which we called, in good American school parlance, the Frolic.

But don't confuse this with the Frolic such as we had here at Wayne this fall. Our entertainment was quite different. We played games; sometimes a short play would be presented, sometimes there was a lecture or a piano recital. Then on some Saturday nights when the weather was good, as in spring and summer, we took moonlight walks around the campus. Occasionally in the winter we skated by moonlight. And when one of the seasonal holidays was at hand the entertainment smacked of the spirit of the occasion—Christmas, Thanksgiving, Washington's Birthday, or whatever it may have been.

Sunday was always a big day—long anticipated. For on Sundays we were allowed to sleep an hour later than during the week. We were given a longer time to prepare for inspection, too; but as our faculty lords gave, so they took away, for on Sunday our inspection was more strict. Aside from this, Sunday was strictly a day of rest. We wore our best clothes, attended church and wrote letters home. For amusement we went for walks on the city wall or played checkers. Cards were against the rules.

Our life at Tungchow was colored

Quaint old moongate on the campus.





The author at the Great Wall of China

by many formalities. At mealtimes we would wait until all had reached their places and then sit down together. At breakfast and dinner a short prayer of thanks preceded the meal. The various tables were excused as soon as everyone had finished. But at supper the meal began with the singing of a hymn. No one was excused until the whole dining room had finished eating. The system of changing the seating at meals broke what might otherwise have been a rather monotonous procedure.

There were four buildings connected with the school, the largest of them being the girls' dormitory, containing also the kitchen, dining room, infirmary and social hall. Boys' dorms occupied two of the other three buildings, one known as Wisteria Lodge. This contained the school chapel. The fourth building, the oldest of the group, housed the class rooms.

I wrote at the beginning about the beauty of Tungchow's campus. This is not, however, its only attraction. The town of Tungshien, now Tungchow, is almost as old as Peking and at one time was much larger than the old capital. Tungchow is one of the greatest walled cities in all China. At one time it was the grain store for the entire nation.

The "Shien" part of the name signifies that the city was the capital of one of the eighteen provinces and is Mother City of several large towns in the Hopei province. The city wall forms the back boundary of the compound in which our school was located. A

Students under the centuries-old cypress trees. The school in the background was once the site of a Chinese temple



picturesque moat surrounds the city on three sides; and part of the famous three-thousand-mile, hand-made grand canal runs along the fourth side.

Many interesting legends have been written about the moat and the city wall. The three cypress trees on the lawn of the boys' dormitory brought history right down to our very doorstep. They were planted at the time the ancient temple was constructed. Once when we trimmed off a limb from one of the trees we found the limb to be over five hundred years old. We speculated a long time from this evidence to imagine the age of the tree itself—and the age of the temple that had been there before the Boxer Rebellion in 1900. Although the campus of N. C. A. S. is now covered with trees, we know that thirty years or more ago the Boxers cut away all the trees on the ground except the three cypresses, in an effort to



Members of the faculty at the North China American School

discourage the foreigners from settling on the sacred grounds.

But enough of history. Today the outstanding sport in Tungchow is basket ball. There is a bitter rivalry between N. C. A. S. and P. A. S. (Peking American School). We played outside, because our school was not too rich and we had no gymnasium. Playing basket ball outdoors in the winter is no joke. More than once we had to sweep the snow from our court before we could play. We played also tennis, hockey and baseball. One year while I was there we had a track team. We played always out of doors and in every kind of weather. Games were played frequently with other schools than P. A. S. Sometimes our opponents were the Chinese teams from Lu Ho. Our girls played basket ball and tennis with the P. A. S. and the Fu Yi teams each fall.

It was on Washington's Birthday that the big event of the sporting year took place, our traditional donkey polo game, with the two boys' dorms, the girls' dorm, the faculty, and the people from the Com-

pound among the competitors. It is hard to play the game for the laughs and the spills; for by the time the donkeys are hit on the shins a few times they become very ball-shy and tricky.

True, I did not get as much scientific training at Tungchow as a student ordinarily gets in Detroit; and true, life was different; and true, sometimes I envy my classmates for their familiarity with the system in schools in the United States. But not for a minute would I forego a repetition of my experiences in China at the American school. I find a large school like Wayne rather bewildering after so many years in the small serene community of Tungchow. And I miss the three ageless cypresses, and walks in the moonlight along the city wall.

†

We Present . . .

(Continued from Page 3)

for the fact that, given a dash of humor, things are moving so smoothly this year.

• • •

When the Wayne University delegates to the Chicago convention of the Associated Collegiate Press (Collegian and Griffin staff men) were introduced at dinner, the editor of a newspaper in a widely known midwestern university called out, "Which one's GORDON EWING?" We mention this only to insist further upon the standing of our contributing staff. Ewing's book and drama criticism in the Collegian has attracted wide attention not only to the paper but to himself. After a period of study in Germany and at Stanford he came to Wayne where he has become one of the leading spirits in the local theater movement. He took his A. B. in June and this year is working for his master's degree, continuing his writing and dramatics, in addition to acting as graduate assistant in the department of English.

• • •

We had a conversation with TOM BUCKINGHAM when we admired his Chinese costume at the Frosh Frolic. The article on page 42 is the result. It seemed to us so important and so interesting that we have stepped away from our otherwise rigid policy of featuring school activities to present an intimate story in the life of one of our students. There is a lot more to tell about Tungchow, and Tom may agree to let us have it in succeeding issues. The photos accompanying his articles are his own work. He is attending Wayne this year on a scholarship from Southwestern High School.

• • •

To *The Nation's Schools* we are grateful for permission to reprint DR. CHARLES L. SPAIN'S article on the Detroit school system and Wayne University. Dr.

Spain's article attracted wide attention on its first appearance, and we thought it fitting to use it here in our first issue. Dr. Spain has recently been elected president of the Association of Urban Universities.

†

An Aside to the Audience

(Continued from Page 41)

Scene 2. A Fugitive from Justice—"I did not Commit the Deed."

Scene 3. Domestic Difficulties—"I am at Least a Man of Truth"—"Why did he Pass Me by?"

Act II.

Scene 1. "You forget yourself, Francis Levison."

Scene 2. Richard at East Lynne—The Proof of Perfidy.

Scene 3. Worse than Death—"Not one Word Against Her!"

Act III.

Scene 1. The old Letter—A Winter's Cold—Cornelia's Mistake.

Scene 2. Isabel's Anguish—"Alone Forever."

Act IV.

Scene 1. The new Candidate—"You'll Remember me"—The new Governess—"Oh, Isabel, Patience."

Scene 2. The Toils of the Law.

Scene 3. "It is Hard to lose him Thus"—"My Heart will Break."

Act V.

Scene 1. Richard Released—A Villain Still.

Scene 2. —Joyce is Over-ruled.

Scene 3. "How come You Here?"—"Bless You, Miss Corney"—Reconciliation—"Until Eternity."

"UNCLE VANYA"

by ANTON TCHEKOV

Characters

Alexandr Vladimirovitch Serebryakov,	a Professor	Joseph Wetherby
Yelena Andreyevna, his wife	Bette Polutnik	
Sofya Alexandrovna (Sonya), his daughter	by his first wife	Carol Van Sickle
Marya Vassilyevna Voynitsky, mother of	Professor's first wife	Frances Welden
Ivan Petrovitch Voynitsky, her son	Robert Chapin	
Mihail Lvovitch Astrov, a Doctor	Gordon Ewing	
Ilya Ilyitch Telyegin, a Landowner reduced	to poverty	William Lawrenz
Marina, an old nurse	Joyce Davis	
A Laborer	Jack Gore	

The action takes place on Serebryakov's estate at the close of the last century. There are four acts with intermissions of six minutes each.

Organizing a School System for Complete Community Service

TODAY society offers a new challenge to American education. Were this challenge to be phrased in the form of fundamental questions it would include:

How can we organize our administrative structure to solve the problems of articulation and co-ordination?

How can we improve the initial and in-service training of our teaching staff?

How can the schools offer a larger service to the adults of the community?

Detroit is attempting to answer these questions in a practical way. When in 1933 the board of education of the city united its several institutions of higher learning under the name Wayne University, an administrative organization was created that is unique in American education—a complete instructional program from nursery school through the higher levels of a university under the control of a board of education elected by direct vote of the people.

All Units Under One Control

Under this coordinated educational plan a resident of Detroit having enrolled his child in a nursery school or kindergarten may have the assurance that the public educational system will provide him with modern elementary, intermediate and high school instruction; with specialized training if he is in any way physically or mentally handicapped, and, if he is worthy of the opportunity, it will carry him on to the university where he may secure a liberal education, and professional training in education, medicine, engineering, pharmacy or in a number of special fields that will fit him for efficient and successful service. If he is qualified to do so, he may also enter the graduate school of the university, where, as a candidate for a master's or doctor's degree, he may carry on research under the experienced guidance of the faculty of the university.

This combination of all of the units of an educational system under one general control challenges the serious effort of those concerned in its administration, for it offers favorable conditions for the study and

“From kindergarten through university,” is Detroit's educational plan

By DR. CHARLES L. SPAIN

solution of some of the problems that for a long time have troubled educators.

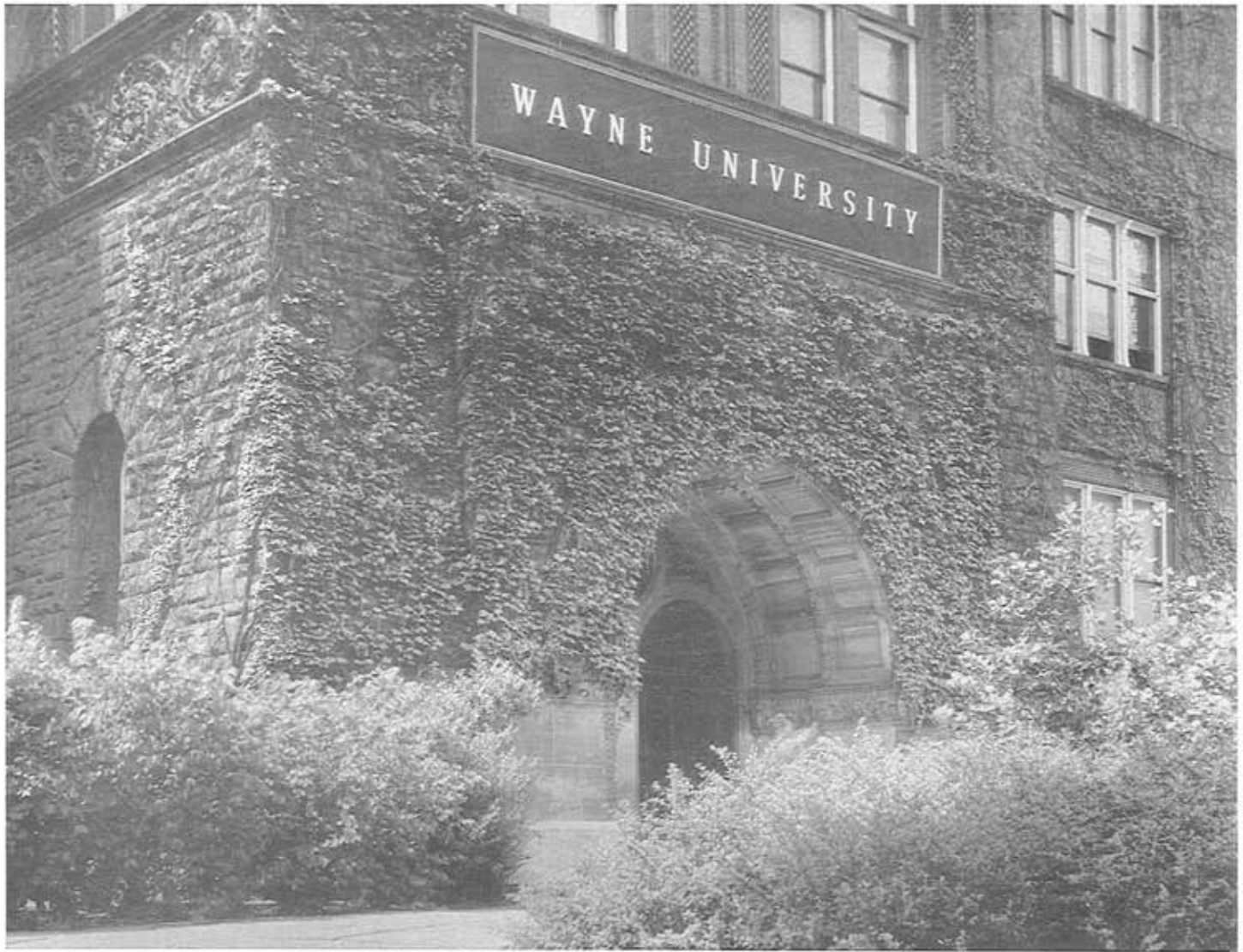
Two acknowledged weaknesses in American school systems are lack of continuity of purpose in the educational program

and lack of articulation between the principal divisions of the system. Correction of these shortcomings need not mean centralized control which shapes every educational effort to a common end and makes the schools stereotyped and inflexible. Neither need it imply the domination of the school system by the ideals of the university. It is, however, possible to envision a system of schools with an underlying philosophy that gives direction and tone to its educational thinking and its program of work; a system in which the activities of each unit are determined by the stage of maturity of its students and their varied social needs.

Instruction on each of the several levels must have its immediate purposes and aims, but permeating the whole range of the educational program should be an idealism that lifts all instruction to a plane consistent with its ultimate purpose. What we need most in our schools and colleges is an attitude of inquiry and experimentation, a realization that life is dynamic and a willingness to readjust one's thinking and one's actions in the light of new truth. All progress must come through research and experiment.

For many years public education in Detroit has been conceived as a unitary process having as its ultimate goal the development of individuals able to live happily, cooperatively and efficiently in a democratic environment. As the child or youth traveling the long road from nursery school through the university has acquired his social inheritance, the ideal of personal responsibility and service has been present in all of his activity. At every step the educational program has sought to develop in him the ability to recognize the existence of essential life problems and the will courageously to seek their solution.

The lack of coordination in the units of our modern educational system has been inevitable in the light of their origins. They were created at different times in response to varied needs and have during the inter-



vening years readjusted their aims and procedures in response to changing demands. In-coordination in these educational units will always tend to exist because they deal with problems that in themselves are different.

This relationship between the various units would not be serious, however, were it not for the great variation in the thinking of the persons who organize and administer them. The difficulty lies in a failure to comprehend the significance of education in its large sense; the result is a failure to see how the task near at hand fits into the larger picture of the student's ultimate development. Coordination cannot come about merely through arbitrary dictum or mechanical adjustment of the organization. It must come as a result of the acceptance of both a common philosophy and the findings of experimentation and research.

The capsheaf of the Detroit educational system is Wayne University, a municipal institution created

and maintained by the citizens of Detroit as an institution of higher education and as a cultural center.

A Municipal University At Work

The board of regents of Wayne University is the Detroit board of education. Under the constitution which it has approved for the university, the superintendent of schools of Detroit becomes the president of the university. The deputy superintendent of schools is the executive vice president, who is directly responsible for the administration of the institution.

Wayne University includes a college of liberal arts, a college of education, a college of medicine, a college of engineering, a college of pharmacy and a graduate school. These several colleges offer a wide range of courses, both cultural and professional. In the exercise of its regular function as a university it is highly selective. Every effort is made to discover and conserve the potentially superior student and recognize his



Annual "swing out" procession

possibilities for leadership and creative thinking. Students admitted to regular classes must have attained a high average during the last two years of the high school course. Less able students are admitted to classes probationally.

A municipal university, as an integral part of a large public school system, has exceptional opportunities for constructive leadership. It may be a positive factor in shaping educational thought and practice among teachers and school executives. Through its function as a cultural force it may assure to the community a body of teachers worthy to assume the responsibility of training the present generation of youth. Through the teacher training and supervisory functions of its college of education, the university may be reasonably certain that those who aspire to teach or hold administrative positions in the schools shall have acquired not only a theoretical and practical training, but also a scientific attitude toward their problems and a wholesome philosophy of life.

The college of education of Wayne University has trained teachers for the Detroit schools for more than fifty years. Its influence and functions have been greatly extended since the organization of the university. This college offers initial training for prospective teachers, and through its in-service and summer courses provides for their continued training and growth.

To secure greater unity of purpose and procedure in in-service supervision and college of education instruction, the entire supervisory staff of the school system has been placed under the jurisdiction of the dean of the college of education, who becomes director of instruction for elementary, intermediate and high schools. Further, the members of the supervisory staff

of the Detroit public schools are made part-time members of the faculty of the college of education, while the regular faculty members of the college devote part of their time to supervision in the Detroit schools.

This program tends to give faculty and supervisors a common viewpoint and to enable the members of the faculty to offer to student teachers training specifically directed toward their classroom requirements. This close articulation of the functions of teacher training and supervision under the general direction of the university college of education makes possible a closely integrated program that should progressively raise the level of instruction and administration throughout the entire system.

While Wayne University through its liberal arts college and its professional colleges performs its collegiate functions in harmony with the most exacting standards of accrediting agencies, it is fully conscious of its responsibilities toward that great and miscellaneous group of citizens who turn to it for guidance in solving the varied problems that confront them in their daily lives. To render service to the general public, Wayne University is fortunately placed. It is a municipal institution, an important unit in the educational system, and as such belongs to all the people. Reciprocal and cooperative relations with community agencies through which the resources of both are combined keep the university in intimate touch with the social, economic and political problems of the city, and in turn enable it to be of service to the agencies with which it has the privilege of cooperating.

The number and importance of these university community contacts are already impressive and each day brings new opportunities opening other fields of usefulness. In some instances the community agency conducts classes in the university building. In others students work under the direction of the cooperating agency. All of the agencies and institutions with which the university is allied have trained experts in their fields whose services by this arrangement become

Student-built radio station



available to the university. A brief summary will indicate the types of these contacts.

A working relationship exists between the department of nursing education of the university and the Detroit board of health, the bureau of public health nursing, the visiting nurses' association and certain hospitals, by which students may receive the degree of bachelor of science in nursing from the university and a diploma in nursing from a hospital.

Both the Adcraft Club and the American Institute of Banking conduct courses under the patronage of the university. Credits received apply toward a degree.

Members of the staff of the Detroit Institute of Arts conduct courses in art appreciation using the Detroit Institute of Arts as a laboratory.

The staff of the Detroit Public Library joins forces with the university in training librarians.

Cranbrook Academy of Arts, the art school of the Detroit Society of Arts and Crafts, the Artisans Guild and the producers of Pewabic pottery offer training for students of Wayne University, which earns credit toward a degree.

University students, both graduate and undergraduate, may pursue courses at the Merrill-Palmer School, which has exceptional facilities and an excellent staff. The members of the staff of the Children's Fund of Michigan are part-time instructors in the university, and the Children's Center offers opportunity for students of sociology and education to acquire practical experience.

Wayne University maintains a school of public affairs, the director of which is also director of the Detroit Bureau of Governmental Research, an organization supported by public spirited citizens. The library and facilities for graduate research of the governmental bureau are open to students of the school of public affairs.

Orchestra Gives Student's Concerts

The Detroit Symphony Orchestra offers a series of

Art laboratory



Speech laboratory

special concerts for students paralleled by a series of explanatory lectures delivered by a representative of the orchestra.

The Detroit police department conducts a course in safety education at the university.

The college of pharmacy analyzes all drugs purchased for city use by the city purchasing agent.

The college of medicine and surgery is affiliated with St. Mary's Hospital, Herman Kiefer Hospital, Receiving Hospital, Children's Hospital of Michigan and the Wayne County Asylum.

The college of education in cooperation with the parent-teacher association offers courses in home-making to classes of adults organized in various parts of Wayne County.

Social Responsibilities Heavy

The trend of the times seems to indicate that in the period just ahead all universities and colleges will become more conscious of their social responsibilities and relationships. This will be particularly true of a municipal university placed in the midst of the surging, vibrant life of a great metropolitan area. Such an institution cannot remain indifferent to the vital social, political and economic problems that press for solution. But if it has a vision of its opportunities and faces its responsibilities in a dynamic way, it may by allying itself with public and private agencies for social betterment exert a stabilizing influence and be of immeasurable value to the community which it serves. In this day when the material, the practical and the immediate press so heavily upon the minds of our people the municipal university has an opportunity and a mission it must recognize.

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Thirteenth Was No Jinx

(Continued from Page 13)

Mrs. Fox, "we certainly disproved the superstitious beliefs about unlucky days, for nothing has interrupted the growth and rise of the school. It has grown from a high school in the outskirts of the city with an enrollment of less than two thousand to an important municipal university for ten thousand students in the heart of a great metropolis. And Wayne University still has a great future."

Expansion of the school was foreseen even then by Frederick L. Bliss, the principal, who hoped that a manual training school might later be built on the same block. Mr. Bliss resigned when his plan was voted down by several other members of the board in sympathy with the labor unions which objected to the teaching of trades in public schools. After his resignation he was made principal of the Detroit University School, located at that time on Elmwood Avenue.

The Second Avenue addition to the building was made in 1907. Ten years later the Legislature authorized the Board of Education to establish a junior college at Central High School. In 1923 a full college course was offered here for the first time, Central High School was removed from the building and the school was called the Colleges of the City of Detroit. In 1933 the colleges were reorganized into a university and the name "Wayne" chosen for the new institution the following January.

Walter B. Pitkin, writer and professor of journalism at Columbia University was a member of the last graduating class before the high school was moved to the new building. Although the class graduated from the old Biddle House, the exercises were held here, just three months before the opening of the Central High School. Walter Pitkin is the son of Caleb S. Pitkin, president of the Board of Education at the time of the dedication of the building, and a member of the building committee on which Mrs. Fox served.

Mrs. Fox's eldest son, Maurice, was a member of one of the first graduating classes of the old Central High School. Her two granddaughters, Erma and Phyllis Fox, are now attending Wayne.

The story of Mrs. Fox's election to the school board to fill a vacancy in 1893 is interesting. At that time only two women's organizations in the city were permitted to discuss politics at their meetings. One of these was the Women's Independent Voters Association to which Mrs. Fox belonged. Other members petitioned the election board to place Mrs. Fox's name on the ballot for school inspector of the second ward. She was the second woman to be elected to the Detroit Board of Education. She and Mrs. S. C. O. Parsons, whose terms ended in July, 1895, were the last women

on the board up to the election of Mrs. Laura F. Osborne in 1917.

Drama at a board meeting one evening some forty years ago is one of Mrs. Fox's recollections. Near the close of the meeting Hazen Pingree, the mayor of Detroit, arose to make an eloquent speech denouncing four members of the board for accepting bribes, while several policemen produced warrants for their arrest. One of the accused men objected, saying that they could not be arrested during a public meeting. Mrs. Fox, always respecting correct procedure, realized that the thing to do was to adjourn the meeting immediately so that the arrests could be made. She rose to make a motion for adjournment and finally found her voice to discover that she was trembling so that she could only stutter.

"Anyone might easily have suspected me of guilt in the matter," she laughed. "Finally one of the members came to the rescue and made the motion in my stead."

In addition to writing a book, *Parliamentary Usage*, the guide of parliamentarians throughout the country, Mrs. Fox has been parliamentarian of most of the organizations with which she is affiliated and has served at many national conventions.

The most recent tribute to Mrs. Fox is the dedication by the daughters of the American Revolution of Michigan of their 1935 year book to her. On the dedication page are these words: "To Emma A. Fox, parliamentarian; Michigan's distinguished daughter of the American Revolution; philosopher, teacher, and friend, our yearbook, 1935-1936 is affectionately dedicated." On this page also appears a facsimile of a verse written "For Emma" by the American poet and lecturer, Edwin Markham, at a luncheon in Detroit in 1929:

"YOUR TASK"

"Your finished labor is your only crown;
No foolish furlough ask;
The weight of the universe is pressing down
To hold you to your task."



The Greeks Have Forgotten

(Continued from Page 36)

where everybody sits around as if they had just had a fresh application of starch on their spines. You get all the dope on his curriculum, grades, instructors and other inconsequential impedimenta but you get no real facts—does he enjoy a good binge, do his suits fit you, and similar things along that line. You can say one thing for my method, it will certainly ease the tension at these starchy sessions.

This seems to me to be a much more sensible method for prospects to meet the men who, should they join up, they will get to know economically as

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well as socially, in the words of the bearded bard. Like Lord Kelvin, I have found a better way. This seems to conclude my remarks for the present, so like a good Swede I'll say—au revoir—See you at fraternity meeting.



Hockey Schedule Improved

(Continued from Page 29)

Murray Robertson, Adam Widlak, and Bert Peckham, veterans. Besides these players Coach Tompkins has a host of capable recruits seeking positions.

Alex Yankovsky and Jack Morton, co-captains last season, and John Bashur were lost to the team through graduation. A much greater toll, however, was taken by work after school, press of studies and other factors. For such reasons Thomas Fochtman, John Chick, Al Kuhn, Charles Kuhn, John Kuhn, Norman Schreiber, William Schwope, Russell Seppela, William Forrest, and Ed Torosian are not available.

As a member of the Detroit-Ontario circuit last year the Wayne pucksters played twelve games. They won three tilts, all from University of Detroit, and tied one with the Titans. The Tartars failed to register a triumph over Assumption and Windsor-Walkerville Tech, the other teams in the league, but were beaten by the margin of a single goal in four contests.

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Among Our Who's Who We Name—

Robert M. Magee, Jr.

(Continued from Page 24)

on Sunday there's no reason why Ring Lardner shouldn't on Monday.

Most of his time is spent in straightening out people who have been tangled in their programs and want to know why they haven't had all the hours they should have had and they're sure they had it in summer school anyway.

• • •

Jane Betsy Welling

(Continued from Page 25)

children, and several articles for magazines, besides lectures and speeches in droves.

In her perambulations about the country, she has turned down more juicy offers from schools and colleges than would occur in two normal lifetimes—offers enticing her to direct advertising departments and paint companies' art projects.

To be more personal about the irrepressible and dynamic Miss Welling, she has heaps of blond hair worn in telephone braids behind each ear; and she loves to wear mulberry and purplish woolly cloth and vivid oddish hats with immense tickly feathers stuck in the crown.

She hates green and lines her coats with it and gets perfectly furious if people make little, wee bittsy things out of clay. Finicky things bore her to the screaming point, big stretchy drawings and brilliancy intrigue her; probably her idea of an artist's heaven would be endless walls lined with miles and miles of tremendous murals.

When she telephones, her voice can be heard for blocks . . . and she's a positive wizard at making a dish peculiar to the Welling menage, spaghetti and things which taste beautiful . . . her apartment is tan and turquoise and very modern . . . and in summer she wears frowsy old sweaters and paints watercolors underneath the trees dotting New England.

Just at present she is moaning vociferously because no sooner does she turn out a perfectly good art teacher than the idiot comes back a week later—married! She is now darkly contemplating a way to outwit this evil . . . centering her talents on the less beautiful art eds.

As for eating, she loves it and does it as she does everything else—with inimitable zest, racing from supervising about a hundred schools in town to clubs and teas and banquets . . . and talks and telephonings and helping NYA students who are good and ought to be in . . . lending pins and nickels and ad-



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vice to wan people whose fingers are stuck together with blue paint and please, should they use turpentine or shellac to get it off? . . . shouting in glee at something funny, everybody looking at her, entranced.

The general consensus is that she isn't like anyone else—oh, no . . . much more interesting!

• • •

Dr. Lent D. Upson

(Continued from Page 25)

tintinnabulation of the telephone, the importuning of stray students, and the supply of cigarettes for Doctor.

He is married and has two little girls, who join in the arranging of the farmhouse in West Massachusetts, bought recently to hold the antique furniture which Upson pere loves to collect. Too, at this mountain house, he develops a secret passion for gardening, fixing fences and planting trees to his heart's content.

When too much beset by business and the invincible telephone, he calls it all off, lolls in a big, comfortable, mannish-like chair and consumes sea stories—Conrad and Nordhoff and Hall “to get a kind of release from work,” he explains . . . the sea has always been one of his great enthusiasms.

As for eating and other pleasurable things, he expresses keen dislike for the insides of animals and liver and spinach and other awful things . . . he dislikes high buildings and has a horror of pedagogues.



Playful Skull Bashing

(Continued from Page 15)

were obviously crude and puerile, but even then they had a genuine value to the University.

There were newspaper reporters from the three Detroit dailies on Belle Isle that November day. They came down to get a story and snap a couple of action photos. Returning to their offices they carried back long and colorful accounts of the Class Games, a batch of stirring pictures, and the report that Wayne was doing something more than just plodding around and stirring up a lot of senseless agitation against war, capitalism, et cetera. That manly exhibit of academic fortitude on the island drove home to them the fact that there were some real students among us, some real Americans.

The games accomplished something of inestimable value to Wayne when they embedded in the minds of the press this salient fact.

More power to the class games! May they grow bigger and better!



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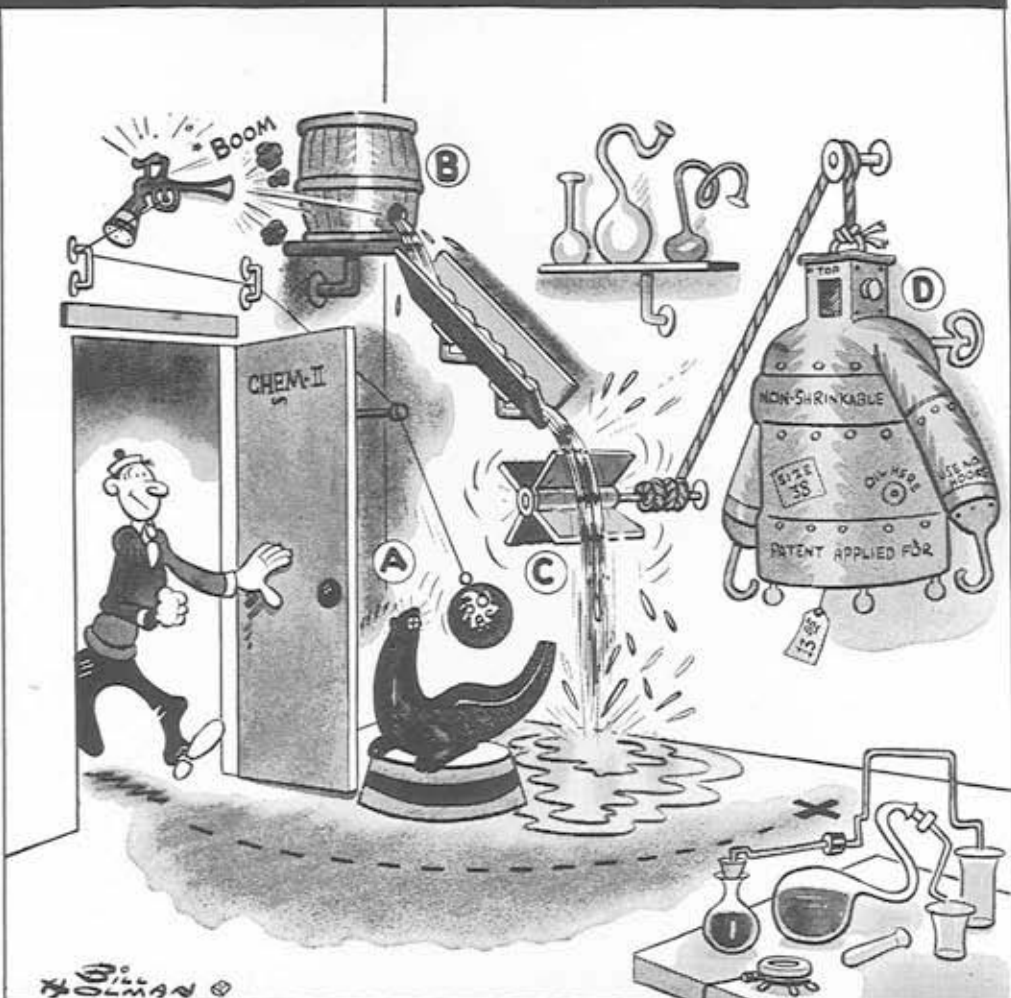
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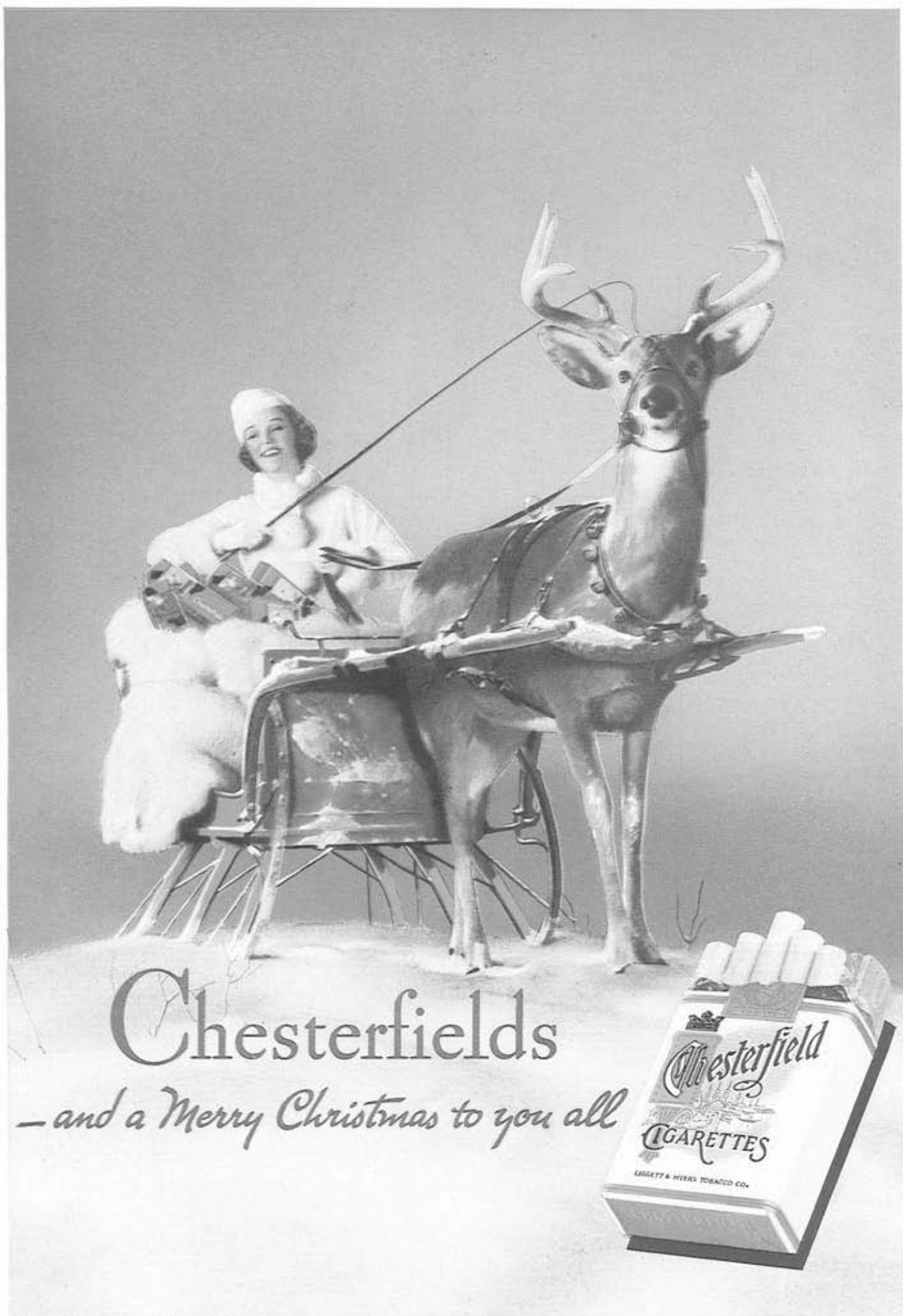


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