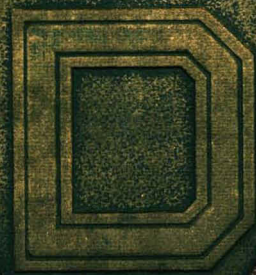


THE
ANNUAL

College Of The City Of Detroit



1924

'24



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Clothes
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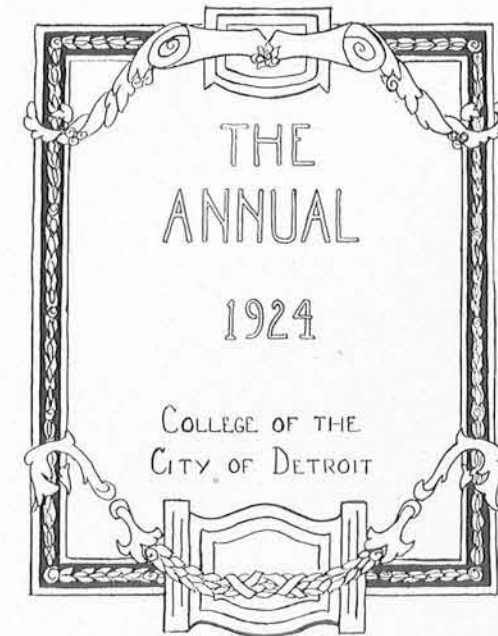
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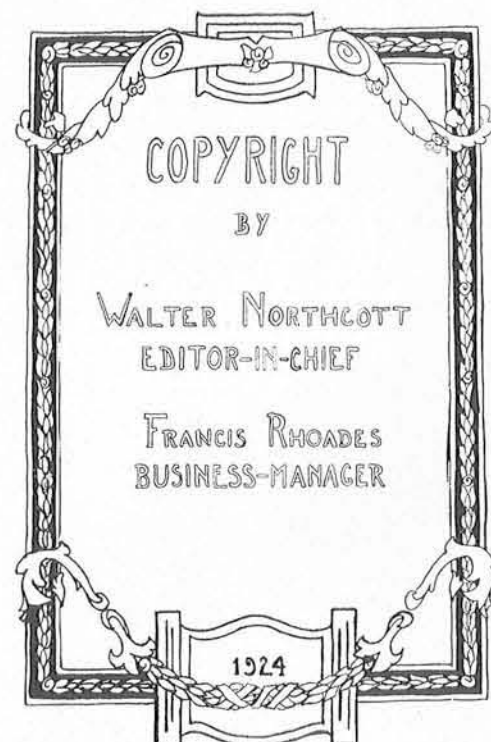
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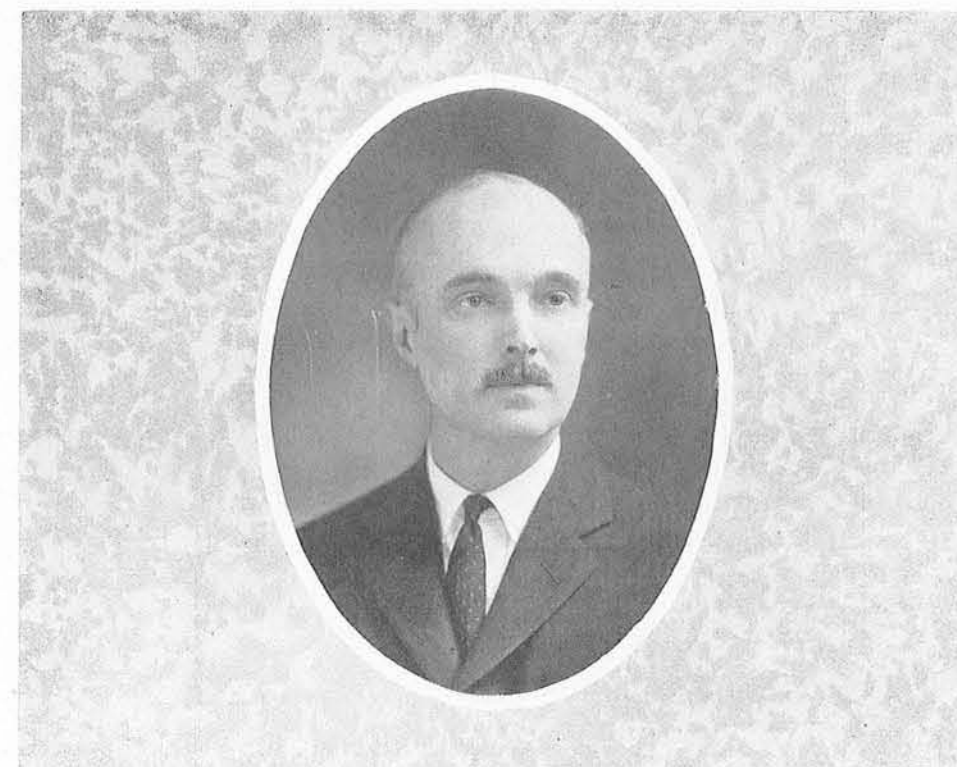
'24



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'24



Dedication

In dedicating this year's annual to FRANK G. TOMPKINS, head of the English department and director of dramatics, the staff hopes to express in part the admiration and respect he has inspired so universally among the student body.

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Junior Class Advisory Board

Donald S. Leonard; Florence Wilson; Venit Fair;
George Jeffries; Stanley Hyde; Walter Carter

Junior Class



RPillsbury



DLeonard



VFair



FWilson

Upper Classmen

THE present Junior Class of the College of the City of Detroit has the distinction of being the first one since the creation of the four-year college. It has reason to feel especially honored because it includes in its class membership those who have actually aided in making the four-year college a reality so soon.

The officers of the class are: President, Donald Leonard; Vice-President, Florence Wilson; Secretary, Venit Fair; and Treasurer, Raymond Pillsbury. Donald Leonard has been president of his class for the last three years. Part of the enthusiasm behind his election this year was due to a general appreciation of his work at Lansing in behalf of the college.

Eight members of the Student Council were drawn from the Junior Class. The Student Council representatives of the class are: Donald Leonard, ex officio; Russell Lightbody; Robert Ross; Florence Ellis; Eva Newton; Florence Wilson; Marion Pillsbury, and Cameron Cunningham.

Because of the comparatively small size of the class, it has entered little into inter-class activities. It has not, however, lacked spirit on this account. The Junior Class acted as umpire for the Annual Flag Rush at Belle Isle. The success of the J-Hop alone shows what the Juniors can do. They are loyal supporters of the various school activities. Many of the college athletes came from this class. The Glee Clubs, the Dramatic Arts Society, the Women's Self-Government Association, and other organizations have active members among the upper classmen. This year the publication of the college "Annual" has been placed in the hands of the Junior Class.

All disappointment over having the First Annual J-Hop in school was wiped away the evening of April eleventh. The women's gymnasium was beautifully camouflaged into a dancer's paradise. The decorations, the refreshments, the music, the exquisite attire of the dancers, all added to the attractiveness of the occasion. Miss Jessie Whitman directed the grand march, which was the big event of the evening. The lights and shadows, cast over the dancers, lent an artistic charm. Even to the dainty perfume favors, every possible detail was added to give pleasure to guests and dancers alike. Many alumni were present. The event will make a lasting impression upon all who were there.

The usefulness of a municipal college in Detroit, granting a Bachelor of Arts degree is plainly evident in the present Upper Class of the college. A large number of these students are either partially or wholly self-supporting. Some are even supporting others while working for their degrees. Most of these students would find it either impossible or exceedingly inconvenient to finish college elsewhere, some being held in the city because of business interests, and some because of other conditions just as binding.

Upper Classmen

Ralph Arnstam
Maurice Ayers
George Baldwin
Lester Barth
Watson Beach
Nathan Bean
Ralph Becker
William Boyd
Chester Brabyn
Harold Brown
Louis Carrick
George Carter
Wendell Chick
George Clark
Willard Crain
Edmund Cudna
Cameron Cunningham
David Davidow
Hazen Dever
Maurice Dombey
James Drane
Jack Duncan
Florence Ellis
Newman Ertell
Venit Fair
Virginia Fair
Isadore Falk
Arthur Ganman
Harold Gasser
Reeve Gibson
Walter Gleason
Ruth Gleiss
Elmer Goerke
Gordon Goodfellow
Virginia Gordon
Leonard Grinnell
Frank Groat
Mary Gussin
Fred Harbert

Morris Hendelman
Marion Heath
Malcolm Henry
Ruth Huxford
Stanley Hyde
George Jacobs
William Jaenichen
George Jeffry
John Kadlubowski
Karl Kuhn
Ming Kwong
Helen Lee
Ruth Lehman
Donald Leonard
Isadore Levin
Abraham Levine
Russell Lightbody
Harold Ling
Elizabeth Long
Arthur Lopshire
Francis McCormick
Godfrey McDowell
Mary McDowell
Evelyn McElveen
Helen McMillan
Avery Macklem
Eugene Magnell
Margaret Mauer
James Martin
Julius Masserman
John Mattingly
Helen Morse
Andrew Muntyan
Robert Murphy
Ervin Muscovitz
Walter Northcott
Ruth Olds
Edwin Orth
Francis Owens

Max Paun
Marion Pillsbury
Ray Pillsbury
Frances Pope
Meta Reynolds
Francis Rhoades
Robert Ross
John Rumball
Paul Schulz
Benjamin Schutzman
LaWave Shoup
Herzl Shur
Alice Szadokierski
Irving Sneiderman
Earl Spohn
Louis Stiner
Paul Steiner
Helen Stimpson
Vahan Swajian
Lester Swan
Robert Teagan
James Thomas
Helen Thompson
John Van Campen
Marguerite Vestal
John Waddel
Alina Wagenbauer
Miriam Warren
Maurice Weiner
Joseph Weiss
Howard Williams
Norman Williams
Florence Wilson
Harry Wissman
Edward Wissusik
Allen Wood
Patty Woodford
Clara Woodworth

Specials

Nelson Adams
Grace Andrews
Steven Antonoff
Rowena Beebe
Eleanore Biggs
Rachel Biggs
Lloyd Biggs
Marjorie Bisbee
Edna Blair
Ruth Blakeslee
Florence Burgy
Carrie Byram
Sarah Cady
Marguerite Calkins
Edith Caniff
Mary Carpenter
Margaret Coswell
Helen Culp
Cyrus Dozier
Burton Eder
Beatrice Ford
Esther Frank
Ruth Franklin
Abe Fletcher
Paul Foran
Frances Gellar
Elsie Gordon
William Gleeson
Herbert Griffin

Harry Grossman
Walton Gutting
Richard Hally
Alice Hannen
Norma Hansen
Helen Hunt
Bertha Johnson
Harry Johnson
William Jones
Wilmot Jordon
Dorothea Knoff
Abraham Lachovizky
Morris Lakovski
Marion Lahser
Georgie Lane
John Lawson
James Lee
Walter Libetski
Raymond Lincicome
Bernard McEntee
Douglas McGregor
Amalia Melin
Maude Miller
Mary Moynihan
Franklin Munger
Dorothy Nagel
Marjorie Nixon
Vera Palmer
Pauline Park

Elinor Parkinson
Irene Pasternacki
Eleanor Rahaman
Hersee Rankin
Gladys Reichild
Charles Root
David Rosenberg
Mildred Safford
Albert Sarkission
Maurice Sharai
Allen Shaw
Vera Sheffield
William Spence
Harold Stubbs
Evelyn Tolsma
Mary Thomson
H. H. Tong
Margaret Trevor
Hellen Vahl
Alice Van Hee
Wilma Villerot
Dorothy Weisenfeld
Helen Whiting
Ruth Wright
Whitney Wellman
Robert Williams
Floyd Williams
Sam Williams
Andrew Wilson



'24



R. PERRING



R. LEHMAN

Sophomore Class



M. GUSSIN



A. MURRAY

'24

Sophomore Class

THE Class of June '26 opened its Sophomore year with a meeting for election of officers. After a warm struggle, the following emerged as victors to lead the class in its activities: Alex Murray, President; Ruth Lehman, Vice-President; Mary Gussin, Secretary; Ray Perring, Treasurer. Alex Murray, Edward Martinek, Mary Gussin and Marian Huston were chosen to represent the class on the Student Council.

With a working organization, the Sophomore class was ready to take its place in school affairs. First came the inter-class contests. The traditional Soph-Frosh Flag Rush and Tug-of-War at Belle Isle was indication of the sportsmanship of the class. Frosh class spirit ran high, but the Sophs won both the Tug-of-War and the Flag Rush. In the football and basket ball contests the Sophomore class did not fare so well. The football score stood 7-0 favor of the Frosh. Likewise the basket ball score was 24-19 in favor of the Frosh.

Aside from these general activities of the class as a whole, various members of the class have distinguished themselves. Ruth Lehman as president of the W. S. G. A.; Ted English as president of the Student Club; and Russell Smith as president of the Dramatic Arts Society. The staff of the Collegian, both editorial and reportorial, is composed largely of Sophomores.

The D. A. S. production of the "Truth About Blayds" featured several Sophomores in the cast. In like manner the school opera, "Naughty Marietta" gave many Sophomores an opportunity to display their talents. These are but the high spots among the numerous activities engaged in by Sophomores.

However, the biggest event of the year—a sort of climax of events—was the Sophomore Prom held in the college gymnasium, Saturday evening, March 11, 1924, a fitting send-off to a spring vacation.

The decorations and programs were carried out in black and white, checker-board and domino design. The feature of the evening was a dance by Ruth Cliver and Jack Oliver, and here, too, the black and white scheme was used in their costumes. The "Prom" was a splendid success due to the support which the class gave to the committees in charge. The chairman of these committees were as follows: Marian Huston, Program; Thelma Seibert, Refreshments; Tom Sage, Floor; Frances McCormick, Invitations; George Miller, Door; Al Litzenburger, Tickets; Dorothy Mallory, Publicity; Ted Rogvov, Advertising; Bud Howell, Decorations; George Relyea, Music; Winifred Sample, Features.

The guests of honor for the evening were: Dean and Mrs. MacKenzie; Mr. and Mrs. Darnell; Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin; Mr. and Mrs. Osborn; Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Lehman; Mr. and Mrs. Neil W. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Gussin; Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Miss Chase and Miss Gardner.

The class closed its events for the year by conducting a regular Wednesday assembly early in June.

Individually and as a whole the Class of '26 has had a very successful year. Here's to '26.

Sophomores

Jack Abramson
Helen Adams
Thompson Ale
John Armstrong
Meyer Ascher
Hazen Atherton
Horace Atkin
Virginia Bacon
Dorothy Baker
Edward Baker
Samuel Baker
Arnold Baragar
Ludlow Barnes
Willard Bates
Bessie Bayne
William Bedell
John Benkelman
Grace Benedict
Queenie Berkowitz
Gerald Bernath
Geraldine Berndt
Wilson Betzner
Louise Bonney
Edwin Bookmiller
Walter Boughner
Loomis Bouton
Alfred Bowman
Christian Breest
Jack Brickner
Juanita Bristol
Willis Brooks
Charles Brown
Jacob Brown
Samuel Brown
Joseph Brownlee
Harry Bullock
Elizabeth Burton
Carol Bush
Victor Calcaterra
Virginia Callard
Alexandria Cameron
Janet Cant
Walter Carey
Louis Cashdan
Henry Chall
Ruth Chambers
Walter Channing
Clarence Chapman
Gwendolyn Charles
Gregorio Chatonner
Lillian Chevillot
Viola Chubb
Margaret Clemens
Ruth Cliver

Eleanor Clucas
Thomas Cobb
Sarah Cohen
Clifford Colwell
Benjamin Cooper
Dennis Cooper
Mary Connor
Florence Coughlin
Sam Croll
Lewis Cromwell
Zolton Deak
Harold Dempster
Wilfrid Dempster
Helen Deutsch
Effie Dick
Matt Dinan
Joseph DiNatale
Frank Diskin
Orpha Doll
Stanley Dombrowski
Eugenia Douglas
Ben Dovitz
Lawrence Duncan
Henry Dunlap
Bigham Eblen
John Eblen
Norman Edelman
David Edelstein
Samuel Eder
Gladys Eesley
Ted English
Lillian Estrin
John Ettinger
Alexander Evans
Minna Faust
Alice Felske
Lynn Ferris
Rollin Fiero
Samuel Firestone
Norman Flaherty
David Flayer
Stella Fleming
Ruth Flenner
Eldred Fraser
John Fraser
Wilmer Freeman
Marie Frutig
Albert Frumin
Norman Gable
Alfred Galecki
Calvin Galloway
Phillip. Gentile
Mario Geraci
Joseph Gerrard

Helen Gillette
Mary Gillis
Alfred Glazer
Arthur Goble
Sam Goldstein
Charles Gooze
Wallace Gordon
Harry Gorelick
Marion Gowans
Harriett Grace
Nelle Gratton
Evelyn Gray
James Griffiths
Caroll Grigsby
Winifred Guest
Jack Gulas
Waldo Gutowsky
Doris Hafner
Robert Hagen
William Hake
Ada Hall
William Hall
Fred Hamm
Joyce Hammond
Doris Hannah
Komuria Harden
Leonard Harding
Forbes Hascall
Elaine Henry
James Henwood
Kathleen Higgins
Gordon Hill
Harold Hiscock
Richard Hitchins
Russell Hitt
Virginia Hobbs
Walter Holcroft
Bernard Holland
Harlen Holt
Carl Holzhauer
Raleigh Hoover
Eleanor Horny
Virginia Houston
Elmer Howell
John Humphries
Doris Hustedt
Marian Huston
John Hutchinson
George Hutter
Roy Hyland
Esther Ide
Byron Jacobson
Leonard Jandreski
Dorothy Janes

Marion Jocz
Arthur Johnson
Russ Johnston
Alta Jones
Leland Jones
Thomas Judson
William Juongling
Herman Kass
Leo Kelly
Henry Keough
Harry Kief
Howard Kirschbaum
William Klein
Emil Klewer
David Knox
David Koretz
Sidney Koretz
Mescislaus Kreda
Carl Kreutziger
Joseph Kurcz
Joseph Kurland
Archie Lambke
Stanton Langs
John Larson
Robert Leacock
Florence Leonard
Earl Levine
Ferris Lewis
Marian Levy
John Libcke
Abe Lichtblow
Theodore Liefeld
Orvill Linck
Albert Litzenburger
Gerald Loewe
James McAlpine
Keith McCullough
Howard McFarlane
Stella McGrath
Floyd McNeil
Betty McPhail
Grace McPherson
Kenneth McKenzie
Henry Maicki
John Maier
Dorothy Mallory
Louis Manason
Kenneth Marentette
Mark Marcotte
Charles Martinek
Marvin Maten
Helen Maynard
Victoria Mears
Sarah Medvedov
George Mehling
Harry Mendlesohn

John Metes
Allen Meyer
Jules Michaels
Anthony Mickiewicz
Arthur Miller
George Miller
Samuel Miller
Jack Milligan
Leonard Milling
Elena Mitcoff
Alexander Murray
William Murray
Vivian Myers
Joseph Nadler
Charles Nathanson
Eva Newton
Ruth Nielson
Phillip Nodler
Frances Norton
Stanley Oates
Ray O'Brien
Walter O'Neil
John Ott
Helen Parker
William Patterson
Cecil Pearl
Maurice Pearlstein
Thomas Penhale
Theodore Peppo
Raymond Perring
Tommye Perry
True Pettingill
Evelyn Pfaehler
Harry Phillips
Balfour Philp
Lionel Pickhaver
Kenneth Pierce
Ned Piggins
Duncan Pirie
Alice Porter
Helen Porter
Jerome Prag
Doris Pringle
Aaron Priebe
Robert Proudfoot
Dorothy Pudrith
Robert Purdon
Dewey Putney
Juliette Raphael
Bessie Rath
Joseph Reid
Nathan Reisman
George Relyea
Haviland Reves
George Reynolds
Frank Rizzo

Oswald Robbins
Arthur Robertson
James Rogin
Ted Rogvov
Techla Rosenbusch
Thomas Sage
Max Saidman
Nathan Salutsky
Wesley Sauve
Winifred Sample
Dorothy Sanford
Gladys Sauer
Olive Saunders
Theodore Schafer
Celia Schlafer
Gilbert Schoenfield
Esther Schott
Thelma Seibert
Alta Seibert
Sam Schulman
Charles Schumm
Roland Schwab
Edwin Scott
Lawrence Scott
William Seitz
Harry Seligson
Geraldine Sellers
Edith Sessions
Isadore Shulak
Herman Simms
William Skinner
Stanley Sledzinski
Harold Smeed
Robert Smiley
Eberle Smith
Norman Smith
Russell Smith
Mabel Snowdon
Celia Sosenski
Helen Sosnowski
Rosemary Stackpoole
Lunette Star
Morris Stein
Colin Stevens
Dorothy Stewart
Eugene Stewart
Wesley Stewart
Donald Strohschein
David Suttters
Glenn Swanson
Harry Tapperman
Clarice Tapson
Nelson Taylor
Jacob Thumin
Jack Thurman
Chaim Tigel

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Kenneth Tilden
Wayne Townsend
Arthur Tractenberg
Walter Tremble
Donald Trout
Thomas Trueb
Bayard Tupper
Charles Turk
Rudolph Tyrna
Harry Vergosen
James Vincent
George VonMach
Donald Wade
Harold Walborn
Maurice Walsh

Edmund Walton
Louis Wasserman
James Webb
George Weber
John Weber
Walter Weber
Frederick Weideman
Max Weine
Sidney Weingarden
Abraham Weisberg
Mac Weldon
Francis Werrell
Margaret Westlake
Carl White

Gillam White
Alec Whitley
Kenneth Wickware
David Weitersen
Dorothy Wilcox
Eliot Wilson
Floyd Wilson
Marjorie Wilson
Robert Wise
Joseph Wismer
Frank Worel
Fred York
Erne Zehnder
Pauline Zoloth



'24



M. LOVETT



R. BROWN



M. NIXON

Freshman Class

Freshmen Class

THE first Freshman Class of the College of the City of Detroit may well be proud of its record. The responsibility which rested upon the class was splendidly fulfilled. Early in the year the class organized and placed its confidence in the following leaders: President, Reeve Brown; Vice-president, Marion Lovett; Secretary, Jessica Nixon; and Treasurer, Donald McClellan. Student Council representatives were, Reeve Brown, Jack Thumin, Viola Chubb, and Marion Lovett.

The activities of the class have not been many on account of its size, but Freshmen have shown their spirit by attendance at the many social and athletic events of the college.

The first class event, the Flag Rush at Belle Isle, was lost to the Sophomores, along with the Tug o' War, in spite of the valiant efforts of the Frosh. But this defeat was forgotten when the Freshmen successfully overcame the Sophs in the inter-class football game. The basket-ball games also favored the Frosh, and all the players were awarded numerals.

The big affair of the year was the Frosh Frolic, given by the Student Council in honor of the class of '27. This event was well attended and all boasted of a wonderful time.

When the time came for the Frosh Annual Dance, owing to lack of time and funds, the class wisely decided to call off the dance.

In spite of its size and the heavy responsibility which weighed upon it, the class of '28 closes the year with a realization of success and assurance for the future.

Freshmen

Joseph Aaronson
Anne Abramson
Joseph Abrams
Roland Adams
Benjamin Addison
Marjorie Affleck
William Affleck
Edward Agopian
Samuel Albert
Romulus Albu
Ethel Allen
Bernard Alpert
Raphael Altman
Louis Altshuler
Aubrey Amyot
Charles Anderson
Virginia Andrews
Leonard Antczak
Mary Appleman
Robert Armstrong
Ethel Ashe
Janice Bacon
Arthur Bailey
Carl Baker
Lawrence Baker
Andrew Balogh
William Banks
Hymen Barahal
Paul Barak
Marlynn Barbier
Eleonora Barber
Edith Barrie
Nelson Barstow
Edward Bascomb
Elinor Batie
Russell Baude
Reuben Baumgartner
James Beckett
Carl Beier
Leota Bell
Davis Benson
Julius Berger
Ruth Berger
Benjamin Berkowitz
Ruth Beyer
Robert Birdseye
Lincoln Bixby
Arthur Black

Jack Blanchard
Lowell Blanchard
Clarence Blennan
Harry Block
Lloyd Blomfield
Walter Bobertz
Milton Bofsky
Marian Bolin
Harry Bookstein
Kenneth Bortle
Melford Boyd
Alexander Bradfield
Irwin Bradford
Robert Bradley
Pointer Bradley
Joseph Braywick
Elmer Broker
Anne Bristol
Cecil Brown
Howard Brown
Lenore Brown
Reeve Brown
Emanuel Bryant
Irvin Bunin
Fanette Burgen
Lucille Burgess
Harold Burke
Ralph Burke
Nels Burkman
Casimir Buszek
Sigmund Buszek
Elmer Buxton
Allan Cameron
Duncan Cameron
Argyll Campbell
Marlin Campbell
Ralph Campbell
Meyer Cantor
Marion Caplan
Floyd Carlson
Harold Carlson
Louis Carolin
Harry Carr
Robert Carter
Alice Cashwan
David Cass
Walter Chaffee
Harold Chalk

Donald Chapman
Rose Chesluk
Dorothy Chisholm
Lee Chisnell
May-Belle Christiansen
Frances Christiansen
Carl Choinere
Alphonse Ciesliga
Margaret Clark
Karl Clyne
Anson Coan
Stanley Coddington
Cecil Coedy
Harold Cohen
Isadore Cohen
Jerome Cohen
Morris Cohen
Saul Cohen
Arthur Cohn
Gabriel Cohn
Martin Colberg
James Cole
Virginia Cole
Samuel Coleman
Edwin Collins
Patrick Connolly
Jaquelyn Connor
Bernard Conroy
Hazen Coon
Donald Cooper
Lillian Cooper
Joseph Copp
Max Coral
Paul Cornely
Russell Costello
Sidney Courtney
Frank Cox
Eugene Coyro
Ruth Cragin
Ralph Crawford
Russell Crillman
Eva Croll
Walton Cross
Clinton Crow
Lois Culver
Susie Cummings
Bernadette Currier
Amalia Cyrowski

Thomas Dadson
Bluma Danto
Nathaniel Dailey
Harold Dana
Leslie Danby
Langton Daniel
Maurice Davey
Walter Davey
Herbert Davies
George Davis
Earl Debus
Arthur Dennis
Carpenter Devereau
Eldridge Dickerson
Nelson Diebel
Eugene Dimick
John Dinan
Reed Dingman
George Dixon
Arthur Doench
William Dohany
John Doherty
Victor Doherty
Aloysius Donner
Irwin Downs
Muriel Dorsay
Volney Dunklin
Margaret Dunlap
Kenneth Eastland
Edythe Eckert
Weston Edwards
Keith Ehresman
Laurence Einfeldt
Jeanette Eiseman
Ruth Eldert
Daniel Ellesin
Harold Ellias
Fred Elliot
Robert Emke
Norma Ende
John Engels
Leslie Eppinger
Roland Ernst
Zelda Erman
Helen Estabrook
Richard Evans
La Moyne Everhart
Florence Ewers
Regina Ewing
Robert Fake
Nicholas Farkas
Robert Farmer
Marvin Faulman
Charles Feldman
George Fettaers
Elizabeth Fillmore

Lyle Fillmore
Ralph Finley
Milton Fishbeck
Clarence Fisher
Margaret Fisher
Virgil Fisher
Nathan Fishstein
Lloyd Flanders
Mary Flanigan
Israel Fleiss
Milton Fleiss
Laurence Ford
Soloman Forman
Leona Forster
Lorene Frank
James Fraser
John Frazier
Emil Frederick
Richard Frederick
Edward Freimuth
Samuel Friedlander
Andrew Friedman
Clyde Fuller
Lyman Fuller
Cecil Funk
Hazen Funk
Calvin Galloway
Sam Garfinkel
Kenneth Garrett
Marjorie Garrett
Francis Garvey
Morris Genendlis
Martin Gilbert
Molly Gill
Sidney Glazer
Arthur Goerke
Arthur Goldberg
Morris Goldin
Alex Goldman
Irving Goldsmith
Hinde Goldstein
Sam Goldstein
Dale Goodall
Ernest Goodman
Bernard Gordon
Catherine Goss
Howard Gould
Bernard Gragg
Gertrude Grant
John Gray
Harry Green
Ross Greenberg
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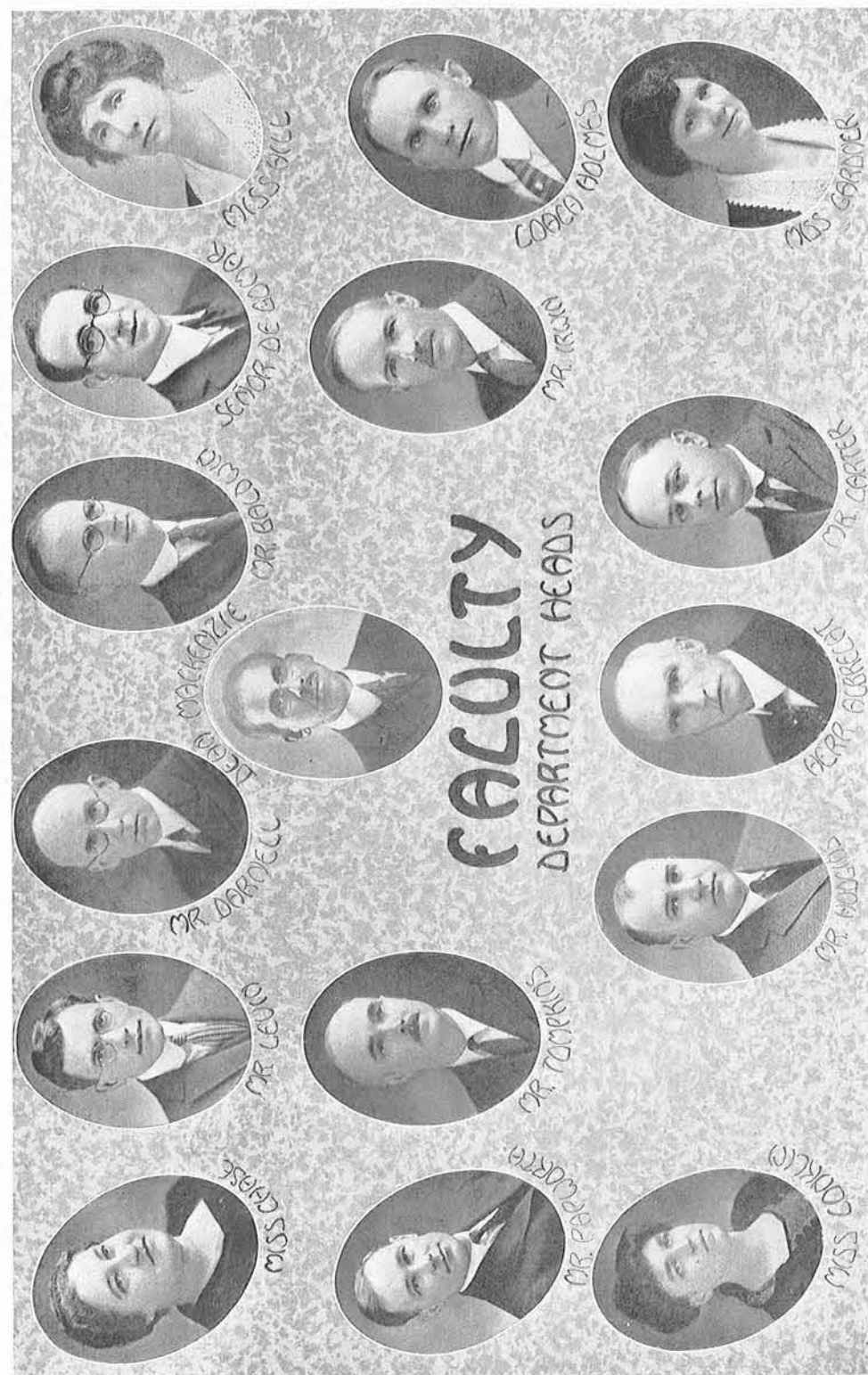
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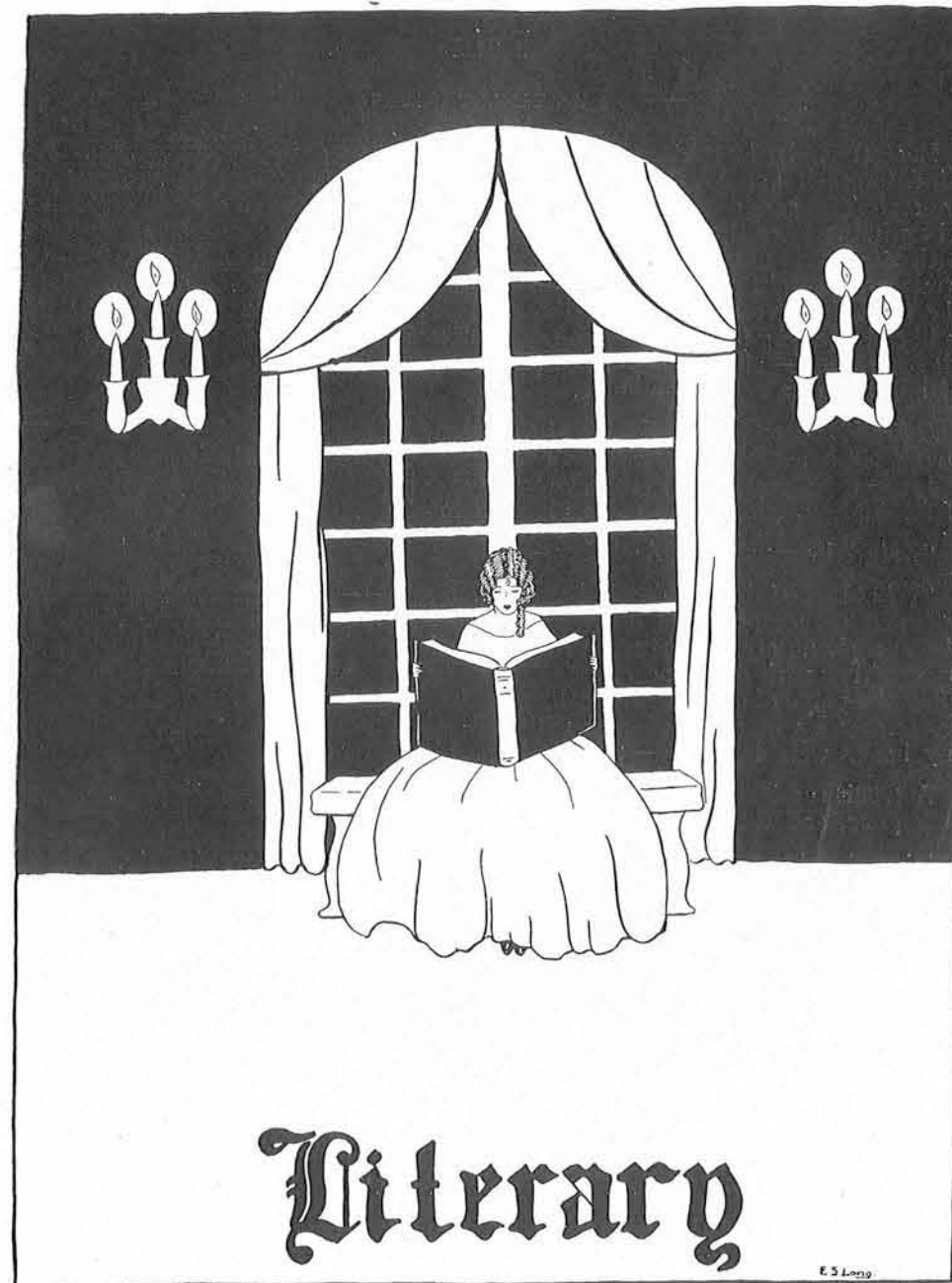
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'24



Rain

BY STANLEY OATES

It storms. In long, slanting lines the rain drives down upon the city. The wind forces it and beats it mercilessly against the pavement and against the houses. The pavement is black and shiny. The houses are dark and gloomy. The wind swishes the rain in and out of the trees. The trees are tall and gaunt, with a thousand stark, dripping fingers that point everywhere. Down the street an arc-light sputters and blinks as it swings in the wind. Afar off gleams the river, lit here and there by the small lamps that ornament the bridge. It is like the setting for a play—the houses and the trees and the gleaming lights—all so deserted—all so alive. And the noises of the storm are like the undertone of an orchestra accompaniment.

A shadow detaches itself from the shelter of a doorway and moves down the street. It is a man, and he looks neither to right nor left. He walks as one in a daze—rapidly yet aimlessly. Occasionally he looks at his hands with a sort of fascination, and he mutters to himself incoherently.

"Rain," he murmurs. And then—

"What sort of thing is death, I wonder. Death— Life is a battle, a struggle. It is sudden, tempestuous, like the elements—a paraphrase of nature. Yesterday the sun shone strongly, fiercely, and scorched the earth with his fervor, and covered her with dust and grime. Tonight the rain falls, as fiercely striving to allay the pains of earth with soothing coolness and trying to cleanse her too— Yesterday I was scorched and withered—tonight I seek coolness. Yesterday my hands were begrimed—tonight I would wash them clean."

A truck rumbles down the street, splitting the darkness. One moment, and it is gone, and the place is darker than before.

The wind blows with rushing force. The rain drives down fiercely.

The man moves on and approaches the arc-light. Its gleams—fitful, bluish—are weird and unearthly. He raises his hands before him, fingers outspread, and watches them fixedly.

"These two hands," he whispers. "What a change they have wrought in a few short hours. But a while ago I was respected, honored. Now—"

The rain swishes and slides through his fingers and congeals on their tips in large droplets. He stares, and his eyes dilate with horror.

"Blood!" he gasps. "Red, dripping fingers that point accusingly. Scarlet streams that pour through my hands and hang in droplets on my finger tips. Her blood . . . her life . . . shattered . . . destroyed."

He rushes onward through the darkness and his thoughts run rife. He thinks of the days gone by—of the quiet, placid days when life had been calm, unruffled. His boyhood had been spent in the mountains. How he loved them—mountains—forests—torrents, cold and crystal clear. . . . And the day he had left these things behind him and had come to the city! The city—place of hustle and bustle, and crowds and grime—no crystal-clear waters

there. He had prospered, fortune had favored him. But why not? He had led a clean life. His pleasures had been simple. Women had meant nothing to him—women— And then she had come. She and her eyes, pools of romance, alluring, promising. She, and her marvelous body, soft, mysterious, provocative. When he had met her something had snapped within him, and all the emotions, all the forces that had lain hidden through the years before had rushed to the surface, and he had lived for her alone. And now she was dead—slain by his hands—by the hands that loved her, that had caressed her. God! He had been mad! Wild! Mad with insane jealousy. Wild with rage. And now—his hands were red with her life, and they would never become clean and white again.

Afar off gleams the river, lit here and there by the small lamps that ornament the bridge.

Urged on by he knows not what, the man moves faster and faster towards the glistening stream, and before he is aware he stands on the bridge. He looks over. Below him the water crawls and eddies and swirls and beckons. How queer! From a distance it had seemed merely a smooth-flowing mass, and now it is full of quick, sharp motions. It seems alive.

The rain drops on the surface of the river and splashes out again. The river is black, but the raindrops, as they flash back from its surface into the light, are crystal-clear and pure—clearer and purer, it seems, than they had been before.

The man holds his hands out before him. The rain trickles through his fingers and congeals in drops on their tips. To him they still appear red. His eyes follow the drops as they drip from his finger-tips, follow them to the surface of the water, follow them as they splash back out again—colorless and clear.

He climbs slowly to the railing. The waters curl invitingly. There is a splash, a gurgling rush, and the river moves on as before. The rain falls in long, slanting lines. The city is wrapped in darkness.

ENCHANTMENT

(To Jane)

That tree is a faery tale tree.
Once it hid an old hag,
Yesterday it kept the crow.
Today a dryad kissed that tree,
And hie! A witch will turn it old.

Alta G. Jones.

A RIDDLE

What are fireflies?
Lanterns, candles,
Love, a burning fire?
I could ask the day all day,
The evening witch
Out of her dusk.
This witch keeps twilight
To herself,
The day is blind of night.

Alta G. Jones.

SUNSET IN PUDDLES

Puddle painters,
 With slanty eyes like Chinamen,
 Come quietly painting water-color scenes
 With bending willows and colored lakes
 From skies,
 Splashing orchids, poppies, violets,
 Bright sashes
 On their kimonos,
 As they mix their paints
 For more pictures . . .
 Old evening scenes,
 Sunset, birds, clouds,
 And blossoms of apple and cherry trees
 Dropping into the sunset . . .

Alta G. Jones.

DEEP FERN WOOD
(To Lou)

Were you ever in a woods
 Where ferns grow tall,
 And dryad trees stretch across the sunset?
 You stay till evening. . . .
 Hills in the sky
 Faery trees rough, crooked, enchanted,
 Once able to sing of a deep fern wood.
 Little later, on darker hills,
 A new moon making lamps
 Through gaps of trees.
 Songs of crickets,
 Secrets of katydids.
 Far off, hiding in shadows, echoes,
 Stealing noises
 Of a deep fern wood.

A DREAM AT DUSK

I had crossed bridges
 Of soft star moss
 In sandaled elf-feet.
 Violets drooped drowsily
 Over cool pools,
 And down by the hill,
 A witch-bat drummed
 To the song of dead gnomes
 She had buried in leaves . . .
 I had bridges to cross
 Through the dusk
 In elf-feet,
 But the song of a wild bird
 Sang me to sleep.

Alta G. Jones.

Extase

BY EDWARD MABLEY

At dusk I used to walk along the shore of the lake. One night I strolled farther than usual and, rounding a bend, saw some distance out a great rock, shaped like a horseshoe and projecting far into the air. I could not see inside the opening for the interior was enveloped in blue and purple shadows. The rays of the setting sun split at the rock's crest, throwing above me great streamers of yellow and orange and gold.

I wondered at the beautiful sight and, walking on, met a crone, who offered to ferry me over for a piece of silver. Her boat was not far away, and I clambered in. The old woman worked quietly and well, her oars making scarcely a splash. I trailed my fingers in the water, which was remarkably still, smoother than I had ever seen it. The colors of the setting sun grew more gorgeous, and the water became a deep olive-green.

As the rock towered higher and higher, I perceived that there were trees growing on the inner banks, pine and hemlock mostly, a few birch. The surface of the rock itself was sleek and black. I fancied I saw pale-blue lights flickering about through the undergrowth. From somewhere came the music of pipes and various stringed instruments. They were playing haunting minor melodies, negro spirituals, perhaps. A beautiful scarlet bird arose, flapping his great wings, and sailed off gracefully toward the north.

We finally reached the bank, and I paid the old witch, who chuckled gratefully over the coin. Then, seeing a narrow path through the undergrowth, I started to explore. The ground was boggy, progress dubious, and the brambles tore my clothes and scratched my arms. However, the dank wall of rock soon barred the way. A few feet to the left a tunnel, sloping sharply upward, had been cut. Into this I crept, hands sliding carefully along the side. It was cold and damp. A stale odor reached my nostrils, but curiosity increased with every groping step. Presently I emerged upon the flat top of the rock. Darkness had fallen, and, hundreds of feet below, a moaning wind had whipped up nervous little waves.

The night seemed charged with a peculiar phosphorescent glow, and looking up, I beheld a trembling emerald nebula, which slowly grew in size and became more definite in outline. Then all about me appeared glowing ultra-marine balls with long silver streamers, rotating and receding in perfect rhythm. The vast central form resolved into magenta and peacock blue, the outer into violet and crimson. They unfolded, closed, turned vermillion, burnt orange, yellow-green, flying about as if tossed by unseen hands. They elongated, bending and swirling in the void. Time and space were annihilated in a riot of grace and color. A surging universe thundered silently around me.

A sudden bolt of lightning, a crash, a mad rush of the spectacle toward the horizon, the crumbling of stone walls, and chaos. When consciousness returned, I was lying on the hot sand of the lake shore, contemplating the turquoise sky and some fleecy clouds that looked like sheep, as clouds will.

"Foc"

A ONE ACT PLAY

BY BEATRICE BERCHAL FORD

Characters

A Man A Girl

A Policeman

Scene

A bridge. It is several hours now since the noisy crowd which hurried across the bridge has reached its destination. The din, caused by countless vehicles, is hushed. A dull silence broods over the spot. The only illumination comes from a single tall lamp and the lights on little boats winking sleepily from the river beyond. Underneath, the river flows on, sullen and morose.

This solitude is broken by the appearance of a man, who, slouching across the bridge, pauses and leans over the iron railing. He appears to be a man of about 65. With a world-weary gesture, he pulls off the dilapidated hat from his head; the keen wind blows through his thin locks. As he leans there, every line of his drooping figure spelling discouragement, his partially concealed face revealing deep lines around the hollow eyes and sagging mouth, he would delight the heart of an artist in quest of a model to represent the "Vanquished."

A policeman enters from the right; saunters past Man; looks back suspiciously; turns; and speaks.

POLICEMAN: I don't know what's in yer mind, me man; but it's a nasty, raw night, and there's more cheerin' places at midnight'n this bridge. Ye'd better be movin' on.

MAN (raises his head a trifle): Is that a command?

POLICEMAN (sizing up man): Well—no, it ain't exactly. Ye can stay providin' ye behave yerself. Ye don't look dangerous.

MAN (a brief smile flickers across his lips): I've no designs on the bridge, if that's what you mean.

POLICEMAN: No, it ain't that. What beats me is why anyone would be wantin' t' stay out in this fog.

MAN: I'd forgotten about the fog. I've been in it so long I'm sort of used to it. Funny stuff, fog. It hems you in, kind of prison-like. Blots out everything except a little place where you're standing. Of course, you can get out of your little place, but it's blind goin' and dangerous.

POLICEMAN: Ye're right there. It's nothin' but accidents and death do be comin' one on top of the other with this weather. People can't be stayin' at home. They've their work t' be doin'. Shure, it's a queer thing, this fog; I wouldn't be stayin' here if I was you.

MAN: Didn't you ever feel that you'd got to get away . . . alone, to think, or you'd go mad?

POLICEMAN: I've seen many a man with a hole in his head because he thought too much. (Persuasively) Now, ye'd better be takin' my advice an' hunt up a nice, warm—(Man laughs a grating, discordant laugh which affects the policeman unpleasantly. He regards his companion a moment, then fumbles in his pocket and finds a coin, which he extends to man)

POLICEMAN: Here's enough t' get ye a night's lodgin' and some grub at one o' the missions. (A trifle shamefacedly) I don't pull this Santa Claus stunt regular-like; but somehow, ye look different n' th' bums I kick off me beat every night, n' ye got me worried.

MAN (huskily): Worried? I—(He breaks down completely. Great racking sobs tear his thin body.)

POLICEMAN (distressed and embarrassed): This rotten weather's enough t' take th' courage out of any man . . . this cold and damp that gets into yer bones an' never a bit o' sunshine t' be cheerin' yer soul.

MAN: The fog . . . yes, that's the unfair odds. A man might win out finally . . . but it's there at every turn . . . waitin' and . . . in the end . . . (his head droops)

POLICEMAN: Aw, come now, man. It can't be as bad as that. Nothin' ever is. It only seems so at th' time.

MAN: You may be right,—God knows; maybe I'd see it that way too if it was someone besides me an' my wife an' th' kids . . . but this winter's been Hell.

POLICEMAN: It has that. An' ye can't find work?

MAN: No,—but it's not that alone. I was fired a couple of months ago.

POLICEMAN: Why, man, ye're one o' the lucky ones. There's some poor devils I know have been walkin' the streets all winter long.

MAN: Yes . . . I know some too. Thousands of them.

POLICEMAN (looks down at coin in his hand): Here's this anyway. A bowl o' hot soup'll make things look different, 'n who knows but tomorrow ye'll strike a job.

MAN (makes no effort to take the money): You're very kind. It was that upset me before. I'm not used to anyone worryin'. (Indicates coin.) It . . . wouldn't help. I just want to think things out. (Turns away.)

(Policeman regards him for a moment, then shrugs to shake off presentiment of woe and walks on slowly muttering to himself.)

POLICEMAN: Shure, it's sentimental I'm gettin' like an ould woman. (Passes out of sight at the left.)

(Left alone, man remains in despondent pose. Finally he shifts his position and gazes intently at the sluggish water below. He addresses river in a hypnotized tone.)

MAN: You're not an atom caught in the fog. You're . . . old . . . and wise . . . an' peaceful. (The word seems to start a new train of thought.) Peaceful . . .

(Still watching water, he slowly unbuttons his shabby coat. It slides from his shoulders. He grasps the bridge railing in the act of climbing over, but pauses suddenly. His head goes up as does a dog's when it scents a human presence near. The man peers into the fog, which closes down around him. Finally he makes out a shape in the darkness, and approaching (right) discovers a girl in the act of climbing over the bridge. He springs forward and, seizing her by the arm, drags her down to safety.

For a terrified moment, the Girl cringes from his touch; then bursts into a wild torrent of speech.)

GIRL: Lemme go,—Wha'ya wanta spoil it for? Ain't I never goin' to get no peace? Lemme go, I tell yuh. Lemme go!

MAN: You were going to jump off the bridge.

GIRL: Wot if I wuz? Ain't it my business? Wot right have you to stop me?

MAN (leads her to light of bridge lamp and studies her face): You're only a child.

GIRL: Oh, no, I ain't. I'm most a hundred. Ain't that long enough to spend on this rotten planet?

MAN: Eighteen, or possibly twenty.

GIRL: Get out, I tell you, an' lemme alone. Oh, why can't I be let alone?

MAN (unheeding): Why were you going to drown yourself?

GIRL: Say, who are you, anyway? It ain't none o' your business as I can see . . . but . . . oh, God! I'm so tired!

MAN: But you haven't the right to do it.

GIRL: Who says I ain't?

MAN: I say so. You've just begun. You haven't worked for men who drained the life out of you, then threw you on the dust heap.

GIRL: Think ye're treatin' me to a fairy tale I never heard before?—Everybody's treated alike.

MAN (staring ahead): You can't know what it's like to give your whole life to one job as I did. I was a boy when I went there. At twenty they made me foreman. My job was a hard one . . . I slaved night and day to make things go smooth. One time when the men threatened to strike, I was the only one they'd listen to. I held them in . . . I got their promise. Thousands of dollars saved.

GIRL (cynically): An' I suppose the firm made yuh a polite little speech a' thanks?

MAN (unresentfully): No. It was part of the day's work. If they had been displeased . . . they would have told me.

GIRL: Yeah! That's sure, anyway. Say, if you've got such a grand job, what are you complainin' for?

MAN: I'm too old now . . . past the age limit, they said.

GIRL: They fired yuh?

MAN: Two months ago.

(A pause. Girl gazes ahead for a moment.)

GIRL: Well, even that's better'n bein' a girl in a town like this. (Fiercely) Nothin's worse'n bein' a girl anywheres.

MAN: You're too young.

GIRL: So much the worse for me. D'yuh think I'd have t' fight like a snarlin' wild cat if I was only old . . . an' ugly. (Bitterly) Oh! I ain't goin' t' pull one of them movie scenes about bein' a young an' innocent gur-rl. I'm wise—I gotta be . . . but that don't stop my bein' lonesome.

MAN (turns to look at her): Lonesome . . . you're not all alone? Isn't there someone?

GIRL (glares at him suspiciously, repenting her unguarded confidence; then his pain-lined face reassures her; the anger dies from her face): Someone? Yes—there is. He's all I've got in the world . . . I was desperate with that awful gnawin' lonesomeness . . . but you're a man, you wouldn't understand an' then he came. (Her thin face seems lit by a scorching, ecstatic fire.) Do you know what it's like to get through the days, sick an' tired, an' worn out . . . but get through 'em somehow because at the end there's someone, an' for an hour or two the whole thing changes . . . it's a different world an' you're happy . . . for a little while. (She has forgotten her listener.) We was to be married more'n a year ago . . . our plans was all made . . . an' then he lost his job. The factories said they was forced tuh close . . . an' they turned thousands a' men out into the streets.

MAN (looking ahead): But they couldn't help it. They were losin' money.

GIRL: Losin' money! Say, if I didn't actually see you, I'd take you for one o' them capitalists I've heard so much about. Losin' money! What if they did lose a little bit? Was it fair for us to lose it all? (She is quiet a moment, then)

GIRL: He tried to get work.

MAN: I know.

GIRL: He'd be so pleased when he'd find a little somethin' t' do . . . but it never lasted . . . an' then he changed. We'd waited more'n three years . . . an' finally he said he couldn't (unemotionally) wait no longer. (Pauses.)

We can't get married now . . . he hasn't any money . . . an' I lost my job the other day because . . . because of . . . (She makes a gesture of despair.)

MAN (placing his hand awkwardly on her shoulder): Poor little kid!

GIRL (turns to river): So yuh see, don't yuh, after all it's the only thing left to do.

MAN: Does . . . he know?

GIRL (slowly shakes head negatively): No.

MAN: He'll miss you.

GIRL: At first, maybe . . . but he'll get over it, an' then he's a man.

MAN (looking at her): Do . . . women forget too?

GIRL (dully): Everyone forgets. Yuh think for a while you'll go mad with the pain . . . but it passes . . . an' in a year or two yuh don't remember what it was all about. (With an effort.) An' the last step is when you can laugh at the thing that was like a knife twistin' in your heart.

MAN: And if a woman's life were nearly run, she'd be too tired to grieve much, wouldn't she?

GIRL: I . . . wish I was old . . . then.

MAN: Madge'll miss me at first . . . (his voice quavers uncertainly for a moment) but she'll be better off. There's the insurance ought to be over a thousand dollars. She used to laugh at me for keepin' it up so steady, but it'll keep her comfortably the rest of her days. (Essays a smile.) No funeral expenses this way, that's convenient, isn't it? Have to make it look natural, or she won't get the money.

GIRL: Was . . . that what you come here for, too?

MAN (nods slowly): Yes.

GIRL: An' . . . you . . . got a . . . wife?

MAN: Yes.

GIRL: An' you'd quit . . . cold, an' leave her to fight it out alone?

MAN (dully): She'd be better off without me. I've been such a failure.

GIRL (despairingly): Ain't men never goin' ta get no sense? Try putting yourself in her place now. She's your wife . . . belongs to you . . . an' she's probably worryin' herself to a bone because she can see you're worried. Maybe every day she catches her breath a little sharper, an' her eyes get bigger . . . for fear you'll get too discouraged . . . an' if she's like most . . . she won't say nothin' . . . just get quieter, an' quieter . . .

MAN: Stop! But you said . . . people get over anything.

GIRL: I did say it, an' I'd say it again . . . yuh can forget anything . . . in time . . . if yuh have to, but—ain't Life bad enough without addin' to it?

MAN: I've done my best . . . but one thing after another's taken the money . . . there's been sickness and death . . . Now we have my son's children, the War finished him and now it's finishing me.

GIRL: Don't do it . . . now. Tomorrow you may find a job.

MAN: Can't you understand? My job wasn't just a job to me. It was all of me . . . the meaning of my existence. I fought for its interests. I was loyal to it as some men are to their country. Can't you see, I've lost something more than a job? When they handed me my dismissal two months ago, I read words!—meaningless words! All the belief I had in fair play and justice dropped from me. Fair play! Justice! My God! (His head droops, and he speaks with averted face.) You won't understand. Nobody seems to, but somehow, I can't make any other work seem real. (Pauses brooding.) No, this is the best way out for me. Madge'll never know but what it was an accident. I'd like to see her again . . . but I guess I'd better not. You'd better run along, now.

GIRL: You're not goin' to do it, I won't let you.

MAN: What right have you to stop me. You came here to drown yourself. Why shouldn't I do the same?

GIRL: I've told yuh. I ain't hurtin' nobody by steppin' out, you are.

MAN: There's your lover . . . You belong to him now. He needs you. Isn't it cruel to leave him in his discouragement . . . and maybe dangerous too?

GIRL: You mean . . . he'd get bitter (voice breaks) . . . and maybe . . . careless?

MAN: Yes.

GIRL (in anguish): You talk as if what I'm doin' is easy. As if I wanted to leave him. If I wuz to tell him the truth, he'd make me marry him tomorrow and then he'd kill himself day by day . . . worryin' an' clutchin' at every nickel . . . an' all the time tryin' not to let me know. Maybe bye an' bye he'd get to hate me. (Passionately.) I won't let him. I tell you, I won't.

MAN: Look here, we're in the same boat, and I think you're making a horrible mistake—you've all your life before you. You think I'm deserting my wife. Now listen—if you persist in jumping off this bridge, I'll jump off too. Go back and try to fight it out, and I'll do the same. God knows what good it'll do for either of us. What do you say?

(Girl stares at him—astonishment, dismay, anger flash across her face. She turns to railing and grips it with both hands. Finally she turns her back to man, head drooping and hands clenched at her sides.)

GIRL (at last, sullenly): All right—you win. Yuh got me in a corner.

MAN: Do you promise . . . on your word of honor?

GIRL: I couldn't die with the thought of your wife on my conscience, I promise.

(MAN extends hand, and girl takes it a trifle unwillingly. Finally girl laughs.)

GIRL: It's funny—when yuh think about it.

MAN: Funny?

GIRL: Yes, us two here, each sure there's only one way to straighten things out, an' yet fightin' tooth and nail t' keep the other from takin' that way. (Reflectively.) Must be because I'm outside of your trouble—out of the real hurt of it . . . if I could only do that to mine . . . crawl out of it, and sorta look back at it from across the street . . . maybe it wouldn't hurt . . . so . . . then.

MAN: Maybe you're right.

(They remain staring at each other for a moment. Then the girl puts her disarranged clothing to rights. Faces man.)

GIRL: Well, I'll say good night now, . . . maybe some day I'll feel like thankin' you . . . anyhow . . . good luck.

(Man removes his cap with a profoundly respectful gesture.)

MAN: Good night . . . and good luck . . . to you.

(In a moment the girl has disappeared from view in the fog. Man buttons his shabby overcoat and is about to make off when the policeman appears at the right.)

POLICEMAN: Hello, still here?

MAN (ironically): Just leaving to hunt up your nice, warm bowl of soup.

POLICEMAN (heartily): That's right, I told you nothin' ever was so bad as it seemed. I'm glad yuh changed yer mind. Think yuh can find your way through the fog?

MAN: I don't know, I'll try to fight my way through . . .

(The two men start in opposite directions as the curtain falls.)

Originally produced at Little Theatre of Detroit Art Club.

OLD ANTIOCH

Just over the meadow on old Antioch
The grass is long and the flowers gay.
The little willows giggle and shake,
The tall, old willows sigh and sway.

And down below goes the dusty road,
Shambling on into many a day.
Its dust is silver, its stones pure gold.
So, at least, the poor lads say.

The poor lads travel along the road
To seek adventure, so they say.
But to hear the willows giggle and shake
Is all I ask for many a day.

Mary Belle Long.

In the Spring o' the year the poets say
That their gypsy blood would have them go
Out and along the little roads
Back by the streets that they do not know.
In the Spring o' the year I would go
Out and beyond, as the poets do;
But like the poets, I stay at home
To keep the roads of my fancy true.

Mary Belle Long

After darkness comes the dawn
And after dawn the day;
But what care we for the dark or light,
We've youth—and another day!

Mary Belle Long

Just yesterday Spring tumbled in too soon
Her eyes all dull with sleep,
Her golden hair awry,
Her dainty feet in slippers much too thin,
For the cold snows of March,
Her dress all dripping wet
With the cold rain of Spring.
She sat her down upon a log
Quite near my father's door.
I saw her shake with cold and grief
And sob and wring her hands.
I ran to find for her a cloak and hood
But when I hastened to the spot,
I only found, in place of Spring,
A golden crocus frozen in the ground.

Mary Belle Long

Materialism in America

America is unusually materialistic. It is a country made up of bricks and stones interwoven with the wireless and the telephone. Every corner stone spells success, all of the places of dwelling represent America's ideal, the great American home. Its business men are typical "Babitts," and no city is complete without its marble buildings, and fraternal organizations. America has suffered spiritually because of her material ideals. She has very few poets or artists, and their mysticism is usually spoiled by the necessity of producing the dollar, so that they may live. All of her ideals are bent towards material success, and beauty is completely forgotten.

But out of this mass of materialism are born a few idealists. Many of America's adolescences are idealists. Life appears to them as something beautiful and spiritual, and they try to express their ideals in poetry or painting. They are idealistic until they are forced to work, and then they find that it is necessary to "wring their brothers' necks" in order to earn a living wage. Still a few are able to keep their mysticism and produce poetry. One of the foremost of America's mystics is Edna St. Vincent Millay, a disciple of Emerson.

Idealists are usually so hurt by material things that they are ready to revolt against them. Immediately their material brothers brand them as non-conformists, socialists, and even Bolsheviks. They are considered dangerous to America's policies of big business, and soon they disappear, either behind the bars of a prison, or else they seek refuge in foreign lands. Mr. Woodward, in his book "Bunk," shows very clearly that America is no place for an idealist. He says that a person who is interested in Anatole France or Leo Tolstoi ought to be reading the advertisements in the "Saturday Evening Post," and Anatole France doesn't know about such things as Wrigley's chewing gum, Ford cars, and Frank Crane, because he doesn't live in God's own country.

Why not compare the American with the foreigner? America's immigrants have ideals that the pragmatic Americans never dreamed of. Foreigners go into raptures over the beauty of Niagara Falls, they love the Hudson valley; but the American hasn't time to be bothered with beauty, he must figure the cost of his new home, or the number of miles he can drive on a gallon of gasoline.

Americans travel in Europe because it is considered proper for them to visit the historical sights of the Old World. "Bunk" describes the adventures of Michael Webb in Europe, and occasionally he would drop a line to his author. "Stockholm, Sweden. Have been here six weeks. Have a good job. This is a fine place. Am having a grand time. Lots of pretty girls here. My next address is Algiers." This bit well pictures the life of the average American in Europe. They are wholly divorced from idealism or beauty.

It is unfair to condemn all Americans. Some are striving to get beauty in spite of all the obstacles that confront them. Educators are beginning to realize that materialism is not the only thing, and they are striving to place beauty in the hands of America's youths. If a child has to struggle to appreciate beauty, he is better off in the end, because he has had a glimpse of something besides dollars and cents. For

"The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
But the soul can split the sky into,
And let the face of God shine through."

Edna St. Vincent Millay.
Thelma Hurd.

Alumni Notes

Ed. Ide has decided that Europe isn't the promised land. He is now selling real estate in Detroit prior to returning to U. of M. next fall.

Chester Kuhn, who has been teaching at M. A. C., will teach here next fall.

Emma Jacobs is teaching in the Rhetoric Department at Teachers' College. She will attend Teachers' College at Columbia this summer.

Dorothy Westlake is a librarian at the Herbert Bowen Library. She will work for her masters degree at U. of M. this summer.

Frank Kemp is attending the Detroit College of Law.

The Schroeder-Crook-Horine combination seems to be quite popular at Ann Arbor.

Helen Hawks is going to be married—congratulations to both.

Forest Bowman is studying for the ministry at Nashotah, Wisconsin.

Lucile Chalmers and Bill Borgman were among the two hundred honor students of the University of Michigan, this year.

It has been rumored that Ralph Hilliar is in the movies now.

Mac Nichols is at the University of Detroit. He looks healthy.

Don Wells is marrying a school teacher this month. What next?

Ray Heyme made his reserve letter at Michigan this year.

Warren Parker and Dave Touffe were very successful in their dramatic work at Michigan this past year.

Frank Hursley is a senior law at Michigan.

Roy Dalberg is a Junior law at Michigan.

Bill Reninger is getting his Lit. Degree at U. of M. this year.

Vernon De Tar wrote a popular song while at Syracuse which has become the song hit of the East.

Charlie Stafford is very active in dramatic work at Syracuse.

William Gowans gets his A. B. degree this June at U. of M.

Ruth Patterson has been at Mount Holyoke, and will attend U. of M. Summer School this year.

Ethel Schroeder and Lillis Beatie are both officers for the organization for the Women's League House at Ann Arbor.

'24



ENGINEERS TRIP



"SHUFFLE
ALONG"



WEDDING BELLS



"AIR"
BAILEY



"TARTY - TARTY"



FLORENCE



GEORGE



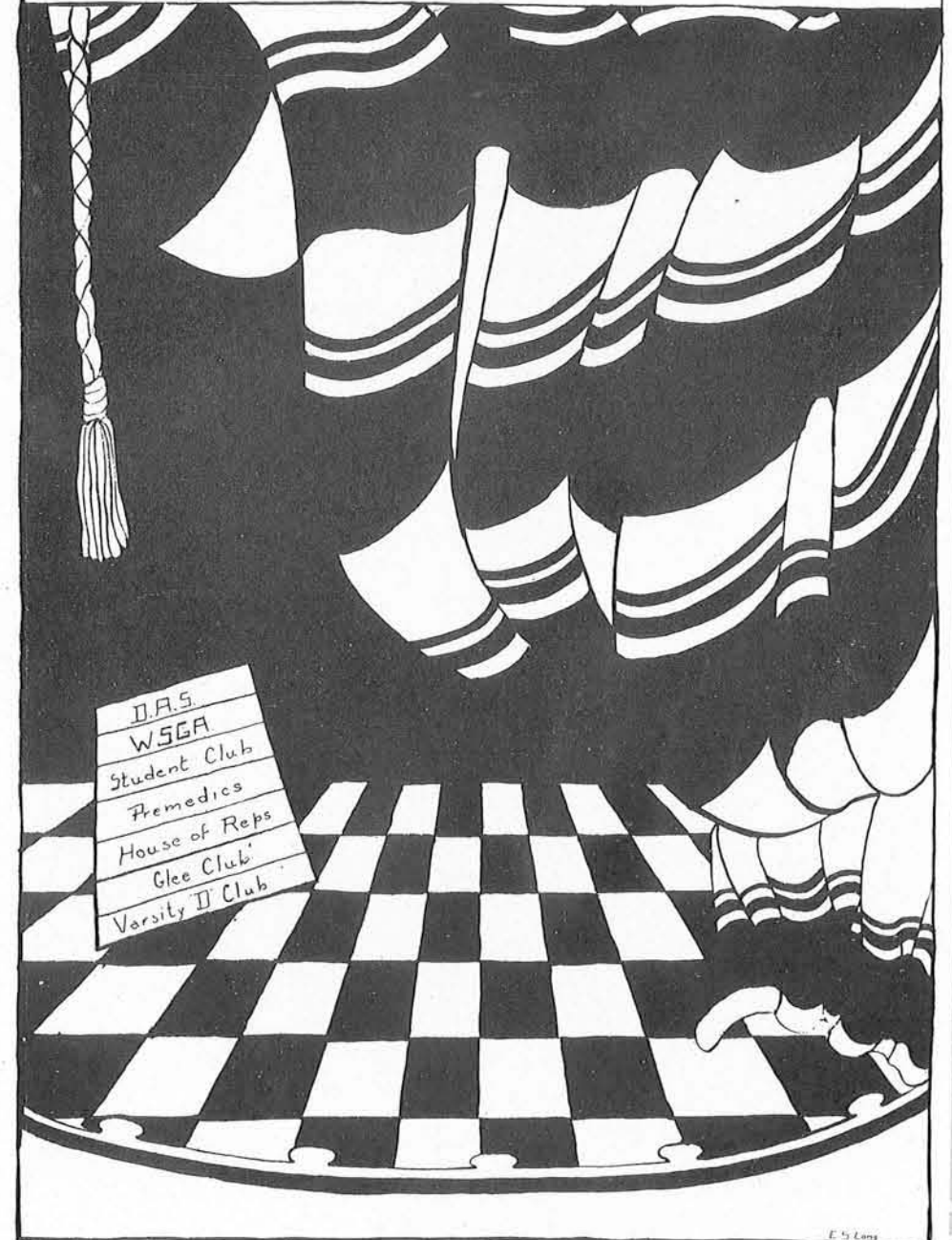
MARGARET

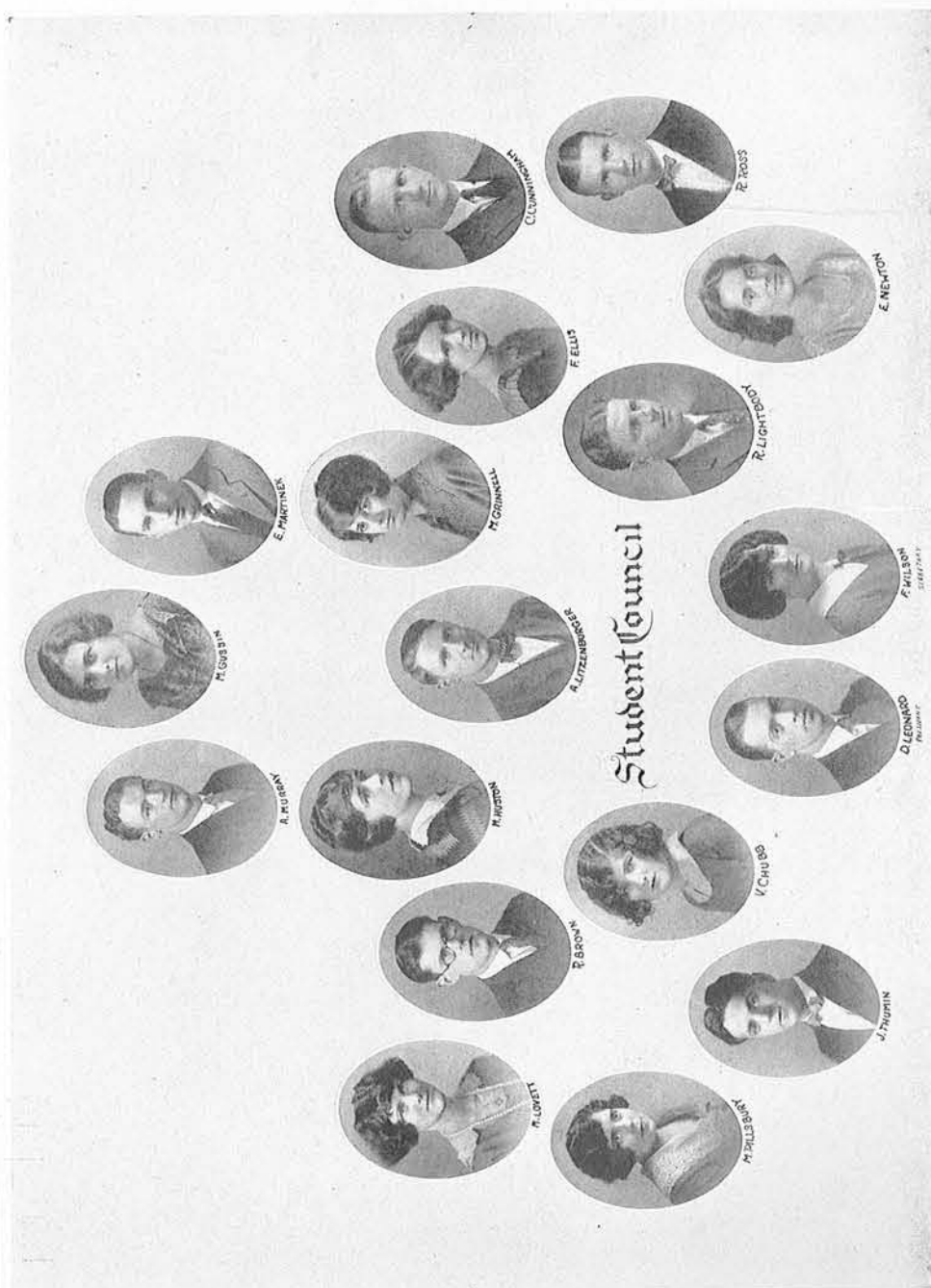


"DUSTY"

'24

Organizations —





Student Council

The Student Council is the governing body of the college, and, as such, it supervizes all extra-curriculum activities and maintains undergraduate regulations and order. The aim of the Council is to create a personal contact between the faculty and students.

With the extension of the two-year junior college course to that of a full four-year college course, the Constitution of the Council had to be amended to allow representation from the Junior and Senior classes. Election of officers was held at the beginning of the fall semester, and Donald S. Leonard was unanimously re-elected President. Florence M. Wilson was chosen Secretary, and Mr. Selden was appointed faculty advisor.

The selection of a standard pin for the College of the City of Detroit was one of the first undertakings of the Council. Several designs were submitted, and the one considered most suitable was chosen, a green block D on a gold background. The Council also selected school stationery, which has been very popular and much in demand.

One of the successful features of the year has been the matinee dances, which have greatly helped to promote a feeling of friendship among the student body. These were held on Friday afternoons, and the success of these parties was evident by the crowds which attended.

The past year, the Student Council was successful in securing two very interesting speakers for the school. Sheriff Walters gave an interesting talk on crime, at one of the weekly college assemblies. The other speaker was Hamilton Holt, the celebrated publicist, who lectured on the World Court. Although this was held in the afternoon, an unusual hour for a lecture, the auditorium was crowded.

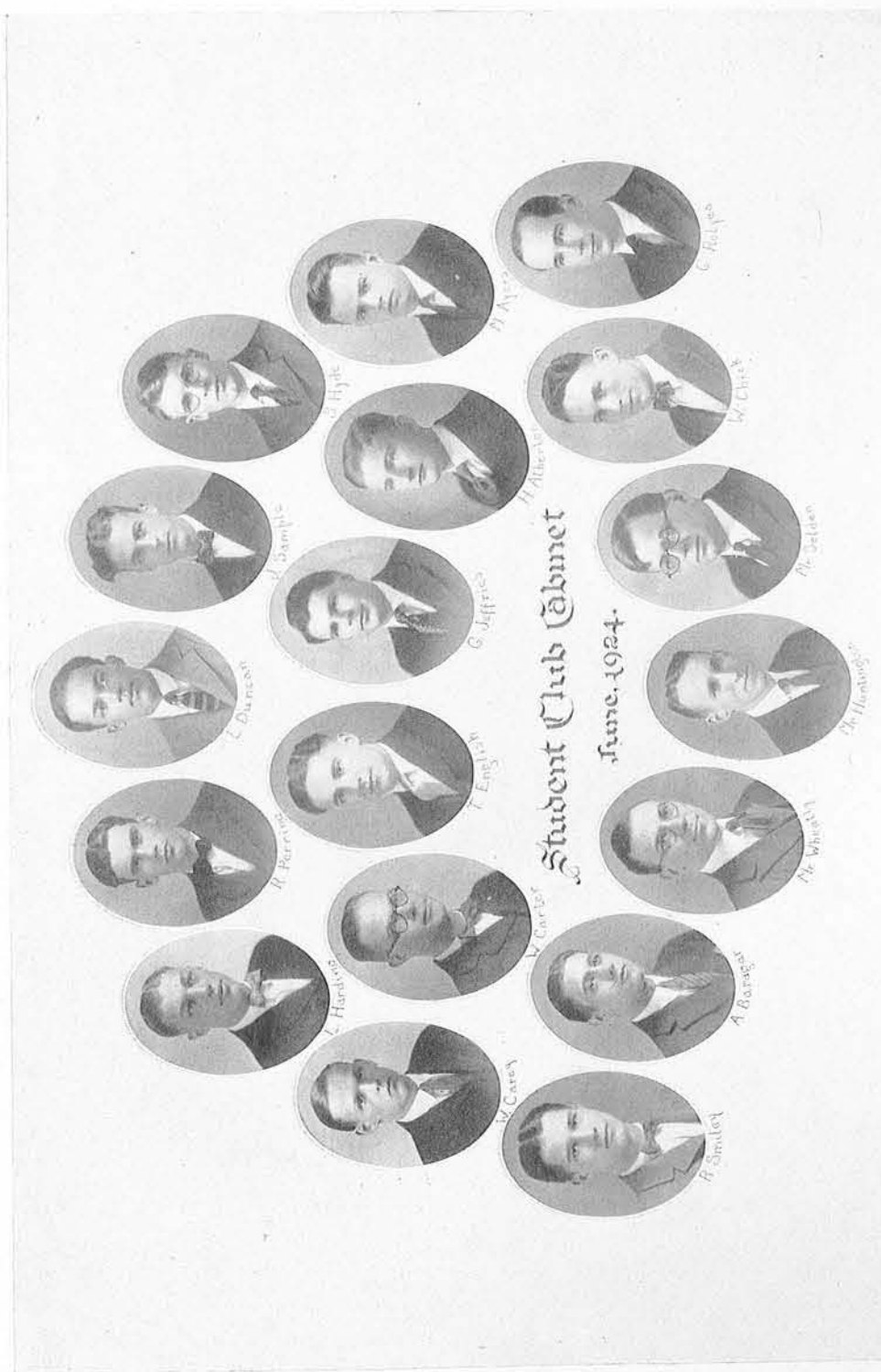
The annual Frosh Frolic was held on November 3, under the auspices of the Student Council for the purpose of initiating the Freshmen into school spirit. The gymnasium was gaily decorated and proved an appropriate setting for the numerous masqueraded couples who assembled there. Merriment prevailed. And, at such a sight, the efforts of the Council were not in vain.

Under the supervision of the Student Council, the annual Flag Rush and Tug-of-War, between the Sophomores and Freshmen, was held at Belle Isle on November 9. In the evening, a dance was given in the college gymnasium, celebrating the event of the afternoon.

At the close of the football season, the Student Council gave the annual banquet in honor of the team. Coach Holmes acted as toastmaster. The speakers of the evening were: Mrs. Laura F. Osborn, a member of the Board of Education; Representative Burns, of the State Legislature; Mr. Albertus Darnell, Assistant Dean of the College; Ike Iler, a former J. C. football star, who is now attending Michigan; Donald S. Leonard, President of the Student Council; and Albert Litzenburger, captain of the football team. Letters were awarded members of the team, and Willard Bates, newly elected captain, was introduced. A dance in the gymnasium followed the banquet.

The annual Field Day was held at Bob-lo on June 6. The planning of this outing was the last social activity in which the Council participated. Athletic games and contests of all kinds took place, not to mention dancing and eating—two pastimes essential at a picnic.

Few students realize the responsibilities of the Council. It is a vital factor in the life of the college, and the Council of 1923-24 should be commended for its successful accomplishments.



Student Club

The Student Club, with its varied program of service to the college and community, has again passed through a year marked by the success of all its undertakings, some of which were traditional, and others so new as to be classed as experimental.

The event known as the "Men's Mixer" belongs to the first class and, following the usual custom, took place soon after the opening of each semester. It accomplished its purpose of bringing the incoming freshmen into contact with the upper classmen and helping to create a bond of fellowship between the old and new men.

During the spring semester, a vocational guidance week was held. Many prominent Detroiters, who have made a name for themselves in various lines of work, were brought to the college to address students on the advantages and disadvantages of their different professions.

Club rooms were maintained in the building on the northeast corner of Cass and Warren. Here many students passed their leisure hours. A piano, phonograph, checker boards, games, typewriter, and magazines are always available.

Discussion groups held at the club rooms during the fall semester proved popular. These discussions deal with both general and student problems.

The Student Club basketball team had a highly successful year, taking second place in the intramural league.

Following tradition, the handbook was published and sold to the student body.

Delegates were sent to conferences at Indianapolis, Ann Arbor, and Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

At Thanksgiving time, over fifty dollars was raised by subscription from the student body and faculty, and six needy families were well provided with food.

Members of the club, leading groups for underprivileged boys, keep in touch with over five hundred scattered throughout the city.

Many meetings for the members took place at the club rooms, and during the year several successful suppers were given, with interesting programs. The cabinet held regular weekly meetings. At the opening of the first semester, the cabinet spent a week-end at Gibraltar, Michigan, where the year's work was outlined. At the beginning of the second semester, a supper was held at the home of Mrs. Wheatley, for which the club will always be indebted.

Officers for the past year were: President, Ted English; Vice-President, George Jefferies; Secretary, Hazen Atherton; Treasurer, Walter Carter. Officers for the ensuing year are: President, Harold Lewis; Vice-President, Oswald White; Secretary, Maurice Ayers; Treasurer, Gordon Hill.



Women's Self-Government Association

FIVE years ago the women of City College (Junior College then) found that their Scandal Club offered too narrow a scope for their activities.

Its headquarters were in Room 128 which became known as the "House of Scandal." The "House" buzzed continually with all sorts of information from gossip itself, light and spicy, to more portentous rumors of discontent. Other colleges had Women's Leagues; why should not this one?

Spurred on by this desire they sought information, and one evening, Miss Lucy Elliott of this city, a 1903 Michigan graduate, gave a talk on the Michigan Women's Association. Enthusiasm grew and shortly thereafter elections were held, and under the presidency of Joyce McCurdy, the Women's Self-Government Association of Detroit City College came into being. This first year, 1919-1920, saw the building up of the league and the establishment of standards and ideals.

The following year, 1920-1921, Miriam Reid succeeded Joyce McCurdy as president; Thelma Wiegand served in that capacity in 1921-1922; then Dorothy Pudrith in 1922-1923. This last year, 1923-1924, Ruth Lehman has filled the office, and the 1924-1925 president elect is Marian Huston.

All these officers have been women of ability and leadership. The league has been very fortunate in its choice of executives during these significant, formative years.

The last year has been full of success and activity. It has marked a new step in the progress of the Association, for it is during the last few months that plans for a League House have been created.

In any college a League House for its women is one of the prime necessities, both because of its immense significance as a factor in the social lives of the women, and for the unifying influence it bears. Situated in the peculiar conditions of City College with no campus and no dormitories the need is more emphatic than ever. Many of the later activities of the year had for their aim the raising of funds to make a League House possible.

The season opened with a house party at Grosse Isle, a few weeks after the beginning of the semester. A fall house party was an innovation, purposed to acquaint the incoming freshmen, and to create the spirit of comradeship. It was for this party that Little Sisters were chosen, and they remained paired off with their Big Sisters until January when the new term necessitated a second formation of such relationships.

Meantime there was a Hallowe'en Tea held at the Federation Building, and

a Christmas Party at school for fifty of the city's poor children. Also there was a mixer with dinner in the school dining room, and the traditional snake dance, followed by widely varied stunts in the gymnasium.

The new term occasioned a second mixer which Big and Little Sisters attended together. In February the Women's Federation Building was the scene of a George Washington Tea, and late in May, of a Mother's Tea.

The W. S. G. A. Annual Dance was held May 3 in a gymnasium beautifully transformed into what it was not with soft green moss and lovely flowers. Men in white trousers led summery girls to enchanting music at the most charming of parties.

The second house party was the scene of much mischief and merriment with canoeing on Lake Orion and dancing at Park Island for good measure.

In addition to these activities of the League as a whole, the various advisory groups engaged in one form of activity or another to raise money for the League House. Among the events were a Bridge Tea at the Women's Federation building in May, a marionette show with the Tatterman Marionettes in the school auditorium, candy, baked goods, and pop corn, and a Tea Room at school on Open Night, and a Fashion Show.

In answer to a recurrent demand for an association pin the league adopted a small guard bearing the initials of the organization to be worn with the official school pin.

Altogether the activities of this fifth year have been happily and successfully guided by its president Ruth Lehman, and her staff, together with Miss E. W. B. Chase, Advisor of women, and the two new advisors, Mrs. Keal and Miss Metcalf. The foundations of the City College Women's Association are being laid soundly and permanently.

In this stimulating record of accomplishment the president-elect, Marian Huston, will find an incentive and inspiration to still further accomplishment in the coming year.



Rev. Bro. Dick, New



17. Hues 20'clock



W.S.G.A.



Turn, Mainline.
Betty.
Dennis, Mainline.



Neoria s. Eureka



Houma Party



"Dan's"



FLAC RUN



Fluence-Econ



Mary Nellie
 Doris Cassia



Адам — Сид



From Oil Cans



Gains Data



Can. Dev.



The For Bonds



7



Dramatic Arts

In the rush of the activities of the year, the Dramatic Arts Society has kept pace with other organizations; for, however varied the interests of the college are, dramatics always play a prominent part.

Though much of the effort of the society has been concentrated on plays given only before the Dramatic Arts Society, these plays merely serve an end to produce the talent for the outside plays and the big three-act production which have their place in the D. A. S. program each year.

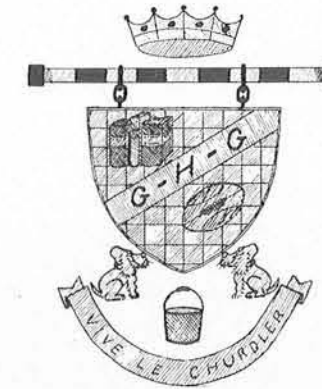
"The Truth About Blayds," by A. A. Milne, scored a big success on January 18, when it was presented before an enthusiastic audience. The part of the poet, Blayds, about whom the "truth" was discovered, was played by Emil Klewer; while the aged poet's youngest daughter Isobel, who has devoted her life to the care of her father, was portrayed by Helene Hermann, who with John Ott in the role of an admirer of old Blayds, on A. L. Royce, constituted the pair around whom was woven the love theme. The others in the cast were Marion Blayds-Conway, the eldest daughter of Blayds, a "dear foolish woman," portrayed by Doris Sellick; her husband, a typical English husband, portrayed by Arthur Johnson; their daughter Septima, and their son, Oliver, played by Nelle Gratton and Russell Smith, who represented the younger generation and refused to be awed by their poet grandfather.

Though the number of public productions is very small, opportunity is given all the members to take part in dramatic work at the meetings. The casts this year have been especially marked by the great number of members used in them. Plays of both serious and farcical nature were presented. Among the serious ones were the Death Scene from Henrik Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," put on by Emil Klewer and Zelda Medvedov. "The Stranger," by August Strinberg, with Helen Deutsch and Marjorie Jenks; Hildegard Slanner's "Mansions," presented by Alec Whitley, Dorothy Pudrith, and Marjorie Jenks; the "Swan Song," written by Anton Tchekov and put on by Emil Klewer; and "The Wound," presented by Edward Van Horn, Sarah Medvedov, and Zelda Medvedov.

The majority of the plays, however, were of a lighter and more frivolous nature. These ranged from one written approximately seven hundred years ago to others written by some of the active Dramatic Arts members. "The Melon Thief," in which Nathan Alan Brown and Robert Smiley took part; "The Man of the House," presented by Marian Huston and George Hutton; "A Matter of Husbands," enacted by Virginia Andrews and Gertrude Griffiths; "Fanny Free," by Stanley Houghton, with a cast consisting of Ruth Cliver, Winifred Sample, Ray Perring, and Robert Smiley; "The Constant Lover," with Edward Mabley and Esther Ide; Arthur Hopkin's "Moonshine," presented for the second time by John Ott and David Touff; "The Love Promoter," put on by Eleanor Clucas, Bill Leutzel, Robert Smiley, and Patty Woodford; "Prexy's Proxy," a two-act play with a cast consisting of Eleanor Clucas, Winifred Sample, Thelma Seibert, Martin Kolsy, Romaine Rice, Alec Whitley, and Hazen Funk; and "The Passport," which was presented by Virginia Hobbs and Ed Liddle, comprised those presented at meetings.

D. A. S. also puts on plays written by its own members. Among these were: "The Stock Agent," a dramatization of O. Henry's "While the Auto Waits;" "Redemption," and "Just Pals," by Nathan Alan Brown; "The Villain Still Pursued Her," by Beatrice Ford; a farcical love skit, by Arthur Bailey; and "The Tan Hat," by Mr. Frank G. Tompkins, dramatic director.

The officers for the first semester were: President, Russel Smith; Vice-President, Marian Huston; Secretary, Winifred Sample; Treasurer, Nathan Alan Brown; and for the second semester, President, Russell Smith; Vice-President, Virginia Hobbs; Secretary, Winifred Sample; and Treasurer, Alec Whitley.



Gas House Gang

UP from the depths comes the noise of shouting, the rhythm of music, and a thin wisp of smoke ascends from the crevices in the ground, rising ribbon-like towards the skies above.

Men no longer wear the unnatural girlish bob and the tender downy sideburns of yesterday. A junior college has become a city college. High school emblems and glories of the past are lost in the work and joys of the present. And all the while the sweet pungent odor of incense creeps up from the coal hole towards the blue skies above.

But the poetic spirit of the Gas House must be held in restraint. Cause and effect must not be confused. Hence the history of the Gas House Gang as it is today.

In the year 1919 a disheartening reaction set in from a cruel and brutal war. In the place of the manly walk of a gentleman and scholar one saw the swaying lilted glide of the sleek male flapper. In the place of the army pompadour appeared the long hair of a Valentino; and the clothes of men were replaced by glittering concoctions resembling glorified matador's costumes with silken shirts and braided trousers.

A few far-sighted gentlemen, wishing to perpetuate the brotherhood of *man*, banded together, and the Gas House Gang was organized. Corduroy trousers and flannel shirts appeared in direct contrast to the dress of the "sheik." Soon men began to dress and act as men again. The work of the buckskin shirt was done; but the work of the gang was just beginning.

A Junior College must be brought through the stage of adolescence to seniority. Customs and traditions were to be set and followed. The uninitiated freshmen were to be introduced to those intricacies of college life and study. Scholarship

and athletics were to be exalted above cheering and loafing. With these tasks in view the gang continued to be and to prosper. From the three founders, Lightbody, Ertell, and Marshall, the membership rose to seventy-five. Brains combined with brawn in the effort to raise the college from its infancy to the higher plane of recognized maturity.

Followed a year of publicity and propaganda for a four-year college; petitions were circulated, speeches were made before the state legislature and athletic exhibitions were held. Municipal College became a reality. Scholarship standards were raised. The already high standards of the athletic department were maintained. So much for the work without the sacred portals of the most high basement clubrooms.

Within—the secret will out—the walls were covered with decorations. Lamps and desks were installed. The royal record table became a carved tablet bearing the names of past scholars and future greats. Tables, a phonograph, a royal throne, and the treasury-box followed. And the members were kept in check by the royal persuader.

Questions of school policy were settled quietly before they became serious problems. Undesirable features about the school were corrected secretly and in an orderly fashion. Magazines, books and checkers were provided for those in search of recreation.

The Gas House Gang boasts no supreme altruism. It bases its success of the past and hopes of future success on its purpose and endeavors. The purposes of the Gas House Gang:

- a. That this gang of men support this college to the utmost, every activity, and anything that is in any way connected with the college.
- b. We are absolutely opposed to any mode of dress which is unbecoming to a real man.
- c. That we do our best to obtain a high grade of scholarship.
- d. That we believe in respecting womanhood to the highest degree.

OFFICERS:

King: Russel Lightbody.
 Premier: Newman Ertell.
 Chief Escribo: Donald Leonard.
 Royal Bouncer DeLuxe: Leonard Grinnell.
 Supreme Watchdog of the Treasury: Hazen Dever.

The Varsity "D" Club

The Varsity Club of the College of the City of Detroit extends its greetings to the alumni members, to the active and future members, and to the faculty of the college. We are one year older, and are progressing with age. Another year should see us the most active and honored club in college. For the benefit of those who do not know of its past, it might be well to take a retrospective glance.

The "D" club was launched through the efforts of Meyer Blatt, captain of the Junior College Basketball team of 1921, and Coach David L. Holmes on Oct. 21, 1921, a most memorable day.

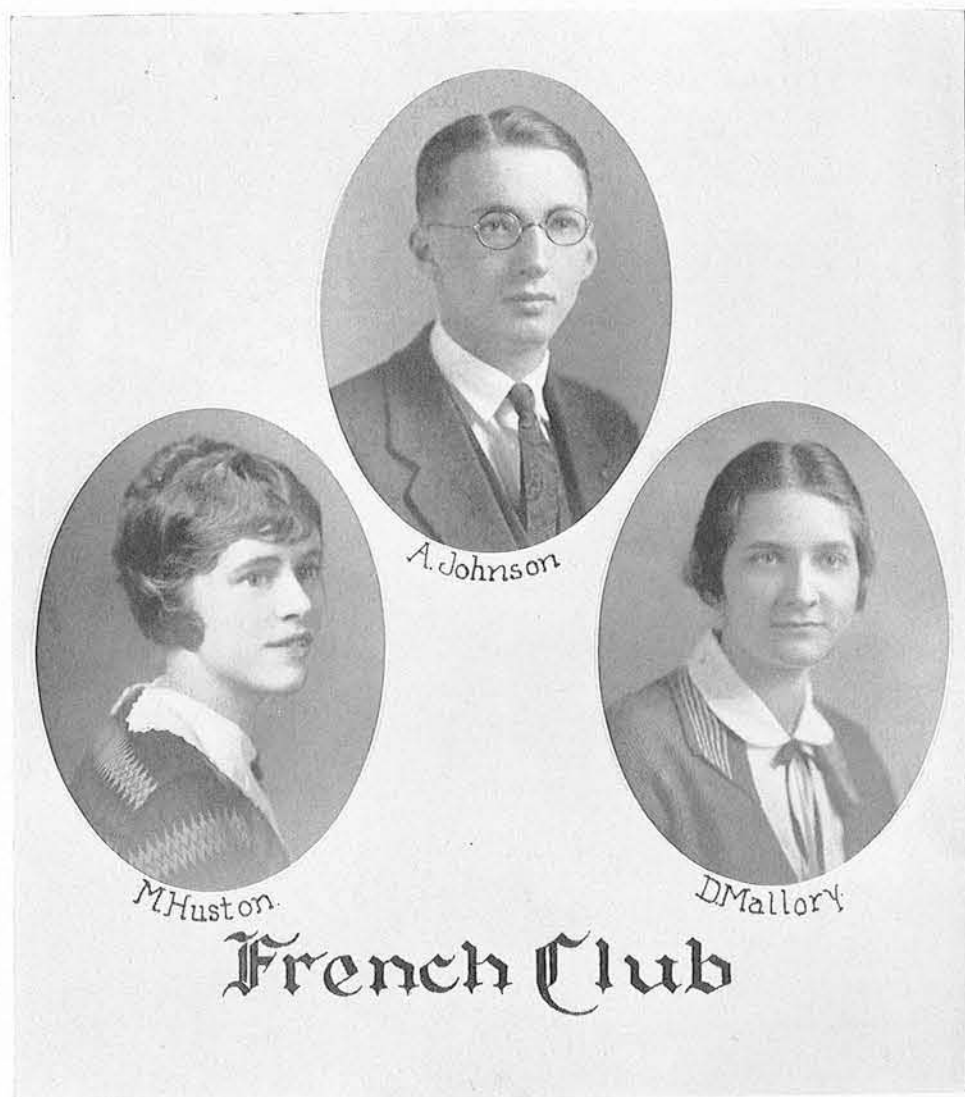
Its first officers were: President, Russell Lightbody; Vice-President, Fred Sullivan; Secretary, Meyer Blatt; and Treasurer, Grant Allen. To these officers the credit is due for the laying of a foundation for a powerful organization. In the spring of 1923, the club, in order to foster unquestionable athletics, sponsored the formation of the eligibility committee, which is composed of faculty members, whose duty is to ascertain the scholastic standing of the athletes participating in the sports of the college. It was composed of Mr. Charles Bowerman, Mr. George Carter, and Mr. Jacob Brown. These men are to be commended upon their interest and efforts extended along this line. The club is proud to state that no one has received the college letter for illegitimate services. Neither poor scholastic standing nor unsportsmanlike conduct on field, floor, or track has been tolerated.

In 1923 the club made Nov. 25, Thanksgiving Day, the Home Coming day. On this eventful day the football team plays the last game of the season, and tradition now has it that the old "D" men and all the friends of the college meet and pass the glad hand and to cheer the team to victory.

In the spring of the present year, 1924, the members of the club elected new officers, which were: President, "Jack" Duncan; Vice-President, Mac Weldon; Secretary, Wayne Townsend; Treasurer, Arthur Miller. Aside from the alumni and active men, an honor roll has been added to the roster. Two real men are on this list, Dean David Mackenzie and Coach David L. Holmes. Owing to the pressing need of new material for sports, the "D" club staged a campaign, during the week of May 5 to 16, in which a committee, sanctioned by Dean Mackenzie, visited the eight high schools of the city. The work was carried on by the club's representatives: David L. Barkus, Jack Duncan, and Russell Lightbody. City College was introduced to many boys in such a manner that many will now attend who possibly would not have done so. Some of the speech-topics were as follows: "The eligibility requisites of the City College Athlete," "The backing given athletics by the Dean, Coach, Faculty, and Student Body," "The unremunerative policy of City College in regard to Athletics; and "The future of our Athletics."

The acquisition of a new athletic field is one of the projects that the "D" club is now driving for. The location has previously been determined and has been condemned for athletic purposes, and all that is now necessary is the sanction of the City to make possible the use of the field in the fall of 1924.

Such are some of the functions of the Varsity "D" club, and our object for the future is to fight for the Green and Gold in all collegiate activities of the College.



French Club

The French Club has been noted for many years because of its program of providing for the college French students many new and novel opportunities of hearing spoken French. Holding this beneficial program in view, the club has just completed a truly remarkable year.

During the fall semester, many speakers were brought from the University of Michigan and elsewhere to address the club in French. Professors Clavel, Rovillain, and Vibbert of the U. of M., and Mademoiselle Marguerite Clement of the University of Paris each gave addresses at one of the monthly meetings which were held on Wednesdays at four o'clock.

In order to provide some social life among the members of the club, a Christmas party was given late in December. A short playlet was given, French songs were sung, and French games were played. Refreshments and dancing followed.

The activities of the club during the spring semester were confined largely to a theatrical program, which was presented in the school auditorium, Friday, May 9th. This was the first time that the French Club had attempted to produce anything on so large a scale, but the results were very praiseworthy. Two acts of the French comic opera, "Mignon," were given by a cast which included Virginia Hobbs, Ruth Cliver, Patty Woodford, Charles Shaw, Russell Smith, Orville Linck, Jack Oliver, and Charles Turk. Bessye Walker entertained between plays with a dance entitled, "Under the Stars." A short one-act play, "The Maid of France," given in English, was the second number. It was played by Marion Lovett, Carl Baldwin, Duncan Cameron, and Richard Kelley. The conclusion of the program consisted of four scenes from Rostand's drama, "L'Aiglon." The French department faculty took this part of the program. Madame de Marivetz had the title role.

Of interest to the French Club was the announcement which came just as the Annual was going to press that Arthur Johnson, a member of the club, was sailing for France in July to take the work of his Junior year at the University of Paris. He is doing this as a member of the Foreign Study Group organized by the University of Delaware. Appointment to this group came through the influence of Miss Grace Hill, head of the French department. Miss Hill will also be able to recommend students for the group which will leave in July, 1925, and is very anxious that a small group of City College students be qualified to go. Those who go stay an entire year in France.

The membership of the club includes practically all students of French in the college, so the club boasts of being the largest in the college. Dorothy Mallory is president; Marion Huston, secretary; and Arthur Johnson, treasurer. Madame de Marivetz and Miss Hill are the faculty advisers.

Spanish Club



J. MILLIGAN



H. THOMPSON



V. CHUBB



MISS GOODELL



W. O'NEIL



MR. DEGOMAR



G. MCPHERSON



M. AYERS

Spanish Club

Two plays in Spanish, a lecture on Spain and South America, and a party followed by a dinner at the "Centro Espanol," an exclusive Spanish Club, are the outstanding events of the year for El Circulo Cervantes.

Wendel Chick was at the helm for the first semester, with Helen Thompson Vice-president—Victoria Mears in the secretary's chair, and Maurice Ayers as treasurer. For the first semester, the executive council members were Abraham Levine, Helen Scrymgeour. The officers for the second semester were: Walter O'Neil, president; Viola Chubb, vice-president; Grace McPherson, secretary; and Jack Milligan, treasurer. Helen Thompson and Maurice Ayers were elected to the executive council, Miss Blanche Goodell and Senor Juan de Gomar are the faculty advisors.

One of the plays was produced by the members of the club, and the other was brought to Detroit from the University of Michigan through the efforts of the City College club. The local production was "Sin Querer," by Benavente, and was successful as a production, and educational in teaching the students Spanish customs.

The U. of M. Sociedad Hispanica brought their play, "Done Clarines," to City College during the second semester. The famous Quintero brothers were the authors of this modern comedy of manners. Inasmuch as the cast contained several who had been students of Spanish for four or five years, the play was, of course, superior to that by local talent. The performance attracted students from the high schools and Spaniards of the city.

At the party at the "Centro Espanol," the students became acquainted with Spanish cooking, and by holding business meetings in Spanish are familiarizing themselves with conversational Spanish.





Collegian

EVERY university and college of any importance has its regular student publication which exists for the purpose of recording the kaleidoscopic events of college life and reflecting the fluctuating student opinion in the institution. The Collegian, a four-page newspaper appearing every Wednesday, serves this purpose for the College of the City of Detroit. Written and edited by students, it aims to record as faithfully as possible the events of the college together with a certain amount of editorial comment, interpretive material, and newspaper features to entertain the reader.

A well-organized staff from last year took charge of the paper at the beginning of the Fall semester and quickly got out a first issue on Wednesday, September 26. This began the weekly succession of Collegians which has gone on to the present time, broken only by holidays. Finding that the newspaper form of publication was not particularly adapted to the publishing of purely literary material, the editors decided to put out a Collegian Literary Supplement in magazine form similar to a Literary Supplement issued in June, 1923. All the students of the college were invited to submit literary contributions, and for the work of judging manuscripts and editing the Supplement a special staff was appointed, consisting of Mary Gussin, Marion Huston, Kenneth Wickware, George Davis, and Elmo Ecker. A sixteen page Literary Supplement appeared on January 21 and was an artistic and financial success. A second Literary Supplement was published in June of the Spring semester. The special staff of editors included Kenneth Wickware, Louis Carrick, George Davis, Dorothy Sanford, Ludlow Barnes, and Elizabeth Long.

Many changes in the organization and policies of the Collegian are due to take place before the paper re-appears next September. Partial plans for next year include voluntary annual subscriptions and mailed copies for all students instead of sales in the halls and college credit in journalism for certain types of workers on the Collegian. The paper may also expand into an eight-page paper.

The Collegian, unpretentious as it appears, involves an almost unbelievable amount of weekly toil. Although space forbids printing the names of the complete staff, the editors, department editors, reporters and others who gave so freely of their energy should not go unrecognized and forgotten.



Debating

By slow degrees, debating has gained recognition in City College. The call for candidates was sounded in December; the House of Representatives and the Student Club sent four picked men each, and these eight, along with a large group of Independents, started work under Coach Neilsen.

After a month of intensive study, elimination debates were held, and Mr. Neilsen picked the varsity squad, consisting of the following men: Donald Leonard, Forbes Hascall, Edward Martinek, Arthur Johnson, George Jeffrey, Robert Smiley, and Sidney Koretz. Leonard and Hascall were the only veterans on the squad, and all the men were Sophomores except Leonard and Jeffrey who were members of the Junior class. Most of the teams debating with City College were made up entirely of Juniors and Seniors.

Don Leonard, who was also the debate manager, scheduled debates with Montana Inter-mountain University, Findlay, Baldwin-Wallace, Western Reserve University, and Crane Junior College of Chicago, on the question "Resolved that the United States join the League of Nations."

An affirmative team consisting of Jeffrey, Hascall, and Johnson met Montana on the home floor, and lost by one vote. This was Montana's eighth debate, while the Collegians had had only one week of team preparation. In the Findlay debate, Koretz, Hascall, and Johnson went to Findlay, and won on the affirmative side by a 2-1 vote. The negative team, consisting of Smiley, Martinek, and Leonard, debated Findlay at Detroit in a no decision debate; and one week later the same team upheld the affirmative against Western Reserve, and lost by one vote. A negative team with Hascall, Martinek, and Leonard went to Chicago late in May to debate Crane Junior College. This debate closed the season.

In no school is debating given the place to which it is entitled. While support of the City College teams is not what it might be, nevertheless, there seems to be more interest in debating here than ever before, and we hope that even better support will be given to teams in the future.

To Coach Neilsen and Don Leonard especial credit is due. Mr. Neilsen gave unreservedly of his time and energy to whip the teams into shape. Too much cannot be said of his efforts along this line. Don Leonard, along with his myriad other duties, took the discouraging and thankless task of scheduling debates, and his work speaks for itself. We only hope that Don will come back next year, and do it again. Both of these men are trying to place City College on a higher plane in debating, and they should have the whole-hearted support of the entire student body to achieve this end.



To All Believers in the Power of Persuasion, Greeting:

Be it Known, That on April 12, 1924 the following

<u>Donald S. Leonard</u>	<u>Homer Strong</u>
<u>Phillip Dexter</u>	<u>James Russell</u>
<u>Edwin Guest</u>	<u>Albertus Darnell</u>
<u>Forbes Hascall</u>	<u>Governor Alex J. Groesbeck</u>
<u>Niel Nielsen</u>	<u>Norman Magel</u>

organized a Chapter of **Pi Kappa Delta Forensic Honor Society**, to be known as the Michigan Zeta Chapter No. 21, located at Detroit Michigan, and were duly installed by Hubert M. Brown, who had authority to install the same.

Now Therefore, The National Council and Local Chapters of Pi Kappa Delta do hereby grant this Charter to the above named Chapter, and do authorize this Chapter to initiate into the meaning and spirit of our Fraternity any eligible persons duly elected, to instruct them in its **Wisdom**, to teach them of its **Integrity**, to inspire them with its **Loyalty**, and to extend to them all the courtesies and benefits of our Order.

In Witness Whereof, We have caused this Charter to be signed by our National President and our General Secretary:

Chas. A. Marsh
NATIONAL PRESIDENT
Alfred Wright
GENERAL SECRETARY



Pi Kappa Delta

One of the most significant events of the school year was the installation, at City College, of a Chapter of Pi Kappa Delta, the largest national honorary forensic fraternity in the United States. Membership in Pi Kappa Delta is restricted to students who have represented their College in a recognized inter-collegiate debate or oratorical contest.

When the bill extending the course of Junior College to a full four-year college course passed the State Legislature, Donald S. Leonard petitioned the National Council for a Chapter of Pi Kappa Delta. In September, 1923, the Charter was granted, but the installation was delayed until April 12, 1924. The installation ceremony was conducted by Professor Brown, of the Michigan Agricultural College. Governor Alex J. Groesbeck, Mr. Albertus Darnell, Mr. James H. Russell, Mr. Niel C. Nielsen, Donald S. Leonard, Forbes S. Hascall, Edwin Guest, Norman Magel, Homer Strong, and Phillip Dexter were initiated as charter members. Officers elected were: Donald S. Leonard, President; Edwin Guest, Vice-President; and Forbes S. Hascall, Secretary-Treasurer.

Inasmuch as it is a very decided honor for a college student to wear the Pi Kappa Delta key, it is hoped that interest in debating shall be stimulated. City College has made a good record in debating in the past, and with a Pi Kappa Delta chapter, it is thought that many colleges in the mid-west will seek forensic relations with Detroit.

Mr. Bert Hudgins, of the Geology Department, and Mr. Miller, of the History Department, were admitted to membership in Pi Kappa Delta during their college days. The local chapter is the Michigan Zeta Chapter of Pi Kappa Delta. With the exception of two members, Mr. Leonard and Mr. Hascall, all of the members are of the degree of Fraternity. Mr. Hascall has received the second highest award, the degree of Honor. Mr. Leonard, who has captained and managed the debating team for the past three years, was awarded the highest honor of Pi Kappa Delta, the degree of Special Distinction. Mr. Edward Martinek and Mr. Leonard represented City College at the National Biennial Convention of Pi Kappa Delta, held at Peoria, Illinois, April 1, 2, and 3, 1924.

Engineering Society



D. KNOX



N. SMITH



G. CLARK



K. CLYNE



C. KREUTZIGER



H. KIRSHBAUM



L. FLANDERS



MR. E. PHELPS

Engineers

SOON after the establishment of Detroit Junior College, a group of Engineering students thought that they might gain knowledge in other ways than attending classes. They, therefore, formed the Detroit Junior College Engineering Society. Its purpose was, "To develop interest in the study of Engineering in general; to train its members in Engineering as a science and as a profession; and to promote intelligent discussion on all important topics relating to Engineering."

With this threefold purpose in mind the society has always been a boon to the Engineering student. To help its members in the last year we have had talks by Dean Mackenzie, Mr. George Jerome, City Engineer; Mr. Beal of the Michigan State Telephone Company; Mr. Mock, Michigan Central Railroad Signal Engineer; Mr. Drake of the Chemistry department, Mr. Sorenson of the Dodge Motor Company; Mr. Cotton of the Acme White Lead Works; and other successful engineers. Each new member is required to speak on some Engineering topic. Trips have been undertaken by the society to such places as Ford's River Rouge Plant; the Portland Cement Plant at Wyandotte; the Cadillac Exchange of the Michigan State Telephone Co. and other places of interest to Engineers.

However, it is not to be supposed that the Society is all business, for it develops the social side as well. There have been many social meetings at which ice cream and cookies, or sinkers and cider have been dispensed. Then there are the two theatre stags each year, and at the close of each term there is a final stag. A long trip to such places as Sarnia or Toledo serve both as business and pleasure trips. Then, there are often overnight hikes or camping parties to keep up interest.

The Engineers have kept faithful records of all their business and reports and have them all filed so that at any time one can look into the records and learn about the society's first meetings and business transactions.

At the time the constitution was written there were no other clubs in the school. The original constitution has been found so satisfactory that only two minor amendments have been made. At the beginning of the fall term of 1923, the name of the society was changed so that it is now "The Engineering Society of the College of the City of Detroit."

In 1919 the society began to publish a paper called the Buzz Saw. This paper is a blue printed pamphlet, and is gratis to all who attend the meetings. During the last year, the Buzz-Saw has had six subscribers at Ann Arbor and one at Cambridge, Mass.

During the present semester, The Engineers, expanding on their original purpose of service to engineers, instigated their "Blue Bulletin" a poster blue print concisely explaining the technicalities involved in modern engineering projects.

The officers for the fall semester were: President, Joseph Graves; Treasurer, L. Dasher; Secretary, Arthur Shultz.

The officers for the present term are: President, Carl Kruetziger; Treasurer, Lloyd Flanders; Secretary, George Clark.