Four years ago we came to Wayne hoping to find in a municipal university a semblance of the atmosphere, traditions, and time-honored customs so generally associated with colleges and universities. Instead of ivied walls, shaded lawns and tree-bordered lanes we found a building on the corner of Warren and Cass avenues, not unlike the one we had left in high school. Eventually our "campus" included a colony of houses three blocks to the north, each bearing the sign "Wayne University Departmental Building."

But as time passed we came to realize that, though we have had to forego the traditional college environment, Wayne has had much to offer us which we could have found at no other school.

Our Education students have had, as a Training School, some of the best schools in the Detroit system; our Journalism students have had the value of contributing to the local metropolitan newspapers as well as to the Collegian; our Home Economics students boast of their own Practice House. The Art students have had the use of the Art Institute for classes and exhibitions; the Sociology classes have had as a laboratory the whole city of Detroit, its courts and specialized schools. In Radio our students have had the practical training of presenting regular programs over their own broadcasting system.

These are but a few of the specific privileges Wayne has offered us. Another source of satisfaction has been the knowledge that our four years of work have been under a faculty comparable to the best in any university. Many of our teachers are nationally known in their own fields. Because of the caliber of our faculty, the cosmopolitan scope of our activities, and the forward-looking policy of our administrative group, we have had the satisfaction of seeing Wayne steadily climb to the top in national scholastic rating.

In the matter of campus activities we have had our sororities and fraternities, both social and honorary, our school dances, outstanding theatrical productions, concerts, clubs and societies. And though we have not used athletics for financial gain, such events have played a part in the lives of many of our men and women.

In this book we have tried to present some of the highlights of our four years at Wayne. Some of them are serious; some comic. Some of them are idealistic; most of them all too realistic. All of them we think are typical of Life at Wayne University.

Jean Teague.
O UR 4 YEARS

By Max Weisweig

1936-37

America shows preference for Roosevelt's talents
To Landon's making the budget balance
Steamshovel's distracting to erudition
As Wayne prepares for new addition

Vital Statistics

Born September 16, 1936. Normal delivery accompanied by gurgling noises later identified as school song. Attended by Drs. Cody and Spain, both of whom were pleased with the record size of the student body, gross 1,100, net 881. July unusually hot, perspiration, speeches excessive. That's the way we looked to sociologists.

To the registrar we were 881 x $66.50, and to the psychologist some more statistical entities to be recorded on the upper end of a normal probability curve of intelligence.

To ourselves we were "collegians," sans poise, sans campus, sans spirit. We were exuberant in our ignorance, flipped Freud frivolously to feminine refreshment, and were willing to venture an opinion on everything from an application of Young's modulus to the parietal lobe of the cerebral cortex during examination time to the relative merits of a chocolate and cherry cola.

As bewildered freshmen, we griped about registration along with nonchalant sophomores, militant juniors, and resigned seniors. The upper classes cursed the new system, praised the old, the registrar promised a change, the Collegian printed an editorial, and after two weeks it faded into nothingness like the last of a summer's coat of tan.

After registration, things really started to happen. There was a great big game with Michigan State in the offing. There was a big rally in the auditorium. There was a big editorial in the Collegian. We were big time. Connie Eizak promised there would be "one helluva battle out there Saturday." State—27, Wayne—0.

We first felt the impact of the class struggle long before most of us had heard about Karl Marx. Early in October we were set upon by squadrons of sophomores out to catch those yearlings who were still in their freshman daze.

October we arrived at Belle Isle to do battle with ye cocky Sophomores. We were pushed about more than the pushball and made our deepest impression on the softest turf on the island.

In the tug of war we gave the sophs enough rope to start a cigar factory, whereupon they lowered their center of gravity about a foot and a half and gave two tugs: one to take up the slack, and the ether of such terrific moment that we found out immediately forthwith that while our tug of war strategy didn't hold water, our shoes and pants did.

The flag rush was our specialty. After our advances had been repulsed three times, J. R. Peacock snatched the coveted cloth for our only victory of the afternoon in the record time of 4 minutes and 25 seconds.

But even with the class games over there was no letup in activity. The closed season for stalking neophytes was over, and the fraternities and sororities were out bagging their game right and left. After it was all over, the air was fraught with rumor, thick with suggestion, charged with accusations of infractions of the rushing code. Presidents of the Interfraternity and International Councils called meetings, passed resolutions. The Collegian printed an editorial.

Indian Summer and the front entrance came into its own as a center of congregation. Faculty members groped their way to the egress, complained to authorities. "No Smoking" signs went up, the smoke obscured them. Signs came down, smoke went up.

We were first introduced to drama in the form of A. A. Milne's "Perfect Alibi," during the course of which Professor Dunham literally stopped the show and told the audience to listen appreciatively or else.
Those were the days when the comedies would roll them in the aisles and they’d keep on walking.

The Workshop Theater bounced right back with the most beautiful and moving production in its history, T. S. Eliot’s “Murder in the Cathedral” performed in St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Doris McCormick was editor of the Collegian. They installed electric clocks all over the building and we were beginning to get modernized. Professor Hill was decorated with the French Legion of Honor in an impressive ceremony in the auditorium to the cheers of well-wishing faculty and the student body.

Our class officers for the year were Harold Tobias, Seymour Kopetsky, and Frade Zagman. Al Sanders presided over the Frosh Flurry and we danced to Rick Roberts band at the Masonic Temple.

In April they started to make our new illuminated sign at the front entrance, and putting around the University in general. The man’s gym was determined a fire hazard, so we played our basketball in the Central High School gymnasium.

December 16 they started the new wing, and we saw the beginnings of expansion. The annual peace strike was a peaceful affair in the auditorium at which Dorothy Detzer spoke.

Final exams, Swinging, first semester marks, and we had one year of good fun and hard work under our belts. 1937-38

World stirred by moves of Hitler
New Deal finds many a new bellringer
Politicians speak of glorious expansions
We settle for some second-hand mansions

1937 was the year Wayne found itself. It was an exciting, sprawling, boisterous year of EXPANSION. There was a big game with Michigan State. We were out to get the Spartans with the same rockless confidence of a boxer who has taken a nine count from Joe Louis and still thinks he can knock out the champ.
World moves and repercussions
Argued in round table discussions
We still see saddle shoes and ankle socks
But say goodbye to pageboy locks.

By 1938 we found out there were such things as majors, and even if you were a major, you also had to be a minor, and after you were a major and minor, you had to go into a college, a department, a special field, a special department in a special field in a department of the University.

There was a game with Michigan State.
Dean Selden, in the interests of civilization and the freshman class banned hazing and class games.
Thousands of signatures on long petitions got the games back, but hazing was a thing of the past.

The Class of '39 organized a "Mad Anthony Brigade" to fan up some yearbook enthusiasm by burning a huge copy of a Griffin on the playfield.

Police, fire rules, and the whirled campaign was not climaxed by a blazing finish, although the yearbook did go out like a light. Arthur Doriaio was editor of the Collegian.

"Brawl." "Cake Walk," "Casual Career"; the Pharmacists became the "Consular Career"; the Home E's Ball became the "Take Walk;" and the Gas House Gang had its "Bread."

Tired of announcing their dances matter-of-factly, the College of Education Ball blossomed out into the "Teachers' Trot;" the Pharmacists became the "Casual Carpe"; the Home Ec's Ball became the "Cake Walk;" and the Gas House Gang had its "Bread."

The artists worked in to give us a face lifting, blocked the stairways and hallways, and gave the basement chemistry labs some stiff competition in making odors.

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The artists worked in to give us a face lifting, blocked the stairways and hallways, and gave the basement chemistry labs some stiff competition in making odors.
A big Collegian drive sent our band to Lansing to play Michigan State. The band did so well students wanted the football team to play between the halvs and let the band carry the brunt of the entertainment. Coach Gembis could not be reached for comment.

Dr. David D. Henry was moved up to the position of acting executive vice-president. Warren K. Layton was given the post of Dean of Students, and William W. Whitehouse was appointed Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.

Stegemon Walter Kostyra and Bill Reva went sketching the base of the Ambassador Bridge one cold, misty morning, looked like international spies to a pair of local "Dogberry," were grilled, cross-examined, bawled out, and released after explaining they were not Nazi agents dynamiting the lifeline between Detroit and Canada, but were merely sketching the bridge so they could use it for the "Winterset" stage setting.

To uphold the high standards of Americanism at Wayne, Vern Cassin and Ace Cudillo tore up ASU pamphlets to prevent spread of "subversive activity." When interviewed by reporters, Cassin gave his name as Tczinski, and Cudillo unpredictably said nothing, but let his actions speak for themselves. Collegian editor Walter Fishman blasted away at football tactics in the corridors, and the boys were advised to read up on "Americanism."

They said it couldn't be done, but the Class of '40 did it. Stimulated by a $300 balance in the exchequer, we decided to have a yearbook. Jean Teague was appointed editor. She inserted an official notice in the Collegian, requesting the presence of Russell Bangs, Bob Luby, Bill Woofenden, Bob Stone, Jerry Peacock, Irene Cornell, Harry Rennell, Edwin Warner, Freda Zegman, Bob McGuire, and Max Weinzwig.

Senior Skip-Day, Senior Ball, Swingout, Final Exams. Graduation in Olympia and finis to four fruitful years.

THE YEARBOOK STAFF WORKED
Those who live of Wayne’s asphalt campus were no doubt spoiled by the annual festivities of “Triple Blocks above Warren” “functional architecture” on the Library. We, too, had our dreams of a Greater Wayne, a sort of campus of the 1950s. It seemed to come true in the broken bottles and old tie-ends until the Library opened its doors. The Practical Soul is always with us—mulling over nefarious plans for future gain. Why even in the middle of a Quiet-Hour presentation of The Fire-Bird, just as we had quite reconciled ourselves to a city campus and resolved, henceforth, to look at the University’s handsome silver lining, we were brought to our senses with a horrid start. The screeching of greedy palms and the glint in the eye of the boy before us did it. “Cripes!” he whispered hoarsely to his companion, who sat on the floor beside him, surveying the room coolly, “What couldn’t a guy clean up if he just had a pillow-concession here at Union!”

We silenced him with a glance, but the damage was irreparable. A kindred spark glowed in our mercantile tinder. We think the program was concluded by Clouds but we know that DelBusy had the pillow concession at the Union he’d have netted a cool $1.30. That’s at the rate of a nickel per floor-sitter. No, an escapist doesn’t stand a chance.
The Way to a Man's Stomach

A city campus gives one a certain poise, at least, if an utter lack of consciousness of the amenities of Higher Living. What chance has Culture against the sinister inroads of the Snack Bar? How can we be expected to devote full attention to a 12:30 lecture on the Boyhood of Shakespeare when a comely brunette perches just outside on the windowledge with a cup of tomato-lime and a nosegay of pretzels? Then there's the Bring-Your-Own-Lunch Club members, fleeing the clustered calm of the Lunch-Room or the Union, wandering vaguely with fish or limburger, looking for a place to light. Gregarious souls on the whole, they prefer band-concerts or stairways, but will compromise on empty classrooms or head-space in a locker. These last are considered rather effete and secretive by the other members of the group.

Snack Bar—cheap, quick

Progress

With the second-hand roar of European war-guns continually in our ears, it was distinctly gratifying to note the size of the Peace Rally this year. The current trend seemed that of gentle, repressed hostility toward war with a well-rounded program of drama, screen and lecture in opposition to more ribald protests of a few years back. "It's more dignified, more mature," we were told by one of the Y.C.A.W.'s. But as we moaned over a milk-shake in the drugstore, we couldn't help sighing for the Peace Strike of Yesterday. We know it's juvenile, but we liked the bricks in the fire escape and having lighted firecrackers thrown at our heads.

Unsung Hero

If any justice-loving soul can supply us with the name of the inventor of the two-door bus we, ourselves personally, will brave the tempest to pluck a wreath of laurel. If there be some who consider this unwarranted, we suggest they try getting off an old single-door bus, corner of Cass and Warren about eight-thirty or nine of a morning, his arms full of books, when the office workers, en masse, are quitting on.
Rock of Ages

There was more accomplished by the recent re-decoration of the University than was at first apparent. The painters did more than follow us from class to class, dropping paint in the curious eye as they curried the cornices and ironically sheathed Cashwan's Dream of Peace in antique ivory. Yes, they improved the school with ochre and umber, but they thoroughly disillusioned at least one freshman. We found her moodily waiting for a date by one of the mummy-case fraternity-houses on second floor row. "Yeah," she muttered, fixing us with jaundiced eye. "I used to think it was a classic dump until I saw one of those painters painting on the veins and cracks in one of the marble pillars. Hauster, every last one of them!"

Reverie

Wandering into Reinig's G & G Lunch the other afternoon, we ordered a nostalgic plate of French fries and moaned over the Passing of the old Green and Gold with Bob and Ed. The fries were in the groove but there was something indecently clean, and calm, and heartless in the air. The old table tops, on which many a virgin penknife has been broken, pinned flat to the wall under a prissy coat of varnish, made us feel as Old Grad as the last reel of Ats Chips. The new crop of under-grads may be satisfied with the Cass-Warren or the College Inn, but we're of a lost generation. None of this drugstore cowboy stuff for us. We'll take the Christian Science Reading Room and the ghostly rattle of thick coke glasses.
Clock Tower Legend

We got this straight from an English Major of impeccable reputation. It seems this lad was soberly donning galoshes one lonely afternoon last February, after enduring a blustery blizzard in English 173, when a blizzard steamed up and clutched him by the arm. "My God!" she croaked, eyes bulging; "there's a banshee in the clock tower!" Before the Major could protest he found himself, muffler in hand, mounting the stairs to the cafeteria, the jittery female preceding him from the rear. Their ascension was stopped by a locked door and they stood by this barrier arguing for a time, while thunder and lightning lent a macabre charm to the deserted kitchens. Suddenly a tortured moan seeped under the door and another—whispered they were the ghosts of some senior who, on eve of graduation, succumbed to the news that his diploma would be withheld until he worked off that botany prerequisite for admission into Senior High School. Poor tormented spirit. We can see him walking the clock-tower, amongst the pigeons, in search of the sporangium of Stemonitis or a stray Jungermanniella.

Robert McGuire
Heading for the BIG TIME
By Bob Luby

America was on the march when a Tartar first athletic brigade hit the firing line for its initial intercollegiate competition. In the fall of 1917, the same year that Uncle Sam’s khaki-clad fighting forces were shipped “over there” to push across a winning touch-down for the allies, a uniformed official Tartar machine fought its first opponents over the gridiron yard strips.

At the same period when commissioned officers the country over were busy mustering their troops together for the big adventure, a young athletic coach from the Oklahoma hinterlands made his debut as the Green and Gold top sergeant. Dave Holmes then as now held the reins of the school’s athletic department.

Newman Erelli, a Tartar athletic great in his own right, joined his old coach in handling the earlier squads, followed soon afterwards by Norman G. Wann, who relieved Holmes of his football duties. When Wann switched to tennis, a new era in college athletics had its inception with the Gembis, Flora football regime. From then on expansion in the coaching staff became more rapid with the acquisition of new golf, fencing, tennis, and hockey heads.

When Detroit Junior College became The Colleges of the City of Detroit, with a full four-year curriculum, an athletic board of control was appointed to dictate the policies of the school. How admirably and conscientiously this was done is reflected in a recent article which appeared in the American Mercury through the medium of a John R. Tunis article.

Mr. Tunis accorded Wayne the signal honor of placing us in league with the few top-flight universities which are dignified by the most ethical of standards. Significant is the fact that not another Michigan college or university achieved this ranking.

Tartar squads have long roamed far over the Detroit Metropolitan area to play its opponents. It took a fire himmed edict, however, to acquire a better sports arena for a major sport when the basketball team found itself minus its quarters.

Central High School was acquired for the home court of the basketball team and here was witnessed one of the most interesting annals in athletic growth at Wayne. Jim Gorterson, Howard McCarthy, Steve Staryk, and Jerry Sevick of this year’s graduating seniors played prominent roles in the forced acquisition of the Naval Armory for the games.
TRICKY FORMATION

Tartar football teams in the past have scored praiseworthy victories. Nevertheless, it is only in the Gembis era that the school teams deserve to be ranked as of big time stature. Dynamite Joe with the aid of Dr. Floro slowly pulled Wayne up from the football doldrums to a most successful season of seven games won with but one loss.

Within the experience of the graduating Class of Forty is the 1938 season in which only two teams of a tough nine-game schedule were dropped. Bernie Grenadier, Bill Hitchcock, Don Hobbs, Ralph Johnson, Bob Joselyn, Jack Lumsden, Bill Maul, and Jerry Sevick were mainstays on the last three elevens to represent the school.

Highlighting the seasons of the past four years has been the opener against Michigan State. The uncanny kicking of George Gembis in the first game of this series for the first time earned for a Wayne athlete a coveted All-American rating.

A meteoric rise from a position of almost total obscurity earned a pioneer role for Coach Leo Maas and his swimming crew. With the acquisition of Uncle Leo, a former nationally famous high school coach, Wayne administrative heads automatically insured the school of a prominent future role in this intercollegiate sport. That the team took over this role in the short space of two years is all the more amazing.

Included in the triumphant record of the "40" squad were victories over Ohio State, Michigan State, and Franklin Marshall, along with close decisions against such traditional powers as Michigan and Yale.

Andy Clark, Guy Lumsden, Bill Frew, Dick Koch, Bob Gardner, and company then proceeded to top off the year's performances with an unprecedented fourth place in the National Intercollegiates.

For a sport demanding of the best of facilities, Wayne track teams have done remarkably well with the meager facilities they do use. Switching from the indoor chase to spills on short notice they have added considerably to the trophy department of the University. In the past fifteen years they have trave...
SPECIAL MEETING TONIGHT

THE PRESIDENT CALLS A SPECIAL MEETING:

"I know this isn't the regular meeting night, but I've called this special meeting to consider the pledging of this fellow suggested by our good brother Jones.

"On investigation we have found that he not only has a car that isn't burning oil, but he also has a sister, unattached. So on the strength of this alone, I would recommend pledging the guy. There is a sneaking rumor around that his father turned in an income tax report this year so we won't have any trouble collecting his dues. A minor point, of course.

"His marks are up to par for our fraternity, meaning a one-point average, not to be sneezed at. There's no use of our donating a scholarship cup if we can't ever win it. Make a note, brother secretary, that the next time we donate a cup it be for bridge or pinocle.

"I suggest that our vice-president study up his little speech on the significance of the pin so that we won't have any more embarrassing happenings like our last pledging ceremony when nobody was sure whether the pin was significant or not.

"Now I guess that's all—oh, one more thing. We also owe a vote of thanks to our very courageous brother Smith who upheld the fraternity honor by taking out that sorority girl who has been saying that we were afraid to date her. Will you see me for a few minutes after meeting, brother Smith?

"Now if the business is finished, we can go to a show or the basketball game or the place around the corner. Or do I hear a word from our brother treasurer?"

(Here, amidst smoke, the treasurer, a small fellow wearing horned rimmed glasses and carrying a large book which might be a Sears-Kroehne catalog but which isn't, stands. The brethren await his words. He speaks.)

"Fellows, the dues payment of twenty dollars was due last week, and if you guys can't pay on time, I'm all for—"

(The special meeting is over. Card games start in different rooms. The radio is turned on, someone starts playing Schubert on the phonograph. The icebox is opened. The treasurer is left with his large book and remains standing until a brother, going in search of a bottle of beer, thrusts a pinocle card between his fingers.)

Russell Beggs
Lost One Pearl

And we look back over four years with the Greek Sisters

By Irene Cornell

Well, here we are after four long years with one pearl missing and the gold just beginning to chip on our sorority pin. All our social drip is printed in a Collegian column, "The Sisters," there are at least five women we're no longer speaking to because of some sorority fuss, and we're too weary to be sentimental about it. We're seniors and sorority women, so--

Four years ago we were going mad with all the hustlenbustle of being "rushed." We chewed our Wistaria nail polish and finally decided that we'd spend the rest of our life with the wonderful Sigma Sigma's, Alpha Theta Sigma's or what-have-you.

Then we pledged and ran errands and licked boots until we finally earned the right to a pin and our own little quarter inch breathing space in Wayne's social world. And we sat back to watch the rabble.

We've seen all the "sisters" scramble for "top" place along sorority row.

We've lost our good nature at bridge and our hair pins in basketball shuffles all for the sake of an inter-sorority tournament of one kind or another. The Xi Omicrons have wondered what the Pi Kaps "had," the Pi Kaps have puzzled over Alpha Sig's and the Alpha Sig's have been bewildered by Xi Omicron. As many as five women in one sorority have dated the same man at the same time and been the best of friends. Two others dated the same man once and haven't spoken since.

Teas, and showers, and little parties have kept us forever feminine. Raffles have kept us broke. We never believe anything we hear from another sorority woman and only half of what we hear in our own circle. One gossips with one's "sisters," never any one else. Best manners are acquired for rush parties and forgotten during "hash" sessions. Over coke glasses we've haggled about whether there isn't a place for sororities. The Delh Arab, Zeta Chi: Alpha Delt, and Sigma-Gamma Phi combinations have flourished and waned. In elections one remembers that there is a good old sorority policy. We pine for the scholarship and run like mad from the possibility of being thought "students."

For a sorority affair we've pooled dates in a hat and drawn blindly just for excitement. Pajama party has followed pajama party, with the pajamas becoming more and more elaborate with increasing Camera Club publicity. "Clever" people are to be cultivated, not known. When a man dates a "sister" three times in a row he is then the property of the whole sorority. Books are to be talked about, not read.

Stair-sitting is time-wasting and to be frowned upon. Stair-sitting is social and to be encouraged. Lifelong friendships have grown from wearing the same pin. Others have been killed by an early frost. We rush women because they're eligible, and try to make them over as soon as they've pledged. And...

But now we're seniors. We've a philosophy—a "way of life"—that covers even sororities. Besides, we're all going on to be faithful members of the alumnae chapters.
By Bill Woolfenden

Last time we tried to locate anyone in the theatre we had to tear around from building to building finally ending up in one of those dark holes behind the auditorium stage. It seems that these dreary little rooms are the general stamping ground for our actor friends except when their activities wind up in the drugstore where they relax over a coke and cigarette, that is if they relax as much as they know how. Unfortunately the theatre members don't seem to know the value of deep sleep for they still labor under the wacky idea that you can stay up night after night without tripping over your eyelids.

There must be something to this idea, however, for they manage to turn out one good show after another. These productions are all hand made, costumes, scenery, everything. You can see how this would run into a great deal of work, and if you don't believe us just look at the theatre crowd. Take the scenery angle and right away you run into trouble, which last year amounted to international intrigue. Yep, the boys very innocently went down to sketch the Ambassador Bridge, and in no time at all they get nabbed for attempted sabotage and had a deuce of a time trying to convince the government that they were only trying to produce Maxwell Anderson's WINTERSET. See, boys, that's what you get trying to be so darn good, anyway.

And then they run into the problem of trying to turn some beautiful co-ed into the witchy Elizabeth the Queen. It is always rather startling to look up in your 8:30 class and see the gorgeous red head you've been ogling for weeks, has hell her winds left over from last night's play.

Sorority and fraternity houses around the campus go through periodic stripplings when the properties crew gets off on their search for assorted furniture. Right now the theatre has a couple of lovely antique chairs on their hands, which they acquired for a price when said chairs got mixed up under the feet of an overenthusiastic director and had to be purchased in rather powdered form.

One of our secret pleasures is listening to people on the Dexter bus as they catch their first glimpse of the art department show window. It's the habit of the artists to display choice bits from their exhibits in the window and drag startled gasps from the general masses who aren't quite up on their culture. By this time the art students are getting quite bored with staring the rest of the university and take a raised eyebrow as just one more thing in a busy day.

These art students were pioneers in the culture program at Wayne, taking their lodgings from the rest of the school way back in 1936 when we were all still freshmen. The actual moving was a thing of wonder. Everyone grabbed what they could and wandered down the alley to their new quarters which they immediately proceeded to rearrange to suit themselves, a process which is still going strong.

Up till now they have succeeded in sticking fancy labels on the garage, kitchen and other rooms that they have remodeled way past recognition. The garage hasn't had a minute's rest since the gang arrived, what with painting the windows so no one could peak in, classes meeting every hour, and someone knocking down the walls all through vacation.

The basement is the most recent part of the house to get the artistic touch. Until this year, these underground rooms really had the boys stymied. It took a little time to figure out just what to do, but now they have a set of new maroon and gray, streamlined cupboards and sit around smugly, waiting for new space to glorify.
PUBLICATIONS

Working like mad over at the publications building, we found a noble little band of reporters, copy readers and such, trying to get out an edition of the Collegian so that we could have something to read during those long 8:30 classes. These reporters are a frenzied crowd, doing their damndest to find something on our rock-bound campus that will delight their readers, and delight them three days a week.

Besides its general news value and entertainment, the Collegian is expected to get everyone to a wide assortment of meetings, announce dances and all sorts of social et cetera besides bolstering up the cultural outlook around the school with an occasional shot in the arm by some high toned critic.

Anyone can see that to do all this the publications building must shelter a wide assortment of budding journalists. We'd like to suggest the hour after a deadline, or some mid-night of the printers for anyone desiring to see journalism at its finest moments. The evenings at the printers are really tops for excitement. To complicate the whole thing right from the start, the printers hide out in Redford, which is quite a hike from the publications building on any three buses. Usually after this trip is accomplished, however, it turns out that the lead story is carefully tucked in the desk at the Collegian office or better of course is an advertisement is lost. These little sessions usually break up just in time for the boys to tear back to school for their 8:30 classes.

Anyway it's a good excuse for not shaving.

Occupying offices in the back regions of the publications building, the engineers gather once a month to assemble the Wayne Engineer, a natty little booklet filled with sorts of technical information to brighten the days of these hard working souls. To dilute such as ourselves, however, the real charm in the engineers' literary efforts is their delightful sense of humor which somehow manages to pass the local trayes office and gradually gets repeated in all the fraternity houses on the campus.

MUSIC

It's nice now and then to get away from all the hubbub of an overactive campus and sitter down to the music department for some of the finer things in the way of noise. A trip we can heartily recommend for anyone who has become bored with the general monotony of college life. For along with general soul lifting, the music department is full of infectious little surprises which would startle even John Kieran.

On one of our most recent pilgrimages we were rewarded with an amazing little demonstration of Sol-Feggio, you know good old Sol-Feggio. Well neither did we until an obliging class offered to enlighten us. The result was something we'd like to pass on to those less fortunate seniors who are threatened with graduation before finding out all about Sol-Feggio. It's really all quite simple when you get the hang of it. The point of the whole thing seems to be singing without bothering about words. For our benefit the class had chosen to render Onward Christian Soldiers in an array of assorted do-do, re-re, and so forth. We left this happy crew searching for a new song to strip of its lyrics. Perhaps we're much old sentimentalists, but half the fun in Mother Macree was crying over the tender words.

Another one of those major's favorite methods of startling the uninitiated is achieved by wrapping their members in all sorts of fancy costumes which lean heavily on the colorful side. The a cappella choir emerged from one of the earliest splashing all dowe up in brilliant blue with splashes of white added here and there, giving a slightly upholstered effect. And the band in what seems to have been an overactive patriotic moment got itself talked into green and gold uniforms, which are all that could be expected.
Our selection for the wozdest event of the school year would be the annual speech banquet which winds up the activities of the speech department. Can't you just imagine the glorious eloquence with which these speech majors deliver their after dinner speeches? After a whole year of practice the boys should be in top form to hurl some of those pearly phrases at each other. It must really be a gathering of Tithians that would make good old F.D.R. look to his laurels.

But then, the speech department has plenty of reason to celebrate the close of a semester that has been one long nightmare of recordings and movies of themselves in action. (We still remember the shock we received after hearing our first recording, couldn't speak for weeks without blushing.) Note that public appearances phase these boys after winning contests all through the year and babbling in their attic. Yes, even the attic is tormented with the continual bombardment of words that makes the speech building resound from top to bottom. A friend of ours ventured up into this attic the other day in search of one of the costumes that are stored there and received the shock of his life when he heard a choice bit on the isolation question coming through the folds of an old petticoat.

After one of our most recent visits to the speech building we got mixed up with the Warren traffic along with a stony eyed speech major who was muttering something for the next extemp contest as he stumbled along. We do not know, but it seems like a traffic hazard that should be reported to the safety bureau, if the motorists don't beat us to it.

Brushing up on the radio guilt the other day, we found that the boys had gone quite rity since we last saw them. By now they are piping out their own programs from their own studios with their own equipment and talent, and the radio group has become one of the most exclusive outfits in the university. After looking over some of their equipment we wonder why they even bother to speak to the rest of us. Everything from sound proof studios to the last thing in recording gadgets provides plenty of entertainment for the whole gang. We think they might even stay around school if we had some records to scratch or a tuning fork to ping when we got bored with the whole set up.

All the material that is broadcast from these gilt-lined halls must first be put to strenuous rehearsals before going over the ether waves. Lines are read over and over to get that good old fit, and sound effects have to be fixed to jive with the script — a little job that runs into much work. We remember one rehearsal that called for horses hoofs to accompany the treadlings of our heroine. The sound-effects man wasn't going to be satisfied with any half-way measures and went around for hours pounding rubber plungers on everything in sight, trying to get a horsey effect. Finally he found that he could get just the right clatter by pounding the silly things on his chest, which gave an a nice hollow beat. The whole thing went along fine until the poor fellow started to get pains in his left pulmonary which had become a little tender just as the program was ready to go on the air.

WHICH REMINDS ME OF A STORY

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: YOU ARE LISTENING — WE'RE ON THE AIR
CAMPUS SHOTS

THE WAYNE SMITHY

"QUIET HOUR" AT THE LEAGUE

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"FIVE BLUEBOOKS, PLEASE"

RECORDS

SUB-SURFACE JAM SESSIO