before you start
a moment's meditation
to whom do you propose
to send the

Dedication

to our classmates
in Service

To Edward Armstrong (pictured above) who has already lost his life in the service of our Nation, and to our other classmates and schoolmates who are even now engaged in combat on far flung fields of battle, we dedicate this book.
Catastrophic in its impact, the sheer horror of war's initial scar upon our nation brought sharp realization to the members of the Class of 1942 and to Wayne University as a whole our important role in the conflict.

We realized, with no artificially augmented percept, the tremendous burden resting with those who have acquired a relatively intellectually mature outlook upon life. We realized that those students, who in their ascendancy from the status of wide-eyed frosh to prosaic seniors had achieved certain skills invaluable to the greater task which lay before—skills to be utilized in the production and operation of gigantic mechanisms of death and destruction, were irreplaceable.

Ours has been a rich heritage, the Class of 42. We came when Wayne, as a university, was also young. We grew with and in it, both physically and academically. No ivy-walled, tradition-shackled, pedantic institution, this; instead a progressive, liberal, dynamic entity wherein resides a faculty and administration widely known and respected for their scholarly approach to contemporary problems.

In our book, perhaps the last of its nature for some time, we have attempted to catch a minute glimpse of the kaleidoscopic whirl of events that engulfed us within the walls of this, our alma mater.
our deans...
our executives...

Dr. Frank Cody—President

Dr. David Henry—Executive Vice-president
orientation removed
most of Wayne's mystery
tell activities since then
—a brief

Class History

Handle With Care

Freshman Putsch
... "Students, your four years lie ahead of you. Remember, Wayne has much to offer—it's up to you to profit by it. Become acquainted with your professors. Form good study habits. Enjoy extra-curricular activities. Learn the school songs."

... Our Freshman Days were highlighted by a pep-talk by Art Stringari, then president of the Inter-fraternity Council. We were "oriented" via the class method.

Our victory over the Sophs in class games proved conclusively what we already knew—that we were good! We were guided in those days by Dr. Charles Spain, vice-president of the University, and Dr. Albertus Darnell, Dean of Liberal Arts College.

Unsuspectingly deluged with "queens," we were forced to choose between our own top beauties, Shirley Parker, Shirley Ann Brown, and Shirley Neipoth; Miss Wayne U. Betty Jank; and Homecoming Queen Lillian Gryzanka.

The standout personality to visit the campus was petite Jessica Dragonette, who thought our rugged football end Bob Joslyn cute. So did several hundred other girls.
J-Hop music was dished up that winter by the ever-popular Count Basie, who had the joint jumpin' all night.

Our erudite Seymour Goldman won the Wayne Oratorical contest and did right well in intercollegiate competition. Arthur D'razio was editor of the Collegian.

Highlighting the sports season was the entree of Coach Leo Maas as swimming mentor, bringing with him the star trio of Andy Clark, Bill Prew, and Guy Lumsden.

Our cagers beat Oregon, previous year's national champs, 32 to 29.

Wayne became a training base for the Civil Aeronautics Authority. "As a Flame Springs," biography of the Brownings, was published by Dr. James McCormick of the English department and was well received by literary critics.

Adele Wexler distinguished herself by becoming the first woman to preside over the rambunctious Student Council. The gentler touch was immediately in evidence.

AWS had a party at Waldenwoods for all U. women, and collaborated with the home ecs on a fashion show, reputedly the first ever held at Wayne.

The Wayne football team went to State, but not before its ace Cadillo, captain, broke his arm in practice to snuff out hopes of victory. For 51 minutes Wayne and State battled each other to a standstill, but Lady Luck finally turned her back. Final score: State 16, Wayne 0.
Tom Adams, J-Hop chairman, but also track star, spent the evening of the biggest dance of the year on a train bound for the Illinois Relays. Duke Ellington made the music and Peg Collins made a very glamorous Miss Wayne U.

Walter Fishman was the editor of the Collegian.

Dr. Frank G. Tompkins of the English department died in June, after 23 years on the faculty. A memorial fund was set up, with a short story contest designed to perpetuate his name.

The men’s varsity debate team placed second in the Michigan Intercollegiate Speech League tournament.

That spring George Menendez was elected junior class president, his third term in office. Into office with him came vice-president Don Loria, secretary Evelyn Morris, and treasurer Vern Gibson.

1940-41

... This year Franklin D. Roosevelt also became a third termer, and the first registrants for Selective Service inquired frantically for their order number.

“‘You are juniors, now, students. You choose a major field of study and concentrate upon it. The next two years will pass quickly,” was the advice from our faculty.
We saw the war clouds come ever closer. Dr. Alfred H. Kelly, instructor in history, condemned the American Student Union as Charlie McCarthy's of the Communist party. ASU protested in defense, passed out literature, were drowned out by the uproar, denied status as a University organization, and finally passed out of existence entirely.

We opened the football season with fanfare, high hopes, and determination. Final score—U. of D. 52, Wayne 7. Wayne's feat in holding the Titans even in the second half was the only consolation other than the spectacle of Graham T. Overgard's band in 500 colored lights parading in a blacked-out stadium.

The football team went through the rest of the season undefeated, best record in years, and erased opponents with a vengeance. Record: Four won, three tied, one lost.

Wayne's matadors, under Uncle Leo's guidance, paddled to third place in the National Intercollegiate championships at East Lansing. Bill Prew won the NCAA 50 free style and Andy Clark and Guy Lumsden were selected for the intercollegiate All America.

"Name" bands were in abundance this year. Red Norvo jived at the Mackenzie Union dance, Ray Herbeck at Homecoming, and the smartly styled music of Ted Fio Rito graced our own J-Hop, chairmanned by Burton Simon. The amazing spectacle of Will Bradley and Larry Clinton playing successive nights for Wayne frats was witnessed when Gamma Kappa Chi and Gamma Phi Delta clashed over dates.

Kay Gee and Jim Gonyeau co-chairmanned Wayne's second Wintermart, which featured a startling device called a kissometer, and which netted a total of $225 for the future student center.

Wayne crashed FM (frequency modulation) with a bang with its "Saddleshoes and Swing" variety show inaugurated over W45D.

Sylvia Stapleton was crowned Miss Wayne U.; Rita Labadie, Homecoming Queen; Dorothy Babcock, Photogenic Queen; and Helen Beckett, Snow Queen.

George Hanning was editor of the Collegian.

In January, the ASCAP-BMI contract dispute hit home to Wayne by affecting band broadcasts. Director Graham T. Overgard complained about the lower music standards resulting.
That spring, Wayne went to bat for a baseball team and finally got one, after an intensive newspaper campaign conducted by Bob Swarthout. Joe Truskowski was appointed coach, gathered his recruits, and finished with a .400 average for the year.

The final class elections held in the spring returned George Menendez to office as president for the fourth time; Don Loria, vice-president; Rita Biard, secretary; and Vern Gibson, treasurer.

1941-42

... Midway in our senior year the fateful day broke when we became involved in war. December 8 the United States declared war on Japan, and followed shortly with additional declarations against Germany and Italy. Selective Service was widened to include everyone from 20 to 60, and we began to feel the effect of shortages. Sugar, gas, and tires became scarce, as well as men’s cuffs and chocolate cokes.

The Union and League were headed by Warren Messer and Kay Seaman Seppala, respectively, and the Board of Education officially condemned the land immediately north of the Main Building to be used as a joint Student Center.

We repeated the feat of a successful Band-to-Lansing campaign, aided by movie stars Anita Louise and Owen Davis. Final score: State 39, Wayne 6.

In the fall, 87 faculty members circulated a petition calling for immediate entrance into the war. It precipitated heated discussion, with Bryan Rust of the faculty and isolationist Collegian Editor Bob Swarthout coming to verbal blows.

Miss James condemned the sight of bare legs on our campus coeds.

Mary Maloney was elected Miss Wayne U. by popular vote and had a court of 10. Helen Kissel was Homecoming Queen.
A Defense Week was planned, and began opportunely enough the day after Pearl Harbor. Mayor Edward Jeffries, S. L. A. Marshall, Preston Slosson of the U. of M. faculty, Alfred H. Kelly, Bryan Rust, and Mrs. Elizabeth Youngjohn spoke.

Wayne's basketball team played double-headers at Olympia in conjunction with U. of D. Never at top form there, they nevertheless provided many exciting minutes for crowds averaging 7,000.

Dr. Paul Popenoe told us that women college graduates had only a 50-50 chance of getting a man. Percy Grainger lent his unique interpretation to a spring band concert, and the Board of Education shelved a proposed plan for a University Board of Regents.

Fred Allen conducted a nation-wide talent contest—Paul Kaczander was popularly elected Wayne representative, went to New York, read Aaron Schwartz' "Hands in Prayer," got fan mail from people all over the nation, including Barbara Stanwyck.

Dr. Eugene Hahn, director of the speech clinic, made musical history with "Three Little Guppies," and Frankie Masters wrote another J-Hop chapter into the books.

Spring brought mid-semesters, later skip-day, swingout, Senior Ball, senior cruise and GRADUATION. So long, professor, it's been nice knowing you.
your officers...

Royden Jones—President, Law

George Menendez—President, Liberal Arts

G. D. Cummings—President, Medicine

Don Loria—Vice-President
Ferner Gibson—Treasurer

Rita Baird—Secretary

George Menendez—President
our graduates...

RUTH ABBOTT
ROBERT ADAMS
GWEN ADELSON
CLINTON J. ALLEN
MARY E. ALLEN

BETTY ALEXANDER
ROBERT ALBRECHT
ANGELINA AMICUCCI
MAX APPEL
DOROTHY ARCHAMBAULT

KATHERINE ARNETT
RUTH ARNOT
NANCY AYER
SOPHIE BABCHUK
CORRA BAILEY

RITA BAIRD
EMMANUEL BAKER
HENRY BARAK
ELMER BARBER
BEN BARON
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PAGE 30—the blue book
graduates
do you drive a ford, rolls or jeep
or jolt in a bus—as you try to sleep
or perchance is it a ride you bum
in short:

How Do You Come?

On The Right Track

Off Again—On Again

The 8:29 Blues
from the three r's we received our emancipation show how we learn under

Progressive Education?

Could It Be Spicy Detective?

What's Developin'

A Mural A Day Keeps ...

Fiero On The Firing Line
In the spring a young art student's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of . . . Greenwich Village. Perhaps unwittingly, Wayne's art department still catches more of the real spirit of Spring with both brush and mien, that any other institution in and around the University.

It's amazing—positively, Bohemian, you might say. Informality like mad, both instructors and pupils. The whole world is their apple, and they usually try to paint it—on the lawn, down alleys, sitting on fences, boxes, porches—sketching, studying, or relaxing—sketching classes at Belle Isle, the zoo, public markets, anywhere there is a mood to be caught.

In work and in play a rather clique-ish gang, the department regards itself as a thing detached from the "Main Building." In March, members of Alpha Neo, art major club, having successfully swung "How Green Was My Corn," a four-act satire on the department, were ready to conquer new fields. From the mundane basement, their dreamers depicted a fully equipped club room and lounge and work started immediately.

Exhibits, teas, parties, displays—all are included in the scope of departmental activities. That front window display of impressionism is usually an eye-opener. Climax of the exhibit season will come the first two weeks of June, a postscript to the series of minor showings during the year. At one, original student work was auctioned off to any or all comers, one of the initial ventures in this direction ever staged at Wayne.

Did you ever see a scream walking? Try the Beaux Arts Ball the next time out. Strictly a costume affair, the surrealists must go to town on a zombie before receiving inspirations for some of the amazing creations produced. Sponsored by Alpha Neo, held at the Scarab Club, everyone dons a mask and the spirit of carnival reigns.
“Give me ten men who are stout-hearted men” and you can be sure that it’s the Wayne Band pep-ping up a crowded auditorium with a stirring march or three. From the chaos of weird sounds which emanate from the departmental building, formerly of Baptist Church fame, order must and does emerge on those infrequent occasions when Wayne is entertained by its various musical groups.

With the orchestra, it’s Beethoven and Bach in school, but once its members disperse from the campus, King Boogie reigns supreme. Most of its members pick up a few shekels “jiving” with local orches, or playing individual acts at nearby niteries.

The Varsity Band came into its own last fall, clicking heavily with a fickle student body to promote a successful “Send the Band to Lansing” campaign. An all-request program, with added attractions Anita Louise and Owen Davis, did much to swing the deal. Up to State they went, were seen, duly appreciated.

A rather impromptu outfit hove onto the scene in the personnel of the Gas House Gang Geiman Band, which cooperated in reaching those downbeats which Graham T. Overgard’s group missed.

Under Harold Tallman’s skilled baton, four music groups combined to comprise the largest chorus in Wayne’s history for December’s annual performance of Handel’s Messiah. Included were three hundred and fifty members of the Alumni and University choruses, the orchestra, and A Capella Choir.

The A Capella’s trip to the Music Educators National Conference in Milwaukee and Percy Grainger’s unique interpretations in a two night stand as guest conductor for the orchestra and string ensemble featured spring activities.
I'm heading for the club where Wayne's faculty meet when lunch hour comes where do you Eat

Food For Thought

Pledges All Rise

Tap That Keg

Blue Plate Specialists
lest you forget
the B.A.'s toil
picture how you burned
the midnight oil!

Cheap At Twice The Price

Stipack Statisticus

Believe It Or Not

Studying—His Neighbor's Head

There's A Collegian Beneath It All
Money was no object when the silver-tongued speech majors came back in September and found that the budget cut was going to slice into extracurricular activities throughout the University. With renewed vitality and unlimited talent they came back to dominate broad vistas in the entertainment field in spite of funds. Finding outlets and expression in the fields of radio, theatre, public speaking and oratory, speech students took up the call of the platform.

Spectacular in the past for their work in the community, demands for biblical, historical, narrative and dramatic readings by Janka Fae, Violet Koppy, Julia Starcevich, and Robert Annis kept the wires hot all season.

Whipping their group into shape after taking in new promising thespians, Student Stage went all-out and announced a big year with three starring vehicles including: The Insect Comedy, The Male Animal and The Silver Cord. Loaded down but exhilarated by this heavy dramatic calendar, the Stagers under Lynn Orr’s direction swung into their opening production. Walter McGraw portrayed a vagrant philosopher who observed that the actions of insects may give some insight into those of humans. As the butterfly poet, Merrill McClatchey had a routine that was a compromise between ballet and modern dance. Colorful, grotesque, symbolic costumes and masks created by Emily Peters and Jack Flechsig struck and merged into a fantastic brilliant satire. It was a surefire hit and Wayne audiences loved it.

Having already reached a goal by making the Worshop Civic Players a metropolitan drama group, Dr. Richard D. Dunham once more manifested his amazing touch for audience appeal when he revealed that plays would be taken from the works of such favorites as Shakespeare, Saroyan, and Kingsley. Buckets of blood, mystery and melodrama with formal backdrops and sets of the nineties set the mood for the opening nite production of Sherlock Holmes. Paul Lilly was borrowed from the Catholic Theatre to portray the famous sleuth and inimitable Ernie Riea played his right-hand man, Dr. Watson.
Showing their skill for even deeper and more profound things, the Players' next historic smash hit was Sidney Kingsley's *The World We Make*. Potently realistic, the play starred Anne Elmore as a mentally deranged girl who is able to bring herself back to society through her association with the lower classes.

More homespun philosophy was dished out by Workshop in Saroyan's *The Beautiful People*. Ernie Ricca, who always does Saroyan to perfection, takes the part of Jonah Webster, who spends his time talking a Saroyanesque brand of wisdom on street corners. Barbara Jane Smith and Fred Shepherd are also beautiful people in the lovable eccentric Jonah family.

Climaxing their overwhelmingly big year, the Players once more dunked into the works of Shakespeare and this time came out with the perennial comedy favorite, *The Tempest*. Harry Goldstein was an austere mellifluous Prospero and the versatile Ricca rolled em in the aisles with his ludicrous misshapen Caliban role. New to Workshop, Shelley Winter as the frothy, winsome Ariel, whirled and danced gracefully in the fantasy. Wayne's Senior Dance Group frolicking, and tripping around the stage as Shakespeare's spirits, would have made the Elizabethans split.

Wayne's talent comes into the public eye best through the Wayne University Broadcasting Guild, which takes over programs on four metropolitan stations weekly. They have already captured a following of thousands of listeners. Entertainment and education are their specialties on the Short Story Time broadcast, which dramatizes the contemporary and classic stories by Poe, Steele, Buck, etc. These programs are loved and listened to by over 10,000 school children weekly.

Russ Beggs and Walter McGraw got together and adapted a series about the development of Michigan between the years of 1840-1900, for "These Our Yesterdays" program over WWJ. Dramatic talent on the Guild gets its chance on the Playhouse on WCAR in Pontiac. On the same station a Woman's Journal program gives Guild members a chance to spout Hollywood slurp and home specialties.

Up to the minute on latest radio developments, the Guild was one of the first to take advantage of the Frequency Modulation which is capable of higher fidelity than the ordinary telephone line. Margaret Barthel organized Wayne's musical virtuoso for two music programs over this sensitive wire.

Luring even professional radio stars to take advantage in the training offered in production, sound, and direction, the Guild has reached professional status. Jay Michael, who is the Hermit and Lone Ranger to kiddies all over the country, is now a Guild member. National hook-ups came to Wayne for talent when Janka Fae won the Lone Ranger feminine lead. Paul Kaczander represented Wayne on Fred Allen's show and took the country by storm with his reading of student Aaron Schwartz poem, "Hands in Prayer."

Armed with hammers, hatchets, and implements Guild members pitched in and built a control room and a new rehearsal studio in the basement of the Speech building.

During the month of January, after the Japs had made their surprise attack on Pearl Harbor and the nation was called to the colors, the Speech department completely turned over its schedule and geared into one solid civilian defense effort. Walter McGraw took over the newly-organized Community Service Bureau and enlisted the volunteer work of the whole department. Student Stage replaced their pre-war calendar with a mobile unit presenting one-act plays at soldier camps. Radio kept up the same chain of events, stimulating their programs with a nationalistic twist.
"Whoa, who's that limping under that ton of bound papers?" That's right, you've guessed it. It's one of those isolated law students trying to impress his other cronies.

The institution of eight o'clock morning classes which various judges conduct before the morning court sessions is the reason why many of these future barristers have chosen law as their profession, they say, but we rather think that since the Law School is situated in the High School of Commerce, prospective lawyers are considering future secretaries.

The location of the building negates the relaxing influence of the Cass-Warren. However, lawyers do have their moments of relaxation between classes when a member of the Freshman class instructs other law students in the gentle art of jitter-bugging.

At last they've grown up—those little boys and girls who always wanted to play teacher in our imaginary classrooms of so many years ago. Instead of baby-talk, stutter, or lisp, now they're talking about lesson plans, their six week contact, bulletin boards, critic teachers . . .

Recreation? Sure, lots of it. College of Ed students always manage to get back and forth from the Main Library to the Ed Library at least three times a day.
"What a prospect—we start at the top and work our way down," sighs the freshman med student as he labors over his human cadaver in the gross anatomy class on the uppermost floor of the College of Medicine.

Down he goes, and by the time he is grounded, he has absorbed plenty of the medical atmosphere supplied by Receiving and St. Mary's Hospitals, whose proximity to the Med School's downtown location makes life that much easier for the youthful intern.

And he needs that leisure, for the newly-accelerated programs, med students carry approximately eight hours of classes and five hours study per day six times a week. Small wonder it is that these pseudo-hermits find little time for wine, women, and song.
White-uniformed gals who know how to avoid excess calories, stock in more vitamins, dress like a queen on a welfare budget, and sweep through a house in ten easy strokes are sure to be the envied Home Ees. They're noted for producing those savory odors from the basement of the new wing, where there is usually a popular ice cream waffle sale going on.

The Home Management house is another of their pet projects and fondest joys. The curriculum calls for each girl to spend six weeks there during her senior year, with all the practical experience in the world at her fingertips.

Another of our commuters is the pharmacy student who jumps between the main building and the downtown sector daily. In holding true to Detroit's reputation as the pharmaceutical center of the world, Wayne's College of Pharmacy is one of the highest accredited in the country. Currently, the college is playing a vital role in national health and safety by supplying highly skilled pharmacists to the war activities.

No narrow scope, theirs, the Pharmics listed a number of courses in Liberal Arts and Medicine, while part of their technical training is done at Receiving Hospital.
Peering up from behind a mass of blueprint of the engine of the latest model bomber are members of the close-knit clan that frequent Wayne subterranean areas, those vital necessities, our Engineers. Since the demand for highly skilled technicians in the field has been accelerated, our slide-rule wizards have assumed added importance, and added stature (note: newly-completed lab).

The bane of any engineering frosh's existence is the surveying class. Any time the mercury sinks, you can bank on seeing a hardy individual putting with his instruments. "The lure of it all . . ." they say. Nuts, give us electrodynamics.

Technocracy The King
bull sessions at midnight
a party a week
that is what comes
of a lesson in Greek

Brothers All.

In that solemn, dignified, elite brotherhood that composes Wayne University's Greek letter society, all was not well. In fact, you might go so far as to say something was amiss. It seems a rumor was circulating that one of the solemn, dignified, elite fraternities that compose Wayne University's Greek letter society had in some manner or means got out of line with the strict rushing codes.

Immediately, as was the custom, an investigating committee was sent to probe. After due lapse of time and due amount of probing, the committee returned and gravely handed down its verdict. It was apparent to all that a flagrant violation of code was undeniable.

King Pandemonium reigned supreme. Out of order had suddenly come chaos. Ultimatums were handed down in rapid succession, one following the other, the other following the one. The one that followed the other apparently did the trick. The solemn, dignified, elite brotherhood got off their respective pedestals and chorused in unison, "Allah il allah, maybe they're right—we do need a new rushing code." And so was born the annual rushing code of the solemn, dignified, elite brotherhood that composes Wayne University's Greek letter society.

Highlight of the season as usual for the Interfraternity Council was the Annual Ball held at General Motors. A brand new sensation in bands was booked, Ray McKinley, who was hailed after the affair as one of the outstanding "comers" of the year.

Al Cohen presided over the affair. Phi Alpha won the booth award with its enlistment posters, personnel map, and machine gun, and Alpha Kappa Pi won the Interfrat sing.

In the race for the Interfraternity All-Sports trophy, Gamma Phi Delta was lagging behind the pace set in winning in 1941, with Gamma Kappa Chi and Kappa Chi in front to date.

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PAGE 50—the blue book
“Hats and Heels”—now, now, professor, you’re wrong, the boys were NOT invited, was the tricky and descriptive label the Intersorority Council tagged on their shindig (oop. I mean tea) preceding formal rushing this year. Sorority sisters and wide-eyed frosh doffed their uniforms, (certainly you MUST have noticed that we all wear ‘uniforms to school, prof. I mean really, sweaters, skirts, and sandals, don’t cha-know) to spruce up in high heels, veils, and feminine dresses, actually.

Male “drags” to the Intersorority Ball this annum missed usual favors. The custom of donating key rings or other objets d’art to replace ones worn thin since the previous year was dispensed with. Bill Sawyer’s ochh kept the “chillun” in a rhythm of delight, “Jive” being unrationed for THAT night. Theta Kappa Sigma thunk their way right into possession of the coveted scholarship cup.

The sisters struggled into hats and shoes for the second time during the fall term when Hizzoner’s wife, Mrs. Edward Jeffries, attended a tea staged in her honor by the Council. Simply EVERYONE was there, and all agreed that pretty Mrs. Jeffries, herself a former coed at City College, is really “hep.”

Just how the Council was to contribute to war activities puzzled the gals for awhile, but finally it hit upon an old theme, dressed up in a new arrangement and called Defence Dance. Admission, a pack of cigarettes, proved a boost to the morale of Wayne men in service, who received said articles.

Superstitious, the august Council ratified the probationary status of an additional sorority this year, hoping to bring membership to a nice, round even 14 next fall.
you had to rush
you had to cram—
just how did you manage
to aid

Uncle Sam

Coeds knitting in class, student air raid wardens ramb-
ing around inside the tower, accelerated scholars working
on term papers instead of Easter egg hunting, practice air
raid and fire drills were common evidences here at Wayne
of the part the University is playing in the war effort. Yet
our role in this respect is much greater than the casual ob-
server can realize.

As a municipal university centered in a city which rates
number one in the nation's industrial war effort, Wayne felt
the effect of a national defense long before most colleges.
Before the entrance of United States into the conflict, Wayne
had student and faculty Red Cross knitting and sewing groups,
first aid groups, and Wayne coeds volunteered as USO host-
esses and helpers at the Red Cross Blood Donor Center.
The timely Student Defense Week, held December 8-12, gave Wayne students the opportunity of attending special defense meetings, registering for Civilian Defense, and buying defense stamps. Realizing the need for some sort of continued student work in this direction, the University Student Council-sponsored War Efforts Committee was formed. Working hand and hand with the Faculty Advisory Board on University War-Related Activities, the group has among other things sponsored blood donor and victory book drives, recruited women volunteers for selective service registration, and sponsored a series of faculty-student forums on the progress of the war.

Wayne's faculty have taken up their new responsibilities quickly and efficiently. Besides in-University efforts, many faculty are contributing their knowledge and work to war efforts throughout the city.
The University as a whole has trained 10,300 full-time and part-time students in 23 major curriculums contributing to the war program during the past year. Apart from the basic instructional programs of the University, 516 new and specialized courses linked to war needs have been offered to a total of 13,448 students. Through the Wayne University Civilian Defense Institute over 300 instructors have been prepared to teach air raid warden courses in the community.

Through program accelerations the Wayne student can now complete his regular four year course in three years by attending the summer session and by giving up special mid-term vacations.

Special school activities have felt the stress on war-related programs. Intercollegiate competition in speech has been replaced by an extensive readers' and speakers' bureau program which donates its services to community groups without charge. Student Stage has been replaced by a mobile unit which presents one-act plays in the war spirit. These changes still allow Wayne students the same opportunities for actual training in their fields, but uses this training to the advantage of Detroit citizens as well.

In all these ways Wayne University has shown that she is alive to her place in the present conflict, and in this alertness to the new order she is far ahead of many other institutions throughout the country.
seniors in service...

Eugene Adelson
Milton Wm. Adler
Fred Berkowitz
Morris Better
Steve Bodner
Stanley Bryda
Harmon Burns
Charles Canon
Paul Cevey
Andrew Clark
Sol Cohen
Ken V. Cotter
Newton Drews
Raymond Eastcott
Henry Ehrlich
Fred Fenton
John L. Frank
Emanuel M. Ginsler
William Goldberg
Edward R. Granger
R. D. Hillier
Lawrence Krogh
Guy M. Lumsden
Leroy Ogle
Harrison Peterson
Gerard L. Richards
Patrick Savage
Calvin Shubow
David Whitehorn
in lieu of play
by play reports
indicate what you
know of Sports

our coaches . . .

Holmes

Moos

Wann

Ertell

Gembris
Well, professor, it's this way:

It was 1917 and America was on the march to "Over There" when a Tartar team first entered inter-collegiate competition, and now it is 1942 with America again marching but this time to meet a threat nearer home and in that Silver Jubilee span of 25 years the teams of Tartar first creeped and then walked and on more than one occasion the following years have seen Tartar teams a-running.

There were, for instance, men like J. Kenneth Doherty, Allan Tolmich, LeRoy Dues, Andrew Clark, Guy Lumsden and William Prew, and then again teams like the basketball squads of 1927-28 and 1935-36, the tennis teams of 1937, '38 and '39, and the swimming crews of 1940 and '41 who did much to spread the name of Wayne from coast to coast and from gulf to sea as members of one graduation class after another passed in and then on to find a spot somewhere in life, wherever it might be.

You talk to an old-timer, like David L. Holmes, who is Wayne's Director of Athletics, now just as he was at the dawn of Tartar exploits into athletics in 1917, and you first fully appreciate the Tartar sun as it now shines in the panorama of the intercollegiate athletic world.

Holmes recalls the day, during and for long after the years 1917 and '18 when we did it before and we can do it again, when Tartar football teams played their games in a veritable gravel pit at the rear of the main building, when Tartar basketball teams played their games before capacity crowds of 14 people in the local gym, and when he and "Little Newmie" Ertell and most of the other coaches often actually played in a game so that the team would have a full lineup.

Holmes often sits at his desk in his office at Room 271 and dreamily, back-pedaling with his mind, follows year by year the march of the Tartars as the Tartars first creeped and then walked and now quite often run. He likes to vision the past, compare it with the present, and then speculate as to the future. Since December 7 he no longer spends much time with the future inasmuch as the future is now pretty uncertain, at least until that little date with the Axis is kept completely.
But the present is tangible. Wayne has gone "big time" (and it is difficult to keep from using this term) in basketball and tennis. Previous to this past year Wayne had also been "big time" in fencing, golf, and swimming. Fencing and golf were dropped from the Tartar athletic program this year, ostensibly for financial reasons. The swimming team fell with a splash from its spot as the No. 3 college crew in the country when service with the armed forces and employment took all but four men from the squad. All dual meets on an ambitious schedule were cancelled. Wayne is mildly successful in track; not quite that successful in football and baseball.

Wayne's most impressive conquests were over Oregon and Western Michigan College, the latter team being defeated twice in the two most sensational games of the campaign. Victory over Oregon, in the second game of the year, quickly stamped the Tar-tars as a potent power in the collegiate basketball firmament as Oregon ranked as one of the two or three best teams west of the Rockies. Regrettable only in an otherwise pleasing year was a 39 to 21 trouncing received from U. of D. in the game most important in the heart of every Tartar cage fan.

Through the years, Wayne has been stronger in basketball than in any other one sport, and this past year of 1941-42 was no exception as the Tartar cagers, coached by Newman H. Ertell, chalked up 12 victories in 15 games against top-notch competition. Defeats came only from Utah, Michigan State Normal College, and University of Detroit. Wins were scored over Michigan State Normal College, Oregon, Kalamazoo College, Western Ontario, Cornell, Fort Custer, Mexico City YMCA, Toronto, Cincinnati, Akron, and Western Michigan College (twice).
From opener to closer, Bill Van Vleck was Wayne's No. 1 scoring threat and he led the team in scoring with 150 points but playing equally important roles in the Tartar machine were Jon Van Vleck, Joe Holloway, Peter Nunez, and Paul Juntunen. Juntunen provided the most dramatic feat in a season packed with dramatic thrills when he went wild on a one-man scoring spree in the closing four minutes of the closing game to whip Western Michigan, 42 to 41. He threw in four quick baskets, including a pot-shot from the corner that provided the winning points in the final five seconds.

Highly successful was the experiment of playing college double-headers at Olympia. Sharing the stage with U. of D., Wayne played five games at the Grand River sports palace and the attendance at all twin-bills exceeded the fondest expectations of all concerned. Provided the war does not interfere, Wayne and U. of D. will go into the double-header program with even more gusto next winter. Present plans call for more shows and more big league style fogs for both the Tartars and the Titans at Olympia next year.

Operating on a sharply curtailed budget, Wayne's tennis team engaged in a schedule cut to 11 matches and although the record was not as impressive as in several preceding years, the Tartar racqueters kept rolling a tradition that a Wayne tennis team coached by Norman G. Wann will never suffer a losing season. Seniors who helped stroke the Tartars through the campaign were Elmer Miller and Peter Nunez. Lost to the Air Corps before the season opened were two seniors who starred last year and were slated to star again this year—Harmon Burns and Ed Granger. Tom Carr, a promising junior, also was lost via enlistment in the Air Corps.
Excluded from Wayne's family of varsity sports this year were cross-country and golf, and again fencing, as last year, was kept from the program. The reason advanced for elimination of all three sports was lack of finances. Through the efforts of Byron Krieger, however, Wayne's recognized prowess in fencing was emphasized as he became the new National Intercollegiate Foils Champion by winning the national tournament held at St. Louis. Miss Paula Sweeney, another Wayne student, failed to successfully defend her State title in the foils.

With all dual meets cancelled, the efforts of Wayne's skeleton swimming team were cut to participation in the National Intercollegiates and the NAAU Championships. It was a mighty fall from No. 3 to nowhere in one short year. Bill Prew, a star Tartar natator last year who did not swim for Wayne this year because of ineligibility, hit the headlines from coast to coast by tying Johnny Weismueller's long-standing world mark of 51 seconds flat for the 100-yard freestyle. He performed the feat at the NAAU Championships.
Wayne's track team, coached by Athletic Director Holmes, that super de luxe inventor of track gadgets, participated in few dual meets as the main emphasis was again placed on a four-man relay team. The relay team, consisting of Co-Capt. Robert Wingo, Milton Minkin, Wayne Hatfield, and Bob Grant, turned in two highly creditable performances during the indoor and outdoor seasons. During the indoor season, the relay team won the mile relay in the University Class at the Illinois Tech Relays. This same relay team won the mile event in the mixed University-College Class at the Penn Relays during the outdoor season, establishing a new Wayne University record of 3:18:4. The burly shot-putter, Ralph Beiker, a senior, and co-captain along with Wingo, was the other member of Wayne's small track team to break into prominence during the year as he heaved the shot far and consistently during the course of the season. Two Wayne-sponsored meets helped to paint bright the Tartar track picture. Last fall, Wayne sponsored the National Junior AAU cross-country championships held at Meadowbrook, while this spring Wayne again sponsored the Wayne Relays, an annual meet at Belle Isle for high schools.

After losing but one game in 1940, Wayne's football team suffered a dismal season last year with only two victories to balance against six rather sound trounnings. Early season hopes for the Tartars were soon washed away in the first contest of the year when the Titans of U. of D. administered a 54 to 0 butchering. Then came three more one-sided shellackings. Cincinnati powered to a 37 to 0 win, with Ohio Wesleyan and Michigan State following suit by scores of 21 to 0 and 39 to 6.

It was in the Michigan State game that Wayne scored its first touchdown of the year when Nick Cherup, fleet-footed Tartar halfback, intercepted a Spartan pass apparently grounded just at the final gun and weaved through a milling crowd of spectators to score. The touchdown was not declared official until 10 minutes following game time.

It was not until the fifth game of the season that the men of Joseph G. Gembis counted its first win, over Central Michigan College, 6 to 0, and then came another triumph as the Tartars whipped Michigan State Normal College by a 12 to 0 score. That ended the Tartar scoring for the year. Two highly rated football machines rolled over Wayne in its last two starts. Western Michigan College, which finished its schedule as the only unbeaten and untied team in the state, fashioned a 34 to 0 whitewashing and then came Bowling Green State University with a 19 to 0 win.

Six seniors bowed out of intercollegiate competition with the finale—Captain Edgar Larimore, Ralph Beiker, Tom Callard, Gerald Schnelker, Carl Nagy, and Ed McMullin. The first three named were linemen, and darn good ones, too, and the last three named were backs and they were good backs, too.

The second baseball team in Wayne's history was not an impressive baseball team this year. A late start handicapped the Tartars tremendously, and after holding Michigan State College well in check while losing the opener, the Wayne nine proceeded to blow most of its following games through the medium of excessive errors. Leo Maas, swimming coach, made his debut into college baseball mentoring after Coach Joseph E. "Truck" Truskowskii, pilot last year, joined the Naval Air Corps as a physical instructor. Standing out for the Tartars this spring, as last, were Robert White, strong-armed right handed pitcher, first baseman Bill Van Vleck, and shortstop Ted Marsh.
could you tell me
wayne's relations
to the art
of
Publications

"Copy boy, COPY BOY—rush me those galley proofs, then go downstairs and tell that lino man to sharpen up or I'll send him back to the salt mines—stop at stereotype and see if they're ready to cast—then go up to four and see if that wirephoto halftone is done . . . ."

It can't happen here? Well, not exactly, but it certainly hasn't yet. No, professor, that isn't the Collegian, it's only the staff dreaming again. No, professor—NO, professor, if you REALLY want to see where Wayne's publications go through the mill just head north on Second.

If it's Spring, the staff will be hanging over the second story rail engrossed in the process of becoming saturated with those savory food odors from the Home Management house below.
Right at the height of activity every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons there’s always a terrific jam—right around news editor Joe Raith’s desk, in the traffic below, and near that vic in the corner. Totally nonplussed by it all, Panorama genii compose lyrical sonnets on solitude, Panorama, you know, is Wayne’s newest literary effort. The baby mag was born just in March, but is already out of the spoon-fed class under papa Mel Bleich’s care.

That rumble of voices above the poignant strains of “Deep in the Heart of Texas” is emanating directly from atop ye ed’s desks, located in the center of the building, just two and one-half short blocks, up one flight of stairs, from the cultural and educational center of the city, Wayne University. It’s an editorial board meeting, a recent innovation, presided over by Lois Prance, with Editor Bob (The Best) Swarthout, Sports Editor Paul Juntunen, Assistant News Editor Norma Nikrant, and Night Editors Irene Helchowski, Ralph Dorazio, and Roy Denial each demanding an attack upon some particularly pet peeve. The requests are usually granted.

Talent—did you say, professor? Oh, yes, plenty of it—in large quantities in the persons of specialty-men Art Schurgin and Bill Cattell, who put advertising and photography over the top in quality, Schurgin is reputed to have more ideas than Edison and Cattell’s opinion on makeup and angles are as the Ten Commandments to Wayne’s lovelies.

The Colle egian about-faced from the ultra-modern streamlining to conventional dress in typography this year, but under Swarthout, was far from conservative in policy.

Hangout for The Wayne Engineer is an office at the rear of the building, where Gordon Stone and his slide rule experts turn out technical copy and not so technical jokes for their every-month-or-so magazine.

Directly across the hall is the sanctum sanctorum of Milo S. Ryan, advisor and special cure-all for Collegian staff members. Without his understanding of the vital problems that face college students, both on and off the campus, Collegian morale would have long since suffered.

Members of the other University publications, Medical News, Crumbs and Ravelings (Home Economics Journal), and the Frosh Gazette, do not work at the Publications Building, but are frequent visitors.

This, then, is P.B., where lights shine on both sides of midnight. Here staff members find a second home, where they eat, play, and write a niche for themselves in that busy little world that is the University.
though at times
facilities seem shoddy
we do have need
of a Governing Body

Professor: Not to get too precious, but could you allow us to salute a job well done? O.K.

Living up to its title as the Official Student Governing Body of Wayne University has been, in a nutshell, the whole creed and raison d'etre of the Student Council this year. Its members served not only on the Council as a whole, but also on Council-appointed committees, Council-appointed subcommittees, and on Council-appointed subcommittee-appointed subcommittees.

Had it not been for the Student Council (as any one of its members will point out), the University would have had no Winternart, no Homecoming Rally, no series of symphony and band concerts, no "Keeping Up with the War" lectures, no Defense Week, no successful no-smoking campaign, and many other negative features.

In fact, Robert's Rules of Order would never have become so widely known had it not been for the Council; and the advertising policy of the Collegian would have gone unappreciated had not the Council pointed a legislative finger at it.
In fact, the Union might well be named the most desperately unhappy student government group at Wayne. At mid-year, they lost their guiding light, Warren Messer, and then discovered that living quarters are not fit for . . . The fact that what they do want costs a few cool millions seems immaterial right now—the issue, you might say, is still hanging. So is the ceiling.

In the way of something constructive for the year, the Student Council can point to its activity as a clearing-house for centralizing and supervising various activities which affected the University as a whole.

The AWS broke tradition this year by declaring the AWS Formal an informal dance, creating no end of confusion for incautious seniors. The opening of a Clothing Service Shop in the Women’s Building provided a means of sharpening up the charm and allure of the frame femme. Frequent fashion shows, a series of musical teas, and student art exhibits rounded the cultural outlook.

The Union boasts of regular weekly matinee dances, and Tuesday-at-3:30 Quiet Hours, where disciples of Mozart, Debussy, and Tchaikowsky braved the dripping ceilings, cracking walls, and shaky floors to soak up joys of the concert world each week.

When the Union and AWS get together something unique is bound to result. This time it was a fashion show, tooting the horn for the Interfraternity Ball. Both organizations paraded forth superlative examples of masculine and feminine beauty before an unusually appreciative audience in an effort to guide bewildered classmates as to what well-dressed Miss and Mister Joe College are wearing currently.

In spite of the war, student government has provided the “mosta of the besta” for those who do participate in activities. And as the Council members are wont to say, “When we are good, we are very, very good, and when we are bad, everybody gets a lot of fun out of it.”

“What, always?”

“Yes, always.”

“What, ALWAYS?”

“Well—nearly always!”
you've shown me governing bodies
that's very true
now tell me what
your Organizations do
Very unusual is the accomplishment of the Ukrainian Club. In addition to the usual run of parties and dances, almost every one of the fifty-and-some members belongs to the Chorus "Trembita." This chorus has sung everywhere from Akron, O., to a wedding of one of its members. May we spike the rumor that only baritones are admitted to membership? Tenors are still welcome.

Last year, the Gas House Gang lost to the faculty in their first Goodfellows' Fund basketball game. This year De Gang lost again. But even more humiliating than a defeat by a bunch of doddering old professors, was a loss to a bunch of girls. In the Send-The-Band-to-Lansing newspaper sale, the A.W.S. steamrolled the boys—despite a little bit of sabotage when several of the A.W.S. canisters were turned in by De Gang. Violent protests by the girls were of no avail. The old meanies!

The election of Warren Schmidt to the presidency of the national organization, Gamma Delta, was the climax of a successful season in which Alpha Theta, Wayne chapter, has been very active. From a progressive dinner party to a formal Chinese Banquet—this club seems to have run the gamut of social affairs.

Avukah established a perfect balance between social and cultural activities. The latter, in part, consisted of round tables on Zionism and talks on Fascism by Doctors Kelly and Burks. The social side was highlighted by an unusual Ides of March party where the members wore togas. We wonder whether the togas had those reet pleats we've been searching for.

Wayneminster Club has devoted its time this year to the theme of interracial goodwill. One hundred and fifty Negroes were invited to attend meetings. This policy coincides with Wayne's victory program of foiling fifth columnist's attempts to show disunity.

The war also influenced the line of thought of the Canterbury Club, but in a different way. The Malvern Manifesto—drawn up by a group of clergy of the English Church—was the subject of inter-club discussions. This set of revolutionary ideas, has to do with post-war attacks. Such absorbing matter is destined to lead to the Suicide Party—an affair that begins where final exams leave off.

Speaking of exams, professor... now... about that make-up exam...
concerning study, play
dance and dress,
just what peculiarities
does Wayne possess?

Practice Makes Perfect

Modern Dance?

Spring Plus Concrete
Once past the barrier of board of ed. sanction, what did Wayne do by way of Expansion?

"A beautiful white dream castle came tumbling down out of the clouds one day, headed right for Wayne University. In fact, it landed right on the corner of Woodward and Putnam, practically in the heart of Wayne's curbstone campus."

Not for us, you say. Too true, too true. But we do go to classes at the new University of Michigan Rackham Educational Memorial Building. At least a few.

Anyway, prof., it did one thing. It drew our attention away from the narrow confines of Cass, Hancock, Second and Warren and expanded our outlook to include the Art Institute, Library; totally new horizons for the non-visionary drugstore habitues.

The progressive athlete will forget his quarrel and petition his engineering brother to return to his T-square and board and come through with a constructive plan for a Student Center which don't call for steel, iron, wood, nails, or any other "essential" product. There, barring fatalities and priorities, easy chairs can develop Wayne's athletic potential.

The athletes have since glowered with rage at the extinction of their tennis courts as an end result of the new annex; before it was built, the athletes glowered with rage at the miniature swamps which threatened to convert the whole team into a Field and Stream Club for Reformed Pill Bouncers.
after assignments long
that seem a crime
what do you do
with your Leisure Time

Bend Down Sister

Makers
Moo-juice Mechanic

Studying—The Form Sheet

Chop That Serve!

SUGAR SHORTAGE?
who done it...?