

CRIPPLED HIGH BEATEN BY PONTIAC

Losers Put Up Game Fight Against Beefy and Rangy Victors

Outweighed by at least 20 pounds to the man, but not outfought, the University High team went down to defeat at the hands of their huskier and more experienced Pontiac opponents by a 22-to-0 score.

From the time when the two teams first lined up, it was evident that the University lads were in for a stiff battle, their opponents towering above them, and having much the better of the argument in the matter of beef. Our lads went into the battle heart and soul, not becoming discouraged when they realized that the Pontiac men were much stronger than they were; nor were they discouraged when Reno and Barton were forced out early in the game, the one with a sprained wrist and the other with a sprained ankle. Our line seemed to be unable to stop the fierce rushes of the husky Pontiac backs, the left side of the line being especially weak. Time after time the Pontiac backs hit the left side of the line and rarely was there a gain of less than five yards. The game was a clean one throughout, only two penalties being inflicted, and they were both on Pontiac for being off side. Much credit must be given to the Detroit backs, especially to Barton, who before his injury was the star of the game. Savage and Carroll also played well, Savage doing most of Detroit's gaining after Barton was forced out. On the line Captain Finn, Fitzgerald, Nolan and Conner were the best men. The captain held down his flank very well and reeled off the largest gain made by Detroit when he ran 30 yards with a forward pass. The big stars of the Pontiac team were Starr, G. Robertson, Captain Armstrong and Logie.

U. OF D.		PONTIAC.	
Bowman.....	left end.....	Heiniecke	
Holland.....	left tackle.....	Clark	
Conner.....	left guard.....	Baer	
Fitzgerald.....	center.....	G. Robertson	
Reno.....	right guard.....	Pomfret	
Nolan.....	right tackle.....	Stroup	
Finn.....	right end.....	Armstrong	
(capt.)	(capt.)		
McCarthy.....	quarterback.....	Starr	
Barton.....	right half.....	Boardman	
Hanifan.....	left half.....	Logie	
Savage.....	fullback.....	Batr	
	1	2	3
Pontiac.....	2	7	13
U. High.....	0	0	0-22

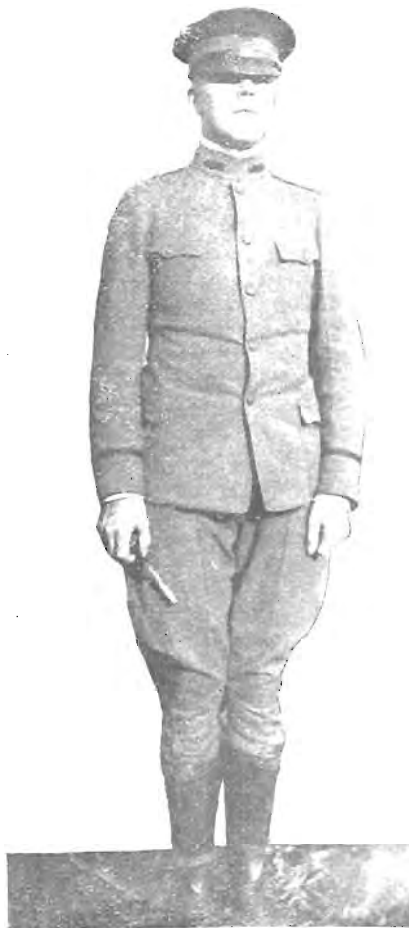
Substitutions—Sitts for Pomfret, Reilly for Reno, Crandall for Barton, Carroll for Crandall.

LIEUTENANT JAMES E. POWRIE TO COMMAND STUDENTS ARMY TRAINING CORPS AT THE UNIVERSITY

Lieut. James Powrie, the Commandant in charge of the S. A. T. C. at the University, has arrived and taken up rooms at the Statler. To the visitor the lieutenant stands out a rangy, muscular soldier with a deal of administrative ability. The lieutenant is a college man and an athlete whose main exercise and hobby is boxing. From this it may be gleaned that those who go forth from the University will be able to handle themselves with the padded gloves.

According to present plans Lieutenant Powrie intends to prescribe the fistic art as part of our daily routine. The fact that the commandant is an athlete himself and will encourage athletics in as far as they do not interfere with the daily drill, will be welcome news to the greater part of the student body. It is possible that an impromptu football schedule may be arranged with institutions within a radius of a hundred miles. However, time for practice must not interfere with the drill and study, and for this reason it may be difficult to have a first class team. But as other institutions are in somewhat the same plight the situation is not bad.

Before entering the army Lieutenant Powrie was in the department of the interior. His ability as an administrator earnestly and whole heartedly we will not find the officers lacking in patience. And we must go at our work with a will and forget the old adage that "everything new is hard to do," and we will find that the military art will come easily. Study and work will be the watchwords but abiding in them we cannot fail to be good soldiers.



We wonder how the Goddess of Liberty looks with a "pay here" sign hanging out. If the Spanish influenza doesn't we'll have to suspend prohibition.

STUDENTS WANT TO COMMENCE TRAINING

Work to Start This Week; New Quarters All Ready for Use

The physical examination for admittance to the Students' Army training corps was held Monday and Tuesday at the office of Dr. William Keane, former medical attendant of the Detroit Tigers. As we go to press results are not available for publication, but a few particulars concerning qualifications may be stated.

Any certified student of the school is eligible for the corps provided he registered September 12. If he registered previous to that he is in Class 1-A he is ineligible, but if in any other class, he may join the corps. Thus even men formerly available only for limited service may be candidates.

Those eligible who pass the physical test, which will not be overly stringent, must appear before their draft boards and be voluntarily inducted into the service, October 15 being the last day on which this may be done. As soon as the desired quota of 150 is reached, admission will be impossible.

The corps will be directed by Lieutenant Powrie, who will have some three second lieutenants to assist him. The schedule has not been definitely fixed as yet but will probably include from 8 to 12 hours of drill each week and two hours of supervised study each night except Saturday. The course will be arraigned so as to give more military and less scholastic studies according to the student's age.

Equipment has been ordered and is reported on the way. Rifles originally ordered by the Russian government but not delivered will be used.

Quarters will be, not as previously announced at D. U. S., but in a section of the spacious Engineers' Shop Rooms.

The students are quite enthusiastic over the prospects and are waiting impatiently for things to start.

As a local paper suggested, there is one economic feature (the C. P.) in the Hohenzollern family. They need not go out of the family for a court fool.

"I write just exactly as I feel," said George, of last year's staff, and we replied, "The worst of it is, you make us feel the way you write."

"TILLIE" VOSS JOINS TANK CORPS

"Tillie" Voss, our last year's football and basketball captain and the backbone of all U. of D. teams for the last three years, has enlisted in the tank corps and is now stationed at Gettysburg, Pa.

"Tillie" had previously enlisted in the Marines, but fell sick and went to the country to recover. When he returned he had been drafted, and permission to join the Marines was refused him by his draft board. "Tillie" however, persisted with his characteristic "fight" spirit and was finally granted permission to join the tank corps.

Roy Hayes, our prominent bustling business manager, was playing pool the other night with the circumspect circulation manager. Roy was "scratching" so often that his opponent became sarcastic. "Got the cooties?" he asked.

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SERVICE SECTION

If some one would only demand our table we would not mind so much. We have a new one coming, anyway.

(We will be grateful for any information tendered us regarding the U. of D. men in service. Give us their address and we will gladly forward them a Varsity News.)

Harry Costello, former football coach of the U. of D., and first lieutenant in the Infantry, is now in the front line trenches on the western front. The Herald's will probably try and schedule a game with Camp Custer when they find that Harry and his side partner Moriarity have departed. They will certainly be missed at Custer when the football season opens.

"Vince" Brennan, member of last year's staff, took advantage of his first furlough from Great Lakes Training Camp to pay us a visit, and attempt to collect an old debt of five. Needless to say our bustling business manager received with open arms but with closed pocketbook.

Hugh "Bus" McPhee, with the Emergency Fleet, is on his way to San Juan, Porto Rico, U. S. West Indies, on U. S. S. Alioth.

Arthur O'Shea, of last year's sophomore class, writes from Austin, Tex., that he expects to fly his own ship this week. Art was the only one of last year's football team to take advantage of the government's request for men to enlist in the aviation. Good luck, Art. Be sure and strap yourself in on your first trip.

Fred Haner, graduate of the Law School, has been promoted to lieutenant after several months of diligent study. Fred is now instructing at a southern camp.

Lieutenant Louis H. Charbonneau, after making request, was relieved from adjutant's position and placed in charge of 450 men at Camp Dodge, Iowa.

Musings at Sea.

(The following verses were written by a member of the Field Signal Battalion on the transport which carried them over. It expresses the sentiments of the boys going overseas.)

Today overhangs a heavy mist.
The waves roll high, the ship it twists
And zigzags far across the sea,
To another land that is new to me.

Yet as I look down from o'er the rail,
My thoughts are naught of how we sail;
Of how we reach the shores of France,
Or how we'll cross the German "Branch."

Or if perchance, a submarine
Is waiting and lurking right near our
scant;
If our big boat should spring a leak,
And leave no place for us to sleep.

With all our beans and bully beef,
Our rice, our bread and all our eats,
Were to the sharks and fishes fed,
Or if tomorrow we should all be dead.

But my thoughts are of Kaiser Bill,
The silly stiff, the crummy pill;
Of how he brought this war about,
And caused us to sail this long, long
route.

And then again of that final day,
When Victory's laurels have shed
their ray;
And every country with all their
pride
Will not Old Glory's rights deny.

Prof.—Are you familiar with Caesar?
Robrig—Yes. He (Caeddeke) took
my picture.

Co-ed a Welcome Addition to Staff; is Key Expert

In line with the program for a bigger and better Varsity News, the co-eds of the University will be represented on the staff. Miss Edith M. Turner will take up the burden of chronicling co-ed activities. Miss Turner is a student in the Law Department, coming to the University from Blessed Sacrament High School. The women of the school should not be so bashful about contributing to or visiting the editorial dungeon, now that one of their number has become an official adjunct.

Detroit Men Show Well.

Quite a percentage record was made at Fort Sheridan by the U. of D. Out of 3,500 candidates for officers this summer, 1,400 were commissioned. Of these, the U. of D. received six out of seven—a wonderful achievement and a compliment to the engineering faculty. Elmer Paquette, Freshmen engineer of last year, was the sixth to be made second lieutenant, receiving his commission at Camp Perry. He was sent to this camp from Fort Sheridan and will be instructor there.

LATE TIMOTHY HURLEY A FRIEND OF UNIVERSITY

The death of Timothy Hurley at his home Thursday, September 19, was deeply regretted by members of the faculty and friends of the school, as well as by student associates of his son Ignatius B. Hurley, who graduated two years ago and is now a sergeant in the U. S. Signal Corps. Two of Mr. Hurley's other sons attended the school and the father was thus brought into close contact with the school authorities.

A fine example of a generous Irish Catholic, he will be long remembered by his friends. He was the donor of many scholarships and medals as well as being one of the founders of the University of Detroit.

Mr. Hurley's career was typical of a self-made man. Coming penniless from Ireland at an early age, he sailed for several years, later forsaking the sea and gradually working into the fuel business. The J. and T. Hurley firm is the oldest fuel concern in the city, the firm name being maintained even after the drowning of the other partner, his brother John, twenty-six years ago.

During his later days Timothy Hurley traveled extensively up and down this continent and in Europe, but for the past five years he seldom left his Grosse Pointe home, his strength gradually deserting him.

Ty Cobb entered the Liquid Fire division and was made a captain. Ditto Tris Speaker. If only some of our student chemists were good enough ball players they might land something like that, too.

Buy, Buy, Liberty Bonds or Bye, Bye, Liberty.—Detroit News.



A Fall Boot Built on Military Lines

One of the dominant things about men's shoes for fall is the distinct military trend—men are asking for and wearing shoes in dark mahogany and wine colors built on military lasts.

In Wine Cordovan

This boot in wine cordovan comes with either a plain toe or with tip, blucher cut or straight lace. It has heavy welt soles and is unusually attractive in appearance and serviceable. Priced at

\$8 to \$13

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Regarding Reserves

General Foch knows the value of reserves and did not strike until he had the reserves to insure success. Now he has the greatest reserve in the world, the American Army.

Have you anything in reserve in the event of loss, sickness, accident or death? A bank account is an excellent reserve but sometimes takes a long time to accumulate.

The best reserve is an insurance policy.

The cost is trifling.

Our life policies pay \$10.00 per month per thousand for total disability on account of accident or disease. Such payments are not deducted from the face value of the policy.

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Varsity Chronicle.

First Alumnus Victim of Spanish Influenza Is Edward J. Burns

Ex-Yell Master Edward Kennedy is at present a law student. Ed. and ye ed. are unanimous in their opinion of the navy examiner who turned them both down for physical defects. But he will probably get into the S. A. T. C., so his fate is not so very bad.

Dan Scanlon who was a member of the present Junior class three years ago, will be back with the "old gang" in the S. A. T. C. The bad penny always returns. Nothing personal, of course.

Paul Kenny and Leo Clark, former high school basket ballers, will also return.

Tommy Murphy, who has been a Western High football star since he left the U. of D. high a couple of years ago, announces that he will take the physical exam. for the S. A. T. C. There will be something wrong if Tommy doesn't pass.

Of course Mose Ronayne will be there. What would the Soph. glee club do without him?

They are all remarking about Fr. Schlockenmeyer, the new professor of trigonometry and solid geometry. The boys seem well satisfied and completely overwhelmed by his speed.

Mr. Louvo, our staff artist, is at work again and the results may be found somewhere in this issue. Louie has a future before him.

Subscriptions are coming in fine, but, HAVE YOU?

With deep regret the student body heard of the death of Edward J. Burns, a graduate of the High School in 1915. "Eddie" contracted Spanish influenza and pneumonia at Great Lakes Naval Training Station and died Tuesday morning, September 24. He enlisted in the Navy about a month ago and had just completed his training previous to assignment to a transport.

In his last year of high school



Burns was a member of the Class Entertainment committee and leader of the famous Fourth Year clown band, which performed at the football games. His famous "stunts" took with the students and helped to instill "pep" into them and into the team.

Since leaving school, he had been employed in the Car Demurrage Department of the Michigan Central Railroad Co.

The funeral was held with military escort Friday morning, September 27, from Holy Rosary church. A very impressive eulogy was delivered by Fr. Van Antwerp, an old friend of the deceased.

A sad feature of the sudden death was the absence of the sailor's mother, who was in the West and could not get home in time for the funeral. Besides his parents, he is survived by a brother, Charles, a student in the high school, and a sister, Miss Heleue Burns.

Three Would-be Volunteers Reported Out of Luck

Latest reports have it that no more men will be taken into the Naval Ensign training camp, not even men who have been signed up with the Naval Auxiliary Reserve Corps. This leaves three students in an awkward fix.

Joseph Clark, of last year's staff, Bob Feys, Junior Lit. '18, and Joseph Pach, Law '18, had all been enrolled in the N. A. R. C., but had not been called to camp. Now they will be dropped from the lists and reclassified as I-A men, which leads us to wonder "When is a volunteer not a volunteer?"

Ed. Burns' sudden death placed the fourth gold star on the Holy Rosary service flag of 700 names. He also was the sixth Detroit victim at Great Lakes of influenza.

What's become of the fellow who was so stingy he would swallow his spit to save his false teeth? How "much" Liberty Bond has he?

Philomathic Suspends Activities For Year; Philaethic to Resume

On account of the war conditions prevailing at the University the activities of the Philomathic, the Senior debating society, will not be resumed. The program of studies does not include debating, and since there will be no time available, such activity must cease.

The Philaethic Society of the High School, however, will soon be in full swing. Up to the present there has been no meeting of the society. This is due largely to the unsettled conditions prevalent in the High School, and it is simply a matter of time as to when the first meeting of the society will be called.

The Idealist.

(A contributed answer to the Prude published in our last issue.)

The pale moon shed its magic light
Over the city and through the street
A youth was bidding a maid good-night,
A maid both fair and sweet.

He stooped to take the usual fare,
But she smiled and shook her head.
Perhaps her kind are few and rare,
But the youth, too, was well-bred.

So he went on his way unknissed,
And the maiden—did she rue
An opportunity she missed
By being to another true?

Fifty of Eighty Navy Candidates Are Chosen

About eighty students attempted to pass the Navy examination, Monday, September 23, to qualify for entrance to the corps of Navy men that will train at the University. As the school quota is only fifty and plenty qualified, the best fifty were chosen and sworn in. These men will not be quartered at the school as will the S. A. T. C. They will be allowed two dollars a day for maintenance at home. Their course of instruction will also be separate as it will differ radically from the army training.

According to a recent announcement, the navy training corps will not begin until October 15, to enable all the schools to secure and swear in their quota.

"WHY WORRY?"

"Either you're in the army or out of the army. If you're out of the army you have nothing to worry about, and if you're in the army, one of two things is certain: Either you're behind the lines or you're at the front.

"If you're behind the lines there is no need to worry, and if you're at the front one of two things is certain: Either you're resting in a safe place or you're exposed to danger.

"If you're resting in a safe place there is no need to worry, and if you're exposed to danger one of two things is certain: Either you're wounded or you're not wounded.

"If you're not wounded there is no need to worry; if you're wounded, one of two things is certain: You're wounded slightly or you're wounded bad.

"If you're wounded slightly there is no need to worry, and if you're wounded bad, one of two things is certain: You're either going to get better or you're going to die.

"If you're going to get better there is no need to worry, and if you're going to die, you can't worry."—Anonymous.

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"I would therefore urge that the people continue to give earnest support to their schools of all grades and that the schools adjust themselves as wisely as possible to the new conditions to the end that no boy or girl shall have less opportunity for education because of the right education of all its people."—President Wilson.

Liberty or Tyranny

The Fourth Liberty Loan drive is on. Six months ago witnessed the successful floating of the Third Loan at a time when all was gloom—when the Russians had collapsed, the Turks were victorious in Asia, the Bulgars were sweeping the Balkans, and worst of all Hindenburg's mighty battering ram of headless Huns was crushing English and French with its irresistible lunges—in short, at a time when most of all Americans might have had some pretext for anxiety over their investment.

Today all is changed. The Russians are slowly being reorganized, the Turks have been smashed into a fleeing mob, the Bulgars are seeking to head off worse than their present disaster by a hasty peace, Austria is making overtures, the western front is again in Allied control and three million Americans are all ready to act as America's collection agents at Berlin. What more could be desired?

The Liberty Loan represents not a speculation, but an absolutely safe and sane investment. To refuse to buy bonds now would mean to starve the goose that laid the golden eggs. Will Detroit be guilty of such folly? A bond in time saves nine. The more we concentrate our energies and resources right now, the sooner will this war be satisfactorily concluded. Our share is \$76,000,000. Will you take your share? Remember the war is being won but it is not won. It is your buy. Will you invest in the bonds of Liberty or by non-co-operation, invest in the bonds of tyranny?

Robert Morris gave his whole fortune of several million dollars to the cause of American liberty. Security, interest? He asked none. We are only asked to invest with security and interest.

The Task.

You men who join the Students' Army Training Corps, think not that it is going to be the light adventure you are prone to consider it. It will not be merely a little government control of your college course; no, it is a serious undertaking. It means that you are joining the American army. You will be subject to army rules and regulations, army difficul-

ties and inconveniences. You will leave the school in a few months, not as light hearted graduates but as soldiers. Officer or private, you will be called on to face the worst the world can show you—diabolical ingenuity under the guidance of a fiend. You will have to struggle, to suffer, to meet fellowman in mortal combat. Perhaps you will come through unharmed—perhaps you will be wounded—perhaps you may have to give up life itself.

But be not discouraged—your task is hard, yet success connotes but one essential requisite—unswerving, unwavering pursuance of duty. If you but have the will to perform faithfully the task that confronts you, failure is impossible; America will not forget you if you return, and the personal satisfaction that attends a high ideal nobly followed will in itself prove the most perfect of rewards; and if, some fateful day, your task should lead you to the Great West whence no man ever returns, remember that it was no idle boast, no mere rhetorical phrase that the Romans had in mind when they said Dulce et decorum est pro Deo et patria mori; for in truth it is sweet and befitting to die for God and one's country.

The Official Organ.

The Varsity News has been selected by the faculty as the medium through which government orders, pertaining to the S. A. T. C., will be transmitted. The V. N. has been looked upon as the official organ for the students since its innovation mainly because it was edited solely by students; and secondly, because it was the only printed bulletin reaching every student. Therefore, if you wish authentic information consult the Varsity News which is not entirely out of the Faculty's supervision. It would be well if one department which has not recognized the paper in this manner to read the V. N. more thoroughly and cause less dissension in the future. Department headings are given over to the respective departments to interest the students in those departments. The more material handed in the more space will be allowed.

SPIRIT

As practically all of us are enlisted in the government service, let us take hold of our task with a double-hearted spirit. We must not lag. We must perform our daily duties with a vim. We must keep in mind that there are over a million of others more burdened than we and they are getting results by their energy, their ambition, their patriotism and their willingness to do honor to their country. Be cautious of the rut into which your mind may be tempted to fall. There may be inconveniences and hardships which, on the face, appear almost intolerable, but turn your thoughts to the boys in the trenches who are suffering not for themselves alone but for the nation, that we may be free and become democratic. Do not be soldier-slackers, fellows! Do not do just what you are asked to do. Do a little more than you are asked, not only for your own good but for the honor of the nation and of the University. If you can "carry on" with a cheer and a smile the world will do homage to you together with the rest of her heroes who are giving up their lives that the Hand of Autocracy may be amputated. Get together and work out this course with a vim and determination that will bring you the much-aspired title: **Champion of Democracy.**

Before any of these peace treaties are signed we recommend two stipulations: First, let us give them a piece of our mind, next let us give them a peace of our mind.

To Be or Not To Be?

Scene 1. 1918.

Two young men were engaged in a heated political argument.

"Why, Jack, you surely don't mean that you would favor an immediate peace?"

"Absolutely," countered Jack emphatically. "The Germans will know enough not to start anything again for a good long while, and think of the thousands of American lives we'll be saving. Sure I favor immediate peace."

Joe bit into a cigar savagely. "Yes, we'll save thousands of lives now and lose millions of them in a few years."

"Oh, no, there'll be a League of Nations to insure peace in a few years," assured Jack.

* * *

Scene 2. 1938.

Two men, now middle aged, met on the street.

"Joe, Joe, did you see this?" cried one of them, thrusting the day's casualty list at the other. "Those damnable Huns have killed my boy."

"That so?" queried Joe politely. "I see the German navy bombarded New York."

"Yes, yes, my boy was there. He had an office position that I got for him when the war broke out. And now—" his voice died into a groan.

Joe started to move away. Jack stretched out a detaining hand.

"Joe, you haven't even expressed your sympathies."

"No," was the unexpected reply, "I have none."

Joe staggered back. "What! You hear that a father has lost his only son and feel no sympathy? Especially when he is your friend?"

Joe shook his head. "Jack, you helped caused this war when you spent every effort trying to end the great war of twenty years ago in a compromise. Every sane person warned you and your kind at that time but you wouldn't be convinced—you couldn't see beyond your own pocketbook or your chance of being made to fight."

"But Joe," cried Jack distractedly, "we all wanted peace. No one could foresee this war then."

Joe silenced him with a gesture. "I might forget that Jack; but just yesterday I saw an article signed by you in which you urged the government not to send an army across but fight a purely naval war, at the same time negotiating a diplomatic settlement. And you indorsed a self-confessed pacifist candidate at the polls. That is why I have no sympathy with your self-inflicted sorrow—because you are paving the way for a future just as when you were younger you paved the way for this needless sacrifice."

Dear reader, is this tableau to be or not to be? Are you playing the role of Jack or Joe?

They are all taking their slap at that Ludington citizen so we might as well take ours. Our theory is that he had heard so much about dollar diplomacy that he began to take stock in it.

One unfortunate candidate in the senatorial race is having the Bible quoted against him. Fortunately for him however, it is not the Duai but the John Franklin edition.

A man who would contribute a dollar to a political campaign and then ask it back would seem rather green, which leads us to remark: Did he want his dollar back of his green-back?

The clown prince predicts peace in six months, showing what sublime faith he has in the American army.

The Business of Hating.

(This editorial, taken from an A. E. F. organ, well indicates the soldier's attitude on the Hate question.)

It is not an uncommon phenomenon to come upon a group of people talking hate, secure in the profound belief that they are talking war. This is probably a pleasant though hardly profitable way in which to spend an afternoon, but a greater objection still, lies in the fact that it wins no battles. It is markedly noticeable that those who take part in the actual waging of this war waste very little time in singing hymns of hate. They leave that department to the Germans, who have perfected it to a nicety. Doubtless it is perfectly natural to many characters who are not engaged in fighting to devote their superabundant energies in brave-sounding invectives, and it not infrequently occurs that those who engage in it have suffered no greater injury in this war than a temporary dislocation of their bank-accounts. There are also some civilian organizations which expend much misdirected militancy in loud talk concerning what they are going to do to Germany after she has been defeated, cheerfully oblivious to the fact that the millions of men who are giving their lives in the front line of trenches are taking no part in the conversation but going quietly about their business of fighting the Huns. This line of talk is particularly objectionable, if only for the reason that it clogs the wheels of action and furnishes Germany with a much-needed cargo of propaganda with which to fan the waning spirits of her discontented subjects.

The defeating of Germany on land and sea is the business of the Army and the Navy. The arrangement of peace terms after this has been accomplished is the business of every citizen of the United States, through Congress, duly appointed commissions and the President.

We are glad to follow the enlightened leadership of President Wilson; we are proud to have him interpret American ideals to the world; we are willing to fight, die and sacrifice the things we hold most dear to realize those ideals, the ideals he has flung like a flaming torch in the face of Germany. We are willing to trust in him, we are willing to fight and keep quiet, and leave it to him to arrange our international affairs, but we are not willing, nor is the country at large willing, to have private, self-constituted organizations arrange them for us, tell the men who are doing the fighting what they are going to do after the fighting is over, and in numerous self-seeking ways injure the efforts of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, the President of the United States.

Hating is a perfectly justifiable emotion, and a man who does not know how to hate well will probably never be able to fight well, but this war is too serious a proposition for time to be wasted in futile brim-stone talk, or for self-important individuals to be running around hypothecating victory by striving to commit the country to a pernicious policy of war after the war, which will eventually spell social, economic and moral degradation and suicide. We do not want to abuse Germany; we want to smash Germany, smash her on land and sea, defeat her armies, defeat her navy, and crush forever the horrid system of oppression and brutality that her leaders have tried to force upon the world. The task is ahead of us, and it is a big and noble one, one worth fighting for and dying for, and all our energies should be devoted to that inevitable end. War to the hilt, and not hate and hot air, should be our watchword.

THE STAFF ATTENDS A MOVIE

Searches for Intellectual Advancement; Expedition Fruitless

Scholastic debating societies quite often choose as a subject of controversy the value and effects of the modern highly developed cinematograph machine films, used, as any seven, six or perhaps five year old child could tell you, to produce the so called "movies." Various methods of induction and deduction are used by the parties in the argument to indicate the highly civilizing influence exerted by the film shows or, on the other hand, their degrading propensities and the complete inefficacy of their intended moral lessons. We recall one extreme case in last year's Philomathic society where a debator got up and described the films being shown during that very week at some twenty-two—or was it forty-two "movie" houses. Not even the minutest details were left to the imagination of his audience, which sat spellbound and entranced as some of Clara Kimball Young's antics in facial, etc., contortions were related, or Theda Bara's wiles were told in glowing but denunciatory terms. In fact, so vivid were the word pictures that the film-pictures must have been a revelation of what shocking scenes the public is fed, and as a result the debator was scathingly denounced for attending such plays and was only saved by revealing the fact that his data was second-hand and not the result of personal investigation.

But as anyone knows, first hand information is always the more desirable and convincing, so I propose to describe in an impartial way the effects of a trip to the "movies" made recently by several staff members, leaving the reader to form his own opinion concerning the advantages and disadvantages of the visit.

The expeditionary force consisted of the Adroit Advertiser, the Bustling Business Manager, the Circumspect Circulation Manager and the Energetic Editor. The scene of the venture was the Washington Theatre, and the main feature which we were privileged to witness was a thrilling western drama with that fearless hero William Farnum handling the gun. As we took our seats an educational film was being concluded.

"Gee, I'm glad we don't have to see any more of that educational stuff," murmured the C. C., "it gets my nanny being taught all the time." The B. B. seconded the motion, or notion.

Then the feature film began. William Farnum came dashing into the spotlight, mounted on a big white charger and wearing a fierce daunt-

less look beneath his waving locks.

"Hooray! Hooray!" yelled the A. A. enthusiastically, and then noticing that his demonstration was individual and unsupported save by a few jeers he subsided.

"I wish we had had that bird for our team last year," commented the C. C. as he noted Bill's broad shoulders. "What he wouldn't have done to that Ann Arbor line."

"Aw, Allen could beat him any day," countered the A. A. with unshaken loyalty to the home product.

"Cut that rehash stuff," interposed the E. E., "look at this gang of Mormons. Wow, that fellow has a man sized job. He has seven wives."

"Oh, look! he's running off with Bill's sister and her kid," broke in the B. B. "There'll be a riot sure, now."

But the Mormon escaped and the plot centered about Bill's efforts to locate the culprit. All was quiet until a scene was shown in which Bill strode up to a crowd of Mormons and singled one out to question.

"I guess you're first, old man," said the B. B. sympathetically. He was right, for when Bill left there was one less Mormon.

"Say, wasn't that slick," cried the C. C. "Too bad he wasn't a German."

"Probably he was," muttered the E. E. "Look at this girl. I'll bet that is the young kid grown up."

"Naw, she wouldn't be that old."

"How do you know? It didn't say how many years elapsed."

"That's right—start an argument. Can't you ever agree?"

Here Bill settled the controversy by plugging a couple more.

"How's the count, now? That's three dead and two wounded, I guess."

"And one missing," added the careful A. A.

"Bet he gets this one, too," predicted the C. C. "Then he'll find the girl."

"Ah, some advance dope," smiled the B. B. "Don't forget this is silent drama as the sign said."

The E. E. was whispering assiduously to the A. A.

"What's the dope?" queried some one.

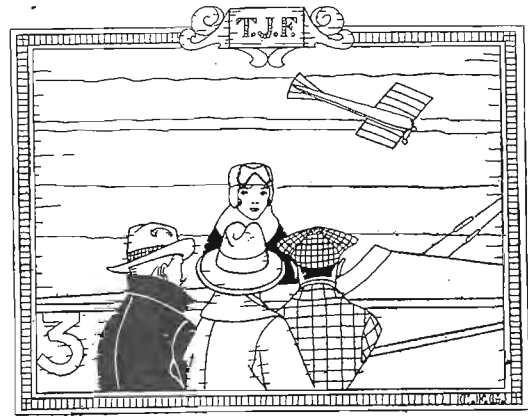
"Oh, he's going to have the waters rise and knock down that rock. That'll take care of the whole gang. Bill is short of bullets, you see."

But no Bill didn't depend on the water—he stepped forward, assumed a tough look, applied his stalwart shoulder, and the casualties mounted to nine.

"FLATTERY"

H
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"Ten," corrected the C. C.
 "Let's look it up on the program."
 "It doesn't tell."
 "Well, it's nine then."
 "What's the difference? Nine is enough. Swell show, eh? I hope they were all Huns."
 "Aw shucks, let's go. It was punk."
 "Trying to crab it, eh? Come on and get something to eat."

And thus we departed, haggling over the casualties, ridiculing or scoffing at Bill's antics and never once giving vent to any expressions of cultured delight over the technique of the play, paying no attention to the skillful (if so) plot development, utterly unconscious of any moral lesson conveyed or implied.

Perhaps it was all our fault, perhaps our literary tastes were insufficient to rise to the occasions, or our cultural instincts too deeply submerged in the desire for the sensational. Perhaps, we leave that to the judgment of our readers. But we think ourselves that the influence exerted for our mental and intellectual advancement was somewhat weak if not entirely lacking.

The Lost Cord (Wood).

Seated one day at the organ
 I was weary and ill at ease
 I was grinding up hash for supper
 With the organ between my knees.

I do not know what I was grinding
 Or what I was dreaming then,
 But I struck what seemed to be the
 remains
 Of a lately lamented hen.

"Great Heavens!" I cried, 'tis a
 chicken,
 With my hand on my fevered head,
 We ordered the leg of a steer for
 hash
 And they sent us a Leghorn instead.

"Alas for the dear old organ
 They broke it apart with a pick,
 The mess sergeant stood with a tear
 in his eye
 As they hauled out a piece of a stick.

"Found at last," and he clasped to his
 bosom
 The lost cord of maple and ash,
 Some son-of-gun put the camp on the
 bum
 When he put all my wood in the
 hash.

—Stars and Stripes.

Going, Going, Gone? (But Not Forgotten.)

Woe, woe, unutterable woe! In the last issue we invited all guests to drop in and see our editorial dungeon. Since that time our spirit of hospitality has not abated a whit, yet we must perforce request haste if you are intending to accept our offer. As we said, we are no less hospitable, but—

It's this way. A member of the Engineering faculty chanced to cross our alluring threshold. He paused. He swept our quarters with a glance.

"That light—that wire—they are mine," he said slowly.

Deft but unavailing explanations followed. He left the room soon after, and the staff thought all was well.

The next day another member of the same Engineering faculty strode in. He too glanced around.

"Nice office you have," he commented. "By the way—that desk, that chair—they are mine."

More brilliant explanations. More disheartening failures.

Two days later the first mentioned visitor returned. He cast another more searching glance in all directions.

"Busy crowd, aren't you? Say, that cabinet over there—and that big mazzda lamp—they are mine."

We protested, but alas how fruitless were our words. We cited the generous assistance in equipment given by the registrar of the law department. We conjured up memories of the open-handed manner in which the Dean allowed the use of his office last year. We—but what's the use? His only replay was a solemn injunction to return everything for which we could not produce a bill of purchase. If he remains obdurate our material organization may disintegrate.

But never mind, we'll fool them all. Our purchasing agent promises to fill all vacancies caused by this most unusual interference in our task of organization, and meanwhile, we have hurled defiance to the world (except the Engineering faculty) in a sign which now adorns our as yet unclaimed door:

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To the Tune of "How Ireland Got Its Name."

Did you ever hear the story of how the Kaiser got his name?
Well, I'm going to tell you so you'll know from whence that foul Hun came;
Sure a little bit of Limberg fell from out the sky one day,
And it landed in a haystack in a field so far away,
And when the Germans found it, ach it smelt so reek and rare
They said we won't disturb it for it lies so peaceful there;
So they sprinkled it with onions just to make the tear drops flow,
It's the only place for two (s)cent beers no matter where you go.
Then they dotted it with garlic just to make it stronger still,
And when they got it finished sure they called it "Kaiser Bill."

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Commissioned Engineers Back From Ft. Sheridan

It was with pleasure that we received the news of the success of our former Engineer-mates, Carl Haag, Sim. Miner, John Shea, former Junior's Chas. McCabe, of the Sophs. and McCausland of the Freshmen class, were commissioned second lieutenants of the Infantry and assigned to Students' Army Training Camps. After three months of hard work at Fort Sheridan, and expecting to be cadet officers in the new course at the U. of D. they received their commissions with as much surprise as their classmates. Elmer Paquette, former Freshman, did not remain at Fort Sheridan, being sent to the Small Arms School at Camp Perry, Ohio, where he still remains in training.

We could not help but notice the "camouflaged" upper lip of two of our men—Lieuts. Miner and Haag. It sure did help their distinguished appearance.

Lieut. Haag has been assigned to Camp Grant, Rock Island, Ill., and has left. Lieut. Simeon J. Miner left for Fargo, N. D., where he will take up his duties at the Agricultural College as S. A. T. C. instructor. Lieut. John Shea has taken up his post at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Lieuts. McCabe and McCausland were sent to some college in Mississippi. McCabe was acting as a bugler at the training camp, while McCausland was picked for the bayonet school, and will take up his new duties as bayonet instructor.

We hope to see more of these men or at least hear from them often.

Note for U. of D. sentries: They also serve who only stand and wait.

Engineering Notes.

The Freshmen class has increased to eighty.

Since the last publication we have heard of the promotion to second lieutenant of Harold "Bob" Roland, Eng. '19, in the Ordnance department.

"Bill" Crowe, graduate of '16, is back home, awaiting further orders, after an exciting trip overseas. The government ordered him, as aeronautic engineer, to join an investigating committee which was sent over to learn the ways of the allies along the aerial line. He spent two months in Paris, witnessing the effects of "Big Bertha."

Sergt. Hugh O'Mara, Eng. '19, paid the school a recent visit on his way to Camp Lee, Virginia.

Our former president, Art. Lorenz, has been promoted to sergeant and made instructor in magnetocs, at the Gas Engine class at M. A. C. We would be pleased to hear from him more directly. This also goes for other former engineers.

An unofficial initiation was held in the Engineering Society club rooms, Wednesday evening, Sept. 25th. The small attendance was regretful.

All news of interest to the Engineering Department should be turned in to Christin or to Miss Donahue by the Saturday before the Wednesday publication.

Who's your "bunkie?"

The smoking room has been changed to Room No. 402, in case anyone should want us.

In all recruiting stations recruits are forced to walk up the stairs. It is no consolation for the Engineers to see the elevator running in such good shape. If our "bunks" were on the fourth floor they would not see good service.

Norwood Club Gives Patriotic Dance.

The Norwood Club, composed of young men clubs of North Woodward, will give a "smoke" dance at the Arena Gardens, Thursday evening, Oct. 17th, for the benefit of the Detroit Free Press Tobacco Fund. Among the features of the evening will be a 30-piece orchestra and popular songsters. The entire proceeds will go towards buying smokes for "Our Yanks." Admission will be One Dollar per couple, including war tax. The club is expectant of two thousand couples, making the dance one of the largest ever held in this city.

With the Lawyers.

All classes of the Law department are going at full blast, the enrollment being, of course, rather light but under the existing circumstances more than satisfactory.

Mr. Henry M. Butzel has been appointed lecturer on Bankruptcy to succeed the late Bernard B. Selling. Mr. Selling, it will be recalled, died suddenly in the early part of the summer. He was very popular with the students and will be missed accordingly.

Mr. A. W. Sempliner has been appointed lecturer on Partnership.

The sympathies of the upper class lawyers are extended to Miss Catherine Doran, who recently lost a brother. His death is especially a matter of grief to Miss Doran inasmuch as he is the second of her brothers to pass away within six months.

A letter was recently received from A. Clifton Stewart, of the '18 Law class. Mr. Stewart is with the Naval Air Station in France, and has recently passed both the aerial gunners' and observance course. His post is behind a gun which rids itself of 1,000 bullets per minute.

James C. Sparrow is reported to be in the hospital in England from a shrapnel wound. Sparrow left school in '17 to enlist in the Canadian Cavalry.

Heard at the Navy Examination Wednesday.

Officer—Young man go out in the next room and bring in that barrel.
Law Student—Don't start giving me orders already. I ain't in your navy yet.

Josh Billings: "I luv the rooster fer two things: Fer the crow that iz in 'im and fer the spurs he hez got to bak up the crow with."

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**Marine Casualty List
Includes Lionel Eslin**

Fifth Gold Star For Flag.

Lionel Eslin, a former member of the class of '20, died in France, June 13, the victim of an exploding shell. Eslin enlisted in the Marines, May 24, 1917, and after a vigorous training at Paris Island, arrived overseas in February. He spent another period



of training behind the lines and moved up to the firing line in the latter part of May. He reached the front in time to participate in the great Marine smash at Chateau Thierry. On his thirteenth day in active fighting he was killed by an exploding shell.

Lionel was an athlete of ability, playing independent football in the city for a few years. His athletic endeavors around the University were confined to the hand ball courts, where the class of '20 in their earlier days spent many idle hours.

The passing of Eslin will be regretted by hosts of friends among the students and alumni of the University and by the Lit. class of '20 in particular.

At Latin our Prof. is a shark
He'd as soon give his life as a mark;
But we who must suffer
Think he's only a bluffer
Sure his bite is no worse than his bark.

Now I lay me down to sleep
In my little bed,
If I die before I wake
How will I know I'm dead?

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

**Students' Lunch Room
Taken Over for S.A.T.C.;
Eatless Recess in Vogue**

October 1st marked the passing of a time honored institution at the University, the lunch room, or in common parlance the "dog house."

The Government has taken it over, and will remodel it to suit the needs of the S. A. T. C. It has been reported that a French chef has been engaged to administer to the culinary tastes of the 200 young embryo lieutenants.

This will prove a severe hardship to the high school lads especially, for it will necessitate a hot-dogless recess every morning. And anybody who has been in the habit of lining up for his daily canine, will know what pangs of regret this will cause, and how weary the next class hours will be, with nothing but discourses and dogs-of-war for a substitute.

HIGH SCHOOL HUMOR.

Prof.—"Are you familiar with Shakespeare?"
Schumm—"Aw! you can't kid me, Shakespeare's dead."

GROUNDLESS.

Roney—"Ain't there going to be no circus today?"
Ticket Agent—"Nope, the elephant swallowed the coffee pot and we can't find the grounds."

**OUR SECOND HIGH B
REPRESENTATIVE.**

Let us put in a boost for John Hogue
Whose grins are always in vogue
When he opens his mug
And talks like a bug
There's always the trace of a brogue.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."

Joe Luyckx's latest elocutionary efforts resulted in a strategic retreat. Joe got up to impersonate Patrick Henry in his famous oration beginning with these words, "I have one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience." He got as far as lamp but the sound of his rattling knees then drowned out the voice of his memory.

"Lamp-lamp-lamp," he faltered and then registered pained forgetfulness. The breach was nobly filled by the voice of the elocution professor: "Sit down," he snapped, "your lamp's out."

There was a young maid from Petoskey
Who captured the heart of Kozlowsky,
But he soon found that she
Cost more money than he
Could afford, so he told her beoffsky.

Gentle George is Gone.

It sure seemed queer last Tuesday night in the Varsity News office. Here we were pasting up our dummy and there was scarcely a fight or even an argument going on. Clue: George Bateson has gone west—to St. Paul. Certainly it was different from last year when paste-up day found not a group of editors but a throng of thugs assembled for the task. A monkey wrench, a Ford crank, a baseball bat—everyone had to have something available if they wanted their ideas to stand up when the "Two Fisted Man" was around. But now how we pine for excitement; gentle George has gone.

The Game in Detail.

First Quarter: Pontiac won the toss and elected to rush the ball. By straight rushes they marched the length of the field; but were held at the goal line by the University lads who were fighting fiercely in the face of a great handicap in the lack of weight. On the five yard line Detroit took the ball and started to rush. On the first rush the Pontiac linesmen broke through and threw Savage behind his own goal line for a Safety. Score: Detroit 0, Pontiac 2. At this juncture, Reilly went in at guard for Reno, who had sprained his wrist in the first scrimmage.

Second Quarter: Pontiac continued its rushing tactics, piercing the left side of the Detroit line at will and making three to four yards at every attempt. Barton, fighting like a fiend to stem the tide, sprained his ankle and Crandall was sent in. A few minutes later Pontiac succeeded in pushing the oval over the Detroit goal line for its second score. Score: Pontiac 9, Detroit 0.

Third Quarter: Pontiac kicked off to Savage, who fumbled on the twenty-five yard line, McCarthy recovered and ran to his own forty yard line. Savage made four around right end, Hanifan failed to gain, Savage gained one yard around end and then punted to the Pontiac one yard line. Pontiac returned the ball twelve yards. In three tries they advanced the ball ten yards through the left and right tackles. On the next play the Pontiac full back fumbled and Fitzgerald recovered. The ball went to Pontiac, however, and on the next play went through left guard for five yards. On the next two plays Nolan and Fitzgerald, respectively went through the backs for a loss. Pontiac gathered six around left tackle. McCarthy stopped Baer after he had gone fifteen yards and Nolan got Logie before he had advanced a yard. Baer made six yards around left end and Bordman gained three yards around Finn's flank. On the next play Baer shot twelve yards through left tackle for a touchdown. Score: Pontiac 15, Detroit 0.

Pontiac made another touchdown soon after by straight line plunging and end running. Smashing and breaking the Detroit line by their brute force. Score Pontiac 22, Detroit 0.

Fourth Quarter: Hanifan returned the kickoff to his own thirty yard line. Detroit failed to gain and was forced to punt. Detroit's line held and Pontiac was also forced to punt. Savage made ten yards through left tackle.

Finn caught the first successful forward pass of the game, running twenty yards with it. McCarthy made three around end, Carrol hit left tackle for three yards. Savage went through the same place for a yard. McCarthy failed to gain and punted to Pontiac's twenty yard line. By mixing up the plunging with two beautifully executed forward passes Pontiac carried the ball to Detroit's five yard line, but there encountered a solid wall and the ball went to Detroit on downs. McCarthy punted to his own thirty-five yard line. Finn neatly spilling the receiver without a gain. Pontiac gained three yards off left tackle as the final whistle blew. Final score: Pontiac 22, Detroit 0.

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