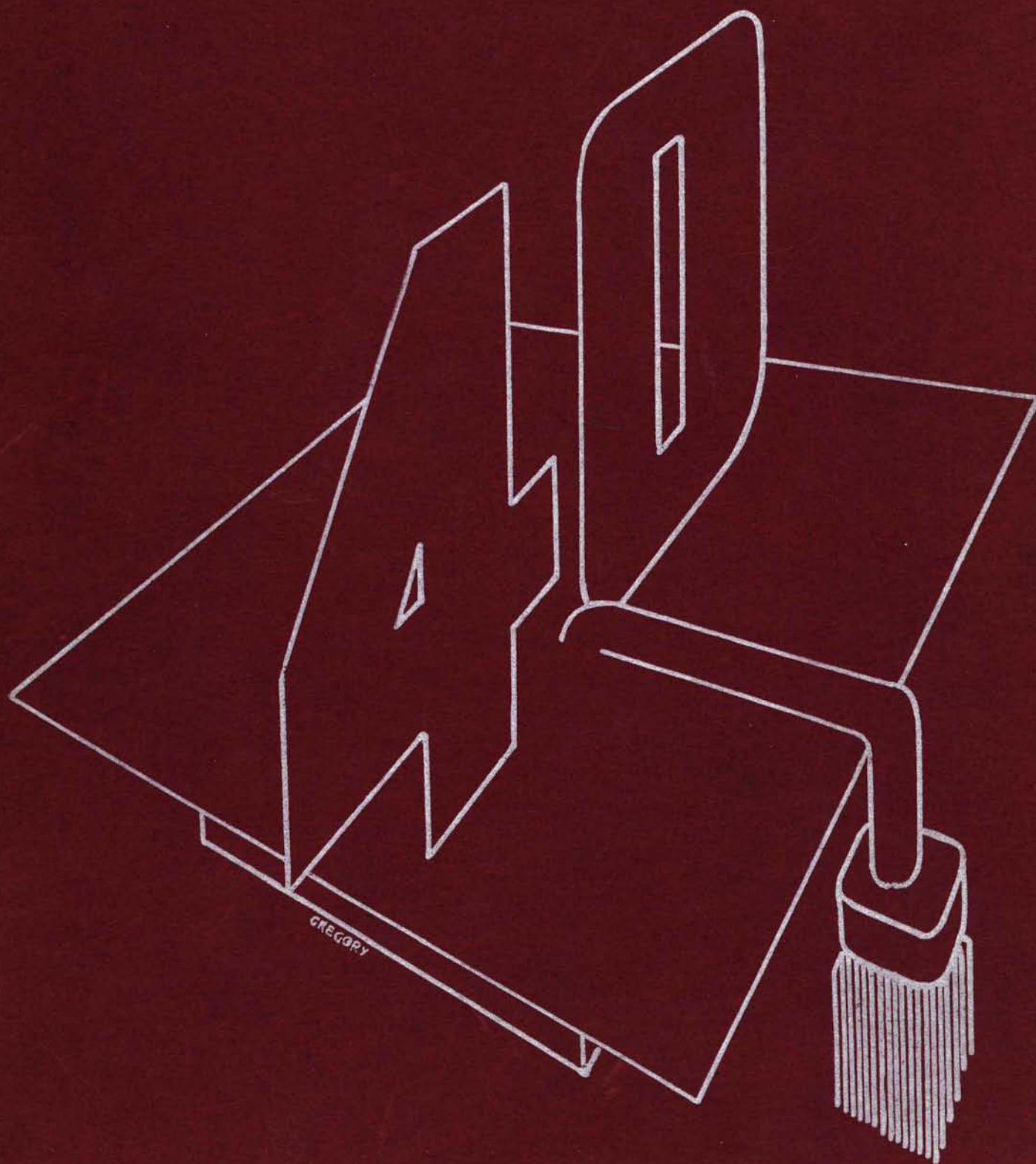


CLASS
OF



FOREWORD



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

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

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

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

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

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

Jean Teague.

OUR

4

YEARS

By Max Weinzwieg

1936-37

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

Vital Statistics

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

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



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

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

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

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

October 7 we arrived at Belle Isle to do battle with ye cocky Sophomores. We were pushed about more than the pushball and made our deepest impression on the softest turf on the island.

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

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



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

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

We were first introduced to drama in the form of A. A. Milne's "Perfect Alibi," during the course of which Professor Dunham literally stopped the show and told the audience to listen appreciatively or else.





Those were the days when the comedies would roll them in the aisles and they'd keep on walking.

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

Doris McCormick was editor of the *Collegian*.

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

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

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

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

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

1937-38

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

1937 was the year Wayne found itself. It was an exciting, sprawling, boisterous year of EXPANSION. There was a big game with Michigan State. We were out to get the Spartans with the same reckless confidence of a boxer who has taken a nine count from Joe Louis and still thinks he can knock out the champ.



OUR FIRST THREE HOUR FINALS



THE STATE AFFAIR



SPAYDE AND TALLMAN

Our own miserable elections were intrigueless, mild affairs; honest but boring. Harold Tobias, Velma Meacham, Irene Cornell and Ann Nelson boosted themselves into office without even making promises they could break to assure us a hot election for the next year.

The Mackenzie Union Dance Committee booked Vincent Lopez to play for its affair and the J-Hop leaders were in the air because they had to go the Union one better. The price of tickets was stiffer than a Physics bluebook, so the girls had to go without flowers.

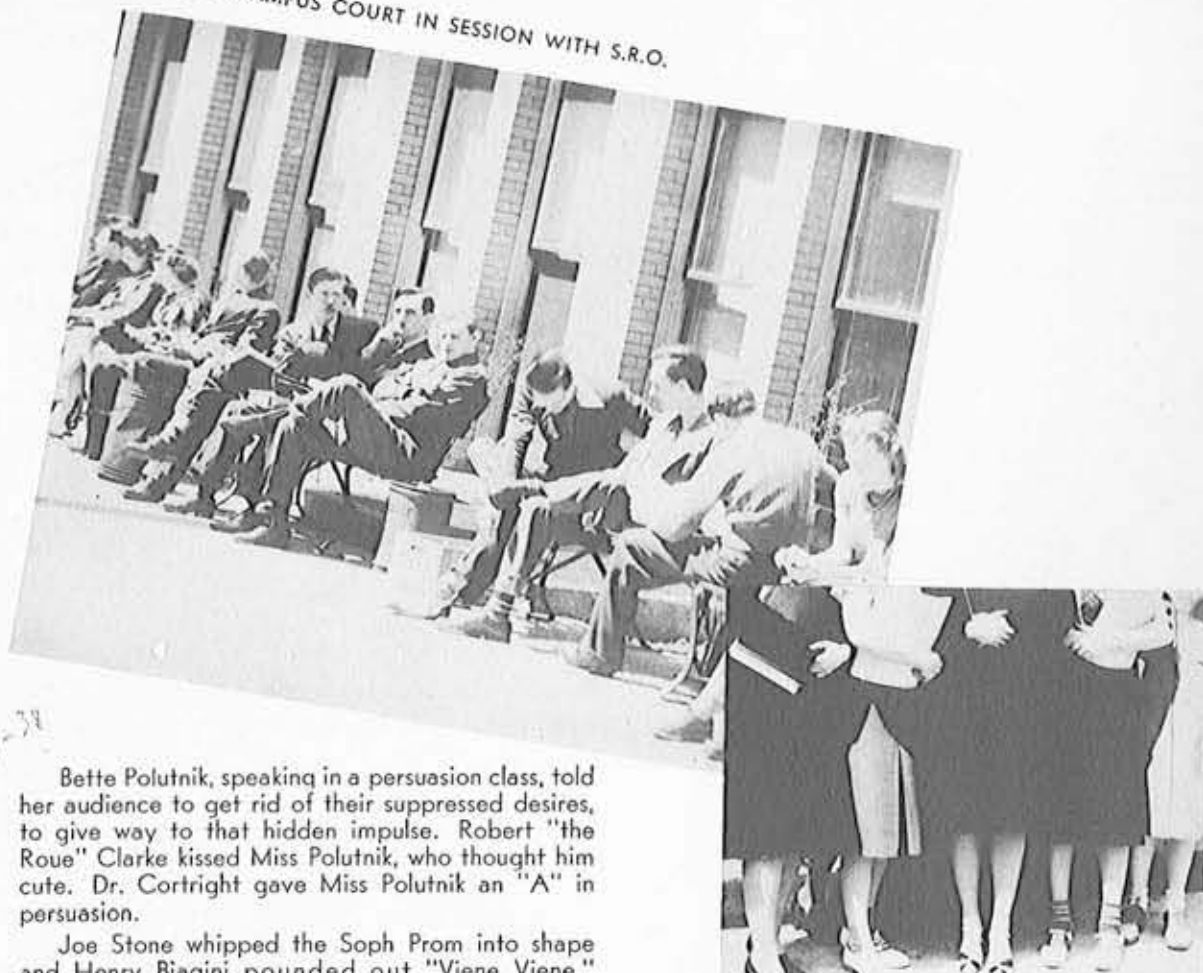
We picked up an instrumental building and a speech building, promptly tagged the "Cave of the Winds" by a man from the philosophy department. Mr. Overgard came here from the University of Illinois, looked over the church we were using for instrumental music work, ordered a wall torn down. It was torn down and Mr. Overgard hasn't stopped ordering since.

Mr. Spayde came from Iowa, organized a Student Stage with more divisions than a Ladies Relief Auxiliary, and recognized the fact that students did not want to spend an evening at the theater to listen to some glorified interpretative reading. "The Night of January 16" was produced; newsboys hustled *Collegian* extras up and down aisles; the Camera Club members leaped on the stage and took pictures of the trial; stooges in the audience tried to start whispering campaigns. The audience enjoyed itself, and so did the actors.

The Japanese were kind enough to let Allan Tolmich lug back a bushelful of medals to Wayne before they started defending themselves against China.

The Mackenzie Union started a series of Quiet Hours and manager Fitzgerald watched attendance jump from three to sixty in four weeks as students quit jute-boxes for Beethoven.

THE NEW CAMPUS COURT IN SESSION WITH S.R.O.



37-38

Bette Polutnik, speaking in a persuasion class, told her audience to get rid of their suppressed desires, to give way to that hidden impulse. Robert "the Roue" Clarke kissed Miss Polutnik, who thought him cute. Dr. Cortright gave Miss Polutnik an "A" in persuasion.

Joe Stone whipped the Soph Prom into shape and Henry Biagini pounded out "Viene Viene," "Harbor Lights," and "That Old Feeling."

Norman Thomas told us to start an economic boycott against aggressor nations. The ASU began with Japan, and wore cotton stockings. The sorority sisters refused to sacrifice sheer hose for sanctions. Laconic boys remarked "It's not the hose, it's what's in 'em." The *Collegian* did not print an editorial; Frank Touhey was editor.

The Board of Education recommended condemnation of three blocks north of Wayne. Property owners condemned the Board. The students were bored with condemnations.

The peace strike was held in the Hancock court, where the speakers had competition from over-energetic speech majors, and firecrackers and milk bottles in the fire escape.

The new Campus Court was in session starting May 2, and practically everyone was in attendance. The concrete square surrounded on all sides by classroom windows was the glamor spot of the University in no time.

Junior elections came towards the end of the term. The elections were not boring; charge, countercharge, etc. But when it was all over, Bob Luby, Jean Teague, Ann Nelson, and Irene Cornell came smiling through.

Commencement, swingout, final exams, and it was two down and two to go.



"IT'S WHAT'S IN 'EM'"



"IN THE INTERESTS OF CIVILIZATION"

1938-39

World moves and repercussions
Argued in round table discussions
We still see saddle shoes and ankle sox
But say goodbye to pageboy locks.

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

There was a game with Michigan State.

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

The Class of '39 organized a "Mad Anthony Brigade" to fan up some yearbook enthusiasm by burning a huge copy of a *Griffin* on the playfield. Police, fire rules, and all that, and the whirlwind campaign was not climaxed by a blazing finish, although the yearbook did go out like a light. Arthur Dorazio was editor of the *Collegian*.

Count Basie pounded out the "Beer Barrel Polka," "Deep Purple," and "Reverie" for our J-Hop, which Jack Laula and fellow committee members made into the most successful affair of the class. A breakfast at Mackenzie Union following the dance was the committee's successful innovation.

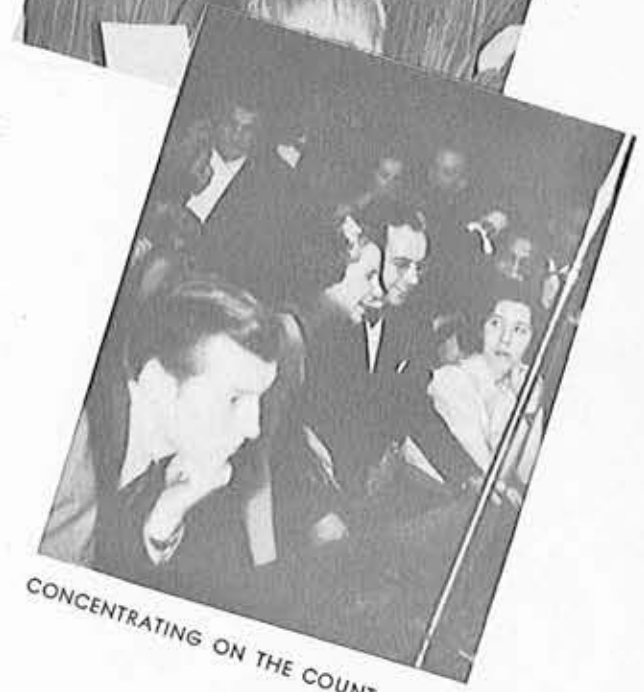
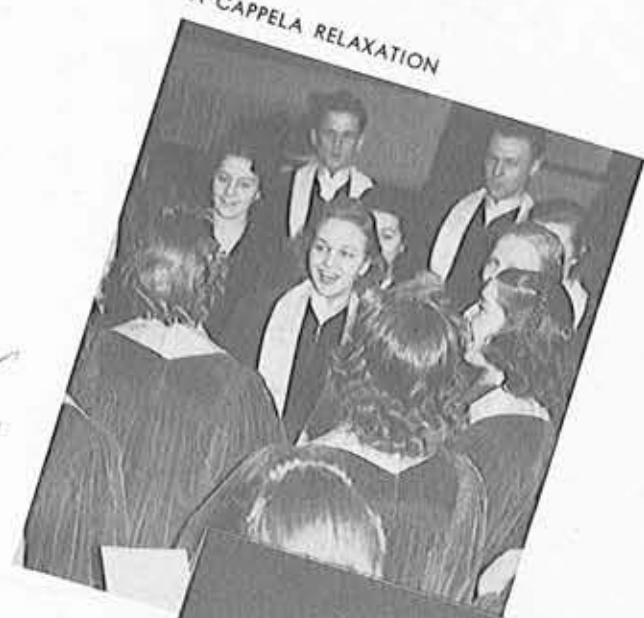
The painters moved in to give us a face lifting, blocked off stairways and hallways, and gave the basement chemistry labs some stiff competition in making odors.

Tired of announcing their dances matter-of-factly, the College of Education Ball blossomed out into the "Teachers' Trot"; the Pharmics Balls became the "Capsule Caper"; the Home Ecs' Ball became the "Cake Walk," and the Gas House Gang had its "Brawl."

The elections were presided over by certified Student Council deputies, and votes were tabulated by voting machines, which meant honesty, efficiency, and Bob Pryor, Ruth Pierce, Irene Cornell, and Dorothy Roediger as officers.



A CAPPELA RELAXATION



CONCENTRATING ON THE COUNT

1940. Seniors at last, with that calmer outlook that makes the "C" that should have been an "A" look like a pinpoint on a perisphere.

Saddest note of the year was announcement of the retirement of two grand men, Dr. Charles S. Spain, executive vice-president of the University, and Albertus Darnell, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, both of whom helped us through the harder years of growth and expansion.

Swingout, exams, and it was third down and one to go.

1939-40

All the world's a Perisphere and Tylon
Silk stockings give way to hose of Nylon
Republicans think third term quite puzzling
Americans laugh at goldfish guzzling

A big *Collegian* drive sent our band to Lansing to play Michigan State. The band did so well students wanted the football team to play between the halves and let the band carry the brunt of the entertainment. Coach Gembis could not be reached for comment.

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

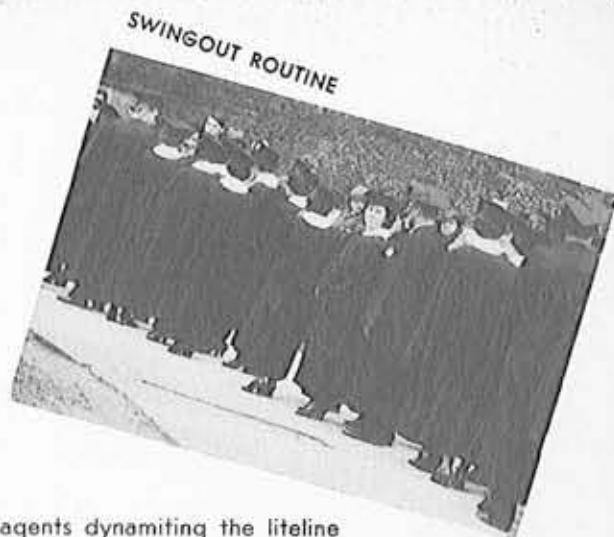
Stagemen Walter Kostyrka and Bill Reva went sketching the base of the Ambassador Bridge one cold, misty morning, looked like international spies to a pair of local "Dogberrys," were grilled, cross-examined, bawled out, and released after explaining

they were not Nazi agents dynamiting the lifeline between Detroit and Canada, but were merely sketching the bridge so they could use it for the "Winterset" stage setting.

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

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

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



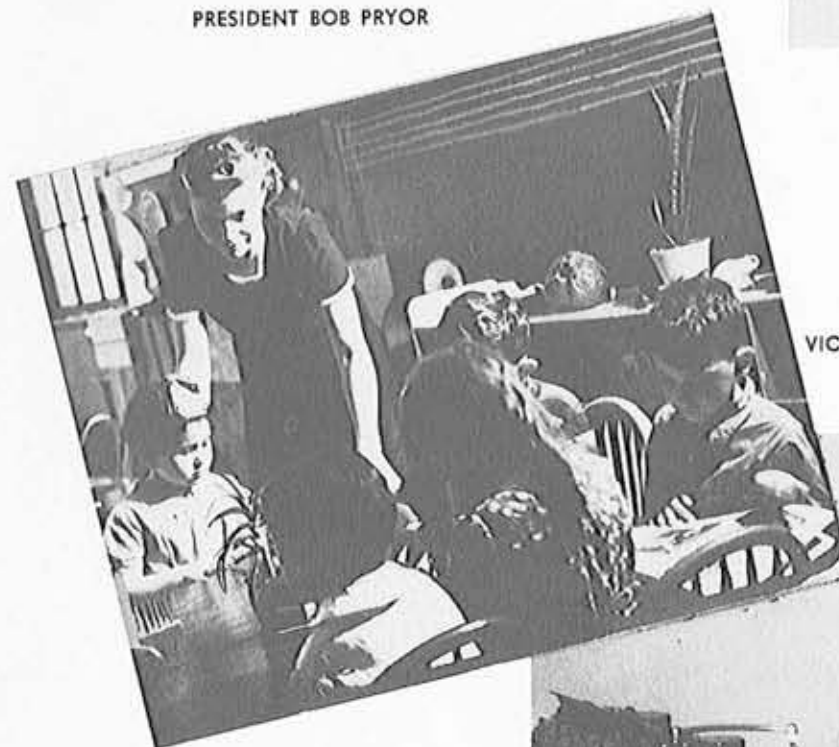
THE YEARBOOK STAFF WORKED



PRESIDENT BOB PRYOR



DOROTHY ROEDIGER, TREASURER



VICE-PRESIDENT RUTH PIERCE



IRENE CORNELL, SECRETARY

OFFICERS AT WORK



VELLA E. ADAMS



DONALD AINSWORTH



WILLIAM ALLEN



FRIEDA ALPERT



CLAYTON ANDERSON



HENRY ANDERSON



JOHN AMATANGELO



ADELINE F. ARAS



ANNE AVERBUCH



JEAN BAIRD



MOREY BARAK



PHILIP BARNSTEIN



LENA BARON



WILLARD M. BATESON



EDWIN BEHRENDT



MYER BERESH



HAROLD G. BERICK



ROSEMARY BETZING



JESSIE J. BEVERIDGE



HELEN BOEHMKE



EVELYN J. BONNINGTON



MARION EVA BORGERS



BERNICE BOUL



WESLEY BRATTAIN



SARA BRODSKY



MARION BROUTON



ALBERT BROWN



HYMAN BROWN



WHITNEY BROWN



RUTH BROWN



MARGUERETTE BRUCE



DONALD BRYANT



MARGARETTA BUELL



ROBERT BURGER



ELMER BUTLER



HELEN BYERS



RUTH BYRON



KEITH CARPENTER



MARY JANE CARR



JESSIE MARIE CARTER

Take Wayne



Arbor Day

Those who tire of Wayne's asphalt campus were no doubt soothed by the annual cries of "Three blocks above Warren!" "Functional architecture!" "on to the Library!" et al. We, too, had rosy dreams of a Greater Wayne, a sort of cross between the Chrysler Show-room and the Parthenon, but they faded in our sophomore year. Then men began to rake the broken bottles and old tin-cans out of the courtyard; we confessed to a pang of excitement, and visions of an ivy-covered patio for noon-day contemplation danced through our head. But the cement-workers came and when they were through, an ocean of fancy cement sloped toward a drain in the middle of the court, trimmed by a few frightened shrubs around the extreme edge and some new tin cans to catch cigarette butts. This catastrophe tore the last shreds of Romance from our souls. Go, silly fools, Faith in your souls, and gawk your eyes out at the model of Greater Wayne over in the Art Building! We will wander 'round the court-yard chanting *The Ballad of Reading Gull* and glowering at the cement, which will glower right back.



Wayne Boulevard

Basement lockers



For Instance...



Local coker



Quiet Hour



No Ivory Tower for Claude

You can't escape him. The Practical Soul is always with us—mulling over nefarious plans for future gain. Why even in the middle of a Quiet-Hour presentation of *The Fire-Bird*, just as we had quite reconciled ourselves to a city campus and resolved, henceforth, to look at the University's handsome silver lining, we were brought to our senses with a horrid start. The scraping together of greedy palms and the glint in the eye of the boy before us did it. "Cripes!" he whispered hoarsely to his companion, who sat on the floor beside him, surveying the room coolly. "What couldn't a guy clean up if he just had a pillow-concession here at the Union!"

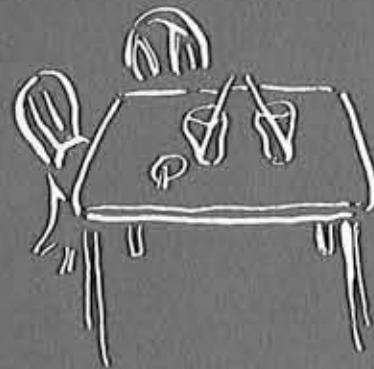
We silenced him with a glance, but the damage was irreparable. A kindred spark glowed in our mercantile tinder. We *think* the program was concluded by *Clouds* but we know that had DeBussy had the pillow concession at the Union he'd have netted a cool \$1.30. That's at the rate of a nickel per floor-sitter.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



Snack Bar - cheap, quick

The Way to a Man's Stomach

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



Registration!

Progress

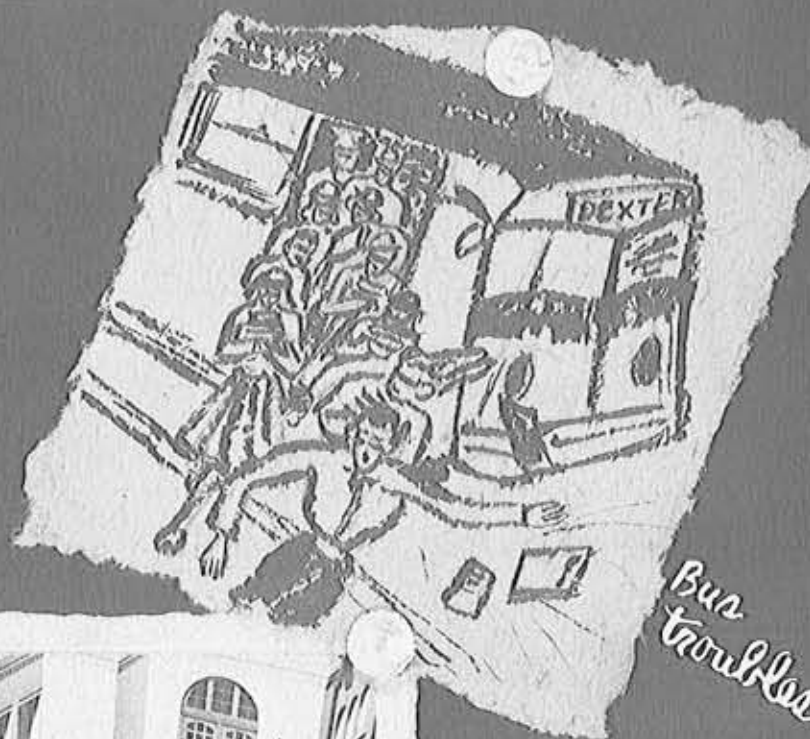
With the second-hand roar of European war-guns continually in our ears, it was distinctly gratifying to note the size of the Peace Rally this year. The current trend seemed that of genteel, repressed hostility toward war with a well-rounded program of drama, screen and lecture in opposition to more ribald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

Unsung Hero

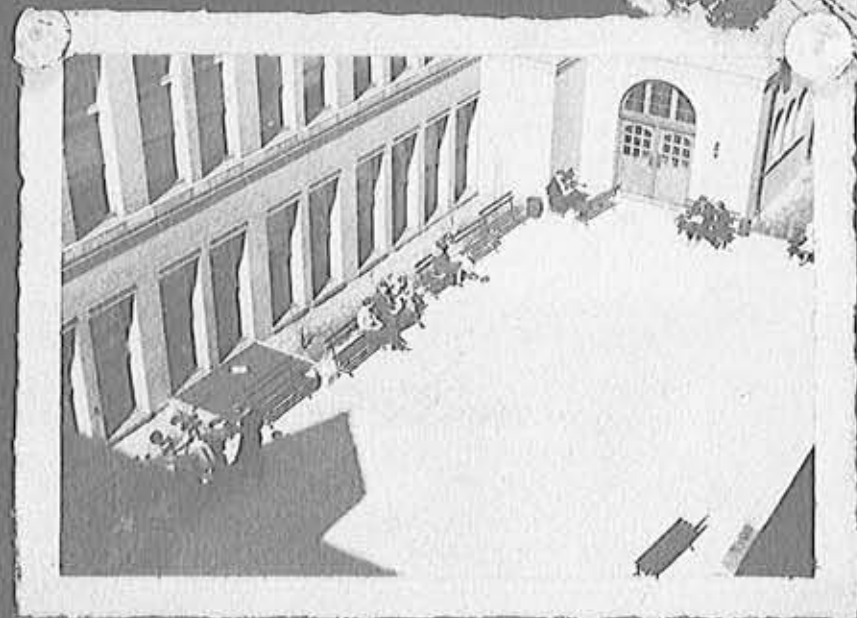
If any justice-loving soul can supply us with the name of the inventor of the two-door bus we, ourselves personally, will brave the tempest to pluck a wreath of laurel. If there be some who consider this unwarranted, we suggest he try getting off an old single-door bus, corner of Cass and Warren about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

Rock of Ages

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



Bus troubles



"Oceans of fancy cement"



Sketching by Jerry Pracock



Putting on the "marble"

Reverie

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



8:29 AM.



The ghost of the G & G.

Clock Tower Legend

We got this straight from an English Major of impeccable reputation. It seems this lad was soberly donning galoshes one lonely afternoon last February, after enduring a blue-book in English 173, when a crony steamed up and clutched him by the arm. "My God!" she croaked, eyes bulging; "there's a banshee in the clock-tower!" Before the Major could protest he found himself, muffler in hand, mounting the stairs to the cafeteria, the jittery female prodding him from the rear. Their ascension was stopped by a locked door and they stood by this barrier arguing for a time, while thunder and lightning lent a macabre charm to the deserted kitchens. Suddenly a tortured moan seeped under the door and another followed them as they plunged down the stairs.

Cool investigation failed to supply a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, leaving the way open for interesting conjecture. We feel that it could only have been the unhappy ghost of some senior who, on eve of graduation, succumbed to the news that his diploma would be withheld until he worked off that botany prerequisite for admission into Senior High School. Poor tormented spirit. We can see him walking the clock-tower, amongst the pigeons, in search of the sporangium of Stemonitis or a stray Jungermanniale.

Robert McGuire.



LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN



RODERICK A. CHARLESTON



ESTHER P. CHURCH



EDWARD CIESLAK



BETTY G. CLARKE



GERALDINE G. CLIFTON



EDDYTHE M. COLLINS



IRENE CORNELL



ROBERT W. COUCH



JACK CRANE



ETHEL V. CRANLEY



RICHARD CULBERTSON



JUNE U. CUSICK



CARL DALIGGI



MARION DAVIDSON



BEULAH K. DEINZER



BRUCE DE SPELDER



DORMAN DICKERSON



ROSE DOBROVITCH



MAX E. DODDS



GEORGE O. DOMNITCH



ROSE DOVITZ



HELEN DRAPALSKI



BERNARD L. DUNN



LOIS ECKERT



CHARLES ECKNER



ROBERT EDWARDS



KATHERINE M. EILKE



ARTHUR J. ELGES



HARRY ELKISS



RUTH EMERICK



JACK M. EMMER



CLINTON W. ENGLANDER



EMILIANO N. ERUM



HARRY V. FALKOFF



SYLVIA FELOWITZ



WILLIAM J. FINDLING



WALTER FISHMAN



NORMA K. FLIPPEN



RICHARD FOLEY



ARTHUR FOLGARTH



CHARLES FOX



NETTIE FRANZBLAU



MARJORIE FRENCH



MARY B. FRONTCAK



ROLLAND FULTON



MARY C. GARCINAVA



PHYLLIS C. GARDEN



JAMES E. GARRETSON, JR.



BERNARD B. GASPAS



BETTY GELMAN



ANDREW GERALD



MELVIN M. GERSON



BEVERLY L. GILDEA



MABEL GISZCAK



SARAH B. GOLDBERG



IRVING S. GOLDMAN



MILDRED GOLDMAN



ROMUALDA GOLLON



GWENDOLYN Y. GORDON

CAMPUS SHOTS

ROOF TILE

SCULPTURING ON THE SUNPORCH

THE TOWER

ENGINEER AT WORK

BETWEEN DANCES

Sports

Heading for the BIG TIME

By Bob Luby

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

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

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

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

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

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

Central High School was acquired for the home court of the basketball team and here was witnessed one of the most interesting annals in athletic growth at Wayne. Jim Garretson, Howard McCarty, Steve Storyk, and Jerry Sevic of this years' graduating seniors played prominent roles in the forced acquisition of the Naval Armory for the games.

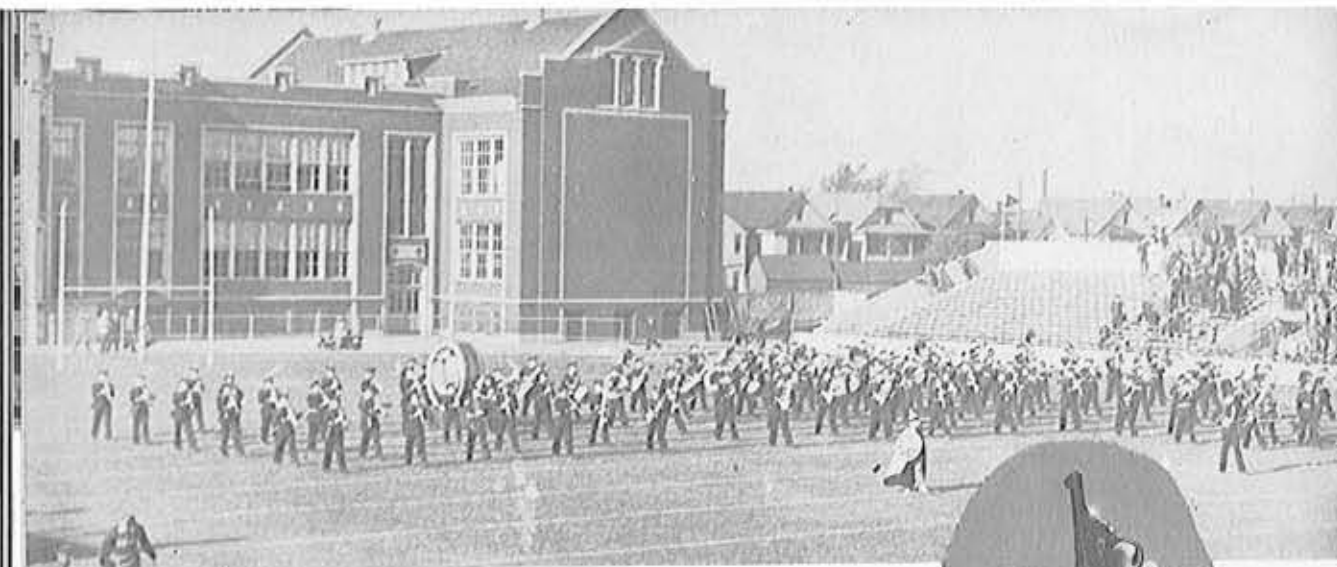


TARTAR TOUGH

TARTAR PRINCESS



TARTAR FLAG TOSSER



TRICKY FORMATION

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

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

Highlighting the seasons of the past four years has been the opener against Michigan State.

The uncanny kicking of George Gembis in the first game of this series for the first time earned for a Wayne athlete a coveted All-American rating.

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

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

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

For a sport demanding of the best of facilities, Wayne track teams have done remarkably well with the meager facilities they do use. Switching from the in-door chase to spikes on short notice they have added considerably to the trophy department of the University. In the past fifteen years they have trav-



ARE YOU GUYS READY?



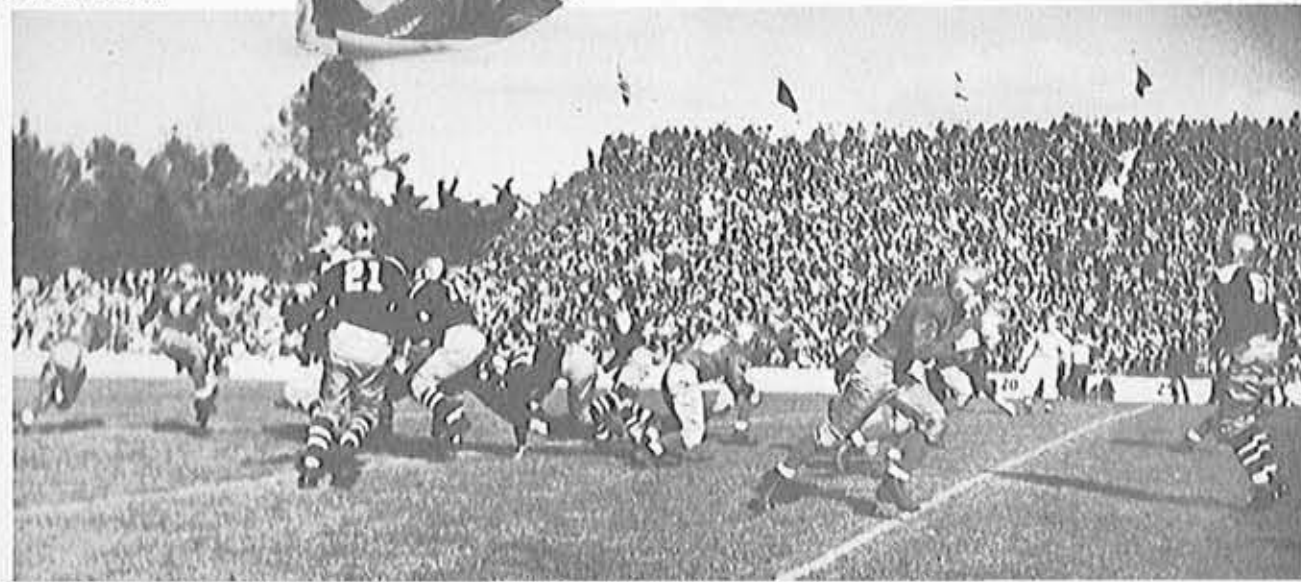
UNCLE LEO DOESN'T WORRY

TOUCHE' MRS. DE TUSCAN?



WATCHING FROM
THE SIDELINES

SCHNELKNER



elled to the great Penn Relay carnival, they have come away with eleven firsts. Dual meet records show undisputedly the year by year improvement of the squad.

Best known of all past or present Wayne athletes is former track captain, Allan Tolmich. This phenomenal speedster has amazed the sports world time and again with record breaking performances.

Tennis under the leadership of Tartar coach Wann has assumed major importance on the campus of Wayne University. The name of the school has been carried honorably all over the country by a squad of racketeers, who compiled a record that we are justly proud of. Three defeats in over seventy matches is a record matched by no other university.

Irv Blumenfeld, Mike Swetina, and Bill Maul of the "40" seniors deserve ranking as Tartar greats for their aid in establishing a fine record of thirty six consecutive wins.

Golf, coached by Dean Sheriff, is about due as far as nation wide recognition is concerned. Past records have been more than satisfactory from the standpoint of the won and lost department and augur well for the future.

Fencing's popularity throughout the country was very soon reflected in Wayne's sponsoring of a team. Success under Bela De Tuscan, coach, was almost immediate with the school laying claims to the state championship. Although a limited budget may curtail fencing activity for a short period, the sport has gained a hold that future athletic boards can not well overlook.

Men and women possessing some interest in the fortunes of Wayne athletics have obviously been thrilled by this great advance. We have much to assure of greater future thrills. The action of the athletic board in approving the addition of a baseball team to the intercollegiate program bodes well for the future in that the new balance will inevitably attract greater numbers of sports loving students.

WE HAD 'EM SCARED FOR 50 MINUTES



GENEVIEVE GRAJEK



IRENE GRAJEWSKI



ELIZABETH W. GREEN



MAX GREEN



MARGUERITE HELLSTEN



ROSEMARY HIRST



GEORGE HOLMAN



FRANK E. HOLTZMAN



CLIFFORD GREENBERG



GLADYS GREENHOE



BLASEY GRIMALDI



EVELYN L. GROSS



WANDA HORECKI



IRENE HORNSWORTH



DAVID HUGHES



BERNARD B. HYMAN



IRVING GROSS



JANET M. GROW



LEONA H. GRUBSTEIN



ABRAHAM GRUNT



MEYER E. ISRAEL



ROBERT JACQUES



BETTY JANKE



KENNETH JANKE



RALPH S. HAEFELE



RICHARD W. HANSEN



LEONA HARWITH



MARGARET J. HARVEY



MARJORIE JINNETT



RAYMOND JOHNSON



WILLIAM JOHNSTON



HARRY JOWORSKI



ARTHUR HAYET



JOHN S. HECKERT



LUCILLE HEFFERAN



HARRY HELLER



GERTRUDE JUBELT



LORRAINE KAHN



WALTER KANN



RUTH KELLY



GENEVIEVE KENNAUGH



IRENE KENSEY



JACK KLOCK



ALEXANDER KANCHIS



ROBERT KRAHN



MIRIAM KUMOVE



EDWIN LANGTRY



WINIFRED A. LASHBROOK



RUTH LAWRENCE



EDITH LAZAROFF



RUTH LEACH



STELLA K. LEBICA



SIDNEY LENHOFF



EDWARD LESIK



MORRIS LEVIN



MARY LIGHTFOOT



MARGUERITE LINDQUIST



LOUIS LIPPMAN



MILDRED H. LITKE



HARRIOT LITTLE



RUTH M. LITTLEFIELD



MARY R. LOFTUS



ROBERT LANPRI



ROBERT R. LUBY



NATHALENE LUFFBOROUGH



JANET E. LUTTENBACHER



STEPHEN F. MACHEK



THADDEUS MAGIERA



THERESA MAJEWSKI



ALEX A. MALESKI



ELEANOR MALICKE



THOMAS N. MALONE, JR.



JAMES D. MARSH



NORMA MARTIN



HELEN JEAN MARTYN



ROSALYN MASKIN



JANE MAUL



JOHN F. MAYHEW



BRUNO MAZUR



EARL MCGOWEN

SPECIAL MEETING TONIGHT

THE PRESIDENT CALLS A SPECIAL MEETING:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Russell Beggs



SWAT HIM AGAIN



A BUNCH OF THE BOYS



COCA COLA IN EVERY GLASS



FRATERNITY AND SORORITY ROW



RODERICK McGATHEN



MARGARET MCKAY



MARJORIE MCKAY



GERTRUDE MENDELSON



LEWIS W. METHNER



JUNE H. MICHAELS



EDWARD MIKRUT



HORTENSE MILLER



GORDON MILLS



LOUIS J. MINIOLE



EDWARD MINKOFF



JOHN MITCHELL



JAMES MOGLE



MIRGA MATUZAS



GRACE MOWBRAY



WALTER MROCEK



HELEN E. MUFFITT



TOMMIE SUE MULLIN



BETH MURRAY



NINA NAAS



NORMAN NAIMARK



LEONARD NELKIN



ANNA A. NELSON



SIDNEY NEWMAN



WARREN O. NICKEL



JOHN NIEMETTA



BETTY NUNNELEY



FRANK OBELNICKI



EDWARD OCHAL



WALTER PACE



JAMES PARK



GAIL PARSONS



VERA PATE



JERRY PEACOCK



KENNETH J. PENDER



DOROTHY C. PERRY



DONALD PETERSON



HARVEY PETRILLO



INEZ PETTI



RUTH PIERCE

Lost One Pearl

And we look back over four years with the Greek Sisters

By Irene Cornell

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

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

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

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



A BUNCH OF THE GIRLS



ONE TWO.
ONE TWO

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

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

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

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



MARCIA PILMORE



EDRIS B. PINNEY



PHYLLIS POTTER



ANNE PRICH



FRANK PRUDENZO



MICHAEL PRYBYLA



ROBERT L. PRYOR



ZYGMUNT RACHELSKI



DEBORAH W. REBELS



KATHELEEN K. REID



ALBERT RESNICK



MILTON B. RESSLER



RUTH B. RICHTER



TOM ROBERTS



DOROTHY J. ROEDIGER



ELIZABETH ROLFE



ADELE ROSENBERG



THERESA ROSENTHAL



AARON ROSNER



EVA ROSSMAN



CHARLOTTE W. ROTTAU



BETTY ROTTENBERG



LOUIS RUBIN



KENNETH RUMOHR



JOHN RYAN



DOROTHEA SADLER



ISRAEL SAGINAW



MARGARET SANDUSKY



JOSEPHINE SATER



ROY SATHER



ROBERT SAXON



EUGENE SCHNATZ



CHARLES SCHOLL



LEWIS B. SCHULMAN



MARION SCHWALM



OLIVE F. SELKE



OLGA SERBAY



BARBARA SHEPARD



ANNA G. SHIRILLA



JOYCE SHIRLEY



MARION L. SHOUP



SOPHIE SHUGERMAN



HELEN E. SINGER



HOWARD C. SMITH



LEON E. SMITH



MARGARET SMITH



STEPHANIE SOLIKOWSKI



ELTHEA SORENSEN



LOUISE SOULT



MOREY J. SOUTTER, JR.



ARTHUR W. SPANG



KENNETH SPEAR



LAWRENCE SPICER



RALPH SPURR



BETTY STAPLETON



STEVE STARYK



SAM C. STEARN



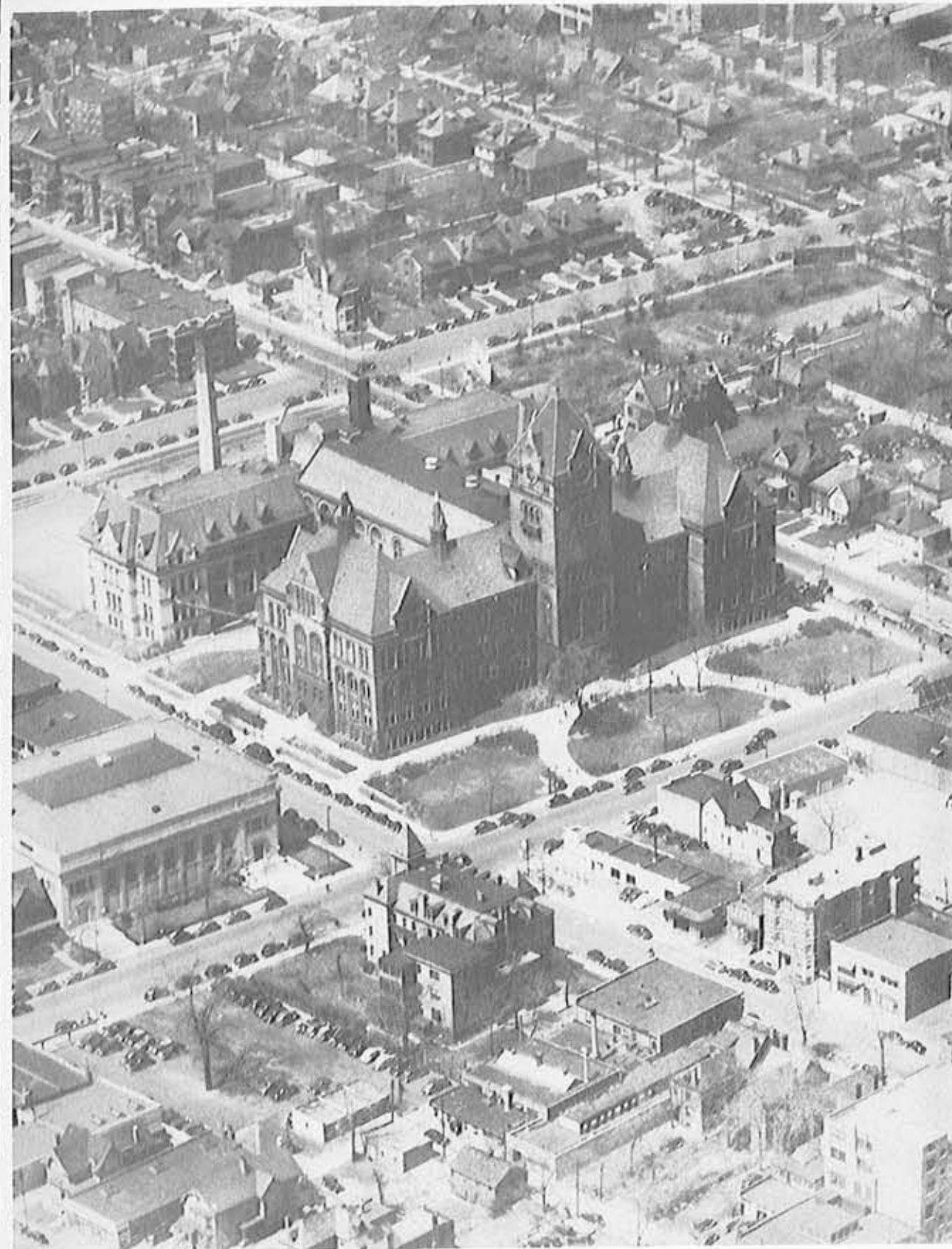
RICHARD STEGMAN



IRVING STEINBERG



SOL M. STEINHART



SPECIAL PICTURE OF WAYNE UNIVERSITY TAKEN FOR CLASS OF '40



THEATER

By Bill Woolfenden

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

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

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

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



SCENE FROM "WINTERSET"



ART



A LIFE CLASS MODEL A



BACKYARD SOIREE'

PRETTY GOOD—FOR YOU



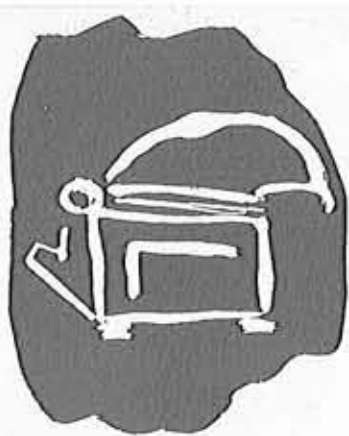
AESTHETIC CONSTRUCTION



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

These art students were pioneers in the culture program at Wayne, taking their lodgings from the rest of the school way back in 1936 when we were all just freshmen. The actual moving was a thing of wonder. Everyone grabbed what they could and wandered down the alley to their new quarters, which they immediately proceeded to rearrange to suit themselves, a process which is still going strong. Up till now they have succeeded in sticking fancy labels on the garage, kitchen and other rooms that they have remodeled way past recognition. The garage hasn't had a minute's rest since the gang arrived, what with painting the windows so no one could peek in, classes meeting every hour, and someone knocking down the walls all through vacation.

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



PUBLICATIONS

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

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

Now anyone can see that to do all this the publications building must shelter a wide assortment of budding journalists. We'd like to suggest the hour after a deadline, or some mid-night at the printers for anyone desiring to see journalism at its tensest moments. The evenings at the printers are really tops for excitement. To complicate the whole thing right from the start, the printers hide out in Redford, which is quite a hike from the publications building on any three busses. Usually after this trip is accomplished, however, it turns out that the lead story is carefully tucked in the desk at the *Collegian* office or better, the one national advertisement is lost. These little sessions usually break up just in time for the boys to tear back to school for their 8:30 classes. Anyway it's a good excuse for not shaving.

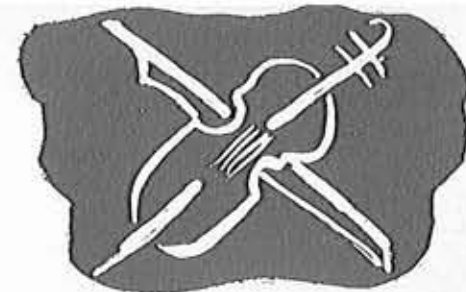
Occupying offices in the back regions of the publications building, the engineers gather once a month to assemble the *Wayne Engineer*, a natty little booklet filled with all sorts of technical information to brighten the days of these hard working souls. To dilettantes such as ourselves, however, the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

COPY DESK AT 6:00 P.M.



EDITOR WALT FISHMAN

MUSIC



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

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

Another one of these musicians' favorite methods of startling the uninitiated is achieved by wrapping their members in all sorts of fancy costumes which lean heavily on the colorful side. The a cappella choir emerged from one of the earliest splashing all done up in brilliant blue with spangles of white added here and there, giving a slightly upholstered effect. And the band in what seems to have been an overly patriotic moment got itself talked into green and gold uniforms, which are all that could be expected.

OUR CHAMPION BAND PERFORMERS



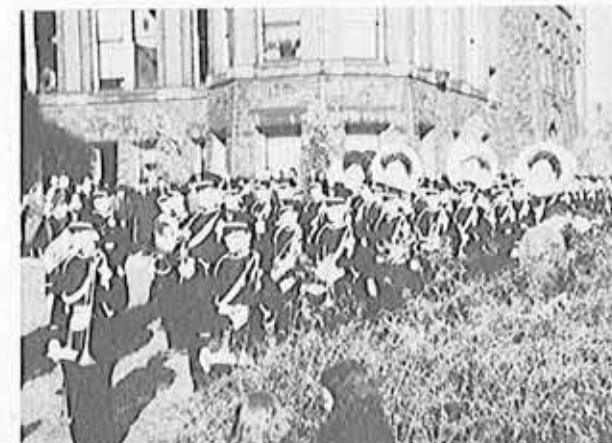
TALLMAN DIRECTS



MR. CAMPBELL'S PIANO CLASS



THE BAND AT SWINGOUT





SPEECH

Our selection for the wordiest event of the school year would be the annual speech banquet which winds up the activities at the speech department. Can't you just imagine the glorious eloquence with which these speech majors deliver their after dinner speeches? After a whole year of practice the boys should be in top form to hurl some of those pearly phrases at each other. It must really be a gathering of Titans that would make good old F. D. R. look to his laurels.

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

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



WHICH REMINDS ME OF A STORY

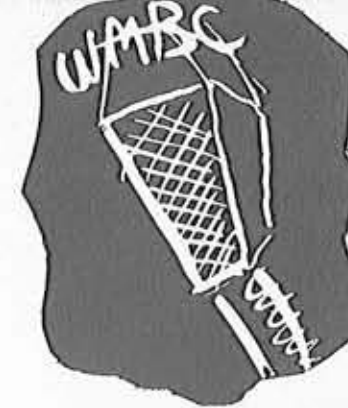


RADIO



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

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



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN; YOU ARE LISTENING—



WE'RE ON THE AIR





RAYMOND STEPARK



JEAN STERN



RUTH M. STEVENS



FAYE H. STILES



ROBERT H. STOETZER



BOB STONE



MARIE B. SUFFEL



SUSANNA SUNDERHAFT



VINCENT J. SWEENEY



LAWRENCE SWEET



HELEN SZAJNA



MARIE SZYPERSKI



JEAN TEAGUE



MARY THIERWECHTER



RUTH THOMADSEN



WILLIAM THOMPSON



MARY C. THURLOW



DOROTHY TILLMANNS



HAROLD S. TOBIAS



WILLARD J. TOWERS



PATRICIA TREIS



MARY JANE TUTTLE



BEVERLY VAN DE LAARE



RUTH WAGMAN



ALFRED WARYAS



JEANNE C. TROTHAN



MARIE V. ULMER



JACOB J. VAROUJAN



BETTY JANE WALLACE



BELLE WASSERMAN



EFFIE TUISKU



ELIZABETH UPTON



BARBARA VAUGHN



ARTHUR WALTERS



GENE WATSON



ELIZABETH TURNER



BETTY VANDAGRIFF



FLORENCE A. VIRGNEAU



EDWINA WARNER



MILDRED WATSON



SEYMOUR B. WEDES



MAX WEINZWEIG



ADELE WEXLER



FRED WHITE



SHIRLEY WICKSON



BETTY WILDER



PEARL WILKINSON



CAROL WILLIAMS



EDWARD WILLIAMS



ISOBEL WILLIAMS



MORRIS O. WILLIAMS



MARGUERITE WILLMARTH



BETTY WOLFE



BILL WOOLFENDEN



BLANCHE A. WUNDERLICH



FRED ZEGMAN



M. A. ZEGOWSKI



SIDNEY ZIRULNIK



MAKY HILLOCK



EDITH SLUTZKY



MALDO JENKINS



TAISSA KELLMAN



LILLIAN R. STEIN



RICHARD SENTER



S. WOJTASIK



THOMAS DIGAETANO

ARLENE ANDREWS
HELEN ARNBERG
ROBERT ARONSON
HARLAN ARTHUR
ARTHUR ASH
FRED ATKINSON
ROSE BAIRD
DOROTHY BAKER
HOWARD BAKER
LILLIE EDNA BARCLAY
RUTH ETHEL BARCLAY
STANLEY A. BAUMANN
JOHN BAZAR
MAMIE M. BEATTIE
ARNOLD BERGMAN
ALICE BICE
GERTRUDE BERNSTEIN
GRACE HELEN BETSCHLAY
LILLIAN OLIVE BLAKE
HAROLD JANE BLAKESLEE
IRVING BLUMENFELD
RUTH BREMER
HELEN BROOKS BREWSTER
HELEN BREWSTER
MARY CATHERINE BROOKS
MARY BROWN
LAWRENCE BRUND
RUTH BRYAN
ERNEST BUCHANAN
FRANCES BUCKLEY
FANNIE BUNN
EDITH MAY BURKE
ROBERT BURKE
ALBERT H. BURNS
NATHAN BUTRIMOVITZ
CORA LOUISE CAMP
RUTH L. CARLSON
BETTY CARR

CATALDO C. CASUCCI
RICHARD CHADWICK
RUTH M. CHAVEY
CHARLES R. CHIRNOCK
PAUL E. CHRISTENSEN
WILLIAM CLARE
ALMEDA CLAYTON
JOSEPH COCHEN
BETTY COHEN
JOAN LOS COLE
MARGARET CONKLIN
WHITFIELD CONNOR
MARY COOK
LEONARD M. CORBETT
BETTY RUTH CORNS
ALICE R. COUGHLIN
KATHLEEN COULTER
ERNEST J. COVERDILL
EVELYN CROWLEY
BEATRICE DAKE
LEONARD S. CZAJCZYNSKI
HELEN DAVIDOWICZ
BETTY DAVIES
ADELE DAVIS
HELEN ANNE DE BAEKE
MARION EISLEY
MARABEL DENENBURG
PETER DENNY
JESSIE DEUEL
GEORGE S. DIEDRICH
THOMAS DI GEAETANO
LUTHELLE S. DONOVAN
MINNIE B. DONOVAN
AKIVAH DRASHIN
LEONARD DUBE
GRACE EDLMAN
FRANCES SCHOLS
ANNE EVERETT

BERNARD E. FARRER
ALBERT FEIGENSON
OLIVE ELIZABETH FLUCKER
RICHARD FOSSE
BURL FOSTER
DOROTHY THOMAS FOX
DONALD FREEMAN
MARY FULLER
ANTHONY GABRIEL
EDWIN W. GALEPSKY
HELEN GARVEY
NORMA GELOFF
STANFORD GLAZER
EDITH M. GODFREY
JOHN ESTELLE GOLDSWORTHY
MARGARET GOLD
EVELYN GORE
GENEVIENE GRAJEK
HELEN GRAJEWSKI
BERNARD GRANADIER
MAX GREEN
CLIFFORD GREENBERG
GLADYS L. GREENHOOD
MARGARET GREENHODGE
MILDRED H. GRINNELL
VIRGINIA GROTHKIEWICZ
EVELYN R. GROSS
IRVING GROSS
LEONA HELEN GRUBSTEIN
BENEDICT GRAYCAN
RICHARD HAEFEL
HAZEL DODDING HARPER
ELIZABETH E. HARRINGTON
JOHN T. HARRIS
HENRY HARTKOP
MARGARET HARVEY
LEONA HARTWITZ
BETTY JANE HATHAWAY

ARTHUR HAYET
GERALDINE HAYNES
EDWARD A. HAYWOOD
ALICE HAZARD
LUCILLE HEAVNER
HARRY HELLER
VIOLET A. HELLGREN
VICTOR HERMAN
DOROTHY HERSHBERGER
LUCILLE E. HEYNS
GRACE HUGH
DONALD HOESS
IRIS HOFFMEYER
SEENA G. HONEYMAN
BETTY EDG. HORNINGS
CARL HORWICH
HELEN HUBBARD
IRIS HUBBARD
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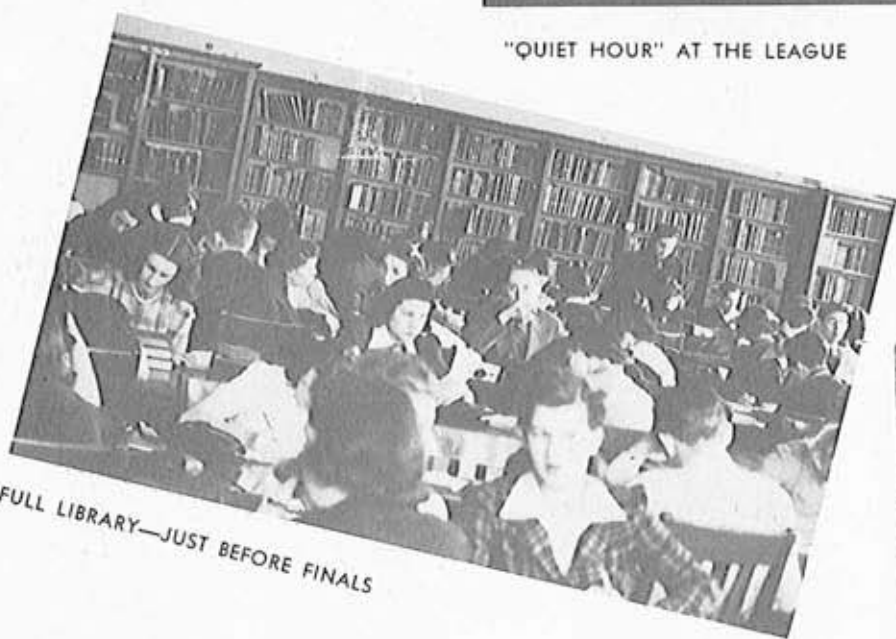
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